

LOGIN

Written by

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EXT. CAMPSITE IN WOODS - DAY

Two boy scouts in uniform are setting up hammocks in a clearing among the pines.

KIP BELLAMY is 16, tall, handsome, capable-looking, and is making the final adjustments on his hammock: perfectly taut and balanced.

JUSTIN GRAYSON, 13, is struggling with a length of cord, attempting to tie a bowline knot. He is shy: a skinny introvert with more acquaintances than friends; the only son of DOUG and CAROLINE GRAYSON.

KIP watches with affectionate amusement, then comes over to help him.

KIP  
No. Like this.

He takes the line from Justin and patiently demonstrates how to tie a bowline.

KIP (CONT'D)  
Ok. You've got the loop here in the standing end. Think of it as a rabbit hole and the end here as a tree.

He steps a little closer to Justin and leans in.

KIP (CONT'D)  
Now, the running end...that's the rabbit. The rabbit comes out of the hole...runs around the tree...and jumps back into the hole. And there's your bowline.

He straightens back up.

KIP (CONT'D)  
Got it?

JUSTIN  
I think so.

KIP  
Show me.

Justin recreates the knot, just as Kip has shown him.

KIP (CONT'D)  
Yep. You got it. Perfect.

Justin smiles, proud that he has earned the older boy's praise.

The two boys stand facing each other, Justin still holding the length of cord in front of him.

Kip leans in, his eyes half-closed, and kisses Justin softly on the mouth. Justin stands perfectly still, blinking in disbelief, then pulls back.

JUSTIN

What are you doing?

Kip, smiling, nonchalantly turns and goes back to adjusting his hammock.

KIP

Exactly what you wanted me to.

PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL

A pair of hands holding a phone. A picture of Kip kissing Justin is frozen on the screen.

FADE TO:

EXT. DARIEN, CONNECTICUT - EARLY MORNING

Colonial houses surrounded by elms and hedgerows.

EXT. GRAYSONS' HOUSE

A two story colonial with a paved half-circle driveway sleeps as dawn creeps in.

A cell phone begins ringing.

INT. GRAYSONS' BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

DOUG GRAYSON and his wife CAROLINE are sleeping. Doug's cell phone is ringing on the night stand next to a clock. He reaches for it and knocks it onto the floor. Caroline stirs.

CAROLINE

Doug. That phone. Please.

The alarm on the clock activates. He fumbles for the clock and switches the alarm off. The phone keeps ringing. Caroline rolls away from him.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Doug...please.

Doug gets out of bed and slips into the hallway with the phone to answer it.

DOUG

Why are you calling me here? My wife is sleeping, for Chrissakes...

Caroline turns on a lamp. She sees Douglas through the cracked door and hears him arguing in hushed tones.

He notices her and walks down the hall, disappearing from sight.

Caroline gets out of bed. She is 47, with a dignified, aloof beauty. Her movements are measured, controlled.

She puts on a bathrobe over her chemise and marches into the kitchen.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

The den is lined with shelves full of books and bric-a-brac from Doug's army and West Point days.

Doug, 57, has close-cropped hair and grave, intelligent eyes. He is still lean and fit. If Anderson Cooper had pursued a career at CIA, he'd look like Doug Grayson.

He is at his desk in front of his computer, still talking on his phone.

DOUG

Okay. Logged in. Talk to me.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Caroline stands at the kitchen counter, drinking her coffee and irritably turning the pages of the Sunday paper, trying to ignore Doug's phone call.

She puts the paper down. An article on the front page reads "NOW to honor senator's wife as Woman of the Year."

She pours a cup of coffee for her husband and takes it to him in the den.

Doug does not notice her: his back is to the door as he closes his email and finishes his conversation.

DOUG

Fine. Let me know when it's been delivered.

He hears Caroline coming in and glances back at her.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Look, we'll talk tomorrow. I've gotta go.

Doug hangs up. Caroline sets the coffee down on his desk and glares at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. Work.

CAROLINE

So I overheard. Delivery. Sounds important.

Doug stands, takes a sip of the coffee and nods appreciatively.

DOUG

Always is. Always something.

CAROLINE

Yes. It's always something.

Doug notices his wife's tone, but is still distracted. He seeks to smooth things over quickly and reaches to caress her. She steps away from him.

DOUG

You okay? I'll start turning the phone down.

CAROLINE

I'm fine. I hate that goddamn thing.

DOUG

I know. You can go back to bed if you want.

CAROLINE

I've already had coffee.

DOUG

You sure everything's okay? Are you upset?

CAROLINE

The early morning call...just set me on edge. After that thing last year...Let's drop it. I'm sorry. Just irritable.

