

KTT PART TWO: Burning Wings

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SOME GARAGE UNDERGROUND - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A fist dressed in leather lands brutally on the face of a bulkier than ever JAMES 'MARTIN' BARNES (46). Blood explodes from every inch around his unconscious face, his mouth, his busted nose, even his swollen shut eyes.

He is bound to a chair into some dark moldy underground garage. His naked upper body is full of scars and multiple burn marks, a sign of merciless torture.

In front of him, a couple of chubby guerrillas take turns punching the living shit out of his head.

A secret door at the back, the door-slat flies open and a pair of dark eyes stare in. A familiar face, retired-KGB spook BOGDAN KRYLOV (57), expressionless, impeccably dressed, shiny gold watch, rushes towards them.

Bogdan firmly nods, draws their attention.

BOGDAN

Take a break. Leave us.

The two guerrillas obey. They check their fists, blood beads ooze down the ground.

They edge their way out, disappear through the same door Bogdan entered.

Bogdan eyes them the whole time, stoically awaits till the door slams shut behind them.

He reaches for his handkerchief, wipes the blood off James' busted face. His voice sounds friendly and peaceful.

BOGDAN

Martin, I don't have much time and I need your help, no more than you need mine.

James remains motionless, while Bogdan gets a mobile out of his pocket. That's James' phone.

BOGDAN

That's yours. I need you to initiate burning wings.

James snaps out of oblivion, shakes head, mumbles.

JAMES

Fuck you.

Bogdan, grave, brings his face closer to James'.

BOGDAN

(whispers)

James Barns, listen to me very carefully. The President has been poisoned and your team is under attack. They already got you, but in less than thirty six hours, everyone else from your team is gonna die too, unless you do something about it.

James tries hard to open his eyes. One of them succeeds.

JAMES

Who are you?

BOGDAN

What's important right now, is your team to get the message. The Eagle's life, your friends' lives, are now in your hands. I cannot save you, but you can save your friends.

Bogdan moves to the back, releases the cuffs from James' bleeding wrists. Hands him the mobile, shuts his fist.

James brings his hands forward, eyes the phone.

JAMES

Who are you?

BOGDAN

I'm someone old and tired my friend, even considered dead by most. However a long time ago, the very first of the Martins, was a close friend of mine.

James stretches his neck, compresses smile. He does not hesitate, his fingers use the last of the energy still left in him. Punches some buttons into his mobile.

A fingerprint check follows. Mobile screen flashes 'Burning winds activated'.

The mobile slides away his hands, drops to the floor. His energy is depleted.

BOGDAN

I already told you, I can't save you, but I can make the pain go away.

Bogdan gets a pill out of his pocket, stuffs it into James's palm.

BOGDAN

Whatever you decide to do, it's your call.

James leans back into his chair, stretches his body.

BOGDAN

Farewell, my friend.

Bogdan paces away, pauses before the exit.

His eyes lock on James who slides the pill into his mouth.

INT. ELEONS HEADQUARTERS - MONTREAL - CASTLE - THREE DAYS EARLIER - DAY

VARGAS (70s), face full of arrogance, total black suit, same gold watch as Bogdan, grave, sits on his marble white throne. In front of him, there is some sort of a fixed modern high tech panel with six lights on it.

Around the center, six office cells built of black non transparent glass that don't really fit the rest of the castle's interior, suggest this is some sort of a high society secret meeting.

All six lights blink white once.

One of the office cell doors opens, MORTON (50s), sophisticated, dead serious, yet cautious as he knows he is not on the top of the food chain in there, identical wrist watch as the others, gets out, beelines for Vargas, stops next to him.

VARGAS

According to our rule three-one, no outsider can enter this meeting. However, you insisted on bypassing this rule, due to extreme circumstances, according to your request.

MORTON

I wish rule nine to be forced.

VARGAS

So be it, there will be a vote.

Morton's eyes dart right and left between the office cells, like he knows who's inside each and every one of them.

MORTON

Before we get to that, I wish to notify all of you, that these extreme circumstances account for seven trillion US dollars.

Morton smirks. Vargas looks intrigued, marvels.

VARGAS

No matter the reason, a vote has been initiated. Please place your votes.

One by one, five out of six lights in Vargas' panel turn green.

VARGAS

Request granted. Bring him in.

Morton, worried face, stares his cell, gives the go. He looks a bit scared, like his own life is on the line.

A secret door opens, ARES ROOZ (40s), round spectacles, hesitant, ready to freak out, laptop beneath his arm, rushes inside, stands next to Morton.

MORTON

This is Ares Rooz, a brilliant mind involved in the extinction level event program in NASA. Although young, he is the man I urge you to listen, my blood vouches for him.

VARGAS

Noted, you can start.

Ares fires up his laptop, a huge motorized projector screen deploys at the back. The laptop is connected to it.

A variety of scientific images rock the projector screen throughout Ares' presentation.

ARES

Seventeen days ago a class six meteorite, with a diameter of two point seven meters and an estimated weight of seventeen tonnes, located three thousand and five --

VARGAS

Spare us with the numbers. Get to the point.

Morton confirms.

ARES

Yes sir, of course sir.

Ares clears throat, regroups himself.

ARES

During the last thirty seven days, we're tracking a piece of rock that is about to bypass our earth within one lunar distance, ten thousand kilometers to be precise. This is of course outside the nominal geocentric distance estimated for an impact with our planet, but this is the actual issue in this case.

Ares looks reluctant to continue. Stares Morton who encourages him to go on.

MORTON

Go on son. Go on.

ARES

There is a six days window until it crosses Arizona's sky and disappears forever afterwards.

Ares takes a deep breath.

ARES

I was wondering if we were given the opportunity to change its trajectory, and force it down on us.

Vargas retires his grave look, grimaces, he looks more confused than surprised. That's the most absurd thing he has ever heard of.

VARGAS

I thought you were a genius, but you sound like an idiot to me. Why in God's name you want us to do that?

Morton extends his arms, pets Ares' shoulder.

MORTON

What so special about this rock?

ARES

Well, the actual core of that rock consists of a two tonnes pure californium. Considering that the lowest price for californium purchase as we speak is ten million US dollars per gram, that makes us an estimated twenty trillion for those two tonnes, if we make it land --

Vargas offensively interrupts Ares.

VARGAS

Stop. I truly lack scientific imagination, but how exactly are you willing to change its course?

Ares gains confidence.

ARES

A nuclear explosion seven hundred and thirty two meters away the meteor can do the job, everything is included in my scientific analysis.

Vargas sits deep into the throne. He looks skeptical, actually considers of it.

VARGAS

(to Ares)

That's all for now, we will get back to you.

ARES

Yes sir, thank you sir.

Ares turns off his laptop, rushes outside.

Door shuts upon his exit, locks.

The projector screen turns black. Rolls up.

VARGAS

So, let me get this straight. You want us to authorize a high altitude nuclear explosion for the chance to get a meteor crash into the US?

MORTON

Not the chance, but the certainty. And yes, that's exactly what I'm asking of you.

VARGAS

What kind of bomb are we talking about?

MORTON

A fifteen megaton would suffice.

VARGAS

Have you even double checked his calculations? Is there anything that could go wrong, like for example crash that meteor upon the White House or even paralyze the whole electric network of the country with that explosion?

MORTON

Our tech confirms the numbers. There is a two hundred kilometers fail-safe radius from ground zero. The threat of EMP is out of the question due to the altitude of the explosion. Worst case scenario, it crashes thirty kilometers outside Phoenix, estimating a maximum of five hundred casualties. That's not something we can't handle really.

Vargas' eyes flicker. Money talks.

VARGAS

Chairs can vote now.

Four lights into the panel turn green, instantly. One red.

Morton, one of the six chairs, nods towards his office cell. Five green lights.

Vargas raises arm, a sign of confirmation.

VARGAS
Meeting is over, decision has been
made.

One by one, bright lights illuminate the cells. They're
empty. Whoever was inside, is now gone.

Vargas stands up, closes up on Morton.

MORTON
(whispers)
The Russian. Voted against.

VARGAS
Of course he did. If this gets out,
who do you think they will blame?

MORTON
Yeah, but he will notify the Eagle,
you know that, don't you?

Vargas nods in affirmation.

MORTON
How do you want this handled?

VARGAS
He can't be touched, but we can
handle the Eagle. Stick to the
rules and keep me posted at all
times.

MORTON
What about his KTT? Once the
President is down, they will
interfere, no doubt about that.

VARGAS
I'm sure you can handle them too.

Morton affirms with a gesture, walks away.

VARGAS
And use our house at the north.

INT. WHITE HOUSE GREEN ROOM - DAY

James, formal black suit, stands still in front of the
Builders Painting, checks it thoroughly.

The PRESIDENT enters, black envelope in hand, approaches
James.

PRESIDENT

Didn't know that you were a Jacob Lawrence fan!

JAMES

I am a Builders fan, even if it doesn't look like a genuine Jacob Lawrence.

The President's eyes bulge. The authenticity of the painting is questioned once again.

PRESIDENT

You too?

James smirks, raises shoulders.

JAMES

So, what I can do for you sir?

President's face turns worried, hands him the envelope.

PRESIDENT

Read.

James, curious, unseals the envelope, reads the paper inside. Doesn't take him too long --

JAMES

Is this for real?

The President feels out of place, staggers.

JAMES

Are you OK Mr President?

The President's hands tremble, his eyes blink non-stop.

PRESIDENT

I feel --

The President collapses. Just before his head slams to the floor, James explodes forward, grabs it, saves it from the crash.

James stuffs the envelope inside his inner pocket, screams furiously.

JAMES

I need a medic! President is down!

Three agents storm inside, one goes for the President, the other two attack James.

James, not surprised at all, does not resist.

JAMES
Call the medics, now!

An agent uses his in-ear communication, asks for backup.

Three medics and a stretcher rush inside in no time, like they were just outside the room, waiting for the call.

More agents follow.

The President is carried outside, while an agent drags James' arms behind his back, cuffs follow.

JAMES
It wasn't me you fucktards, he --

A powerful blow at the back of James' head, knocks him out.

EXT. LOG HOUSE - NORTH AMERICA - PRESENT DAY - DAY

On a snow coated mount top, a log house unveils among the white trees. A black jeep lurks, parked fifty meters away.

Five huge male bodies, bad ass faces, heavily armed, Kevlar vests, burst out the car.

They move toward the house, probing cautiously ahead. They move like trained soldier infiltrators, use the trees for cover.

They reach the front door, one of them shoots glances inside the house through the window.

The leader of the pack, signals the rest to break in, a kick to the door follows.

INT. LOG HOUSE - NORTH AMERICA - DAY

The five men break in, their assault rifles unleash their fury. The house's interior is being rocked violently, everything around explodes into the tiniest of fragments.

BOOM! A different rifle sound is heard. A single bullet coming from the outside, penetrates the window, cracks the skull of one of the men inside.

BOOM! A second shot, second man down.

It doesn't take too long, until those still alive acknowledge that once the wolves, now they're the sheep.

They stop shooting, take cover away the windows. They stare their two dead team members. Fear grows inside them.

No orders given, they look like they don't know what to do.

EXT. LOG HOUSE - NORTH AMERICA - DAY

A few hundred feet away, we see a belly down sniper, white full body camouflage, well hidden under the snow among the trees.

He's agent GREEN (37), same expressionless death stare and motivation as last time we met him. Non-existent adrenaline, stoic, he awaits. Through his CheyTac's M200 scope, checks everything around the house.

A couple of smoke grenades launch from the inside, explode just outside the main door. The first two guys ninja-roll outside. The first one takes cover behind a pack of trunks.

BOOM! A bullet joins the second guy's heart, just before his lifeless body crashes next to the first one.

The last remaining guy hops outside the house, enraged, shoots towards all directions.

BOOM! One more bullet meets the brain, just one more to go.

The last one still breathing, eyes full of despair, carefully crawls towards the car. Looks like this is his viable escape plan.

Green stands up, paces out the perimeter, cautiously closes the distance. Targets the ground between his pray and the car.

Green fires a couple of shots.

The stranger pauses, scared as hell, he knows, he cannot get to the car alive.

He brings his riffle close to his chest, eyes his dead team, prays. Shuts his eyes.

Springs up, enraged, shoots towards Green's initial position.

BOOM! A shot to the side of his head, penetrates his cheek, half of his skull detaches from the other half.

Green has changed position, already moved to the attacker's three o' clock.

Green lowers his riffle, fixes it upon his back.

Sends a message with his mobile.

He walks away on foot, disappears.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON - SAME DAY

A black sports car roars on the highway. On the wheel it's RED (27), not the geek we once knew. No more bristles, but a handsome grown man. Next to him sits the sexy redhead HELEN 'JOLENE' GOODS (22), both a cheerleader type of girl and an action-junkie woman.

On her lap, a laptop. Jolene furiously messes with the keyboard, looks relieved.

JOLENE

Green is fine. He'll be there on time.

Red checks his mirrors.

A black mustang speeds up behind them, closes the distance.

RED

I wouldn't worry about him at the moment.

A distressed Jolene turns, checks the car at the back.

JOLENE

How did they find us?

RED

No idea.

A hard right turn in front of Red's path, another mustang pops out of nowhere, tries to t-bone them.

