

ULTIMATE CONTROL

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Inspired by the disappearance of MH370

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FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. TURNER FARM - AFTERNOON 1987

SUPER: TALL GRASS PRAIRIE OKLAHOMA, SPRING 1987

The Tall Grass prairie sways back and forth below, revealing the rolling hills of Oklahoma. Buffalo's run over hills and seem to turn with the wind.

An aerial view finds two boys playing with .22 rifles outside the family barn. The boys perform a series of maneuvers that follow military protocol approaching a hostel adversary.

EXT. TURNER GRAVEYARD - DAY

In the distance ROBERT TURNER, Sr. (60's) a former Army Ranger places a bouquet of flowers on his wife's grave, the soil piled neatly not long ago.

Robert, Sr's thirty odd six leans against the tombstone. His wife's date of birth and death, along with Wife, Mother, Saint etched below, revealing her short life on the prairie.

EXT. TURNER FARM - DAY

The boys, ROBERT TURNER (12) and RUSTY WARD (13) both have small walkie-talkies and simulate communications. At the moment, the target they stalk is hidden from view.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Taking on heavy losses, we need
backup pronto!

YOUNG RUSTY WARD
Do you guys here us? Over!

Young Robert mimics the squelch from a transmission.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Squelch. Command we're do or die
here. What's our orders?

YOUNG RUSTY WARD
Squelch! Going it alone. Command?
(beat)
Going it alone. Over!

Rusty motions Robert to arch around the target quietly. As the boys circle, a lone Coyote watches each of the boys as they arch to either side.

The Coyote growls. The boys both raise their rifles, aim at their target. The boys nod at each other. Both boys release their safety's. A single shot pierces the winter air and startles the boys.

The Coyote falls to the ground. The boys look behind them, as Robert, Sr. lowers his rifle.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Dad! We had him.

ROBERT TURNER, SR.
Boys, this varmint is the one eating all the sheep. He's a mean bastard.

Young Robert's father approaches with his 30-06 and prods the beast with his foot to be sure the animal is dead.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
But Dad!

ROBERT TURNER, SR.
Robert! This is a dangerous animal, those twenty-twos would've just pissed em' off.

Robert Senior kneels to be sure his son gets the message loud and clear. He begins to tie the two back legs of the Coyote.

ROBERT TURNER, SR. (CONT'D)
Son, it's either you or them. Got it?

Although disappointed, Robert and Rusty honor the advice.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Yes, sir!

ROBERT TURNER, SR.
Winning is the only way you make it home, alive.

BOTH BOYS
Yes, sir.

The two boys place their rifles on their shoulders and Robert, Sr begins to drag the Coyote towards the barn.

YOUNG RUSTY WARD
Command, returning to base.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Mission accomplished.

The boys begin to mimic maneuvers and circle Robert's father on the way back to the barn. They change direction, turn and circle the barn unaware of the pending tragedy.

Robert, Sr. labors to walk straight. He pauses, grabs his left shoulder, grimaces in pain. He falls to his knees, looks content with his fate and lands sideways in the dirt.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

A small group of Soldiers in their 70's stand together on one side of Robert, Sr.'s casket. Young Robert stands by himself, Young Rusty by his side.

A twenty one gun salute begins, the commander shouts out the commands:

ARLINGTON COMMANDER
Ready, Fire!

Each shot rings out. Soldiers stand at attention and salute. Each shot pierces Young Robert's heart. Tears now cover his face.

The color guard folds the American flag, once draped over the casket. One of the color guard takes the folded flag and ceremoniously hands it to Robert. Robert hugs the flag and looks at Rusty confused.

A World War Two Veteran approaches Young Robert, his decorated comrades close behind.

OLDER SOLDIER
Your father was a hero. The best
soldier I ever knew.

Robert looks up at the group of men, a tear rolls down his cheek. Robert looks at his best friend.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Rusty and I would follow a life
only few men travel.

Slowly Rusty places his arm around Robert to comfort his friend. Their confidence and maturity evident to the Veterans.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Service above self. A life
dedicated to serve our country.

They instinctively pound fists together. As the boys walk by, one by one the older men salute Robert and Rusty. These boys were born to serve.

ROBERT (V.O.)
 One day we will lie with our
 brothers and sisters, here among
 the oaks, the maples and rolling
 hills.

The two young boys walk among the gravestones of fallen soldiers.

ROBERT (V.O.)
 The ultimate sacrifice taken with
 honor, but not without pain.

PRE-LAP SFX: The rapid blast of a car horn.

EXT. TURNER RESIDENCE - MORNING

SUPER: "SUMMER 2005"

Robert's first wife Jackie (30 year old blonde) is loading the last items into a packed car. His son Harry honks the horn one last time, places his boogie board in the back seat.

Robert locks the front door and heads for the car. His cell phone rings. It is a distinctive ring that both Robert and Jackie know.

ROBERT TURNER
 Turner.

JACKIE TURNER
 (incensed)
 You've got to be kidding me! We're
 on vacation.

Robert listening to the caller, motions to Jackie to be silent. Harry happy initially at the prospect of a week at the beach recognizes the sign of disappointment.

ROBERT TURNER
 Understood. I'll be there shortly.

Robert looks at both of them. Their solemn faces speak volumes. Julia and Harry ignore Robert and hop in the back of the car.

JACKIE TURNER
(distraught)
Robert, we've planned for this
vacation for months.

Robert motions to comfort Jackie and she pulls back.

JACKIE TURNER (CONT'D)
Don't do this. Harry was so
excited.

Both Harry and Julia sulk in the back seat.

ROBERT TURNER
I know. You guys go ahead. I'll be
there tonight.

JACKIE TURNER
Don't make promises you can't keep.

Jackie grabs the keys from Robert's hand and steps into the
car.

ROBERT TURNER
You know what I do for a living.

JACKIE TURNER
Yes I do. We just don't know who
you are anymore.

INT. TURNER CAR - DAY

Jackie quickly races out of the driveway and down the street.
Harry's head rests on the window. He watches from inside the
car.

JULIA
Told you he wasn't coming.

HARRY
He promised.

EXT. TURNER STREET - DAY

Jackie and his son Harry and daughter Julia drive away and
out of site. Robert places the phone to his ear.

EXT. TURNER RESIDENCE - DAY

ROBERT TURNER
I'm leaving now. Should be there
shortly.

PER-LAP: Sounds of a Hockey Rink becomes audible.

INT. HOCKEY RINK - EVENING

Robert helps Harry with his rolling hockey bag and stick.
They are leaving the rink with other families.

ROBERT
Does anybody ever wash this stuff?
It smells terrible.

HARRY
It always smells Dad.

HARRY'S PLAYMATE
See you at the game!

Harry nods to his teammate. Looks up at his father.

HARRY
You coming to the playoff game this
weekend? I'm starting.

ROBERT
I thought you always started?

Harry smiles aware his Dad is out of the loop, but
respectful.

HARRY
You have to come to find out.

ROBERT
I don't want to make a promise and
let you down.

HARRY
So don't promise and come anyway!

Robert smiles, proud of his son and his wit. He drops all of
the gear and gives Harry a bear hug.

ROBERT
I love you Harry.

HARRY
I know Dad.

Harry begins placing the hockey equipment in the truck, while Robert moves tactical gear.

ROBERT

I can't even remember a hug from *my* father. Didn't realize it bothered me till I had you guys.

HARRY

I get it Dad. It's a generational thing.

ROBERT

Where'd you get your brains?

HARRY

You should know, I got em from Mom.

Robert stops to digest Harry's stab. He begins to load the car.

INT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Robert is seated at a terminal bench by himself, at a distance from the gate. He watches jets taking off, glances down at his missing wedding band.

PRE LAP Sound EFX: A referee's whistle, and a blast from the horn.

INT. HOCKEY RINK - MORNING

From among the stands POV: family and friends stand and shout, cheer for Harry, who has scored a goal. Harry meets his teammates at center ice in celebration.

From the ice POV: Harry searches the stands for his father, his disappointment brief, he returns to the moment, glides by the bench fist bopping players on the bench.

INT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Robert checks his watch, realizes he has missed the hockey game and a chance to see Harry. He rolls his lower lip and exhales.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Duty prevents a normal life. A simple promise, impossible to keep. Something had to change.

NANCY CUMMINGS (58) a energetic widower is standing nearby unaware she is about to clock Robert with her purse.

She spins around and her large purse hits Robert as he bends down to stop her luggage from falling.

NANCY
I'm so sorry.
(beat)

Robert touches the side of his face. Nancy see's that her purse has drawn blood. She grabs Robert's head with both hands and looks closely at the wound.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Jeez. I've drawn blood.

Nancy sits almost on top of Robert. She rummages through her purse. Robert is busy exploring the features of this beautiful woman, enamored by her uninhibited careful attention.

ROBERT
(he mumbles)
Robert, Robert Turner

Nancy digs furiously and locates a Band-Aid. She is focused on the Band-Aid

NANCY
I'm sorry, what did you say?

Nancy opens the Band-Aid. Robert begins to pull back a bit as Nancy applies.

ROBERT
I'm Robert Turner.

NANCY
Oh, I'm Nancy. I owe you an apology Robert.

ROBERT
Of course!

She finishes, takes a Kleenex and wipes the side of his face gently, slowly. They meet eye to eye for the first time. Robert is completely engaged.

ROBERT (V.O.)
After two miserable marriages, here was that chance.

At this dark moment in Robert's life, joy enters his entire being.

ROBERT (V.O.)
 Choices, we live for them, we
 suffer from them.

Transfixed on each other they are unaware of the commotion at the gate.

EXT. SOUTHERN US - DAWN

SUPER: MARCH 8, 2014, US EAST COAST

The sun rises from the east and the earth's circular shape is revealed from seventy-five thousand feet. A satellite glides by, repositioning it's dish as the blue planet emerges.

The east coast of the United States and the Atlantic Ocean define the location. The Florida coastline takes shape as a lush tropical shoreline races by.

Waves cascade gently to shore exposing clear blue water and the reefs below. Ashore, the view arcs around the SOCOM Command Center revealing a massive campus of spyware, with watchful eyes and ears, to record from every conceivable device world-wide.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS - BUNKER LIGHTING

A secure bunker with a large monitor wall is occupied with high-ranking SOCOM officers, and an array of specialist from the Air Force. Today analysts flank the proceedings to provide support and logistics.

Experts occupy several rows of sophisticated instruments. The Commanders attention, fixated on the simulators that visualize an intercept taking place in real time.

The COMMANDER signals the OPERATOR to begin his detailed process.

SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
 M-C, pilot you are cleared to
 intercept, at your discretion.

EXT. AWACS SOUTH INDIAN OCEAN - NIGHT

From a rear POV: arcing from the side of the aircraft, the AWACS establishes a position behind a commercial airliner in the distance.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilot and co-pilot watch as their aircraft creeps closer to the rear of a Boeing 757.

AWACS PILOT
Acknowledge, cleared to intercept.
(beat)
Launch checklist, M-T-S auto-track.

In rapid but calculated precision, each step of the sequence is visually and audibly confirmed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AWACS SENSOR POSITION - NIGHT

From the rear of the AWACS, the operator sits, eyes fixed on a series of monitors and detection devices. He selects or switches elements as indicated:

SENSOR OPERATOR
Established.

AWACS PILOT
Laser ranging.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Laser selected.

AWACS PILOT
Initiate A-T-I.

SENSOR OPERATOR
A-T-I Engaged.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

ROBERT TURNER (60) now a detailed and devoted CIA Deputy Director, looks towards the JCOS AIDE for his interpretation.

ROBERT
Is the agent lethal, or non-lethal?

The Aide looks towards the JCOS for guidance. He shakes his head NO.

JOINT CHIEF AIDE
Provided those components were installed. But that would require human intervention, sir.

Robert's reaction indicates a serious concern. He fails to respond.

PRE-LAP SXF: CNN Headline News Open theme brings us to:

INT. CNN NEWS SET - DAY

A News Report begins on the CNN set. The Anchor delivers his lines seated at an oval plexiglass table, in front of a virtual set, as the remote camera inches closer. Video is displayed on a monitor wall that spans the entire set.

CNN ANCHOR

Today around the World. The war in Ukraine rages on, as Ukrainians sift through rubble, following yet another barrage of rockets overnight. North and South Korea exchange drone strikes, and the missiles continue to fall, from a host of Iranian proxies above the middle eastern sky. World War Three seems inevitable.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY TEHRAN - AFTERNOON

SUPER: FEBRUARY 11, 2014, TEHRAN, IRAN, RUSSIAN EMBASSY

A large limousine, accompanied by several black vehicles, races through a crowded street, surrounded by dozens of police, secret service and a full military escort. The massive display of fire power, pulls into the secure check point.

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.)

The prospect of an Iran Nuclear Deal, with the full blessing of the President, has sparked condemnation from Nato, China, Russia and even our most trusted ally, Israel.

Under heavy security, the Iranian Envoy quickly enters the compound far from scrutiny.

A stoic Clerical and Diplomatic delegation, briskly enters the side entrance through a wall of cameras and reporters.

Protestors line the trail into the compound with graphic signs of war and division.

EXT. CALLING TOWER TEHRAN - AFTERNOON

From a vantage point high atop a calling tower, an unidentified Asian male snaps dozens of photographs of the rendezvous. The pictures freeze momentarily to emphasize key players.

PRE-LAP: From calling towers to a time ticking beat brings us to:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

From an aerial of Washington DC, the view begins to follow a government limo, which eventually pulls up to the curb.

Robert steps out of the car. He glances at his driver with the window open just enough to see his eyes.

ROBERT
Be right back.

On the way into the coffee shop, a Camera Lens POV: clicks several shots of Robert.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Robert walks into the coffee shop, grabs his coffee on the shelf. On the way out he runs into JULIA (30's) Robert's daughter, who is tending to Robert's grandson.

ROBERT
Julia!

Julia holding her son and Robert with a coffee in hand, try an awkward hug.

JULIA
Do you have time to join us?

Robert pauses briefly, slides into the chair.

ROBERT
Sure, I've got a moment.

He places his coffee on the table. Julia moves it from her son's reach.

JULIA
So how are the newlyweds?

ROBERT
We're great. Thanks for asking.

Julia is distracted with her son, yet she attempts to dig for redemption.

JULIA
I'm told, third times the charm.

Robert's uneasiness is on display, he changes course.

ROBERT
How come you're still in DC?

Robert attempts to stimulate his grandson.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
With my grandson.

No acknowledgment, his grandson ignores him.

JULIA
We're catching up with a few
friends from GW.

She looks at Robert, he stares at his grandson, has no response.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You know you've barely seen your
grandson since he was born.

Robert looks back towards Julia, heads another direction.

ROBERT
Kids, they grow up so fast. Look
at you.

Julia is used to the denial, breaks the dead silence.

JULIA
Dad seriously, he would love to be
a part of your life.

Robert has picked up his coffee anxious to leave.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Well, I know you've got to get
going.

Robert stands at the opportunity, pats his grandson on the head.

ROBERT
Actually, I do. Nance and I would
love to spend some time together,
soon.

Robert awkwardly back pedals and immediately heads for the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
See ya soon.

JULIA
(softly)
Love you.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Robert exits the shop, hops into the limo, it drives away immediately.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An aerial view profiles the Langley complex of the CIA headquarters, as the limo enters the gate.

SUPER: FEBRUARY 13, 2014, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

INT. SITUATION ROOM - BUNKER LIGHTING

Robert, coffee in hand is surrounded by men and women in a large room filled with monitors and graphics from around the globe.

ROBERT
Has the intelligence been verified?

Pictures and details are displayed regarding MSS Agents. Robert instinctively recognizes an operative next to him.

OPERATIVE ONE
Yes, sir. Details verified by MSS.

ROBERT
These Russian agents look familiar.
You have a history with them?

Robert turns his attention to CHUCK MASON (35), a former Seal Team 6 member and APRIL FLORENCE (33), a black female and rising star in the agency.

