

KTT PART ONE: The Polar Cabal

By

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FADE IN:

INT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

ALWAY lecture room M106; tiered floor, fixed uncomfortable chairs with pull-out tables. Lights are out, projector is on. Complicated and colorful images fill up the huge screen. A sign on the wall reads '130 seats'. None is empty.

DR RAMSON (60s), laser beam pointer in hand, on the stand. Complex scientific words dominate his speech. The students look fascinated, completely focused, like daydreaming, breath silently.

DR RAMSON

--These equations are all highly non-linear. However, on linearizing and decoupling the motion, a set of ordinary differential equations for the pitch and yaw angles are found--

Exit door; behind the window, someone lurks, shoots weird looks inside.

DR RAMSON (O.S)

--the thrust, velocity and weight of the torpedo are constant with the thrust tangential to the trajectory--

INT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - OUTSIDE THE LECTURE HALL - DAY

FAYRUZ ALI (25), black suit, dark skin, pale face, tennis bag in hand, stares Dr Ramson through the door window. Looks terrified, hands shaking, sweat drops down to his cheeks like a river. His eyes register the next and last minute of his life.

He slowly slides his hand into his pocket, retrieves his cellphone. Texts something, done.

With the cellphone still in hand, uses his arm to clear the sweat out of his forehead.

He focuses on his cellphone again, looks like another message. Shorter one. Done.

Couple of deep breaths, mumbles. Prays. Looks hesitant, like he doesn't want to do what he prepares for.

Few other students approach, spot Fayruz's strange and fearful behavior. Another deep breath, he opens the door. Gets inside.

INT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

DR RAMSON (O.S)
 --Cavitation and free surface
 effects are assumed to be
 negligible--

Dr Ramson notices, turns towards Fayruz.

DR RAMSON
 You're a bit late son, but if you
 want yourself to turn into a zombie
 like the rest of the others in here
 (points to the rest of the
 students), be my guest!

A silence breaker. The students laugh hard. Some of them even applause.

Fayruz lets his tennis bag rest on the floor. Unzips it. Gets an AK47 out of it.

The laughs turn into screams. Most of the students in the front rows drop to the floor, belly down, others jump towards the back seats.

Fayruz finger moves, trigger pinned to the back. Full auto fire, first round of bullets unloads upon Dr Ramson and a couple students in the front row. Chops them in half.

Total chaos in the room, people at the back seats try to get some cover, other run here and there, try to run as far away as possible, step on each other, they fail badly.

Fayruz reloads. Unloads the second round towards the rest, shoots in every direction.

Almost every single bullet lands upon a human body, even those bullets that go through the chairs. A third drug magazine. Repeat.

Fayruz is out of bullets. Drops the AK47. Runs towards the middle of the room. Steps over shredded bodies, blood and despair. He doesn't care. Stops.

FAYRUZ
 Allahu Akbar!

Fayruz clenches his fists, punches his chest.

BOOM! An explosion.

The whole building staggers.

A cloud of dust follows the deafening noise of the explosion.

A landscape of dead bodies, smoking debris and fire, slowly unfolds. The lecture hall has been converted to a silent morgue.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - OFF CAMPUS - DAY

The aftermath; People run around the building hallways in despair and fear, most of them in a state of shock. Few girls drift into unconsciousness, pass out. No one looks willing to stay back and help the fallen.

The first students covered in blood and dust pop out of the building. Some of them drop down to the ground, unable to go on. Desperate screams for help, remain unanswered.

The sound of chaos; sirens howling, people shouting, helicopters buzzing. A horror and death medley.

A nightmare tableaux of unfathomable devastation. A part of the University looks like a broken ruin; drifting smoke casts an eerie pall over it.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

A huge room, infested with computers and detectives. Telephones ring relentlessly, agents run left and right.

TVs around the room broadcast the news.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 (sad, shocked)
 --gunshots followed by a huge
 explosion in the Stanford Campus---

Couple of detectives try hard to listen; one of them JAMES BARNES (45), a fearsome sight, stone cold face, emotionless eyes, reaches for the remote, maxes out the volume.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 --a manifest sent 7 minutes ago--
 (interrupted by another
 reporter-hands over some
 papers)

REPORTER (ON TV)
 --unconfirmed reports for over 50
 students dead and double that
 number injured--

James turns towards another TV. Another channel. The very first images from the campus. Disaster.

Police, ambulances and fire trucks litter the campus.

REPORTER 2 (ON TV)
 --I cannot really say how many are
 trapped inside, I see at least a
 hundred people outside--

The reporter tries hard not to cry.

REPORTER 2 (ON TV)
 --Terror struck our backyard once
 again-- memories of 9/11.. Sorry
 can't keep up--

James sits deep into his chair, swings back and forth. Stoically awaits--

FBI Director DAVID HAWKS (60s), white hair, bouncer-alike type of guy, approaches fast. Drops a single paper upon James' desk.

DAVID
 He sent an email to every fucking
 TV station. Muslim.

Hawks leans over James' head. They trade looks.

DAVID
 Get up, have your team ready. I
 wanna know if this is another nine
 eleven.

JAMES
 Why me? Just because you ditched me
 seventeen years ago?

DAVID
 James, three thousand people died
 that day, don't make this personal.

James thrusts his fists upon his desk.

JAMES
 It was fucking personal. My wife
 was eight months pregnant, they
 both died!

DAVID

Well, this is your chance for redemption then.

JAMES

Redemption? Who cares about redemption. I want revenge!

DAVID

Go ahead, call it whatever you like. You're in charge. The order comes from the top.

JAMES

Is this a joint TTF?

DAVID

Yes, the house is ready.

James springs up from his chair, storms away.

INT./EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - USS MICHAEL MURPHY - DAY

An epic storm, howling wind; sea at its fiercest. USS destroyer MICHAEL MURPHY rips through the sixty foot high waves, climbing and plunging. Every couple of seconds the foredeck explodes high into the air, crashes back into the water afterwards.

Captain JONATHAN MASTERSON (60s) on the bridge, stands among his crew like an imposter pretending to be a member of an exclusive group, looks unconcerned. He's not impressed by the huge waves.

Incoming message; the young COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (30s) receives, passes it to the middle aged MASTERSON'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER (MASTERSON'S EO), who looks anxious.

Masterson's EO is in shock. Head snaps, stares the Captain.

MASTERSON'S EO

Captain, you should see this.

MASTERSON

Well, read it.

MASTERSON'S EO

(mumbles)

Back home. We've been hit! A terrorist attack.

The two men's eyes drift up and hold.

MASTERSON'S EO
 Three hours ago, Stanford Campus,
 California.

MASTERSON
 Stanford?

Masterson's EO passes the message to the captain. Masterson reads it. His face breaks, looks angry.

Another incoming message. Masterson's eyes bulge in rage, perhaps despair, storms towards the communication transmitter. Grabs the paper, rips it off the machine.

MASTERSON
 (mumbles)
 My son--

His face breaks. His gaze, cold, sad. Rest of the crew; all eyes are fixed on him.

Masterson chokes back his frustration, gives new orders. His tone sounds absolute.

MASTERSON
 Get this ship around, we're going
 home. Full speed.

MASTERSON'S EO
 Yes Captain! Make your speed 37
 knots. Move!

The ship makes the turn, waves crash against the ship. It's the waters' turn to feel the ship's power and rage.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge concert hall-alike room, desks everywhere filled up with computers, thousands of papers left and right. At least thirty young agents work there, no one more than forty, besides James, the man in charge.

James stands stoic against the empty white wall, like staring whatever is behind it.