A gutsy move by Red, brakes and power slides, manages to escape the collision.

RED

I had enough of this shit.

The high speed chase continues. Couple automatic riffles jut out the first mustang, bullets rock the back of Red's car.

Jolene downshifts her body, takes some cover. Adrenaline skyrockets.

Red grimaces from the pain; a bullet penetrates his lower back, doesn't come out the front. He tries hard to hide his injury from Jolene, his face succeeds.

A river crossing bridge appears straight ahead, about half a kilometer long. Red steps on it.

While on the first few meters of the bridge, Red checks his mirrors, both cars at the back stop.

Red feels like shit, pain is unbearable.

RED

Fuck!

Jolene's eyes dart back and forth between the road ahead and the cars at the back.

JOLENE

I have a really bad feeling about this Red!

Around the middle of the bridge, Red slams the brakes. The car stops.

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

The bridge exit ahead is blocked by a couple jeeps and a few too many armed men, ready to engage.

TO THE CAR

Jolene flicks a glance at Red, who watches apprehensive.

Red checks his wound, feels it gently with his palm, stares the blood dripping, colored black.

Using his other arm, Red gets his KTT card out of his pocket, hands it to Jolene.

RED

You have to jump, you know what to do afterwards. I know you're ready love.

Jolene looks shocked.

JOLENE

Not without you.

RED

I won't make it and one of us has to get to Blue.

JOLENE

We can do it together!

Red reveals his bloodied palm, shakes head.

Jolene, shocked and speechless, looks ready to burst into tears.

Red feels her face, kisses her passionately. Jolene does not resist, slides her hands behind Red's head. They hold the moment too long.

The pain makes Red kill that loving moment, turns serious.

RED

That's an order Helen! This in no love tour anymore. Your training is over.

Jolene looks sad, decisive nevertheless. Silently agrees.

RED

Don't worry, I got your back.

Jolene nods in affirmation, palms curl around the door handle, she gets ready to jump outside.

Red's vision blurs, he tries hard not to pass out.

He guns the engine, steps hard on the gas. With the hand break still on, he performs a burnout. Smoke erupts from the wheels, this is a perfect cover plan for Jolene's exit.

RED

Go. Now!

Jolene opens the door, rolls out of the car.

Red releases the hand break, the car launches forward.

Jolene's exit plan seems to work, it's impossible to spot her through all that smoke.

She jumps off the bridge, disappears in the waters below.

No one saw her escape.

Red, decisive, drives towards the armed men on the other side of the bridge in full speed.

His arms fail, drop, land on his knees. He can't feel anything, he is ready to pass out.

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

They start shooting.

TO THE CAR

The first bullets blast the car, Red shuts his eyes, collapses.

BANG! The car crashes into the side barriers.

INT. MCDONALD'S - WASHINGTON - FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

Jolene, laptop beneath her arms, enters the McDonald's, her eyes drift left and right, cautious, scans all the patrons. At the back, she spots Green, beer in hand, who devours a huge Big Mac.

Green aware of her presence, nods her to sit with him.

GREEN

Where's Red?

Jolene stares into his eyes, sadness dominates.

JOLENE

Didn't make it.

Green's face breaks, utterly unexpected, he shows emotion; rage and anger. Shuts his eyes.

His fingers curl around the glass.

Jolene's look slides down Green's arm, locks on his palm.

Green increases fist pressure uncontrollably.

The glass of beer unable to withstand the pressure, meets its creator, shatters.

Jolene's head jolts backwards.

Blood drips from the cut, Green doesn't pay attention to his cut.

He keeps on applying pressure, shuts his fist completely. The shattered fragments trapped inside the fist, suffocate, they look for a way out. They need more blood to flow along, some of them succeed.

BLUE (52), African-American, Conan the barbarian-looking mother --, is already there, stands motionless just behind Jolene, a sad grimace follows, shakes head.

Blue sits down.

BLUE
We have company.

INT./EXT. MCDONALD'S - WASHINGTON - DAY

Blue stares outside the window, eyes a black jeep lurking, parked a few feet away.

Green gets back to the real world, snaps out of his daydream. His fist relaxes.

GREEN (O.S.)
Took care of them already.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - WASHINGTON - DAY

Through the jeep's black tinted windows, we see two dead guys, shot to the head.

INT. MCDONALD'S - WASHINGTON - DAY

BLUE
There is only one way they knew about this location.

JOLENE
No one followed me, I'm pretty sure.

GREEN
Boss?

BLUE
Yeah, I guess James, is already dead. But there is no way he told them anything, unless someone used his card.

Green shakes head, affirms.

JOLENE
(worried)
So, what now? They're coming for us, don't they?

BLUE
Eagle is down, they made it look like it was us.

GREEN

I'm going after them. No offense,
but it's personal now.

BLUE

What the hell are you talking
about? You're not in the army
anymore, save your feelings for
later. We cannot proceed without a
new Martin, you know that. We stick
to the rules.

GREEN

I don't think James assigned any --

Jolene points to her laptop.

JOLENE

He didn't. I would have known by
now. It would be in the system.

Blue skeptical, leans backwards, deep into his chair.

BLUE

(to Green)

Get rid of everything, we're going
back to the Startacs. Take Jolene
with you and hide until you get my
message.

GREEN

Done.

BLUE

We'll be in touch, I need to do
something.

Green nods in affirmation, stands up, walks away, Jolene
follows.

INT./EXT. BENTLEY - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON - HIGHWAY DRIVING -
DAY

Bogdan relaxes at the back seat, like a boss, mobile in
hand.

On the other side of the line, a familiar voice is heard.
It's MARTIN, the first one in the line of KTT leaders.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

BOGDAN
Hello again, my friend.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Why am I not surprised?

Bogdan smiles.

BOGDAN
You're still a corps for the rest
of my comrades, not to worry about
any of them.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Do I sound worried to you?

BOGDAN
(serious)
No, not really, unless you already
know.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Know what exactly?

BOGDAN
The Eleons made the call, I voted
against, there was nothing else I
could do.

MARTIN (V.O.)
What call?

BOGDAN
The Eagle will be out of the
picture for the next fifteen days
or so, but trust me, he will be
fine. Your team is under heavy fire
though.

Martin pauses, heavy breathing follows.

BOGDAN
Martin listen, I need to know. I
can save the rest, but James and
Red --

Bogdan freezes.

MARTIN (V.O.)
What about them?

BOGDAN

James is dead, and Red... Although severely wounded, he is still alive. However, not for much longer.

Martin is angry, you can listen to his rage through the phone.

BOGDAN

Please my friend, I beg you, do not return. I won't be able to interfere.

MARTIN (V.O.)

(in Russian)

Appreciate this. Comrade.

Martin hangs up. Bogdan checks his phone, looks more worried than sad.

EXT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - ALASKA - NIGHT

Into the middle of nowhere really, among the snowy hills, cold and rain lash down on two small structures, about four hundred meters one from another, perfectly camouflaged against the eyes of an intruder. There are no visible roads leading to their entrances, but the huge antennas on top of them, plus the heavily armed men walking around the perimeter, dressed in white arctic parkas, suggest that this is some kind of high tech-super importance facility.

The moonlight glows strong.

INT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING ONE - ALASKA - NIGHT

A room full of scientists and military personnel, infested with computers and other sophisticated equipment dominate the space.

Couple of large computer screens focus on the meteor course, trajectory, and various other numerical data.

Ares Rooz, the man in charge, gives orders left and right. Everyone pays attention.

ARES

Gentlemen, I need you to check and double check everything. We have one chance only. If we miss it, we won't have another, game will be over.

A young scientist hands him a couple of papers. Ares checks them in detail.

ARES

The nuke will be ready in twenty two hours. That's all the time you have gentlemen, nothing more, nothing less.

Everyone gets back at his computer screen. They don't seem to care about the consequences of their job, they look like true believers, faithful mercenaries.

EXT. HAWAII - DQI BAR - AFTERNOON

A few people have their cocktails under the developing moonlight, a handful of girls, tiny bikinis, dance around under the soft jazz tone.

Blue stands at the entrance.

At the back, a long bearded Martin (45), cowboy hat on, enjoys his daiquiri, cautiously protects his facial characteristics, tries hard to remain unnoticed by Blue.

Blue walks by the standing patrons, scans and registers every single face, burns them into memory. Nothing interesting so far.

Blue sits at the bar, nods the happy BARTENDER (20) to come closer.

BARTENDER

What can I get you sir?

BLUE

Your boss please.

The bartender does not hesitate.

BARTENDER

Boss is out of the country sir. Can I get you a drink instead?

Blue shuts his eyes, covers them with his palm, looks skeptical, disappointed.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

We see one by one the people Blue registered in his memory during his way in. The girls, some random nobodies, the cowboy at the back --

END FLASHBACK.

Blue explodes his eyelids upwards, head snaps to the side, eyes the stranger at the back table. He's not there anymore.

Behind him, Martin approaches silently.

MARTIN
(to the bartender)
Two daiquiris, double the rum.

Blue turns, the two friends' eyes drift up and hold.
Triumph!

Joy rocks Blue, hugs Martin. He looks exactly the same as the last time we met him, a true James Bond type of guy, build of a former athlete, confident, with a weird sense of humor. Besides his long beard one more thing has changed; he is not too proud anymore to shut off his emotions. His eyes go wet.

MARTIN
Brother.

Blue releases his arms, lowers head.

BLUE
I wouldn't be here unless I had failed. I'm sorry.

MARTIN
Wasn't your fault. You couldn't have known.

BLUE
Red's safety was my job, and I wasn't there. I failed boss.

Martin shakes head, nods Blue to sit down. Daiquiris arrive.

MARTIN
Red is not dead, not just yet. But we have to act fast, the Eleons will show him no mercy.

Blue is shocked, although that's good news actually. He is out of words.

MARTIN
All I know so far, is that the Eagle is out of the picture, and the blame is on us. I don't know why, but I'm going to find out.

Blue mumbles.

BLUE

How, how do you know all this?

Martin does not hesitate. Too late for secrets.

MARTIN

Bogdan.

Blue looks disoriented, tries hard to solve the puzzle of Martin and Bogdan's faked deaths a couple of years ago.

BLUE

Both explosions, none of you was
inside the cars --

Triumph, he got it. Martin nods in affirmation, smiles.

Blue tastes his daiquiri, enjoys the moment.

MARTIN

Pussy.

Martin grabs his glass, the drink slides down his throat like a single shot.

MARTIN

You're back on startacs already?

BLUE

Yes boss.

Blue gets an ancient mobile out of his pocket, a motorola startac.

MARTIN

Spread the word. Let's move.

Blue confirms, types in a short message, sends it. Off they go.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - CLARKSON'S OFFICE -
AFTERNOON

General CLARKSON (60s), the big boss, uniform dominated by stars and ribbons, sits relaxed behind his desk, arms crossed. His eyes are locked on Vargas who sits deep into his chair across his table.

Clarkson looks serious and skeptical.

CLARKSON

I cannot see why this is considered
a field test. Why should I
authorize this?

Vargas remains stoic, but hopeful.

VARGAS

It's a unique opportunity for your
country General, NASA won't have
another chance like this.

CLARKSON

Who's in charge?

VARGAS

We are.

Both men trade looks. Looks like a stare contest about who's
the most powerful in there.

VARGAS

Plus, your bank account at Bahamas
will grow by an eight digit number,
no questions asked.

Money talks. The moment Clarkson hears the number, we
already know he is going to agree.

CLARKSON

The President will be OK?

VARGAS

Of course, nothing to worry about.

CLARKSON

Make the transfer.

Vargas stands up, a handshake follows.

Vargas retires.

EXT. KTT SAFEHOUSE - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A peaceful neighborhood, looks like the building block has
been abandoned for ages. The sound of police sirens few
blocks away, remind us that this part of the city is still
somewhat alive.

Martin's eyes dart back and forth, scans everything. Blue, a
few feet forward, stops in front of a steel door, goes for
the bell.

Martin leaps forward, grabs his arm. Nods Blue to stay back.

Blue intrigued, looks OK with it.

Martin does his magic, opens the door with a simple trick.
Blue paces backwards.

INT. KTT SAFEHOUSE - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

He gets inside, cautious, pictures the interior.

The house looks empty, even uninhabited. He walks through the living room. Jolene sits there, laptop between her legs, with her back turned on Martin.

MARTIN

And, you are?

Jolene disoriented, shuts her laptop, bolts upwards, terrified. She takes a kick-boxer stance, prepares to fight.

Martin compresses smile.

MARTIN

Interesting!

Disregarding the limited available room space, Jolene attacks. A kick to Martin's leg followed by a second high kick are brilliantly evaded and blocked respectively by Martin.

Jolene keeps swinging at Martin, punches and high kicks, but Martin is just too much for her. He retaliates with blocks, parries the rest of the incoming blows.

Martin looks like he had enough of it, grabs her fist and with a brisk move, he turns her around, goes for the rear naked choke.

Locks it up.

Jolene struggles to breath. With the chock hold still on, Martin lifts her up, until --

A gun meets the back of his skull. Someone else is there, Martin failed to see him in the first place. It's Green.

GREEN

If I were you, I would let her
down.

Martin, a bit shocked, releases the choke, lets Jolene's feet land back to the floor.