Confident and assured April looks towards Chuck for a cue. April wears a serious smile and a nod. Pictures from the tower are displayed.

APRIL

Yes, they met with the Iranian
Guard and the Ayatollah.

Chuck enters the center of the group, references items
displayed on a large monitor.

CHUCK

Meet Demitri and Natalie. A couple
of really bad actors.

April searches the room to be sure the group digests the
intel.

APRIL

Just a hunch, but I suspect there
are terrible plans in the works. We
should keep our eyes on all of
them.

Robert makes note of the summary and wise counsel by Agent
Florence.

ROBERT

Advice taken. We'll assign a
tactical team from Trident.

One of the Operatives behind her screen motions to Robert.

OPERATIVE TWO

Director Turner, you need to see
this.

Robert walks over to her station. The items appear on the
monitor wall.

OPERATIVE TWO (CONT'D)

Our asset followed the Russian
Agents to this freight office. Our
source indicated they sent a
suspicious crate. A very large
crate, I might add. It's due to
board the Maersk Alabama.

ROBERT

Good work! Agent Mason.

Operative interrupts with yet another detail.

OPERATIVE TWO

Sir, the Alabama is already at sea.

ROBERT

Mason.

CHUCK

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

I want the Trident crew to keep an eye on this shipment, until we know what we're dealing with.

CHUCK

Yes, sir. I'll line it up.

Chuck and April begin to walk away, Robert addresses April.

ROBERT

Agent Florence.

APRIL

Yes, sir.

April looks to Chuck, they nod and separate. Chuck heads out. Both April and Robert watch Chuck leave.

ROBERT

How's he holding up?

APRIL

May I be candid, sir?

ROBERT

Yes, of course.

APRIL

It was a tense assignment, for both of us. He's a hell of an agent, but he carries quite a burden.

ROBERT

He's lucky to have you. Keep him on a short leash.

APRIL

Yes, sir.

April turns and leaves the room. Robert's cell phone rings. He recognizes the number, takes a few steps away and turns his back to the group.

ROBERT

Harry, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MIRAGE LAS VEGAS - EVENING

HARRY (30's) Robert's son and VERONIQUE (30's) Harry's girlfriend are standing on the corner of a bar with a massive pool behind them.

HARRY

Hey Dad, I know you've told me to only call your cell when it's urgent.

ROBERT

Are you OK?

HARRY

Oh yeah. Veronique and I got married.

Robert retreats to a more private setting, disappointment all over his face.

ROBERT

Congratulations!

HARRY

Thanks. We're going to the Great Wall for our honeymoon.

A bit of disappointment in his voice, Robert responds.

ROBERT

Awesome. I'm happy for you.

Robert doesn't know what to say.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Do you have a moment?

Veronique kisses Harry's neck, runs her hand around his waist.

HARRY

Hey dad, we've gotta run.

Veronique grabs Harry, he places his cell phone down, they run, jump in the pool.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS SECURE ROOM

Robert hears a large splash, then the dial tone.

ROBERT

(sotto)

Have a blast.

He closes the screen, ponders his surroundings.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS - EVENING

An aerial view slowly scans the beach at sunset.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - EVENING

The Summers house is decorated for a birthday. DIRK SUMMERS (35) a former Navy Seal, proud father and devoted husband sits at the head of a large table.

He is joined by KEITH REYNOLDS (34), Dirk's colleague and former Seal Team member, and his family. Everyone places their finger on their nose. Dirk is last.

DIRK

All right.

KEITH

Brother, your blessing is far better than your turkey trimming.

DIRK

No argument there. Let's bow our heads. Lord, thank you for our many blessings, our dear friends, the awesome food. And the United States Marines.

ENTIRE TABLE

Oorah!

KEITH

Amen to that.

Dirk's phone rings. He looks around the table before he gets up.

DIRK

Duty calls.

Keith stands and grabs the knife.

KEITH

I got this.

Dirk points to his cell phone, Keith acknowledges.

DIRK
Be right back.

Dirk retreats to the family room.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Continuing with his conversation on his cell phone.

DIRK
Sergeant Summers, Trident Group.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

CHUCK
Sergeant, This is Agent Mason, I've
got an assignment from Director
Turner.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE FAMILY ROOM

Dirk sighs, looks back towards the group.

DIRK
Yes, sir. You've caught me right in
the middle of a party.

CHUCK
I'll be brief. Your orders will
appear shortly. Enjoy your party.
You'll ship out in twenty forty
hours.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE FAMILY ROOM

DIRK
Yes, sir!

Dirk hangs up.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE DINING ROOM

Dirk re-enters the dining room. His wife and partner Keith
both know what his expression implies.

KEITH
So. Where we headed?

DIRK
Up into the wild blue yonder.

KEITH
Well then, birthday boy, looks like
we need to party!

The children and adults all blow party horns and shout:

ALL CHILDREN
Happy Birthday!

Dirk sits beside Julia. She whispers while other
conversations continue:

JULIA
When are you leaving?

DIRK
The day after tomorrow.

EXT. BEACH PARK - AFTERNOON

From a distance, Julia and Dirk watch Mason playing with
others on the play gym.

JULIA
Have you given much thought to
finishing your degree?

DIRK
To be honest, I enjoy what I do
and...

He pauses to swing his son higher.

DIRK (CONT'D)
The money is hard to pass up.

JULIA
Dirk, you're not getting any
younger. What about the risks?

Julia reveals the pain, Dirk flexes his muscles and mocks her
respectfully.

DIRK
This is why they hire me.

JULIA
I'm talking about our future.

DIRK
I get that.

JULIA
Dad has offered to find you a spot
at the Agency.

DIRK
You know how I feel about political
favors.

JULIA
The offer is there for the taking.

DIRK
If it'll make you feel any better,
I'll take the brochure for Virginia
Tech with me. They have a great
program for Veterans.

JULIA
That would be awesome.

Dirk hugs her and they both look towards Mason who is
swinging upside down.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Did you teach him that?

Dirk can't hide that he approves of Mason and his dexterity.

DIRK
Of course.

PRE-LAP SFX: A fog horn pierces the sea air.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA - NIGHT

A lone freighter cruises across the Gulf of Oman during a
moonlit night.

SUPER: MV MAERSK ALABAMA, STRAIT OF HORMUZ

EXT. GULF OF OMAN

Nearby a US Apache Gunship and a Blackhawk helicopter skirt
across the tips of waves in the Gulf of Oman.

INT. BLACKHAWK ONE

From inside a Blackhawk gunship, both pilots operate with night vision. The BLACKHAWK GUNNER (20's) notifies Keith and Dirk.

BLACKHAWK GUNNER

Stand by.

Keith and Dirk check each others packs, make adjustments. The red light above them turns to green.

KEITH

Ready, partner?

DIRK

Born ready. Into the abyss.

KEITH

See you at sea level.

From below the Blackhawk POV: the supplies are ejected first. Both men stand and position themselves close to the opening.

They jump from the helicopter, following the supplies headed for the Ocean below.

EXT. GULF OF OMAN

On impact a rubber raft is ejected from its pack into the ocean and the supplies float attached to the side.

EXT. RAFT IN WATER

Dirk and Keith land in the water not far from the raft, unclip their parachutes and swim toward the raft.

Aboard the raft, they expend little time clipping the supplies to their raft. They row towards the Maersk Alabama in the distance. Both with elaborate rigging around them, they ready a charge-filled device to launch and secure their ropes.

DIRK

The situation.

Dirk expects a reply from Keith, who is busy calculating the speed of the ship and the height of the deck.

KEITH

Let me see. Heading twenty knots,
deck approximately sixty feet, two
foot seas, light winds, sixty
degree angle.

DIRK

Keith, buddy, the ship is here.

Keith looks at the wake ahead,

KEITH

Perfection takes time.

DIRK

It's a big ass boat, Keith.

KEITH

Calm down, I got this.

DIRK

Jesus, Keith.

KEITH

Row away ten more feet. When we
crest over the wake, aim at the
center of the bridge.

DIRK

Are you sure?

KEITH

Positive. Well.

DIRK

Well, what?

KEITH

Almost, positive.

The wake arrives, Dirk rows the raft quickly away from the
ship as they both aim their crossbows. Pop! Pop!

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA DECK - NIGHT

On deck both of the hooks secure to the rail. The two men
ascend with an automatic riser, climb aboard and then hoist
the gear from the raft below. They watch the rafts
disappear, hide gear in the lifeboats.

They walk carefully on their way to a corridor and an empty
cabin well below the deck.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA KEITH/DIRK CABIN

Keith removes the Trident Logo from the door, they enter the room and begin to set up shop.

DIRK
First class accommodations.

KEITH
Nothing but the best, five stars.

DIRK
Not complaining. But, the Bureau did describe a view.

KEITH
A view of what? You're kidding, right? Why don't you check in, I'll do first recon.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA - NIGHT

Moonlit silence on the deck above. From the bridge, the captain surveys the ocean with his binoculars.

Private security patrol the deck with AK-47's, smoking cigarettes and laughing.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA CARGO BAY

Keith enters a portal and closes the door gently behind him. With his Springfield .45 drawn, he slowly approaches a dimly lit cargo area, where a large crate dominates the space.

He reaches in his pocket for a small Geiger counter. The scale displays one hundred percent. He lowers the volume.

From an undetected vantage point above Keith, an electrician observes. He watches Keith exit, pulls a cell phone from his pocket. He types, "SEAL".

Keith looks around tracing his path. He quietly exits the cargo area, out the door and down the hallway.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA HALLWAY

ELECTRICIAN TWO reads his text and observes Keith entering the room.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA KEITH/DIRK CABIN

Dirk rolls over, Keith's text arrives, the words "cargo radioactive" is displayed. He sets his sat phone down and lays on the bed, closes his eyes. He hears a sound in the hallway, he grabs his glock.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

OPERATIVE TWO receives the text from Keith and looks over his shoulder for Robert.

OPERATIVE TWO
(to Robert)
Sir, our team aboard the Maersk
Alabama just reported in.

Robert heads towards the Operative's screen to verify.

ROBERT
Trident's aboard. Good. How about
Florence and Mason?

Robert walks to the Analysts area, where they are seated around a concave monitor wall.

ANALYST ONE
They should be checking in shortly.

ROBERT
And Tridents status?

Robert looks over the ANALYST'S shoulder and reads the text to himself:

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(sotto)
I see. Keep that in a safe
compartment.

The Analyst nods in agreement to Robert.

EXT. ARABIAN SEA RUSSIAN FRIGATE - DAY

An aerial view reveals a Russian ship cruising just out of site, behind the Maersk Alabama.

INT. RUSSIAN FRIGATE BRIDGE

On the bridge a Russian Officer enters, hands the Commander a communique. The Commander pauses to read the memo.

RUSSIAN COMMANDER
 (in Russian)
 Are you certain this originated
 from the Alabama?

RUSSIAN OFFICER
 (in Russian)
 We are certain, commander.

RUSSIAN COMMANDER
 Very sloppy.

RUSSIAN OFFICER
 Yes, sir.

The Commander scribbles a note and hands it to the Officer.
 The officer glances at the memo and signals his confusion
 with the message.

RUSSIAN OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Am I reading this correctly?

The Commander responds, bothered by what he assumes is
 insolence.

RUSSIAN COMMANDER
 Have our agents harpoon the seals.

RUSSIAN OFFICER
 They will know what that means?

RUSSIAN COMMANDER
 Yes, they will.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

April and Chuck approach the beach in a small raft, then
 stand in knee-deep water and walk onto shore pulling a raft
 of gear into the jungle.

APRIL
 Let's get this stuff set up before
 dawn.

CHUCK
 You bet.

They both walk towards a small clearing sheltered from any
 detection, each with a backpack, carting two large Pelican
 cases.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I'll let Langley know we're on
site.

APRIL
Be sure it's encrypted.

April pauses momentarily to digest the surroundings and look briefly at her partner as she sheds her wet suit.

Chuck looks up as April stands naked in silhouette. Chuck sends a text and sighs in relief. His screen displays the last text "landed safely" to a DRT STAR icon.

APRIL (CONT'D)
What's up, Desperado?

Chuck smiles briefly to acknowledge the familiar nickname, shrugs his shoulders. April senses something else.

CHUCK
It's nothing. Really

Chuck opens a pelican and begins to unpack some of the gear. He pauses and recalls his private horror.

ENTER FLASHBACK:

EXT. - IRAQI BEACH - AFTERNOON

Prisoners blindfolded, in orange jump suits, are herded onto the beach. Ordered to kneel with arms bound, a loathsome ISIS LEADER looms over them.

ISIS LEADER
(in Arabic)
Infidels and Traitors. Kneel before
Allah.

April and Chuck look on from a distance with binoculars. A small video camera is on a tripod next to them recording. A LiveU sends the signal to Langley.

APRIL
Are you sure he is in the group?

CHUCK
Yes. Jesus, can't we do something.

APRIL
Our orders are to observe and
record.

CHUCK
Fuck our orders.

He places a sat phone to his ear, impatient.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Director, you're seeing this.
Right?

INT. - CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert has his eyes fixed on the screen at the beach, displayed by a drone.

ROBERT
Mason, you have no backup and
you're there to document only. Do
you copy?

CHUCK
Copy that.

EXT. - IRAQI BEACH - AFTERNOON

Chuck begins to climb the dune and April pulls him to the ground and wrangles him. They struggle, Chuck gives in.

APRIL
We can't. Save it for another day.

April has calmed Chuck and pulled him back behind the dune.

APRIL (CONT'D)
You'll just get yourself shot. I
can't have that.

Chuck's breathing slows, his muscles calm, he surrenders to April's calming voice.

A dozen shots ring out. They peer over the dune just as their agent is beheaded by the ISIS LEADER. Under his breath Chuck replies:

CHUCK
That mother fucker will pay.

EXIT FLASHBACK:

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

April leans down on two knees next to Chuck.

APRIL

I was horrified just like you. We had to let it go.

April gently touches his temples. Chuck pauses, locks eyes with April.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm no shrink. But you can't ignore this stuff.

CHUCK

Some things are hard to erase. I turn into something I'm not.

APRIL

That's to be expected. They train us to kill, and forget we have emotions. And demons.

CHUCK

I get that. It's the ones that get away that bother me.

April cups Chuck's cheek in her hand, rubs her fingers through his hair. Chuck closes his eyes briefly.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Wow, I'm cured.

They smile at each other briefly, then back to the mission.

APRIL

You're impossible.

April changes her mission.

APRIL (CONT'D)

I'm here to help, always.

CHUCK

I known.

April doesn't respond but her silence is heavy.

APRIL

We live with those missions every day. I find it's best to just let it go.

Chuck glowers, shoves a cartridge into his .45. He cocks it and places it to his side.

CHUCK

Some times I just want to hand out
some divine justice.

He pats his .45, his knee twitches. April regards him with sympathy and concern.

EXT. SEYCHELLES CARGO PORT - EVENING

The Alabama has arrived at the dock late in the evening. Dock workers secure the huge ship to the pier.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA KEITH/DIRK CABIN

Dirk and Keith are both seated with a small light illuminating their space.

KEITH

That crate is nine thousand pounds.

DIRK

No shit.

KEITH

According to the manifest, it's supposed to be mangosteen fruit.

DIRK

There's no way in hell fruit weighs that much.

KEITH

I did a little research. This could be a Vietnam era weapon or a missing nuke.

DIRK

Missing from where?

Referencing his laptop, he points to an article.

KEITH

Former Senator Sam Nunn says, there's dozens of nukes unaccounted for. All from the Soviet Bloc.

DIRK

You think this is one of em?

KEITH

Totally possible. I just can't tell which one it is.

DIRK
What's your gut tell you?

KEITH
No idea. But it's probably stolen.

DIRK
Be nice to know if it's being off-loaded here.

KEITH
We should know in the AM. Be able to use the sat phones too.