A big TV screen; huge title reads 'TERROR HITS STANFORD CAMPUS'. All eyes focus on the TV. It's the PRESIDENT OF THE US.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
 Today, our fellow Americans, our
 way of life, our very freedom came

PRESIDENT OF THE US
under attack through a deadly
terrorist attack--

James, expressionless, turns, stares the TV.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
--This act of mass murder intended
to frighten our nation once again.
This time, they were after our
children, our future--

James clenches his fists. No one notices. Grave look. Anger
and rage dominate his face.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
(angry)
--I'm not just asking for your
prayers but I'm also demanding for
the heads of everyone involved on
this. God Bless America! (leaves in
a hurry)

James grabs the control, turns off the TV.

JAMES
Listen up.

James grabs a picture of Fayruz and pins it upon the empty
wall. Studies his face, burns it into memory.

The young agents remain speechless, pay full attention.

JAMES
I wanna know where he was born,
what game he liked as a baby, what
clothes he was wearing during his
third birthday. I wanna know how he
got here, his friends, his daily
schedule. I wanna know how he
gained access to the campus, who
made the bomb, where did he get the
gun from. Now!

His eyes dart left and right as the agents rush behind their
desks.

JAMES
The President himself gave us a
sixty days deadline, so your asses
are mine for the next couple of
months. You don't go home, you
don't rest, you don't go for a

JAMES
piss, until you get me the one
behind this. Someone killed our
children, so give me a fucking
name.

At the back, TONY (25) a computer geek, beginner face, sits
behind his computer.

JAMES
Everything goes through Tony. He
files it up, registers everything,
only then you proceed with the next
evidence.

Rage overtakes James. Steams towards the exit.

A young agent gets up, moves decisively towards the wall.
Pins a cellphone image next to Fayruz face. Draws a line
with a marker, connects the two pictures.

Another agent follows, adds another picture.

The printers work overtime. Phones ringing, fax machines
buzzing, nonstop. A brain damaging continuous noise; no one
seems to bother.

INT. TURKISH EMBASSY RUSSIA - DAY

The TURKISH AMBASSADOR (70s), rests behind his desk. Swings
back and forth into his leather chair. A mystery man, around
sixties, shadowy features, shiny shoes, gray suit, huge gold
signet ring with a blueish seal, enters.

He sits in the leather sofa across the ambassador's desk,
gets his pipe out. Lights it up. The procedure looks
precise, like a ritual. Inhales the smoke. Makes a smoke
ring!

The ambassador smirks.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR
We're ready to go.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - 57 DAYS LATER - NIGHT

The wall is full with pictures, evidence, various
information. Unlimited number of papers litter the floor.
Not a single empty spot is there available, anywhere around.
Exhausted agents continue to work relentlessly.

Seated in the sofa, black t-shirt, James' eyes play over; not a single forgiving feature in his steel-face and dead eyes, as if locked in thought.

On TV-Breaking news; title reads 'PRESIDENT ADDRESSES THE NATION'. Heads snap instantly; all eyes on the TV. Volume to the max.

James shuts his eyes. Like he knows what the President is about to say, lowers his head.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
 Good evening. Tonight, I can report
 to the American people, that the
 United States has conducted a
 successful operation and killed Ali
 Reza Ladoni, the terrorist
 responsible for the murder of our
 children nearly two months ago--

James gently rubs his head. Eyes open wide. Stares Fayruz's picture.

PRESIDENT OF THE US (O.S.)
 --although 112 parents would never
 know the feeling of their child's
 embrace again, although justice or
 revenge is not going to remove
 their pain, I assure you, that Ali
 Reza felt the same fear and pain
 our children--

James gets up, death stare, looks ready to kill. Storms towards the TV. His arms shake, veins ready to explode.

Grabs the TV, rips it off its stand, launches it against the side wall. Bang! Wreckage.

Agents remain speechless, more sad than intimidated. They try hard to hide their disappointment.

Phone rings, an agent (AGENT ONE, 30s) takes the call.

AGENT ONE
 (towards James)
 Sir, it's the boss.

James takes a couple of seconds to relax. These seconds look more like eternity to him; he is desperate. Grabs the phone.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

DAVID (V.O.)
It's over, pack it up.

JAMES
I'm still not sure about this.

DAVID (V.O.)
You did an awesome job James as
everyone else. We got him. Time for
all of us to rest. That's an order!

James hangs up. Hands around the waist, head snaps upwards,
eyes the ceiling.

JAMES
Listen up, we're done here. I want
everything in boxes, numbers on
every single paper. Let's move!

The agents look unwilling to proceed, however they start
moving, pack everything up. Computers shut down, papers are
being stuffed randomly into boxes.

James turns to Tony.

JAMES
Backup everything, check twice.

TONY
Yes sir.

An agent approaches the wall. He reaches for an image,
unpins it-- Not!

JAMES
(peaceful)
Leave it.

The agent slowly leads his hand away, trades looks with
James.

JAMES
May be over for them, but not for
me. Not just yet.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

The sky competes the sea about the finest dazzling blue.
Calving glaciers step in between, lingering on the sea, stab
the sky.

Around the nunataks, a well hidden crevasse, crystal waters underneath; a glacial lake. Usually still and peaceful, now filled with water rings. Something lurks below.

INT./EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

USS MICHAEL MURPHY ambles next to the frozen point of no return; a monstrous glacier of epic proportions ahead.

Captain Masterson, emotionless, chats with his Executive Officer.

MASTERSON
Such a peaceful day.

MASTERSON'S EO
Indeed Captain, another day next to heaven.

MASTERSON
(points the glacier)
Let's keep it that way then. Double the distance to that iceberg.

MASTERSON'S EO
Yes Captain!

Masterson's EO turns towards the young HELMSMAN.

MASTERSON'S EO
Come left seven degrees. Course three-three-zero. Make your speed ten knots.

HELMSMAN
Seven degrees left, speed ten knots Captain.

The destroyer turtles around the iceberg.

A torpedo launches out of nowhere. In the sonar shack, red beeping lights bombard the computer display. The thirty years old SONAR OPERATOR (MASTERSON'S SO) removes his headset, furiously thumbs buttons, like playing a piano.

MASTERSON'S SO
Sonar conn captain! Torpedo in the water. It's active!

MASTERSON
Battle stations!

Crew at battle stations. From peace to hell in less than a second.

MASTERSON'S EO
What the f--?

MASTERSON
Where did it come from?

MASTERSON'S SO
Bearing zero-five-zero, range three hundred yards. It's a sub!

MASTERSON'S EO
Time to impact twenty five seconds.

Masterson looks unconcerned.

MASTERSON
Zero-five-zero? Find out who that idiot is.

MASTERSON'S EO
Did he really miss that huge chunk of ice between us?

MASTERSON
(points the glacier)
Make your speed twenty knots, take us behind that ice!

HELMSMAN
Increasing speed to twenty knots, Captain.

MASTERSON'S EO
Time to impact seventeen seconds, wake up the Nixie Captain?

MASTERSON
Not yet.

Amplified pings. Torpedo gets closer.

The destroyer reaches the edge of the glacier.

A hard left turn follows, ship gets behind it. A perfect cover.

MASTERSON
Time to impact?

MASTERSON'S EO
Eight seconds, Captain.

MASTERSON
All stop. Let it slide.

MASTERSON'S EO
Yes Captain. All stop!

The destroyer positions behind the glacier, forcing the incoming torpedo to crash on it.

The torpedo crashes upon the glacier; no explosion whatsoever.

MASTERSON'S EO
Negative explosion Captain.

Masterson raises eyebrows.

MASTERSON
(turns towards the Sonar
Operator)
Where is she?

MASTERSON'S SO
Same place Captain, twenty feet
below the surface.

Binoculars in hands; Masterson looks more curious than worried.

MASTERSON
Scramble the chopper. I want buoys
all around her.

MASTERSON'S EO
Yes Captain.

An MH-60R helicopter flies away; heads towards the sub's location.

