

FACE / OFF

by

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&

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

First Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE -- NIGHT

Drizzling ... cold ... foggy ... gray sky vanishes into gray sea without a seam ... fog so dense we move through it blindly until ... looming huge: the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

SUPERIMPOSE: SAN FRANCISCO -- THE NEAR FUTURE

Impossibly close, we soar through repair scaffolding and over suspension wires ... glimpsing earthquake damage: broken concrete, dangling cables, cracked support beams.

Turning south ... the familiar jewel-like cityscape ... Fisherman's Wharf ... Russian Hill ... yet there are now two Transamerica Towers and we CLIMB UP the new one.

Reaching the fogless PINNACLE ... peace reigns ... as we float right through an ACCESS PANEL -- strangely wedged open -- and

INTO THE TRANSAMERICA-TWO SPIRE

A maze of wiring, ducts and maintenance-controls ... but behind one DUCT -- something HIDES ... something GLOWING RED ...

TELESCOPE IN and find THE DEVICE. Unlike any other explosive charge, it is complex in form and compact in size, with a sectioned, multicolored cube panel and a glass GLOBE core ...

MAGNIFY ... now we're INSIDE the globe ... in a gaseous soup ... with a zillion microscopic parasites ... they crowd the screen ... throbbing ... BUZZING like a swarm of angry wasps.

INT. TRANSAMERICA-TWO -- PARKING LEVEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Late. The last few workaholics head for their cars. The only sound is the sloshing of the Chinese JANITOR mopping.

Slosh. Slosh ... the FREIGHT ELEVATOR opens and out comes GEOFFREY BARNES (30). Rumpled and out-of-breath -- the slim Englishman bumbles into the Janitor -- knocking him down.

GEOFFREY

Thank goodness, a human being.

Fumbling with his briefcase, he kicks over the pail. Water sloshes everywhere. The janitor starts yelling in CHINESE.

Barnes replies -- in perfect Mandarin.

GEOFFREY
I'm terribly sorry, but I feel like
Icarus in the labyrinth. Where the
devil is Parking Level Red-14B?

The Janitor stares, then smiles and gives directions in Chinese. BARNES graciously bows. The Janitor bows back.

INT./EXT. STREETS -- SQUAD CAR -- NIGHT

Cops MORRIS and HODGES wait for a green light at the intersection of Van Ness and Lombard. The RADIO crackles on.

DISPATCHER
Attention all units -- 211 at Pier
39. Suspect is a white male, 30's,
6 feet with specs, armed and very
dangerous. Heading south on Van
Ness in a blue Ford sedan. Watch
for this one, fellas -- he's looney
toons.

The exchange glances as ... a blue FORD SEDAN motors by.

INT. CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Geoffrey Barnes innocently drives his rental car -- a blue Ford Sedan. Tired, he stretches his long legs.

GEOFFREY
Another day, another - cop?

POLICE SIRENS blaze behind him. Concerned and annoyed -- Barnes finally pulls over.

Adjusting his specs -- Barnes fumbles to find the car registration. He turns -- and sees a POLICE AUTOMATIC pointing at his head. Morris waves him out of the car.

EXT. FILLMORE PRECINCT -- NIGHT

A modern multi-use high-rise. A window-washing "DRONE" works its way up a grid-track. As the RAIN increases, the drone stops cleaning and retracts into a maintenance shaft.

INT. PLEXIGLAS ELEVATOR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

The elevator ascends quickly -- glimpsing floors dedicated to Evidence, Parking Authority, Civil Code, Small Claims, Identification etc. A manacled Barnes trembles.

GEOFFREY
You're making a ghastly mistake! I
haven't been to Fisherman's Wharf,
I don't even like fish.

Yeah, yeah, yeah -- like Hodges and Morris really care.

INT. BOOKING LEVEL -- NIGHT

A busy night processing hookers, homeless and alcoholics.

In the thick of it -- the BOOKING CLERK tries to lock Barnes's hand onto a PRINT-SCANNER -- but he resists mightily.

GEOFFREY

Check my papers -- I'm with the
English consulate -- I've got
diplomatic immunity -- and you've -
got - no - right!

Barnes pulls away, eyes flashing angrily ... until a HUGE COP grabs his hand and gently eases it down on the scanner.

INT. HOLDING TANK -- NIGHT

Barnes's thrown into a cell with a nasty group of drunken GANG-BANGERS. He smiles nervously, goes to the payphone.

One WIRY HOOD trips him. They laugh as Barnes struggles up, then inserts a "smart" card in the payphone slot.

GEOFFREY

Hello! Sorry I'm late, but there's
been a bit of a muddle. I'm on the
ninth floor of the bloody Fillmore
police station. Could you come and
"bail me out" or whatever they call
it? There's a good chap.

He hangs up and glances at the threatening men. The WIRY HOOD takes Barnes's glasses and snaps them in two.

INT. BAY VIEW HOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Rain-soaked, POLLUX TROY (30's) anxiously checks in. He's a human hummingbird -- skittish, edgy, a bit paranoid.

CLERK

-- I do have something on the 26th
floor facing west -- but there's no
view.

POLLUX

Yes -- there is.

POLLUX grabs the key and heads for the ELEVATOR. He holds the elevator door open, waiting on a pair of muscular, crystal-eyed twins -- LARS and LUNT MUELLER.

A helpful Bellhop reaches for Lars's large DUFFLE bag --Lars yanks it back and disappears into the elevator.

INT. IDENTIFICATION FLOOR -- ANALYSIS ROOM -- SAME TIME

Chief analyst BRYCE shows a new TRAINEE the ropes. He grabs a booking PRINT-OUT from a vacuum feeder tube: Barnes's.

BRYCE
If this guy took a shit off the London
Bridge -- we'll know about it in two
seconds.

Bryce feeds the computer which WHIRS into action -- scanning the handprint. The Trainee considers Barnes's innocently GOOFY MUGSHOT.

TRAINEE
This guy? I bet he never even said
the word shit.

FULL SCREEN -- MONITOR

BARNES'S prints match the record of one CASTOR TROY:

WANTED -- PACIFIC STOCK EXCHANGE BOMBINGS, 12 DEAD

WANTED -- ASSASSINATION OF CROATIAN AMBASSADOR

WANTED -- KIDNAPPING OF BRUNEI CROWN PRINCE

BRYCE and the TRAINEE look at each other -- stunned.

But the FELONY LIST goes on ... MURDER ... ARSON ...
KIDNAPPING ... TERRORISM ... with CD-ROM IMAGES of the crimes.
Finally ... at the bottom:

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS PERSON
CALL CMD. JON ARCHER, NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, WEST COAST
DIVISION, IMMEDIATELY.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Some office. There's a stunning 180-view of TOWERING
REDWOODS, a creek, even some ambling deer. DR. RACHEL GARDNER
(55) considers her fidgeting patient -- JON ARCHER.

Archer's around 30, decent-looking, maybe even handsome if
he ever smiled. His eyes reveal a broken soul, a soul driven
into the grip of obsession.

DR. GARDNER
How is the "date night" idea going
over with Eve?

ARCHER
Like gangbusters, doc.
(off her look)
Okay, I missed the last one.

DR. GARDNER

You missed the last three, including her birthday.

(holds up a list)

Your wife's gripe sheet.

ARCHER

I've been working night and day. I haven't had time.

DR. GARDNER

You're supposed to make time. When was the last time you told her you love her?

(Archer shrugs)

When was the last time you two had sex?

Archer tightens up, says nothing. He goes to the bookshelf, pushing IN a copy of "John Muir's Woods" -- and pulling OUT Dashiell Hammett's "Maltese Falcon".

The redwood forest disappears from the "window". A B&W action-view of the streets of old San Francisco replaces it.

ARCHER

One of my informants spotted him -- right here in the city.

DR. GARDNER

I just asked you about making love to your wife, and you started talking about your job.

ARCHER

I'm not hiding in my work, if that's what you're saying.

DR. GARDNER

You said it, Jon, not me.

Archer listens ... letting it sink in ... CONSIDERING.

DR. GARDNER

You put yourself in constant jeopardy so you don't have to face yourself. But what will you do when the job is over -- and there's no place left to hide?

The phone RINGS. Gardner picks it up, listens, then sighs.

DR. GARDNER

I am not your secretary. When you're in here --

ARCHER
(grabs phone)
Jon Archer.

As he listens, his face becomes more energized, more alive.

ARCHER
I'll be right there, Sergeant. Don't
talk to him, don't listen to him,
and for God's sake -- don't go near
him ...

INT. HOLDING TANK -- NIGHT

Barnes signals Officer Morris, who is petting "Dinah," the precinct's mascot CAT.

GEOFFREY
Excuse me, Officer. May I have a
private word with you?
(Morris puts Dinah
down and approaches)
I just wanted to say ...
(drops English accent
and speaks in his
natural American
idiom)
Thanks for being one dumb fuck.

Barnes reaches through the bars, and SNAPS MORRIS'S NECK!

Morris sags lifeless as "Barnes" -- aka CASTOR TROY -- quickly
and calmly grabs the unarmed cop's keys.

Transformed, this man is coordinated, aggressive, sexy.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Pollux and the twins hurry inside. The door cracks open
again as a hand hangs a DO NOT DISTURB card over the knob.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- SAME TIME

This room does indeed have a view -- of the precinct's SQUAD
ROOM -- through its steel-reinforced plexiglass windows.

The trio scan with INFRA-RED GOGGLES: HEAT SIGNATURES of
computers, coffee makers, the cat -- finally a bald COP.

LUNT
Number 6 -- the cue-ball.

LARS sights through his laser-sighted RIFLE. A harmless
SPOT of light momentarily tags the cop's bald pate, then
vanishes. An LED on the rifle's scope clicks from 5 to 6.

LARS
6 is tagged.

POLLUX
Hurry ...

INT. PRECINCT -- NIGHT

CASTOR picks his way through the back rooms of the precinct when a DOOR opens in front of him.

A COP emerges from the head, zipping up his pants. CASTOR silences the cop with a quick punch to the throat and drags him back into the head just before --

BRYCE and cops charge by -- toward the holding tank.

CASTOR slips out after they've passed. Keeps moving.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

POLLUX aims, fires a SILENCED five-barrelled weapon --

EXT. PRECINCT WINDOWS -- NIGHT

Five CHARGES sink into the reinforced plexiglass.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

POLLUX turns to the twins -- they nod. Ready.

INT. PRECINCT -- NIGHT

HOLDING ROOM: BRYCE finds Morris dead, Castor gone. He hits a button.

SQUAD ROOM: Busy Cops look up as the ALARM suddenly screams. Then -- BOOM! The plexiglass windows EXPLODE

inward, leaving an enormous gash open to the whipping rain.

INTERCUT:

CASTOR emerges -- races for the gap -- as the COPS swiftly recover from the blast. They grab their weapons and home in on Castor. They move in fast -- and he's exposed as ...

LARS raises the laser-sighted rifle and FIRES.

A SWARM OF TRACER BULLETS roars toward the cops. Spiraling and twisting, the armada of smart bullets SPLITS UP AND SEARCHES OUT their marked targets. Just as Castor's surrounded ...

A DOZEN COPS are cut down at once. INSTANT SILENCE.

A SILHOUETTE appears among the dead cops.

LARS aims the rifle again, but Pollux stops him.

POLLUX
It's my brother ...

Indeed, the SILHOUETTE IS CASTOR. He grabs a pistol, stuffs it in his belt and hurries to the edge.

POLLUX fires a piton. It sinks into the precinct wall at an incline, fixing a STEEL CABLE between the buildings. Pollux nods "scram" to the TWINS who grab their bags and exit.

CASTOR and POLLUX make eye-contact -- a silent communication -- as CASTOR secures himself on an inverted T-Grip pulley and starts slowly sliding along the rain-slicked cable.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

CASTOR is halfway across when -- GUNSHOTS. One grazes him, the other cracks the pulley. It GRINDS to a halt.

BRYCE -- wounded -- shakily aims from the wrecked precinct, about to fire again. Pollux can't get a clear shot.

POLLUX
Castor -- !

Hanging from one hand, CASTOR blasts back -- nailing BRYCE.

CASTOR
Go on -- GO!

Abandoning the broken pulley, CASTOR keeps moving -- hand-over-hand. POLLUX hesitates -- then takes off.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

A black van screeches to a stop. ARCHER steps out, followed by veteran TITO BIONDI and rookie LOOMIS. Shattered GLASS crunches beneath Archer's shoes.

HIGH ABOVE

CASTOR'S GRIP starts to slip. Struggling to hold on, he drops his pistol. It falls -- TUMBLING -- as --

STREET BELOW

ARCHER looks up -- and catches the PISTOL.

EYE-CONTACT between Archer and Castor. Years of hatred pass between them. Before Archer can open fire --

A RANGE ROVER roars toward him -- POLLUX shoots as he drives right at the agents.

ARCHER and team returns fire. Wounded, LOOMIS goes down.

Shredded, the RANGE ROVER spins out and FLIPS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

CASTOR glances at the SWARM of authorities below. He hauls himself INSIDE the room and sees that Pollux has left him an automatic pistol and a steaming cappuccino.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER -- STREET -- NIGHT

Before bloody Pollux can come to his senses, ARCHER cuffs him to the steering wheel.

ARCHER
You won't be using this trick on me
again.

He reaches into Pollux's shirt and yanks off a chain from which hangs a tiny HANDCUFF KEY. Pollux flails helplessly.

Tito looks up from aiding Loomis -- whose ear is shredded -- to see Archer disappear into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL -- 26TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

Gun ready, ARCHER emerges from the elevator. He scopes out the cordite-reeking hotel corridor -- it's empty.

Likewise the hotel room ... just an empty coffee cup.

EXT. ROOF -- NIGHT

CASTOR skirts the rooftop dominated by an enormous NEON hotel sign, searching for a way out.

He finds a hatch, set flush on the rooftop. He grabs the handle, but it doesn't give.

Setting down his pistol, he grasps the hatch handle with both hands and tugs hard.

The flashing NEON strobes CASTOR'S SHADOW on a tank beneath the helipad -- marked "COOLANT UNDER PRESSURE -- NO SMOKING."

As Castor works, a SECOND SHADOW melts into his. For a moment the two shadows MERGE. Then ...

ARCHER (O.S.)
Turn around.

CASTOR sees ARCHER standing behind him. Gun trained.

CASTOR

Jon, I'm getting a little annoyed by your obsessive need to spoil my fun.

ARCHER

And how much will your "fun" net you this time?

CASTOR plays for time -- inching toward his pistol.

CASTOR

What's it to you? I declare it. Here I am, back in the States for less than a month --

ARCHER

You're under arrest. Incredibly, you still have the right to remain silent --

CASTOR

What're you gonna do with me gone? You'll drive your wife and kid nuts! I bet your daughter is just about ripe by now. What's her name, Janie?

ARCHER

Mention my family once more and you're dead.

CASTOR

You can't kill me, Jon. I've got something going this Saturday night ... it's gonna be worse than anything God ever dumped on the Pharaohs -- and only I can stop it.

ARCHER

You can tell me all about it -- from your prison cell.

CASTOR

Don't count on it.

CASTOR grabs for his gun. ARCHER dives away, firing, as --

Castor's shot rips into the COOLANT TANK. WHOOSH! The coolant sprays out -- blasting full-force at Castor. He's thrown back and --

CASTOR hits the neon sign. Tangled in the shattered sign, rain-soaked CASTOR is ELECTROCUTED by a web of shorting wires.

ARCHER stumbles away from the torrent of sparks and madly-whipping electrified wires. He backs into --

TITO

Tell me he didn't get away again ...

The smoke subsides. CASTOR hangs crucified in the skeleton of the neon letters -- "HOTEL" now reads simply "H - - EL."

Dead to the world, Castor's MOCKING SMILE still survives.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT -- (LATER)

A stately woman, flanked by two bodyguards, coolly examines CASTOR'S body as it's gurneyed into the freight elevator.

This is regional NSA director VICTORIA LAZARRO (40s).

She spots ARCHER waiting for the glass view elevator.

LAZARRO

Jon --!

ARCHER doesn't seem to hear. He gets into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL -- GLASS ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

ARCHER hits "down." Before the doors close, LAZARRO squeezes inside. The elevator descends.

LAZARRO

Fine work, Jon.

ARCHER

Yeah, real fine. Especially all the casualties.

LAZARRO

I'm complimenting you. Can't you ever just say "thanks"?

ARCHER

(grudgingly)
... Thanks.

LAZARRO

Try to kiss my butt just once before I'm transferred.

ARCHER

Sorry, Admiral. It wasn't mentioned in the job description.

The elevator doors open. They've arrived in --

THE LOBBY

Filled with agents, cops and press. A REPORTER snaps a photograph of the pair.

REPORTER

Hey, Archer, what's going on? How
about a statement?

Routinely, Archer gives his "statement" -- grabbing the man's
Nikon. He rips out the film -- then hands the camera back.

LAZARRO

Jon -- bad press means bad publicity
means budget cuts.
(Archer doesn't respond)
Just have your report on my desk by
noon.

Lazarro looks at Archer like he's some long-extinct species
and walks away. TITO steps up and slings an arm around
Archer.

TITO

Go home, Jon. Tell Eve ...

EXT. SUNSET DISTRICT -- CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

Exhausted -- ARCHER drives through the middle-class
neighborhood, sipping a carton of milk.

