

SENATOR COOKS (CONT'D)
 about to land and your White House
 days are over. You're the only
 executive since FDR to get the
 opportunity to serve twelve at sixteen
 hundred Pennsylvania Avenue. Why
 would you want to muck that up when
 you have an opportunity to do so
 much for the world.

RUTLEDGE
 Because if my hunch is correct, none
 of us will be here in twelve years.

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- LATER

President Rutledge is pacing about his bedroom, he picks up
 the picture frame holding his wife's photo and looks at it
 mournfully. His private phone line lights up.

RUTLEDGE
 (into phone)
 Sophia, I miss you.
 (beat)
 Oh, Professor, What've you got?

PROFESSOR SLOTSKY (V.O.)
 Most of the words on the note do not
 exist on the planet today.

RUTLEDGE
 Is there anything close?

PROFESSOR SLOTSKY (V.O.)
 No sir. It's definitely some sort of
 parallel development of our language.
 I'd say definitely humanoid but I
 can offer you no concrete proof.

RUTLEDGE
 Thanks professor. Keep digging. Good
 night sir.

EXT. IN THE AIR OVER WASHINGTON DC -- DAY

Forming the third leg of a triangle, Marine One and the decoy
 birds are flying 1500 feet over Suitland Parkway in route to
 Andrews, home of Air Force One.

The President is accompanied by his JCS commander, Coast
 Guard ADMIRAL TRENT DICKINSON, Navy pilot, Bobby Allen, SUSAN
 STEVENS and SECSTATE, TERRENCE "TERRY" WILHELM, and his two
 personal DSS agents.

The voice of the CONTROLLER crackles over Marine One's
 speaker.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
 You're a little low and slow back
 there. Everything Okay?

Captain Allen acknowledges an unspoken signal from Rutledge.

BOBBY ALLEN
 We're okay Control. Marine Two, Marine
 Three, Eagle is returning to nest
 for essential papers. Hover out to
 Key Bridge, Hold and wait for my
 signal.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (V.O.)
 Captain Allen, this is Colonel Harris.
 This is an illegal and ill-advised
 maneuver Marine One! Copy?

Rutledge steps forward into the cockpit and seizes the
 microphone from Captain Allen.

RUTLEDGE
 (into microphone)
 Harris, Don't make this a big deal
 for me. Now do as you're told.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (V.O.)
 Oh? Yes sir Mr. President. Marine
 Two, Marine Three, hold out at Key.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

Marine One lands. No one gets out. Captain Allen chuckles a
 question while dialing a cell phone.

BOBBY ALLEN
 If your own congress can't be
 persuaded, what good will this do
 sir? Couldn't you be impeached for
 this?

RUTLEDGE
 I've got to try. They're wrong and
 I'm right. You know Captain, truth
 has always been a simple and elegant
 thing - perhaps that's why it's so
 elusive.
 (beat)
 Are you sure you can do this
 undetected?

BOBBY ALLEN
 I'll know in a minute...
 (into the phone)
 How long can you keep 'em down for
 maintenance?
 (beat)
 Good. Do it now!

He dials a second number.

BOBBY ALLEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Gil, Bobby. Hey man, you ready?

(beat)

I know it's illegal. Just get in and out of there immediately. Remember, follow Suitland parkway toward Andrews. Once you get there just veer off and land somewhere quick.

(beat)

Thanks man.

(to the President)

Okay sir,

(looking at his watch)

in thirty seconds they're pulling maintenance of the satellite systems plus my friend Gil, is going to skirt the restricted area and fake like he's going to Andrews. It will give us maybe a fifteen minute head start.

Captain Allen pulls tight on his shoulder harness and speaks into the microphone to the rest of the crew.

BOBBY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Okay folks, buckle up. It's time to kick ass and take names.

Marine One lifts off and from their P.O.V. we see Gil's News-45 helicopter. The two fly in formation heading for the South Capitol Street Bridge.

INT. RADAR ROOM, BOLLING A.F.B. -- DAY

Inside we see a coreman tracking the single blip. There is no alarm because the two helicopters are so close that he thinks it is only Marine One. CORPORAL HINES makes a note of the flight in his log.

EXT. IN THE AIR -- DAY

Both choppers duck under the bridge. Only the News-45 helicopter emerges. We see it head south toward the Suitland Parkway. Marine one is still hovering under the bridge.

INT. RADAR ROOM

The corpsman is distracted, reading the paper. The single blip continues across his screen.