MASTERSON'S SO
Torpedo in the water Captain; new
bearing two-four-two, range to--

MASTERSON'S EO
He changed the torpedo angle!

MASTERSON
Ignore.

Shocked crew faces; Masterson's EO trades looks with the Captain.

MASTERSON'S EO
Time to impact fifteen seconds,
Captain.

Masterston remains calm. Calculations bomb his mind.

MASTERSON
Buoys launched?

MASTERSON'S EO
Deploy sonobuoys.

Three sonobuoys para drop from the helicopter. Deploy upon water impact, down the crevasse.

MASTERSON'S EO
Time to impact four
seconds Captain. Buoys are
active.

No response; the torpedo collides with the glacier. Again. Shatters. No explosion.

A sign of relief fills the crew faces.

MASTERSON'S EO
Negative impact Captain.

MASTERSON
He's either stupid or just toying
with us.

MASTERSON'S SO
Target cavitating Captain, engine
start, bearing three-five-two.
Speed five knots.

MASTERSON
Fire the tomahawks. Target the ice
on his six. Let's scare this son of
a bitch.

MASTERSON'S EO
Weapons conn, punch it.

The WEAPONS OFFICER (MASTERSON'S WO, 50s) rapidly flips switches, two Tomahawks fire away.

MASTERSON'S WO
Tomahawks away, Captain.

A rainbow of fire, thunderous noise, the Tomahawks slash the air in half.

We follow the Tomahawks' trajectory, as they blow up upon the icy surface. A devastating hit, a violent explosion, followed by a rain of ice particles. A huge chunk of ice collapses below.

MASTERSON'S SO
Target is moving away Captain,
speed ten knots, same course
three-five-two.

A calm Masterson turns offensive. Smells success.

MASTERSON
Launch the MKs! Now!

MASTERSON'S WO
MKs fired away!

Two MK54 torpedoes fly away from the ship one after another, dive under the ice.

INTO THE DEEP

The torpedoes go after the sub.

ON MICHAEL MURPHY

MASTERSON'S WO
Target acquired, Captain.

MASTERSON'S SO
Speed twenty knots, Captain.

MASTERSON'S EO
(towards Masterson's SO)
Moving away? Same course?

MASTERSON
Doesn't matter. He's too late.

MASTERSON'S SO
MKs locked on target Captain, ten
seconds to the mark. Nine, eight,
seven, six--

MASTERSON'S WO
The first MK is dead Captain!
Negative impact.

Stunned faces, Masterson's eyes bulge.

MASTERSON

What?

MASTERSON'S WO

Exploded sixty feet before it hits
the mark Captain.

MASTERSON'S SO

Speed thirty knots! Second MK
locked on.

MASTERSON'S EO

(whispers)

It's pretty damn fast!

Masterson nods in agreement.

MASTERSON'S SO

Seven, six, fi--

MASTERSON'S WO

The second MK is dead too Captain!

MASTERSON

Countermeasures?

MASTERSON'S SO

No Captain, she didn't launch any.

MASTERSON'S EO

Check the data from the buoys.

MASTERSON'S WO

Right away, Captain.

MASTERSON

Where is she heading?

MASTERSON'S SO

Same course, three-five-two
Captain, speed forty knots, depth
twenty four hundred!

MASTERSON'S EO

She's going deep into the ice. Are
we going after her Captain?

MASTERSON

Negative. Take us back. Full speed.

MASTERSON'S EO

Full speed astern. Move it!

Orders given and affirmed.

The destroyer explodes forward, engines roar. Water splits in half across the destroyer's path.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

The President sits behind his desk; on top of it, a huge pile of papers. A couple feet away, Admiral COLE and a GENERAL, both around 60s, both standing, argue heatedly; too many stripes, stars and ribbons dominate their uniforms. Looks like an ego contest.

NSA Director SINCLAIR (50s), relaxed, sits at the back. The President, frustrated, trades looks with Sinclair.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

Let me get this straight. A fifty years old sub went head to head against one of our high tech destroyers, attacked first, evaded our torpedoes and then just vanished?

ADMIRAL COLE

Blocked them actually but, more or less, Mr President, that's affirmative.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

Is this even possible or am I really missing something here Admiral?

ADMIRAL COLE

No sir.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

Enlighten me please.

ADMIRAL COLE

Mr President, the sub didn't register anywhere in our systems, but we come to believe it's an alfa class, nuclear, which officially was decommissioned and scrapped back in the 80s.

GENERAL

How can you tell?

ADMIRAL COLE

Before we lost it, it reached forty knots at twenty six hundred feet

ADMIRAL COLE
below the iceberg. Considering how
loud it was and its displacement--

A deep breath before a hard thought guess.

ADMIRAL COLE
It's a Lira Mr President.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
And how exactly did he got away,
although we fired back twice?

ADMIRAL COLE
I can't really tell. The MARKS were
destroyed a few seconds before they
hit the mark.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
What that means? Malfunction?

ADMIRAL COLE
Highly unlikely sir. This is some
new technology we're talking about
here. Something we have never
seen--

General looks desperate to show he's in charge.

GENERAL
Your Captain acted poorly. This may
be another fluke, based upon a
lousy judgment.

Admiral in defense of his Captain. Irritated.

ADMIRAL COLE
Not even a chance. Captain Jonathan
Masterson is one of our finest and
most experienced captains out
there. He made no mistake. The data
cannot be disputed.

GENERAL
Data suggests that he chickened
out. Perhaps his mind was still in
hid kid's funeral a month ago.

Tension grows; you can cut it with a knife.

ADMIRAL COLE
How dare you?

GENERAL

A destroyer under his command was not able to hunt down an over-aged sub. That's pretty embarrassing.

ADMIRAL COLE

There are just two kind of ships General, subs and targets, but you already know that, don't you?

Sinclair stands up, interrupts both.

SINCLAIR

General, Captain Masterson acted wisely. The sub was toying with us, launched first so it gets attacked back and show off its abilities. It was the smartest thing to do under the circumstances, come home and let us know.

They all share a moment without words. They wait for the President's decision. President stands.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

General, Admiral, thank you for your time.

General and Admiral leave the Oval Office, General shakes head. Sinclair stays.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

We didn't see that coming did we?

SINCLAIR

It's not the Russians Mr President, our intelligence confirms. There is no reason to suggest otherwise. Furthermore, the torpedoes carried no explosive warheads. Whoever it was, he was just trying to get our attention.

President's face, puzzled.

PRESIDENT OF THE US

Call him.

SINCLAIR

Call whom sir?

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Martin.

Sinclair nearly leaps out of his skin.

SINCLAIR
Right away sir.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT GATE - DAY

A brand new roaring Ferrari California 2, slams the brakes in front of the gates. The driver, gray suit, fancy sunglasses, nearly forties. A trigger happy SECURITY GUARD, approaches, driver's side.

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning sir, pape--

Driver extends his arm, flashes badge into the guard's face; nearly kisses his nose. The startled guard takes a step backwards. The credentials read 'National Security Agency, James Bond".

The guard flicks glances at the driver. Grabs the ID--

SECURITY GUARD
Please remove your glasses sir.

The driver takes off his sunglasses. MARTIN, alpha male, blue eyes, build of a former athlete, smirks. The photo on his ID match his simper face.

SECURITY GUARD
Shut down your engine, and wait here, Mr Bond!

Martin obeys. The guard rushes inside the gatepost. Passes the papers to another security guard inside.

Checking papers through the computer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

National Security Agency.

JAMES BOND

CLEARANCE LEVEL: 5

Clearance: TS/SCI

Access: Yankee White - CAT ONE

SAS/SAC: active, EXPIRES: 1/1/2500

PURPOSE: PRESIDENTIAL ORDER - GARAGE 3

BACK TO SCENE:

The guards look stunned, they have seen nothing like this ever before. Looks surreal.

