

ULTIMATE CONTROL

Written by

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EXT. TURNER FARM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: TALL GRASS PRAIRIE - OKLAHOMA

The grass sways back and forth from a aerial POV, revealing the rolling hills of Oklahoma. Buffalo's run, turn with the wind.

The view finds two boys hunting outside the family barn. The boys perform military protocol approaching a hostel adversary.

EXT. TURNER GRAVEYARD - DAY - ROBERT, SR.

ROBERT TURNER, Sr. (60's) a former Army Ranger places a bouquet of flowers into the soil, piled neatly not long ago.

His rifle leans against the tombstone. 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. The target 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! Command? Going it
alone. Over!

Rusty motions to Robert. The boys circle, a lone Coyote watches.

The Coyote growls. They raise their rifles, they both nod, release their safety.

Crack. A single shot pierces the air, startles the boys.

The Coyote falls. The boys look behind them, as Robert senior 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 rifle, prods the beast with his foot.

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, ties the Coyote's legs.

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

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 boys place their rifles on their shoulders. Robert, Sr drags the Coyote towards the barn.

YOUNG RUSTY WARD
Command, returning to base.

YOUNG ROBERT TURNER
Mission accomplished.

The boys turn and circle the barn. Robert, Sr labors to walk. He stops, grabs his left shoulder, grimaces in pain.

He falls to his knees holding his heart, looks content with his fate, lands sideways in the dirt.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAY - MOURNERS

Soldiers in their 70's, stand together beside the casket. Robert stands with 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. Every shot pierces Robert's heart. Tears now cover his face.

The guard folds the American flag, ceremoniously hands it to Robert. Robert hugs the flag and looks at Rusty confused.

A VETERAN approaches Robert, his decorated comrades close behind.

OLDER SOLDIER

Your father was a hero. Best soldier I ever knew.

Robert looks up at the group of men, to his best friend.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Rusty and I would lead a life only few men dare follow.

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

ROBERT (V.O.)

Service above self. We were born to serve.

The boys instinctively pound fists together, the older men salute Robert and Rusty.

ROBERT (V.O.)

One day we will lie with our brothers and sisters, here among the oaks, the maples and rolling hills.

The boys walk among the gravestones of fallen soldiers. PRE-LAP SFX: The blast of a car horn.

EXT. TURNER RESIDENCE - DAY

Robert's first wife JACKIE (30's) an attractive blonde, loads the last item into a packed car.

HARRY (12) Robert's son, honks the horn one last time, places his boogie board in the back seat.

Robert locks the front door, his cell phone rings. It's a distinctive ring that both Robert and Jackie know.

ROBERT TURNER

Turner.

JACKIE TURNER

You've got to be kidding me!
It's our vacation.

Robert listens, motions to Jackie to be silent. Harry 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

Robert, we've planned for this
vacation for months.

Robert motions to comfort Jackie, she pulls back.

JACKIE TURNER (CONT'D)

Don't do this. The kids were 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 RESIDENCE - DAY

Jackie quickly races out of the driveway and down the street.

INT. TURNER CAR - DAY

Harry's head rests on the window. He watches from inside the car.

JULIA
Told you he wasn't coming.

HARRY
He promised.

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

INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT - ROBERT/HARRY

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

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

HARRY
It always smells, Dad.

One of Harry's team mates walks by.

HARRY'S TEAMMATE
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, 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 buddy.

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.

INT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - GATE - DAY

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 - DAY

Stands POV: family and friends shout, cheer for Harry, who has scored a goal.

INT. CENTER ICE - DAY - HARRY

Harry meets his teammates at center ice in celebration. He 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 - GATE - DAY

Robert checks his watch, realizes he has missed the hockey game. He rolls his lower lip and exhales.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Duty prevents a normal life. A simple promise, impossible to keep.

NANCY CUMMINGS (58) a energetic widower is standing next to Robert. 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.

Robert touches the side of his face. Nancy notices 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 strattles Robert. She rummages through her purse. Robert explores this woman, enamored with her uninhibited attention.

ROBERT
(he mumbles)
I thought I'd never.

Nancy digs, is focused on the Band-Aid

NANCY
I'm sorry, what did you say?

She opens the Band-Aid. Robert pulls back, Nancy applies gently.

ROBERT
I'm Robert Turner.

NANCY

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

ROBERT

No worries.

She finishes, wipes the side of his face gently. They pause eye to eye. Robert completely engaged.

ROBERT (V.O.)

After two miserable marriages, here she was.

Robert wears joy and contentment.

ROBERT (V.O.)

Choices, we live for them, we suffer from them.

They are transfixed on each other, unaware of the commotion at the gate.

EXT. SOUTHERN US - DAWN

SUPER: MARCH 8, 2014, US EAST COAST

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 Atlantic Ocean defines 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 SOCOM Command Center, a massive campus of spyware.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Secure bunker, large monitor wall, occupied with high-ranking SOCOM officers.

B) An array of specialist from the Air Force, provide support and logistics.

C) Rows of sophisticated instruments.

The SOCOM COMMANDER (50's) is fixated on the simulators, an intercept takes place in real time.

The COMMANDER signals the OPERATOR (30's) 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 - ESTABLISHING

Rear POV: arcing from the side, 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 777.

AWACS PILOT
Acknowledge, cleared to
intercept. 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

The operator's eyes fixed on a series of monitors and detection devices. He selects, 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

ROBERT TURNER (60's) 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.

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, at an oval plexiglass table, a virtual set.

The camera inches closer, a monitor wall spans the entire set.

CNN ANCHOR
Today around the World. The war in Ukraine rages on. 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 - DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 11, 2014, TEHRAN, RUSSIAN EMBASSY

A large limousine, accompanied by several black vehicles, races through a crowded street,

Surrounded by dozens of police, secret service, military escort, the massive fire power pulls into the secure check point.