INT. AN ORDINARY HOUSE -- DAY

At the KITCHEN WINDOW: EVELYN ARCHER (30) -- handsome,
strong, reserved -- watches as ...

ARCHER'S CAR rolls right past the house -- then jerks to a
stop. In reverse, it backs down the street -- back toward
the house. EVE shakes her head. Same old story.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- DAY

On his way to the house, ARCHER picks up a basketball and
takes a shot. His form is terrible -- he misses by a mile.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME -- DAY

ARCHER enters and sees EVE in her medical scrubs. Her fiery
auburn hair may be down, but she's decidedly cool.

ARCHER

Hi ...
(no response)
Where's Jamie?

She nods toward the KITCHEN. JAMIE is there -- a sullen and
hard 12-year-old. She's flanked by TWO COPS.

EVE

She complimented her "D" in physics
with an "F" in grad theft auto ...

EXT. ARCHER'S FRONT PORCH -- MINUTES LATER -- DAY

Smiling, ARCHER shakes hands with the cops -- as they leave.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME -- DAY

ARCHER shuts the door -- his smile disappears. He turns and looks at Jamie, matter-of-factly pouring herself coffee.

ARCHER
Stealing a police car from a car
wash! Are you out of your mind?

JAMIE
That's right. Don't even ask me
what happened.

Archer looks to Eve for help. Eve shakes her head -- nope.

ARCHER
Okay. What happened?

JAMIE
Like you'd ever believe me over a
fucking cop!

She bolts. In anticipation, Eve calmly opens the door as Jamie rushes out, then closes it behind her.

EVE
Well, you tried. You failed
miserably, but you tried.

ARCHER
Everything I say is wrong. I can't
talk to her anymore.

EVE
She's only 12. Some day she'll
understand that apathy and absence
are just special ways of saying "I
love you."

ARCHER
Is that what you think?

EVE
Jon ... we just remember how it used
to be.
(heads for door)
You staying for a while or is this
just a piss-stop?

ARCHER
We need to talk.

EVE
I'm late for surgery.

ARCHER
It's important.

EVE
So is finishing my residency and
passing my boards ...

But as Eve opens the door -- something in her husband's
expression makes her stop cold.

EVE
Jon -- what is it?

But he's too overcome. He starts to speak -- but can't.

EVE
Is it -- him? You got him?

Emotions avalanche across his face until he finally looks
up.

EVE
It's over, Jon? It's really over?

For the first time -- ARCHER allows himself a thin SMILE.

EVE pulls him close -- a sheltering embrace for them both.

ARCHER
I'll make it up to you and Jamie.
I'll put in for a desk job. This
time, I mean it.

INT. ARCHER HOME -- MORNING

Freshly dressed, Archer heads down the hall. He pauses at
the door to Jamie's room when he sees --

INSIDE

Fully clothed, Jamie is fast asleep on her bed cluttered
with clothes and assorted girl-stuff.

ARCHER STEPS INSIDE -- LOOKING AT HIS DAUGHTER'S NOW-

peaceful face. He looks around at her room ... sees the
stuffed animals collecting dust ... make-up, jewelry ...
his little girl is growing up fast. And he's missing it.

ARCHER carefully pulls the blanket up over her. With a
bittersweet smile, he slips out of the room.

EXT. PRESIDIO -- NSA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A sprawling, high-security compound. ARCHER negotiates the no-nonsense check-point manned by heavily-armed guards.

GATE GUARD ED
Print, please, Commander.

ARCHER presses his thumb to a scan-pad as guards inspect the car. ED waves "all clear." Archer drives in.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

THE ENTRY IS DOMINATED BY THE NSA OFFICIAL SEAL -- A COBALT-and-white glass mosaic of a stalwart eagle clutching a key.

Color-coded elevators denote security status. ARCHER uses a mag-card to enter the restricted "RED LEVEL" elevator.

INT. BULLPEN -- DAY

Efficient as a beehive, agents, cryptologists, support staff buzz through their routines. ARCHER strides past -- drawing assorted congratulatory nods and "thumbs up" signs -- but no one breaks work-stride. He enters his ...

RECEPTION AREA

Archer's team is there. Applauding. Proud. But Archer's uneasy with plaudits.

ARCHER
Much appreciated. Now let's get
back to work, okay?

He herds the disappointed agents out.

WANDA
(to Buzz)
Is that stick ever gonna fall out of
his ass?

Archer shuts the door, then turns to his attractively-built secretary -- KIM BREWSTER (25).

KIMBERLY
(holds up champagne)
The CIA sent this over. What should
I do with it?

ARCHER
Send it back and tell them to stop
wasting the taxpayers' money.
(a beat)
And Miss Brewster --

KIMBERLY
Yes, Commander?

ARCHER
It's against the law to smoke in a
federal building.

He OPENS THE DRAWER, stomps out her cigarette, then exits to
his inner office. Kimberly sighs and turns to a CLERK.

KIMBERLY
Three years -- and he still calls me
"Miss Brewster."

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

MOVING past photos, newsclips, clues and totems of CASTOR --
a monument to his obsession -- we FIND ...

ARCHER on the computer. Like a guy who can't help but stare
at a train wreck, he scrolls through ...

CASTOR'S HOMICIDE VICTIMS FILE

Face after face -- some innocent, some not -- flash past.

Finally he stops at the image of a LITTLE BOY.

All smiles and ruddy cheeks. MATTHEW ARCHER'S a child with
all the time in the world.

Light floods in as TITO enters.

ARCHER
How's Loomis?

TITO
Apparently, fine. He's coming into
work. That's the good news ...

ARCHER
Go on.

TITO
Castor's still alive --
(off Archer's reaction)
Technically. He's a turnip, on total
life-support ...

Tito pops a micro-disc into the desk-top.

TITO
... And I found this -- at his
brother's flat ...

A HOLO-IMAGE appears -- a 3-D image of the DEVICE. Archer sags -- he knows it's a bomb ... and a complex one.

Using a remote, Archer ENLARGES THE 3-D IMAGE. The "bomb" is now 5'x5'x5' -- virtual reality without the helmet. We step with Archer RIGHT INTO THE BOMB as he studies it.

TITO
Porcelain casing ... thermal neutron
cloak ... I didn't recognize the
payload.

ARCHER
Some kind of designer toxin.
(moving into the core
then inspecting it)
Probably biological. Definitely
airborne.

Archer's eyes sharpen -- it sinks in.

ARCHER
"Worse than anything God ever dumped
on the Pharaohs."

Enlarging the IMAGE, Archer examines it even more closely.

ARCHER
Castor's sociopathic, but not
suicidal. He wouldn't handle anything
this unstable without ...

He traces a finger along the bomb's guts to a small appendage on the globe. It's got a button.

ARCHER
-- Here. A fail-safe -- in case the
bomb goes critical while being
installed.
(a beat)
Find out how it works. And call
Lazarro -- tell her I'm on my way
up.

DISSOLVE: INTERROGATION FOOTAG

Pollux under the 3rd degree. Wired to a complex machine -- the interrogating Agents seem to have him on the run ...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

ARCHER, LAZARRO and various NSA OFFICIALS watch the monitor.

POLLUX
(on screen)
-- That bomb was just a crossword
puzzle to me ... a mental exercise.
I never built it ...

Weary, LAZZARRO shuts down the monitor ... turns to Archer.

ARCHER
He's lying.

LAZZARRO
Jon, he's hooked up to a full-spectrum
polygraph. No one has ever beaten --

ARCHER
I don't care -- he's manipulating
it. That bomb has been built and
it's out there, somewhere.

LAZZARRO
What do you expect us to do -- shut
down the city, evacuate two million
people on a hunch?

Archer looks from Lazzarro to the other officials. He knows
it's hopeless -- and gets up to leave.

ARCHER
It isn't a hunch and Castor doesn't
bluff. It's going to happen ...

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

ARCHER stomps along, Tito at his heels.

TITO
We can send in a plant -- try to get
Pollux to spill the location.

ARCHER
He'd see that a mile away.
(a beat)
The only person he'd talk to about
that bomb is his brother.
Unfortunately, turnips can't talk.

Archer's mind races, there's got to be a way.

TITO
I'll be damned. Loomis ...

LOOMIS is in the Squad Room -- not a scratch on him.

ARCHER
Which ear was it?

TITO

The left, I think. Those surgeons
in Witness Protection can fix things
nobody's even broken yet.

ARCHER says nothing. Something dawns on him. Something
brilliant as it is insane. Or is it simply insane ... ?

FULL SCREEN: LIFE-SIZE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES OF A MAN ... just
an ordinary man ... flat nose, big brow, an uncertain chin.

HOAG'S VOICE

This informant marked himself for
death by testifying against a drug
cartel, so he was sent to me for a
little makeover.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. MEDICAL WING -- PHYSIOLOGICAL CAMOUFLAGE UNIT -- DAY

Expertly working a joy-stick is DR. MALCOLM HOAG (50's).
This man exudes genius and arrogance. Archer's beside him.

HOAG

A rhinoplasty here, a mentoplasty
there ...

The Informant's NOSE narrows. His CHIN strengthens.

HOAG

Blepharoplasty, otoplasty ...
Everywhere a plasty, plasty.

The Informant's big EARS shrink and his EYES morph. The end
result -- literally a NEW MAN. Hoag nods matter-of-factly.

HOAG

Physical augmentation, vocal
enhancement implants -- More snitches
have disappeared in here than in San
Francisco Bay.

(a beat)

Of course, it's easy to make someone
look like no one ... But I'm always
tinkering with other methods.

Using the joystick, Hoag strips away the Informant's "new"
face and replaces it with a rotating FACIAL-SHELL -- fixed
at various anchor-points. Hoag's OWN IMAGE adheres on the
shell and he "sculpts" it to fit the Informant's skull.

HOAG

Using a morpho-genetic template, the
sub-structure can be molded to the
(MORE)

HOAG (CONT'D)
 exact shape of one man's skull; the
 outside -- exactly like another's.
 (admires his own image --
 now on the Informant)
 Vast improvement, isn't it?

ARCHER
 So it is possible?

HOAG
 To temporarily borrow another man's
 face? Oh, yes. I can think of only
 one reason why it's never been done --
 (a beat)
 -- no one's ever asked.

ARCHER
 But will you do it?

HOAG
 Without approval -- totally off the
 books as you say? Commander, your
 proposal would cost me my job and
 get me banished from every respectable
 medical society in the world.
 (a beat)
 That's why I like it. But can you
 find a volunteer in time?

ARCHER
 -- I already have.

HOAG almost asks "who" -- then stares at Archer and
 understands -- there's no one else for this job.

INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The door to JAMIE'S room is plastered with news headlines
 and disturbing photos of police beatings and government
 corruption. Loud music pounds out from within. ARCHER pauses
 to knock -- then doesn't. He lets it go.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

ARCHER undresses, looking in the mirror. Smooth-chested and
 reasonably toned -- he's getting a bit of a gut.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

EVE is in bed. ARCHER comes in quietly and sits beside her --
 studying her peaceful, half-sleeping face. She stirs.

EVE
 ... I was dreaming ...

ARCHER
Something good?

EVE
We were back in high school. You wanted to join the sky diving team, but I wouldn't let you.

ARCHER
Must've been after we got engaged.

EVE
Actually -- in this dream -- I was your mother.

ARCHER
So you had a nightmare.

EVE
Totally -- you were being very, very bad. You went up in the plane and jumped out. You had a parachute, but it didn't open.

ARCHER
Were you there to catch me?

EVE
No.

ARCHER
How come?

EVE
I don't know ...
(nuzzles him)
Maybe because you've never needed my help.

They kiss -- and keep kissing. Their passion building, EVE runs her hands over his body -- reaching, touching.

She pulls apart his shirt -- buttons popping -- revealing a thick round SCAR on his chest. Her fingertips touch the bullet scar. ARCHER freezes mid-caress.

EVE
It's all right, Jon.

But he is pulling away. She won't let him -- she tugs him back onto the bed and enfolds him in her arms, holding him.

ARCHER
Five years ... I still can't get it out of my head -- an inch to the left, Matty would still be alive.

EVE

And you wouldn't be.

No response. The pain hidden in his stoic detachment chills Eve. She musters a hopeful tone.

EVE

Things will get better now that you're home. Everything will be better now that ... that man is finally out of our lives.

ARCHER

Eve ...

He starts to mouth the words. He wants, needs to share the truth with her. But he can't. Instead --

ARCHER

... If I had to do something to find some closure ... I should do it, shouldn't I? ... No matter how crazy?

EVE

What are you saying?

(realizes)

Oh, God -- you're going on assignment again ...

ARCHER

One last time. It's important ...

EVE

You said you'd be here! You promised me -- you promised Jamie! What could be more important than that?

ARCHER

I can't tell you ... except only I can do it.

EVE

You want me to tell you it's okay to leave? Okay, go on! GO!

Fury erupting, Eve pushes Archer out of the bed. He stumbles out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Archer trudges past Jamie's room.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

He enters a boy's room -- neat and tidy, like a museum exhibit which, in a sense, it is.

ARCHER clicks the wall switch -- no bulb. He lies down on the small bed and stares at the ceiling.

A STARFIELD

twinkles back at him ... made of stick-on fluorescent stars and comets and day-glo stardust that spells "Matthew."

ARCHER
Am I crazy, Matty?

ARCHER'S weary eyes close as the stardust twinkles brightly.

DISSOLVE TO: BRIGHT LIGHTS -- the San Francisco skyline -- dominated by the twin Transamerica Towers.

INT. TRANSAMERICA-TWO BUILDING -- NIGHT

A MAINTENANCE WORKER sweeps up -- until a RAT scurries by.

Annoyed, the man follows the vermin with the broom -- poking around -- trying to flush it out.

Squeezing behind some DUCTS -- he spots something HIDDEN ... something GLOWING RED -- tapped into this a/c vent.

He leans in closer and ... BREAKS AN ELECTRIC EYE -- the bomb's self-defense motion-detector. Instantly a YELLOW LIGHT BEAM flashes -- finds the MAN'S FACE. HISSSS!

A pinpoint of gas sprays him. He recoils and runs out.

EXT. BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Gasping for breath, the Man forces open an access door.

That's better. Then ... he CONVULSES VIOLENTLY. Twitching, shuttering, he FALLS ... dropping like a wounded bird.

EXT. ALLEY BELOW -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Splattered in the gutter, the man looks like just another jumper in the heartless big city.

INT. NSA -- ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Archer memorizes the CD-ROM images before him:

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF CASTOR DANCING IN A CROWDED NIGHT

Club with a sexy but doped-up WOMAN. They're necking.

ARCHER
Sasha Plummer, 28, single, mother of
one.

(MORE)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Met Castor Troy in Berkeley at a Pearl Jam reunion. Felony convictions: two counts, drug running. She has a tattoo of a 1956 Buick on her right ankle.

ZOOM in on the tattoo as the door opens -- TITO enters.

TITO

Castor himself didn't know half this crap, and it was his life.
(hands Archer a disk)
What do you want with the prison lay-out? That place is so tight, you couldn't squeeze a fart out of there.

Archer keeps working -- the image of Sasha MORPHS into footage of a slick, Eurotrash-type -- DIETRICH HASSLER (45).

ARCHER

Dietrich Hassler. 45. Biochemist.
Dismissed from the FDA on charges of
...

Tito shuts down the machine.

TITO

Jon, this is goddamn insane. You can't go through with it.
(no response)
What about Eve?

ARCHER

She doesn't know -- and she never will.

TITO

You haven't got a chance in hell of fooling Pollux. Castor drinks, smokes and walks around with a 24-hour hard-on. He's nothing like you.

ARCHER

Don't worry. I've done my homework. I'll get Pollux to talk.

TITO

Either way, come Saturday morning -- I'm pulling you the hell out of there.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The sun rises over a gated compound in the Berkeley hills.

INT. FACILITY -- O.R. -- DAY

ON MONITORS: CASTOR'S body is being prepped.

PULL BACK: Hoag confers with the ARCHIVE TECHY who's taping the procedure.

DR. HOAG

Let's walk through it, Commander.

(a beat)

Your blood types are different, but surgically compatible. The height difference is negligible -- within 1/2 an inch. The feet are close enough. Penis size, flaccid, essentially the same.

(a beat)

Substantial.

TWO NURSES exchange a glance.

DR. HOAG

Eye color will be handled with a retinal dye. Body hair -- with micro-grafts. Teeth, a little cosmetic bonding. The tattoos will be -- tattooed. Fingerprints -- we'll use an organic skin mold and a little Crazy Glue.

ARCHER

Kid's stuff.

THE TRANSFORMATION

TATTOOS: A tattoo artist recreates the COLOSSUS OF RHODES on ARCHER'S thigh as his assistant outlines the remaining six "Ancient Wonders of the World."

TEETH: DR. HOAG works like an artist -- matching the color and shape of CASTOR'S teeth.

EYES: Lids pinned back -- micro-needles plunge into ARCHER'S eyeballs. His irises WASH from brown to blue.

BODY HAIR: Hundreds of tiny grafts are "plugged" onto ARCHER'S chest.

STOMACH: HOAG prods ARCHER'S love handles.

DR. HOAG

Abdominoplasty, Commander? It's on the house.

ARCHER

Abdomino -- what?

DR. HOAG
A tummy tuck.

ARCHER
Do it.

Globules of adipose tissue siphon from ARCHER'S obliques.

CHEST SCAR: HOAG runs a finger along the jagged line.

DR. HOAG
You realize, Commander -- this has
to go.