Without hesitation, she turns and delivers a ferocious punch in his stomach.

The blow makes Martin buckle, but it's not enough to make him go down.

MARTIN

If you were me, you would take that shot.

Green is puzzled, the voice sounds so familiar.

Blue emerges at the back, unconcerned, watches the confrontation, looks unwilling to engage.

Martin stretches his body, turns, his eyes meet Green's. A moment without words.

Green lowers his gun, Martin's beard is not enough for Green not to recognize him.

GREEN

Boss! You're alive!

Green literally jumps on Martin, hugs him tight.

MARTIN

Jesus Christ! That's just too many man hugs for less than twenty four hours!

Smiles fill up Blue and Green's faces. Jolene remains startled and speechless.

Green releases the hug.

GREEN

How, how is this possible?

MARTIN

Long story.

Green turns to Blue.

GREEN

Did you know this from the start?

Blue shakes head. His lips dance around.

BLUE

Had my suspicions.

Martin eyes Jolene.

MARTIN

So, you're the one.

Blue steps in, makes the introductions.

BLUE

Jolene, this is Martin, he is the first KTT leader and our boss. Boss, meet Helen Woods.

JOLENE

Yeah, I got that.

MARTIN

(to Jolene)
Red trained you?

JOLENE

Yes.

MARTIN

No *purple*, or *pink*? Just Jolene?

Jolene doesn't get it.

GREEN

Red made that up.

Martin looks curious.

GREEN

You know? Dolly Parton? Jolene? The song? Redhead?

Martin shakes head, yeah he got it.

It's time for one of Martin's humorous punch lines.

MARTIN

And what book were these moves from? C plus plus kick boxing for newbies?

Jolene doesn't hold back.

JOLENE

Red trained me alright!

Martin grins, loves the challenge.

MARTIN

Really? Have you actually seen Red fight?

JOLENE

Yeah.

MARTIN

OK, but have you seen him ever win a fight? No! See what I mean?

That didn't sound funny to Jolene.

Blue, serious, jumps in.

BLUE

We need to talk.

MARTIN

Shave first, sleep afterwards. Talk in the morning.

INT. KTT SAFEHOUSE - WASHINGTON - DAY

Martin, Blue, Jolene and Green have their awesome full English breakfast.

MARTIN

Who made all this?

JOLENE

I did.

Martin devours everything, like he hasn't eaten for ages. Green looks amazed, impressed.

GREEN

God, I love how you're just mobbing that breakfast by yourself. You're the damn boss!

The irony isn't lost on Blue.

BLUE

They don't make this in the islands?

MARTIN

(points to Jolene)
Sure they do! I just need to see why Red likes her so much.

Green's face turns serious, feels like it's time to get to the point.

GREEN

Boss, how do you want this handled?

Martin swallows the last thing still lurking in his mouth, needs a second or two for the food to go down his throat.

MARTIN

Well, first, we must find Red.

Green and Jolene trade sad looks.

JOLENE

Red is dead.

Martin, stoic, drops the bomb.

MARTIN

Says who?

Blue already knows, but he doesn't spare any words or emotion. Green is speechless, he trusts Martin after all, awaits further details.

JOLENE

I saw him die, you weren't there.

MARTIN

Yeah whatever, he isn't dead, not just yet. He is wounded alright, but if we don't find him in the next three or four days, he will be tortured to death for sure.

Green looks angry, determined nevertheless. Makes all kind of faces.

GREEN

Where is he? Who's got him?

MARTIN

The Eleons. But I just can't figure out why.

Blue breaks silence.

BLUE

Boss, I think, it's time for you to see some of Jolene's true skills.

Martin, lets his arrogant look go away, he is a believer.

MARTIN

(to Jolene)

OK pretty face, let's see if Red was right about you. The Eleons have three headquarters, Montreal, Budapest, Buenos Aires. There are six men who pull the strings, they're known as *chairs*, Bogdan Krylov is among them. We're looking for any of the six. You have three hours to track any of them. Our plane awaits.

Jolene wastes no time, springs up, moves aside, works her laptop. No words come out of her mouth. She looks confident as hell, eager to prove herself in her new boss.

BLUE

She'll find them. What's the plan?

MARTIN

We need to find Bogdan.

BLUE

And if we don't?

MARTIN

Grab one of the chairs, squeeze his balls.

Martin gets back to his plate, attacks his breakfast.

Green smirks, determination dominates. He gets up, his stomach is full.

Blue stays back, helps Martin finish everything still available.

INT./EXT. PRIVATE JET - OVER THE CANADIAN BORDERS - NIGHT

The team is silent, none blinks or budes, besides Jolene's hands that rock her laptop's keyboard. Blue eyes Martin.

BLUE

No backup plan boss?

MARTIN

We don't have time for that.

JOLENE

I know I can't be wrong on this one. Seven days ago there were six

JOLENE
helicopters in that castle in Montreal, one was registered to that Vargas dude. Yesterday morning he flew over to Washington, booked the presidential suite in the Ritz for one night, flew back to Montreal this morning, his helicopter landed back to the castle three hours ago.

Determined faces, they know Jolene is right.

JOLENE
Plus, I can verify that five helicopters are there as we speak.

BLUE
I bet one more will get there soon. They have a meeting.

MARTIN
OK boys, you know what we're up against.

Jolene turns her laptop screen towards the others. Everyone eyes the screen.

The floor plan of the castle shows the black and white internal layout of the castle. Her finger points to a specific area.

JOLENE
Check this out. This room, here.

Colors fill up the layout. Mostly red, everything else, colored green and blue.

JOLENE
Blue color comes from the roof tiles, green marks the walls. The temperature inside those rooms should be anywhere from twenty to twenty five degrees, but this room over here --

Jolene points to a single room, that is colored black.

JOLENE
This is some sort of a clean room or a Faraday cage. If they meet anywhere in that castle, it's in there.

The team's eyes meet, talk to each other. Like they have done this a hundred times before, they know the plan, what to do, what is about to follow. They agree silently.

GREEN

Rules of engagement boss?

MARTIN

Two. We need a chair alive.

Martin takes his moment, looks skeptical.

BLUE

What's the second?

MARTIN

Bogdan. He remains unharmed.

Blue acknowledges.

BLUE

Let's get started.

Martin shoots a *good job* look at Jolene. A wink toward Blue follows.

MARTIN

I need some warm up.

Martin stands up, Blue and Green follow. Stretch their bodies. Looks like a theatrical play.

Jolene pays a bit of attention, but she looks concerned about something else.

JOLENE

Don't want to sound like the stupid
one in here, but where do we land?
I don't see a landing site down
there!

Martin and Blue smirk. Blue grimaces, a priceless blown looking face.

GREEN

KTT agents do not land you silly,
they jump!

Martin's face breaks, laughs hard.

Martin, parachute on, inspects the tag on Jolene's parachute, reads it.

MARTIN

Only used once, never opened, small stain!

Jolene is in shock!

INT. ELEONS HEADQUARTERS - MAIN CASTLE ROOM - MONTREAL
- NIGHT

Another meeting takes place. Vargas is silent, hands behind his back, looks worried.

All lights on his panel turn green. Vargas breaks the silence, face full of arrogance and disgust, attacks.

VARGAS

Gentlemen, the saddest thing about betrayal is that it never comes from your enemies. What worries me the most though, is when it comes from your closest friends.

Vargas retrieves a usb-stick from his pocket. Walks slowly towards one of the office cells.

VARGAS

Someone in here took steps against this group's decisions, and all the proof you need, is in here.

Vargas stabs the air with the usb stick so everyone can see it, stops and gazes the office cell in front of him.

VARGAS

Bogdan Krylov, you stand accused of betrayal. What say you?

The door opens, Bogdan gets out. He looks concerned but not scared at all.

He gets in Vargas' face.

BOGDAN

You don't have the right to judge me, nor the authority to charge me for anything.

Without looking, Bogdan points to the cells at the back.

BOGDAN

Only a chair has the authority to do so. Unless one of you --

Bogdan turns, eyes one of the office cells.

BOGDAN

Unless one of you grew some balls
and accused me of treason.

Looking so powerful moments ago, Vargas changes tone and manner, he knows he cannot stand against Bogdan on his own.

VARGAS

Indeed. Your call to KTT's former
leader came from one of the chairs.
Still, you offered valuable
information that contradicts the
Eleons' ruling.

Bogdan takes his moment. His life is at risk.

BOGDAN

You intercepted one of my calls.
That call came from my personal
mobile. Who authorized it?

Vargas is out of words. He wants no piece of Bogdan.

Another office cell door opens, Morton pops out.

MORTON

I did. You killed Martin before we
manage to interrogate him. You took
his phone, his KTT card. You let
him initiate the Burning Wings
protocol. Am I missing anything?

BOGDAN

No you don't.

ANTOINE (40s), tall and muscular, hulkish beyond
imagination, marches towards Vargas.

Vargas, beelines for Antoine, curious for the reason of the
interruption.

VARGAS

Why are we being interrupted?

Antoine gets next to Vargas, leans over his ear, whispers a
couple of words.

Vargas looks utterly concerned.

In a blink of an eye, tension grows among everyone, as they
hear gunshots paired with violent screams coming from the
adjacent rooms.

VARGAS
This meeting is over. Evacuate.

Vargas turns to Antoine.

VARGAS
(points to Morton)
Get your team in here, protect the
chairs, no one leaves this room.

This is one of those moments that men separate from the boys. Bogdan remains stoic, curious about who's coming. Morton on the other hand, terrified, loses it.

MORTON
What is happening? Are we under
attack? Who is it?

Antoine's team breaks in, five men, automatic rifles, surround Morton and Vargas, form a shield wall.

Gunshots still mess with their heads, sounds like the attackers run over the defenders with ease.

The gunfight ends. A deafening silence follows.

Main door opens wide, Antoine's team focuses on whatever is about to enter.

One, two, three flash grenades roll inside. Three BANGS follow!

Shots fired from the outside, killing one by one Antoine's team. Blinded by the flash grenades, they shoot back.

In all that shooting fest, Antoine grabs both Vargas and Morton, pushes them behind him, acts like a meat shield.

He grabs Bogdan by the neck, sticks his pistol on his temple, positions him between himself and the intruders.

His men are dead, his eyes look ready to meet his destiny. There is not much he can do.

The smoke fades, no one else is up and alive to defend, besides Antoine. The first of the attackers, Martin, automatic rifle in arms, enters the room.

Green follows next, targets Antoine with his sniper rifle.

Blue follows Martin slowly, handgun ready to engage.

Martin beelines for Antoine.

MARTIN

Let him go and I might let you live.

Antoine's accent sounds very french!

ANTOINE

Not gonna happen. Two more minutes and the rest of my team will be in here and fuck you up, all of you!

Martin pauses, looks reluctant to proceed.

MARTIN

(aloud)

J? Where are they?

Jolene is just outside the room.

JOLENE (O.S.)

Tracking fifteen men on the roof, heading for the helicopters.

Martin smirks, looks relieved.

MARTIN

That makes us a dozen of guards for the three chairs left. There is no one else coming.

ANTOINE

Do you think I'm afraid of you? I've killed hundreds of your kind, sons of bitches, everywhere around the world. I'm not scared of you.

MARTIN

Green?

Green, grave, calm voice, his fingertip pets the trigger, looks ready.

GREEN

Whenever you're ready boss.

Antoine checks on Green, fear grows in him.

ANTOINE

If you pull that trigger, I'll pull mine too. We both lose.

Vargas and Morton, scared as hell, break silence.

VARGAS

Wait! no more killings. What do you want?

Morton grows some balls, engages.

MORTON

(to Vargas)

If we let Bogdan go, we're dead you idiot.

ANTOINE

(to Morton)

Just let me know when to kill him.

Martin takes a step forward, grimaces weirdly, like he's gonna throw up.

ANTOINE

What's up with your face?

Martin trades looks with Blue.

MARTIN

I feel.. *Cuntstipated*.

ANTOINE

Cunt-what? What that means?

Blue knows exactly what Martin is talking about.

BLUE

It means.. that he is emotionally exhausted by having to deal with too many cunts in just one night.

Bogdan gets it too. It's the attack signal.

BOGDAN

(in Russian)

Shit!

With a brisk move, Blue draws a stiletto from his back pocket, throws it upon Antoine's left eye. At the same time, Green fires, the bullet crashes Antoine's wrist holding the gun.

Antoine's lifeless body collapses in front of Vargas and Morton who watch in despair.

Bogdan takes a few steps forward, stands next to Martin, nods a '*thank you*'.

He turns, faces Morton and Vargas, shakes head. He already knows their destiny.

Green reloads.

MARTIN

There are six chairs leading the Eleons, three of them left, I know the fourth one, so I guess you're numbers, five and six?

VARGAS

No, I'm not one of the chairs! I'm just the butler here! The secretary!

MORTON

(to Bogdan)

Traitor, you'll pay for this with your life.

Bogdan knows that he eventually will pay the price, his fate is sealed.

MARTIN

(fingerpoints Vargas)

So, I don't need you then.

Green fires, a shot to Vargas' head blasts his skull. Blood and brains fill up Morton's face.

Morton, helpless and stunned, tries to clear the blood from his face. He fails miserably.

Blue steps forward, a powerful punch to Morton's chin follows. Morton is floored.