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.)

The prospect of an Iran Nuclear Deal, has sparked condemnation from NATO, China, Russia and even our most trusted ally, Israel.

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

The Iranian Envoy quickly enters the compound, far from scrutiny.

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

EXT. CALLING TOWER - TEHRAN - DAY

ARI COHEN (20's) a Mossad agent, snaps dozens of photographs of the rendezvous. The pictures freeze momentarily to emphasize key players.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - TEHRAN

NATALIE and DEMETRI, Russian KGB agents, sneak in a back entrance.

EXT. CALLING TOWER - TEHRAN

LISA DOVE (20's) Ari's partner and former IDF sniper, looks towards the activity with binoculars, speaks to superiors.

LISA DOVE

Russian agents, here in Tehran. Sending stills shortly.

MOSSAD DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Follow them.

LISA DOVE

Yes, sir.

Lisa lowers her binoculars, impatient with Ari, she stands.

ARI COHEN

Sending now.

LISA DOVE

Hurry, they cannot be lost.

Ari places his camera and laptop in his case, they both run down the stairs, pass the front entrance of the Mosque.

INT. TEHRAN MOSQUE - PRAYERS - DAY

Men rise from prayer, several men stand at attention. The Cleric praises these men. FARIQ HAMID, ABDUL HAMAD, an OLDER MAN, a YOUNG MAN and a member of the Iranian Guard.

CLERIC

(In Arabic))

Allah, be praised. Standing
before us, heroes of the
Califate!

The entire group yell:

ENTIRE GROUP

(In Arabic)

Death to America!

PRE-LAP: From calling towers to a time ticking beat, brings us to a busy Washington street:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Robert steps out of the car, looks around, glances at his DRIVER, his window open.

ROBERT

Be right back.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - STREET - DAY

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

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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 holds her son, Robert coffee in hand, try an awkward hug.

JULIA

Do you have time to join us?

Robert stops, 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 distracted with her son, 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 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, he looks outside.

ROBERT

Sure, hey my driver is double-
parked.

JULIA

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. CIA HEADQUARTERS LANGLEY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: CIA HEADQUARTERS FEBRUARY 13, 2014

An aerial of Langley complex, CIA headquarters, Robert's limo
enters the gate.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - BUNKER LIGHTING

Robert, coffee in hand, surrounded by men and women, monitors
and graphics from around the globe.

ROBERT
Has the intelligence been
verified?

Details display Mossad Agents. Robert instinctively recognizes an operative next to him.

OPERATIVE ONE
Yes, sir. Intercepted by
satellite, verified by Mossad.

ROBERT
These Russian agents look
familiar.

Robert turns his attention to CHUCK MASON (35), a former Seal Team 6 member and his partner, APRIL FLORENCE (33), a skilled marksman and archer.

April wears a serious smile and a nod. Pictures from the tower are displayed.

APRIL
Yes, sir. They met with the
Iranian Guard and the Ayatollah.

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

CHUCK
Demitri and Natalie. KGB agents.
A couple of really bad actors.

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

APRIL
There's something sinister in
the works, if these two are
involved.

April glances at his partner, she knows his past.

APRIL (CONT'D)
We should keep our eyes on all
of them.

Chuck acknowledges April's comment with a tight lip.

ROBERT
Noted. Give Trident a call.

One of the OPERATORS behind her screen motions to Robert.

OPERATIVE TWO

Sir, you need to see this.

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

OPERATIVE TWO (CONT'D)

One of our assets followed the Russian agents to this freight office.

ROBERT

Good work! Agent Mason.

CHUCK

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

Have Trident track this thing, 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. 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 - DAY

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

Maybe later 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.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

An aerial view slowly scans the beach at sunset.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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 - NIGHT

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
You've caught me right in the
middle of something.

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
Confirmed!

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM

Dirk 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 - DAY

Julia and Dirk watch their son Mason playing with others on the play gym.

JULIA
Have you given 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 wears her displeasure, 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 says he's got a spot for you
at the Agency.

DIRK
You know how I feel about
favours.

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've got 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 he approves.

DIRK
Of course, I did.

The three are now alone at the park along the shore, with the
ocean channel in the distance.

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

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA - SEA LEVEL - NIGHT

A lone freighter cruises across the Gulf of Oman.

SUPER: MV MAERSK ALABAMA, STRAIT OF HORMUZ

EXT. GULF OF OMAN - HELICOPTERS

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

INT. BLACKHAWK ONE - COCKPIT

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 turns to green.

KEITH

Ready, partner?

DIRK

Born ready.

EXT. GULF OF OMAN- SEA LEVEL - ESTABLISHING

The Blackhawk, supplies are ejected.

INT. BLACKHAWK ONE - SIDE DOOR

Both men stand and position themselves close to the opening.

KEITH

See you at sea level.

They jump, following close behind the supplies, headed for the ocean.

EXT. GULF OF OMAN - WATER LEVEL

A rubber raft ejects from its pack, supplies float attached.

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 row towards the Maersk. They ready a charge-filled device.

DIRK
The situation, sir.

Keith, is busy calculating.

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, buddy.

DIRK
It's a big ass boat, Dude.

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

The hooks secure to the rail. The men ascend with an automatic riser, climb aboard, hoist the gear from the raft below.

They hide gear in the lifeboats, walk carefully to a corridor and an empty cabin well below the deck.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA - CABIN

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? Why don't you check in, I'll do first recon.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA - NIGHT

Moonlit silence on the deck.

INT. MAERSK BRIDGE

The captain surveys the ocean with his binoculars.