EXT. IN THE AIR ON BOARD MARINE ONE

Bobby Allen is looking at his watch. Exactly sixty seconds after the news bird leaves, Captain Allen shears away, heading due east at top speed.

INT. MARINE ONE -- DAY

Marine one is flying like a bat out of hell in route to New York. The big bird shakes violently as Allen pushes the engines well beyond what is normal, while carrying the President. Rutledge calms everyone and queries Allen.

RUTLEDGE

How we doing Captain?

BOBBY ALLEN

Our best bet is to stay low. Terrestrial tracking won't be looking below five hundred feet. We're heading for Annapolis. Once there, we'll hug the coastline all the way into Delaware, New Jersey and New York. This bird is pretty recognizable. I'm worried about coastal recon birds spotting us.

RUTLEDGE

(to Allen)

I think we'll be okay.

(to Terry)

Terry, you sure you can get us into the great hall?

TERRENCE WILHELM

Getting in is not going to be a problem. Making it stick is the tough part. I know these Jackals.

RUTLEDGE

I'm counting on you to make it stick.

ADMIRAL DICKINSON

Mr. President, you know I serve at your pleasure but I'm sure the Pentagon won't back you on this sir. They'd never agree to give any portion of their budgets to tool up for an attack you have no proof will ever happen. They'll think diverting resources will make our forces weak.

RUTLEDGE

Trent, they have to. You've got to make them aware of what's at stake here.

SUSAN STEVENS

We're all there for you sir.

RUTLEDGE

I know you are Susan. Terry, I know what you're doing here. I can appreciate your ambivalence and

(MORE)

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

Admiral, don't you think that I don't know that the Pentagon wouldn't even talk to me without your help. I understand all that and more but God as my witness, if I can't do it through channels, I'll do it illegally, by hook and by crook if I have to. Whatever it freaki'n takes.

Captain Allen interrupts.

BOBBY ALLEN

Sir, I'm getting something over the box. Switching to speakers.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (V.O.)

Captain Allen, Marine One and Two are holding at Roosevelt Island. Can you estimate how long. We got noise abatement regs out there. Come on snap it up.

BOBBY ALLEN

Eagle is moving now sir. Have Marine Two and Three rendezvous at the mall in two minutes.

A few minutes pass when the panic stricken voice of the Marine Three pilots breaks the radio silence with a YELP.

MARINE THREE PILOT

Colonel Harris, Marine One is not here. Captain Allen, where are you?

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE -- DAY

We can tell that Colonel Adam Harris is pissed.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (V.O.)

(sternly)

Captain Allen, this is command, where are you?

In the control room before Allen answers, an aide hands Harris the telephone. Still holding the marine guard mic in one hand, the telephone receiver in the other, Harris clamps down on the cigar now buried in the side of his mouth. He barks into the phone.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS

What is it!

VOICE (V.O.)

This is Colonel Massengale out at North Beach coastal recon.

(MORE)

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One of my surface tracking officers says he's got a presidential marine helicopter transponder on the coast near Ocean City, moving like blazes to points north. Whatdaya want me to do?

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS

(into phone mic)

Stand by Colonel!

(into guard mic)

Allen, this isn't funny anymore. I just got a call that tracks you low and in a helluva hurry to the beach. You and the President try'in to get a tan son?

(beat)

Allen!

(beat)

Allen?

(into telephone)

Massengale, keep an open line.

Track'em as far as you can.

Allen turns to the duty officer.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)

Scramble the F15's. Get the coordinates from Massengale. I think the President's been kidnapped.

INT. ON BOARD MARINE TWO, AND MARINE THREE -- DAY

The speakers crackle the order.

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (V.O.)

Marine Two, Marine Three. I'm sending a couple of Blackhawks and the cowboys. Get your asses in gear and follow Marine One as best you can. Watch your asses. I don't want you boys accidentally shot down. Sat intel will be up momentarily. I'll feed you exact fixes en route.

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE THE EASTERN UNITED STATES -- DAY

Massive military sorties are scrambled out of every base from Maine to Maryland, in pursuit of Marine One. Bobby Allen maneuvers the lumbering helicopter hovering behind lighthouses, barns, and abandoned factories all the way up the coast. We see the military flight scream past, but are unable to locate Marine One.

INT. MARINE ONE

Suddenly a pair of Blackhawks descend next to Marine One. Bobby Allen ask the President the question.

BOBBY ALLEN

Sir, what do you want me to do?

RUTLEDGE

How long to New York?