The gates open. The guard gets back to Martin, returns his badge.

SECURITY GUARD

Please proceed to garage three sir,
underground to your left.

Martin fondles the Ferrari's steering wheel lovingly.

MARTIN

Will the beast be there? Still
looking for a stud for this beauty.

SECURITY GUARD

(mumbles)

I'm not sure what you're talking
about sir.

MARTIN

That's fine sport, ignore. Have a
nice day!

A jackrabbit start, slight unavoidable burnout. The Ferrari drifts around the courtyard, Martin spots the garage gate.

The gate slowly rises, Martin approaches fast, heel and toe.

Gets to the garage. Handbrake all the way up, the car slides below the opening gate; almost scratches it. Almost. Parks next to the beast, just half a meter away.

The door shuts behind. Martin, non-existent adrenaline rush, gets out, walks away. Car alarm beeps twice.

The elevator; an agent stands there, like expecting Martin. Turns the elevator key, door opens, they both get inside.

They share looks. Martin's eyebrows; a quick double up-down flash.

Martin gets a metal business card out of his pocket, presidential stamp in front, 'KTT' initials next to it.

No elevator buttons panel exists, just a card slot. Martin slides his card in there, door shuts behind.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - DAY

Martin gets inside the Green Room. Stares the Builders painting, eyes playing over.

The President enters, a huge report in hand. Beelines for Martin. Stops besides him. Shoulders collide.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Jacob Lawrence.

MARTIN
(smirks)
Are you sure boss?

Dazzling sparks fly around the President.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Should I have the Trust have it
double checked?

MARTIN
That would thrill me to no end!

Hands behind his back, Martin turns, eyes the President.

MARTIN
What can I do for you sir?

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Three days ago, a
decommissioned Russian submarine,
considered scrapped actually,
attacked one of our destroyers. We
attacked back but we failed. Our
torpedoes were destroyed just
before they hit the target. No one
can actually tell me how that
happened.

The President hands Martin the report.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Here's the report. Read it. If
there is something new out there, I
wanna know.

Martin gets the report. Acknowledges.

MARTIN
Yes sir.

President walks away. Martin follows. Separate exit doors.

PRESIDENT OF THE US
And Martin, if we can't have it, no
one else should.

INT. US ARMY RESEARCH LABORATORY ADELPHI - NIGHT

A tiny room, glass dominates the surrounding walls, a round
table in the middle, two chairs around it.

Martin seated, awaits, hands crossed rest on the table.
Shoots looks right and left.

DR JONES (70s) enters, white lab uniform, looks a bit tired.

DR JONES
Good evening Mr Newton.

Dr Jones looks surprised by Newton's name.

DR JONES
Mr Isaac Newton, is that correct?

MARTIN
Yes, that's correct. No relation to
the other guy whatsoever.

DR JONES
Glad to hear, last time I checked
he was dead!

MARTIN
So they say.

An awkward moment of silence.

MARTIN
I'll get straight to the point
Doctor. Is there available any new
tech on submarine countermeasures,
capable of disabling or even
destroying incoming torpedoes?

Dr Jones shoots glances at Martin, who watches apprehensive.

DR JONES
Normally I would be surprised by
the question, but under the
circumstances, my answer is no. At
least nothing operational at the
moment.

MARTIN

What kind of circumstances?

DR JONES

I had a few too many meetings the last couple of days alone, with some three letter agencies asking me the exact same thing, yet no one provided me with enough evidence to back it up.

MARTIN

Yes I know. Checked your report.

DR JONES

So, if you got my memo, what else are you looking for?

MARTIN

Well, your report stated clearly, that such an operational system does not exist. If I'm not mistaken you used the word non-operational four times.

DR JONES

That's correct.

MARTIN

So is there any other project out there, that is non-operational, but may fit the description?

Dr Jones looks skeptical. Sits.

DR JONES

Well, I can think of three projects currently in progress, University research all of them, but all three have been rejected by the Committee.

MARTIN

Which universities?

DR JONES

MIT, Caltech and Stanford.

MARTIN

Who's supervising?

DR JONES
MIT and Caltech, us. Stanford's
project, NASA.

MARTIN
And according to your expertise,
which one among the three, would
you consider the best?

DR JONES
Well, I can't really tell what's
the best, but both the MIT's and
Caltech's approaches are more or
less.. Unrealistic! The Stanford
project was pretty interesting and
innovative, but is was abandoned
about two or three months ago, so I
cannot really comment on that one.

MARTIN
Why was it abandoned?

DR JONES
Dr Ramson died during the Stanford
attack, alongside the students who
were participating in that
research.

Martin flickers awake, looks disoriented; as if lost in
thought.

DR JONES
Everything is OK Mr Newton?

MARTIN
Yes, everything is fine. I have one
more question for you doc--

DR JONES
Go ahead!

Martin gets a paper out of his pocket, unfolds it. We see a
fishing net-alike rectangular sketch, explosives on each
side.

MARTIN
Let's say that a fifty knots
torpedo is about to hit that thing,
is there any material to stop it,
from going through?

Dr Jones examines the drawing. Looks familiar.

DR JONES

The only material I can think of,
is graphene. Strong, thin,
flexible-- Dr Ramson was
experimenting with it, in order to
craft a structure like this and
stretch it out with the use of tiny
rockets on each side. However, his
model never worked. All of his
tests were a failure.

MARTIN

NASA supervised those tests?

DR JONES

Yeap.

Martin gets up, storms away.

MARTIN

Thank you Doctor. Appreciate your
help.

EXT. MARINE SCOUT SNIPER SCHOOL - DAY

A limitless featureless military camp built of dust and mud.

A group of pigs (professionally instructed gunmen), ghillie
suits, crank out push-ups shouting 'Scout-Sniper'.

Another group, ragged, dirty and exhausted, carry a two
hundred pound log which states 'suffer patiently, patiently
suffer'.

Another ten pigs, c-3 riffles, full body camouflage, take
firing positions, over a line.

Instructor HOBS (40s), mustache, cowboy hat, stands alert
behind them.

HOBS

Seven hundred yards. Eleven
bullets. One to calibrate, another
ten to kill. Take your time, fire
on my command.

The pigs prepare, adjustments on their riffles follow.

HOBS

Go!

BOOM! The first round of bullets goes away.

TO RED AND GREEN

Fifty yards to the east, RED (25), geek-alike, black hair, bristles, Hawaiian suit, sits relaxed into his comfortable chair, fingers ready to attack his laptop's keyboard. Beneath the chair, GREEN (35), military top, short pants, takes firing position for a shot, just like the other snipers.

Shots keep firing from the pigs, following Hobs' screaming commands.

Green, stoic, does not fire. Concentrates on the target, makes tiny adjustments to his riffle.

Red's fingertips abuse the laptop.

RED

Are you gonna take the shot? It's been three minutes since--

GREEN

Shut up, I'm trying to focus!

RED

I hacked the NSA in less time than what you need to pull that trigger.

GREEN

That's why you got caught!

RED

It wasn't them you jackass. Martin got me for stealing those billions from his own account.

GREEN

Yeah, I heard the story, and have to admit, it was pretty embarrassing.

RED

What are you talking about?

GREEN

You pissed your pants!

RED

Who told you that?

Green fires, bullseye!

GREEN

Blue.

RED

I was fucking asleep, it was three in the morning, and his knife was ready to kiss my right eye! Plus, Martin was just behind him standing like the Grim Reaper himself!

GREEN

Check please?

Red grabs the binoculars. The shot is off the center by a few millimeters.

RED

Is this the best you can do? Come on it's just a thousand yards!

Another burst of shots from the pigs, Hobs' voice can be heard from the distance.

TO HOBS

HOBS

Focus, focus and focus! This is a pigs area, if you want to move over there to the HOGs turf (points towards Green's spot), you must do better than this.