ARCHER looks at the scar -- then nods without a word. Two
surgeons begin to remove the dead tissue.

DR. HOAG
Let's see if I missed anything before
I get my hands really dirty.

HOAG leads ARCHER to a mirror. Archer's amazed to see:

HIS OWN HEAD ON CASTOR'S BODY

He's got a flat stomach, chest hair, blue eyes -- the works.
Archer touches where his chest scar once was -- now gone.

EXT. HOAG'S FACILITY -- NIGHT

Clear and calm. God's night. Someone's God anyway.

INT. HOAG'S FACILITY -- NIGHT

ARCHER is wheeled into the high-tech surgical bay, CASTOR
beside him. Hoag wipes his brow -- he and his team have
been working for hours and now comes the hard part.

DR. HOAG
Here we go, Commander. Through the
Looking Glass ...

ARCHER nods as the anesthesiologist injects his IV line. As
he drifts off, he can hear HOAG'S final instructions ...

DR. HOAG
-- initial incision will be made
above the ear, extending down behind
the left earlobe, then back up into
the hairline.

Hoag turns to the ARCHIVE TECHNICIAN who's video-taping all.

DR. HOAG
Make sure you get everything -- I'll
need to study the tape before reverse
surgery.

Hoag sets the tip of the LASER against Archer's forehead.

A RED TARGET BEAM -- slender as a hair -- appears. HOAG
sights through the optical memory, squeezes the trigger and --
a COBALT BEAM cuts above Archer's ear.

HOAG'S ASSISTANT performs the same procedure on CASTOR.

HOAG peels ARCHER'S face away from his skull.

HOAG carefully sinks Archer's face into a saline drip-tank.

DR. HOAG
Vault it.

The Nurse takes the container and rushes off. HOAG pulls
the MILKY TEMPLATE out of a saline dip and fits it over
Archer's facial sub-structure. It's a perfect fit.

DR. HOAG
Come on -- the other one!

His Assistant hurries -- peeling CASTOR'S face away.

CASTOR'S CONSISTENT EEG READING suddenly SPIKES RADICALLY --
for a moment, it almost seems to stabilize. The Assistant
glances over -- too late. The read-out returns to normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

A head swathed in gauze. The bandages start to fall away.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY

HOAG removes the gauze. Gathering courage, Archer turns to
the mirror and sees his new face. The face of his most hated
enemy -- now HIS face.

Astounded, sickened to his core -- Archer has to catch his
breath as he realizes ...

JON ARCHER HAS BECOME CASTOR TROY

TITO enters. Instinctively, he grabs for his holster.

ARCHER
It's me, Tito. It's Jon.

Tito smiles, realizes his reflexive stupidity.

ARCHER
It worked ...
(clears throat)
Except for this.

DR. HOAG
Yes -- the voice.

ARCHER'S voice still sounds exactly like ARCHER. HOAG prods around Archer's Adam's apple.

DR. HOAG
I implanted a micro-chip onto your larynx -- a prototype developed for throat cancer survivors.

HOAG switches on a digital recording. ARCHER repeats CASTOR'S words as HOAG adjusts the chip with hand-held remote.

CASTOR'S VOICE
I'm a Catholic, goddamn
it! Why would I shoot
the Pope?

ARCHER
I'm a Catholic, goddamn
it! Why would I shoot the
Pope?

After a few repetitions, ARCHER'S VOICE matches perfectly -- if a little hoarse.

DR. HOAG
As your chords adjust, the
scratchiness will pass.

ARCHER yawns, squints and furrows his brow -- testing every muscle. Slowly he turns to ...

CASTOR. Motionless, swathed, dead to the world -- but something about Castor's EYES -- those mocking eyes ...

TITO
Now what?

ARCHER
Call Lazarro. Castor just came out
of his coma.

EXT. NSA HELIPORT -- DAY

A squad of MARINES double-time through a concrete passage and takes up position around a helipad. A jet-black helicopter drops from the sky like an angry wasp.

EXT. HELI-PAD -- DAY

A second squad of Marines marches out. In their midst -- Tito escorts a heavily-manacled "Castor."

TITO

This is it, Jon. For the next 72 hours -- you're on your own.

ARCHER

Just make sure you're there. On time.

Two armed AGENTS leap from the chopper and take charge of "Castor." He follows them pliantly until --

TITO

Watch this hard-case -- he'll bite your nuts off if he gets the chance!

ARCHER gets the message. He starts to resist the Agents and must be muscled into the chopper. He's manacled down.

An AGENT starts to pull a HOOD over Archer's head. EYE-CONTACT between Archer and Tito -- both aware of this very real point of departure. The hood comes down.

ARCHER

Do I get a meal on this flight?

The AGENT smashes his elbow into ARCHER'S gut. The door shuts -- the CHOPPER lifts off like a twister and screams away.

EXT. BALCONY ABOVE -- DAY

The gang breaks up, wanders back to work.

LOOMIS

What a week for Commander Archer to go on vacation. Maybe we should let him know.

WANDA

Forget it. He left strict orders not to be tracked down.

BUZZ

He'll shit when he finds out Castor pulled through.

WANDA

If he shits at all.

BUZZ

Probably doesn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEEL HOLDING PEN -- EREWHON PRISON

Day or night? Who knows -- there's no natural light. Groggy, ARCHER stirs -- and removes his hood.

He gets up -- and paces the tiny cubicle. There are no doors, no windows -- the room appears seamless. Even more odd, his movements don't make a sound. TOTAL SILENCE.

Archer BANGS on the wall, silently. Then he opens his mouth and YELLS, also silently. Has he gone mad?

The faintest PNEUMATIC sound causes Archer to whirl. Now behind him: a pair of gleaming METAL BOOTS.

VOICE
Put on the boots.

He examines them -- they're lined with electro-skin sensors.

VOICE
Don't sniff 'em, you perv. Just put
'em on.

Archer does as he's told. Instantly, the boots automatically lace -- they shrink and lock onto his feet. The WALLS PART -- revealing head guard WALTON.

Archer tries to move -- he can't, not even an inch.

ARCHER
They're too tight.

WALTON
So's a noose. Now keep your mouth
SHUT.

For emphasis, WALTON jolts ARCHER with his high-voltage SHOCK-STICK. Archer buckles. Two more GUARDS enter. They cut away Archer's clothes.

WALTON
You are now an inmate of the world's
toughest prison. In here -- you are
no one. You own nothing. When I
say your ass belongs to me -- I mean
it. Bend over.

Archer hesitates -- but Walton hefts the shock-stick.

Archer relents -- his face reflects the degradation. Naked, he exposes all to the cavity-searching Guard.

WALTON

The entire prison's one big magnetic field. The boots'll tell us where you are -- every second of the day. Now WALK.

Archer takes a clumsy step -- acclimating to the boots.

INT. SECURITY -- ANNEX

Archer enters, now dressed in plain prison blues. From this annex, he can see into SECURITY CENTRAL. It looks like an air traffic control tower -- with monitors designed to keep problems and privacy at a minimum.

Walton grabs Archer's RIGHT THUMB and presses it into a console security screen. It forms an ELECTRONIC PRINT -- positively identifying "Castor".

WALTON

I've got fifty bucks says you're dead by dinner. Don't disappoint me.

INT. GENERAL POPULATION -- DAY

Totally enclosed -- except sunlight and cloudy blue skies peek through a small SKYLIGHT -- five stories above.

100 Inmates crowd tables as Trustees dole out the food.

Silence falls as ARCHER enters. One huge inmate, DOBBS, does a slow burn on seeing "Castor."

ARCHER stares the inmates down and takes a seat. he scans the room -- looking for Pollux.

LITTLE MAN

Hey, Castor -- remember me?

ARCHER looks across the table. The mustache is familiar.

ARCHER

Waxy Wright. Didn't Jon Archer bust you for poisoning five members of the Canadian parliament?

WAXY

They never should've voted against U.S. statehood -- the scumbags.

(a beat)

We heard you got wasted.

ARCHER sees the other inmates sizing him up.

ARCHER
Do I look wasted -- asshole?

WAXY
(nervous)
You look great, Castor. Really.
Here -- I got a shot of your favorite --
Mescal. Even has the worm.

WAXY hands over a baby-food jar filled with Mescal. ARCHER eyes it with trepidation, but everyone's waiting. He downs it -- choking, sucking back his urge to puke.

ARCHER
-- Hit the spot.

Suddenly DOBBS leaps onto ARCHER and starts pummeling him. They slide across the table -- spilling everyone's lunch.

INT. SECURITY CENTRAL -- DAY

The DEPUTY gets two RED BLIPS on his monitor.

DEPUTY
I've got bio-rhythm jumps -- two --
at the eatery.

SECURITY CHIEF
Lock 'em down.

INT. GENERAL POPULATION -- DAY

INMATES encircle them as Dobbs throws Archer across the room and stalks him. Dazed, Archer staggers to his feet -- and sees the inmates looking at him -- unimpressed.

Especially his "brother" Pollux -- who stares dubiously.

DOBBS wades into Archer again -- this time Archer is ready. He blocks Dobbs's fist and punches back -- then ...

ZAP! The magnetic boots lock both Dobbs and Archer in place. They can't move their feet. Dobbs flails hopelessly -- but Archer's just out of reach.

CRACK! WALTON punches ARCHER in the diaphragm.

ARCHER
What? He started it!

WALTON smashes ARCHER harder -- he hits the floor.

ARCHER
When I get out of here --

WALTON
You'll what?

ARCHER
I'm going to have you fired.

His statement is so ludicrous, WALTON laughs. Everyone does. From the inmates' reactions, ARCHER knows he's been accepted.

Walton turns his steely gaze on DOBBS.

WALTON
That's two strikes, Dobbs. One more --
you know where you're going.

The veiled threat dampens Dobbs's rage.

WALTON
Back to your "suites," -- or no
dinner.

POLLUX waits as ARCHER drops into the line of cons.

ARCHER
Hey, bro ...

POLLUX
You're not my brother.
(eyes dissecting Archer)
The brother I knew would never have
been caught by that dumb fuck Archer.
(then ... grinning)
At least tell me the bomb is still
going off.

ARCHER
They haven't found it yet -- Listen,
Pollux ...

WALTON
Shut up!

Walton jabs Archer with the shock-stick -- Archer drops as Pollux moves on -- finally chancing a concerned look back at his "brother" -- being abused by the Guards.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL -- NIGHT

Archer sits in the tiny, steel framed cell. Isolated, lonely, he realizes how easy it would be to go insane here.

He stares out the skylight -- at the evening sky above.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

An insanely starry night. Van Gogh's night. The night he cut off his ear, anyway.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT -- NIGHT

CASTOR'S body lies inert. His life-support machines flatlining. Until the EEG SPIKES. Once -- twice -- three times. Brain wave activity increases -- and stabilizes.

The fingers on CASTOR'S hand begin to move. Then his fist clenches -- hard. CASTOR'S head is swathed in gauze. But his EYES pop open.

Reflexively, CASTOR wrenches from the bed -- tearing out the tubes and wires that tether him to life-support. He goes down -- in agony -- groaning.

He struggles to his feet -- staggering through the lab -- haphazardly upending equipment as he goes to the window.

OUTSIDE: He sees the lights of San Francisco across the Bay. Much closer -- is UC Berkeley's Campanile tower.

Castor's hand grips a wall-mounted phone. He dials.

CASTOR

Lars ... it's me ... well, believe it! Somewhere in fucking Berkeley ...

(shuffles some papers)
The "Hoag Institute." Just get the fuck over here. And bring me a double cappuccino, 'cause Jesus, do I have the mother of all hangovers ...
What? ... Yeah, low-fat.

He hangs up -- then catches the reflection of his bandaged FACE in the window. He quickly unwraps the gauze.

THE DISCARDED BANDAGES fall at his feet ... we don't see what Castor sees -- but we hear him SCREAM.

INT. HOAG'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- NIGHT

HOAG removes his scrubs, then washes up -- the work-day over.

His wife BRIDGET enters with dinner.

Taking a bite, he HEARS something. Listening, he calms down until -- the door BLOWS OPEN. Castor's bodyguard LARS storms in -- the weapon trained on the terrified couple.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Lars manhandles Hoag and his wife through the lab doors.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

At the COMPUTER STATION -- LUNT is at a retrieval terminal, scrolling through endless pages of data ... absorbing it all -- including the video log of Archer's surgery.

HOAG

Who are you? What do you want?

Lars shoves Hoag into the towering figure of ...

MAN WITHOUT A FACE

Through shadows, we GLIMPSE at raw muscle, cartilage and bone. The man takes a sip of cappuccino ... then grimaces.

CASTOR

I want my face.

INT. "POPULATION" -- PRISON -- DAY

Exercise hour. ARCHER tosses up an air-ball to the jeers of the other inmates. He heads toward POLLUX who lies on the infield astroturf, staring upward.

ARCHER

Pollux ...

POLLUX

Shut up.

POLLUX seems totally focused on the sky above -- a BIRD swoops over the skylight and disappears.

POLLUX

There it goes again -- a bearded bellbird!

ARCHER

So?

POLLUX

So? The procnias averano is a South American bird. The flight here was only three hours! And yesterday a European swallow flew by! Where the fuck are we?

ARCHER shrugs. POLLUX lights a cigarette and passes it. Afraid of blowing his cover, Archer takes a drag -- gags.

POLLUX
What's gotten into you?

ARCHER
What do you mean?

POLLUX
You shoot hoops like a chick, you
smoke like a wuss, and -- I don't
know -- you're different.

ARCHER takes a second drag and holds it -- then exhales right
in POLLUX'S face.

ARCHER
I was in a coma, Pollux. I still
feel like shit.

POLLUX
Let me have a look.

He sticks his finger under ARCHER'S eye and pulls down like
a vet examining a sick dog. ARCHER pushes him off.

ARCHER
Do you know what it is to be in a
coma? It fucks up everything --
including your memory! I can't even
tell you why Dobbs jumped me
yesterday!

POLLUX
You porked his wife the day he was
arrested. How could you forget that?

ARCHER
I don't know. Everything's jumbled --
so you're going to have to help me
fill in a few blanks.

POLLUX
A few blanks? Like what?

ARCHER
Like ...

Archer rolls up his shirt, exposing the PYRAMID tattoo.

ARCHER
... I know I got this on my tenth
birthday. But I can't remember why.

Archer lays the trap. Suspicious, Pollux falls right into
it.

POLLUX
Come on ... that was the worst day
of our lives!

ARCHER feigns a "struggle" with his memory. He lights a
butt with the old -- chain-style ... then "remembers."

ARCHER
Oh, God -- Mom OD'd at County General.

POLLUX
Retching and convulsing while those
bastards didn't even try to save her
sorry ass. You gave her mouth to
mouth -- man -- even then you had
some constitution.

ARCHER reacts -- he didn't know this side of Castor.

POLLUX
Remember what you swore to me at the
funeral?

ARCHER
Uh -- to kill the doctors?

POLLUX
After that. You promised you'd always
take care of me.

ARCHER
And I bet I've kept that promise ...

POLLUX
Only one you've never broken.

Pollux looks at him with great affection. Uncomfortable,
Archer returns the look -- then returns to his true task.

ARCHER
Fuck the past. We've got the future
to look forward to.

Archer pulls out a couple of liquid-filled baby food
containers. He passes one to Pollux and smiles.

ARCHER
We still have Saturday night.

Pollux downs the booze. Archer just takes a sip.

POLLUX
No shit. Man, that was going to be
one big pay day.

Archer refills Pollux's container and lights another cigarette for him. He gulps it down.

POLLUX
Five million bucks -- and now the
fucking Taiwanese get to keep it
all.

Taiwanese? Archer's mind whirls as he pours Pollux another.

ARCHER
That's not the worst part.

POLLUX
What's worse than losing five million
bucks?

ARCHER
Being stuck in this rat-hole when it
blows. Bro, what you built was a
work of art. That little fucker
belongs in the Smithsonian.

Pollux beams and keeps drinking. Archer hangs on every word.

POLLUX
Yeah -- well ... the new Transamerica
Tower will have to do ...

ARCHER'S eyes widen almost imperceptibly. But he simply
nods -- solemnly keeping a straight face.

ARCHER
Thanks, Pollux.

POLLUX
For what?

ARCHER
For being one helluva guy.

POLLUX
"Thanks?" I guess they really did
fuck you up.

Pollux chuckles -- until his eyes light on Archer's jar --
still filled to the brim with booze.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL -- DAY

ARCHER jots down notes when his cell door rolls open. WALTON
is looking at him with cool respect.

WALTON
Somebody wants to see you.

ARCHER smiles to himself -- pleased at Tito's timeliness.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

ARCHER sits as the steel barrier rises. But his confidence evaporates into unspeakable horror. Because he finds himself staring into the brown eyes of --

JON ARCHER. This man has Archer's face -- his real face.

IMPOSTOR

What's the matter? Don't you like
the new me?

ARCHER studies the image of his former self -- trying to understand. Then he recognizes the SMIRK on the face, the mocking TWINKLE in the eyes and he says what he cannot say
...

ARCHER

-- Castor?

CASTOR

Not anymore.

ARCHER

It can't be. It's impossible.

CASTOR

I believe the phrase Dr. Hoag used
was "titanically remote." Who knows?
Maybe the trauma of having my face
cut off pulled me out. Or maybe God
really is on my side after all.
(a beat)
By the way, I know you don't get the
papers in here.