BOBBY ALLEN

We're over Jersey now. I'd say fifteen minutes.

RUTLEDGE

We've come too far. Captain, you comfortable with IFR?

BOBBY ALLEN

Yes sir, instruments are no problem.

RUTLEDGE

See that cloud formation. You think you could get in there?

BOBBY ALLEN

Yes sir, but if they follow us in, we could bump. We'd all be killed sir. ...Dead!

RUTLEDGE

Do it.

Shearing away, Marine One races for the clouds with the gunship in rapid pursuit.

INT. MARINE ONE

Inside Marine One, all that can be seen through the clouds is a gray foam. President Rutledge lays out his plan.

RUTLEDGE

Okay Captain, this is what I want you to do. They've got an AWAC up there. I want you to take us straight up and cling to its underbelly. All you have to do is make sure we don't get caught in its jet wash. When we get near NYC, make your move.

EXT. MARINE ONE

We see intermittent images of the helicopter and the chase gunships. Outside the cloud is no jet activity. Five thousand feet above the cloud in the Air Force 707 AWAC. Mounted to its dorsal side is the slowly spinning radar pancake antenna.

INT. MARINE ONE

Bobby Allen is observing the occasional blip caused by Big Eye on his radar screen. As the blip nears the center of the screen he turns the stick sharply. The blades pitch and the bird thrust upward.

EXT. AWAC AIRCRAFT

From the surveillance plane's P.O.V. we see the cloud formation below. Almost instantly, Marine One thrust out of the cloud rising rapidly, and is now hovering one hundred feet below the 707. As the 707 turns north, we see Marine One staying with it in a parallel track.

INT. MARINE ONE

No one is saying a word. All are watching the expert handling of the craft by Allen. Agent Claypoole is the first to speak.

TRACI CLAYPOOLE

(to Allen)

Jets, travel at six hundred miles-per-hour. How are you able to hover? I thought the top speed on this was around two-fifty.

ADMIRAL DICKINSON

(interrupting)

He needs his concentration. The big eye cruises at 190 while utilizing radar scan. Much faster and it's blind.

(excited)

Look everybody, Out the window!

Outside, the Statue of Liberty is visible.

BOBBY ALLEN

Hey, we made it. New York, New York. Okay Mr. President, let's just see how good a friend Gil really is.

RUTLEDGE

I hope this works, we won't have protection in a second. AWACs won't fly into Kennedy's TCA.

BOBBY ALLEN

Yeah, but my guys will.

Captain Allen snaps open his cell phone pressing "Resend"

BOBBY ALLEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Gil, okay, we're here. Where are your buddies. I need cover in about

(MORE)

BOBBY ALLEN (CONT'D)

twelve seconds. Oh shit, the F15's
have spotted us. Gil where are they?

(beat)

Yeah, I can do that. Just fly between
the towers of the world trade center,
that's it?

(beat)

Okay man, I trust you.

Marine one dives in rapid descent for the twin towers of the
World Trade Center. The F15's are closing from the east,
Blackhawks can be seen on the southeast horizon.

TERRENCE WILHELM

We're not gonna make it, they're
gonna force us to land.

EXT. IN THE AIR BETWEEN THE TOWERS -- DAY

Just then, Marine One dips in behind the first tower to the
startling sight of thirty News helicopters from news stations
all over New York, hovering between the towers.

Bobby Allen sees the hole between them and darts for it.
Within seconds the mass of now thirty-one helicopters rises
in a THUNDEROUS ROAR from between the two buildings. Shielded
like atom's nucleus surrounded by electrons, the whole mass
rises in a coordinated effort maintaining perfect shielding
for Marine One in the center.

The small chopper in front of Marine One acts as guide. The
F15's slow their approach, seeing the shield. The Blackhawks
hover violently around the WHIRRING perimeter, helpless to
do anything.

The entire mass approaches the United Nation Tower. The
massive flying entourage lowers slowly toward the Compass
Rose, Marine One still protected.

INT. BLACKHAWK -- DAY

The PILOT is pressing his throat microphone.

PILOT

Sir, there's nothing we can do. Marine
One's completely surrounded by
civilian news choppers. We can't
force it down unless we shoot a few
of 'em down. Is that your order sir?

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS

Not in broad daylight over New York
City, besides, we might damage Eagle.
Just maintain your position.

(MORE)

COLONEL ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Captain Allen, I know you can hear me. I swear it. I will see you in Levenworth for this you son of a bitch.

(beat)

Answer me!