INT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING ONE - ALASKA - NIGHT

The scientists look extremely nervous, highly alert.

A rocket ready to launch dominates the main screen, all eyes are fixed on it.

Just a few of them check their own computer screens, Ares stands stoic in the middle.

He mumbles silently, looks like a pray.

No countdown, no shouts here and there, the rocket fires away, dead silence in the room. It is evident, that those in there, have nothing to do with the launch, just observe the whole sequence like the big brother.

We follow the rocket's trajectory as it stabs the sky, goes through the clouds, dives into the stratosphere.

Happy determined faces follow, everyone gets back on his computer.

INT. ELEONS HEADQUARTERS - MAIN CASTLE ROOM - MONTREAL
- NIGHT

Bogdan, Martin and Blue have a vivid chat. Green a few feet nearby, listens to every single word. His eyes are locked on Morton who's seated in what previously was Vargas' throne.

Morton snaps out of unconsciousness, forces himself up. Green shakes head, his killer eyes nod a '*sit the fuck down*'. Morton obeys.

GREEN

Boss!

Martin beelines for Morton, interrogation time.

MARTIN

Dude, I have to admit, throughout my life I've met with some very fucked up minds, but yours, yours is just beyond compare. Crashing a meteor upon US soil? Killing thousands?

BOGDAN

(in russian)

It sounds to me, like you just haven't met enough of his kind.

Martin looks surprised. Eyes Bogdan.

MARTIN

Sometimes, I feel like giving up, but then I remember I have a lot of motherfuckers to prove wrong.

Martin gets in Morton's face. Death stare, anger. His voice tone sounds absolute.

MARTIN

Trust me, I've commanded more than seventy black ops, killed hundreds. I make most of them beg and cry for their lives before I take their guts out. And that was a long time ago, when I was still a child and

MARTIN
 rainbows where still black and
 white. Now I'm old and uninhibited.
 Tell me what I need to know and
 you'll have a painless death. Else,
 I won't let you die until your
 heart gives your mind the finger.
 Do you copy?

Morton shits his pants, literally.

MORTON
 I'm a dead man, so why talk?

Jolene approaches Martin, whispers something. Martin acknowledges.

MARTIN
 I give you my word that none of
 your sons will be touched.

Morton actually considers the offer, a fair trade, his life for his sons'.

BOGDAN
 It's over, accept his offer.

Morton looks ready to cry.

MORTON
 What do you want to know?

Blue steps in.

BLUE
 Where are you keeping Red?

MORTON
 A-L-Four.

Martin eyes Bogdan.

BOGDAN
 Our safe house in Alaska. I'll give
 you the coordinates.

Martin takes his time, mumbles.

MARTIN
 This is also where you're running
 this operation from?

MORTON

Yes.

Martin waggles his firearm. Morton feels his death is near.

MARTIN

Who gave you the nuke?

Morton is scared as hell, looks reluctant to answer the question.

Martin shoves his gun in Morton's mouth. More decisive than ever, he's about to shoot.

MARTIN

Who gave you the nuke?

MORTON

I don't know, Vargas was on it. He met with someone in the army, I don't know his name --

Martin's finger moves, the trigger feels its pressure.

Bogdan intervenes.

BOGDAN

Wait!

Bogdan and Martin trade looks.

The Russian turns to Morton.

BOGDAN

The antidote?

Morton wastes no time, points to a secret wall drawer at the back wall.

Bogdan stares at the wall, walks towards it. Opens the drawer, a tiny green colored potion appears within. Picks it up, nods to Martin.

Morton, excited, feels like this move might save his life.

Not! Martin pulls the trigger, the bullet gives the finger to Morton's brain.

Martin, stoic, turns to the others.

MARTIN

Change of plans. Green, we need firepower.

GREEN
No problem!

BLUE
(to Green)
Pope?

Green shakes heads in affirmation.

MARTIN
Find your own way out of here, J is
coming with you, wait for our call.

Green acknowledges, him and Jolene storm away.

BLUE
Are you splitting the team boss?

MARTIN
Have to, I trust Clarkson but if
he's into this --

BLUE
I see.

Blue retires.

Martin shoots glances at Bogdan.

MARTIN
Once again, our paths cross and
split fast.

BOGDAN
(in Russian)
Farewell comrade.

EXT. PLAYERS CLUB - HARLEM - NEXT DAY - NIGHT

Lots of people await patiently over a line in front of the
prestigious 'Players' club entrance; all of them black,
formally dressed.

Four bouncers near the door scan everyone, top to bottom,
allow some sexy girls to enter first, let the rest wait a
few moments.

A sports car stops in front of the entrance, draws the
attention of everyone around.

One of the bouncers, BOUNCER ONE, jumps in front of the car,
nods the driver to park elsewhere.

The driver turns off the engine, hops out of the car, heads towards the bouncer, hands him the keys. It's Green.

GREEN

Take a good care of it, boy.

BOUNCER ONE

You can't park here sir! Move your car now or else --

Green takes a gold -John Wick type of- coin out of his pocket, passes it to the bouncer.

GREEN

Take me to Pope.

Bouncer One changes attitude, welcomes Green, stuffs the car keys into his pocket, escorts him inside the club.

Those in line give Green blank stares in amazement, no one dares to protest nevertheless.

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - MAIN CLUB ROOM - HARLEM - NIGHT

Green and Bouncer One walk inside the club.

Green's facial color instantly draws the attention of the patrons, heads snap left and right.

They walk all the way through the crowd, get to the back end, where a steel door appears.

The bouncer knocks on the door twice. The door moves slightly, the bouncer hands the gold coin to the guy behind it, a whispering chat follows.

The bouncer turns, eyes Green, nods him to move further inside.

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - BACK ROOM - HARLEM - NIGHT

A huge rectangular table with several trigger happy macho guys around, stack gold coins into shiny wooden cases. 'POPE' ABRAHAMS (50s), African-American, black glasses, half melted face, head of the table, relaxes deep into his wheelchair throne.

A few sexy girls at the back count money, the cash machines work overtime.

Green, stoic, scans everything around, eyes the amount of guns the guys around the table carry.

POPE

One gold coin, one minute. What can
I do for you?

Green takes a step towards Pope, a huge bodyguard gets in
between. No one approaches Pope like that, Green gets it.

Green gets a paper out of his pocket, hands it to the
bodyguard.

GREEN

(to Pope)

I have a list here, I need you to
have a look.

POPE

I may miss my eyes, but I can still
smell your sarcasm, white boy.

Bodyguard checks the list, approaches Pope, whispers in his
ear.

Pope shakes head.

POPE

Five hundred for everything.
Transportation, is on me.

Green smirks.

GREEN

Five hundred huh? I was really
hoping for something like, zero!

Necks crack, everyone eyes Green.

POPE

Are you mocking me white boy?

GREEN

No sir, I don't. But you still owe
me you know.

POPE

I owe to no man. At least none
still alive.

Green grabs a lollipop out of his pocket.

GREEN

As far as I can tell, I'm still
alive, and you owe me, pops.

Green slides the lollipop all the way toward the other side of the table, Pope swiftly slams it with his palm.

Two of the guys around the table draw their hand pistols, target Green. The cash machines at the back stop, the girls look shocked.

Tension grows, can cut it with a knife.

Pope feels the lollipop, nods his men to stand down. Guns return to their holsters.

Pope rubs the lollipop with his fingers, he remembers --

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SOME JUNGLE IN ASIA - FEW YEARS BACK - DAY

The dense, lush rain forests of the most hostile jungle ever seen, meets action for the first time. A group of ten green berets, fully armed, under heavy fire, rush backwards through a narrow trail towards the safe zone.

Squad leader DUKE (45), an albino war junkie, his anger gives an indication of his own fears, leads the retreat, screams his guts out.

DUKE

Fall back! Fall back now!

Incoming bullets rape both the threes and the emptiness in between. A hundred guerrillas, random uniforms, unorganized but enraged, march against Duke's team.

Just one man holds position and does not fall back. He's Green, down on his belly, head shots the enemies, counts corpses. This seems to be the only thing that actually slows the enemy down a bit.

Duke gets next to Green, takes cover.

DUKE

You fucking jar head! Move! Get back to the chopper!

Looks like Green's first real combat. His killer eyes however, suggest that they have seen more death than everyone else in that group.

GREEN

Someone is missing Serg! Someone is missing!

Green keeps firing, breaks skulls.

DUKE

Abrahams is down, his spine is
fucked up, he can't walk, fuck that
nigger. Move back, that's an order!

GREEN

Where?

DUKE

Fall back soldier! I will blow that
line, fall back now. That's a
fucking order!

GREEN

Cowboy the fuck up! No one stays
behind! Where is he?

Duke trades looks with Green. Duke marks the spot.

DUKE

Fifty meters straight ahead.

GREEN

Give me five minutes Serg, if I
don't make it, go!

Duke takes his moment, nods an 'OK'.

DUKE

Five minutes.

Duke storms away, he looks like he is the last to leave the
site.

Green checks ammunition, reloads. He gets up, advances
toward the enemy lines, rolls like a ninja among the trees.
Not a bullet wasted.

He spots Abrahams, a massive dude, to the ground, in pain,
unable to move.

A couple of enemies approach Abrahams' position, a napalm
explosion follows nearby, blows up everything in between
them.

Abrahams is literally on fire from the strike, he cannot do
much to survive this.

Green jumps on him, kills the fire with his bear hands and body. Abrahams screams in pain, but this is the least of his problems. His face is half burned, he can't walk, can't talk or even breath, and the enemies are coming. He is ready to pass out.

Green grabs a lollipop out of his back pocket, stuffs in into his mouth.

GREEN

You need sugar pops. Stay awake!

Abrahams nods in desperation. He tries hard not to lose consciousness.

Green lowers his gun, tries to lift him up, load him on his back.

One of the enemies goes through the fire, Green is unaware of his presence.

The enemy goes for the kill, but Blue appears out of nowhere, jumps from behind, cuts his throat, kicks his lifeless body to oblivion.

Blue whistles. Green eyes him, checks Blue's leg wound that bleeds badly. He limps, but he doesn't seem to care.

BLUE

(relaxed)

I'll take him!

Green loads Abrahams onto Blue's shoulders, the three of them rush away to safety.

Blue struggles with the weight, however he manages to carry him all the way to safe zone.

Green keeps firing.

The fire from the napalms is almost out, the enemies march forward again.

The three of them get to the chopper which is full as hell, ready to fly away, engine smoking.

DUKE

We're full, those assholes sent one chopper for both teams.

Blue and Green trade looks.

GREEN
 (to Duke)
 Take pops, we'll make it.

Affirmative. Blue loads Abrahams into the chopper.

GREEN
 Go!

The chopper flies away, Blue and Green stare their way out disappear.

They turn to each other.

GREEN
 So, what's the plan?

It's the perfect time for sarcasm.

BLUE
 Run them over!

Blue smirks.

BLUE
 Nice meeting you gunny.

A strong handshake. Destiny awaits both.

GREEN
 Follow me!

INT./EXT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

As the chopper flies away, Abrahams stares a group of about fifty enemies approaching his saviors.

POPE
 (faint voice)
 What was their names?

DUKE
 Whose names? The sniper's you mean
 and --

Abrahams nods in affirmation, shuts his eyes.

Duke continues to talk, Abrahams drifts into unconsciousness. He didn't listen to any of the two guys' names.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - BACK ROOM - HARLEM - NIGHT

POPE
The lollipop kid.

Green smiles from ear to ear, marvels.

Pope removes his glasses, his blind white eyeballs lock on Green's eyes. No, he can't really be that guy.

Pope tries hard to stand up, a guy assists him, Pope's voice sounds absolute.

POPE
Get back!

The guys around the table looks amazed, Pope stands up on his own.

POPE
You made it out? Both of you?

GREEN
Yes sir, we did.

Pope smirks, shakes head, it's time to pay his debt.

POPE
Follow me son.

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - MAIN GATE - DAY

Martin and Blue, black suits, cross the gates. They managed to talk their way in, guards keep their sights locked on them.

They head to the main building, formal uniforms parade on their left, soldiers in camouflage suits train on their right. Martin and Blue don't spare a glance at them.

Everything works in perfection upon General Clarkson's presence, who stoically supervises his men.

Clarkson awaits stoically Martin in front of the main building.

Next to the General, Colonel BROOKS (40s), cocky and proud, General's right hand, arms behind his back, eyes the two men approaching.

Four marines at the far back, camouflage suits, break formation, follow Martin and Blue, keep the distance nevertheless.

Blue notices, lowers pace.

BLUE
(to Martin)
See them on our six?

MARTIN
Yeap. Be ready.

Martin goes on, keeps up his pace, gets in front of the General. Blue buries his hand deep into his pocket.

MARTIN
General, thank you for meeting with me.

GENERAL
What can I do you for you, Martin?

Martin wishes a private chat with the General, shoots a glance at Brooks.

MARTIN
Can we talk in private?

GENERAL
No need, he's with me.

Martin cuts to the chase.

MARTIN
General, a nuclear warhead was transferred from Los Alamos to Alaska sometime during the last week, launched yesterday as part of a space drill. The President isn't just unaware, but also incapable of shutting this down. But you can. And you have to.

Clarkson looks genuinely shocked.