He holds up the current Chronicle. The headline reads:

"INFERNO AT HOAG INSTITUTE -- Malcolm Hoag, Six Others Dead"

CASTOR

Terrible tragedy. Hoag was such a
genius -- but selfish with his
artistry. I actually had to torture
his wife to convince him to perform
the same surgery on me.

ARCHER

You killed them?

CASTOR

Of course I killed them, you DUMB
FUCK.

(MORE)

CASTOR (CONT'D)

And torched every shred of evidence
that proves who you really are.

(a beat)

Swallow this one, Commander. You
are going to be in here for the rest
of your life.

ARCHER

What are you going to do, Castor?

CASTOR

Let's not confuse things anymore.
I'm Archer. You're Castor. But if
you need proof --

CASTOR opens his shirt -- there is a jagged BULLET SCAR
identical to the scar once on Archer's chest.

ARCHER'S mind reels -- he's shaking, losing control.

ARCHER

What are you going to do!

CASTOR

You've given me the freedom I haven't
had in years, and the power to make
it pay off in ways I never thought
possible. But hell -- this is
America. One day a pauper, the next
day, a prince. And I owe it all to
you. Now if you'll excuse me, I've
got an important government job to
abuse, -- and a beautiful wife to
fuck. Excuse me -- I mean "make
love to."

ARCHER freaks out. Two Guards grab his arms and try to drag
him down, but Archer throws them off.

CASTOR impassively buttons his shirt as Archer pounds on the
barrier -- trying to break through -- as Walton zaps him.

ARCHER

That's not me! That's not me!

The Guards finally drag the kicking Archer out the door.

WALTON

Sorry, Commander.

CASTOR

It's quite all right. You never
know what to expect from a
psychopathic criminal.

INT. CELL BLOCK -- DAY

The Guards dump ARCHER into his cell.

WALTON
You better be nice, Castor. You
could get mighty lonely now that
Pollux is gone.

ARCHER
Pollux is -- what?

WALTON
Archer cut him a deal for turning
state's evidence. He's free.

ARCHER
Walton, you have to let me see the
warden --

WALTON
Or what? You'll have me fired?

Walton pushes a button. STEEL PANELS close off the cell --
silencing Archer's protesting voice.

INT. CELL -- SAME TIME

ARCHER pounds at the mirrored cell door, finding no release
from the horror. He stares at the face of his enemy -- the
enemy who now has total command of his life.

EXT. STREETS OF S.F. -- DAY

Castor drives Archer's car. He punches into the vehicle's
portacomp and smirks as the computer obeys ...

EXT. NOE VALLEY -- NIGHT

TITO lugs grocery bags up to his Victorian flat.

INT. TITO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TITO enters and drops his gear, making his way to the
refrigerator. He opens it -- throwing LIGHT into the room --
revealing a MAN sitting at the wet bar.

Tito whips out his gun, then sees it's "JON ARCHER."

TITO
Jon? What the hell happened?

CASTOR
You're a secret agent -- you tell
me.

CASTOR has laid the bait. He waits ... and waits ... as TITO studies him. Then, Tito lowers his gun.

TITO
Christ, you're in a mood.
(pops a beer)
Okay -- you had to pull out. Pollux
wasn't fooled for a minute.

Castor knows all he needs to know.

TITO
That's what happened, right?

CASTOR
Dead right. Now -- how about a beer
for me?

TITO
You ... sure. Hang on -- if Hoag's
dead, how'd you switch back? And
...
(uneasy)
... who pulled you out?

CASTOR
Nobody.

CASTOR watches the terror build in Tito's eyes. He waits just long enough for Tito to go for his gun, then ... BOOM!

Castor fires and TITO slumps to the floor.

CASTOR
I'll take that beer now.

INT. ARCHER'S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Sipping a beer, CASTOR cruises through the middle-class neighborhood. He smokes absently, clutching Archer's address on a Post-It.

He drives past peaceful scenes of suburban bliss: men on hammocks; women chatting; kids playing tag.

CASTOR
(sickened)
Jesus, what a life.

CASTOR tries to catch a street address and rolls past ...

ARCHER'S HOUSE

Dressed for work, EVE watches blandly as the car goes by.

A moment later, it backs up and parks.

CASTOR forces a smile -- then realizes there's a cigarette in his hand. He quickly stamps it out.

CASTOR
Hi, uh -- Eve. Can you believe I
drove right by the house?

Eve rolls her eyes -- what else is new? Castor looks her over -- she's much sexier than he expected. But EVE misreads his fascination with her cleavage -- and brushes a loose thread off her blouse.

EVE
What happened to your big
"assignment"?

CASTOR
What do you know about it?

EVE
As much as ever. Nothing.

CASTOR
(relaxing)
It didn't work out as planned. Where
are you off to?

EVE
The hospital.

CASTOR
The hospital?
(spots her medical
bag)
Oh, that's right -- you're a doctor.
Ha-ha.

EVE
Jon -- I don't have time to play
games. There're leftovers in the
fridge.

CASTOR
Have fun at work.

CASTOR kisses her -- rather hard -- on the mouth.

EVE
What is with you tonight?

CASTOR
Don't I usually kiss my wife?

EVE
No.

She gets in the car and pulls out.

INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

CASTOR steps inside, looks around.

CASTOR
What a dump.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CASTOR sifts through Christmas cards from holidays past, studying the ones with photos. He's memorizing -- matching names to faces -- Wanda's, Buzz's, Lazarro's, etc.

Then something catches his eye. He pulls down a floral notebook -- EVE'S DIARY -- and pages through it.

CASTOR
He hasn't done her in two months?
What a loser ...
(checks his pockets)
There's gotta be one cigarette in
this hole.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

CASTOR rifles through the immaculate desk, searching for a cigarette, when he hears a voice. He turns and glances across the hallway. He sees ...

GLIMPSES OF JAMIE

As she walks back and forth in her room, talking on the phone -- and wearing only panties and a cropped t-shirt.

CASTOR steps closer -- enjoying the view.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Miffed, JAMIE stamps out her lit cigarette.

JAMIE
-- You're lying, Karl, I E-mailed
you three times --
(spots CASTOR at door)
Hang on a sec ...

She slams it -- but he gets his foot inside. Castor pushes menacingly into the room.

JAMIE
I'll call you back.
(to Castor)
You're not respecting my boundaries.

CASTOR
Screw your boundaries, Janie. You
have something I want.

JAMIE
Janie?

Castor spots her correct name embroidered on a pillow. He
gazes seductively, unnerving JAMIE as he steps toward her.

CASTOR
I don't think you heard me ... Jamie
... You have something I want ...

He reaches for her -- and RIGHT PAST HER. He picks up a
pack of cigarettes from the desk.

JAMIE
Clarissa left those here.

CASTOR
(shrugs and lights up)
I won't tell mom if you don't.

JAMIE
When did you start smoking?

CASTOR
You'll be seeing a lot of changes
around here. Daddy's a new man.

CASTOR blows a perfect smoke ring in her face, then goes
out. JAMIE just stares, astonished.

EXT. THE STRAND -- NIGHT

Pollux and the twins hustle Hookers when Castor arrives. He
flashes a smile, then his NSA badge. The girls scam.

POLLUX
You merciless bastard!

CASTOR
Business first.
(to twins)
I went into the "Warrants" system
and erased your records. You're
clean.
(tosses them money
rolls)
In fact, you're now on the informant
payroll.

Castor sees Pollux studying "his" face -- with disgust.

POLLUX

I can't even look at you without
wanting to vomit.

CASTOR

You better get used to it. That
bitch Lazarro is getting kicked
upstairs. Guess what white-bread
family man is going to replace her?

CASTOR shoots Pollux a cheesy white-bread Archer smile.

POLLUX

You can't be serious --

Then Pollux falls silent, his mind clicking like an abacus.
Suddenly ecstatic, he kisses Castor.

POLLUX

It's the perfect cover. You'll have
the highest security clearances,
access to everything and everyone, a
private army at your disposal! If
information is power --

CASTOR

-- I'll be one of the most powerful
men in the country. Didn't matter
how much cash I made pulling wet
jobs -- I was still too low on the
food chain -- always with somebody
like Jon Archer after me. The best
part is -- I'm the GOOD guy.

POLLUX

No -- the best part is, since it's a
government job -- they can't fire
you!

(a beat)

But how can you be sure you'll get
the appointment?

CASTOR

Trust me. You're gonna love it ...

INT. EREWHON PRISON -- "POPULATION" -- DAY

ARCHER and the other inmates are herded into the main room.
A TV IMAGE appears and dominates one entire wall.

WALTON

A special privilege today -- TV --
courtesy of Castor Troy.

ON SCREEN: CNN ...

REPORTER

A biological bomb was discovered this morning in the climate control system of the Transamerica-Two Tower in San Francisco. A group of Japan's leading geneticists were the target ... (etc.)

ARCHER watches in stony silence as --

ON SCREEN -- THE TRANSAMERICA-TWO BUILDING

The squad LEADER emerges -- the complex bomb cradled in his arms. He dramatically unscrews a detonator cap -- and heaves the now-harmless device into the disposal container.

People cheer as the leader removes his helmet and breathes a sigh of relief. It's CASTOR. He turns to the cameras and smiles broadly -- giving a "thumbs up" sign.

REPORTER

NSA Special Agent Jon Archer -- who found the device -- risked his life to diffuse it only moments before it was set to explode. We go live to the scene where the media-shy Archer is holding his first press conference --

EXT. TRANSAMERICA-TWO BUILDING -- DAY

CASTOR'S eating up the attention of the REPORTERS.

REPORTER

Commander Archer -- who do you think planted it?

CASTOR

That's classified. But if he's listening I have a message for him: Nice try. Now you know who's really in charge.

BACK TO ARCHER: Totally enraged. And totally powerless. Then his eyes focus ... he watches closely as --

A GUARD uses his "Thumbprint ID" to get through the SECURITY DOORS. Archer's eyes fall on the THUMBPRINT SCAN-PAD.

EXT. NSA COMPOUND -- CHECKPOINT -- DAY

As Castor presses his thumb into the scanner.

CASTOR

How's the wife -- Ed?

ED
(signals "gate up")
Fine, Commander.

INT. NSA -- BULLPEN -- DAY

Castor enters. Some workers nod, some give a "thumbs up," some smile -- but no one stops working. They know better than to react, much less applaud.

CASTOR
Don't you guys watch TV? Where's
the parade?

They look at each other -- afraid. But proud rookie LOOMIS starts clapping, so everyone else joins in rousing applause.

CASTOR
-- Buzz, uh -- Wanda, Loomis ... all
of you, thanks from the bottom of my
black heart.

WANDA
Stop the presses -- Jon Archer found
a personality ...

He grins and heads for his office.

INT. ARCHER'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

CASTOR enters to find MISS BREWSTER bent over the filing cabinet. He watches her butt until she notices.

KIMBERLY
Oh -- Commander. I didn't see you
...

CASTOR
Well, I saw you -- Kim.

KIMBERLY
Kim?

CASTOR
That's your name, isn't it?

KIMBERLY
You always call me Miss Brewster.

CASTOR
Let's try to be a little less formal
from now on, shall we?

He gives her a playful slap on her rump. She's stunned.

KIMBERLY
You've got someone in your office.

CASTOR
Get rid of them.

KIMBERLY
The Admiral?

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

CASTOR enters to find LAZZARRO ensconced on the sofa. She's fixated by the repeat TV coverage of the bomb being diffused.

LAZZARRO
Look at you, Jon -- at your age --
an American hero!
(a beat)
I'd buy you a drink but I know you'd
just turn me down.

CASTOR
Normally, I would. But today ...

Castor opens a drawer and pulls out a bottle of Jamesons and two high-ball glasses. He expertly pours two healthy shots.

CASTOR
To the future, Admiral. Yours --
and mine.

LAZZARRO
(picks up a legal pad)
Practicing our executive signature,
are we?

CASTOR takes away the pad on which he has, indeed, been practicing Archer's handwriting.

LAZZARRO
If I didn't know any better, I'd say
you were finally kissing my butt ...
and I bet I know why.

CASTOR
You're the only person in this place
who can see right through me.

LAZZARRO
You've made us look pretty good in
the past week. And the way you
handled the press --

CASTOR
Just following your example.

LAZARRO
D.C.'s very high on giving you the promotion. There's just one problem.

CASTOR
What's that?

LAZARRO
Me.
(a beat)
I have doubts about your ability to stick with what is essentially a desk job.

CASTOR
I had doubts too. I always looked at a desk as though it were a ball-and-chain. But something happened ...

She nods -- waiting for the confession. He leans in.

CASTOR
I came back from a mission and found strangers in my house. Only they weren't strangers, they were my wife and child.
(misty-eyed)
Five years my life was on hold. While I chased the elusive, but brilliant, Castor Troy. I've earned the right to start living again. So when I look at this --
(taps desk)
I don't see a ball-and-chain. I see an anchor -- for me and my family.

Castor waits as Lazarro lets the speech sink in. Then ...

LAZARRO
You'd have to start immediately.

CASTOR
Done. In fact, I was already plotting about the best way to meet the foreign bureau chiefs.

LAZARRO
Jon, you're starting to remind me -- of me.
(warm smile)
Congratulations.

LAZARRO exits. Castor eases himself into Archer's leather chair -- he picks up a framed photo of Archer & family and grins wide -- trying to ape Archer's dumb photo smile.

CASTOR
Jon -- you'd be so proud ...

Castor puts the photo down, then pulls out a handbook:

"You and the N.S.A: A Primer for New Employees."

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME -- DAY

CASTOR, carrying grocery bags, comes into the backyard where JAMIE practices free throws. He watches her miss again.

CASTOR
Get a higher arc on the ball, Jamie.
And for Chrissake, square your
shoulders to the basket.

JAMIE
Like you know anything about it.

CASTOR grabs the ball. Despite the encumbrance of the groceries ... SWISH! He crisply sinks the ball.

CASTOR
Now square your shoulders to the
goddamn basket.

He goes inside. Then JAMIE takes his advice. Shoulders squared, Jamie sinks a clean shot. She's impressed.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME -- NIGHT

Laden with text-books, EVE is greeted at the door by JAMIE.

EVE
Where are you going?

JAMIE
Chinatown.

EVE
On a school night?

JAMIE
Dad said it was OK. Have fun.

JAMIE kisses her and exits. EVE'S confusion grows when she sees the dining room -- it's set for a candlelight dinner.

CASTOR enters, dressed nicely, opening a bottle of wine.

CASTOR
Hurry up -- the salad's getting warm
and the pasta's getting cold.

EVE
-- I've got to study.

He confidently pulls the books from her grasp.

CASTOR
I can't believe you forgot. Eve --
it's Date Night.

DINING ROOM -- LATER

CASTOR'S eyes twinkle as EVE looks up from her pasta.

EVE
Why do I feel like I'm on a blind
date?

CASTOR
They say love is blind. Do you think
that's true?

EVE smiles playfully as he pours her more wine.

EVE
I think -- you're trying to get me
drunk.

CASTOR
Wouldn't be the first time -- or
would it?

EVE
You wouldn't even sip champagne at
our wedding. We were underage --
you wouldn't break the law.
(giggling)
Remember what my brother called you?

An awkward silence ...

CASTOR
Who could forget? I was so young
and clumsy then --

Castor "accidentally" knocks over his glass, spilling wine --
and, of course, conveniently changing the subject.

CASTOR
Some things never change.

They both mop up the mess with napkins until their fingers
lightly touch, then intertwine. A charge of sexual tension.

As they almost kiss ... she becomes cautious.

EVE

So -- how long will you be gone this time?

CASTOR

Gone?

EVE

Isn't that what all this is about?
Letting Jamie go out, cooking me
dinner, -- your next assignment?

CASTOR

I'm not going anywhere.

EVE

You always say that -- then you leave.

CASTOR

Can't you see I'm trying to change?
I sent Jamie off because I wanted to
be alone with you. I wanted to see
the candle-light dance in your
beautiful --

Uh-oh. CASTOR can't tell the color of EVE'S eyes. He leans
in "romantically" -- but WE know the real reason.

CASTOR

-- brown eyes.

He smells her hair, then her shoulders, her skin. She's
aroused, but wary. So Castor goes in for the kill.

CASTOR

I wanted it to be just right ...
when I told you about my promotion.

EVE

-- what?

CASTOR

I'm replacing Lazarro. Nice, safe
desk job -- just like you wanted.

EVE

... That's great.

CASTOR

So you see, I'm not going anywhere.
Unless it's upstairs with you ...

CASTOR sweeps EVE up in his arms and heads for the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

CASTOR carries EVE into the shower and spins on the water.

EVE
You're wearing your suit --

CASTOR
Call me spontaneous.

There's nothing she can do as he rips her clothes apart -- on her like a vulture to carrion. They drop to the floor of the stall -- water filling up around them.

CASTOR
... I feel like I'm having you for
the first time ...

INT. ARCHER'S CELL -- NIGHT

Desperately alone, seemingly without hope -- ARCHER huddles in a skimpy blanket. He barely stirs as ...

WALTON does his rounds of the darkened cells, then stops at the CELL BLOCK SECURITY DOOR. The head guard uses his thumb print to clear security -- then types in his clearance code.

BACK TO ARCHER'S CELL

The instant the DOOR SLAMS shut, ARCHER rights himself. He pulls out a LIGHTER and sparks it -- holding the flame to his THUMB.