DIRK
Why don't you catch a few Zs. I'm gonna make sure it's still in the same spot.

KEITH
Good by me.

Dirk walks out carefully and then down the hall. Keith closes the door, and climbs into his bunk.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA DOCK

A pair is seen walking towards the cargo ship. Fog obscures their movements and the woman and man they have met.

They both head up the gangplank and into the side of the ship carrying backpacks.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA KEITH/DIRK CABIN

Keith is awoken by a knock at his door. With his light out, he stumbles to the door.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA HALLWAY

The hallway lights are also out. Keith peers down the hallway turns a 180 and is clocked in the face. He recovers quickly.

He throws two quick punches, stands on one foot, slams a foot to a jaw. His assailant falls to the ground. He pauses, a man and woman display two Tasers and fire both.

Keith fires two rounds, falls to the floor, stunned, convulsing. Both the man and woman fall to the floor, a bullet in each forehead.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA CARGO BAY

Dirk surveys the cargo. He hears a door opening. He takes his dagger from its sleeve and walks towards the door.

As he readies the blade, he is shocked by a Taser. The knife finds its target, stuck in the chest of the engineer. Dirk falls to the floor in an uncontrollable seizure.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA KEITH/DIRK CABIN

Two Iranian Agents have dragged both SEALS into their cabin. They punch the SEALS while they both lie motionless tied to two chairs.

IRANIAN ELECTRICIAN
(in Arabic)

Infidel spies.

The Electrician holds two syringes.

IRANIAN ELECTRICIAN (CONT'D)

Make certain it's fatal.

One of the Agents injects both men with the Heroin while the other Agent pours Vodka down their throats. They all exit the room.

Dirk struggles to open his eyes. The brochure from Virginia Tech falls to the ground.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA

Two Agents walk off the plank and are greeted by Russian Federation Agents Natalie and Demitri.

NATALIE
(in Arabic)

Have the Seals been eliminated?

Both of the Iranians nod their approval.

DEMITRI
(in Arabic)

And the cargo?

IRANIAN ELECTRICIAN

Safe and sound!

The Electrician picks up the briefcase left for the two of them. They both get into a car. The silence is broken, Muslim prayers ring through the air.

DEMITRI
Continue as planned.

NATALIE
Yes, of course.

The large crate is hoisted off a pallet by a forklift. Demitri and Natalie walk away with silent satisfaction. The car exiting in the distance (with the Iranians) explodes into a fireball, bits and pieces fall from the sky.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: CIA OPERATIONS, LANGLEY, VA

ANALYST ONE
Trident missed their check-in.

ROBERT
That's not like them.

Robert is noticeably shaken by the news.

ANALYST ONE
It's possible their transmissions were intercepted.

ROBERT
Don't speculate. What do we know for sure?

A series of pictures and reports are displayed on the monitors

ANALYST ONE
Seychelles Police report that two unidentified persons were killed last night.

OPERATIVE TWO
Unconfirmed at this point.

Robert sits on the counter. Looks into space and mumbles:

ROBERT
(sotto)
I should have sent someone else.

He takes a deep breath, gathering himself. Posted on the monitor wall is a video feed from a security camera and pictures of the burnt remains of an Iranian car.

ANALYST ONE

The remains of two Iranians were found outside the Cargo area. We suspect these two were from the police report.

The charred vehicle is displayed on the large monitor.

ANALYST TWO

Sir, may I interject?

ROBERT

Go ahead.

Analyst Two describes her findings. Robert looks into space.

ANALYST TWO

Florence and Mason are on the ground. They have instructions to check on Trident.

Robert signals to Operative One, showing signs of fatigue.

ROBERT

Let me know if they check in.

OPERATIVE ONE

Yes, sir.

Robert collects his briefcase and slowly walks out of the situation room. His colleagues stand powerless against the circumstances.

INT. TURNER RESIDENCE - EVENING

Robert stares at his glass of wine while Nancy looks at him with compassion.

NANCY

What's up?

Robert looks on the sideboard next to him at family pictures. One in particular of his daughter and son-in-law.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Robert?

ROBERT

I'm sorry, what did you say?

Nancy stands, walks behind Robert and begins to massage his neck. He lowers his head. A tear rolls down his cheek as he plays with his wine glass.

NANCY
Want to talk about it?

ROBERT
The most difficult part of my job
is keeping secrets.

Silence as Nancy allows Robert to control the dialogue.

NANCY
Well. I'm here.

Robert turns, Nancy sits close on the couch. After a brief pause Robert regains his composure.

ROBERT
It's Dirk and Keith. They're
missing.

NANCY
Jesus.

Nancy grabs his cheeks and looks into his tearful eyes.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Have you told Julia?

Robert reveals a rare moment of emotion. He bites his lip and fights back tears. Nancy comforts him.

ROBERT
It's unconfirmed at this point.
(beat)
But I took the risk for granted.

She hugs Robert as he hovers into the pillows with Nancy holding on.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND REMOTE SITE - AFTERNOON

Chuck discretely pulls a small scope from his bag and looks towards the Cargo Ship port.

APRIL
Can you make out the name?

CHUCK
Yep. It's the Alabama, all right.

APRIL
Come on, we need to find out where
it's headed.

Both Chuck and April are now wearing tourist clothing attempting to blend into almost any scenario.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - MORNING

Robert gathers with the same team in the Communication Room. He circles the epicenter of the room. His eyes red from lack of sleep.

ROBERT

OK. Up to now we know very little about this package.

Director Turner looks towards the Operative station.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I want to know where it's headed.

OPERATIVE ONE

Yes, sir. We're sending another Agent to meet up with Florence and Mason.

A bio and vitals of BILLY "ACE" FOSTER appears on all the screens.

OPERATIVE ONE (CONT'D)

Agent Foster will join our team on Seychelles Island.

Robert delivers commands to his staff around him.

ROBERT

OK, alert Defense, the Joint Chief's and the Security Council.

ANALYST TWO

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

They need to be brought up to speed.

OPERATIVE TWO

On it!

ROBERT

All right. We need a lead Agent in the field.

He looks towards the Intel Officer.

Robert waits until his bio and statistics are up on all of the screens. Everyone looks up at the monitors.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Some of you may know General Ward. There's no better commander in the world.

(beat)

Study his bio, I'll be back in a few hours.

EXT. CAROLLS CREEK RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

With the Naval Academy in the distance, RUSTY WARD (60's) Robert's colleague and life-long friend, are seated at a table away from prying ears.

RUSTY

You're calling the shots, the rules of engagement are sheltered in bureaucracy.

ROBERT

It's frustrating as hell.

Robert looks at the Academy in the distance and takes a drink.

RUSTY

In Afghanistan, I was tempted to ignore the Agency, but as a soldier we obey orders... clear and simple.

ROBERT

It's not always that clear cut. Winning battles on and off the field is a struggle.

RUSTY

We talking about family or the agency?

ROBERT

Both, I guess.

RUSTY

I don't know how you've managed to have time for your wife and children.

ROBERT

To be honest, I've failed miserably.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm on my third marriage. I rarely have time to call my son or my daughter. They're perfectly happy without me.

RUSTY

I find that hard to believe.

ROBERT

The cost keeps rising. Now my son-in-law may be coming home in a body bag.

The Director gazes out into the harbor.

RUSTY

There's no manual for compassion. That's all you can offer. Those soldiers were compromised by GRU or Iranian agents. You know that, right?

ROBERT

Yes. It's just hit close to home.

RUSTY

We're all family. You're the Deputy Director of the CIA. You're next in line and you've earned it.

ROBERT

I still feel responsible.

RUSTY

Of course you do. We send trained soldiers off to battle. What happens next, is in his hands.

Rusty points to the sky. Robert gazes at the sailboat crossing through the open bridge.

ROBERT

Maybe they'll be a day when you and I can cruise out into the bay. Catch the big one. Put all of this behind us.

RUSTY

That day is coming, my friend.

ROBERT

In the meantime, there's probably a nuke out there in the hands of bad actors.

They both raise their right hand and pound fists.

RUSTY

Loosing my wife led me to realize,
there's more to life than our
careers.

ROBERT

Yep, learned that the hard way.

Rusty senses an opportunity to return to the mission.

RUSTY

Anyway, I think there're other
players involved. Lot's of chatter
on line.

ROBERT

I think there's a connection to the
treaty.

RUSTY

Of course there is. Don't look
here, look over there!

ROBERT

It's concerning. Iran, Russia and
China are itching for a fight.

Rusty comments as a tug blows, its horn covering his thought.
They stand, their fists collide, their eyes transfixed on
each other.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND REMOTE SITE - NIGHT

SUPER: SEYCHELLES ISLAND PORT

An Apache Helicopter escorts a Blackhawk to safe harbor. The
Apache hovers stationary within sight of the Blackhawk as a
single CIA Agent exits, slides down the hanging rope.

A black Suburban on shore awaits his arrival. Agents Chuck
and April sit in the front.

BILLY "ACE" FOSTER (31), a cocksure and bold Australian,
throws his backpacks in the back and closes the door
immediately. Both helicopters head back out to sea.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - EVENING

Ace looks in the front seats at his team members and without much ceremony, reveals a familiarity.

ACE
Evening, mates.

Ace pats both of them on their shoulders.

CHUCK
Hey Ace. It's been a minute.

ACE
What's the hurry, Chuckie Baby?
April, how's my favorite Agent?
This bloke treating you well?

April almost blushed tries to deflect Ace's probing.

APRIL
Doing Awesome, Ace. So, what's up?

ACE
Look at you two. Strictly business.

He pauses for a moment to glance at his two colleagues and smiles. An awkward moment ensues as Chuck and April blush.

ACE (CONT'D)
Oh Kay.

The suburban pulls away quickly.

ACE (CONT'D)
The three of us need to conduct a
quick ID, then have a chat with the
pathologist.

April tries to probe Ace.

APRIL
What about the cargo?

ACE
That's the mission. Locate and
track the asset to its ultimate
destination.

EXT. ROAD TO SEYCHELLES AIRPORT - EVENING

A aerial view of the Black Suburban tracks the vehicle to the outskirts of the Airport. MSS Agents look on from a distance as the Suburban drives towards town.

SUPER: FEBRUARY 24, 2014, 0800 HOURS, THE SEYCHELLES POLICE

INT. SEYCHELLES POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Ace, April and Chuck are standing with the bodies of the Seals behind them on examination tables. A single sheet covers each of the Trident soldiers. The local PATHOLOGIST seems nervous, presents his theory.

SEYCHELLES PATHOLOGIST

In my opinion, the heroin and alcohol consumption led to their death.

He hands the report to Agent Mason, who studies its contents.

SEYCHELLES PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

The toxicology report alone is overwhelming evidence, supporting my opinion.

ACE

Enough to arrive at your conclusion? Doubtful.

APRIL

Did you search the Alabama?

SEYCHELLES PATHOLOGIST

We couldn't obtain a search warrant.

CHUCK

You what?

ACE

Bloody Hell! You're the fucking police.

Agent Mason holds Ace's arm.

CHUCK

With all due respect, Doc, these men are US citizens. They deserve your attention.

APRIL

How did you take possession of the bodies?

SEYCHELLES PATHOLOGIST

We received an anonymous call and found them on the dock.

ACE

Good Lord.

APRIL

Doc. US Intelligence, requires an hour to inspect the bodies.

April circles around to the Pathologist

APRIL (CONT'D)

Then we'll make arrangements to have the remains sent back to the US. That acceptable to you?

The men join April. They all stand and hover over the Pathologist.

SEYCHELLES PATHOLOGIST

Yes, of course. I will make certain the arrangements are confirmed.

April, Chuck and Ace watch the Pathologist exit and walk over to Reynolds and Summers. Chuck pulls the sheet down, draped over Reynolds. April uncovers Summers.

ACE

These men were beaten. Bruises everywhere.

APRIL

Look here.

April points to needle marks on the thighs of Summers.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Addicts don't slam a fix into their thigh and cause a bruise.

ACE

(To April)

Can you get a signal in here?

APRIL

You know it.

April fires up her sat phone and opens up her laptop. Her laptop displays a CIA logo with "Secure Encrypted Connection"

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

"Incoming Call" appears on Operative One's screen.

OPERATIVE ONE

Sir, I have a secure line from Seychelles Island. Agent Florence is on the line.

ROBERT

Patch her onto the screen. Agent Florence.

APRIL

Good Morning, sir.

ROBERT

Good morning, what do you got?

Agent Mason and Foster strategically stand to obscure the bodies. Robert steps closer to see the background on the screen.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Where are you. My God.

April, almost in tears steps away motions the men to step to the side.

Robert is jarred at the sight of his son-in-law's corpse. He steadies himself against the nearby counter-top.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What the hell happened?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SEYCHELLES POLICE DEPARTMENT

April continues, angered by what she reveals.

APRIL

I'm so sorry sir.

Robert sits in the nearest chair, he pounds on the counter. Alone he speaks to himself.

ROBERT
Their orders were to be observed.
That's all!

April lets Robert control the moment, waits for a cue.
Without looking up Robert asks:

ROBERT (CONT'D)
The details.

APRIL
Sir, it's obvious these men were
murdered. It appears they were
beaten while unconscious and given
an overdose of Heroin. That led to
heart failure.

ROBERT
Bastards! Every one of them.

Robert's face twitches with rage, but he reigns in his
emotions.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
So why conclude an overdose?

Ace is on the screen as Robert looks on.

ACE
Sir, the pathologist never looked
at these bodies.

Robert is still dealing with the grief, attempting to conceal
his emotions. What he is witnessing is anything but routine.

ROBERT
Make arrangements to ship the
bodies back to the US immediately.

CHUCK
Yes, sir. We plan to wrap up here
shortly.

APRIL
Sir,

In a rare break from protocol, Robert addresses agent
Florence:

ROBERT
Yes, April.

Robert stands in the middle of a silent room. April is on the
screens. She places her hands together.

APRIL

We will all say a prayer for you.
God bless you and your family.

Robert stands motionless, unaware of the reverence in the room.

INT. SEYCHELLES POLICE DEPARTMENT

The transmission is cut. The three agents stand, cover the bodies. They conduct a brief yet candid ceremony.

CHUCK

Dirk, Keith rest in peace. We'll
find the mother-fuckers who did
this.

APRIL

You can bet on that!

Each of the Agents place their hand on Dirk's and Keith's heads as they speak.

ACE

You'll be home soon, brothers.

APRIL

We're done here.

EXT. MAERSK LINE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

SUPER: FEBRUARY 26, 2014 MAERSK REGIONAL OFFICES

The three Agents walk into the regional office.

ANGLE ON: from a nearby, hidden vantage point, Natalie and Demitri watch the three US agents enter.

NATALIE

Always one step behind.

DEMITRI

Let's keep it that way.

They nod to each other.

INT. MAERSK LINE OFFICE

Occupied on-line the MAERSK LINE CLERK (30'S) behind the counter, doesn't look up initially when April, Ace and Chuck enter. April circles behind, Chuck and Ace set their automatic hand guns on the counter.

MAERSK LINE CLERK
What is the meaning of this?

April places her arm around the Clerk and shows him two pictures of the Soviet Agents Natalie and Demitri.

APRIL
Seen these two?

MAERSK LINE CLERK
Can't say I have.

April slams the picture on the counter. In one motion, she grabs the man's hand, draws a dagger and slams the dagger between his fingers. The Clerk screams!

ACE
I suggest you take a closer look.

CHUCK
She's damn good with that blade.
Look familiar now?

The clerk is distraught, he realizes his dilemma.

MAERSK LINE CLERK
Now that I see them closer. Yes,
they came in yesterday to claim a
crate bound for an Emirates flight
tomorrow.

APRIL
Where is the crate now?

MAERSK LINE CLERK
They arranged for a private
carrier. It's at the airport.

CHUCK
May we see that record?

MAERSK LINE CLERK
This is highly unusual.

April strokes the dagger.

MAERSK LINE CLERK (CONT'D)
OK, OK. I'll print out the
particulars.