CLARKSON
What?

MARTIN
This is not a test, those who run this operation, are about to change a meteor's course and crash it just outside Phoenix. You have to trust me on this, deactivate the nuke, now!

Clarkson and Brooks trade looks. Their body language, something is not just right.

Martin looks suspicious.

CLARKSON

The word out there, is that your team poisoned the President, so you're considered traitors by the NSA. And do you know how do I cope with traitors?

The moment those words escaped Clarkson's mouth, Martin already knew. He is screwed.

Martin fixes his hair. That's a sign.

Blue notices, his undercover palm performs tiny moves inside his pocket, he messes with something in there.

MARTIN

You can't be serious! You know KTT would never go against the Eagle's will, rest assured against his own life!

CLARKSON

Tell you what, come with me, we call the NSA, and ask them what they think about you. Then we can talk about your crazy nuke theory.

MARTIN

(shakes head)

We all know someone who speaks fluent shit.

Martin explodes.

MARTIN

You son of a bitch! You're a General of the United States of America, this is how you honor your uniform, your Country?

Clarkson has enough of this. Eyes Brooks. Gives the go.

BROOKS

Arrest them!

The soldiers at the back engage, all guns stare Martin and Blue. None of them resists, they get down on their knees.

Blue remains grave, Martin's face fills with rage.

The four soldiers take care of Martin and Blue violently, couple of punches follow, handcuffs lock in place.

BROOKS

Search them!

No guns found on them, just a startac in Blue's pocket.

The phone is handed to Brooks who checks it immediately. The phone is dead.

Blue stares Brooks.

BLUE

Too late bitch.

Brooks eyes Clarkson concerned.

Clarkson, grinds teeth, storms away.

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - GARAGE - HARLEM - NIGHT

A huge garage, all kinds of weapons stacked perfectly in endless *Dexion* stands. From assault riffles to missile launchers, from had grenades to c4 explosives. At the end of the tiny corridor, a stand full of random caliber bullets. The view is staggering.

Pope and his men walk down the corridor, Green at the back looks impressed. There are weapons and ammunition to support world war three in that room.

POPE

Choose, anything and everything.

Green wastes no time, gets a steel trolley, storms back and forth, fills it up. Three automatic riffles, a rocket launcher, c4s, detonators. At the top of the stuck, a minigun.

The sound of weapons filling up the trolley makes Pope's stone cold face grimace. Like he knows what is coming, he gets both excited and curious.

POPE

Who you're after son?

Green does not break focus.

GREEN

Traitors.

The trolley is full. One last check for anything missing, Green is done.

GREEN

I'm done.

POPE

You need a lift or anything?

GREEN

My transportation already awaits.

They move to the garage door.

INT./EXT. PLAYERS CLUB - GARAGE - HARLEM - NIGHT

The electric garage door rises, the back of a van reveals. Jolene pops the door, worried face, stares Green alongside the Pope's men.

Struck by the image of the massive amount of firepower in the trolley, utters the bad news.

JOLENE

Clarkson screwed us.

The name rings a bell, Pope shakes head, says nothing nevertheless.

Green does not spare a second, loads everything into the back of the van.

Jolene moves to the front, driver's seat.

Green has finished. Turns to the Pope, extends his arm for a handshake.

POPE

You sure you don't need any help with that guy?

GREEN

Nah, I'll be fine.

Pope smiles, that's a first.

POPE

I'm sure it will.

The handshake follows. A strong one.

POPE
Is my debt paid?

No words come out of Green's mouth. A grimace follows, that's affirmative. Although blind, Pope somehow knows, a redemption face follows.

Green storms to the front, the van explodes away, disappears into the dark.

Pope turns to one of his men, mumbles.

GREEN
How many body bags did you give him?

No response, just faces full of amazement.

EXT. NORTH AMERICA - SOME SMALL AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

The private jet parks at the near end of the runway, a black jeep awaits its passengers. The airport looks deserted.

The stair vehicle approaches, comes to a stop, locks in place.

The jet's door open, Bogdan appears, rushes down the stairs, heads to the jeep.

Just a few feet away, he reduces pace, pauses. Eyes the driver. He is dead, shot to the head.

BOGDAN
(mumbles in Russian)
Fuck!

Out of nowhere a group of ten black suits, mercenaries, appear in no time, bring their guns forward, ten red dots mark Bogdan.

INT./EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - NORFOLK VIRGINIA NAVAL BASE - DAY

Sun is up, city is baking. Waves of heat ascend into the sky, while a soccer mom's van is parked down the road.

Just a hundred meters away the main gate, Green and Jolene stare at the guards apprehensive.

JOLENE
What exactly are we doing here?

Green skeptical, snaps out of oblivion.

GREEN

Well, somewhere in there rests our plan B, but I have no clue how to reach him.

JOLENE

Admiral Cole is our plan B?

GREEN

Well, he is the Atlantic Fleet Commander, that means his pay grade is high enough I guess. Plus he hates Clarkson so much --

JOLENE

He knows Martin in person, doesn't he?

GREEN

Yeap!

JOLENE

So why don't we just call him? I have all the evidence we need.

GREEN

Got his number?

Jolene lowers head, her question sounded stupid.

GREEN

We need to get in there.

JOLENE

Can't be that hard!

GREEN

My KTT card is useless, so unless we fight our way in, I don't see any other way.

JOLENE

I thought you were the best in.. Whatever you do. Or is it those three sailors at the gates that really scare you?

Green wears his silliest grin.

GREEN

Well, I am indeed one of the best sweetheart, but, this is Norfolk Virginia we're talking about. Not even Rambo can solo this.

JOLENE

Rabo?

GREEN

RamBo! John Ramb --! He is a
commando --, ah, fuck it! Women!

Jolene stretches her arms, swings her body, a new idea!
Sounds pretty excited, eyes Green.

JOLENE

Commando! Yes, commando!

Green does not get it.

GREEN

Yes, that's what I said.

JOLENE

I will go!

GREEN

What?

JOLENE

You said a commando --

Green turns serious.

GREEN

Yes I know what I said, but are you
a commando or something? You think
you can just go in there, walk past
all those soldiers and talk to the
Admiral?

JOLENE

All we need is his phone number.
Yes I can do it!

GREEN

Did Red give you some sort of a
commando handbook or any other
tips, cause baby, trust me, if
that's the case, you were trained
by a hacker, not a soldier!

JOLENE

Yeah, exactly!

Green, speechless, stares Jolene, nothing smart comes out of
his mouth.

Jolene starts to get undressed. Jeans, sneakers, top, everything. Curiosity and amazement infest Green's face.

GREEN

What are you doing?

Jolene trades looks with Green.

JOLENE

Under any other circumstances I
would tell you not to look but --

Two things remain upon Jolene's sexy body, her thong and her bra.

She stretches to the back of the car, her butt meets Green's nose. Green blushes!

Jolene unzips her bag, grabs a tiny skirt and a white t-shirt, USA logo on it. Puts them on.

Long heels follow, her red tow nails match the color of her hair.

Jolene turns to Green, smiles from ear to ear.

JOLENE

Women huh? Watch me!

Green is shocked.

Jolene grabs her mobile, hops out of the car, walks away like a bimbo.

EXT. NORFOLK VIRGINIA NAVAL BASE - OUTSIDE THE GATES - DAY

Jolene pauses like she forgot something.

Returns to the car.

Removes her panties. Green's eyes bulge.

GREEN

What, what are you doing?

JOLENE

Going commando, you silly!

Jolene throws her panties inside the car, paces away, beelines for the gate.

It doesn't take too long until the guards notice her. They look at her stunned, eager to meet her, talk to her.

Jolene gets closer. She doesn't hesitate, she speaks the first word.

JOLENE
Hello boys!

There are two guards in front of the gate, one more inside the guard post who immediately pops his head out, white military uniform all three of them.

GUARD ONE (30s) pumps up his shoulders, smiles.

GUARD ONE
Hello sexy!

GUARD TWO (30s), less playful attitude, takes a couple steps forward.

GUARD TWO
Good morning madam, can I help you?

JOLENE
You are the only one that can actually.

Jolene's act is perfect.

JOLENE
Well, my girlfriend dared me to come here and get a photo alongside you guys --

Jolene goes on the defensive.

JOLENE
I know it's forbidden, but, you can take the picture, all I need is a photo, here next to the gates, I don't need the background or anything. It's a dare game, nothing else.

GUARD TWO
I'm sorry ma'am, but I must decline your request.

Jolene wears her sad face, lets her mobile slip off her hands on purpose.

With a swift move, she bends over, grabs the phone, picks it up.

Shocked faces, the three guards see just enough to break the rule.

Jolene trades looks with the guards.

GUARD ONE
 (to Guard Two)
 I will handle the camera, will take
 care of the background, no worries.

Jolene jumps for joy. She spares no time, hands her mobile to Guard One, hugs the other one pretty tight. Glorious smiles follow.

A photo of the two comes next.

JOLENE
 Yes! I won! Sheila will get so
 angry!

GUARD ONE
 Sheila? Sheila is your,
 girl-girlfriend?

JOLENE
 I'm from Northampton you silly!
 We're on holidays here, arrived
 last night!

The guards look stunned, like they lost some real opportunity here.

JOLENE
 But at the same time, we're both,
 up for everything!

Happy faces return.

JOLENE
 Do you have a facebook or
 something?

GUARD THREE (30s), once silent inside the guard post, engages.

GUARD THREE
 I do!

JOLENE
 Sheila Rogers, look us up and send
 us a pm for tonight!

Guard Three marvels.

GUARD THREE
I sure will do!

Jolene is done, retires, walks away backwards.

JOLENE
See you tonight boys! Thank you!

The guards have their sights locked on her rear end, as she disappears down the road.

INT./EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - NORFOLK VIRGINIA NAVAL BASE - DAY

Green starts the car, follows Jolene's path.

He passes by, eyes locked on her the whole time, turns to the first corner, stops.

Jolene nears the car, jumps in.

Green steps on the gas, they disappear.

INT./EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - DRIVING - VIRGINIA - DAY

GREEN
I have no idea what you did back there, but I'm really curious --

JOLENE
Patience is a virtue love.

Jolene grabs her laptop, hooks in her mobile.

JOLENE
I give them a minute or two.

Her mobile beeps. She smiles.

JOLENE
Even less!

Her fingers go wild, various code lines roll like crazy into her screen.

JOLENE
Mess with the best, die like the rest.

GREEN
Wait, that was an old movie quote.

JOLENE

Yeah, from the Rambo of hackers.

Green hits the brakes.

GREEN

What are you doing?

JOLENE

I'm accessing that idiot's computer. So many back-doors on facebook!

Yeah! Jolene looks excited.

A single ip number blinks in the laptop screen.

JOLENE

I'm in, now let's see where is that list.

Several computers files roll down the screen. One of them tagged '*Emergency calls list*' draws her attention. Opens the file, a telephone list pops up.

JOLENE

Here is your Admiral's mobile sport!

GREEN

Yeah OK, I just wanna see Red's face when he learns about this.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - SOLITARY - DAY

The sunlight tries hard to go through the tiny prison cell window, illuminate the limited solitary space.

Martin, relaxed, eyes shut, lying idle, practices his yoga skills. Blue, anxious, stands against the wall.

BLUE

How did you miss this?

MARTIN

I don't know, maybe I'm just getting old.

BLUE

Yeah, tell me about it!

Blue takes a deep breath.

BLUE

I told you we need a plan B, just
in case --

MARTIN

Green and J are on it.

BLUE

Really? I thought you hadn't..

MARTIN

Above all people, you should know
better.

Blue calms down, Martin gets back to his sleep.

MARTIN

Thankfully, they didn't check our
stinky shocks!

Martin smirks.

EXT. VIRGINIA - GAS STATION - A BLOCK AWAY THE NORFOLK NAVAL
BASE - DAY

A military jeep, black windows, joins the gas station. A
tall and thin soldier hops out of the driver seat, goes for
the gas pump. The driver's door stays open.

The exact same moment, Jolene's car enters the gas station,
parks behind the jeep. She's alone, Green is not there.

Jolene hops out, still on her slutty outfit, laptop beneath
her arm, heads to the jeep, driver's side.

The soldier pays no attention to her. Jolene makes no eye
contact.

She jumps inside the jeep, shuts the door.

INT./EXT. ADMIRAL'S JEEP - GAS STATION - DAY

Jolene eyes Admiral COLE (60s) who stares at her highly
concerned.

COLE

You sent me the message?

JOLENE

Yes admiral.

COLE
You're alone?

JOLENE
No sir.

Cole shoots glances outside, tries had to see if anyone else is watching.

He spots no one. Turns to Jolene.

COLE
That's some disturbing information
I must say. You have proof?

Jolene passes him her laptop. It's on, various images rock the screen. Cole goes through them.

Cole pauses, chooses his words attentively.

COLE
I can't believe they got Martin,
but you're still free and alive.

Jolene feels cockier than ever.

JOLENE
Well, I'm prettier.

Cole shoots a serious look at Jolene. That wasn't funny.

COLE
Perhaps.

Cole is convinced. Checks outside again.

COLE
So who's with you? Green or Blue?

JOLENE
Green sir.

COLE
Huh, how far?

JOLENE
About a mile away, straight ahead.