The skin melts like wax, but Archer doesn't cry out. He peels off the skin graft -- the mold of Castor's fingerprint -- revealing his OWN.

INT. AQUACADE ANNEX

The inmates are naked -- but still wearing their lock-down boots -- as they are herded into the prison SHOWER.

ARCHER
Don't they ever let us take these
boots off?

WAXY
Not unless you're sent to the
"Clinic."

ARCHER
You mean if I get sick?

WAXY
They don't give two fucks about your
health. The Clinic's where they
send the real hard-cases for attitude
adjustment.
(whispering)
Look at O'Neill --

WAXY gestures to an inmate nearby -- O'NEILL -- who smiles
blankly, oblivious to the streaming delousing spray.

WAXY
-- Toughest bastard I ever saw --
after you, of course -- now he's a
fucking drool case.

ARCHER looks hard at O'Neill, whose eyes are glazed like a
jelly donut. Something BAD happened to this man.

ARCHER
What did he do?

WAXY
He hit a guard.

BY THE AQUACADE ENTRANCE

A GUARD reads a magazine. Suddenly water drips on the pages.
The Guard looks up to see Archer standing a little too close
to him -- he leaps up.

GUARD
Looking for trouble, Castor?

ARCHER
Actually ... yes.

CRACK! Archer decks the Guard. A second Guard charges in --
Archer heaves him across the shower. Suddenly --

WHAM! Archer is flung hard against the shower wall. He
can't resist as HIS BOOTS spin him like a tornado and CRASH
him into the opposing wall. He collapses -- out cold.

INT. PRISON -- POPULATION -- NIGHT

Night-time: crescent moon, twinkling stars and a HOOT OWL.
Searchlights sweep past the skylight.

WALTON and a GUARD herd ARCHER toward a hydraulic steel door.

INT. THE "CLINIC" -- NIGHT

The air-locks WHOOSH open. The Guards enter and dump Archer
on the floor. He gets his bearings -- sees he's lying in a
PUDDLE of something. He looks up -- and recoils.

ARCHER'S P.O.V.: DOBBS is strapped to a verticle-gurney -- post-procedure. His limbs are stiff, his eyes blank as a Mako shark's. And his feet are bare -- BOOTLESS.

MED-TECH
Get a mop, he puked all over the place.

An Assistant unstraps Dobbs and drops him on a rolling GURNEY; the Guard wheels him out.

MED-TECH
(mopping up)
-- next time, bring them in BEFORE dinner ...

ARCHER cases the place: equipment fed by tubes and cables run upward through the overhead ceiling grid. Above the grid is the VIEW WINDOW of the Security Central Control.

Walton muscles Archer into the gurney. The Med-Tech smirks.

MED-TECH
Oh happy day -- Castor Troy. Too bad Jon Archer isn't here to see this ...

The Med-Tech wheels the ECT HEAD-GEAR cart into place: twin needle-like BOLTS ready to fit into ARCHER'S ears. A single blue static spark jumps from the bolts.

WALTON roughly wedges ARCHER'S HEAD into the head-gear, shoving the chewed-up bite-strap into Archer's mouth.

WALTON
Bite hard, scumbag, 'cause you'll be gumming baby food from here on out.

MED-TECH
Get his boots, Sergeant.

WALTON unlocks ARCHER'S first boot and pulls it off. As the Med-Tech starts to fasten Archer's arm -- Walton unlocks and pulls off the second boot.

ARCHER'S FEET are free. CRACK! He yanks his foot up hard -- Walton reels back, stunned.

One ARM still restrained, Archer BACKROLLS in the gurney and KICKS the Head Gear cart away -- knocking it into the Med-Tech who collapses onto it, hitting "TEST" --

ZAP! The head-bolts fire, catching the Med-Tech through the shoulder -- he drops to the floor, his synapses shot.

The Assistant flees in terror as WALTON gropes for his weapon. But ARCHER pulls his arm free and cracks Walton across the chin -- putting him out.

ARCHER grabs Walton's shock-stick, hears the ALARM. He shuts the door -- then jams the shock-stick into the key- mechanism. ZAP! It fuses shut.

Using the floor-to-ceiling MATRIX OF SUPPORT CABLES -- Archer free-climbs upward.

A groggy WALTON forces open the door from inside.

GUARDS pour in. Walton grabs an auto-rifle and opens fire.

SLUGS chase ARCHER as he climbs higher. Riddled, tubes BURST, raining fluids and gases down on the Guards.

ARCHER'S now directly in front of the Security Control window. The Deputies inside watch frantically as Archer grabs the nearest cable and swings --

INT. SECURITY CENTER CONTROL -- NIGHT

CRASH! The window explodes inward. ARCHER rides the cable into the booth -- and gets jumped by the Deputies inside.

ARCHER slams the Security Chief into the control panel, then jolts the Deputy with the shock-stick. The place is HIS.

He finds what he's looking for: a CROSS-CUT SCHEMATIC of the prison. He traces his finger -- confirming his way out. He hits the keys -- typing furiously.

FULL SCREEN -- THE MONITOR

It splits into four sub-screens, each filled with the CGI of various HELICOPTERS .. ARCHER commits to memory each ship's TETHER CODE ... "Dancer," "Prancer," "Comet," etc.

Then he wildly yanks out wires and shatters the computer banks. FLAMES burst out -- shorting the circuitry.

A DRONING SOUND rises -- the magnetic power monitor shows a dangerous surge. ARCHER takes off into the corridor.

AROUND THE PRISON: Total chaos.

EATERY: Table and chairs FLY to the ceiling and STICK.

THE KITCHEN: The Staff scatters as KNIVES and POTS and STEEL UTENSILS hail through the kitchen, POPULATION: GUARDS duck and flee as PRISONERS are flung about like rag-dolls by their short-circuiting BOOTS.

INT. ELEVATOR CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

ARCHER rushes into an empty elevator. Before he hits a button -- he HEARS Guards running toward him.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

WALTON leads his men around the corner as the elevator doors CLOSE. WALTON opens fire -- riddling the doors.

They pile into the adjoining stairwell -- going down.

BEHIND THEM -- a narrow door clicks shut.

BEHIND THE DOOR -- Archer is in a narrow fire-escape tube. He climbs the steel rungs of the ladder upward -- toward the NIGHT SKY. The HOOT OWL leaves its perch and circles above -- in search of prey.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Following his men down -- WALTON suddenly stops. His eyes narrow with growing suspicion.

INT. ESCAPE TUBE -- NIGHT

ARCHER is climbing, climbing -- the serene sounds of CRICKETS CHIRPING grow louder as the open air of the NIGHT SKY looms closer and closer.

INT. SKY ROOM -- "NIGHT"

ARCHER pulls himself from the tube.

But instead of FREEDOM -- he finds himself in a huge dome dominated by an enormous BLUE SCREEN CANOPY.

THE SKY ROOM: Designed to disorient the prisoners, hide the prison location and prevent escapes -- a computerized arc-lamp provides simulated "Sunlight" and "Moonlight."

ARCHER looks down through the sky-light into the prison "population area" far below -- where Guards and Prisoners alike scramble frantically during the alert.

Suddenly Archer is jolted back to reality as SOMETHING swoops past his head -- the stuffed "HOOT OWL" flies by -- attached to a cable track. Then -- the owl EXPLODES.

WALTON emerges from the escape tube -- firing.

Wild SHOTS tear gaping HOLES in the "sky" -- revealing cables and catwalks -- chasing ARCHER out of the room.

INT. CORRIDOR

ARCHER rushes up to a steel SECURITY DOOR. Through its porthole, he can see a short ramp leading to a door marked:

EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY

SAFETY LINES REQUIRED

ARCHER presses his thumb to the Security Door's key-pad. To his horror:

SECURITY BOX

Print unreadable.

Approaching fast: charging footsteps and shouts. ARCHER licks his thumb, tries again. Finally:

SECURITY BOX

Confirmed: Archer, Commander Jonathan
T. Please enter classified security
code.

Archer does. The door slides open -- Archer squeezes out.

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR

ARCHER races straight at the door and plows right through --

SMASH CUT:

EXT. PRISON -- DAWN

ARCHER'S blinded -- it's DAYTIME in the real world.

And worse -- a GIANT WAVE crashes over Archer, knocking him hard on his ass. Drenched, he grabs a guard-rail.

PULL WAY, WAY BACK TO REVEAL:

THE PRISON'S in the middle of the goddamn ocean, in what appears to be just an OIL RIG PLATFORM. Seas are choppy and there's NO land in sight.

Pounded by peaking waves, ARCHER struggles to his feet and starts climbing a ladder to the top of the PLATFORM.

EXT. PRISON PLATFORM -- TOP-LEVEL -- DAWN

ARCHER reaches the top and peers over. There's a row of helicopters: TRANSPORTS, SUPPLY SHIPS, A GUNSHIP.

ARCHER rushes to the nearest chopper -- a metal-fatigued supply ship -- and pauses at its landing skids.

THE SKIDS ARE BOLTED TO THE DECK

Instantly ARCHER goes to the LOCK-BOX on the chopper's tether-bolts and keys in the code "Comet."

The indicator flashes RED -- no access. He keeps trying.

ARCHER
Come on, Vixen ... Donner ... Blixen
...

Nothing. SHOUTING. ALARMS. Archer keeps trying as GUARDS close in. Finally -- RUDOLPH. The tether bolts retract.

INT./EXT. SUPPLY SHIP -- DAWN

ARCHER jumps into the cockpit and throws switches.

Instantly the chopper whirs to life.

ARCHER yanks down the pilot's canopy as BULLETS bounce off the bullet-resistant glass. He draws back on the control stick -- too much.

THE CHOPPER'S tail jerks out wildly.

INSIDE -- Archer battles to regain control. The chopper lifts off -- takes a sickening nose-dive over the edge of the platform -- and disappears.

GUARDS rush to the side -- then drop to the deck in fear. THE CHOPPER spirals upward -- roaring over the platform.

The GUARDS keep up their furious fusillade -- blowing chunks out of the supply ships' guts.

TRAILING SMOKE, Archer's chopper ROARS off. It disappears -- flying low over the water.

ARCHER engages the RADAR CLOAK, then turns back and sees the receding "oil rig" vanishing in the morning mist.

APPROACHING FAST -- the green Marin headlands. Coming into definition -- the under-repair Golden Gate Bridge.

GLANCING BACK -- Archer sees Pursuit Helicopters closing in.

Suddenly the temp gauge starts beeping. The wounded chopper is overheating -- losing its trim, breaking up fast.

ARCHER steadies the controls -- trying to stabilize the wildly swaying craft.

The Pursuit Chopper, carrying WALTON, closes in. The Weapons Officer lets loose with a rocket.

ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- out of control -- veers sharply. The missile shoots by harmlessly.

WALTON
Damn, he's good.

In ARCHER'S CHOPPER, he struggles frantically to regain control. But up ahead a swarm of PURSUIT CHOPPERS appear from the Presidio -- tightening the noose.

ARCHER veers down -- beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. Looking for a way out, he spots --

A STRING OF BUOYS dotting the Bay. An idea. He hauls back on the stick, turning the chopper 180 degrees.

PURSUIT CHOPPER: They've got Archer in their sights.

WALTON
South, North, East, West. You've got no where to go.

But his words dry up when he sees --

ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- heading straight for him.

THE CHOPPERS are about to crash head-on when ...

ARCHER'S CHOPPER suddenly nose-dives. It keeps descending as the ocean looms closer and closer. Then -- CRASH.

SURFACE OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY: The chopper bobs up -- next to the string of buoys. Stamped on the nearest one:

"Maintenance Bay 4 -- Prop. Bay Area Rapid Transit."

The chopper slowly sinks, but Archer sits tight.

THE PURSUIT CHOPPER circles above.

WALTON
What's he doing?

Inside ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- the water is pouring in.

ARCHER
What - am - I - doing?

The ocean swallows him up.

UNDERWATER

Archer gulps air frantically as the chopper sinks -- seawater rushes in over his knees.

EXT. BAY -- DAY

Divers drop from the circling pursuit choppers.

INT. UNDERWATER

Archer's chopper settles to the murky bottom.

ARCHER'S POV: THE TRANSBAY BART TUBE -- AND ONE OF THE
Emergency Service Ports -- about 20 metres away.

ARCHER swallows a deep breath, opens the door -- and fights
against the sudden crush of seawater. He squeezes out,
tearing his shoulder on the buckled cockpit door.

Blood clouds the water as ARCHER SWIMS free. Lungs bursting,
the swim seems endless, yet somehow he reaches the Service
Port. He yanks on the release handle -- it won't open.

The DIVERS are coming this way.

ARCHER yanks harder and WHOOSH -- the porthole dilates open.

Archer swims up and into it.

INT. EMERGENCY SERVICE BAY -- DAY

ARCHER pulls himself up, out of the porthole, shuts it down
and tightens it. He collapses -- exhausted -- until he hears
the divers POUND -- trying to get inside.

ARCHER throws open the interior door and -- BOOM! A BART
Train rushes by at an insane speed -- inches from his face.

In another second -- it's gone.

INT. BART TUBE -- DAY

ARCHER limps west. Suddenly the tracks shake. Archer turns
and sees a BEAM OF LIGHT growing brighter. A bullet train
is roaring toward him.

ARCHER looks around for a way out as the train screams in --
right over the spot where Archer was just standing.

THE CEILING: Archer has wedged himself high up in the support
panels. He watches the first cars roar by -- then gathers
his courage. He drops down -- onto the ...

ROOF OF THE TRAIN. Archer tumbles back -- spinning out of
control -- as he grapples for a hold on the slick surface.

He's running out of train -- scooting headfirst onto ...

THE LAST CAR. Slipping across its length, he plunges into oblivion. But his pant cuff catches on the rear wind scoop -- and holds fast. Archer grabs the railing -- securing himself against the window.

ARCHER'S POV (through window): A woman's back. Holding her infant child, she reads the paper. The baby stares straight at Archer. It reaches out to touch his funny- looking, squashed nose.

Archer reads the paper's UPSIDE DOWN headline:

BOMB HERO LANDS NEW POST

Promoted to NSA's West Coast Chief

And a photograph of "himself" yucking it up with Lazarro.

BOOM! The train disappears into the blackness.

EVE'S asleep. CASTOR looks down at her like Cortez at Montezuma -- triumphant, with overwhelming power.

CASTOR
(to himself)
Use it or lose it, Jon.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Heading for the car, CASTOR is about to light up a smoke when --

EVE (O.S.)
Last night, I thought -- this isn't
my husband.

He pockets the smoke. EVE is there, dressed somberly.

EVE
Obviously, I was wrong.

CASTOR
What's on your mind?

EVE
Jon, it's the tenth. I know how
difficult it is for you, but we still
have to go.

CASTOR
I'm late. Gotta protect and serve
the world, y'know.

EVE
The world can wait, Jon. You're
going.

CASTOR
Okay, if you insist. But -- you
drive.

He climbs into the front seat beside her.

INT./EXT. CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

Beyond the suburbs -- a pastoral, hilly area.

EVE
I think Jamie's been seeing Karl
again.

CASTOR
Great.

EVE
Great? He's 17 -- you told her to
stay away from him.

CASTOR
Oh, that Karl.

EVE
Yes, Jon. That Karl.

CASTOR
I'll have a talk with her. By the
way, you never said anything about
last night ...

He moves closer, stroking her hair. Eve starts to respond --
but without knowing exactly why, she tenses up.

EVE
Jon -- this is hardly the time or
place.

EVE stops the car and gets out. CASTOR stares around in
surprise because he sees he's in --

A SPRAWLING CEMETERY

CASTOR follows EVE through the ocean of headstones -- with
no idea where she's leading him. Then, she stops. Castor
joins her in front of -- A TOMBSTONE. It reads:

Matthew Archer, Age 5 Beloved Son & Brother We Cherish You
Always Stunned, CASTOR stares as EVE places flowers on the
grave.

EVE
Happy birthday, Matty. Every day we
think of you.
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
You're part of everything we are and
everything we do ...
(breaking down)
I wish you could know the lifetime
of joy and happiness you brought us.

Overwhelmed with grief, she collapses into CASTOR.

EVE
He took our baby, Jon. He took our
little boy.

FULL SCREEN -- CASTOR'S FACE

He stares at the grave of the boy he killed -- the boy whose
mother is weeping into his chest.

Shutting his eyes to the grave, CASTOR stiffly returns EVE'S
embrace -- maybe, just maybe, feeling the victim's pain.

CASTOR
Stop crying ... stop crying ... stop
...

EXT. NSA HQ -- DAY

Shrugging off his funk, CASTOR whistles his way inside.

INT. NSA "DEBRIEFING" AREA -- DAY

A vigilant NSA agent stands watch outside a glass-enclosed
booth. INSIDE, Pollux is working at a computer.

CASTOR
How's our star witness?

AGENT
Spilling his guts. Obviously his
guilty conscience has finally caught
up with him.

CASTOR
Obviously.

Castor dismisses the agent and enters THE BOOTH.

POLLUX
Don't get mad, but I just went for a
little stroll through the company
switches.

CASTOR
You're supposed to be snitching,
making me look legit.

POLLUX

Don't worry, nobody knows I'm inside.
Check it out. Remember that fat
fuck agent who roughed us up in
Thailand? He's being treated for
bone cancer at the V.A. Thanks to
the miracle of NSA grid-technology
...
(finishes typing)
-- Ooops! His radiation does just
quadrupled.

CASTOR

Are you TRYING to give us away? For
somebody with such a big brain, you
think awfully small.