One of the pigs fires a single bullet. The shot draws Hobs' attention, he didn't give the command to shoot.

He is all over that guy who fired up that shot.

A spotter checks his shot, gives a thumbs up towards Hobs. Hobs acknowledges.

HOBS

That was a fine shot.

His voice tone changes, sounds like a mad man.

HOBS

Who gave you the order to shoot rookie? Your mom? Your dad?

TO RED AND GREEN

Hobs' screams alert Red, who checks the mark with his binoculars.

RED
He did a perfect seven hundred.

GREEN
And he didn't wait for Hobs' call.

RED
Reminds me of you!

Green's eyes snap, eyes that rookie sniper.

TO HOBBS

HOBBS
OK you smart ass, let's see what
you've got.

Hobs points the thousand yard mark straight ahead, behind
the seven hundred yard target.

HOBBS
One shot, you live or die. Fire
when ready.

The young gunman targets the mark, calibrates riffle,
prepares. Stress dominates him. Sweats like a pig, looks
troubled.

TO RED AND GREEN

GREEN
What's the distance?

Red smiles, his fingers let the keyboard rest, grabs the
binoculars.

RED
(smirks)
No way you do it, chicken!

Green turns his riffle towards the youngster's target.

GREEN
Distance?

RED
One thousand three hundred and
fifty two.

Tiny adjustments to the riffle. Green looks ready to go.

TO HOBBS

The young sniper is ready, takes the shot. At the same time, one more shot fires away. Can't really tell if it was one or two shots fired.

Hobs checks the spotter, asks for confirmation on the target. It's right at the center. The spotter turns instantly, eyes Green.

Hobs knows, the perfect shot came from Green.

HOBS
(mumbles)
Motherfu--

TO RED AND GREEN

Red checks Hobs.

RED
Yeah, he's definitely pissed at you.

GREEN
What about his shot?

RED
About six centimeters off.

GREEN
Not bad, not bad at all.

RED
Already thinking about your successor?

GREEN
You know the rules brother.

INT. SOME MILITARY FACILITY - GYM - DAY

An army gym, infested with old school free weights and machinery. Young boys, most of them in army shirts, pump iron.

A tiny table at the back, BLUE, early fiftys, African-American, Conan the barbarian-looking mother--, killer eyes, workout outfit, reads the newspaper, drinks daiquiri.

Couple of meters away, Drill Sergeant ROLANDS (50s) works out with kettle bells.

Two young army boys, YOUNG ARMY BOY ONE and YOUNG ARMY BOY TWO, early twenties, stare Blue.

YOUNG ARMY BOY ONE
Boys pump iron, Fops read the news,
drink daiquiri.

The boys laugh. Blue doesn't even blink.

The boys' language draws Rolands' attention. Walks towards the boys, wears his happiest face.

ROLANDS
Did you just call him a 'fop'?

YOUNG ARMY BOY ONE
Yeah, fucking old person.

Rolands, huge smile, calm voice, seems to accept the joke.

ROLANDS
That was a good one.

Rolands trades looks with Blue. Points the weights.

ROLANDS
(winks)
Wanna have a try, 'old guy'?

Blue, stoic, gets up, removes his top shirt.

Blue removes his shoulder holster, rests his survival military knife on the table, while the young boys stare Blue's monster pecks!

Blue adds couple weight plates onto the barbell, ten pounds more, each side. Lies on the bench. Five reps. Effortless.

Rolands nods one of the guys to try the same weight. The young army boy agrees, takes Blue's position, makes five reps, struggles a bit.

Rolands moves to the table, pets Blue's knife.

Blue's turn. Adds another set of plates. Lies down, another five reps. Easy. Nods the other guy to try again.

ROLANDS
Do you boys know how many people
felt their skin burning during that
moment, this shiny little blade
pierced through their flesh?

The youngster struggles really hard. Looks like the weight is just too much for him. Succeeds nevertheless.

Blue's turn. Adds a couple of twenties more on each side. The boys are shocked.

Blue gets ready.

ROLANDS
A hundred, at least.

The guys' eyes bulge.

ROLANDS
Do you know how many among those,
lived up to tell the story? None!

Blue makes the weight.

Rolands' attitude changes; acts like a maniac. Shouts really hard--

ROLANDS
Stand up you pieces of shit!
Attention!

The boys spring up, stand at attention.

ROLANDS
This is Major Blue you jerks,
salute him properly!

The boys respond immediately. Salute Blue.

ROLANDS
You're gonna run around the whole
camp, until I tell you to stop. Is
that clear?

ONE
YOUNG ARMY BOY
Yes Drill Sergeant!

TWO
YOUNG ARMY BOY
Yes Drill Sergeant!

ROLANDS
I don't want to see you again show
this kind of disrespect. Move your
asses! Run you a-holes!

The boys storm away. Blue gets up, smirks.

BLUE

That wasn't really necessary Serg.

ROLANDS

Have a good day Major.

Blue gets his gear back, Rolands gets back to his weights.

INT./EXT. BALTIC SEA - DAY

YURIY DOLGORUKIY (K535), Borei-class ballistic missile submarine, flying colors of the Russian navy, surfaced, glides peacefully up the Baltic waters. It's dark, but there are breaks in the clouds, giving way to patches of light from the full moon.

Russian officers, relaxed, enjoy the ride. The young RUSSIAN SO (30s) chats with the RUSSIAN EO (40s). The RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (50s) stares them apprehensive. Silence is deafening.

All of a sudden--

RUSSIAN SO

Distant contact Captain! Holding steady on one-zero-one, five knots at six thousand yards.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN

Identify!

The Russian SO works his computer furiously. Toggles switches.

RUSSIAN SO

It's a Lyra Captain! On sixty Hertz!

RUSSIAN EO

American?

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN

Emergency dive, battle stations!

Orders affirmed; the water around the sub flushes away violently. K535 crash-dives.

RUSSIAN SO

He spotted us Captain, same course, speed twenty knots!

The Captain's face looks aggressive, looks eager to engage.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
All ahead flank. Do not lose him.

INTO THE DEEP

The Lyra makes a hard turn.

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
It's turning Captain, bearing
two-four-two. Speed thirty knots.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Stay on his starboard Chief.

Orders acknowledged and confirmed. The Russian EO gets over
the weapons shack.

RUSSIAN EO
Distance five thousand yards
Captain, firing angle--

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Yeah, I know. It's bloody far away.

The Captain pauses for a moment, as if lost in thought.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Battle surface, now!

Conn shudders, metal grinds. The K535 emerges abruptly,
heads for the surface.

INTO THE DEEP

The Lyra suddenly makes a hard turn towards the K535. Cuts
big holes in the water.

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
He's turning Captain! thirty
degrees--

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Belay that order! Turn two-two-one
keep him on our port beam.

INTO THE DEEP

A torpedo launches from the Lyra.

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
Torpedo in the water Captain!

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
What? From that angle?

RUSSIAN EO
Bearing zero-one-zero, the torpedo
is active, heading-- five hundred
yards away from our position
Captain.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Distance to target?

RUSSIAN EO
Thirty five hundred yards Captain.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Flood tubes one and two.

Orders affirmed, Russian EO moves at fire control.

RUSSIAN SO
Second torpedo Captain. First
torpedo has passed us--

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Left full rudder! Fire!

Two torpedoes launch away from the K535.

RUSSIAN EO
Torpedoes alive Captain, target
acquired. Distance to target three
thousand yards, mark fifty four
seconds.

The Russian EO starts the countdown.

Growing pings mess around with the crew's heads.

RUSSIAN EO
Twenty seconds--fifteen
seconds--ten seconds--

INTO THE DEEP

We see the torpedo approaching the Lyra. Something that
looks like a fishing net, extends, small torpedoes on each
corner stretch it even more.