Cole eyes straight ahead. Yet again, he cannot spot Green.

COLE
I don't like being in his sights.

JOLENE

I don't know what that means, but
I'm sure he heard you already.

Jolene lowers her shirt, she is wired. Points to a high tech
tiny earpiece too.

Cole didn't expect this, he doesn't hesitate nevertheless.
Grabs his mobile, makes a call.

JOLENE

So are you gonna.. help us?

COLE

Well, this situation sucks, but if
it didn't, we wouldn't do it.

Jolene doesn't get it. Green got it though, speaks a word.

GREEN (V.O.)

(Jolene's comm)

Seals.

COLE

(on mobile)

Mark, I have a ten percenter here
sitting next to me, she needs our
help. Get your team, I need you
airborne in thirty minutes.

MARK (V.O.)

Where do you want me sir?

COLE

MBDC.

Conversation is over, Cole stuffs his mobile into his
pocket.

GREEN (V.O.)

Time to go, we'll be in touch.

JOLENE

Thank you for your time admiral.

Jolene gets out, bolts back to her car.

INT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING TWO - ALASKA - NIGHT

A hospital-like room, lots of medical equipment around two surgical beds, both occupied.

Red lies on the first, half unconscious, braves pain, tries hard to keep his eyes on. Moves his head slightly upwards, stares his wound.

Although the wound appears well treated, he attempts a physical check with his palm. The handcuffs make him fail.

Frustrated and exhausted, lays his head back down, leans to the other side. Face turns curious about the identity of the second man next to him. That's Bogdan.

Bogdan is awake, handcuffed too.

RED

Who are you?

Bogdan, peaceful voice, smiles.

BOGDAN

I could tell you, but then I would have to kill you.

This does not cheer up Red.

RED

Last time I checked, James Bond was British, and you are not.

A moment of silence.

Despair dominates Red.

RED

Are we gonna die?

BOGDAN

Get some rest, and pray that your friends, arrive in time.

Red's vision blurs, his senses fade away.

RED

(mumbles)

Don't think they will come. Boss is dead.

BOGDAN

Have faith son, I'm sure Martin
cannot actually die.

These are the last words Red managed to listen. He sinks
back into the oblivion of sleep.

BOGDAN

(murmurs)

However, this time, he won't be
able to do anything for me.

Bogdan shuts his eyes, a grimace of discomfort follows. His
nose bleeds.

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - MAIN GATE - DAY

Cole's jeep approaches the gates. The three guards lock on
the jeep's four star license plates. They look worried,
stand at attention.

The jeep stops in front of the gates. Cole's driver flashes
some papers to the guard, who recognize the admiral
immediately. The guards formally salute.

Inside the guard post, the guard's eyes meet the admiral's.
The guard doesn't wait for further confirmation, the gates
open wide.

As the car moves inside, the guards' radios work overtime,
they inform their superiors about the admiral's arrival.

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - HOUSE OF COMMANDANTS - DAY

The jeep parks in front of the entrance. Brooks waits there,
alongside six marines. They salute the admiral.

The admiral gets out of the jeep, decisive, beelines for the
building entrance. The marines, shut his way in.

COLE

I'm here to see General Clarkson
and I'm in a hurry.

Struck by the image of the admiral's stars, Brooks takes it
slow.

BROOKS

We're in a lockdown Admiral, I
cannot let you in. I have orders.

COLE

I don't fucking care where your orders come from colonel, this is a JCS Admiral you're addressing to. Move aside.

Brooks trembles, however he stays put.

BROOKS

My orders come from the JCS General, I cannot let you in sir.

Admiral pauses, his eyes dart left and right, checks the marines at the back. He knows Brooks is no match for himself, but the marines at the back, won't step down.

COLE

Do you enjoy mexican standoffs Colonel?

Brooks doesn't get it.

In a blink of an eye, two US Chinooks rock the barracks' air space. They get on top of the Admiral, hover.

Admiral smirks.

Rappelling ropes deploy from both the choppers, ten in total. We see the seals, full face masks, camouflage suits, legs swinging, knees flexing.

They jump.

Five from the first chopper land between Cole and Brooks, the other five behind the admiral, secure his perimeter.

Rifles rise, the seals look ready and determined to attack Brooks and his team. The marines behind Brooks respond to the confrontation. Tension grows.

Cole, absolute tone and manner, takes a couple steps forward, gets in Brooks' face.

COLE

Against all enemies, foreign and domestic!

Cole's intimidating eyes gaze at Brooks.

Brooks is shocked, his cockiness evaporates. Eyes his team, gives the order.

BROOKS
Stand down! Stand down!

The marines obey.

COLE
Where is your General?

BROOKS
He's not here Admiral.

One of the seals steps forward. He's Green.

GREEN
Where is Martin and Blue?

BROOKS
Solitary.

Cole moves inside the House.

COLE
Bring them to me, now.

Brooks nods one of his men to bring them in.

A couple of seals, Green too, follow Cole inside the building.

INT. MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON - HOUSE OF COMMANDANTS - DAY

Brooks escorts the handcuffed duo, the three of them rush inside the conference room.

Green stands next to Cole, nods a hello.

Cole stoic, points to the handcuffs.

COLE
Remove them.

Brooks obeys, Martin's stare of disgust is priceless.

Brooks takes a few steps backwards, stands guard next to the door. Cole shoots a look at him.

COLE
Leave us.

Brooks, reluctant, walks away, disappears.

COLE

So, what now?

MARTIN

Launched yesterday, all we got is forty hours till the nuke reaches the target, more or less. We cannot disarm the nuke without Clarkson's codes, and I don't think we'll find him in time.

COLE

What do you suggest?

Martin, confident, suggests a solution.

MARTIN

We need to get to the President's satchel.

GREEN

It's useless without him. He's still not awake.

Blue leans forward, checks underneath his shocks, reveals the antidote.

Martin eyes Cole.

MARTIN

Not to worry about that. We need the President --

Martin turns to Green.

MARTIN

Get up there and set up the perimeter. Do not start the party without us.

Green acknowledges, him and Jolene storm away.

BLUE

(to Green)

Need anything?

GREEN

(eyes Jolene)

No, we'll be fine.

INT. WASHINGTON - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Medical equipment dominate the sterile room, three medics over the President's sleeping body examine various readings over some papers. Three NSA agents stand guard.

Cole and Martin rush inside.

Cole's presence eliminates the momentary confusion among the medics and the NSA agents.

Cole nods Martin to proceed.

Martin reaches for his back pocket. The potion!

Unseals the potion, pours it down the President's throat.

The medics look more anxious than alert, but they don't dare to interfere, or even speak a word.

Eyelids shake, the President comes back to his senses.

Disoriented, stares at Martin. A familiar face.

PRESIDENT

What happened?

Martin leans over his head, whispers.

MARTIN

Clarkson happened.

The President eyes Cole. He isn't a believer, seeks for confirmation.

PRESIDENT

Admiral?

COLE

I confirm Mr President.

The President has fully recovered, rubs his eyes, gets to the seated position.

PRESIDENT

Tell me everything.

One of the NSA agents gets next to him, grabs him from his armpit, helps him up. With a brisk move, President denies his assistance. He feels perfectly fine.

PRESIDENT

Leave us.

Everyone edges his way out, besides Cole and Martin.

PRESIDENT

Speak.

MARTIN

The Eleons sir, they needed a nuclear blast to change a meteor's trajectory and crash it near Phoenix. Its core consists of pure californium. They got a bomb from Clarkson, who got your confirmation just before they put you to sleep.

The President nods Martin to stop.

PRESIDENT

Yes, I remember now. A field test.

The President remembers.

PRESIDENT

James! Where is he?

MARTIN

He is dead sir. They made him look like he was the one that poisoned you with TR2.

President looks angry, a deep breath follows.

PRESIDENT

How do we stop it?

ADMIRAL

Through the nuclear football sir. Use the APL. We can end it right here, right now.

Admiral, anxious, awaits the President's confirmation.

Martin interrupts the President's thought.

MARTIN

If we do this, we will lose them. Just give us the chance to get them first. Do not forget what KTT stands for sir.

PRESIDENT
No, this is out of the equation.

MARTIN
I have a man down sir, one more is
kept hostage and --

A short pause.

MARTIN
And also, there is one more friend,
I cannot leave him behind.

President thinks of it.

PRESIDENT
No one stays behind. How much time
we still have?

ADMIRAL
About forty hours.

PRESIDENT
Any leads about their location?

MARTIN
Alaska sir.

PRESIDENT
Admiral?

COLE
I can deploy a couple of teams up
there in less than twelve hours.

MARTIN
No! I got this.

President looks skeptical, he trusts Martin nevertheless.

PRESIDENT
Twenty four hours. After that, I'm
sending the birds.

MARTIN
Appreciate it sir.

EXT. NEAR ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - ALASKA - FOREST - NIGHT

Relentless snowfall, howling wind, a camping tent well hidden between the pine trees.

Jolene, a pale flashlight, communication earpiece, stands guard in front of the tent, doesn't look bothered by the weather. Through her night-vision high-tech binoculars stares a small hill ahead.

JOLENE

It's getting cold down here stud.

AT THE HILLTOP

She detects a dashing Green, fully loaded, who climbs the hill.

AT THE TENT

Jolene's earpiece comes alive.

GREEN (V.O.)

Get some rest. I will be just fine dear.

JOLENE

Let me know when you're done, I'm your eyes back here, don't forget.

GREEN (V.O.)

Roger.

Jolene smiles.

JOLENE

Who's Roger?

AT THE HILLTOP

Green continues to climb. At the top of the hill, he pauses, drops to his belly, blends in with the snow.

His equipment drops to the ground.

He covers it up, colors them white.

Grabs binoculars, eyes the two structures at the far end of the valley, about three kilometers down the other side of the hill.

GREEN

Turning off comm, I'll be back in
forty minutes.

JOLENE (V.O.)

Roger back at you!

Green wears his silliest grin.

GREEN

(whispers)

Roger back? Jesus!

Green removes his earpiece, grabs one of his bags, the rest
of his equipment stays behind. Paces out the slope,
disappears in the dark.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER ALASKA - NIGHT

Illuminated by the eerie red glow of the low flying
chopper's night lights, Martin and Blue, white parkas, fully
armed, grave faces, make last minute adjustments to their
gear.

Beeping lights signal they're on target.

Martin fist bumps Blue, they bolt upwards, stretch bodies.

The helicopter hovers, rappelling lines deploy, dive through
the trees, crash to the ground below.

The moonlight glows strong, the snowfall eases its wrath.

MARTIN

Red is priority one, we handle the
rest afterwards.

BLUE

Affirmative.

The two of them pivot on the skid, jump out.

Their descent looks flawless, no jerky stops, like they have
done this a thousand times.

A textbook rappelling.

TO THE GROUND

They touch the ground, their feet land deep into the snow.
They swiftly clear the ropes, storm away in the dark.

The chopper flies away.

EXT. NEAR ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - ALASKA - FOREST - NIGHT

Blue, gps device in hand, moves like a ninja between the trees, clears a large portion of the forest in a matter of minutes. Martin follows, keeps the distance.

The deep and soft snow tries hard to lower their pace, it fails miserably.

Jolene's tent is near, they pause upon its sight.

A flickering light within, they march towards it cautiously.

Rifles rise, they prepare for the unexpected.

Blue rushes inside the tent, Jolene eyes him shocked, breaths out in relief.

JOLENE

Don't do that again!

Blue lowers his weapon, Martin enters the tent.

Jolene grabs a couple of communication earpieces, passes them to Blue and Martin.

MARTIN

(to Jolene)

How's Green?

JOLENE

Freezing I guess.

Martin turns on the communication.

MARTIN

(comm)

Master dwarf here, snow white receiving?

Blue stares Martin's trolling face. A rare moment without words. There is no response from Green.

MARTIN

(comm)

Hello!!!

AT THE HILLTOP

Green hides deep inside the snow, just his gun barrel is visible, sneaking out the endless white.

GREEN
 (comm-trembling voice)
 Everything is set boss. Two point
 two clicks north-east my position,
 two structures, Red is inside S2.

AT THE TENT

Jolene, laptop on, shows Martin a satellite image of the
 area. Two structures are visible, labeled S1 and S2.

Martin turns serious.

MARTIN
 (comm)
 Guards?

GREEN (V.O.)
 Three around S2, seven around S1.
 None moving.

MARTIN
 (comm)
 S2 power line?

GREEN (V.O.)
 (comm)
 In my sight.

Martin eyes Blue. Time to go.

MARTIN
 (comm)
 We're going in for Red, we'll be
 down there in about seven minutes.

GREEN (V.O.)
 (comm)
 Roger. Snow white out.

Martin smirks.

BLUE
 At least his spirit is not frozen.

Martin and Blue load their backpacks, they move out.

MARTIN
 (to Jolene)
 Pack up what's absolutely
 necessary, wait five minutes, and
 stay on our path.

Jolene shoots an OK.

AT THE HILLTOP

Martin and Blue ruck upwards the hill.

They cross Green's position, however they don't see him. His hiding skills is off the charts.

Green moves slightly, his riffle turns to the side, checks the two men.

Time to descend, Martin and Blue get down on their bellies, side by side, already feel their bodies freezing.

BLUE
(whispers)
Did we just go by him?