POLLUX

I'm just having some fun.

CASTOR

There's fun, bro. Then there's FUN.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

An enormous warehouse stocked with weapons and equipment.
POLLUX picks through the technical hardware ... WE SEE each
weapon as he sings like a kid on Christmas morn.

POLLUX

Eight pocket stingers ... seven piper
uzis ... six cobra carbines ...
(aims at Castor)
five - net - launch-ers ...

CASTOR

(grabs weapon away)
Yeah -- it's Santa's Magic fucking
Village. Your present's in here.

CASTOR unlocks a door marked "EVIDENCE STORAGE."

INT. EVIDENCE STORAGE -- DAY

CASTOR leads POLLUX down corridor after corridor of
confiscated weapons, drugs, contraband.

CASTOR

As the new chief of covert operations,
I've planned a little get-together
with the Pacific Rim station chiefs.
Friday night.

CASTOR finds a locker, checks the number, then opens it up.

POLLUX

And when they "get-together" -- what happens?

Castor reveals POLLUX'S BOMB and other confiscated paraphenalia. Pollux gasps, thrilled.

CASTOR

We gut the organization -- and rebuild it with more reliable friends.

POLLUX

Most of the current chiefs -- they must have pretty hefty prices on their heads.

CASTOR

All of them do. We'll kill twelve birds with one bomb. And we'll be rich.

POLLUX

Good, because I checked your salary -- and it bites. How the everyday working-class stiff survives in today's economy is something I'll never ...

Castor shuts up Pollux by tossing him a small steel cylinder. Inside it is a vacuum-sealed culture tube.

CASTOR

You'll need to recultivate that virus.

POLLUX

No problem.

WANDA (O.S.)

Commander!

INT. ARMORY -- DAY

CASTOR emerges from Evidence Storage and finds his team.

WANDA

You picked a helluva day to leave your beeper off!

CASTOR

What happened?

WANDA

Castor's escaped!

CASTOR
Escaped? From Erewhon?
(staggered)
I want everyone on this -- our entire
force and the SFPD.

BUZZ
SFPD? Castor isn't stupid enough to
come back to the city.

CASTOR
Trust me, he's already here. Get
going!

Wanda and Buzz run off. Pollux emerges; he's heard.

CASTOR
Have the twins watch my "wife."
He'll try to get to her.

POLLUX
What about me?

CASTOR
A lot of people think you're a snitch.
It's dangerous ...

POLLUX
Like I fucking care? I'm not just
sitting here!

Determined, Pollux heads for the door. Castor stops him.

CASTOR
Take my Glock. It's a jungle out
there.

CASTOR slaps his weapon in his brother's palm -- Castor's
gesture of filial love. Pollux takes it -- touched.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK -- PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

Archer punches a button. A GASH on his injured shoulder
bleeds through his tattered clothes.

ARCHER
Collect call to Evelyn Archer at 392-
0888.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Who's placing the call, please?

ARCHER
-- Her husband.

Archer waits. He pinches his throat -- trying to somehow dislodge the vocal implant micro-chip. His voice scrambles into garbled static -- then reverts back to Castor's voice.

ARCHER
Goddamn it.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

EVE is in scrubs, dissecting a cadaver's skull with a handheld LASER BONE-SAW. Other students watch the procedure -- along with their dour PROCTOR.

EVE
Jon? Hello?

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

ARCHER listens longingly. Just hearing her voice ...

EVE
Is someone there?

ARCHER
Eve, listen carefully.
(a beat)
The man you think is your husband --
isn't.

INT/EXT. SILVER SAAB -- NIGHT

LARS and LUNT are parked outside the hospital. They're huddled over their surveillance equipment -- listening.

LARS
(starts car)
-- Got him.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

EVE is confused, distracted. The Proctor waits impatiently, grading pad in hand.

EVE
Who is this?

ARCHER
Never mind that! Just take Jamie
and get out of that house. Don't
tell anyone where you're going --
especially not him -- just GO.

EVE
Okay, you're having an emotional
crisis. You need to seek the help
of a trained --

ARCHER

Think about it, Eve! Everything he's done recently has been peculiar, right? He's said and done things your husband would never do ...

EVE

Whoever you are, don't call again.

ARCHER

Don't hang up ...

She clicks off. Disturbed, she's forgotten where she is.

PROCTOR

Doctor, we're waiting ...

Eve shakes off her instinctive chill and goes back to work -- SPLITTING the cadaver's cranium with the laser.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

ARCHER sags in futility. But a SECOND CLICK on the phone line makes him snap alert. Was that a phone tap?

Suspicious, ARCHER dashes out. He scans the parking lot -- several cars and a pick-up truck plastered with Playboy centerfolds. Then Archer sees ...

IN THE DISTANCE -- car HEADLIGHTS speeding toward the park.

Only the truck is unlocked. ARCHER slips in and starts to hot-wire it. The engine grinds and chokes.

THE SAAB reaches the edge of the park.

ARCHER finally starts up the truck. He finds a cowboy hat on the seat and shoves it on his head as he drives away ...

THE TRUCK exits the far end of the parking lot and rounds the bend ... just as the Saab arrives.

LARS and LUNT leap out and scan around. Archer is gone.

EXT. TITO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sagging yellow CRIME-SCENE TAPE seals off the door.

ACROSS THE STREET: Archer watches from the truck. His face reflects the nightmarish truth: Tito is dead.

ARCHER

No, Jon ... think like Castor. Where would he go ... who would he turn to?

EXT. STRIP MALL -- NIGHT

SASHA PLUMMER exits a beauty shop. She's a hardened, but sensual woman. She gets in her old Lexus and takes off.

INT. LEXUS -- MOVING -- NIGHT

She slows down to check out a POLICE FORENSICS TEAM that's swarming all over Archer's abandoned pick-up truck.

SASHA
Uh-oh, somebody's in trouble.

ARCHER
Yeah -- me.

In a flash, SASHA grabs some pepper-spray. ARCHER -- hunkered down in the back-seat -- stares into the nozzle.

SASHA
Jesus Christ, Castor.

ARCHER
Drive.

SASHA
The last time I took orders from you
I ended up with five years probation.

She stops the car -- mere yards from the milling police. One VETERAN COP looks her way -- scrutinizing.

ARCHER
Just get out of here -- please. I --
I'll ...

ARCHER'S losing consciousness. SASHA looks at him harshly -- like a woman trying to hate someone she still loves. Then, she sees the blood seeping through his shirt.

SASHA
Damn it, Caz.

She hits the gas and drives off.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

CASTOR'S on the phone as he scrolls through CD-ROM files.

CASTOR
-- you don't have to rat out anybody
... nothing changes except now you've
got the blessing -- and protection --
of the NSA ...
(MORE)

CASTOR (CONT'D)
(now in Spanish [No.
Santiago's spoken
for ... you can have
Panama City or
Acapulco. Take
Acapulco, the food's
better.])
Something catches Castor's attention.
He sees --

DOWN ON THE STREET

A jet-black Firebird SCREECHES up to the curb.

CASTOR
Bueno ... I'll be in touch.

He hangs up and watches the Firebird. The thumping MUSIC from within goes quiet, but no one emerges.

INT. FIREBIRD -- NIGHT

JAMIE is inside, struggling with big, amorous KARL (17).

JAMIE
No ... no, please.
(he doesn't stop)
My father -- he's got a gun -- he'll --
he'll --

KARL
That wimp won't do shit.
(pulls open belt)
Anyway, you said he's never home --

SMASH! The window explodes inward. CASTOR drags KARL out by his hair. JAMIE scrambles toward the house as ...

CASTOR
Who are you to call Jon Archer a
wimp?

Karl stammers, terrified. Enraged, CASTOR pulls Karl eyeball-to-eyeball -- the kid goes white with fear.

CASTOR
You dickless suburban puke, get out
of here before I eat your fucking
spleen.

CASTOR heaves Karl into the windshield -- spiderwebbing it.

Somehow the kid finds his feet and stumbles behind the wheel. The Firebird lurches away.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

CASTOR enters to find JAMIE, still shaken up.

CASTOR
What are you -- stupid?

JAMIE
You haven't changed at all! Some
guy tries to rape me -- and you side
with him!

CASTOR
Did it look like I was siding with
him? Did it?
(she falls silent)
You want to play with the bad boys,
you better be prepared. Do you have
protection?

JAMIE
You mean like ... condoms?

CASTOR
I mean like protection.

With a fluid motion, CASTOR expertly snaps open a well- oiled
BUTTERFLY KNIFE and hands it to an astonished Jamie.

JAMIE
For me?

Castor's surprised, flustered as Jamie tearfully hugs him.

CASTOR
-- Now, uh, brush your bed and go to
teeth -- it's a school night.

JAMIE kisses him and heads up stairs. After she's gone ...

CASTOR
Jesus, Jon, how did you deal with
this family shit?

The phone RINGS. He rushes to the den and picks it up.

CASTOR
Jon Archer.
(immediately alert)
Where is he?

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

POLLUX TROY is half-hidden in the shadows, peering into an
underground parking structure.

POLLUX
(into cellular)
-- Some condo complex on Telegraph
Hill. I played a hunch he might
contact an old friend of yours ...

POLLUX'S P.O.V. -- THE GARAGE

SASHA helps a half-conscious ARCHER toward the elevator.

EXT. NSA MARSHALING AREA -- NIGHT

Dressed and armed for battle, the NSA assault team is loading
into a variety of waiting vehicles.

CASTOR arrives, dressed in standard-issue black squad suit
and flak vest. BUZZ tosses CASTOR a machine-pistol as he
climbs aboard the lead vehicle. The convoy moves out.

INT. SASHA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

ARCHER'S eyes open ... he snaps awake. SASHA is stitching
up his cleaned wound.

ARCHER
Where am I?

SASHA
My place.

ARCHER
You shouldn't have brought me here
... it's dangerous.

SASHA
Better than you bleeding all over my
car upholstery. Trust me, Caz, you
won't be here long.

With a flourish of her extravagant nails, Sasha finishes up
the stitches -- a passable sewing job.

ARCHER
I hear you're a manicurist now --
got your own business and everything.
I'm glad you've stayed clean.

SASHA
Like I had a choice with that anal-
retentive Jon Archer rising my ass
at the probation hearing.
(shrugs)
At least he took an interest. You
took off without leaving so much as
a Post-it.

ARCHER

I'm not the same person you remember.

She studies him with her sharp, intelligent eyes -- eyes which soften dramatically as she smiles for the first time.

SASHA

Take the rest of those filthy things off. I'll be right back.

SASHA disappears into a back bedroom. ARCHER looks out the window -- the street's clear. He sits down, unties his trash-dumpster shoes. He touches his shoulder -- it hurts.

SASHA

(entering)

You're still dressed.

She puts down a pile of men's clothes and starts to loosen his belt. She stares deep in his eyes.

SASHA

You really have changed, haven't you?

ARCHER

More than you'll ever know.

Gently, tenderly, she moves closer and kisses him on the mouth. She lingers as Archer carefully pulls away.

ARCHER

-- Can we just talk?

SASHA

(amused)

Talk? The only talk I ever heard from you was "take it off," "sit on it," "I'll see you around."

He backs off -- as something catches his eye. A sleepy LITTLE BOY (5) is standing in the bedroom doorway. He watches curiously as Archer buttons up a fresh shirt.

ARCHER

Perfect fit.

SASHA

Should be. It's yours.

Awkward silence as Archer dresses. The boy comes over shyly, climbs into Sasha's lap. Archer's self-conscious.

ARCHER

Nice-looking kid.

SASHA
Of course he is ...
(very uneasy)
-- He's yours too.

EXT. SASHA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Their SILHOUETTES are visible against the shades. Suddenly a TETHERED SURVEILLANCE DRONE whirs up to the second-story window -- scanning the building.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS -- NIGHT

CASTOR, BUZZ, WANDA and LOOMIS peer at the drone's THERMAL-VIDEO FEED of the silhouettes in Sasha's apartment.

CASTOR
(into cellular)
We've got him sighted. Okay, Pollux,
pull out.

BUZZ
What makes you so sure this guy's
gonna set up his own brother?

CASTOR
I've never been more certain of
anything. Get everyone in position. --
And get the word out -- shoot to
kill.

Buzz starts to object -- but Castor's steely eyes say "don't argue -- that's an order."

BUZZ
You heard the Commander -- let's
saddle up!

Buzz and Wanda move off -- leaving Loomis with Castor.

INT. SASHA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

SASHA leads the shy boy to his "father." Archer's stunned.

SASHA
Go on, Adam ...
(a beat)
I'm not asking you for anything -- I
was never even going to tell you.
But hell, I never thought I'd see
you again, either.

ARCHER
How old is he?

SASHA

Five. No one knows you're his father.
I thought someone might want to hurt
him -- just to hurt you.

Archer's emotions take him to a darker place. Hands shaking,
he holds the boy, perhaps a bit too roughly.

ARCHER

Yes ... someone might want to tear
him apart -- snuff him out -- for
revenge.

SASHA

You're not holding him right ... Caz
...

ARCHER isn't hearing SASHA. He's lost in his own MEMORY ...
a SQUEAL of tires ... Castor FIRING ... glass SHATTERING ...
a child's fading CRIES. He's RELIVING his own son's death.

ARCHER

In one awful moment -- he could be
dead.

ARCHER'S grip tightens around Adam -- his big hands dwarfing
the little boy's body.

ADAM looks straight at Archer with a child's eyes. Big,
naive -- innocent. It pulls something up from inside Archer
... something STRONG.

He regains control, dumping the child into Sasha's arms.

ARCHER

He's not my son.

SASHA

Yes, he is. Caz --

SOMETHING alerts Archer -- maybe the fleeting SHADOWS that
blot out the window-light for the barest second.

ARCHER

Get down! GET DOWN!

K-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The window panes shatter -- as TEAR
GAS GRENADES and GUNFIRE riddles the room.

OUTSIDE

On the rooftop across the way, CASTOR directs the firepower.

INSIDE

Coughing, ARCHER crawls through the roiling smoke toward the door. He's almost out when ...

ADAM'S WAIL of fear freezes Archer. He looks back -- and sees Sasha. She's knocked-out.

ADAM stands beside her -- frantically pulling on her limp arm.

ARCHER'S face betrays his conflict. A child -- but his worst enemy's child. He watches as --

BULLETS shred the wall around Adam. The boy's frozen.

ARCHER moves -- he crawls toward Sasha and Adam, grabs them and pulls them out into --

THE HALLWAY. Archer hauls them down the corridor as the walls disintegrate behind them.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

CASTOR and his Team race toward the smoke-filled building.

CASTOR
Split up. I want to know the second
he's spotted.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Momentarily safe, Archer rouses Sasha. She comes to and hugs Adam, making sure he's okay.

SASHA
Thank you, Caz ...

BOOT STEPS and SHOUTING VOICES. ARCHER takes off.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

ARCHER rushes through the roiling tear-gas -- and stops short.

CASTOR is there. He raises his machine-gun -- too late.

ARCHER leaps -- slamming into Castor. FACE-TO-FACE -- they slug it out, bashing and butting.

ARCHER
Stay away from my family!

CASTOR
Too late, your kid worships me. And
your wife -- she's an animal. Even
I can't keep up with her.

Enraged, ARCHER heaves CASTOR -- he plunges down the stairs, head-over-heels, and lands in a heap. LOOMIS arrives, firing, driving Archer back up the stairs -- toward the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

ARCHER runs along the length of the roof to the opposite fire-escape railing. But as he turns ... he finds himself looking right into the barrel of POLLUX'S PISTOL.

POLLUX
Peek-a-boo, dumb fuck.

Pollux KICKS Archer hard -- Archer slips down on the guard rail -- but manages to hold on by his fingers.

POLLUX
Remember me? Your big brother?

Pollux steps down -- grinding Archer's fingers into the steel fire-escape rung.

BELOW: CASTOR and LOOMIS race over. Loomis aims his machine-pistol -- but Castor stops him.

CASTOR
Wait for a better shot.

ON THE ROOF: Pollux puts his full weight down on Archer's hand. In agony, Archer sees his one chance --

THE RUSTED RIVETS that fix the fire-escape to the brick wall. ARCHER plants his feet on the wall and pushes as Pollux cocks his pistol -- aiming right at ARCHER'S head.

POLLUX
You tricked me into telling you shit
I never told anyone. Now take it to
your grave.

THE RIVETS strain -- then give. With a shriek, the fire-escape pulls away. Pollux loses his balance --

POLLUX PLUNGES three stories and pancakes onto the street.

CASTOR
Pollux ... Pollux!

POLLUX is almost gone. CASTOR looks up and sees --

ARCHER -- scrambling over the ledge onto the roof.

EYE-CONTACT between predator and prey, killer and cop.

CASTOR opens fire --

ARCHER ducks the bullets as he disappears over the lip.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

ARCHER catches his breath -- then SEES something. It's the small, steel CYLINDER Pollux took from NSA Evidence.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

CASTOR desperately performs CPR on Pollux -- to no avail.
POLLUX slips away ... and dies.

CASTOR
(to Loomis)
Get a medic -- now! Hang on, Pollux
...

LOOMIS
Forget him, sir. It's only Pollux
Troy ...

Castor snaps. Without hesitation, he jerks up his gun and puts a bullet right in the middle of Loomis's head.

CASTOR looks at the dead kid -- his rage barely abated as -- BUZZ and WANDA arrive on the scene and see Loomis's body.