DOUG

Hey, no. You have every right to be. I'm sorry. I should just turn the damn thing off.

CAROLINE

Washington doesn't run on banker's hours. Everything ok?

DOUG

Yeah. Just a lot on my mind right now. I'll get my head straight after a run.

CAROLINE

Good idea.

He kisses Caroline, who barely kisses him back, then picks up his cell phone.

DOUG

I love you.

CAROLINE

I know...you too.

Doug walks into the bedroom and puts on running pants and a windbreaker. As he dresses, he talks to his wife, who is still standing in the den.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOUG

So I was thinking maybe you could fly down this week while Justin's still at camp. Maybe dinner at Marcel's? I know you hate the hill but the opera's doing Mozart...

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Caroline looks at his computer. It's still on. She notices something written and scratched out on a post it note. It says "Black Orchids."

CAROLINE  
 Maybe. I still need to write that  
 acceptance speech.

DOUG (O.S.)  
 I know...I was just thinking it  
 would be nice. Just the two of us.

CAROLINE  
 Oh really? None of your esteemed  
 colleagues and their Stepford  
 Wives?

She clicks the email icon on his computer. The browser opens. He's still logged-in. She scrolls through his mail, then hears Doug coming back and minimizes the screen. Doug walks in wearing his running clothes.

DOUG  
 No. Just us. You know, they all  
 like you. They're not that bad, are  
 they?

Caroline forces a stiff, diplomatic smile and subtly shifts so that she blocks his view of the screen.

CAROLINE  
 We'll see.

DOUG  
 Okay then. Back in a while.

Doug leaves the house and stands in the driveway. He stretches and gets ready for his run.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Caroline is sitting at Doug's desk, scrolling through his emails. She opens one with the header: YOUR GENEOGRAPHY RESULTS. She pauses for a second, hesitant at the idea of reading her husband's email, then clicks enter, opening the email...

CROSS CUT TO:

MONTAGE: MEMO AND PAPARAZZI AT LAX

A camera flash completes the cut.

Paparazzi are pursuing a male-female celebrity couple. They are never seen as more than a blur or a brief freeze frame capturing only some part of them: a mouth here, a hand there: bite sized morsels picked up by camera phones or moving lenses.

MEMO GARCIA, 30, is at the forefront of this. He's a smart thug with prison ink willing to go further than anyone else. He carries a Canon EOS Rebel T3 DSLR camera and marches into the fray like a foot soldier.

-A towncar hurtles down Sepulveda, chased by a small sea of paparazzi in cars.

-The towncar at LAX and is met by a mob of paparazzi. The driver and his passenger--a tired, comfortably dressed couple in their 30s--struggle through the crowd. The sound of shutters CLICK like an attack of wasps.

-We see the crush of paparazzi faces and lenses from the couple's POV, filling the screen. Memo's lens is in their faces, following them through the airport. More shutter clicks.

-They make their way through security as the photographs continue and fans ask them for autographs and pictures. More clicks.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

LAX SECURITY SCREENING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Our couple is trying to get through security: literally grinning and bearing it as best they can, under the constant scrutiny of the public eye and lens.

At 36, MELISSA SUMMERS has \$29 million in the bank. As an actress she has yet to have a commercial flop. Her personal brand is on everything from frozen food to fragrance. She is stunning, high-powered, and very, very pregnant.

DELL CHASE, 34, is a short, fading star. He's volatile, temperamental, and vain: given to tantrums that haven't helped his career.

Dell has already cleared the checkpoint and is putting his shoes on. Melissa pauses at the body x-ray machine and quietly addresses a FEMALE TSA AGENT who is impatiently trying to wave her through.



MELISSA

I'm sorry, are you sure this is safe?

FEMALE AGENT

Yes ma'am, please step through.

MELISSA

I'm not really comfortable with my baby being x-rayed.

Dell comes over, trying to be helpful.

DELL

Can you guys just wave that wand thing over her or what--

FEMALE AGENT

Sir, you need to step back behind the line.

Dell looks at her incredulously.

DELL

I'm sorry?

A MALE AGENT walks up.

MALE AGENT

Sir, could you please step back over there?

DELL

I'm her husband, I'm just trying to see--

MELISSA

Dell, it's fine. Please. (To Female Agent, firmly) I'd like to opt for a pat-down.

Dell sighs and retreats back to waiting.

The female agent motions for Melissa to stand to the side, then reaches into a pocket for a pair of blue rubber gloves.

The paparazzi, realizing this is a juicy photo op, click away.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Here? Seriously? Could we do this somewhere else?