Martin compresses smile.

MARTIN
Obviously, you missed him.

EXT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING TWO - ALASKA - NIGHT

Two hundred meters away S2, Martin and Blue get down on their bellies, crawl, close the distance.

Pale brights illuminate the perimeter.

GREEN (O.S.)
(comm)
White suit on your twelve.

Martin and Blue pause.

One of the guards seem to have spotted some kind of movement, curious, walks toward them.

A single silent bullet rips through the freezing air, head shots the guard.

Martin and Blue restart.

A second shot, one more guard down.

Martin and Blue get next to the building, rise, backs against the wall, a perimeter eye-check follows.

The third guard looks well protected by a couple of petrol barrels, he looks like having a break.

AT THE HILLTOP

GREEN

One more on your three, don't have
a clear target.

Green makes tiny corrections to his riffle, tries hard
to find the perfect position for a clear shot.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

No need! A knife appears out of nowhere, slashes the guards
carotid artery. Blue is there.

BLUE

(comm)

Clear.

MARTIN

(comm)

On my mark, shut id down.

Blue rejoins. Him and Martin, night vision goggles, prepare
to break in.

MARTIN

(comm)

Go!

AT THE HILLTOP

Through Green's scope we see the power line.

He fires.

The bullet travels the distance, fails by a couple of
inches.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Upon impact, Martin and Blue anticipate success.

However, the power is still on.

They trade looks in amazement.

MARTIN

He missed?

BLUE

(comm-to Red)

Did you just used your commie
killer?

Martin smiles, eyes Blue.

MARTIN

Just remember, if we get caught,
you're deaf and I don't speak
english!

Blue shoots a wtf look at Martin. This is not the ideal time for humour!

AT THE HILLTOP

Like a rocket launching away a submarine flushing the waters, snow explodes as Green sits bolt upright.

His freezing hands looks like the reason of failure.

He locks his riffle to his shoulder, refocuses.

His fingers stretch, reinstates them back to the trigger.

Green braves cold. A warcry follows his second shot.

BOOM! Success!

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Lights out, the power is cut.

From the distance Martin eyes Green, who storms away his initial position.

Blue breaks in the building, Martin follows.

INT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING TWO - ALASKA - NIGHT

The generator turns on.

Just two men stand inside.

A shot to the neck, one of them who looks like a guard, drops to the floor like a dead meat.

Confusion and fear rocks the second man in medical outfit, some kind of DOCTOR (60s). His hands explode upwards.

Blue stands over the dead guard who chokes on his own blood.

A second bullet between his eyes, ends his suffering.

DOCTOR

I'm a doctor! Don't shoot!

Blue sticks his gun between his eyes.

Martin's eyes dart left and right between Bogdan and Red, who both lie unconscious on the surgical beds.

Red looks in a much better shape than Bogdan, who's in a real mess. Dried blood covers most of his face, his ears, nose, even his eyes. Fever burns.

Enraged and disgusted by the view, Martin gazes the doctor.

MARTIN

What did you do to him?

DOCTOR

I don't know. They brought me here to treat him (points to Red). They told me not to touch the other one.

Martin seems to trust the doctor.

MARTIN

(eyes Bogdan)

What's wrong with him?

DOCTOR

Really can't tell. Looks like some kind of a virus. The symptoms are similar to --

The doctor looks afraid to even speak of the word.

DOCTOR

Similar to Ebola.

Martin approaches Bogdan, unafraid, uses a metal pin to unlock the cuffs, grabs his palm afterwards.

MARTIN

My dear friend.

Blue nears Red.

BLUE

(to the doctor)

And him?

DOCTOR

I removed the bullet, he lost a lot of blood, but he'll be fine.

BLUE

Can he move?

DOCTOR
I wouldn't recommend it, but I
suppose he can.

Blue turns to the dead guard, searches him, finds the key to the cuffs.

Cuffs are gone.

A glorious face slap by Blue follows, Red snaps out of his sleeping oblivion.

Red grins.

RED
(mumbles)
That hurt!

Blue, joyful, helps him get up.

BLUE
Boss, we have to move.

MARTIN
Give me a minune.

Blue nods in affirmation, him and Red clear the room.

Martin, deathstare, eyes the doctor.

MARTIN
You have a coat doctor?

DOCTOR
(trembles)
Yes.

MARTIN
Put it on, and run.

DOCTOR
Run where?

Martin draws his pistol.

MARTIN
I don't care.

Scared to death, the doctor grabs a coat and bolts out of the building.

MARTIN
(to Bogdan)
My friend, I'm so sorry.

Bogdan, in pain, opens eyes, there is not much energy still left in him.

BOGDAN
Not your fault.

Martin stares Bogdan in sympathy, no other words come out of his mouth.

MARTIN
See you on the other side.

Bogdan's lips form a 'goodbye'. He releases Martin's grip, points to the pistol, like he asks for it.

BOGDAN
Last favor?

Martin eyes Bogdan in despair, he doesn't resist. Stuffs his pistol into his palm.

Bogdan, gun in hand, signals Martin to come closer. His voice gets weaker by the seconds.

BOGDAN
Closer.

Martin leans over his mouth.

BOGDAN
(mumbles in russian)
Empty quiver.

Bogdan shuts his eyes, his arm remains awake.

Martin, grave, stands up, turns, staggers away.

EXT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING TWO - ALASKA - NIGHT

Heavy snowfall.

Martin gets out of the building, a single shot is fired.

Martin blinks.

His radio comm breaks his sadness.

GREEN (V.O.)
(comm)
Where's my bitch?

BLUE
(comm)
Next to me, he's fine.

Martin regroups.

MARTIN
(comm-to Green)
What do you see?

GREEN (V.O.)
(comm)
Well, half a click on your three,
counted seven idiots, they're
freezing to death. Take them out?

BLUE
Make some noise boss?

Martin looks skeptical.

MARTIN
(comm)
J? where are you?

JOLENE (V.O.)
(comm)
I can see you, be there in a
minute.

Martin breathes heavily, looks angry. Stares Red.

RED
I'll be just fine boss, you go.

Martin grimaces, helps Red sit down against the wall.

MARTIN
(comm)
J, stay with Red, you have a lot to
talk about.

A thumbs up from Red, wins a smile from Martin.

GREEN (V.O.)
(comm)
Yeah, and keep him warm until we
finish the job.

Martin nods Blue to proceed, Blue checks his riffle's ammunition. They run.

MARTIN

(comm)

Spare us your fun mode Green, make some noise. You're free to go!

Martin chokes back his frustration, shuts down the intercom.

EXT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING ONE - ALASKA - NIGHT

From the distance, in the dark, Green's sniper riffle takes down the enemies, one by one.

Until some of the guards notice their dead, Green has already killed three of them.

They open fire, shoot in all directions.

The alarm is sound. More guards hop out the building.

Green is under heavy fire. Takes cover, detonator in hand.

GREEN

(comm)

Fireworks in three, two, one.

Punches it.

The surrounding of the building explodes high up in the air, c4 explosives turn the dark into a day.

The shock wave obliterates the enemies, fire and ice rock their bodies.

Most of the guards are dead, those left alive, no matter their shock, keep on firing.

TO BLUE AND MARTIN

Blue and Martin engage, the automatic riffles pump lead. They get closer and closer to the building.

A few more guards get out, join the action. They see Martin and Blue, they can't see Green yet.

Martin and Blue ninja roll, avoid incoming bullets, but in the open field, they're sitting ducks.

TO GREEN

Green reveals himself, his rocket launcher clears the path for Martin and Blue.

Green takes a couple steps forward. Drops the rocket launcher, grabs the minigun. The latter's fury unleashes upon the building.

Whoever is not dead by the minigun's bullets, is scared to death by its sound. A couple of enemies run away.

Another two shots, they're dead too.

The minigun runs dry, enemies depleted also.

The KTT trio meet just outside the entrance, they are ready to go in.

They check ammo, hand signals follow, off they go.

INT. ELEONS SAFEHOUSE - BUILDING ONE - ALASKA - NIGHT

Startled and scared to death, most of the scientists inside, hide beneath their desks. Those still standing, at the sight of the three riffles storm inside, push their backs against the walls.

No screams escape their mouths, no commands given, one of the computer screens with a countdown timer, draws Martin's attention. Twelve hours, nine minutes, forty seconds.

MARTIN

I'll ask this once. Who's in charge?

All faces turn to Ares.

Martin beelines for him.

MARTIN

You're in charge?

Ares trembles. Affirms with a nod.

Martin's gun meets Ares' forehead.

MARTIN

Shut it down.

Ares' eyes dart left and right.

ARES
I, I cannot! We're locked out.

MARTIN
Change its course then!

ARES
I cannot do it, the rocket's
coordinates are locked in. I cannot
do it from here.

Martin lowers his weapon, looks skeptical.

MARTIN
Detonate the nuke.

ARES
I don't have the codes. Someone
else has them.

MARTIN
Who?

ARES
I don't know.

Gun explodes upwards, again.

ARES
I don't know, I'm telling you the
truth! I really don't know. We're
just observing the mission from
here, we cannot intervene.

MARTIN
This is how you name this? A
mission?

Green's rifle stays up. Blue approaches Martin, whispers in
his ear.

BLUE
Clarkson?

Martin acknowledges.

MARTIN
(to Blue)
Go get Red and J, I need them here.

Blue storms away.

JOLENE (V.O.)
 (comm)
 Hmm, guys?

MARTIN
 (comm)
 Yes?

JOLENE (V.O.)
 (comm)
 I think we might have a problem.

MARTIN
 (comm)
 What kind of problem?

Blue gets back inside, Jolene and Red are already there.

Red is able to walk on his own, sits behind a computer desk, breaths heavily, looks exhausted.

Jolene shares her laptop view with Martin and Blue.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Decrypting message

Nuke is untraceable, cannot be deactivated. PAL unusable.
 Cannot track Clarkson. Going public in two hours. Godspeed.

Eagle out.

BACK TO SCENE

Jolene and Martin trade gloomy looks.

JOLENE
 What that means?

MARTIN
 It means, we're running out of
 time. And options.

Ares finds the perfect moment to speak.

ARES
 Sorry, can I --

Instinctively, Martin aims Ares, pulls the trigger, drills a hole into his head.

The other scientists are in shock.

Martin explodes, screams his guts out.

MARTIN
Get out! Now!

Reluctantly, a couple of them pace towards the exit.

MARTIN
(points to Ares)
Take your chances out there against
cold and you might survive. Or just
stay here and join this guy.

They know they will probably freeze to death, but it looks like a much better alternative than a bullet between their eyes. All of them rush outside.

Green and Blue stare at Martin, who sits down, takes a breath. He looks skeptical, out of ideas.

Jolene sits next to Red, both of them lock their sights on the huge screen.

Martin mumbles.

MARTIN
(in russian)
Empty quiver.

BLUE
Boss?

MARTIN
Bogdan said, empty quiver (in
russian).

Jolene wastes no time, google translate does its job.

JOLENE
That means, empty quiver. What's
empty quiver?

The men trade looks, even Red looks awfully worried. Jolene turns to Red.

JOLENE
Red? What's that?

BLUE
It means, we're fucked.

RED
It means, the warhead is not ours.
It has no digital signature and we
can't trace the remote device to

RED
cancel it, this is why we cannot
deactivate it using the football.
Even if we had the code, we would
still need Clarkson's PAL.

Martin shuts his head inside his palms.

RED
However --

Just one word, is enough to bring hope.

Martin springs up, beelines for Red. Green and Blue follow.

MARTIN
Love that word! However what?

RED
(to Jolene)
Love, grab a chair.

Jolene jumps to the next computer desk. The rest hang from
Red's lips.

RED
The dataset this facility receives,
is automatically forwarded to
Clarkson.

Red trades looks with Jolene.

JOLENE
I'm on it.

Jolene rocks the keyboard. Multiple overlapping windows,
immense amount of ascII and c++ lines of code, even binary,
fill up the screen.

MARTIN
English!

Red smiles.

RED
Hack the satellite, send some false
data back to us, force him to
intervene, make the adjustments.
The moment he logs in, I'll know
his location.

MARTIN
Can you hack the satellite?

RED
That depends.

BLUE
On what?

JOLENE
On which satellite we're talking
about.

Blue backs off. Red offers him a free lesson.

RED
Satellites are basically flying
computers. Their real difference is
that they operate on radio waves.
However, the actual problem is that
all incoming and outgoing signals
are encrypted, so each time you
want to intervene, you need to
decipher them using some sort of a
special key.

GREEN
You're show boating to Blue now?

Red smiles from ear to ear.

JOLENE
We don't need to hack it actually,
just jam it. And jamming is as
simple as aiming a high power, high
duty transmitter, using the same
frequency as the receiver.

RED
Of course. And send some crap data
instead of the real ones.

BLUE
Listen smartasses, both of you.
You're skating on thin ice here.

MARTIN
Found anything J?

JOLENE
Glonass slash M.

RED
Jesus Christ.

Martin looks downhearted.

MARTIN
(mumbles)
Russian.

RED
Yeap.

MARTIN
Can you do it?

RED
Ofc, you authorise this?

Martin takes his moment. It's not that simple for him to give the go.

MARTIN
(to Green)
Get us a way out of here. Find something fast.