April pulls the dagger from the counter, takes the report out of the printer and glances at the details. Whispers in the Clerk's ear:

APRIL
You did the right thing.

MAERSK LINE CLERK
What choice did I have?

The Agents begin to walk out.

ACE
Bleeding versus not bleeding.

CHUCK
You made the right choice!

EXT. MAERSK LINE OFFICE

The Agents walk to the Suburban, climb in and speed out of the parking lot.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - AFTERNOON

The Suburban pulls into a remote location. The three agents hop out and head to the back of the SUV. The back opens. A complete communications system fills the entire rear of the SUV.

ACE
What do you think?

CHUCK
Holy cow Ace.

APRIL
This is impressive.

Ace at home with tech gear, goes right to work configuring the remote communications.

ACE
April, dear, here comes Langley.

A satellite dish recoils and rotates from the top of the SUV and the monitors and devices all begin to operate. Ace grabs a gooseneck mike and speaks to Robert.

ACE (CONT'D)
 Afternoon, sir.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert responds, shows signs of fatigue.

ROBERT
 Hello Ace

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND

Chuck and April sense Robert's anguish.

APRIL
 Sir, we'll be brief.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Inside CIA Headquarters the Agents appear on the monitor.

ROBERT
 Go ahead.

APRIL
 Yes, sir. We have good and bad news
 this morning.

ROBERT
 I'll take the bad news first.

APRIL
 The bad news, sir. The package left
 the Alabama site last night and
 will be on a flight to Kuala Lumpur
 International Airport tomorrow
 morning.

ROBERT
 OK. And the good news?
 (a murmur)
 I could use some.

Chuck looks at both his colleagues for a cue and decides to speak.

CHUCK

I'll take this one. We'll have eyes on the package this evening, now that we know where it's headed.

ROBERT

Is there a way you can determine its contents?

CHUCK

Yes, sir. We have Ace on that one.

Chuck waits with a brief pause, Robert is impatient.

ROBERT

Go on.

CHUCK

You may want to ratchet up the threat assessment.

Chuck looks to the others for approval. Ace chimes in.

ACE

Right O sir. The highest color ya got!

APRIL

Time's up. We have a hit from the bad guys.

Everyone is alerted by an audible "Intruder" and a stop watch counting from 5 seconds.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Gotta roll!

ROBERT

What the Hell is it?

Robert is broadcast on the Monitor, the other feed disappears. April hangs up.

OPERATIVE ONE

They missed that sir.

April hangs up, pulls the head phones from her ears.

APRIL

The bad guys are listening.

ACE

Mates, we gotta check in regularly
with Turner or he's gonna go
ballistic.

APRIL

What if we go dark.

CHUCK

Nobody said anything about going
dark.

APRIL

But you were thinking it!

ACE

Bloody hell.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

**SUPER: FEBRUARY 28, 2014, SEYCHELLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT,
FREIGHT TERMINAL**

April, dressed to kill, in every sense of that word, slithers
down the sidewalk and enters the Freight Office.

She is greeted with a friendly smile from the young MALE
CLERK completely taken with her, perhaps because the silk
blouse she is wearing is ultra shear.

APRIL

Evening.

EMIRATES CLERK

May I help you?

April presents official paperwork claiming ownership of the
crate.

APRIL

Yes, you may. We want to be sure
our crate is on the Emirates flight
tomorrow morning.

The clerk looks at the air-bill.

EMIRATES CLERK

This is a popular shipment!

He tracks it on his screen. April makes her way around the
counter to his side, leaning over rubbing against the clerk.

APRIL

How so?

The clerk is uncomfortable.

EMIRATES CLERK
(sotto)

Forgive me.

EXT. EMIRATES CARGO STORAGE

Agent Mason and Agent Foster breach the locked gate and enter the storage room. Chuck alerts April.

CHUCK
(to April's earpiece)
We're in.

They quickly locate the crate and take several pictures, while MSS Agents watch undetected.

ACE
(to Chuck)
There it is.

CHUCK
Get a reading and put some eyes on it.

Ace raises a monitor detection device in the air until it confirms its cycle. A close-up of the meter shows 100% radioactivity.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
No shit.

Both men notice among the markings on the crate, a large burnished emblem, "Property of the United States of American".

ACE
(surprised)
That's a bit odd, don't ya think?

They look at each other, confused at the markings.

CHUCK
A bit of a twist. You think it's stolen?

ACE

I was thinking of something
different. Isn't it spelled America
not American.

MSS Agents finish and sneak out another exit, undetected.

INT. EMIRATES CARGO OFFICE

The Clerk goes on talking, still smitten:

EMIRATES CLERK

A Russian couple and an Asian
couple have claimed ownership. A
bit odd don't you think?

APRIL

Not really.

EMIRATES CLERK

If I may, I need to see your
identification, I will print out a
report.

She slowly places her hand inside her blouse, revealing her
breast. The clerk doesn't see the small night stick emerging
from April's bag.

A deliberate blow to the sweet spot on his head, the clerk
slams down onto the counter and into a neat pile on the
floor.

April steps over the Clerk, checks the monitor, clicks a few
pictures with her phone and grabs the report from the
printer.

APRIL

Thank you so much. The service here
is stellar.

She reads the details of the crate on the air-bill, adjusts
her blouse and walks calmly out the front door.

EXT. EMIRATES CARGO OFFICE

Chuck and Ace join April and walk briskly to the SUV.

INT. TURNER RESIDENCE - EVENING

Nancy sits close to Robert. She gently rubs his shoulders. He sits at his home office desk looking between his phone and the computer.

ROBERT

I've had difficult missions before
but nothing to prepare me for this.

Nancy grabs a chair and sits next to Robert.

NANCY

You've told me that everyone who
serves knows the dangers.

Robert stares into space, takes a sip of his scotch.

ROBERT

They were just there to observe.

Nancy allows Robert the moment to grieve.

NANCY

You said it was their mission.

ROBERT

But I placed them in harms way.

NANCY

They were there to do a job.

ROBERT

That doesn't make it any easier.

After a beat, Robert stands, grabs a coat and his keys and heads for the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a while.

Nancy watches him walk away and out the door.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - EVENING

Robert arrives at Julia's home, he pulls into the driveway and steps out of the car and sighs.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Nothing in life can prepare us for
moments like this.

(MORE)

ROBERT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I labored with every step, knowing
 the agony I will deliver will never
 fade away completely.

Robert walks slowly to the front door and rings the doorbell.
 A moment later, Julia opens the door and is shocked to see
 her father at the door.

JULIA
 Dad, what are you doing here?

ROBERT
 (in a broken voice)
 Julia.

Immediately, Julia realizes on her own the grim reason for
 her father's visit.

JULIA
 Oh my God, NO!

Robert grabs the door and attempts to comfort Julia who has
 begun to sob. She pounds on Robert's chest as they both walk
 towards Mason.

INT. JULIA'S FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Mason standing up in his pack and play, begins to cry in the
 background. Robert continues to bear the folly of fists from
 Julia. Julia screams and begins to shout:

JULIA
 Why. How could this happen? Oh,
 dad. What am I going to do?

Off Robert's grave expression:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Robert labors down the hallway on his way to the Director's
 office. He enters the entrance foyer. The Secretary greets
 Robert with a smile and troubled look.

DIRECTORS SECRETARY
 He's expecting you.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE CIA - MORNING

Robert enters the office of the DIRECTOR (60's) Robert's
 intimidating superior. Robert is noticeably guarded and
 reserved.

ROBERT
Morning, sir.

DIRECTOR
Take a seat Turner.

The Director's attention is directed at a report in his hands.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
These Trident Agent's. Their murders are disturbing.

He looks up, Robert struggles to respond.

ROBERT
Yes sir, one of them was my son-in-law.

DIRECTOR
Sorry to hear that. I didn't know.

The Director misses any opportunity to offer his sympathy.

Robert avoids any awkward feelings, having exhausted his emotional limit the night before.

ROBERT
They were former Seals sir, very capable...

The Director holds up a finger, insisting Robert stop talking.

DIRECTOR
Your orders were to observe and report. Did I get that right?

ROBERT
Yes, sir.

DIRECTOR
Turner, it's time to get in front of this.

ROBERT
We believe a nuclear device is on the move.

The Director pauses to calculate potential fallout.

DIRECTOR
Is it one of the proxy groups?

ROBERT

It may be more sinister sir. We have recent surveillance from a meeting in Tehran with Russian, and Chinese leadership.

DIRECTOR

Are you suggesting a world conflict? A nuke in play is serious.

ROBERT

It has that potential, sir.

DIRECTOR

This could scuttle sensitive negotiations. And God knows, we can't afford another conflict. We've got to be certain.

Robert can't believe the naivety of the Director.

ROBERT

We have surveillance on the crate and are convinced it is serious, sir.

DIRECTOR

Your next steps?

ROBERT

I'd recommend we assemble the security council. Full disclosure, sir.

The Director is already reviewing another document.

DIRECTOR

The political fallout could be huge. I want you to take the lead. Are we clear?

ROBERT

Yes, sir.

Robert stands. The Director's secretary interrupts.

DIRECTOR'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

Sir, I have the Secretary of State on hold.

DIRECTOR

I gotta take this.

The Director points Robert towards the door, answers his phone, waits for privacy. Robert turns and leaves the office.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

ESTABLISHING: the looming skyline of Washington DC. Eventually, we land on the back lawn of the White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY COUNCIL - MORNING

SUPER: MARCH 1, 2014, SECURITY COUNCIL, WHITE HOUSE

Robert enters the secure room with Rusty. Seated around the table are the Joint Chiefs representing Navy, Air Force, Army and Marines. The White House Chief of Staff, NSA Director and two unidentified aids from the White House staff sit nearby.

The President's seat is noticeably empty. Robert wastes no time in getting down to business. Rusty sits down while Robert remains standing.

ROBERT

I want to thank everyone for joining us this morning. Now, to our first order of business. This meeting is Top Secret and we can't risk any leaks from cavalier ears and eyes.

Robert points to two staffers whispering together.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You two will need to leave.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

They are the President's aides.

Robert survey's the room and sees approval from everyone.

ROBERT

No information will be communicated until they leave this room.

The WHCOS motions reluctantly and the staffers both stand and leave the room. Once the secure light illuminates, Robert begins.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Our Agents have identified a highly suspicious cargo currently at the Seychelles International Airport. We believe the crate may contain a nuclear device.

ARMY GENERAL

Have you taken a reading?

ROBERT

Yes, agents verified significant radiation without compromising the package.

JOINT CHIEF

Continue.

ROBERT

At this point, we have assets on the ground with eyes on the package. However, we have no idea of its final destination.

The White House Chief of Staff, buried in a text, looks up and defiantly responds:

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

Let me get this straight. You've tracked a huge crate half way around the world and you have no idea what's inside or where it's headed? Did I get that right?

Noticeably outraged by the WHCOS demeanor, Robert responds:

ROBERT

That's a fair assessment.

Preoccupied and flip, the WHCOS pauses briefly as the room waits.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

Is it headed to the US?

ROBERT

We have no way of knowing. There is reasonable certainty this device is lethal.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

Is there a risk of backlash from our Allies or China and Russia?

Robert is frustrated and raises his voice and demeanor.

ROBERT

No, there isn't. But we've already lost two soldiers tracking the device.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

You of all people should know the costs of freedom.

Given Robert's recent loss, this quip hurt him worse than the WHCOS could have known. Robert briefly regains composure.

ROBERT

Given the political climate and sensitive international negotiations, we are treating this as a potential threat to our national security.

The White House Chief of Staff stands.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

(defiant)

When you have an idea what it is and where it's going, let us know. God knows we don't need conspiracy theories of world war three floating around.

He stands, grabs his coffee and walks out the door. The entire group looks at each other, dumfounded.

PRE-LAP: Gunshots begin to fire.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Guns raised, the Old Guard fire in unison. One of the blasts startles Julia.

ROBERT (V.O.)

One day, Julia will learn to accept the sacrifice Dirk made willingly. But not today.

Stoic and emotionally distraught, Julia accepts the flag from one of the HONOR GUARDS. Still raging with anger she glares at Robert and Nancy.

ROBERT (V.O.)
 Every sacrifice made is sacred.
 After all, freedom comes at a cost,
 along with a heavy burden for those
 of us who survive.

Julia's son weeps as Robert and his wife Nancy stand in the distance. Several Trident members and soldiers salute.

HONOR GUARD
 Lord, receive our soldier Dirk Lee
 Summers to your eternal care. His
 ultimate sacrifice will never be
 forgotten.

As TAPS begins, Dirk's family and his colleagues stop briefly one by one to lay a rose on Dirk's casket.

Most of them acknowledge Robert and Nancy as they pass by. Rusty stops. Robert steps aside as Rusty nods to Nancy.

ROBERT
 Soldiers and family. It's hard to
 swallow when it's both.

They stand silent as Julia is brought to tears by a relative.

RUSTY
 Those of us that take a oath, know
 one day they'll have to let go of
 someone.

ROBERT
 I followed protocol. But I assumed
 he was invincible.

RUSTY
 I'm sure he was caught off guard.
 The enemy is to blame.

ROBERT
 I underestimated the enemy.

You sense a change. A resolve and anger in both their voices.

RUSTY
 It's time we take charge.

ROBERT
 Yes, it is. Silent service.

They both smile at the return of an old habit and respect.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We've got to win this one.

Again they pound fists, with determination.

INT. HOTEL SEYCHELLES ACE'S ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: MARCH 2, 2014, 0600 HOURS, HOTEL SEYCHELLES

April enters the room where Ace and Chuck sit in front of the secure computer with cups of coffee in their hands. April grabs a cup.

APRIL
Have you guys checked on the crate
this morning?

Ace navigates to the camera control as they all look towards the screen. He activates the monitor and then pans the camera to the point in the room where the crate was the night before.

ACE
Blimey, what the fuck?

CHUCK
You sure that's the right side?

ACE
Positive!

APRIL
Zoom in a bit more.

Panic rushes onto their faces. The crate is noticeably gone.

ACE
God, dangit!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - EVENING

An incoming call is presented on the main monitor.

OPERATIVE TWO
Sir, we have a call from Seychelles
Island.

ROBERT
Check to be sure it's secure.

OPERATIVE TWO
Affirmative!

ROBERT
Patch them through.

April, Chuck and Ace are seen together in the Hotel Room.
They conduct the call displayed on the monitor.

APRIL
Good day, sir! We're a bit pressed
for time but wanted to give you an
update.

ROBERT
Go ahead.

APRIL
We still don't have a handle on the
final destination.

ROBERT
(disturbed)
Just stay with the target.
Understood?

CHUCK
Yes, sir.
(beat)
There's a detail I need to show
you.

Chuck sends the pictures. They are displayed on the screens
on either side of the main monitor

CHUCK (CONT'D)
The label on the side of the crate,
can you make it out?

Robert squints at first, lowers his glasses and is concerned
at what he sees.

ROBERT
Yes I can.

Robert squints, his expression reveals a huge concern.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We'll worry about that. Do I make
myself clear?

ALL AGENTS
Yes, sir!

The three agents all look at each other, then hang up.

INT. HOTEL SEYCHELLES - DAY

APRIL
You didn't tell him.

CHUCK
Couldn't do it.

ACE
April, the man just lost his son-in-law.

APRIL
What about the truth?

CHUCK
We'll get there. All right?

April is still bothered, but accepts their predicament.

APRIL
Have it your way. But the moment we know where its headed, we contact Turner.

ACE
Sure thing.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND AIRPORT - NIGHT

SUPER: MARCH 3, 2014, 2000 HOURS, SEYCHELLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, FREIGHT TERMINAL

They signal to each other, Ace enters. He goes to work locating the video recordings.

ACE
(to himself)
Let's see here. Just save that for later.

He sticks in a thumb drive and begins downloading a few files.