WANDA
What happened?

CASTOR
What the fuck do you think happened?
Castor Troy just shot him!
(a beat)
What are you waiting for? GO!

After Buzz and Wanda take off -- CASTOR gathers Pollux up in his arms -- totally devastated.

INT. MARINA -- DRY DOCKED FREIGHTER -- DAY

The old ship's hold has been converted into a laboratory.

At a work table, a sealed ISOLATION TANK is filled with healthy RATS ... one-by-one, they convulse, then drop dead.

DIETRICH (O.S.)
Mother nature at her finest. One
part per trillion of this stuff will
kill you faster than a mailman with
a grudge.

PULL BACK to reveal ARCHER with DIETRICH HASSLER (45) -- an illicit chemist recognizable from Castor's dossier.

He holds up the steel TUBE Archer found on the roof.

ARCHER

And this thing can grow it?

DIETRICH

Yes. Pollux bought one along with the original batch. Obviously, he found a way to make more.

ARCHER

Why would he need more?

DIETRICH

He's your brother, you figure it out. Maybe he made another bomb.

ARCHER

(realizes)

Or reactivated the first one.

DIETRICH

Right ... like Jon Archer would ever let that happen.

INT. ARCHER'S NSA OFFICE -- DAY

CASTOR is alone -- staring blankly at POLLUX'S image on his computer monitor. Ironically, he has been encoded as "Castor's" latest victim. LAZZARRO pops her head in the door.

LAZZARRO

I just heard about Castor's fratricide -- rather poetic, don't you think?

CASTOR

What is it, Admiral? I'm under the gun here.

LAZZARRO

I just thought that -- under the circumstances -- you might want to postpone the meeting with the station chiefs.

CASTOR

No. Most of them are in transit by now. I'm heading over to the hotel to personally oversee security.

LAZZARRO

Okay, then. I leave it in your able hands.

Lazarro exits. CASTOR picks up the framed photo of EVE and JAMIE -- staring at it with unbridled hatred.

CASTOR
My able hands.

Fury rising, he crumples the frame -- and the photo -- in his clenching grip. He hurls it, choking back his rage.

EXT. NEW ST. MARKS -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A tower with a dramatic REVOLVING RESTAURANT on its roof.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- DAY

CASTOR wires the BIO-BOMB into the climate control system.

CASTOR
For you, bro.

He hits the ACTIVATION switch. The bomb WHIRS to life.

INT. CAR WASH -- DAY

Two SFPD COPS watch from the PICTURE-WINDOW as their car is pulled through. It disappears into SOAP CYCLE.

SOAP sprays everywhere -- coating the observation windows, obscuring the Cops' view of their car.

COP
Crap, I wanted hot wax.

The soap ceases. The Cops gawk -- their car is GONE.

EXT. COP CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

The squad car's windshield wipers whisk away the beaded water -- revealing ARCHER behind the wheel.

INSIDE

ARCHER hits a switch -- the car's tinted windows DARKEN automatically, obscuring him from the outside.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

ARCHER slows the squad car.

UP AHEAD: Parked cop cars block both lanes of the main road -- a ROAD-BLOCK check-point for all traffic.

ARCHER pulls off the road, out of sight. He flips open the portacomp and starts to type rapidly.

ON SCREEN -- the computer registers a PRIORITY ALERT from Commander Jon Archer.

INT. NSA -- DAY

A Dispatcher's SCANNER clicks to life.

DISPATCHER
All units. I have a confirmed code
zero-zero priority alert. Proceed
at once to Army Street Terminal.
That's Army at Third.

QUICK SHOTS:

NSA MOTORPOOL -- TAC SQUADS pile into armored jeeps.

HELIPORT -- CHOPPERS lift off and veer east.

ARCHER'S HOUSE -- The surveillance cars roar away.

EXT. ROADBLOCK -- DAY

ARCHER watches as the checkpoint of COP CARS pulls apart and
screams east on the main road -- passing Archer. Once the
armada is gone, he pulls out and heads west.

INT. NSA -- DAY

CASTOR arrives. He bumps into Wanda -- she's shocked.

WANDA
Commander, what are you doing here?

CASTOR
Where should I be?
(looks around)
Where's everyone else?

WANDA
Backing you up! Didn't you track
Castor to the Army Street Terminal?

CASTOR
What?

WANDA
It was confirmed by your personal
security code. Nobody knows that
code but you!

CASTOR
Obviously someone else knows it!
Get everybody back to their posts --
NOW!

INT. ARCHER HOME -- SUNSET

ARCHER tiptoes through the house -- listening. He hears WATER RUNNING upstairs.

MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ARCHER walks in and steps toward the bathroom -- passing the bed. He stops. On top of the rumpled covers: Eve's nightgown and a pair of Castor's black mesh briefs.

Overwhelmed, he sits down -- not noticing the water has stopped. Eve steps in from the bathroom.

ARCHER

Eve ...

The look of horror on her face snaps him back to reality.

She runs, but Archer grabs her. She struggles -- fighting and kicking him -- but somehow he keeps her mouth covered.

ARCHER

I'm not going to hurt you. Just
don't scream, okay?
(no response)
Okay?

She finally nods and he eases off her. Her face betrays her utter fear -- and her building anger.

EVE

I know you -- you're the one who
called. You're Castor Troy. You
killed my son --

ARCHER

-- I called, but I'm not Castor.
I'm your husband.

ARCHER holds onto her as she struggles again.

ARCHER

This time you're going to listen.
Last week -- we were in bed -- we
had a fight after you touched my
scar. I told you I had to go away.
(a beat)
My assignment -- Jon Archer's
assignment -- was to enter a federal
prison as Castor Troy.

EVE is startled by this intimate information but she reveals nothing. SIRENS approach the house, the cops are returning.

She keeps an eye on the door. Playing for time.

EVE
How did he expect to do that?

ARCHER
An NSA surgeon gave me Castor's face.
He handled the transplant, the vocal
implant, everything. But somehow
Castor came out of his coma -- and
killed everyone who knew about the
mission. But not before he was
transformed into me.

The front DOOR clicks open. A voice booms out.

COPS (O.S.)
Dr. Archer, are you okay?

ARCHER
If you need hard evidence, get it.
Your husband's blood type is O
negative. Castor's is AB.

Archer glances at the balcony -- but doesn't budge as
FOOTSTEPS clomp up the stairs. Eve is about to answer -- or
scream. But then ...

ARCHER
Remember the parachute dream? I'm
falling, Eve, and I need your help
...

The blood drains from her face as ... ARCHER slips over the
balcony and disappears.

INT. ARCHER HOME OFFICE -- LATER -- NIGHT

EVE pauses at the door and peers in.

IT'S A MESS ... legal pads, cappuccino cups with cigarette
butts, diskettes marked NSA CLASSIFIED scattered everywhere.
Funny, the office never looked this disorganized. Ever.

Eve sifts through the paperwork. Finds a legal pad with
with NUMBERS in dollars corresponding to abbreviations:

HCMC ... N ... HK ... SD.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- NIGHT

CASTOR pulls up, tiredly smoking a cigarette. Sees Cops
hanging around, keeping watch. Notices something.

CASTOR
Hey -- keep off the lawn.

INTERCUT: CASTOR AND EVE

EVE is at the computer work-station, scrolling through NSA organizational schematics ... charts & graphs ... dry bureaucratic verbiage ... gibberish to her.

Frustrated, she hits Escape ... the system resets to PROGRAM MANAGER. And suddenly -- a connection.

THE SCREEN has reset to its SUB-DIRECTORIES: Ho Chi Minh City ... Nandi ... Acapulco ... Santiago. 12 in all.

STAIRCASE: CASTOR trudges upstairs.

EVE at the work-station. Concentrating. Oblivious.

CASTOR peers in the bedroom -- nobody there.

EVE looks up. Did she hear something?

CASTOR hustles down the hall and pushes open the office door. On edge, he draws his pistol. His hand touches the door knob as ...

EVE concentrates on the computer. Suddenly, CASTOR is there.

CASTOR
What are you doing?

EVE
-- Studying.

Suspicious, Castor swivels around the monitor -- and sees a hi-definition CD-ROM of the human vascular system.

EVE
You scared me half to death.

CASTOR
Baby, I'm working on some very sensitive documents here. If you don't mind -- use the laptop.

Eve silently assents, quickly heading for the door, but Castor stops her.

CASTOR
What's wrong?

EVE
Nothing.

CASTOR
I disagree.
(MORE)

CASTOR (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You think I've been acting strange.
Like a completely different person.

EVE

-- Yes.

CASTOR

Okay, I have a confession to make.
But you aren't going to like it.

CASTOR wraps his hands dangerously around her slender neck.

CASTOR

I read your diary. I've been trying
to change -- I'm trying to be the
man you want me to be.

EVE reacts to the explanation. There is a logic to it.

CASTOR

You forgive me, don't you?

EVE

-- Of course I do.

INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Castor and Eve slumber peacefully. Then -- EVE'S EYES slowly
open. Quietly, she turns and spoons into Castor.

Eve starts rubbing his shoulders. Castor responds but doesn't
wake as EVE'S FIST opens up -- revealing a tiny LANCET.

With frightened eyes, she presses the needle to his flesh,
about to sink it -- but he stirs. She kisses him tenderly
as he falls back asleep.

Eve takes a deep breath and carefully pricks Castor -- DRAWING
BLOOD. An instant later -- the lancet is out.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Nothing happening here at 4 AM. Nothing indeed.

INT. HOSPITAL -- LAB -- NIGHT

EVE paces anxiously as the blood-analyzer clicks away.

EVE

Please be O-neg. Please ...

The machine stops clicking. It reads MALE -- TYPE AB. She
buries her face in her hands -- completely stunned.

ARCHER (O.S.)
Thanks for believing me.

ARCHER emerges from the darkness of her office -- but EVE pulls a pistol -- aiming it with calm authority.

ARCHER
What are you doing? Where did you get that gun?

EVE
I took it from my fake husband.

ARCHER
Why point it at me? I'm the real thing.

EVE
I don't know that. Maybe Jon's already dead.

ARCHER
What more proof do you need?

EVE
Tell me what happened on April 9th -- 13 years ago.

Archer looks blank. April 9th? 13 years ago?

ARCHER
It was my first real date ... I borrowed my dad's car and took her out for ribs -- not knowing she was a vegan. To make it worse, she broke her tooth on a pebble that somehow got into her salad -- and we drove around all night, looking for a dentist. I thought the date was a total botch -- but she kissed me. Even though it must have hurt -- she leaned over, ice-pack on her cheek, and kissed me goodnight.
(smiles)
She still has that pebble in the top drawer of her jewelry box. And I think it still hurts her sometimes -- to kiss me.

EVE looks into his eyes -- searching beyond their color. Then she puts the gun down, fighting off tears.

EVE
Christ, Jon! How could you do this to yourself?
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
How could you do this to us?
(quietly)
Do you know -- do you know what he
did to me ...?

ARCHER
Whatever happened, whatever he did --
I know it's my fault and I know I
can never make it up to you --

She pulls herself together -- regaining her composure.

EVE
But you're damn well going to try.

INT. EVE'S OFFICE -- LATER -- NIGHT

Eve clicks on the light, then produces some xeroxed documents.
Archer quickly scrutinizes them.

EVE
He freaked out when he thought I had
seen this stuff. I think it's a
list of cities -- Santiago, Ho Chi
Minh City, Nandi ...

ARCHER
Our Pacific Rim stations. These
numbers must be bounties. Castor's
not wasting any time.

EVE
What do you mean?

ARCHER
He's going to kill off our bureau
chiefs -- one-by-one.

EVE
-- Or maybe all at once.
(off his reaction)
There's a get-together tonight at
New St. Marks. For all the bureau
chiefs and their families. He's
insisted Jamie and I be there too.

A sinking feeling hits Archer.

ARCHER
You can't go. You can't be anywhere
near that place.

EVE
Jon, what is it?

ARCHER
The bomb. He's reactivated it. And
everyone there is going to die.

EVE
Can't we call someone? Admiral
Lazarro?

ARCHER
I know Lazarro -- the first person
she'd call is "me." We can't take
the chance of tipping Castor off.

EVE
Jon, if I'm not there, he will be
tipped off. I'll get rid of Jamie --
but you and I are in this together.

ARCHER
Eve ...

She kisses the face of the man who killed her son -- now her
husband's face. She is resolute.

EVE
Now -- what do we do?

INT. ARCHER HOME -- MORNING

Castor comes downstairs, rubbing his "stung" shoulder.

CASTOR
Where's my wife?

LARS
She went to the hospital last night --
she was on call. Didn't you know?

CASTOR
Find her -- and watch her like a
hawk.

EXT. NEW ST. MARKS HOTEL -- ENTRANCE AREA -- DAY

Business as usual -- except for the SFPD and the NSA SECURITY
TEAM keeping a discreet watch.

PULL BACK: ACROSS THE STREET

ARCHER checks out the NSA Security Team; there's no way
he's getting in there. Then he sees --

DELIVERY TRUCKS turning down the ramp beneath the hotel --
into the basement loading dock.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- DAY

Dressed in a gown, Eve joins Castor at the waiting limo.

CASTOR
Where's Jamie?

EVE
That's what I'd like to know. She
stole fifty dollars from my purse
and took off.

CASTOR'S eyes narrow -- trying to read Eve.

EVE
Don't act so stunned, Jon. As if
you don't know how impossible it is
to get that girl into a dress.

CASTOR
I'll deal with her later.

EVE
Good. Because I'm fed up.

She leads him into the limo without hesitation.

EXT. LIMO -- MOVING -- DAY

Castor and Eve's limo picks its way through traffic.

ALONGSIDE

rumbles a refrigerator TRUCK from "Bay Gourmet," Inc.

FOLLOW both vehicles as they turn into the driveway of ...

EXT. NEW ST. MARKS HOTEL -- DAY

A high-rise tower with a "flying saucer"-shaped restaurant
set atop -- the revolving garden restaurant.

CASTOR'S LIMO turns into the circle.

THE BAY GOURMET TRUCK continues into the underground garage.

INT. LOADING DOCK -- DAY

NSA AGENTS poke around the truck as Workers unload icy-fresh
seafood crates -- onto long metal "roller belts."

EXT. HOTEL -- DAY

CASTOR and EVE exit the limo -- and greet arriving GUESTS.

INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The fish, shrimp and caviar are stowed. The door shuts.

A MOMENT LATER -- in the largest crate -- a big black sea-bass starts to quiver. This sea-food really is fresh. Then a hand pushes the fish aside.

ARCHER emerges from beneath the ice and dozens of whole fish carcasses. Freezing, he sniffs himself and heads for the door.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

CASTOR, EVE and other guests head into the OUTDOOR ELEVATOR -- flanked by NSA security agents. EVE checks her watch.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN -- DAY

Kitchen workers load pre-prepared food onto the FREIGHT ELEVATOR and hit UP.

INT. SHAFT -- DAY

ARCHER squats on the roof of the small freight cabin as it ascends. He's cramped into the small space.

INT. REVOLVING RESTAURANT -- DAY

DING! The main elevator opens -- CASTOR and EVE are greeted by more NSA security agents -- and a round of APPLAUSE from the gathered BUREAU CHIEFS and their FAMILIES.

Behind them, a spectacular SUNSET.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR

DING! The FREIGHT ELEVATOR opens up -- hotel staff unload it into the rooftop kitchen.

An NSA Security Agent climbs into the freight elevator and pushes up the CEILING HATCH.

INSIDE THE SHAFT

The Agent scans around. Empty.

THE AGENT

hits down. The elevator descends.

INT. SHAFT

Below, ARCHER presses himself against the shaft wall as the elevator drops behind him. He crawls into an ACCESS HATCH.

INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT -- DAY

Cramped, noisy and crowded with AUTOMATED WINDOW-WASHING DRONES. Crawling, Archer makes his way to an APERTURE in the outside wall.

A DRONE creeps past Archer as it's fed out onto the EXTERIOR TRACK. Archer takes a deep breath -- then grabs hold of it.

EXT. HOTEL -- DAY

Straining, the DRONE continues out of the shaft and UP the side of the building.

ARCHER hangs on to the DRONE as it ascends -- finally pulling him OFF the narrow ledge and upward -- toward the restaurant level.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Chatting with the bureau chiefs and their wives, EVE turns from Wanda to CASTOR.

EVE
I'm going to the powder room.

CASTOR
Sure, baby -- go anywhere you want.
(gestures to Lars)
But I have to give you an escort.
Security reasons.

Eve, burying her concern, is forced to follow.

EXT. HOTEL -- DAY

ARCHER hangs from the DRONE. Reflexively, he looks down.

INSTANT VERTIGO -- a huge drop.

ARCHER regains control. He forces himself to look UP -- at a WARNING LABEL on the drone: "Not For Human Transport."

INT. POWDER ROOM -- DAY

LARS inspects the plush ladies room. Satisfied, he pushes past Eve with barely-disguised contempt.

EVE shuts the door and hurries to the window. She sees:

INTERCUT: ARCHER

He clings to the straining, short-circuiting DRONE, ascending toward her.

THE DRONE'S cover starts to CRACK under Archer's weight. He can just see EVE in the window -- as he rises.

EVE pulls the surgical laser BONE-SAW from her purse and sparks it up.

ARCHER'S coming fast. The timing must be perfect. EVE scores the perimeter of the plexiglass window.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Impatient, LARS pushes open the door.