EXT. MAERSK DECK - SECURITY

Men patrol the deck with rifles, smoking cigarettes, laughing.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA - CARGO BAY

Keith enters a portal, closes the door gently behind him. With pistol drawn, he approaches the cargo area, 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.

A POV above Keith, an electrician observes. He pulls a cell phone from his pocket, types, "SEAL".

Keith looks 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, grabs his pistol.

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

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 the status?

Robert looks over the ANALYST'S shoulder and reads the text: Cargo Radioactive

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Keep that in a safe place.

EXT. RUSSIAN FRIGATE - ARABIAN SEA - DAY

An aerial view reveals a Russian ship cruising, behind the Maersk Alabama.

INT. RUSSIAN FRIGATE - 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.

He scribbles a note and hands it to the Officer. The officer glances, signals his confusion.

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, they stand in knee-deep water and walk onto shore pulling a raft of gear towards the jungle.

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

CHUCK
You bet.

They walk towards a small clearing, each with a backpack, carting two large 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, looks at her partner, sheds her wet suit.

April stands naked in silhouette. Chuck sends a text, sighs in relief. His display, "landed safely".

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

Chuck acknowledges the familiar nickname, shrugs his shoulders. April senses something else.

CHUCK
It's nothing.

Chuck begins to unpack gear. He re-lives his private horror.

EXT. - IRAQI BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Prisoners blindfolded in orange jump suits, 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 GoPro is on a tripod next to them recording. A LiveU sends the signal to Langley.

APRIL
Are you sure he's 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 - DAY

Chuck attempts to climb the dune, April 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.
(END FLASHBACK)

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

April leans down on two knees next to Chuck.

APRIL

I was horrified, just like you.
We've got 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

They train us to kill, and
forget we have emotions. 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, 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's silence is heavy.

APRIL

It's best to just let it go.

Chuck shoves a cartridge into his pistol. He cocks it, places it to his side.

CHUCK

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

He pats his pistol, his knee twitches.

EXT. SEYCHELLES CARGO PORT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA - 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

It's supposed to be mangosteen
fruit.

DIRK

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

KEITH

This could be a Vietnam era
weapon or a missing nuke.

DIRK

Missing from where?

Referencing his laptop, he points to an article.

KEITH

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.

INT. MAERSK ALABAMA - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dirk walks out carefully, then down the hall.

EXT. MAERSK ALABAMA - DOCK - NIGHT

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 - 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 is dark. Keith peers out, turns 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, 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 - 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 DOCK - DAY

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

NATALIE

(in Arabic)
Have the Seals been eliminated?

Both of the Iranians, proud of their crime, nod their approval.

DEMITRI

(in Arabic)
And the cargo?

IRANIAN ELECTRICIAN

Safe and sound!

The Electrician picks up a briefcase, they leave in a car. Muslim prayers ring through the air.

DEMITRI

We have a plane to catch.

NATALIE

And a reunion.

A large crate is hoisted off a pallet, Demitri and Natalie walk away with silent satisfaction.

The car exiting with the Iranians explodes into a fireball, bits and pieces fall from the sky.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMS ROOM

ANALYST ONE

Sir, Trident missed their check-in.

ROBERT

That's not like them.

Robert is noticeably bothered 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 are displayed on the monitors.

ANALYST ONE

Sir, Seychelles Police report two unidentified persons were killed last night.

Robert looks at the car burning, the horror reaches him.

OPERATIVE TWO

Unconfirmed, at this point.

Robert sits on the counter, looks into space and mumbles:

ROBERT

(sotto)
I should have sent someone else.

Robert takes a deep breath, gathering himself.

Posted on the monitor wall is a video feed from a security camera and pictures of the Iranian car explosion.

ANALYST ONE

Sir, the remains of two Iranians were found inside this vehicle. We suspect these two were from the police report.

The charred vehicle is displayed on the large monitor. Robert is briefly relieved.

ANALYST TWO

Sir, may I interject?

ROBERT

Go ahead.

ANALYST TWO

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

Robert signals to Operative One

ROBERT

Let me know if they check in.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND REMOTE SITE - DAY

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

APRIL

Can you make out the name?

CHUCK

Yeah. It's the Alabama, all right.

APRIL

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

Both Chuck and April wear clothes to blend into any scenario.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - DAY

Robert gathers with the same team, he circles the epicenter of the room, his eyes red from worry.

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.

ROBERT

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

ANALYST TWO

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

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

EXT. CAROLLS CREEK RESTAURANT - DAY

With the Naval Academy in the background, 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 now, through layers of bureaucracy.

ROBERT

It's frustrating as hell.

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

RUSTY

You can't fail. There's too much at stake.

ROBERT

The costs keep rising.

Robert gazes out into the harbor.

RUSTY

My friends from Mossad confirmed, they were compromised by GRU or Iranian agents. You know that, right?

ROBERT

Sure I do. But why involve Mossad?

RUSTY

Another set of eyes won't hurt.

Robert is off on a more important concern.

ROBERT

It just hit close to home.

RUSTY

You're the Deputy Director of the CIA.

ROBERT

I still feel responsible.

RUSTY

We send trained soldiers off to battle every day. What happens next, is in his hands.

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

ROBERT

Some day, you and I can cruise out into the bay. Put all of this behind us.

RUSTY

That day is coming, my friend.

They both raise their right hand and pound fists. A tug blows its horn, covering his thought.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND - REMOTE SITE - NIGHT

SUPER: SEYCHELLES ISLAND PORT

An Apache Helicopter escorts a Blackhawk to safe harbor. The Apache hovers, within sight of the Blackhawk. A single CIA Agent exits.

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

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

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Without much ceremony, Ace 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?
So how's my favorite Agent, this
bloke treating you OK?

April blushed tries to deflect Ace's probing.