ANGLE ON: Natalie and Demitri wait quietly while they watch Ace downloading data. With guns drawn, they enter and surprise Ace. Reluctantly, he raises his hands.

NATALIE
Ace Foster, what a pleasant
surprise.

Demitri grabs the thumb drive from Ace's raised hand.

DEMITRI
Thank you very much!

Demitri back hands Ace, grabs him from behind and sits him in
a nearby chair.

NATALIE
You have been such a comrade.

ACE
I'm not your fucking comrade. More
like your worst nightmare.

NATALIE
You take the blame, help us erase
silly mistakes.

ACE
You blokes really think we don't
know what's up?

Demitri finishes the knots. Punches Ace square in the face.
He hurts his hand and begins rubbing it.

DEMITRI
By the time your friends find you,
we'll be toasting to your demise.

ACE
You know, stealing US property will
get you twenty-five to life.

Natalie taunts Ace pushing the punch from Demitri.

NATALIE
So naïve. Putin and Xi will blame
US for world war three.

Natalie slaps Ace and smiles.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
The Iran deal. Busted.

DEMITRI
Natasha!

NATALIE
Who will he tell?

Ace smiles, with fresh details.

ACE
So just how do you plan to start
said World War?

NATALIE
Wouldn't you like to know.

ACE
Everyone lives happily ever after.
In a cloud of dust.

Natalie ties a handkerchief around Ace's mouth and kisses him on the forehead.

NATALIE
Happy trails.

Demitri pulls Natalie aside by her arm.

DEMITRI
(scolding)
You talk too much.

REVEAL: April and Chuck have communications between each other and Ace. They overhear the entire conversation.

With guns drawn, they set off the alarm system and rush into the room. Everyone trains their guns at each other. Natalie has her silencer aimed at Ace's head.

APRIL
Don't do it! I'm sure we can
figure this whole thing out.

DEMITRI
(to Natalie)
He has heard too much. Shoot him!

Without hesitation Agent Borsky smiles at the US Agents and raises her gun.

CHUCK
No!

Before Natalie can fire, a bullet bursts through the side of her head, killing her instantly! She falls to the ground.

REVEAL: From an obscured vantage point, the MSS Chinese Agents look on. Agent Chen holds a smoking sniper rifle.

A fire-fight ensues. April lines up her laser and shoots Demitri. He grimaces and blasts Ace in the shoulder as he tries to duck.

Demitri fires a few shots at Chuck. Chuck dives to the ground and tumbles to his feet, aims at Demitri's body, and fires three shots, as well as a final shot between the eyes.

APRIL
Ace, oh my God.

They pause as April hugs Ace and Chuck begins to untie him from the chair.

ACE
I'm good. No worries.

CHUCK
I've got Ace. Cover us.

They both are shaken by Ace's injury. April picks up the thumb drive and covers their exit.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - EVENING

SUPER: MARCH 4, 2014, CIA COMMAND CENTER, LANGLEY, VA

Over a secure encrypted line Chuck and April stand behind the SUV from a remote site on the Island

APRIL
Sir, Ace was injured... We're one hundred percent certain the Cargo will be transferred in Kuala Lumpur to a flight bound for Beijing.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert responds, relieved having vital intelligence:

ROBERT
Good work. I'm glad Ace is OK.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND REMOTE SITE

His arm in a sling, Ace shoots back:

ACE
That makes two of us.

Ace see's Robert and Rusty in the Comms Room, Rusty signals a thumb's up.

ROBERT
All right, we'll airlift you out
within the hour.

April types on the laptop as she speaks.

APRIL
Yes, sir. Sending data from a
Thumb Drive. It includes
surveillance video, confirms GRU
fingerprint.

ROBERT
Thank you both! Have a safe
journey.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - DUSK

SUPER: MARCH 5, 2014 SEYCHELLES ISLAND

Chuck and April watch as a transport helicopter lands. Two Rangers exit and help Ace onto the helicopter. All of them board and get settled into the back, they ascend quickly. As soon as they reach a safe distance, Chuck detonates the SUV.

The helicopter circles around to be sure it is fully engulfed in flames and then heads out to sea.

INT. RUSSIAN FRIGATE ARABIAN SEA

Aboard the Frigate Russian Intel details US Agents actions and follows the shipment.

COMMANDER RUSSIAN FRIGATE
(in Russian)
Sea Wolf to GRU Command, over.

GRU COMMS OFFICER (V.O.)
(in Russian)
GRU Command... Sea Wolf continue.

COMMANDER RUSSIAN FRIGATE
Package on schedule, two Red Hawks
lost, over.

GRU COMMS OFFICER
Rendezvous with Decoy ship, over.

COMMANDER RUSSIAN FRIGATE
Affirmative.

Leadership applauds the success of the mission as the comms officer hangs up. The Commander smiles.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS LANGLEY - NIGHT

SUPER: 0100 MARCH 6, 2014, CIA HEADQUARTERS

A aerial view circles from down the Potomac River to CIA Headquarters in Langley, VA

INT. SITUATION ROOM CIA LANGLEY - MORNING

The Director walks into the room, sits at the head of the table. Rusty and Robert are present at either side at the head of the table, joined by members of the Military.

DIRECTOR
Thank you all for coming at such a short notice. General Ward and Deputy Director Turner will brief all of us. General.

RUSTY
Gentlemen, I wish I had better news. We have forty-eight hours to determine how we will prevent a nuclear device from reaching Beijing.

A picture of the crate appears on the monitors. A closeup reveals the spelling error.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
With our finger prints all over it!

SOCOM DIRECTOR
General, I'm left to assume that since neither the Executive branch or the Legislative branch are present here, it's up to this body.

ROBERT

Yes, sir. That is correct.
Gentlemen, we're here to discuss
the potential scenario of World War
III, or preventing it. We're on
our own here.

JOINT CHIEF

Understood.

ARMY GENERAL

To get us up to speed, why don't
you walk us through where we stand.

ROBERT

I'd be glad to.

A series of pictures and evidence is display on all of the
monitors.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Our Agents were deployed on
Seychelles Island. They located
this crate and confirmed with high
probability it was not of US origin
as these markings indicate.

A shot of the cargo appears with the US markings

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We believe the device originated in
the Russian Federation, perhaps it
was sold to a rogue nation.

A list of missing atomic and nuclear devices is presented on
the monitor.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

At this stage, where it came from
is not our concern. Although, it
may be safe to say, if this crisis
goes public, the retaliation from
China is almost certain.

Robert finishes as the Joint Chief stands.

JOINT CHIEF

Thank you. Fortunately, I received
this report in advance. We've
looked at the situation and arrived
at the best case solution.

He motions to the SOCOM DIRECTOR (52) calm, methodical.

JOINT CHIEF (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce the Director of SOCOM.

SOCOM DIRECTOR

Thank you, sir.

The SOCOM Director nods to his aide to begin the presentation, both slides and 3D renderings.

SOCOM DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I'll be as brief and concise as I possibly can. For most of you in this room, this technology will be unfamiliar and perhaps, how shall I say, off the radar.

He takes a pointer and highlights the details on the screen.

SOCOM DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Following 9/11, Boeing developed a system to take complete control of an airliner, in the event of a hijacking. This technology is called the Boeing Uninterruptable Auto Pilot or BUAP. Our E-3 AWACS are equipped with the Airliner Controlled Irreversible Anti-Hijack System or ACIAHS. Basically, an AWACS can take control of any Boeing 757 and fly it like a drone to any location in the world.

RUSTY

So what you're saying is, we have the ability to snatch the plane out of the sky and eventually disarm the device without detection.

DIRECTOR

Gentlemen, this all seems a bit Star Wars to me. Although I thought it was possible. How do we explain this to our coalition partners?

RUSTY

Let's not alert them at this stage.

Robert nods to Rusty and the Director.

ROBERT

At least, not until we have approval from the top.

DIRECTOR

You know the President will be AWOL on this. He wants that Nuke Deal at any cost.

Rusty shows signs of objections, nods for Robert to continue.

ROBERT

After our first meeting, It's doubtful we can get the President's approval to take down a civilian airliner.

RUSTY

I believe the choice is crystal clear. Either we take control of this plane, or we get blamed for WWII. I don't think it's a decision that is all that difficult.

JOINT CHIEF

I recommend we arrange a meeting of the Security Council immediately. Hopefully cool heads will prevail.

ROBERT

(to the Joint Chief)

We may be on our own.

RUSTY

More than likely.

They all nod in approval.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The CIA Director, Diplomatic and Executive branch executives conduct various meetings with British and Chinese officials. The Director is seen hand shaking, attending private meetings.

EXT./INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPER: MARCH 6, 2014, SECURITY COUNCIL, WHITE HOUSE

The back lawn of the White House to the West Wing in the early hours of the morning, several limos arrive.

Rusty and Robert enter the secure room as a preliminary discussion is underway. The POTUS Chair is vacant, Cabinet Members sit at the table. Military views the meeting from the Pentagon, displayed on monitors.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
(condescending)

I hope this time you have ample evidence to present.

Rusty replies calmly as he is seated along with Robert.

RUSTY

For most of you in this room, what we present today will be, alarming.

Robert stands to address the Group. As he speaks video and images verify his intelligence.

ROBERT

We have evidence the world is in eminent danger of a nuclear detonation.

Robert pauses to be sure everyone grasps his statement.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We are aware of an Iranian/Russian plot, to detonate this device over Beijing. It's a politically motivated attack, intended to dismantle our negotiations with Iran.

A picture of the crate identifies it as Property of the United States of America.

RUSTY

China's retaliation would trigger Armageddon. This nuclear device will be placed aboard a flight on March 8th headed for Beijing.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

Wait a minute. Before we consider these measures, let me remind you, this is a commercial airliner with international passengers.

ROBERT

We are aware of the risks, and the ultimate consequences if we do nothing.

Robert completes his presentation and yields to Rusty. Rusty stands.

RUSTY

Gentlemen, our plan is called
Ultimate Control.

Incensed, the WHCOS stands and states very clearly:

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

You have got to be kidding me.
You're all Conspiracy Cowboys. I
Know that I speak for The White
House, State Department, Cabinet
and Congressional Members. We want
no part in this.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I doubt you have any consensus,
considering Congress has no
knowledge of this plan. The
alternative leaves us with a clear
choice.

The White House Chief of Staff stands and looks at the details displayed on the monitors and circles around the table.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

I certainly don't want the White
House to be blamed for starting
World War three.

RUSTY

This scenario prevents that.

The WHCOS ponders and looks around for signs of approval.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

Very well. The President will
issue his approval on one
condition.

(beat)

We want one-hundred-percent full
denial, should the mission fail.

He pauses briefly to be sure everyone digested his statement.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

We also insist The President and
the White House take full credit
for it's success.

Rusty, still standing, has only one reply as he places his hand on the empty chair:

ROBERT

Do we have the President's word on that?

Searing at the General, the WHCOS mutters:

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
(sotto)

Sure.

ROBERT

Could you state your answer so everyone can hear?

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
(shouting)

Yes! You have our word!

Rusty looks around the table and at the Monitor with the Pentagon principals present...

RUSTY

Ladies and Gentlemen, the US needs Absolute and Ultimate Control of this plane. Are we in full agreement?

The entire group, one by one, responds in the affirmative.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - AFTERNOON

The WHCOS's Assistant is seated on a bench overlooking the White House. A reporter with credentials hanging from her neck sits next to him.

REPORTER

You think this is an attempt to scuttle the President's Iranian Nuclear deal?

WHCOS ASSISTANT

Why would the Security Council and the Joint Chief's all advocate the same cockamamie scheme?

REPORTER

Can I name a source?

WHCOS ASSISTANT

Absolutely not!

REPORTER
How certain are you?

The Chief of staff hands the reporter the picture of the crate. The reporter gasps.

WHCOS ASSISTANT
One hundred percent certain.
Whoever hatched this plan, are
making sure the US will be blamed.

REPORTER
OK. It'll be the lead story
tomorrow.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: MARCH 7, 2014, 0800 HOURS, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA

The Director, Rusty and Robert have assembled their team, including Generals from the Pentagon, and each of the JCOS members.

ROBERT
Thank you all for being here on
such short notice.

Robert looks around the room. He throws a group of newspapers on the desk so everyone can read the headline. "Intelligence warns of WWIII".

A profile of Social Media, the Networks, Print and Media Blogs, Facebook and X, formerly Twitter, react to the possibility of WWIII.

As everyone grabs a copy to skim the headlines, Rusty relays the obvious.

RUSTY
Even the best laid plans can be
compromised by loose lips.

ROBERT
That son-of-a-bitch leaked this
story!

RUSTY
Sure he did. Fortunately, you are
among friends here.

Rusty looks towards the Director, motions to begin.

DIRECTOR
I am convinced..."

Robert and Rusty hang on the Director's words, which he chooses carefully.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Ultimate control of this airliner
is in the best interest of the
entire globe.

Satisfied to get his superior's blessing, Robert takes further control of the situation.

ROBERT
I want passenger profiles from the
manifest.

ANALYST ONE
Yes, sir. We'll assemble a profile
of everyone on the aircraft.

ROBERT
Excellent. We need fail safe
counter-scenarios in place, pronto.

One Analyst writes "Pilot" under Crew and Pilot's on the left side of the white board and Passengers on the right.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
OK, what do we know about the
pilot?

The Director walks out of the room without looking back.

EXT. SUBURB KUALA LUMPUR - EVENING

SUPER: 1900 MARCH 7, 2014, KUALA LUMPUR

Male pilot ABDUL AHMAD (53) drives into a gated community outside Kuala Lumpur and into his garage.

INT. AHMAD GARAGE

Abdul's WIFE (50) and three children are seated at the table for dinner as Abdul rushes past without concern. His wife calls to him:

ABDUL'S WIFE
Dinner is on the table.

ABDUL HAMAD
I'll be there in a moment, there's
something I must do.

He walks into his study where a complete flight simulator and
three large monitors are setup.

INT. ABDUL STUDY

He shouts back:

ABDUL HAMAD
Don't wait for me.

INT. HAMAD DINING ROOM

The children all seem disappointed and his wife responds.

ABDUL'S WIFE
Let's begin, your father will be
here in a moment.

TEEN CHILD
(tearful)
He never sits with us anymore.

ABDUL'S WIFE
Your father is a busy man.

INT. HAMAD STUDY

Abdul is seated at a flight simulator, his pilot ID sits next
to the controls. From Abdul's POV: all controls simulate the
view from inside the cockpit on two large monitors.
Identification reveals the flight simulator is for a Boeing
757-200. Several tears run down his face, his phone rings on
speaker.

CALLER (V.O.)
Good Evening Abdul!

He picks up the receiver quickly.

ABDUL HAMAD
Allah be praised!

CALLER (O.S.)
You are ready?

ABDUL HAMAD
Yes, I am.

CALLER (O.S.)
Your lovely family depends on your
success.

ABDUL HAMAD
Yes, I understand.

CALLER (O.S.)
Allah is great!

Abdul hangs up the receiver. He wipes his cheek and returns to the simulator. Commotion from the living room includes screams and plea's from his wife and children.

INT. FREESCALE SEMICONDUCTOR BOARD ROOM - EVENING

A very large conference room includes twenty members from Freescale Semiconductor. The group raises glasses in the air. A close-up of each member is shown as the CEO speaks.

FREESCALE CEO
(In Chinese with English
subtitles)
Gentlemen, I want to thank the
entire leadership for your
diligence and determination. To
boost Freescale to the undisputed
leader in the semiconductor
industry.

FREESCALE PRESIDENT
To our success.

Another Semiconductor principal taps on a water glass to gather every man's attention.

FREESCALE VP
Don't forget, we need everyone
there at the airport no later than
10 PM.

Members congratulate each other.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

The list of crew and passengers is growing on the large Monitor as Director Turner turns towards the next group.

ROBERT
I find it odd that twenty
principals from one company are on
the same flight.

RUSTY

Someone contact Boeing and Rolls Royce. Tell em, one of their jets will be diverted.