Martin turns to Red.

MARTIN
Do it.

Red gets to work, does his magic.

MARTIN
(to Jolene)
Get me a secure line.

RED
That's pretty strange by the way.

BLUE
What?

RED
Glonass is on top of us right now.

BLUE
Which means?

JOLENE
Which means, Clarkson can't be in Australia, or Africa! He's close.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CABINET ROOM - DAY

Worried faces, secretaries and advisers mumble left and right, the President remains silent.

The President has a phone call.

Mumbling fades away.

On speaker.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

PRESIDENT

Go ahead.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Sir, I have a plan. It's a good one.

PRESIDENT

Where are you?

EXT. ANCHORAGE AIRPORT - DAY

Martin stands next to the bronze statue outside the airport terminal. His face expression matches the statue's.

MARTIN

Anchorage airport sir.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

You found him?

MARTIN

He's driving all the way to Canada sir, I'm tracking him as we speak.

INT. WHITE HOUSE ROOM - CABINET ROOM - DAY

Eyes dart left and right, Cole nods the President to proceed. He's up to it already, makes a call.

PRESIDENT

Perfect, we'll get him at the borders.

EXT. ANCHORAGE AIRPORT - DAY

Blue, energy drink in hand, enjoys it, slowly approaches Martin.

MARTIN

Well sir, I don't think he's that stupid.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

What do you mean?

MARTIN

I think he's heading for Canada alright, but not behind the wheel.

PRESIDENT

Thought so. What do you need?

Martin eyes a brand new Gulfstream private jet decorating the runway.

INT. WHITE HOUSE ROOM - CABINET ROOM - DAY

MARTIN (V.O.)

I need a fast jet to take us down there as we speak.

PRESIDENT

I assume there is one available close to you, right?

MARTIN (V.O.)

Yes sir, indeed.

Cole stares at the President who nods in affirmation.

Cole explodes upwards, gets next the wall, grabs his mobile.

PRESIDENT

You didn't really need my permission for that. So, what else do you need?

EXT. ANCHORAGE AIRPORT - DAY

Martin signals the rest of his team to grab that jet. Reluctant, throws in the bomb.

MARTIN

I also need to send an apology to the Russians. Had to hack one of their Glonass satellites sir, in order to track down Clarkson. He is using it sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE ROOM - CABINET ROOM - DAY

Disturbed faces rock the room.

The president grabs the phone, makes it private. Speaker is off. Mumbling restarts between his advisers.

Deep into his chair, swings, turns his back to the rest of the cabinet. Lowers his voice.

PRESIDENT

I've lost count of the number of times you made me apologise Martin.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Yes sir, I'm sorry sir. But this is our only chance.

A deep breath.

PRESIDENT

You have sixty minutes before everyone starts running left and right son, make my apology worth the rumble.

EXT. ANCHORAGE AIRPORT - DAY

MARTIN

Roger that sir.

Martin hangs up. Rushes to the jet.

INT./EXT. OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - DAY

Green flies the jet, Martin sits besides him.

The jet flies on full speed.

The cockpit's door is wide open. Rest of the team sits at the back, enjoys its luxurious interior.

Jolene hops in the cockpit, gps in hand.

JOLENE
Twenty three kilometers.

Green, unsure what to do, waits for orders.

MARTIN
Land it.

Green rolls eyes. Starts the descend instinctively, however he loses his confidence.

GREEN
I give us a fifty fifty chance
boss. I'm not really sure about
this!

Martin bolts upwards, nods Green to swap places.

Green does not hesitate. Relieved, he swaps places.

GREEN
(aloud)
Fasten your seatbelts!

EXT. ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Two military Humvees rage over the tired narrow strip of the asphalt, the endless green on either side.

At the back, the jet closes the distance, fast.

INT./EXT. OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Jolene notices, they're going down.

JOLENE
(to Red)
At least we're not jumping!

Red looks a bit worried, smirks nevertheless. Tightens his seatbelt. Eyes twitch.

RED
Going down is always easy. I'm just
not really sure how the plane even
got in the air with the massive
weight of Martin's balls onboard.

Blue compresses smile.

EXT. ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The jet pours over the Humvees' mirror frames.

The first one launches forward, the second seems to hold back, reduces speed. They spot the incoming jet.

INT./EXT. OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Blinking lights bomb the flight deck that looks more of a tilting pinball arcade. Vibrations rock the cockpit. Bitching Betty sings non stop.

Green punches various buttons, toggles switches, like playing his high tech piano.

GREEN

Landing gear on, altitude fifty meters, speed hundred and ninety knots. Got some serious crosswinds boss, gusting up to forty two knots.

Green stares at Martin, who looks uninterested in all that info.

GREEN

Boss! Copy?

Martin has his eyes locked on the second humvee.

MARTIN

I'm multitasking you know! I can listen, ignore and forget at the same time.

Green is speechless.

EXT. ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The jet descends, closes on the asphalt, the second Humvee comes to a stop.

Four suits, automatic riffles, hop out. They furiously unload their firearms upon the jet.

The jet touches the ground, its nose is rocked hard by the incoming bullets.

INT./EXT. OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Green takes some cover, leans left and right, avoids bullets that penetrate the cockpit.

Martin, motionless, fights with the steering wheel. Flaps, brakes, engine roaring backwards, bitching Betty shuts up. The jet comes to a full stop. Just a few meters separate the jet and the Humvee.

Martin bolts at the back, Red and Jolene pray. Blue, already up on his feet, looks ready to fight.

Martin, Blue and Green, check their riffles.

EXT. ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The four men reload. A new round of bullets starts.

INT./EXT. OVER ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

Martin and Blue are ready to engage, they wait.

IN THE JET

From the cockpit, through the CheyTac's M200 scope, we focus on one of the Humvees' gunners.

BOOM! Headshot, a bullet penetrates the cracked cockpit glass, lands between the eyes of the men next to the Humvee.

EXT. ALCAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The three men take some cover behind the jeep's body. They don't look so brave anymore.

Martin and Blue jump outside, their bullets lead the way.

A head pops, shoots back.

Martin and Blue close the distance, bullet shells litter their path.

BOOM! One more down.

Martin and Blue reload. They don't pause, just keep walking.

BOOM! One more dead.

Martin and Blue look unworried, they get to the Humvee. Last guy stands.

BOOM! He meets his creator too.

A short pause, Martin eyes the first Humvee racing away.

MARTIN

Is he driving all the way to
Canada?

Green jumps out the jet, nears Martin.

GREEN

Now what?

The three of them gaze the serpentine twists and hairpin turns leading downhill to the Canadian borders. It seems that the fastest way down there, is to go straight all the way through the forest. It looks faster for a sprinter to use this shortcut, than just drive all the way around.

Blue stoic, stares at the Humvee next to them.

BLUE

You're driving?

MARTIN

Yeah, I'm too old for this shit
anyways.

Martin eyes Green. Nods him to take the short route.

GREEN

Yeah, right!

Green loads his gun on his back, sprints all the way down through the trees.

Martin and Blue jump in the Humvee.

It launches forward.

THROUGH THE FOREST

A pair of legs sprints downhill through the dense vegetation, the incoming grown trees pose some serious challenge to the heavy breathing Green, who leaps right and left, looking for a clear view of the first Humvee.

TO THE ROAD - SECOND HUMVEE

Martin drives flat out, those twists ahead look tricky enough for the jeep to stick on the road.

The wheels scream on every turn.

They slowly close the distance to the first Humvee.

THROUGH THE FOREST

Green has a clear view of the leading Humvee for the first time, aborts his sprint, rifle comes forward.

Through the scope he targets the Humvee.

Trees get in his way. Chance is gone.

Restarts his running.

TO THE ROAD - SECOND HUMVEE

The borders are close.

MARTIN

How much time do we still have?

BLUE

Seven minutes!

There's a clumsy pause as if Martin is almost challenging himself to say something, but he sets his jaw, says nothing.

A brisk move, the Humvee jumps into the forest, takes the short route downhill too.

Blue, worried, braces himself for a close encounter with a random tree. Locks his seat belt!

THROUGH THE FOREST

Green's line of sight is clear once again. He doesn't hesitate, fires a couple of shots. Steel against steel, the Humvee feels no pain.

TO THE ROAD - SECOND HUMVEE

BANG! Martin t-bones the first Humvee, a brutal crash, both jeeps turn over a few too many times, land on their roofs.

Martin slowly drags out of the jeep, in pain, staggers up, tries hard to regain his footing.

Blue's seat belt is jammed, he cannot escape.

Clarkson is out, mobile device in hand, nods his massive BODYGUARD (40s) to take care of Martin.

He runs away, the borders are just a click away.

The bodyguard moves around the car, his fist stumbles upon Martin's face.

Martin staggers, however he doesn't go down. He eyes Clarkson running away.

Disoriented, he marches towards him.

The bodyguard gets in his way.

Another body punch shakes Martin's chest. He cannot resist the blow, gets down on his knees.

THROUGH THE FOREST

Green is on a full stop. Motionless, one leg behind the other, perfect firing position. Tiny adjustments to his riffle follow.

Grave, he takes the shot.

The bullet drives the distance.

BANG! The bullet meets Clarkson's knee, crashes it.

TO THE ROAD

The bodyguard shoots a glance at Clarkson who lies on the cold asphalt with a shattered leg.

From his back, he pulls his knife.

He eyes Martin.

Knife raised, ready to strike.

Martin turns his head sideways, eyes the knife, face full of despair.

Knife in the air, poised like an eagle ready to dive-bomb upon his pray.

MARTIN
(mumbles)
Fuck!

The knife leaves frame, thrusts down upon Martin's neck..

NOT!

Blue flies out of nowhere really, jumps on the bodyguard.

Two hundred and twenty pounds of pure muscle land viciously upon the unfortunate bodyguard.

A couple of rolls between two hugging gorillas follow, they stop a few meters away Martin, who breaths out in relief.

The two heavyweights bolt upright as if an iron rod ran through their heads to keep themselves poised.

Their knives extend forward.

Martin eyes Blue, who pays back the stare.

BLUE

I will take care of that walking
cloud of testosterone.

Martin, running on fumes, beelines for Clarkson who stares at his mobile device, resting on the ground a few feet away his hands. He can't move, nor crawl.

Bodyguard swings, Blue parries.

The bodyguard's knife flies left and right, Blue does not block, he just avoids the blows. For such a big man, his movement looks so smooth and flawless.

The battle is more toughness than technique.

Bodyguard takes a step forward, that's one step closer to Blue. Swings again, but that was a big mistake.

Blue responds, leans forward too, swings, his knife pierces the bodyguard's tricep. The latter's grip strength evaporates, knife flies off his hands.

The bodyguard is in pain, backs off.

Green appears, him and Blue trade looks.

GREEN

You need some help with the goon?

Blue grimaces.

BLUE

Tits or get the fuck out!

Green compresses smile, runs toward Martin.

Blue retreats his knife. He actually seeks for a hand to hand combat.

The bodyguard accepts the challenge, he pushes forward.

A couple of swinging punches land on Blue's face.

Blue is not impressed.

A short pause, Blue seems to asking for more.

The bodyguard looks like fighting the final boss of a video game. Another punch by the bodyguard follows, Blue parries it with ease.

One more, and another. No effect.

Blue attacks back, a Krav Maga attack with his knuckles, lands on the bodyguard's throat. The strike is precise and deadly, the bodyguard's thyroid cartilage is crushed.

The bodyguard's lifeless body crashes to the asphalt.

TO CLARKSON

Martin bends the knee, eyes Clarkson's high tech device.

MARTIN

Do yourself a favor, die with honor. What's the code?

Clarkson looks hesitant. Flicks glances at Martin who watches apprehensive.

MARTIN

You can die as a General of your country, or as a traitor. I give you my word.

Clarkson trusts Martin's words. A face full of regret.

CLARKSON

Charlie-Bravo-Whiskey-Seven-Niner-Zulu-Foxtrot.

Martin inserts the code. Nuke deactivated.

CLARKSON

(dieing)

I trust.. You're a man of your word Martin.

Martin draws his gun. Not a single forgiving feature in the steel-face and dead eyes, he doesn't speak a word, nor he answers back with a nod or anything.

BANG! A shot between Clarkson's eyes puts an end to his misery.

INT. WHITE HOUSE GREEN ROOM - FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

The enigmatic expression of Joconda's eyes, match Martin's stare, who stands stoic in front of her.

Martin is stunned, curious and amazed at the same time. Is this the authentic Mona Lisa painting? Of course it is! It's so freaking perfect, currently replacing the Builders painting. His expertise is faultless, that's undoubtedly not another amazing copy.

The President paces in, his right hand rests on his left, stands next to Martin.

PRESIDENT

What do you think?

MARTIN

Leonardo's *sfumato* can't be matched. Can't be copied. I'm still confused however, how did you made the French..

The President, grave, sounds obsolete.

PRESIDENT

The French do not know.

Both men trade looks.

MARTIN

(shocked)

They don't know? So, how is it here and not there?

President permits himself a smile.

PRESIDENT

Well, roses are red, violets are blue. And there's always an Asian kid who takes it to the next level.

Both men share a rare moment without words. A smile?

MARTIN

No fucking way!

Martin is wrong for the first time.

FADE OUT.