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

ACE
Look at you two. Strictly
business.

An awkward moment.

ACE (CONT'D)
Oh Kay.

The suburban speeds down a dirt road.

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. Track that
baby like it's your jewels.

EXT. ROAD TO SEYCHELLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Black Suburban arrives at the Airport. Ace, April and Chuck walk into the office.

Mossad Agents DOVE and COHEN look on from a distance. COHEN clicks off several pictures. DOVE looks through a pair of binoculars.

SUPER: FEBRUARY 24, 2014, 0800 HOURS

INT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Ace, April and Chuck surround the Seals. A single sheet covers the Trident soldiers. The local PATHOLOGIST is uneasy.

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 could not 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 the truth.

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, we require an hour to inspect the bodies.

April circles around to the Pathologist

APRIL (CONT'D)

We will 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.

Chuck pulls the sheet down, draped over Reynolds. April uncovers Summers.

ACE

They were beaten. There's 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.

ACE

(To April)
Can you get a signal in here?

APRIL

You bet.

April fires up her sat phone, opens her laptop, it displays "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. It's Agent Florence.

ROBERT

Patch her onto the screen. Agent Florence.

APRIL

Good Morning, sir.

ROBERT

What do you got?

INT. SEYCHELLES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Agent Mason and Foster attempt to obscure the bodies.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert steps closer to see the background on the screen.

ROBERT

Where are you.
(beat)
My God.

INT. SEYCHELLES POLICE DEPARTMENT

April in tears, the men step to the side.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

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

ROBERT
What the hell happened?

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.
He speaks to himself.

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

April lets Robert control the moment, waits for a cue.

Without looking up Robert asks:

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Give me 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, 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 Doc here never looked
at these bodies.

Robert attempts to conceal his emotions.

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

We will all say a prayer for 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 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 - DAY

April, Chuck and Ace walk into the regional office.

INT. MAERSK LINE OFFICE - BALCONY - DAY

ANGLE ON: a nearby, hidden vantage point, Russian agents 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 - DAY

Occupied on-line the MAERSK LINE CLERK (30'S) doesn't look up initially. April, Ace and Chuck enter.

April circles behind, Chuck and Ace set their pistols on the counter.

MAERSK LINE CLERK
What is the meaning of this?

April places her arm around the Clerk, shows him two pictures.

APRIL
Seen these two?

MAERSK LINE CLERK
Can't say I have.

April slams the picture on the counter, she grabs the man's hand, draws a dagger, slams the dagger between his fingers. He screams!

ACE
I suggest you take a closer look.

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

The clerk is distraught.

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's 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, or not bleeding.

CHUCK

You made the right choice!

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - DAY

The three agents hop out, 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 goes right to work configuring the remote communications.

ACE
April, dear, here comes Langley.

A satellite dish recoils from the top, Ace grabs a gooseneck mike and speaks.

ACE (CONT'D)
Afternoon, sir.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMS ROOM

Robert shows signs of fatigue.

ROBERT
Hello Ace

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND

APRIL
Sir, we'll be brief.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

ROBERT
Go ahead.

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

ROBERT
The bad news. Out with it.

APRIL
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 murmurer)
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

Any 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, sir.

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

ACE

Right O sir. The highest color ya got!

APRIL

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

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.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND

April pulls the head phones from her ears.

APRIL

Someone was 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 - FREIGHT TERMINAL - DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 28, 2014, SEYCHELLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

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

She is greeted with a friendly smile from the young MALE CLERK.

APRIL

Evening.

EMIRATES CLERK

May I help you?

April presents 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 - DAY

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.

EXT. EMIRATES CARGO ADJACENT STREET - DAY

Mossad Agents Dove and Cohen watch undetected. Both Agents brandish weapons, Dove carries a rifle with silencer.

Dove and Cohen enter a back door entrance, disappear into the facility.

EXT. EMIRATES CARGO STORAGE - DAY

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)

This is it!

Ace notices a large burnished emblem, "Property of the United States of American".

ACE

That's a bit odd, don't ya
think?

CHUCK

A bit of a twist.

ACE
Shouldn't it be America not
American.

EXT. EMIRATES CARGO - ADJACENT STREET - DAY

Mossad Agents finish their work and sneak out another exit.

INT. EMIRATES CARGO OFFICE

The Clerk continues:

EMIRATES CLERK
A Russian couple 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 places her hand inside her blouse. She delivers a deliberate blow to the sweet spot on his head. He slams down onto the counter, into a neat pile on the floor.

She steps over the Clerk, checks the monitor, clicks a few pictures, grabs the report.

APRIL
Thank you, so much.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The Secretary greets Robert with a smile and troubled look.

DIRECTORS SECRETARY
He's expecting you.

INT. CIA - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The DIRECTOR (60's) sits at his desk. Robert is noticeably guarded and reserved.

ROBERT
Morning, sir.

DIRECTOR
Take a seat Turner.

The Director has 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
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
Sir, a nuclear device is on the
move.

The Director pauses to calculate potential fallout.

DIRECTOR
Can't we just take em out?

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

DIRECTOR

They meet all the time. What makes you think they're up to something?

ROBERT

Just a hunch, sir.

DIRECTOR

So this nuke, is in play?

ROBERT

It has that potential, sir.

DIRECTOR

This could scuttle sensitive negotiations. We've got to be certain.

Robert can't believe the naivety of the Director.

ROBERT

I've always thought it's best to have the upper hand, sir.

DIRECTOR

Your next steps?

ROBERT

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

The Director's attention shifts to a document. 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.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The skyline of Washington DC. Ending on the back lawn of the White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY COUNCIL - DAY

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

Robert enters the secure room with Rusty. Seated are the Joint Chiefs - 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 empty. Rusty sits down while Robert remains standing.