The torpedo hits the net, which folds around it, instantly
explodes afterwards.

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

Both torpedoes fail; the Russian EO looks shocked!

RUSSIAN EO
Torpedoes are dead Captain! they
exploded before they hit the
target.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Did we hit his knuckles?

RUSSIAN EO
(hesitant)
Can't really tell Captain.

INTO THE DEEP

We see the Lyra's second torpedo, still active, still
searching--

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
Captain, the torpedo! Re-acquiring
target, it's coming around! Fifteen
seconds!

Captain's eyes imperceptibly flicker, the torpedo's
trajectory, crew aboard, he mind coldly calculates the odds.

The torpedo sound gets louder.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN
Launch countermeasures, emergency
blow. Surface the damn ship!

Countermeasures launched; K535 flies upwards!

The deck angles crazily upwards, gear crashes on the floor.
Captain and the crew fight gravity.

RUSSIAN EO
Captain, the Lyra is coming head to
head!

Captain is stunned. Out of words. Looks like he knows he
lost the match up.

INTO THE DEEP

The torpedo goes through the countermeasures.

ON YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
Captain, it's gone through. It got
us--

Total chaos; Captain shuts his eyes.

BOOM! Scintillating light; billowing death embraces the deep. Twenty four thousand tons of steel containing hundred and thirty human souls, disintegrate in the blink of an eye.

INT./EXT. INTO A PRIVATE JET - DAY

White leather couches, shiny wooden surfaces, a glass of wine on the glass table. It's the interior of a flying private jet, luxurious, royal.

Martin, the only passenger, stares the sunrise.

There are lots of papers placed in perfect order around the floor, even more on the table. The Stanford JTTF report on top, side by side the anti-torpedo sketch.

Martin uses his mobile, texts. We see the message; reads 'San Francisco FBI, Director Hawks, 10 a.m.'. Message sent.

A hot blonde stewardess approaches. Leans over Martin, hands him a file.

First page reads 'Federal Security Service - Russia. TOP SECRET.

Eyes bulge, turns the page. Shocked, Martin mumbles. Goes through the pages one by one.

Leans back deep into his seat, shuts his eyes.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Office is full of agents, most of them standing. Martin, Seattle Seahawks jersey, walks by them, looks for someone.

The majority of the agents notice Martin's outfit, mumble in aversion. Martin smirks, enjoys it.

A hulkish African-American agent (AGENT TWO, 40s), muscles ready to explode, springs up, gets in his path.

AGENT TWO
Are you looking for something bro?

MARTIN
Director Hawks.

AGENT TWO
And you are?

MARTIN
Not your brother.

The agent loses his voice. Another agent (AGENT THREE, 40s) gets up, jumps in between.

AGENT THREE
You have an ID sir?

Martin slowly gets his ID out of his pocket. Both agents have a closer look on the ID.

MARTIN
Director Hawks?

Agent three amazed, points towards Hawks' office. Martin, grave, walks away.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - HAWKS' OFFICE - DAY

A glass office partition. Martin knocks once, enters. David, focused on his papers behind his desk, raises head. Checks the clock on the wall. 10:00 a.m.

DAVID
It was three in the morning when I received a call over my private line from the boss himself. They told me that a Detective Hoover will show up this morning, at ten a.m. Couldn't really tell if I was more curious than anxious--

MARTIN
Sorry sir, didn't mean to wake you up. If it wasn't for such an emergency, I wouldn't be here.

DAVID
Apology accepted. So how can I help you Mr--?

MARTIN
Detective Hoover.

Martin reaches for his ID.

DAVID

You know, seventeen years ago, I met with another Detective Hoover who looked like twenty years older than you.

Martin smirks, he is out of words.

DAVID

Yeah, I know your ID will go through the system, but all of you spooks cannot choose another name or something? You guys really lack some imagination.

MARTIN

You're right sir, however, I don't work for the CIA.

DAVID

Whatever, what do you need?

MARTIN

Your department was in charge of the Stanford JTTF investigation. I want a copy of everything.

DAVID

Why is that?

MARTIN

Off the record I think there's something missing.

DAVID

Really? I was pretty sure the President thought otherwise.

MARTIN

You mean convinced.

Both of them share a rare moment without words. David shakes head.

DAVID

(writes down an address)
James Barns. He'll give you everything.

MARTIN

Thank you.

DAVID

You have a phone number or something? Just in case I wanna call you.

Martin reaches for a piece of paper, writes down his number, passes it to David.

David checks it, Martin heads for the exit.

DAVID

Is this an official investigation?

Martin stops. He doesn't turn.

MARTIN

No, not just yet.

Martin disappears.

David gets up, approaches the window, stares outside, looks anxious.

INT./EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - HAWKS OFFICE - DAY

David checks on Martin who gets to the parking area and jumps inside his red Mustang.

David, stoic, grabs his mobile, calls James.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DAVID

You'll have a visit from some agent, CIA or NSA probably, I'm not sure. He has clearance from the boss himself.

JAMES (V.O.)

About Stanford?

DAVID

Yes, gave him your address. I want you to follow him. Washington 'IAM C00L' license plates, red Mustang. I'll have his phone tracked. Tony will send you the gps loc in a minute.

David hangs up, eyes locked upon Martin's mustang.

INT. NASA HQ WASHINGTON - DAY

A conference room, white and blue carpet with a huge NASA logo, four comfortable chairs around a black glass table.

Martin, blue suit, red file cabinet in hand, looks outside the window.

DR EVANS (60s), Einstein-looking scientist, bolts inside.

DR EVANS

Good morning Mr Armstrong, how can I help you?

Martin turns, smiles from ear to ear.

MARTIN

Just call me Neil Doctor.

Martin flashes badge; Secret Service.

MARTIN

I'm here for Alex Graham.

Dr Evans, defensive stance, lowers head.

DR EVANS

Secret Service? I thought the FBI closed the case.

MARTIN

What case?

DR EVANS

Dr Graham had a car accident a month ago.

MARTIN

What?

DR EVANS

They said he had a heart attack just before the crash.

Martin nearly leaps out of his skin.

DR EVANS

Are you OK?

MARTIN

(decisive)

Dr Graham was working with Dr Ramson from the Stanford University

MARTIN
on an experimental anti-torpedo
project. Are you aware of this?

Dr Evans looks distressed; it's one of those moments he realizes that life hurts more than death.

DR EVANS
(trembling)
I'm sorry, I cannot provide you
with such information without
authorization from the research
department.

Martin, suspicious, grabs a paper out of his file cabinet, passes it over.

MARTIN
This is an executive order. Would
you like to take you back to my
place for a private chat?

Dr Evans checks the paper. Everything looks in order.

DR EVANS
No, no, that's fine, this will do.

MARTIN
So?

DR EVANS
Yes, I'm aware of that project, but
I assure you, I personally had no
involvement whatsoever.

MARTIN
Was it operational?

DR EVANS
I'm positive that all tests
failed--

MARTIN
Listen to me Doctor.
Everyone around that project, or
even near it, is now dead. That
smells like shit to me. If you
don't want fifty agents around here
in less than ten minutes, searching
your asses for answers, tell me
now, and I'll consider yourself a
very cooperative person.

A deep breath.

DR EVANS

All the data suggested that the project was a failure, however NASA sold the whole research to a private investor.

MARTIN

Know his name?

DR EVANS

No one knows, but the management.

MARTIN

Do you have a copy of the tests report?

DR EVANS

I'll do my best to get you one I believe.

MARTIN

Make it happen. Send everything to my email. It's on this card.

Martin extends his arm, handshakes Dr Evans, gives him a card. Smiles, as if nothing happened. His attitude changes back to normal.

MARTIN

Thank you Doctor, that would be all.