The female agent is as blank as stone.

FEMALE AGENT

Please put your arms out to the side, palms facing down.

Melissa hesitantly does so. Dell sees this and shakes his head in irritation.

The female agent proceeds to search her, beginning at her collarbone as per a basic weapons search. When she's at Melissa's chest, she stops.

FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)

Do you have some type of metal object here?

MELISSA

That's not a 'metal object.' That's the underwire of my bra.

The female agent nods and continues the search down to Melissa's ankles. She feels her ankles and calves, squeezing them, then looks up at Melissa suspiciously.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Maybe you noticed I'm fucking pregnant? Can we please hurry this up?

Dell, watching, is smiling awkwardly at tourists and travelers who try to casually take pictures of him and Melissa with their phones.

The female agent finally waves Melissa through. She puts her shoes on and grabs her bags. She and Dell walk into the terminal, parting the crowds as they're followed by photographers.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS COMMERCIAL JET - LATER

Dell is seated in the aisle, sleeping. Melissa stares out the window at the sun gilding the clouds.

Someone reaches across Dell and taps Melissa on the shoulder. She turns. It's another passenger, holding a pen and an airport-battered copy of PEOPLE magazine, prompting her to sign it. She scowls at the magazine, catches herself, smiles, scribbles her name, and looks back out the window at the sun.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DARIEN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Porch lights are still on in the cool hours of dawn.

DOUG GRAYSON begins his run, heading down the dark streets of Darien as the sun rises, casting shadows through the elms.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

SUPER: FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA. HOME OF 13TH AVIATION REGIMENT. U.S. ARMY.

CPL REBECCA VASQUEZ, 24 and PFC TIM MULLIGAN, 23 are sitting side by side at UAV consoles in a dark control room. VASQUEZ is a UAV sensor operator: in charge of weapons. MULLIGAN is a drone pilot.

Both are wearing identical green flight suits and headsets. They are receiving orders over their headsets from an unseen commander.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

Echo One, prepare to copy retasking coordinates.

MULLIGAN

Ready to copy.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

1-2-Sierra-Victor-Charlie-2-4-4-2-5-0-4-4-7-5 Over.

Mulligan enters the coordinates on a keyboard. A digital map grid between him and Vasquez changes.

MULLIGAN

Copy...1-2-Sierra-Victor-Charlie-2-4-4-2-5-0-4-4-7-5 over.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

That's affirmative, Echo One. Acquire target and engage.

MULLIGAN

Copy, wilco. ETA five minutes.

VASQUEZ

Weapons are hot. Standing by.

COMMANDER

Copy. Fire at will. All vapor, no paper.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DARIEN NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

Doug has stopped running and is watching the sun rise. A few other runners are out. They wave. He waves back. He takes one last look at the horizon, then begins to run back home

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - SAME TIME

Caroline is removing documents from Doug's printer. She methodically puts them together, then walks into the bedroom. She looks at herself in the mirror. Her eyes are red. She composes herself, wipes her eyes, and begins dressing.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VASQUEZ

Eyes on target zone. Target locked.  
Three...

A house appears on the targeting screen. There are figures unpacking things from a truck and taking them into the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DARIEN NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

Doug jogs back down his street. People are leaving their houses to pick up their newspapers and take their dogs out.

VASQUEZ (V.O.)

...two...

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vasquez has the house in her crosshairs. It gets clearer on the display. So do the people. We can see their faces. A man, a woman, and a girl, 9. They look entirely average.

Vasquez' voice is steady. Her commitment is undeniable.

VASQUEZ  
...one... Missile off the rail...

The figures on the screen disappear as the house explodes in a bright flash of light. We see the expression on Vasquez' face. She is paled: absolutely horrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAYSONS' HOUSE - DAY

Doug stands outside, eyes closed, sun on his face. He takes a few deep breaths to relax after his run, then walks into the house.

INT. GRAYSONS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caroline is dressed and sitting at the dinner table with the printed stack of paper in front of her. Doug looks surprised.

DOUG  
Going out? This early?

CAROLINE  
We need to talk.

DOUG  
About?

CAROLINE  
Last fall.

Doug takes a deep breath and sits down at the table.

DOUG  
You already know everything there is to know about that.

CAROLINE  
Do I? Are you sure you've told me everything I need to know? You haven't left out any...details?

DOUG  
We've been over this. I fucked up. I promise you, if there was anything--

CAROLINE  
Stop. Don't promise me--

DOUG

No. I promise you, there's nothing--

CAROLINE

There's nothing? Really? So that phone call this morning was nothing?