ROBERT

Now, to our first order of business. We can't risk any leaks from cavalier ears and eyes.

Robert points to two staffers whispering together.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You two, out!

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

They're the President's aides.

Robert survey's the room.

ROBERT

Nothing happens, until they leave.

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 containing a nuclear device.

ARMY GENERAL

Have you taken a reading?

ROBERT

Yes, we have.

JOINT CHIEF

Continue.

ROBERT

We have eyes on the crate, but we don't know where it's headed.

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 globe and you
have no idea what's inside or
where it's headed? Did I get
that right?

Noticeably bothered, Robert responds:

ROBERT
That's a rather crude
assessment.

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

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
Is it headed to the US?

ROBERT
No, it's not.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
Is there a risk of backlash from
our Allies? How about China and
Russia?

Robert, frustrated, raises his voice and demeanor.

ROBERT
We've already lost two soldiers
tracking the device.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
You of all people should know
the cost of freedom.

Rusty and Robert lock eyes.

ROBERT
Yes, I do.

The White House Chief of Staff stands.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
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 walks out, the group looks at each other, dumfounded.

PRE-LAP SFX: Gunshots begin to fire.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAY

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

ROBERT (V.O.)
 Julia's pain may heal.
 (then)
 But not today.

Julia accepts the flag from one of the HONOR GUARDS. Still raging with anger, she ignores Robert and Nancy.

ROBERT (V.O.)
 Freedom comes with a heavy
 burden, even 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.

Robert steps aside as Rusty nods to Nancy.

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
 We've got to change the
 trajectory.

ROBERT
Silent service.

They 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, Ace and Chuck sit in front of the secure computer.

APRIL
Have you guys checked on the
crate this morning?

Ace activates the monitor and then pans the camera.

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.

ACE
God, dangit!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM - NIGHT

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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOTEL SEYCHELLES ACE'S ROOM - MORNING

April, Chuck and Ace are 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

Just stay with the target. Understood?

CHUCK

Yes, sir. There's a detail I need to show you.

Chuck sends the pictures, displayed on the screens.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

The label on the side of the crate, can you make it out?

Robert squints at first, lowers his glasses.

ROBERT

Yes I can.

Robert's expression reveals a concern.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We'll worry about that. Do I make myself clear?

ALL AGENTS

Yes, sir!

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 it's
headed, we contact Turner.

ACE
Absolutely.

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND - AIRPORT - NIGHT

SUPER: MARCH 3, 2014, 2000 HOURS, FREIGHT TERMINAL

Ace enters in the dark with night glasses, 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, watch Ace downloading data.
Guns drawn, they enter. Reluctantly, Ace raises his hands
slowly. Natalie runs her hands through his hair.

NATALIE
So stupid, for such a handsome
lad.

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

DEMITRI

Makes our job easy!

Demitri back hands Ace, grabs him from behind and sits him in a nearby chair. Natalie binds his hands with a plastic tie.

NATALIE

You take the blame, help us
erase silly mistakes.

ACE

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

Demitri finishes, punches Ace in the face. He hurts his hand, begins rubbing it.

DEMITRI

By the time your friends find
you, we'll be back in Moscow.

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.

ACE

You should know, I'm not into
all that dominate stuff.

NATALIE

It really wasn't that great, big
boy.

Natalie strokes Ace's crotch, he looks the other way.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

The Iran deal. A bust.

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

That's a secret, pretty boy.

ACE

We all live 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, handsome.

Demitri pulls Natalie aside by her arm.

DEMITRI

(scolding)
You talk too much.

REVEAL: April and Chuck have comms with Ace. They overhear the conversation.

With guns drawn, the alarm sounds, they rush into the room, their guns aimed. Natalie has her silencer aimed at Ace's head.

APRIL

I'm sure we can figure this whole thing out.

DEMITRI

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

Natalie 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, Agents Dove and Cohen look on. Agent Dove holds a smoking sniper rifle. She nods.

Everyone is stunned. A fire-fight ensues. April shoots Demitri. He grimaces and blasts Ace in the shoulder.

Demitri fires, Chuck dives to the ground, aims at Demitri's body, fires three shots, a final shot between the eyes.

APRIL

Ace, oh my God.

April hugs Ace, Chuck begins to untie him from the chair.

ACE
I'm good. No worries.

CHUCK
I've got Ace. Cover us.

Both shaken by Ace's injury, April picks up the thumb drive, covers their exit.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - NIGHT

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

Chuck and April stand at a remote site on the Island on the monitors.

APRIL
Sir, Ace was injured. He'll be fine.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

ROBERT
That's good to know. What else?

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - NIGHT

APRIL
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, relieved with the vital intelligence:

ROBERT
Good work.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SEYCHELLES ISLAND REMOTE SITE

His arm in a sling, Ace shoots back:

ACE

The Rooskies still have poor
aim, sir.

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 all! Have a safe
journey.

EXT. REMOTE SITE SEYCHELLES ISLAND - DUSK

SUPER: MARCH 5, 2014 SEYCHELLES ISLAND

Two Rangers exit, help Ace onto the helicopter, Chuck and
April board, they ascend quickly.

They reach a safe distance, Chuck detonates the SUV. They
circle, head out to sea.

INT. RUSSIAN FRIGATE - ARABIAN SEA

Aboard the Frigate, Russian Intel.

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.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - NIGHT

SUPER: 0100 MARCH 6, 2014, CIA HEADQUARTERS

A aerial view follows the Potomac River ending at CIA Headquarters.

INT. CIA LANGLEY - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The Director sits at the head of the table. Rusty and Robert are to his side, joined by members of the Military.

RUSTY
General, I wish I had better
news.