OPERATIVE ONE

I'll handle that!

ROBERT

OK, people, our passengers are checking in. Find out if anyone on this flight could ruin our plans.

On the Monitor is the gate and check-in counter for FL219. From the GoPro POV: Agent Florence in work clothes, attaches a camera towards the Gate.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - NIGHT

SUPER: MARCH 8, 2014, 0100 HOURS, KUALA LUMPUR AIRPORT

At the Check-in counter, a bustling terminal includes people from all walks of life, hastily conducting greetings and farewells.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert is pacing through the facility listening to profiles while he concentrates on the large screen broadcasting the Check-in gate.

OPERATIVE TWO

This is the large group of artists from Beijing. The entire group checks out.

The group is gathering for a picture at the gate.

OPERATIVE ONE

This young couple is VERONIQUE DUMAS. She is carrying a French Passport. She is traveling with Harry Turner.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Everyone that knows Robert's son pauses, looks around the room for Robert. Robert sits on the counter, shocked.

OPERATIVE ONE

Sir.

ROBERT
(sotto)

Yes.

OPERATIVE ONE

Your son and daughter-in-law took a flight from Berlin. It was...

Rusty motions to the Operative to stop. Robert almost falls to the floor. Rusty turns to aid Robert. He reaches out to support him.

ROBERT
My Lord! What are the odds?

RUSTY
(sotto)
Robert, you can't alert them without revealing our plans. You know that. Right?

ROBERT
(tearful)
It's Harry.

Robert heads to a glass enclosure with Rusty close behind. They walk in and shut the door.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS SECURE ROOM

Uncharacteristic, Robert kicks a chair, pounds on a table. He massages his hand and winches in pain.

ROBERT
Why this fucking flight?

Rusty is stunned at Robert's outburst, but remains silent.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Don't answer that!

Robert paces, looking towards the floor and back at the Communications Center. His colleagues all aware of Robert's dilemma.

RUSTY
I can't imagine your agony.

Robert stops Rusty in thought.

ROBERT

Why my family? This isn't supposed to happen. I sheltered them away from this shit so they'd stay safe. There has to be another solution.

Rusty senses Robert is looking for alternatives. He turns away from Rusty.

RUSTY

What ever you're thinking, you can't jeopardize the mission.

Robert quickly turns back to face Rusty with a plan.

ROBERT

Where is your humanity? Doesn't the system have two agents aboard? One lethal and one a harmless?

RUSTY

What are you suggesting?

Robert in desperation pleads with his friend.

ROBERT

Can't we get one of our Agents on that fucking plane?

Rusty ignores the suggestion and reminds Robert.

RUSTY

Remember the mission, your duty.

Off Robert's agonized expressions, we watch.

ROBERT

I've always chosen my duty over my family! Is this the payback?

Rusty raises his fist, Robert ignores their fraternal gesture. For the first time in their lives, Rusty instead hugs Robert. Robert's arms remain at his side. Rusty whispers:

RUSTY

(sotto)

You know what you must do.

Rusty releases his grip, Robert's face wears desperation and heartbreak.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS SECURE ROOM

From a distance Analysts and Brass watch Robert pull away from Rusty. He pauses a few moments to wipe tears from his eyes.

RUSTY

As callous as this may sound, Harry
and his bride have become
collateral damage.

Almost oblivious to Rusty's comment, Robert mumbles to himself:

ROBERT

Don't you call them collateral.

RUSTY

You know what I mean.

ROBERT

(sotto)

My country or my son?

Rusty motions for Robert to follow him.

RUSTY

You got this?

Eventually Robert shakes his head in approval. They pound fists haphazardly. Rusty opens the door, Robert motions to Rusty to give him a moment.

When Rusty leaves, Robert immediately types out a text to Harry: *I need your eyes on that flight. Use the satphone I gave you and keep it on. Confirm.*

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - EVENING

Harry looks at the text from his father, sends the following text to Robert: *Confirmed.*

VERONIQUE

Who's that?

HARRY

It's Dad. Something ain't right.

Harry reaches into his briefcase and pulls out his satphone.

VERONIQUE

What's that for?

HARRY
A secure line.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS SECURE ROOM

Robert reads the text, walks slowly back into the Communications Room. Robert still unbalanced shouts, looking at the large Monitor in front of them with two pictures of Iranians:

ROBERT
Who are those two?

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER

Operative One responds immediately hoping to diffuse the tension, the men unaware of the cameras.

OPERATIVE ONE (O.S.)
Those men are Iranian Nationals.
They paid cash and booked a one-way
ticket to Beijing.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert walks closer. More images appear on screen, showing the details.

OPERATIVE ONE
Their passports were flagged. This
young man is 19 years old. This
older man an unidentified
colleague.

ROBERT
These two are probably the trigger
men, if plan A is compromised.

He looks towards the monitor, where the two assemble their bags and pull out their passports and pray silently together. Robert has gained his composure and resolve.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Alert Agents Mason and Florence.
Tell them we have hostile agents on
the plane. Be certain that Agent
Mason knows the A-T-I must be
lethal.

ANALYST TWO
Copy that.

EXT. TARMAC - EVENING

From a vantage point nearby the Boeing 757: Chuck and April view the sensitive cargo as it is placed into the plane. A load operator carefully drives the Freight Container towards the side of the plane.

A large crate with US markings rolls into the underbelly and is secured by a worker. Chuck and April both receive the encrypted text. A close-up of Chuck's screen reveals "A T I must be non-lethal"

CHUCK

I need to get inside and check the canisters. How do I look?

APRIL

Like a dweeb!

CHUCK

That's reassuring.

APRIL

Do you know what you're looking for?

CHUCK

Two large canisters. I can't imagine they're that difficult to find. Cover me!

APRIL

Be careful. I'm sure they have eyes on us.

April grabs Chuck on both shoulders pauses eye to eye, she kisses briefly and sighs.

CHUCK

What's that for?

APRIL

Just shut up and get back here. That's an order.

Chuck responds without turning back.

CHUCK

There's nothing to worry about. What could go wrong?

APRIL

Just get your ass back here.

By now there is a light mist falling from the sky as Chuck casually heads towards the conveyer. The cargo is entering the Boeing 757.

ANGLE ON: From another vantage point MSS Agents, Chen and Kong watch. Agent Kong snaps a few pictures while Agent Chen speaks.

LISA CHEN
US Agents headed towards FL219 now.
Sending pictures.

MSS DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Do not reveal your location.

LISA CHEN
Yes, sir.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

From over Robert's shoulder a Monitor displays a large group assembling for a picture.

OPERATIVE TWO
Sir, this group are principals from a semiconductor company based in Beijing, returning from a retreat.

ROBERT
Just seems odd. You're certain. No threat from passengers?

OPERATIVE ONE
Except for the two Iranians.

Robert looks around and OP TWO speaks up.

OPERATIVE TWO
There is something strange about the manifest.

ROBERT
Go on.

OPERATIVE TWO
The plane seats 282 passengers. There are 55 empty seats but five are waiting on standby.

ROBERT
What do you make of that?

OPERATIVE TWO
They're overweight. That crate
must weigh several tons.

ROBERT
Good Lord! They're making room for
it.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - NIGHT

Last minute calls are made and the plane begins to board.

COUNTER ANNOUNCE
Good evening ladies and gentlemen.
We will begin boarding flight 219
to Beijing in just a moment. Those
requiring extra assistance and
travelers with small children may
board now. Please have your
passport and ticket ready.

Travelers who are anxious line up quickly and await their
zone to be called. Passengers begin boarding.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT

CAPTAIN ABDUL HAMAD and Copilot FARIQ HAMID (29) greet a few
of the flight crew and enter the cockpit.

ABDUL HAMAD
Good evening, ladies.

STEWARDESS ONE
Good evening, Captain.

FARIQ HAMID
Ladies!

Stewardess Two takes the Pilot and Co-Pilot jackets and hangs
them in the closet.

STEWARDESS TWO
May I get you gentlemen anything to
drink?

ABDUL HAMAD
I'll have a bottled water.

FARIQ HAMID
Nothing for me, thank you!

ABDUL HAMAD
Get him a large one!

Abdul and Fariq begin to prepare for the flight and conduct all necessary per-flight procedures.

The stewardesses prepare meals and arrange items for easy access while the clean-up crew and luggage is brought aboard.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert from his command post checks last minute details.

ROBERT
(on a satellite phone)
Langley requests confirmation,
copy.

APRIL
Cargo aboard. In place until
wheels up.

Meanwhile, Rusty requests confirmation.

RUSTY
SOCOM, this is Langley. Confirm
AWACS is airborne.

SOCOM DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Langley, AWACS en route. Intercept
is at 0200.

Rusty looks towards Operative One.

RUSTY
Notify Chinese MSS that operation
Ultimate Control is in motion once
the plane is airborne.

OPERATIVE ONE
Yes, sir.

Then Rusty points towards a communications post in the room to deploy the jamming of China Telcom service.

RUSTY
Ears Off. Jam all China Mobile.

CIA COMMS OPERATOR
Yes sir, confirmed. Ears off in 10.

With Rusty engaged, Robert retreats to the adjacent glass room overlooking the Control Room.

Looking at the monitor he sees Harry and his wife about to board. He dials Harry's cell phone.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER

Harry kisses Veronique on the cheek. His cell phone rings, he raises his phone to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert sees Harry with his phone, answers the call.

ROBERT
(on edge)
Harry, it's your father.

Harry looks about, sensing his father has eyes on him.

HARRY
Dad. What's up?

ROBERT
I know I've told you I wouldn't
call unless it's an emergency.

HARRY
Is this one?

Robert ignores the question, his need to engage evident.

ROBERT
Do you think you can spot the
Marshall on board?

Rusty looks around, sees Robert alone in the adjacent room.

INT. MALAYSIAN COUNTER - NIGHT

Harry stands near the boarding door with Veronique. Passengers are boarding behind them.

HARRY
I think so. We're boarding now.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert struggles to get out the words.

ROBERT
I have eyes on him. Big guy, gray
suit.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - EVENING

Harry is slow to respond:

HARRY
Yeah. I see him. Should I be
worried?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert is motionless. He sees that Rusty is aware of the call. Robert's cell phone clutched in his hand. He walks back out into the Control Room.

ROBERT
You'll be fine. Destroy that phone.

Before he can reply, the jamming of China Mobile begins and the chance for Harry to respond.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Harry? Harry!

Rusty walks over to his friend and colleague

RUSTY
Rob, it's the jamming.

Robert does his best to control his emotions.

ROBERT
I didn't have a chance to tell him
I love him.

Rusty, preoccupied, turns to supervise the operation.

In desperation, Robert takes his phone and types in two text's and sends both quickly so as to not alert anyone.

The first text reads: "You'll be fine!"

The second text: "Non Lethal Agent"

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - EVENING

Harry opens the back of his phone breaks the chip in half and throws the phone in the trash.

VERONIQUE
What'd you do that for?

HARRY
I'll explain later.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Two Iranian bag handlers enter the cargo area of the plane. Chuck is inside making sure the canister is engaged while April stands watch from a secure location.

Recognizing the threat, April dials Chuck on a small walkie talkie.

INT. FL219 CARGO BAY - NIGHT

Chuck hears a faint sound within his vest alerting him. He shines a flashlight in front of him. Dozens of canisters line the wall of the plane.

CHUCK
Hey, what's up?

APRIL
You have company.

He hangs up. A text dings from Robert, he looks at it, doesn't have time to respond.

CHUCK
Fuck!

EXT. FL219 CARGO BAY - NIGHT

April sees two bag handlers about to enter the cargo entrance and is forced to intervene.

APRIL
Hey! You!

One of the men runs towards the cargo entrance. April kills him with a knife thrown from a distance.

Chuck hears the commotion and looks at the ISIS TERRORIST in front of him. He recognizes his face.

CHUCK
Mother-fucker! It's you!

Without hesitation the ISIS TERRORIST fires a silencer and hits Chuck in the shoulder, then engages the cargo door.

Isis Terrorist turns about face, aims and nicks April with the pistol. April shoots the Terrorist, he falls on the tarmac, a single bullet hole is in the center of his skull.

Wounded, Chuck crawls back into the cargo bay. The cargo door closes completely. He crawls towards the canisters, wincing in pain. Only a small light remains.

CHUCK'S POV: His vision growing blurry, he attempts to find the canisters. He locates two similar canisters, struggles to rotate a knob to the left and collapses on the floor.

The conveyor pushes back from the plane. April throws the Isis Bag Handler into an empty cargo container.

She sends an encrypted message to CIA Headquarters. Looks towards FL219 as it rolls back from the gate.

She begins to sob.

APRIL
Oh my God, Chuck!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

On the display for everyone to see the following is typed out slowly.

"Mason shot. Cannot confirm canister. Mason in cargo bay, wheels up."

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the plane, the pre-flight message plays on the monitors as the Stewardess demonstrate the safety features of the plane.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT

Captain Hamad and Co-Pilot Hamid begin to prepare the plane for takeoff.

ABDUL HAMAD
FL219 clear from gate, headed to
runway 32R.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The command and clearance from the tower is given.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
FL219 clear to proceed to runway
32R.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Captain Hamad radios back.

ABDUL HAMAD
Affirmative!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (O.S.)
You are third in line.

ABDUL HAMAD
Roger that.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

Harry hands Veronique a pillow, he holds his satellite phone in one hand.

VERONIQUE
So what's up?

HARRY
Can't say exactly.

He reads the last text from Robert. Displayed on his satellite phone is: *Don't worry son, I will find you and your bride. I Love you!* Harry kisses Veronique on the forehead. She senses something is amiss.

VERONIQUE
Should I be concerned?

HARRY
Dad sent a text. He just wanted to wish us well.

VERONIQUE
That's great.

Harry cannot hide his emotion, he struggles to speak.

HARRY
He loves us both.

VERONIQUE

That's sweet honey. Don't they know everything?

Veronique cuddles close to Harry and closes her eyes. Harry locks eyes with the Marshall, delivers a sign on his forehead. The Marshall acknowledges the sign.

HARRY

In this case, I hope they do.

Nearby, the two Iranians are praying together.

YOUNG IRANIAN

Allah, keep us strong.

OLDER MAN

(Arabic captioned in English)

God is great.

The Older Man grabs the young man's head, they touch each other's foreheads.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Paradise awaits.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

Air controllers watch as FL219 approaches runway 32R

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

FL219. Cleared for take off.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Captain Hamad continues to inform the tower.

ABDUL HAMAD

Rounding the corner. Will stop momentarily to verify systems.

FARIQ HAMID

Clear sailing. She's ready.

Captain Hamad pushes the throttle forward, he glances at his Co-Pilot briefly.

EXT. KULA LUMPUR AIRSTRIP

The four Rolls Royce engines place the aircraft in full motion. The plane glides down the runway.

Eventually the nose lifts off the runway, the wings gently carry the fuselage aloft and FL219 enters airspace at 0141.

SUPER: 0141 HOURS, FLIGHT FL219

Most everyone is getting comfortable or laying back to fall asleep.

The plane reaches a cruising altitude of 35,000 feet. The lights are turned down inside the cabin. Inside the cockpit the Co-Pilot finishes the liter of water.

FARIQ HAMID
I'll be right back.

Pilot Hamad releases his harness, turns and locks the door. He tightens his lower lip and takes a deep breath.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

From inside SOCOM Headquarters a General is seen standing among computer stations and a monitor wall that places the General in silhouette.

SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
M-C, V-I-D confirmed, target is
WET, heavy-high closing slow,
prepare to acquire target, copy?

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

Inside the cockpit of the AWACS, the Pilot and Co-Pilot maneuver the AWACS in position to the rear of FL219 undetected.

At this point, FL219 can be seen in the distance approximately a half mile away.

AWACS PILOT
Copy that, SOCOM.