Dr Evans, more scared than concerned, stares Martin who rushes away.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Red and Blue are inside the safe house. Red goes through the papers, one by one, checks thoroughly every single page. His eyes dart back and forth between his laptop and the papers.

Blue, communication ear plugs on, examines the pictures on the wall.

RED

Jackpot!

Blue's head snaps to the side.

BLUE

What?

RED

Check this out. The JTTF report sent to the President was twenty four hundred and fifty seven pages long. Agent James Barns' report was seven pages longer. Already got the three of those missing.

BLUE

Find the rest. I'll call Martin.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - DAY

Martin drives, middle lane. Couple cars behind, a black jeep lurks, cautiously. It's James. Martin is not aware.

Phone rings. Martin answers the call.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MARTIN

Found anything?

BLUE (V.O)

Boss, our Stanford report is seven pages shorter than the initial one. Red is looking for those pages as we speak.

MARTIN

I'll be there in thirty minutes.

Martin slams the throttle, fast lane. James surprised, speeds up shortly after. Martin glances his mirror. Eyes the jeep. Smirks.

EXT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Martin's car parks next the front door. Checks Hawks' note. The address looks OK.

Jumps out of the car, examines the area around, focuses on the huge trees.

Martin storms inside the house.

James' car stops a few feet away. Parks below the trees, gets out. Glock 27 in hand, he cautiously moves towards the house.

The door is wide open, James gets inside.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

James enters the main room, unnoticed. Extends his arm, gun points to the back of Martin's skull. Martin does not look surprised at all.

MARTIN
Welcome Mr Barns.

Red sits on the floor, Blue stands, they both turn, face James.

Blue clenches his fists, looks ready to engage. Martin nods him to stand down.

JAMES
This is an FBI safe house. And you didn't knock.

MARTIN
I don't think it would have made any difference. Wouldn't it?

James' eyes examine Red and Blue.

MARTIN
I think you should lower your weapon James.

JAMES
Not lowering anything.

MARTIN
Whatever--

An explosive move, Martin turns, drops the gun out of James' hand. Blue draws his Desert Eagle Magnum, targets James.

MARTIN
(to Blue)
Put it back.

Blue's gun returns to the holster.

JAMES
Who are you people?

MARTIN
Well, this is agent Blue, he's agent Red. And I am Martin, leader of this pack.

JAMES
Pack? What kind of agency has
packs?

MARTIN
I'll come to that in a minute. But
first let me ask you something.

Martin turns towards the evidence wall.

MARTIN
Do you think you got the right guy?

JAMES
Can't tell for sure. I personally
requested for more time, the
President himself refused, shut us
down.

Red springs up from the floor.

RED
Got them.

Martin stares Red, defiant. James freeze frames Martin's
face, bodies pulsing with adrenaline.

MARTIN
Show me!

Red passes a couple of papers to Martin.

Martin reads them. A deep breath.

JAMES
I read your file agent Barns.
Former navy seal, joined the Bureau
and became a Detective in no time,
lost your wife and kid during nine
eleven--

MARTIN
Is this why you're here? My file?

JAMES
Yes. And no.

James grabs a marker, approaches the wall. Circles Fayruz's
mobile and all the way down draws a line connecting the
names of the three dead people.

Martin remains speechless and curious.

JAMES

What can you tell me about the phone?

MARTIN

He sent his manifest to all news stations before the explosion. We had his sim card checked, it came up clean.

JAMES

And those guys down there?

MARTIN

Not much to say, three out of hundred and twelve.

James grabs a chair, sits.

MARTIN

A few days back, one of our destroyers made contact with a Russian sub, was attacked and we answered back. The sub used a highly innovative system to intercept our torpedoes just before they hit the target.

Martin's eyes bulge. He sits down.

MARTIN

The same sub went head to head with another Russian sub and sunk it. Initial reports suggests that it used the same system again.

JAMES

How do you know all this?

MARTIN

That's classified.

JAMES

OK--

James shakes head.

JAMES

What exactly does this have to do with the Stanford attack?

MARTIN

I went through your TTF report. Dr Ramson and two of his students, Alan Carter and Tommy Lee were in charge of such an anti torpedo project, supervised by NASA.

James shocked, leans back into his chair.

JAMES

What exactly are you implying?

MARTIN

The three of them received the most bullets before the explosion, didn't they?

JAMES

(mumbles)

I think so, yes.

James and Martin share a look. A long beat.

MARTIN

This was a cover up James.

JAMES

But we checked Fayruz's bank accounts, traced the payments made, back to--

MARTIN

Yeah, I know.

James is not a believer, yet he wants to be a part of this.

JAMES

Why are you telling me this?

MARTIN

Are you a patriot James?

JAMES

What do you mean?

Tension grows. Martin's tone changes.

MARTIN

Answer the question. Your wife and son died during nine eleven. Are you a patriot? Don't you feel any anger, rage? You're one of those FBI agents who want justice, or

MARTIN
you're one of those family men, who
seek revenge? There are traitors
among us, don't you want to rip
their heads off, eat their hearts?

An awkward silence. A flicker of emotions crosses James' face. Revenge is his answer.

James smirks.

JAMES
Can I ask you something?

MARTIN
Go ahead.

JAMES
Who you work for?

Martin does not hesitate. Gets his KTT card out, hands it to James.

James looks impressed by the presidential stamp on the card.

Blue looks worried. Someone is talking to him. Tips his earplug--

BLUE
Say again?

GREEN (V.O.)
Seven hostiles approaching from the
north. M16s, two rocket launchers.

MARTIN
What's going on?

BLUE
We have company. Heavily armed.

MARTIN
Friendlies?

Blue shakes head, that's a no.

JAMES
No one knows about this place
besides the agency.

MARTIN
How many?

GREEN (V.O.)

Ten seconds to the front door. They won't knock.

BLUE

Seven, they're almost here.

MARTIN

Get some cover. Give Green the go.

Everyone in the room flies into action. Martin draws his gun, Blue and Red mess around with the furniture, roll them over, build some kind of a fortress-protective barrier. James retrieves his pistol.

Red hugs his precious laptop. Jumps behind a table, belly down. James follow.

Martin stares outside the window, eyes wide, amped up as the rumbling escalates to an almost unbearable level. Adrenaline skyrockets.

BLUE

(to radio comm)

Keep one alive, you're cleared to go.

INT./EXT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Seven black-clad commandos in full body armor, empty their M16s upon the house. Couple rockets launch, hand grenades follow shortly after.

The front entrance explodes up into the air, windows shatter, bullets rape the house from the outside, without mercy.

The house interior is a hell of a mess. Gunshots echoing, smoke swirls, it's a war zone. The incoming bullets drill huge holes upon the rooms, smash the living shit out of everything.

BLUE

(to radio comm)

We're not gonna last for much longer.

BANG! A bullet lands on one of the commandos' head, blows his brains out. The rest of his team, do not notice.

On a tree, amazingly camouflaged, Green appears faintly. His sniper rifle fires again. A second commando goes down.

The commandos proceed to the entrance. They're ready to get inside. One of them spots the two dead at the back. Stares the trees, shocked--

BANG! A bullet between his eyes.

The leader of the assault group gives the order to enter. They reload and--

See that some of them are already dead! It's their turn to hide!

BANG, forth man down. The three left, take cover. Once the wolf, now the sheep; they look for a safe spot to hide.

GREEN

(comm)

Three left.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Blue acknowledges. Through destruction and mess he walks cautiously towards the exit.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The three commandos shoot towards all directions. A rocket fires-- Negative, he is dead too.

Couple of random bullets pass a few inches by Green's shoulder. Green takes cover.

Blue jumps out of the house, comes face to face with one of the commandos. Dwarves him, staring downwards. Blue does not hesitate; just one bullet is not enough. Head, chest, legs.