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

SOCOM DIRECTOR
So, this body will decide the
outcome?

ROBERT
Yes, sir. That's correct.

JOINT CHIEF
Understood.

ARMY GENERAL
Why don't you walk us through
where we stand.

ROBERT
Gentlemen, it's very simple.

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

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Our intel believes this device
is headed to Beijing, with our
fingerprints all over it.

A list of missing atomic and nuclear devices is presented on the monitor. Robert finishes as the Joint Chief stands.

JOINT CHIEF

We've looked at the situation
and arrived at the best case
solution.

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

SOCOM DIRECTOR

Thank you, sir.

The SOCOM Director nods to his aide to begin the presentation, both slides and 3D renderings. He takes a pointer and highlights the details on the screen.

SOCOM DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Following 9/11, Boeing developed
a system to take complete
control of an airliner, fly it
like a drone, anywhere in the
world.

DIRECTOR

How do we explain this to our
coalition partners?

RUSTY

We should not alert them at this
stage.

Robert nods to Rusty and the Director.

ROBERT

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

Rusty shows no signs of objections.

RUSTY

I don't think it's a decision
that's all that difficult.

They all nod in approval.

SERIES OF SHOTS - WORLD WIDE DIPLOMATS:

- A) The CIA Director, Diplomatic meetings
- B) Executive branch executives at US State Department
- C) Various meetings with British and Chinese officials.

D) The Director, hand shaking, attending private meetings.

EXT. US STATE DEPARTMENT - ROOSEVELT BALCONY - DAY

US AMBASSADOR (50's) sits at a table with ISRAELI AMBASSADOR (50's) overlooking the US Capitol in the distance.

ISRAELI AMBASSADOR
You have seen our intelligence.

US AMBASSADOR
Yes, thank you as always.

ISRAELI AMBASSADOR
Can you be certain the threat is real?

US AMBASSADOR
Yes, we should assume the worst.

EXT./INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM

Rusty and Robert enter the secure room as a preliminary discussion is underway.

Cabinet Members at the table, Pentagon members displayed on monitors.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF
I hope this time you have ample evidence to present.

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)

It's intended to dismantle our negotiations on the world stage.

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

RUSTY

This device will be on a flight, March 8th headed for Beijing.

Still defiant, the COS interrupts.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

We're talking about a commercial airliner with international passengers.

ROBERT

We are aware of the risks.

Robert 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're all conspiracy cowboys. We want no part in this.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

The alternative leaves us with a clear choice.

The COS 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 COS ponders, looks around for signs of approval.

WH CHIEF OF STAFF

OK then. The White House takes full credit for it's success.

Rusty, still standing, places his hand on the empty chair:

ROBERT

Do we have your 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

Are we in full agreement?

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

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

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 Nuclear deal?

WHCOS ASSISTANT

Why would the Security Council 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.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMS ROOM - MORNING

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

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

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.

Rusty looks towards the Director, motions to begin.

DIRECTOR
I'm convinced.

Robert immediately takes the lead. Shouts commands.

ROBERT
I want passenger profiles from
the manifest.

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

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

ROBERT
OK, what do we know about the
pilot?

The Director walks out of the room without looking back.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR - SUBURB - NIGHT

SUPER: 1900 MARCH 7, 2014, KUALA LUMPUR

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

INT. HAMAD HOUSE - DINNING ROOM

Abdul's WIFE (50) and three CHILDREN are seated at the table, 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.

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

INT. HAMAD HOUSE - STUDY

He shouts back:

ABDUL HAMAD
Don't wait for me.

INT. HAMAD DINING ROOM - CHILDREN

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
He never sits with us anymore.

ABDUL'S WIFE
Your father is a busy man.

INT. HAMAD HOUSE - STUDY - ABDUL

A flight simulator, his ID sits next to the controls.

Abdul's POV: 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 (O.S.)
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.

INT. FREESCALE SEMICONDUCTOR BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

A conference room includes twenty members from Freescale Semiconductor. The group raises glasses in the air.

FREESCALE CEO
(In Chinese)
Gentlemen, I want to thank the
entire leadership for your
diligence and determination.

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

Isn't it a bit odd, that twenty principals from one company are on the same flight.

RUSTY

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

OPERATIVE ONE

I'll handle that!

ROBERT

OK, find out if anyone on this flight could ruin our plans.

A monitor displays 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

A bustling terminal includes greetings and farewells.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Robert is pacing through the facility, listening to profiles. 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.

(MORE)

OPERATIVE ONE (CONT'D)
 She is carrying a French
 Passport. She is traveling with
 Harry, Turner.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMMS ROOM

Everyone in the room knows Robert's son, 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 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 tries to connect, searches for Robert's eyes.

RUSTY
 You can't alert them. You know
 that. Right?

ROBERT
 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
 Of all the planes in the sky,
 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? I sheltered them
away from all this shit so
they'd stay safe.

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

I know that! Where is your
humanity? Doesn't the system
have two agents aboard?

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 pulls out a handkerchief, wipes 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, a rare displeasure with his friend.

ROBERT

Don't call them that!

RUSTY

You know what I mean.

ROBERT

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 satellite phone.

VERONIQUE

What's that for?

HARRY

A secure line.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SECURE ROOM

Robert reads the text, walks slowly back into the room.

Still unbalanced, he looks 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, the men unaware of the cameras.

OPERATIVE ONE (O.S.)

They're Iranian nationals. They paid cash and booked a one-way ticket to Beijing.

INTERCUT WITH:

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.
The older man is unidentified.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER

The two Iranians assemble their bags, pull out their passports, pray silently together.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMMS ROOM

Robert has gained his composure.

ROBERT

Alert Agents Mason and Florence.
Tell them we have hostile agents
on the plane. Be certain Mason
knows the A-T-I must be non-
lethal.