DOUG

I told you, that was work--all of that stuff from last fall is over. We've been through this already--

CAROLINE

You're right. Of course. We've been through this. Questions. Confessions. Promises.

DOUG

I don't know what you want. What do you want me to say?

CAROLINE

I want you to look me in the eye, Doug, and tell me the truth. I need to know. From you. What aren't you telling me about her?

Doug braces himself against the table and looks directly at Caroline.

DOUG

You know everything there is to know.

Caroline takes the pieces of paper she has and spreads them in front of Doug on the table.

CAROLINE

Then why the fuck does your DNA report say you've got an unborn daughter in California?

Doug picks up one of the pieces of paper, glances at it, and puts it back down, shaking his head.

DOUG

How did you get that?

CAROLINE

Your email, Doug. You know, as Chair of the Intelligence Committee, you probably should keep your mailbox secure.

DOUG

Caroline--

CAROLINE

You know, the cheating isn't what bothers me. I was more than willing to pretend that I don't know what games you play on the hill. I saw the way interns looked at you. I knew the first time you fucked around. I accepted that as part of being married to you.

DOUG

Caroline. That's not...I don't--

Doug is flustered: caught in a lie, trying to reassemble himself. Caroline calmly gets up and pours herself another cup of coffee, then sits back down, her anger beginning to surface in her tightening face.

CAROLINE

What I don't accept is your risking everything we have with an indiscretion. If this blows up, do you think I'm going to stand there and hold your goddamned hand while you apologize on CNN?

DOUG

Of course not...I'm sorry. I'm going to work this out...I'll do whatever--

CAROLINE

You'll do whatever it takes to keep me from being humiliated!

She stands up, looking down at Doug.

DOUG

Of course. I will. I'm sorry. I never meant--

CAROLINE

Don't. Don't explain. Don't tell me what you "meant." Don't tell me you're sorry. Just fix this. This is our life. My life!

DOUG

I will. I'll take care of it.

Caroline escalates in tone. Under attack, Doug becomes increasingly agitated.

CAROLINE

How? How are you going to 'take care of it?' What were you planning to do? Start a college fund? In case you didn't notice, we already have a son.

DOUG

I didn't have a plan! I saw the results. She called me.

CAROLINE

You did have a plan! You told me you were never speaking to her again. You sat right there in that chair and told me...

Douglas stands up and sweeps the papers off the table.

DOUG

I was trying to keep this together! I wouldn't have answered if I hadn't seen those goddamn tests!

CAROLINE

Well, you did.

Caroline pauses. She takes a deep breath then sits back down, folding her hands in front of her, listening with feigned patience and total disgust.

So, what did she want? Money?

DOUG

No. She wanted to tell me she was keeping the...baby...and that she didn't want me to have anything to do with it. I offered to pay--

CAROLINE

You offered to pay? Oh, that was stupid. Just stupid.

DOUG

For hospital costs! That's all. She said she didn't want anything from me: no contact at all.

CAROLINE

And?



DOUG

And what? I told her there wouldn't be. That was the last time I spoke to her.

CAROLINE

Until this morning, right?

DOUG

Caroline, that was work. I can't discuss that with you. You know I can't.

CAROLINE

Work? Did you become a florist overnight? Got a "delivery?"

DOUG

No! Goddamnit, that's not what that's about!

CAROLINE

What if she takes this to the press? What if she decides she wants child support? Do you have any idea of how much damage she can do?

DOUG

Of course I do! She's not going to do anything. She has as much to lose as I do.

CAROLINE

But does she have much to lose as I do?

DOUG

She's 3000 miles away. She's--

CAROLINE

She's pregnant with your baby! That's what she is. I can't believe you could let this--how could you be this fucking stupid? How?

DOUG

What do you want me to do?

CAROLINE

Fix this. Just fix it.

DOUG  
Fix it? I can't unfuck her,  
Caroline.

CAROLINE  
Then unfuck yourself, Doug. I don't  
care what you have to do, but you  
need to fix this. All of it.

Caroline stands up, picks up her keys from the table and  
walks to the front door.

DOUG  
There's nothing to fix!

CAROLINE  
No? How about our marriage?

Caroline pulls off her wedding band and throws it across the  
room.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Clean up your mess before you get  
back from D.C.

She leaves, slamming the door behind her.

FADE TO:

EXT. DESTROYED HOUSE - NIGHT

The ruins of a house burn and smolder. Brick, splintered  
wood, and flames glow in the dead of night. In the  
foreground, a small body twitches beneath a collapsed wall.

VASQUEZ (V.O)  
Target destroyed.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

We see the smoldering remains in high definition on Vasquez'  
screen.