In the rear of the AWACS, the Sensor Operator monitors the performance of sensor systems of the operation.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Sensor Copy.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert turns towards the Military members in the group for guidance.

ROBERT

Before we proceed, can one of you stand next to us here and translate?

JOINT CHIEF AIDE

Yes, sir, I can translate for you. Command has made initial contact with the AWACS pilot and Sensor operator.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM Director chimes in.

SOCOM DIRECTOR

M-C, target at FENCE. Initiate action A-I, copy

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

JCOS Aide turns to Robert to translate the previous communication.

JOINT CHIEF AIDE

FL219 is at the boundary where it will be acquired. The hand-off between Vietnam air space.

ROBERT

Thank you, Colonel.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

Sensor Operator reviews several monitors jots down notes before speaking.

SENSOR OPERATOR

Copy, sensor confirms, target at 35 angels, base 15 degrees east, ASO reports green on A-I, speed 478, heading now 26 dot 4.

Inside AWACS cockpit, a fighter jet is seen in position to the rear of FL219 from over the shoulder of the Pilot.

AWACS PILOT
Pilot, M-C, I need 107 to come off
its tail. Sensor, have pilot break
target south.

In the rear of the AWACS the Sensor Operator replies

SENSOR OPERATOR
M-C break Ghost 107.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

JCOS Aide turns to give Robert the translation. Simulation is displayed on the monitor.

ROBERT
I think I'm good now with visuals.
I'll let you know if I get lost.

JOINT CHIEF AIDE
Yes, sir.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

Inside SOCOM Headquarters the Director leans over pushes a button and pulls the gooseneck mike towards his mouth.

SOCOM DIRECTOR
Ghost 107 disengage. Confirm.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Ghost 107 slowly creeps up to the side of FL219, potentially visible to Captain Hamad. Simultaneously, Co-Pilot Hamid tries to open the cockpit. Unsuccessful, he knocks gently on the cockpit door.

EXT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Fariq stops knocking, leans closer to the door and whispers:

FARIQ HAMID
Captain, its me.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Captain Hamad looks back at the cockpit door and misses the opportunity to witness the F-22 over his left shoulder.

INT. GHOST 107 - NIGHT

Inside the F-22 Pilot hears the confirm command and responds:

GHOST 107 PILOT
Ghost 107 copy, pulling off target.

Ghost 107 Pilot banks left and the FL219 disappears from his window.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

Harry with a keen sense of awareness, opens his window shade and watches the Ghost 107 bank away from the plane. He looks towards the Marshall who has also seen the jet. The Marshall nods to Harry.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM Operator relays the following:

SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
M-C Copy, Ghost 107 cleared off
target

The Director looks around the room, readying himself and others for the mission.

SOCOM DIRECTOR
Off mic, please.
(beat)
Ladies and Gentlemen this is not a
drill. You have trained for this
moment. Execute your mission.

The Director takes a last look at the room, then inhales deeply as the Pilot's next communication penetrates the room.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

The AWACS takes position at a slightly higher altitude and can clearly see the entire FL219 plane in front of them.

AWACS PILOT
Pilot, checklist.

From the rear of the AWACS the Sensor Operator begins the sequence.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Sensor, E-C-M ready, enter code.

From the cockpit the Co-Pilot looks at the Pilot, briefly, references his clipboard and begins to enter the code. He hits enter.

AWACS PILOT

Entered.

From rear of AWACS the Sensor Operator replies

SENSOR OPERATOR (O.S.)

E-C-M Power...

From the cockpit the Pilot looks to the Co-Pilot as he finishes entry

AWACS PILOT

On.

The sensor operator waits for this confirmation and replies

SENSOR OPERATOR (O.S.)

E-C-M Bit.

The Pilot looks to the Co-Pilot as he initiates several systems from the center console and above him.

AWACS PILOT

In progress.

After a beat, the co-pilot affirms with a head nod that the sequence has engaged.

AWACS PILOT (CONT'D)

Passed!

From the rear of the AWACS the Sensor Operator confirms once he sees the AFC Power button turn green.

SENSOR OPERATOR (O.S.)

A-F-C Power.

The pilot runs his hands down the center console as the Automatic Flight Control Power light turns green.

AWACS PILOT

Power on.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AWACS SENSOR POSITION - NIGHT

The Sensor Operator, now sweating from nerves, looks towards his console. In a quick, rapid-fire sequence, each command is executed as each officer speaks.

 SENSOR OPERATOR
A-F-C Bit.

 AWACS PILOT
Passed.

 SENSOR OPERATOR
System Status?

 AWACS PILOT
Ready.

 SENSOR OPERATOR
Checklist complete.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM Operator responds:

 SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
M-C, pilot you are cleared to
intercept, at your discretion.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

The young Iranian and the Older Man finish praying, stand and begin to walk quietly towards the cockpit.

The young Iranian pulls a dagger from his side. A slight turbulence shifts the young Iranian sideways. He bumps against Harry, who watches the two men pass into the first class cabin.

The Marshall stands, looks back to Harry who sees the threat, is relieved this task is handled by a professional.

In the distance the Co-Pilot continues to knock on the cockpit door, it has alerted the two stewardesses attempting to sleep in their seats. She smiles at the Older Man.

 STEWARDESS
 (To the Older Man)
Please, use the bathrooms in the
main cabin.

Without warning, the Older Man backhands the stewardess and the Young Iranian raises his knife and with a sharp blow, stabs the Co-Pilot in the neck, ending his life in one motion.

YOUNG IRANIAN
 Captain, Allah commands you to open
 this door!

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Pilot Hamad is alarmed at the voice from the other side of the door.

ABDUL HAMAD
 Whoever you are, I have everything
 under control.

The aircraft is in auto pilot, so Pilot Hamad unlatches his seatbelt and walks to the door, peers through the eyelet.

EXT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

The Young Iranian holds a stewardess, his knife pressed against her neck.

YOUNG IRANIAN
 If you do not open this door, we
 will kill every one of them until
 you do.

The Marshall sneaks up on the altercation, pulls a tazer from his belt and strikes the young Iranian.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

AWACS Pilot states:

AWACS PILOT
 Acknowledge, cleared to intercept
 (beat)
 Launch checklist, M-T-S auto-track.

In rapid but calculated precision, each step of the sequence is confirmed.

INTERCUT WITH:

SENSOR OPERATOR
 Established.

AWACS PILOT
Laser ranging.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Laser selected.

AWACS PILOT
Master arm is hot.
(beat)
Arm laser.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Laser is armed.

AWACS PILOT
Laze Target!

SENSOR OPERATOR
Lazing.

AWACS PILOT
Within range.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Sensor, target maintaining
altitude, 35 angels, base turning
40 degrees east, speed 469 heading
now 58 dot 2.

AWACS PILOT
Begin E-C-M Buzzer.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Buzzer engaged.

AWACS PILOT
Transmit Code.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Transmitting R-F and Satlink.

AWACS PILOT
Target acquired, BINGO banking left
base 73 degrees west.

From inside the cockpit, the co-pilot and pilot of the AWACS watch as FL219 begins to bank left.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

From over Pilot Hamad's shoulder, we hear banging at the door. The aircraft begins to bank left, disrupting the balance of the Pilot.

Incensed, Pilot Hamad is faced with hostile hijackers at his back and his aircraft is now in an uncontrolled bank as the steering wheel indicates.

ABDUL HAMAD
God have mercy!

Abdul sits back down, buckles in and attempts to steer the plane in a different direction to no avail.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

AWACS PILOT
Initiate A-T-I.

SENSOR OPERATOR
A-T-I Engaged.

INT. BOEING 757 CARGO BAY - NIGHT

From inside the cargo bay with Chuck slumped on the floor, a large canister expels a visible mist.

Chuck is awoken briefly as a flashlight in the distance shines through cracks in the wall of the planes epicenter controls.

CHUCK
What the...

Chuck is overcome with his wound and falls on his side.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

From above passengers heads, the warning controls flash, a visible fog begins to permeate the entire cabin.

Passengers that are awake, look above their seats, most are frantic stricken, as visibility lowers quickly.

Harry stands above Veronique, he witnesses the Marshall struggling with the two Iranians in the distance.

Oxygen masks plummet from above as Harry loses his balance and falls next to his bride, already fast asleep.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert looks towards the JCOS Aide for his interpretation.

ROBERT

Is there any way to determine
whether it's a lethal or non-lethal
gas?

The Aide looks towards the JCOS for guidance. He shakes his head.

JOINT CHIEF AIDE

Provided this plane has that
capability, it would require human
intervention, sir.

ROBERT

I see.

INT. FL219 CARGO BAY - NIGHT

We glide over from an unconscious Chuck to a green light from one of the canisters labeled ATI.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

From inside the plane, oxygen masks hang from the ceiling, yet every passenger is slumped over peacefully.

The stewardesses are curled up at various positions on the plane.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Pilot Hamad is out cold. The tranquilizing agent has performed flawlessly and in short order.

EXT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Outside the flight deck are the two Iranians, their hands and feet bleeding, the door damaged but secure.

The Co-Pilot and two of the stewardesses are dead, lying near the battered cockpit door.

The Marshall is 10 feet away, sprawled out in the aisle. His Springfield Armory 1911 .45 Caliber a foot from his hand.

A small carpet is set aside and the entrance to the main control center below is open, the light below is on.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM Operator relays the info:

SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
M-C, we confirm target control and
ATI at 2-01 hours, Comm is now with
GC, proceed with cover vectoring
and E-C-M to flight termination
ANCHOR.

SOCOM Director speaks into the gooseneck mic in front of him.

SOCOM DIRECTOR
Maintain secure comms. Squawk
track designator SS01 to match call
sign Sentry 1, situation is BINGO-
JUDY, your action complete, please
confirm.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

AWACS PILOT
Copy that, pilot out.

INT. AWACS SENSOR POSITION - NIGHT

From the rear of the plane, the Sensor Operator is noticeably shaken.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Sensor, copies SS01, A-S-O says
green, words negative, situation
BINGO- JUDY, comms secure, action
complete, sensor out

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

SUPER: 0207 hours, AWACS Control, Indian Ocean.

AWACS PILOT
AWACS cruising altitude 35 angels.
Confirm ACARS was disabled.

Inside the AWACS command plane, the communications includes the tower communication.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

A group of management surround the Controller, surprised at what they see.

AIR TRAFFIC SUPERVISOR
Any contact with flight 219?

The controller looks back at his superiors.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
Sir, they've vanished.

ATC staff surround the screen. They watch as the radar tracks FL219. The icon vanishes off the screen. All of them look perplexed.

AIR TRAFFIC SUPERVISOR
There one moment, gone the next.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM DIRECTOR
SOCOM M-C Ultimate Control? Copy?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

A silence permeates the entire CIA command center.

OPERATIVE ONE
Please stand by.

There is silence for only 30 seconds, while Rusty takes a moment to console his friend and colleague.

A tear streams down Robert's face while Rusty puts his hand on Robert's shoulder.

RUSTY
There was nothing else you could have done. No other choice you could have made.

The silence ends. The commands and affirmations commence.

ROBERT
We need to find out where they're taking that plane.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT

AWACS initiates the first communication.

AWACS PILOT
Transponder disabled, confirmed.

SENSOR OPERATOR (O.S.)
New flight entered, confirmed.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

A final message is heard loud over the speakers in the command center

AWACS PILOT (V.O.)
AWACS Command has Ultimate Control

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

From the cockpit, the Boeing 757 veers left. The AWACS plane follows close behind.

Inside the cockpit of FL219, the controls react to each command of the AWACS as the Pilot lays motionless.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM**SUPER: 0315 HOURS, CIA COMMAND CENTER, LANGLEY, VA**

There is no celebration. Everyone in the room knows the mission was a success. Only Robert and Rusty know the full extent of the cost.

Personnel continue their duties and the rooms noise level returns to normal. Rusty gives Robert a firm handshake.

RUSTY
Robert. The silver lining, is we don't know which agent was deployed.

ROBERT
Then, there is hope.

RUSTY
My prayers will be with you.

ROBERT
The hardest part is yet to come.

RUSTY
What do you mean?

ROBERT
I'll have to tell my first wife she
has lost her son.

RUSTY
Don't go there yet. I need to
clean up a few loose ends. You
know where I'll be if you want to
get away.

ROBERT
Understood.

RUSTY
When I return, we'll go on that
fishing trip.

ROBERT
Call the moment you know for sure.

RUSTY
Will do.

EXT. REMOTE ISLAND - MORNING

An unidentified charter aircraft touches down on a remote Island. The AWACS glides by the runway not more than 1000 feet from ground level.

Once the charter begins to slowly stop at the end of the runway the AWACS ascends and banks to the East.

INT. HANGAR - MORNING

A group of scientists and physicians from the United States and China are brought into a secure hangar, then into a secure area sealed from the outside. The FL219 aircraft looms in the distance.

CDC specialists are seen putting on temperature controlled environmental suits to enter a series of cleansing cycles.

Several of these specialists exit the controlled space and into the hangar. Soldiers in protective suits have opened the cargo bay and set about opening the passenger door.

Two soldiers exit the cargo area, carrying a stretcher with a barely conscious Chuck. April follows close behind. As he begins to speak they stop briefly.

CHUCK

I thought I'd never see you again!

She places her finger on his lips. He can hardly smile but is tearful as the men continue. April walks by his side.

APRIL

Mission accomplished.

He motions for April to come closer. They stop momentarily before entering the ambulance.

CHUCK

The A-T-I. Was it...

April smiles, nods in approval and kisses his forehead.

APRIL

We don't know yet.

Chuck thinks deeply. He lowers his guard.

CHUCK

I was thinking we could, celebrate.

APRIL

That's a great idea.

April signals to stop the stretcher. She bends down on one knee, her lips gently touch his forehead. She pulls back slowly, her eyes deep within Chuck's, filled with tears.

Rusty stops what he was doing to check on April and Chuck. He waits for April.

RUSTY

Agent Mason, Agent Florence. A superior job out there.

April salutes and then gazes at Chuck.

APRIL

Thank you sir. I was worried about him.

All business Rusty acknowledges the agents actions.

RUSTY

We all were.

Rusty places his hand on Chuck's shoulder, winks at April.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Deputy Director Turner sends his
wishes for a speedy recovery
soldier. Your next assignment
involves a little R&R.

CHUCK
Thank you, sir.

Rusty sees a group headed his way, he leaves April and Chuck
wondering about their orders.

From the groups perspective walking towards Rusty.

DR. JOYCE STRICKLAND
Now I see why this mission was
classified top secret.

DR. KURT SPENCER
I had my suspicions. Dr.
Strickland, I'm Dr. Kurt Spencer.

DR. JOYCE STRICKLAND
I know who you are.

DR. KURT SPENCER
Please call me Kurt.

PHYSICIST ROBERTS (49) is the lead scientist in the group
and, once everyone is assembled, he speaks.

PHYSICIST ROBERTS
Since we don't know what we're
dealing with, we all need to be on
guard.

The group is taking in their surroundings as Rusty
approaches. The entire group wears protective gear. Rusty
wears the military version. Behind him a group of soldiers
carrying instruments leaves the plane.

RUSTY
Good morning, everyone. Hopefully,
Dr. Roberts has given you a brief
explanation of the nature of your
visit here.

DR. KURT SPENCER
With all due respect, General, none
of us has a clue what we're dealing
with here.

RUSTY
Ah, Dr. Spencer.

DR. KURT SPENCER
General, excuse me if I don't
salute. We're in the dark here.

RUSTY
We all are. The agent is a mystery.
However, we know it's potentially
lethal. That's why we have brought
the aircraft here with its contents
intact. Please, walk with me.

The entire group walks towards the aircraft. A Chinese scientist steps forward and gains Rusty's attention. He leads several Chinese scientists, walking behind him.

DR. SHIMON CHOW
Besides having dozens of Chinese
passengers aboard this aircraft,
why have you brought our delegation
here?

They all stop at the base of the stairway for a moment as Rusty addresses the group.