ANALYST TWO

Copy that.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

From a POV nearby the Boeing 777: Chuck and April view the sensitive cargo as it is placed into the plane.

A load operator carefully drives a freight container towards the side of the plane.

The crate rolls into the underbelly and is secured by a worker.

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

You can do better than that.

APRIL

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?

A light mist falls from the sky. Chuck casually heads towards the conveyer.

ANGLE ON: From Mossad Agents POV, Dove and Cohen watch. Agent Cohen snaps a few pictures while Agent Dove speaks.

LISA DOVE
US agents on flight 219 now.
Sending pictures.

MOSSAD DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Do not reveal your location.

LISA DOVE
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 is the group from the
semiconductor company.

ROBERT
Just seems odd. You're certain
there's no threat from
passengers?

OPERATIVE ONE
Except for the two Iranians.

Robert looks around and Operative Two speaks up.

OPERATIVE TWO
There's something strange about
the manifest.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

OPERATIVE TWO

Sir, the plane seats two hundred eighty two passengers. There's fifty five empty seats, but five are waiting on standby.

ROBERT

What do you make of that?

OPERATIVE TWO

They're overweight, sir. 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. 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 (20's) 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.

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

OPERATIVE ONE
Yes, sir.

Rusty points to 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 satellite phone.

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER

Harry kisses Veronique on the cheek. His 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
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 reach
out?

ROBERT

No, signal him later.

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

When you board. 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 cell phone and types in two text's and sends both quickly so as to not alert anyone.

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

The second text to Chuck reads: "Non Lethal Agent"

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - EVENING

Harry opens the back of his cell 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

Holy shit! 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 the handlers enter the cargo entrance.

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, hits Chuck in the shoulder, then engages the cargo door.

The terrorist turns about face, aims and nicks April with the pistol. April returns fire, he falls on the tarmac, a single bullet hole, in the center of his forehead.

Wounded, Chuck crawls, the cargo door closes behind him. Wincing in pain, a small light remains.

CHUCK'S POV: His vision fading, he finds the canisters. He struggles to rotate a knob, he collapses on the floor.

The conveyor pushes back from the plane. April pulls 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. Can't confirm canister. Mason in cargo bay, wheels up."

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - NIGHT

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 responds:

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 looks at the Display: "Don't worry son, I Love you!" Harry
kisses Veronique on the forehead. She senses something is
amiss.

VERONIQUE
Should I be concerned?

HARRY
Dad just wanted to wish us well.

VERONIQUE
That's great, honey.

Harry cannot hide his emotions, he struggles to speak.

HARRY
He loves us both.

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

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

HARRY

I hope they do.

Nearby, the two Iranians are praying together.

YOUNG IRANIAN

Allah, keep us strong.

OLDER MAN

(In Arabic)
God is great.

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

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

(In Arabic)
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 throttles forward, glances at his Co-Pilot.

EXT. KULA LUMPUR AIRSTRIP - MH219

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

Passengers get comfortable, others fast asleep.

The plane reaches a cruising altitude of 35,000 feet. The lights are turned down inside the cabin.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT

The co-pilot finishes the liter of water, stands.

FARIQ HAMID
I'll be right back.

The co-pilot walks out, closes the door. Pilot Hamad releases his harness, stands 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 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

The Pilot maneuvers the AWACS in position to the rear of FL219 undetected.

FL219 can be seen in the distance approximately a half mile away.

AWACS PILOT
Copy that, SOCOM.

INT. SENSOR STATION - OPERATOR

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, Command has made contact with the AWACS pilot.

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 SENSOR POSITION - NIGHT

The 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.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT

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 Ghost 107 to
come off its tail. Sensor, have
pilot break target south.

INT. AWACS SENSOR POSITION

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 notices a F-22 Fighter
Jet (Ghost 107) very close, 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
door. Unsuccessful, he knocks gently on the door.

EXT. FL219 COCKPIT DOOR - NIGHT

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

FARIQ HAMID
Captain, it's 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.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT

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

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

With a keen sense of awareness, Harry watches the F-22 bank away from the plane. He looks towards the Marshall who has witnessed the maneuver. The Marshall nods.

INT. SOCOM HEADQUARTERS

SOCOM Operator relays the following:

SOCOM COMMS OPERATOR
M-C Copy, Ghost 107 cleared.

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. Do your job!

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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AWACS - SENSOR POSITION

The Sensor Operator begins his 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 the 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
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.

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 conceals a dagger. 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 senses the threat. Harry signals a thumbs up.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT DOOR

The Co-Pilot knocks on the cockpit door, the two stewardesses attempt to sleep. 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 assumes the knock is from the Co-Pilot. He looks to his side, a family picture draws a tear. He Perspires with fear.

ABDUL HAMAD

I have everything under control!

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

EXT. FL219 COCKPIT DOOR - 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.

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.

(then)

(MORE)

AWACS PILOT (CONT'D)
Launch checklist, M-T-S auto-
track.

In rapid 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

Banging at the door continues. The aircraft begins to bank left, disrupting the balance of the Pilot.

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

ABDUL HAMAD
God have mercy!

Abdul sits back down, glances at the picture, 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 777 CARGO BAY - NIGHT

Chuck is slumped on the floor, a large canister expels a visible mist.

Chuck is awoken briefly, a flashlight shines through the wall of 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 look above their seats, most are frantic stricken, as visibility lowers quickly. The plane continues a hard bank.

Harry stands above Veronique, he witnesses the Marshall struggling with the two Iranians in the distance.

Oxygen masks drop, Harry loses his balance, falls next to his bride, 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 lethal or non-lethal?

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

Chuck is unconscious, a green light illuminates the canisters labeled ATI.