LARS
What's taking so long?

IN THE RESTROOM

Lars bursts in, scanning the room. When he heads toward the window, Eve blocks his view by banging on the tampon machine -- as if it just ate all her change.

EVE
Got a quarter?

Uncomfortable, LARS fishes into his pocket for two-bits, then beats a hasty retreat. An instant later --

EVE lasers the last section of the window.

ARCHER grinds past, the DRONE breaking away from its track.

EVE stands back as ARCHER kicks in the window -- it CRACKS along its scoring -- but doesn't give.

The DRONE breaks off the track and free-falls ... just as ...

ARCHER kicks again -- the window pops in. ARCHER dangles, half-in, half-out. EVE rushes over -- pulling him in.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

EVE exits the rest room. Lars studies her flushed, agitated face -- as they return to the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

EVE watches as LARS whispers into CASTOR'S ear. She heads for the band-riser and grabs the microphone.

EVE
Ladies and gentlemen, friends, I
know this is primarily a business
gathering ... but I'd like to take
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
this opportunity to tell my husband
how proud I am of him ... and how
much I love him.

EVE nods to the bandleader; the band strikes up a 90's golden oldie. She hustles Castor onto the dance floor.

THE ROMANTIC SCENE draws the milling guests and agents in from the corridor -- allowing ARCHER to make it from the restroom into the adjoining STAIRWAY.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

EVE and CASTOR slow dance to Madonna's "Thief of Hearts."

EVE
Remember this from our junior prom?
Boy, were you ever mad for Madonna.

CASTOR
Back then -- who wasn't?

EVE
Wait a second -- you hated Madonna.
Didn't you?

He kisses her neck playfully. Eve swallows her repulsion.

INT. OFFICE SUITES -- NIGHT

ARCHER silently picks his way through the deserted office.

he goes into the adjoining --

MAINTENANCE ROOM

ARCHER traces the twisted phalanx of climate-control ducts until he sees a RED GLOW. He pushes the ducts aside to reveal the BOMB. As he steps toward it -- a HULKING SHADOW wraps around the wall -- coming toward him.

INT. REVOLVING RESTAURANT -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

More couples dance alongside Eve and Castor.

CASTOR
(notices something)
Well well. Here's a surprise.

EVE turns -- and goes pale. To her horror --

JAMIE stands there. Looking every inch a young lady, she floats toward them in her formal gown.

CASTOR looks into Eve's face -- and he UNDERSTANDS. She is too stunned to react as Castor gives Jamie a big hug.

CASTOR
There's my little darling.
(while looking at Eve)
The night wouldn't be complete without you.

JAMIE
Yeah, mom cut me some slack -- but I decided ... I'd like to be here for you.
(produces cash)
Here, mom. You can have it back.
Thanks, though.

EVE is too stunned to react, so Castor pockets the money.

CASTOR
Jamie, have you met Ensign Mancini?

CASTOR passes Jamie off to a young naval CADET, then turns to EVE. She glances furtively around -- searching for a solution -- as Castor closes in and speaks quietly.

CASTOR
Keep your mouth shut and follow me -- or she dies. Right now.

INT. STAIRS -- NIGHT

Alone, CASTOR muscles EVE up the stairs.

CASTOR
Too bad. Part of me was hoping you didn't know. Guess which part.

INT. OFFICE SUITE -- NIGHT

CASTOR pushes EVE to the floor. To her shock, ARCHER is beside her, the twins' gun to his head.

CASTOR
Did you really think it would be that easy, you dumb fucks? I knew you'd make your move -- all I had to do was wait.
(a beat)
Here's tomorrow's front page: In a suicide attack, Castor Troy -- that's you, Jon -- eluded hotel security and detonated a biological bomb, killing dozens of NSA agents and
(MORE)

CASTOR (CONT'D)
 their families -- including my beloved
 wife and daughter.
 (a beat)
 -- And the last three people who
 could expose me are dead.

Playing for time, Archer scans the room and sees the TABLE
 LAMP nearby -- the only light burning in the suite -- and
 his only chance.

ARCHER
 This is between you and me. Leave
 my family out of this.

ARCHER looks at EVE. She glances down to her purse, spilled
 out below her ... her hand hiding the laser BONE-SAW. Archer
 and Eve share the thinnest, most desperate of smiles.

CASTOR
 It was between you and me -- but you
 couldn't let it go.
 (cocks pistol)
 Even your son -- that wasn't supposed
 to happen. Not that I was sorry to
 see the little bastard go ...

ARCHER'S heard enough. He uncoils -- slapping CASTOR'S hand
 away just as --

EVE lashes out with the now-blazing BONE-SAW -- tearing
 through LARS'S femur.

LARS pitches over, screaming, grabbing his stump.

ARCHER scoops up LARS'S PISTOL as he topples the lamp. Sudden
 darkness is illuminated by staccato flashes as the room erupts
 in gunfire.

ARCHER
 Go -- get help!

EVE crawls through the fusillade and out of the office.

ARCHER blasts, his shots chasing CASTOR as --

LUNT charges at ARCHER from the darkness.

ARCHER turns, fires, ducks as --

LUNT -- riddled -- sails over ARCHER and smashes through the
 window, plunging into the abyss.

ARCHER scans for CASTOR in the darkened office -- he's gone.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Reacting to the gunfire, the Security Team mobilizes ...
when EVE runs smack into Wanda and Buzz.

WANDA
We heard gunshots -- where's the
Commander?

EVE
Wanda, I've got to tell you something.
Something crazy ...

INT. CLIMATE CONTROL -- NIGHT

ARCHER rushes in from the office, picks his way past the
SKYLIGHT over the Atrium and finds the BOMB.

THE LED counts down ... 24-23-22.

ARCHER carefully grabs the GLASS GLOBE and starts to unscrew
it from its base. 10-9-8 ...

ARCHER pulls the globe free -- but it trails a ceramic
DETONATOR mount. The LED hits 00:00.

CIRCUITS break as the electrical charge SOARS through the
machine. ARCHER wraps his hand over the detonator as a storm
of SPARKS volcano up through the base, searching.

The SPARKS silently recede. The bomb is dead.

CASTOR (O.S.)
Not bad.

Still cradling the bomb, ARCHER sees a bloody CASTOR watching
him from the hatch.

CASTOR
All you've done is postpone the
inevitable.

ARCHER
Kill me -- and you kill yourself.

ARCHER squeezes the globe -- just enough to cause a CRACK.

CASTOR
What -- what are you doing?

ARCHER
Vacuum-sealed globe ... shouldn't
take long.

The crack SPIDER-WEBS through the globe.

ARCHER
Running out of time, Castor. Put
down the gun and I'll neutralize it.

ARCHER shows CASTOR the FAIL-SAFE jet built into the globe.

CASTOR
Do it and your daughter lives.

ARCHER just smiles. Castor has no leverage at all.

THE CRACKS multiply, covering the globe like veins.

CASTOR drops the gun. ARCHER triggers the JET.

THERE'S AN INJECTION into the globe just as --

BOOM! The globe implodes, then explodes, filling the room
with deadly gas. ARCHER and CASTOR stare at each other.

CASTOR
Did you neutralize it in time?

ARCHER
I don't know. How long before it
kills us?

CASTOR
Five seconds.

They wait ... the seconds pounding down like thunder. Three,
four ... five. Then six and seven.

ARCHER and CASTOR smile, inhaling deeply. This is the way
it should be.

Then CASTOR goes for his pistol -- ARCHER lunges and --

INT. ATRIUM -- NIGHT

The skylight EXPLODES downward as ARCHER and CASTOR crash
through it -- still entangled.

THE MEN collapse hard. THE GUN clatters across the terrace
toward the planter of trees.

ARCHER AND CASTOR brutally strangle each other -- digging
their fingers deep into their throats. They throttle each
other so hard, their LARYNX VOCAL CHIPS are dislodged.

THEIR VOICES change, echoing with garbled, robotic static.

ARCHER
Give up, Castor. People are going
to find out.

CASTOR
Not if I kill you first ...

They scramble for the gun -- but A HAND reaches out from the Juniper trees and picks it up. Archer and Castor stop dead in their tracks because -- JAMIE APPEARS, holding the pistol.

CASTOR
Give it here, Jamie.

ARCHER
No, Jamie. Don't do it!

Everybody gawks -- because ARCHER and CASTOR are now ...

SPEAKING IN THEIR OWN TRUE VOICES

And nobody is more confused than JAMIE: the man who looks like her father sounds like Castor; the man who looks like Castor sounds like her father.

ARCHER
Listen to my voice, Jamie. I'm your father.

CASTOR
It's a trick, Jamie. I'm your father.

Jamie swings the pistol back and forth -- baffled.

CASTOR
Shoot him, Jamie.

ARCHER
Jamie ...

CASTOR
Shoot him!

Jamie FIRES. Archer collapses -- a slug in his shoulder. Castor snatches the pistol from Jamie's hand.

CASTOR
You idiot. No kid of mine would miss so badly.

He aims the pistol at Archer's head.

WANDA (O.S.)
Hold it.

WANDA AND BUZZ have burst onto the terrace -- their guns leveled. Eve and the bureau chiefs are right behind.

CASTOR
Just saving the tax-payers the cost
of a trial. So take a hike.

BUZZ
What's the matter with your voice,
Commander?

CASTOR
Castor Troy almost strangled me to
death. Where the hell were you?

WANDA
You're both in custody until there's
a DNA fingerprinting and we can prove
who's who. Now put the gun down.

CASTOR
(a beat)
You can't blame me for trying.

He grabs JAMIE, shoves the gun under her chin -- and drags
her onto --

A GARDEN PATIO

Using Jamie as a shield, CASTOR backs toward the private
outdoor ELEVATOR ... ARCHER and the others following.

JAMIE fumbles to pull something from her pocket as CASTOR
elbows the DOWN button, then aims at the charging ARCHER.

CASTOR
Say goodbye to daddy.

JAMIE whips out the BUTTERFLY KNIFE -- snaps it open expertly --
and sinks it into CASTOR'S thigh. Jamie dives out of the
elevator as its doors close.

CASTOR (O.S.)
You ungrateful delinquent!

JAMIE
Will someone PLEASE tell me what's
going on?

But ARCHER just rushes past her and leaps --

OVER THE RAIL

ARCHER soars -- landing hard on the elevator roof.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DESCENDING -- NIGHT

Wrapping his leg wound, CASTOR fumbles for his pistol as
ARCHER kicks in the roof escape panel and drops inside.

CASTOR gets off a wild shot as ARCHER grabs for the pistol.

Boom! Boom! Boom! More errant shots rip through the elevator roof.

INSIDE THE SHAFT: The slugs shred the heavy cables.

INSIDE THE CAR: The pistol drops as CASTOR tears at ARCHER'S face -- ripping the seam across his jawline. Archer rips back at Castor. But they both react in surprise when --
INSIDE THE SHAFT: The splitting cable SCREAMS. The ELEVATOR CAR bangs back and forth as the cables give way.

INSIDE THE CAR: Archer and Castor are thrown around like limp rag dolls.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The elevator CRASHES -- scattering the stunned guests.

CASTOR pulls himself from the wreckage. No sign of ARCHER. He spots his pistol lying in the debris.

He reaches for it but recoils when a BLOODY HAND juts out of the twisted steel and tightens around the gun. ARCHER -- battered but intact -- rises slowly from the wreckage.

CASTOR backs away and runs out of the lobby.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

CASTOR limps out as a squad car roars up -- siren blaring.

CASTOR
Castor Troy's in there! Move it or
I'll have your badges!

The COPS rush to the entrance. CASTOR jumps in their car.

As soon as the cops blow into the hotel -- ARCHER darts out from behind the door.

He reaches the curb just in time to see Castor's squad car screech out of the driveway. ARCHER scans the street -- the only vehicle in sight is a Delivery Van.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

CASTOR tears down Marina Blvd. Up ahead -- a BIG SAILBOAT being loaded onto a trailer blocks the road.

He cuts the wheel hard. The squad car jumps the curb -- bounces down a grassy knoll -- until SMASH!

The car plows into a sign that reads: "EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE. KEEP OUT. THROUGH TRAFFIC USE TRANS-BAY TUBE."

Castor finds himself at the ...

ENTRANCE TO THE (CLOSED) GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

CASTOR throws the transmission into reverse as HEADLIGHTS burst into view. And behind the wheel -- JON ARCHER.

CASTOR

Shit.

CASTOR jacks into drive. The car shoots onto the bridge.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

CASTOR weaves in and out of the cracked asphalt -- banging past steel cables and around rusted girders.

ARCHER bulls his way through -- closing in.

CASTOR suddenly drops back. WHAM! Sparks fly -- shredding metal as Castor rams the van.

WHAM! Archer returns the favor.

THE VEHICLES SURGE FORWARD -- bashing each other to bits.

Mufflers, fenders, bumpers and hubcaps tear off and scatter like shrapnel behind them.

PICKING UP SPEED, the drivers are so utterly focused, so full of hatred -- they don't see what's looming up ahead ...

A BIG CRANE sits on the right side of the bridge.

ARCHER'S heading right for it. He yanks the wheel and jumps the pedestrian walk -- clearing it -- almost ...

A SWINGING CRANE HOOK catches the roof of the van. It spins out and rams the opposite guardrail.

THE RAILING buckles but holds. Archer tries to restart the van when WHAM! Castor backs right into him. The railing snaps off and plunges into the abyss.

ARCHER fires up the engine -- but gets no traction. His rear wheels spin in the air -- suspended hundreds of feet above the bay.

CASTOR wheels around and speeds forward for the kill.

ARCHER kicks out the shattered windshield.

CRUNCH! The squad car slams into --

THE VAN, sending it tumbling over the edge just as --

ARCHER LEAPS out -- landing hard on the squad car hood.

CASTOR swings the car wildly -- finally throwing Archer.
Castor looks around -- can't see his enemy -- and decides to
floor it. He drives a short ways then ... SLAMS HIS BRAKES.

Castor gets out of the car and walks a few feet. He peers
into the black night -- horrified because ...

THERE IS NO MORE BRIDGE!

Castor sizes up the thirty-foot gap -- then turns and ...

ARCHER (O.S.)
End of the road, Castor.

CASTOR turns to find himself facing ARCHER. Bruised, bloody,
nearly unconscious, the lawman levels his pistol menacingly.
Castor raises his arms in surrender.

CASTOR
You won't shoot me, Jon -- I'm
unarmed.

Archer hesitates -- his whole being in conflict. Finally:

ARCHER
You're right. I won't shoot you.

He lowers the pistol ... then gives in to the FEELING.

ARCHER
Not in the face anyway.

ARCHER fires -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CASTOR jerks and reels
back. He drops to his knees and looks at Archer in total
disbelief. Then he sinks to the pavement and lies still.

Exhausted, ARCHER lets the pistol drop.

BEHIND HIM -- SQUAD CARS close in. Relieved, he turns back
to Castor but -- CASTOR'S BODY IS GONE!

ARCHER desperately follows a trail of blood and finds CASTOR
dragging himself over the edge of the bridge gap.

ARCHER leaps and snags CASTOR'S hand just as he falls.

ARCHER struggles to hang on as CASTOR looks up and smiles --
his weight pulling ARCHER into the chasm.

He strains and somehow pulls CASTOR back onto the bridge.
ARCHER collapses, gasping, on top of CASTOR.

WANDA and BUZZ rush up.

BUZZ

You okay, Commander?

ARCHER

What did you call me?

WANDA

He called you "commander," Commander.

ARCHER attempts a smile -- then sags to the ground.

LATER -- ON THE BRIDGE

Sealed-off crime scene; an NSA ambulance loads CASTOR;
ARCHER'S on a gurney right behind.

ARCHER

How is he?

EVE

No life signs at all. He's a turnip.

ARCHER

That's what they always say.

Eve tries to climb into the ambulance. Wanda stops her.

WANDA

We'll take him from here.

EVE

But he's my husband.

WANDA

But he works for us.

ARCHER'S loaded -- Eve hands onto his fingers until the very last moment. Eye-contact: tired, relieved. The door SHUTS and the ambulance takes off -- leaving Eve behind.

INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Maybe days, maybe weeks later -- no way to tell. EVE is at the dining room table, catching up on medical reports.

Sensing something, she looks up and sees a SILHOUETTE at the front screen-door -- a MAN'S silhouette.

ARCHER'S VOICE

Hello, Eve.

Pulse pounding, EVE frantically pushes open the door to glimpse the face of the man with ARCHER'S voice.

IT'S JON ARCHER

EVE stares -- then touches his face carefully, tenderly -- searching for a clue, a FEELING that will reveal the truth.

EVE
I started wondering -- if you couldn't
switch back -- would it make a
difference?

ARCHER
Would it?

EVE
Damn right.

EVE pulls him tight -- holding on for dear life.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Dad?

JAMIE is there. ARCHER smiles -- gently, almost sadly -- with a softness and genuineness that Castor Troy could never feel, could never fake.

She rushes to him. The whole family hangs on, hugging and kissing -- for the first time ever, really TOGETHER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARCHER HOME -- NIGHT

Midnight. JAMIE sleeps peacefully.

Likewise EVE ... until something rouses her. Waking, she sees ARCHER isn't there ... then hears something. Looking out the window, she sees --

IN THE DRIVEWAY

ARCHER takes aim at the basket. He buries a free throw, making it look easy. His shooting style is chillingly familiar ... or was it just a lucky shot?

FADE OUT ...

THE END