(beat)

Answer me damn it!

EXT. IN THE AIR OUTSIDE UNITED NATIONS HELIPAD -- DAY

The helicopters below Marine one are now moving out and up in layers till finally, they form a cap over Marine One. Marine One is hovering 100 feet above the Compass Rose. As she BUMPS the helipad in a soft landing, thirty new birds are forming an impenetrable flying shield.

EXT. THE U.N. HELIPAD -- DAY

The door to Marine One opens. Traci and Stanford are first to emerge, hands on their weapons. After a brief look around, Traci looks back and signals. The President and his party emerge. They straighten their clothing and simultaneously look up at the thundering choppers above them. Tilting his head back, the President offers a sharp salute and an appreciative look to the pilots above.

EXT. IN THE AIR ABOVE THE U.N. -- DAY

From our perspective above the U.N., we see the mass of helicopters rise and rise and rise, clearing the U.N. tower. Suddenly, they all disperse, leaving two Blackhawks and four F15's with no one and everyone to chase.

INT. MARINE ONE -- DAY

Captain Allen shouts from the step of Marine One.

BOBBY ALLEN

Good luck Mr. President.

Pressing the "Resend" button on his phone, he waits.

BOBBY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Gil my man, that was awesome. In-freaki'n-credible. We owe you big guy. The next one's on me.

(beat)

I can't tell you what it's about now but trust me, you won't regret having helped. I'll see you back in DC.

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

The President's entourage led by Terry Wilhelm, walks into the great hall. All except for Rutledge and Wilhelm stand at

the base of the ramp leading to the podium. Rutledge follows Terry up the ramp where the SECRETARY GENERAL is speaking.

Terry interrupts the SecGen, simultaneously raising his right hand to quell the shocked objections now coming from the animated ambassadors on the floor. The SecGen listens for a moment and graciously offer the podium to Terrence Wilhelm.

TERRENCE WILHELM

(to the crowd)

I am one of you. I once sat where you sit and you must trust that I understand the power and necessity of precedent in this august body. I do not ask this lightly. I ask you to hear my President. Moral preeminence demands you listen as if your very lives and the precious lives of your countrymen depend on his every word.

(beat)

You must trust me on this. And so I present, hopefully without objection, the President of the United States of America.

Wilhelm steps aside. The President makes an exaggerated effort to heartily shake the hand of the U.N. SecGen, then Terry's. Rutledge steps from behind the podium in full sight of the room full of sneering and curious ambassadors. The AMBASSADOR from NETHERLANDS stands, shouting before the President can say a word.

AMBASSADOR, NETHERLANDS

You have no right to speak here uninvited. You Americans haven't even paid your U.N. bills. Why should we hear you? Why? Name one reason if you can.

The other ambassador laugh. Some delay their laughter. It is obvious that the translation is cascading through the body. The laughter ceases in cascades as the translation of the President's first words are fully interpreted.

RUTLEDGE

You, like me, have someone you love, someone to protect, someone you want to enjoy our world as much as you.

President Rutledge waits. Suddenly the room is quiet, all eyes on him.

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

While based in America, no President has ever prevailed on this body without due process. But then again, no time in the history of the world,
(MORE)

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

our tiny planet, has ever been so perilous. I have personally come into knowledge that our planet may be the object of an off world invasion.

(pausing looking around)

Many of you will think me delusional, but I plead with you, listen to me.

Rutledge pauses, pouring himself a glass of water from the picture on a shelf behind the podium. He sips, places his right hand in his pants pocket and is now standing in front of the rostrum.

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

Recently, I accidentally picked up a transmission I believe to be from outside our solar system. The message, which I was unable to record, indicated that earth is under surveillance and an attack is planned within a few years. As far as I know, I am the only person to have seen this transmission. It came from an sector of the satellite arc where no satellites exist. I ordered the appropriate monitoring, but so far nothing. These beings call themselves JEWEL...

From the floor, an angry AMBASSADOR shouts.

AMBASSADOR - ONE

Bullshit! You come here with speculation. No proof?

Ignoring the heckles, Rutledge continues.

RUTLEDGE

You must believe. The Jewel will come. Hell, they're already here, at least their scouts are. The message said that when they invade, several million adults will be kept as slaves. I don't know if we can defeat them but if we can, we must. We know nothing about their technology. But it can only be so if we, the nations of the world, unite under a single banner. Not for our individual survival, but for posterity's sake.

The white hair of the RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR shimmers as he rises. He steps out from his seat and faces the President full on.