RUSTY
The first intelligence we received
was an encrypted text from MSS
agents. The US and China have been
sorting this thing out from the
beginning.

DR. SHIMON CHOW
What about Russia and Iran?

RUSTY
As you may know, the US and China
are walking on thin ice, but are
cooperating. I believe we should
keep it that way. Fortunately,
there are no diplomats here.
(beat)
Please, follow me.

A Russian man slides out of the cargo bay undetected by the group. Agent Florence spots him immediately.

He slithers into the group of scientists undetected. Without warning, he grabs Dr. Spencer with one hand puts him in a choke-hold, the other hand wields a handgun.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL
Everyone freeze.

A few of the women scream, Rusty calmly responds.

RUSTY

What can we do for you, young man.

Agent Florence raises her rifle and begins to arc around the hostage attempt.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL

I want a plane and safe passage to Ukraine, immediately, or I will kill all of you.

Rusty sees Agent Florence taking a position. She raises her rifle, aims and signals ready. Rusty speaks slowly:

RUSTY

Of course. That will take some time.

Rusty motions for the others to back off to assure a clear shot for Agent Florence. The group distances themselves from Rusty, Dr. Spencer and the Russian.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL

Move, now.

Rusty raises his hands. A through-the-site POV reveals Agent Florence's struggles to get a clear shot.

RUSTY

You were on the flight?

RUSSIAN NATIONAL

Shut up and get moving.

He shoves Rusty. Rusty instinctively distances himself from Dr. Spencer.

Agent Florence slides sideways until she has a clear shot. Rusty gives a slight nod.

Agent Florence exhales, tightens her grip, she fires, killing the Russian instantly.

A few screams break the silence. Soldiers rush to the scene. Bystanders comfort Dr. Spencer, in shock and covered in blood.

RUSTY

(To Dr. Spencer)

You OK?

DR. KURT SPENCER

For once, I'm thankful for trained assassins.

Dr. Spencer nods to Agent Florence who walks towards Rusty. Soldiers tend to the Russian, Rusty turns to Agent Florence.

RUSTY

One in thousands could make that shot.

APRIL

Seemed like the right thing to do.

RUSTY

Awesome shot, soldier!

APRIL

Who is this guy?

RUSTY

Plan C or D? I'm still sorting this whole thing out.

Agent Florence salutes, holds. Rusty salutes, turns and heads towards the group. The entire group climbs the stairs and into the aircraft.

INT. FL219 MAIN CABIN - MORNING

Everyone in the plane is slumped over or on the floor.

One by one, each of the scientists enter the aircraft. A few have meters and devices to measure agents in the air.

All of the oxygen masks dangle in the air. Dr. Joyce Strickland looks from side to side and stops in shock as she sees a small girl curled up on the floor, looking directly at her.

DR. JOYCE STRICKLAND

General.

Rusty stops a few paces behind Dr. Strickland, walks over and looks down.

REVERSE: A small Asian girl (Hu Siwan) is looking up at both of them, very much alive.

RUSTY

Well now. Are there any others?

The physicians begin looking at the rest of the passengers. Some dead, some alive. Some waking.

Rusty walks through the First Class seating to the space in front of the Pilot's cabin.

He steps over the open hatch and looks at what is in front of him, rubs his jaw. Military evidence technicians are taking pictures and collecting evidence.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Send me your report as soon as possible.

TECHNICIAN
Yes, sir.

PRE-LAP SXF: The sounds of water and Seagulls brings us to:

EXT. CAROLL'S CREEK RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Robert and Rusty sit at their favorite table overlooking Carroll's Creek and the Naval Academy.

ROBERT
So, what did you learn?

RUSTY
Some good news, some bad.

Robert motions for Rusty to reveal what he has learned.

ROBERT
Out with it. The bad news first.

RUSTY
Somehow another agency got there first and decided to separate the passengers.

ROBERT
Who in the hell did that? And where in the fuck did they take them?

RUSTY
No idea. There're mixed results.

ROBERT
What do you mean?

RUSTY
Some died, some survived. Our experts believe the lethal agent was engaged first. When Agent Mason switched the canisters the first to expel was a small lethal dose. Enough to kill older passengers.

ROBERT

I thought the agent was either lethal or just a sedative.

Rusty pauses to finish drinking.

RUSTY

The good news, Harry and Veronique probably survived.

ROBERT

Probably?

Robert perks up immediately. They butt fists in celebration and continue their discussion as the view rises to reveal the harbor and the Maryland State House.

PRE-LAP SXF: CNN Headline News Open theme brings us to:

INT. CNN NEWS SET SITUATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Wolf Blitzer delivers the news of the missing airliner

WOLF BLITZER

We've been tracking this story for some time. A Malaysian Airlines Boeing 757 airliner went missing shortly after takeoff, vanishing with 239 passengers and crew.

Blitzer turns to his panel, consisting of a former pilot, a Boeing executive and a Delta Airlines executive

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

This seems odd. No distress calls, no evidence of a crash. What do you make of it?

DELTA EXECUTIVE

It is unusual that the plane has vanished without a trace. The planes ACARS and Transponder were deliberately turned off, no black box has ever been found and there were deliberate power interruptions consistent with an attempt to avoid radar.

WOLF BLITZER

And now, after a search conducted by over seventeen countries, we are giving up?

BOEING EXECUTIVE

Evidence suggests that human intervention may have played a role in the disappearance of this plane. Our engines were operating for over eight hours.

INT. CCTV NEWS SET - EVENING

CCTV ANCHOR

(in Mandarin)

The disappearance of flight 219 has devastated dozens of families here in Beijing. Most difficult for the survivors is not knowing where they are.

INT. RUSTY'S HOME - EVENING

Entering Rusty's study, a two camera interview is set-up and the Reporter, SHARYL ATTKISSON (52) begins her line of questioning:

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Thank you for sitting down with us and inviting us into your home.

RUSTY

You're quite welcome.

He looks around the room.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

This is quite the setup.

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Yes, it can be a bit overwhelming. I'm sure you are used to it.

RUSTY

This is actually my first television interview.

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Well then, I'm honored. May we get started?

RUSTY

Yes, of course.

Sharyl looks around at the crew for their non-verbal signal.

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Rolling?

ALL CREW

Rolling!

SHARYL ATTKISSON

General, there are dozens of credible scenarios for flight 219's disappearance.

(beat)

What's your assessment?

Rusty pauses for a moment to look around the room before answering:

RUSTY

Officially, I can't elaborate. Personally the whole incident seems rather suspicious.

Sharyl immediately changes her tone:

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Like UFOs now called UAP's, I happen to believe the US government is covering up the entire incident. You think that's a fair statement?

Rusty pauses for a moment and then answers:

RUSTY

Ms. Attkisson, you of all people should know what the government is capable of.

Sharyl frowns and replies.

SHARYL ATTKISSON

(under her breath)

Isn't that the truth!

RUSTY

We believe there are ten major reasons human intervention makes the FL219 disappearance criminally suspicious.

Rusty grabs a white board and points out each item on his list.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

There were no distress calls. No evidence of a crash.

(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)
ACARS was deliberately disabled.
The transponder was turned off
manually. A new flight path was
entered. The plane then went
missing for hours. No black box has
ever been found. The cockpit
recordings captured incoherent
mumbling from the pilots. And there
were dramatic changes in altitude
and deliberate power interruptions
consistent with avoiding radar
detection.

SHARYL ATTKISSON
Those steps require human
intervention?

RUSTY
Yes.
(beat)
They all do.

SHARYL ATTKISSON
Did the US have anything to do with
the disappearance of flight 219?

RUSTY
Without any evidence, it's hard to
say.

SHARYL ATTKISSON
Recently a search and rescue ship
voluntarily launched a vessel to
recover flight 219... at no cost,
unless they find the aircraft.

RUSTY
Doesn't that sound odd to you?

SHARYL ATTKISSON
Yes, it does. Either they are
stupid or they know something that
we don't know. What do you think?

RUSTY
Sounds like they are pretty darn
stupid.

Sharyl asks the General an open ended question:

SHARYL ATTKISSON
Is there any truth left in the
world today?

A sigh precedes the General's comment.

RUSTY

The truth in Washington, my dear.
Don't believe anything until the
government denies it!

SHARYL ATTKISSON

Is there a final thought you would
like to leave with us?

He leans forward, thinks to himself for a moment.

RUSTY

Ms. Attkisson, the truth is wrapped
in an enticing package right in
front of us. However, rather often
it's a very hard pill to swallow.

They finish, Ace walks into the room as everyone stands. Ace
smiles at Sharyl hugs Rusty.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Ms. Attkisson, this is my son Ace.

Ace offers his hand, his left arm in a sling. They shake and
share bewilderment.

INT/EXT. SANDALS RESORT - AFTERNOON

A white sand beach rolls by reaching the grove of a private
resort.

Chuck and April float by in a small sailboat. Slowly we
enter their space.

APRIL

So, why here?

CHUCK

I'm impulsive, you should know that
about me.

APRIL

This seems pretty right to me.

Both of them soak in the sounds of the water and sea gulls
flying overhead. "Eagles, Love will keep us alive"
instrumental begins.

CHUCK

You remember that song you used to
sing to me?

APRIL
That was years ago.

Chuck looks into her eyes with a familiar request.

CHUCK
Pretty please?

April moves closer to Chuck, rubs her hand through his hair, he closes his eyes. April begins to sing a Capello:

APRIL
I was standing, all alone against
the world outside. You were
searching, for a place to hide.
Lost and lonely. Now you've given
me the will to survive.

They are motionless taking in the moment.

APRIL (CONT'D)
When we're hungry, love will keep
us alive.

For the first time, Chuck opens up and reveals his own vulnerability and his enduring love for April.

EXT. SECRET ISLAND - EVENING

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

An aerial view begins tracking across the open ocean. An island comes into view, revealing a military operation, an Air Force runway, huge hangars, and a robust Army presence.

Flying back out to the tranquil turquoise water another small island looms in the distance. A Helicopter passes in the foreground, the lush covered island is seen in the distance becoming larger.

Circling the island, the lush forest below seems endless. The aerial view leads to a remote area of the island.

EXT. SECRET ISLAND GARDENS - AFTERNOON

From ground level, lush gardens and manicured crops dot the landscape. Rushing through at ground level, a wild pig runs by darting through the forest.

Obscured from view, the pig is being pursued through the forest from several angles.

ANGLE ON: off to the side, an arrow is brought back and aimed at the pig. The arrow bolts towards the pig and lands squarely in its side. The pig slides to a stop.

REVEAL: Recognizable members of FL219 stand over the pig. Harry approaches with his bow over his shoulder. He smiles. Harry and Veronique hoist it on a crudely made cart.

VERONIQUE

You know you're getting pretty good with that thing.

HARRY

One of the many skills Dad taught me.

VERONIQUE

I hope he thinks we're alive.

HARRY

He will never give up.

The rest of the hunting party catches up with Harry and Veronique. Abdul chimes in with a negative quip.

ABDUL HAMAD

We're all living in a simulation. Why do they give us just enough to survive?

VERONIQUE

What's wrong with living?

The party follows the cart. All of them wear ragged clothes, wear handmade hats and carry primitive weapons.

FADE TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Robert walks down the inside hallway towards the Director's Office.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Robert salutes the Military Guard at the door and enters the office. The Director is seated with his back facing the view. Robert places an envelope on the Director's desk, the Director turns and looks on his desk from over his shoulder.

DIRECTOR

Is that what I think it is?

ROBERT
Yes, sir. It is.

DIRECTOR
We prevailed, did we not?

Robert shrugs his shoulders, seeming to acquiesce.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Why resign at the height of your
career? You'll have my job one day.

ROBERT
Sir, the country will survive
without me.

DIRECTOR
And your plans?

Robert offers a civilian salute, turns away, walks briskly
out the door. With his back to the Director.

ROBERT
Spend the rest of my life solving
my mistakes.

REVEAL: We only see Director's arm. He throws the envelope
into the Inbox.

EXT. FREIGHTER CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The Present, Undisclosed Ocean, Deck of a large cargo ship.

A lone man in plain clothes stands in isolation on the deck
of a massive Cargo Ship obscured by the night sky.

He looks on as large crates are methodically dumped into the
ocean. The crates enter the ocean each tied to a counter
weight intended to keep the contents at the bottom. The
silence of the exercise is interrupted by the sound as they
plunge into the abyss.

REVEAL: We now see that the man is Rusty.

As the final crate is hoisted into the sea, the workers turn
towards the General to signify completion of their arduous
task.

Rusty nods in approval, both to verify the closure of a huge
burden and the end of his mission. Without hesitation, Rusty
turns abruptly, hearing the jet propulsion and rotors of his
helicopter begin to whine.

With a sigh of relief, Rusty tips his hat to the ship's officer, salutes the sailors and guards at the base of the stairs, boards the awaiting helicopter and takes off.

EXT. SOUTH RIVER MARINA - MORNING

As the sun rises in the East, Robert makes preparations aboard a large yacht.

He leaps to the pier to comfort Nancy. They embrace.

NANCY

Are you sure Harry is alive?

ROBERT

I've never been so sure of anything
in all my life.

Robert picks up a bag and a set of maps from the dock.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It pays to have reliable intel.

NANCY

Bring em back home. I'll be here
when you return.

Robert kisses Nancy gently on the lips and pauses to savor her scent and her touch.

ROBERT

There'll be plenty of time for us.

Robert hugs Nancy and savors her presence.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I want that more than anything.

NANCY

Turning in your resignation was a
giant leap.

Nancy straightens Robert's collar and soaks in her admiration.

ROBERT

I loved what I did for this
country, but it was time to leave,
be with the ones I love.

NANCY

You get back here... pronto.

In the distance, Rusty approaches with a large duffel and backpack.

RUSTY

Good-byes are the toughest part of being a soldier.

Rusty kisses Nancy on the cheek.

NANCY

A lesson I've learned the hard way.

She whispers in the General's ear, loud enough for Robert to hear.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You're both civilians now. Make sure he gets back safely!

Rusty smiles and looks at Robert beaming.

RUSTY

He's the Captain, I'm just obeying orders.

Robert gently touches Nancy's cheek, pauses for a moment and then hops aboard.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Permission to come aboard, Captain.

ROBERT

Permission granted.

Rusty passes his bags to Robert and walks up the plank to board the yacht.

Nancy throws the last line aboard, walks to the end of the pier. Tears flow down her cheeks.

RUSTY

When you said you bought a small boat, I was expecting something, different.

ROBERT

She's sea worthy and prepared for anything.

RUSTY

So, is this a fishing trip or an expedition?

Robert looks at his friend for a moment before he answers.

ROBERT
Perhaps a bit of both. I can
imagine you have a good idea where
we're headed.

Rusty pulls a set of maps from his belongings marked TOP
SECRET.

RUSTY
I've got a general idea. Let's
start with a son and his bride.

Robert appreciates Rusty's frankness.

ROBERT
Harry knows we're coming.

Rusty places his hand on Robert's shoulder, he knows full
well the emptiness in Robert's heart.

RUSTY
We'll have plenty of time to catch
up. It could be a needle in a
haystack.

Robert looks squarely into Rusty's eyes.

ROBERT
An entire lifetime of memories.

A pregnant pause leaves both of them speechless.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Well, time's a-wasting. Can you
secure the lines?

RUSTY
Aye Aye, Captain.

Rusty rolls-up the lines onto the deck while Robert pulls
away from the dock. They both wave to Nancy.

NANCY
(sotto)
God be with them.

Robert and Rusty settle into their seats and clink two
bottles of beer.

ROBERT
You remember our first battle in
Nam?

Rusty chuckles, opens the maps.

RUSTY

Oh yeah, there was lead flying
everywhere!

Their conversation continues as Robert pushes both throttles forward, the sound of the motors muffles their conversation.

The boat leaves the marina, featuring the name "Paradise Found". It gradually heads into the South River and out into the Chesapeake Bay.

FADE TO BLACK