INT. FL219 CABIN - NIGHT

Oxygen masks dangle from the ceiling. Passengers, slumped over peacefully.

The stewardesses, 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 pistol a foot from his hand.

A small carpet-covered hatch is set aside and the entrance to the main control center below is open, the light 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, 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.
Situation is BINGO-JUDY, your
action complete, please confirm.

INT. AWACS COCKPIT - NIGHT

AWACS PILOT

Copy that, pilot out.

INT. AWACS SENSOR POSITION - NIGHT

SENSOR OPERATOR

Sensor copies, 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
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.

Robert is noticeably drained. 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 777 veers left. The AWACS plane
follows close behind.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT

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. Their is a silver lining. 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. DIEGO GARCIA AFB - HANGAR - MORNING

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) A group of scientists and physicians from the United States and China are brought into a secure hangar.
- B) They enter a secure area, sealed from the outside. The FL219 aircraft looms in the distance.
- C) CDC specialists wear temperature controlled environmental suits, enter a series of cleansing cycles.
- D) Specialists exit the controlled space and into the hangar.
- E) Soldiers in protective suits have opened the cargo bay and set about opening the passenger door.
- F) Two soldiers exit the cargo area, carrying a stretcher with a barely conscious Chuck.
- G) 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

You had me worried sick young
man.

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 maybe,
celebrate.

APRIL

That's a great idea.

April bends down on one knee, her lips gently touch his forehead. She pulls back slowly, her eyes deep within Chuck's.

Rusty stops what he's 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)
Turner sends his wishes for a speedy recovery. Your next assignment involves mandatory 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 POV they walk towards Rusty.

DR. JOYCE STRICKLAND
Now I see why this mission was classified top secret.

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 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

Dr. Spencer.

DR. KURT SPENCER

General, 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 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

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 US has been sorting this
thing out from the beginning.

DR. SHIMON CHOW

What about Russia and Iran?

RUSTY

To be honest we don't trust any
of them right now. Please,
follow me.

INT. DIEGO GARCIA AFB - HANGAR

A RUSSIAN NATIONAL (30'S) slides out of the cargo bay
undetected by the group. Agent Florence watches the ambulance
leave turns, spots the Russian immediately.

He slithers into the group of scientists undetected. He grabs Dr. Spencer with one hand, puts him into 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. 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 struggles to get a clear shot.

RUSTY

You were on the flight?

RUSSIAN NATIONAL

Shut up, keep moving!

He shoves Rusty. Rusty 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 a thousand could make
that shot.

APRIL
Seemed like the right thing to
do.

RUSTY
I'd say so. Thanks.

APRIL
So, who is this guy?

RUSTY
Plan C or D? Hell, I'm still
trying to find out who started
this mess.

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.

She stops, a small girl is curled up on the floor, looking directly at her. Very much alive.

DR. JOYCE STRICKLAND
Good morning young lady.
General.

Rusty stops a few paces behind Dr. Strickland, he looks down at the young girl.

REVERSE: A small Asian girl (Hu Siwan) is looking up at both of them.

RUSTY
Well now. Are there any others?

The physicians begin looking at the rest of the passengers. Some dead, some alive. Some waking.

INT. FL219 COCKPIT - DOOR

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
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 - DAY

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, some bad.

Robert motions for Rusty to reveal what he has learned.

ROBERT
Out with it. The bad news first.

RUSTY

Well, somehow another agency got there first, decided to separate the passengers.

ROBERT

Who in the hell did that? And where in the fuck did they take them?

RUSTY

No idea, yet. We've got mixed results.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

SERIES OF SHOTS - INT. FL219 -

RUSTY (O.S.)

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.

EXT. CARROL'S CREEK - DECK AREA - DAY

ROBERT

I thought the agent was either lethal or just a sedative.

Rusty pauses to finish drinking.

RUSTY

Mason fortunately made the right choice. The good news, Harry and Veronique probably survived.

ROBERT

Probably?

Robert perks up immediately. They butt fists in celebration and continue their discussion.

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

INT. CNN NEWS SET SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Wolf Blitzer delivers the news of the missing airliner

WOLF BLITZER

We've been tracking this story for some time. A Malaysian Airlines Boeing 777 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)

No distress calls, no evidence of a crash. What do you make of it?

DELTA EXECUTIVE

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. The 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

I 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. 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.

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

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 and Lisa Dove walk into the room as everyone stands. Ace smiles at Sharyl hugs Rusty.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Ms. Attkisson, this is my son Ace, and our good friend Lisa.

Ace offers his hand, his left arm still in a sling.

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.

EXT. SECRET CIA ISLAND - DUSK

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

An aerial view 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 - DAY

Lush gardens and manicured crops dot the landscape. Rushing through at ground level, a wild pig runs, 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

Does he think we're alive?

HARRY

My dad 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. You know that,
right? 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.

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, large crates dumped into the ocean. The silence,
 interrupted by the plunge into the abyss.

REVEAL: The man is Rusty.

The final crate falls into the sea, workers turn to Rusty to
 signify completion.

Hearing the jet propulsion and rotors of his helicopter begin
 to whine, Rusty tips his hat to the ship's officer, salutes
 the sailors and boards the awaiting helicopter.

EXT. SOUTH RIVER MARINA - DAWN

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

I'll be here when you get back.

Robert kisses Nancy gently, pauses to savor her scent and her touch.

ROBERT

There will be plenty of time for just us.

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

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.

RUSTY

It could be a needle in a haystack. Plenty of time to catch up.

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!

Robert pushes both throttles forward, the sound of the motors muffles their conversation.

The boat leaves the marina, it's name "Paradise Found". It gradually heads into the South River and out into the Chesapeake Bay.

FADE OUT.

THE END