AMBASSADOR, RUSSIAN

And do you intend that so-called unified effort be under the authority of the United States?

RUTLEDGE

Yes, the United States, but not because of who we are, but what we are. While your nation is technically formidable, we are the only nation with the infrastructure already in place to rapidly deploy such an effort.

(beat)

Even if a full scale effort were mounted, we're light years behind. If a technology can travel inter-gallatically... Look, we've got to do something.

The speech is met with angry heckles from many nations.

AMBASSADOR, INDIA

Where is your proof?

AMBASSADOR, FRANCE

How do we know this is not some ruse you've cooked up to gain access to our technology?

AMBASSADOR, CHINA

You'd use our fear and your sanctions, to scare us under the thumb of your imperialist banner.

AMBASSADOR, MEXICO

And if no such attack occurs, the world will be at the mercy of a super power made even more super by our efforts.

AMBASSADOR, KOREA

Never will my people deliver themselves to the mercy of the only nation to have used nuclear weapons. It's all a trick. Get out of our assembly.

The Canadian Ambassador slips out of his seat during the confusion. He is now walking up the ramp and is at the podium. He BANGS sharply on the microphone getting the attention of everyone. The crowd quiets and sits as he speaks.

REN'E BENOIT

My friends, I know this man. Yes, he's American, but his heart belongs to the world.

(MORE)

REN'E BENOIT (CONT'D)

Must I remind you all that when your economies collapsed, this man brought us back from the brink.

(beat)

Can we at least agree to study his claims before dismissing them out of hand. I say let's put it to a vote. Let's be informal here. A simple show of hands. All in favor of rejecting the President's idea, raise you hands.

On the floor, so many hands are raised that it is impossible to count them. The Canadian ambassador turns, suddenly angry.

REN'E BENOIT (CONT'D)

You cowardly bastards. Very well, let's see who among you has the courage to face the mob. I want to know whose got real balls in this chamber. All in favor of at least studying the possibility, please stand.

The floor is dead silent. As we pan over the ambassadors, only two are standing, GREAT BRITAIN and AUSTRALIA.

The British Ambassador speaks through the silence.

AMBASSADOR, ENGLAND

Members of this great body. I too have doubts and was prepared to stand with you. President Rutledge at this very moment is supposed to be meeting with our Prime Minister. The fact that he is here and not there, belies the gravity of the situation. To miss that meeting on important trade issues, I might add, to come here on one of the rare days we're all here is indicative of the subject's importance.

(beat)

Mr. President, I offer my country's cooperation in at least the study of the possibility, nothing more.

The SecGen delivers the final blow to the President and the Canadian ambassador.

SECRETARY GENERAL

Now, gentlemen, you've both had your say. If there's nothing else, I'd like to get back to the real security issues of this body. Good day gentlemen.

Stunned, the President exits the platform. He takes an intense view of every individual face who is jeering in laughter and

rebuke. Almost at the end of the ramp, Rutledge turns and shouts to the top of his voice. The crowd hushes.

RUTLEDGE

I have witnessed the enemy's communication. I know of his cruel plans for this planet. You are all fools. I love my country, my family, and this world. I rest now in the peace of knowing that I have done everything. I regret that I could not convince you to save your lives along with the future of humanity. I pray that whatever god you serve, will have mercy on your ignorant souls. This is a decision you will regret.

Again turning quickly, he no longer hears any of them. Walking to the mezzanine level elevator, we see a sign: "TO HELIPAD". At the end of the long corridor, President Rutledge notices a single figure standing dressed in an expensive topcoat, Stetson hat and a large Cuban cigar clinched between two fingers and a thumb. The figure, Senator Cooks, places his hand compassionately on Rutledge's shoulder.

SENATOR COOKS

Told ya son. They didn't listen to you, did they? I've been at this for a long time. I wasn't trying to give you a hard time, but I knew then, it wouldn't work. You come from a corporate world. You're steeped in stark pragmatism. Those guys in there are all living for the moment and only have their eyes on a very narrow range of interest.

(beat)

But look at it this way, they could be right. Just chalk it up and ride out the storm.

Rutledge turns to him with a curious look.

RUTLEDGE

Sir, do you believe me? Did you ever?

SENATOR COOKS

Not until I got the call that you were here. If a man would risk a potential twelve years in the White House, then I figured he believes, and if he believes that much, then I believe in him.

(beat)

I hitched a charter up. Can I hitch a ride back with you?