He spots the last guy, fires up a shot towards his cover. The commando responds, empties his m16 towards Blue, all shots failed.

BANG! a shot shatters his shoulder, the commando is down in pain. Blue jumps on him, draws his knife, killer look, looks ready to cut his throat. His blade attacks, reaches his neck..

Martin hops out of the house--

MARTIN

I need him alive.

The commando's head snap backwards, crunched with the butt of Blue's pistol.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Martin grabs a chair, more or less the only thing that survived the attack. Blue carries the injured commando, forces him to sit.

Green, sniper riddle on to his back, enters, trades look with the commando.

MARTIN
(to James)
Meet agent Green.

James acknowledges.

JAMES
(mumbles)
Getting more and more interesting--

Blue passes his knife to Martin. James notices, does not interfere.

Blue headlocks the commando from the rear. Martin slowly shoves the knife into his quad.

The pain is excruciating. The commando flounders like a fish out of the water. Screams.

MARTIN
Who sent you?

The commando spits blood upon Martin's face. He is tough.

Martin does not blink. He slowly rotates the knife inside his leg. Blood detonates from the wound. With every move of the knife, there comes a greater scream.

MARTIN
Who sent you?

The commando breaks, can't handle the pain.

COMMANDO
I don't know his name. He sent us
the money through bank transfer.

MARTIN
What's the account number?

COMMANDO
thirty four--triple five-zero-sixty
eight slash nine-double eight.

Red's laptop is already on, Red logs into the banking system. Checks. Martin awaits for verification.

RED
Password?

COMMANDO
Ijunkie-two-two-three.

Red is in. Confirms.

RED
Two hundred grand, yesterday,
target description--

Martin nods Blue to end this. Blue acknowledges.

JAMES
Wai--

Bang! A bullet crashes the commando's skull.

JAMES
What are you doing?

James looks at Blue in shame, with the realization of what he's just done.

MARTIN
This is how we deal with traitors
James. Now you know, you're either
in, or out.

JAMES
In or out what? What are you
talking about?

Blue turns his laptop facing James.

BLUE
You were the target sport.

James is shocked.

JAMES
Me? What the fuck are you talking
about?

Red works his laptop furiously. His eyes bulge, looks like he's up to something.

RED

Boss, have a minute?

Martin responds. Leans over the screen.

LAPTOP SCREEN

A bunch of overlapping windows rock the screen, bank account data. Some of them highlighted, account numbers match through the different windows, a few lines blink.

A pdf file pops up.

BACK TO SCREEN

RED

This is one of those seven missing pages. It's the same account.

JAMES

Which account?

MARTIN

Whoever paid those mercenaries to kill you and destroy all evidence, also transferred the five million to Ali Reza Ladoni who then paid Fayruz.

JAMES

Are you sure?

RED

Boss, I see anoth--

James approaches Red, needs to see this by himself. Martin shuts the laptop's screen.

MARTIN

I'll be crystal clear with you James. Someone stole something from us, and covered it up with that Stanford attack. We have orders by the President himself to find out who's behind all this. I'm sure more people are involved and we don't take prisoners. So, I'll ask you one more time, you're in, or out?

James does not hesitate, grins, actually loves the challenge.

JAMES

What do you want me to do?

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

James storms inside. It's been a long time since the last time he was present there. Everyone around stares at him. James approaches Tony.

Tony notices.

TONY

Boss--

JAMES

Come with me.

Tony leaves his desk, follows James into a glass office partition full of computers.

TO HAWKS

The agent's bustle draws the attention of Hawks. Eyes Tony and James, looks worried.

TO JAMES

JAMES

Show me the full backup of the Stanford report.

Tony fires up the computer, his fingers rock the keyboard. There it is!

JAMES

How many pages?

TONY

Twenty four sixty four.

JAMES

Where's the copy of the report we sent to the White House?

TO HAWKS

Hawks looks frustrated, eyes the two of them through the glass, tries to see what's happening. He can't.

TO JAMES

TONY
Here it is.

JAMES
How many pages is that?

TONY
(surprised)
Twenty four sixt--fifty seven?

JAMES
Last page. Who signed it?

TONY
Director Hawks.

Tony launches a killer look towards Hawks' office. Their eyes meet.

JAMES
Tony, I need to do me a favor.

TONY
Anything.

James gets a paper out of his pocket.

TONY
Bank accounts?

JAMES
I want their owners and all of their transactions during the last two years. When you're done with that, check their phones too.

TONY
I don't know about offshore accounts, but I can help with the rest. However, it will take some time.

JAMES
You've got three hours.

Tony enjoys this. His fingers get back to work.

James sits, relaxes.

INT./EXT. WASHINGTON DC - SOME STREET - DAY

A parked armored truck, high tech equipment inside.
Monitors, radio, radar systems infest the cockpit.

Red in front of a computer screen, Martin and Blue at the back.

RED
Boss, incoming message from the
Eagle.

MARTIN
Read it.

RED
We have forty eight hours. It's now
official.

MARTIN
Fuck!

BLUE
So what now?

Martin grinds teeth, clenches his jaw. Looks stressed.

MARTIN
We're out of options. We need a
miracle, or I'll be forced to use
the wild card.

Blue knits his eyebrows.

BLUE
No way, we'll sort this out on our
own boss.

MARTIN
How the fuck are we going to find
out?

RED
The second message?

MARTIN
Fayruz used two sim cards. Why?

RED
Went through everything, nothing
else was sent from that area
besides those two messages.

MARTIN

No way you checked all cellphone companies.

RED

Actually, I did. I hacked the area's mobile antennas. Besides that encrypted message, there is nothing else.

Martin shakes head. A deep breath.

MARTIN

I need that message. Just to be sure.

RED

I tried everything, it was a safe phone.

BLUE

You hacked the entire Washington CCTV network just because you suspected your girl was cheating on you. Find a way.

Red smirks. Acknowledges.

MARTIN

(to Red)

Go get James.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - DAY

A black shiny Hammer H3, silver polished rims, Martin in the driver's seat, elbow hanging outside the open window.

The road looks like an endless river of tarmac baked under a brutal relentless sun. Tyres bring a monotony as they sail over the weary gray beneath; a passing vehicle, radio cranked to the max, knocks him out from his stupor.

Phone rings; Martin answers the call.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

MARTIN

James.

JAMES (V.O.)

NASA sold the whole research?

MARTIN

Yes. It's operational, no doubt.
Graham is already dead.

JAMES (V.O.)

I got four transaction within the
US, one hundred grand each. FBI,
NASA and the White House, all
involved.

MARTIN

FBI, who was it?

JAMES (V.O.)

Hawks. He was the one who sent them
our location, no doubt.

MARTIN

Don't do anything yet.

JAMES (V.O.)

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Eagle made this official. We will
handle those fuckers later.
Continue as planned. Blue will pick
you up in four hours.

JAMES (V.O.)

Understood.

EXT. NAVAL BASE NORFOLK VIRGINIA - MAIN GATE - DAY

A couple MPs, late twenties, heavily armed, stand guard.
Three Willys and a Humvee, drivers in navy uniforms,
civilian passengers, wait over a line. MPs check papers.

Banging noise draws the attention of the MPs. Martin's
Hammer parks in front of the gate. Engine off. Martin, navy
blue working uniform, nonexistent insignia, permits himself
a smile.

MP

Can I help you sir?

MARTIN

Morning sailor, I'm here to see
Captain Masterson.

MP looks annoyed.

MP

Can I see your papers sir?

Martin gets his ID out, passes it over to the MP, ID reads 'Commander Marco Ramius'.

MP formally salutes. Martin salutes back.

MP rushes towards the guard post. Checks clearance. Everything looks in order. Returns.

MP

Here's your papers Commander,
please proceed.

Gates open. Martin starts the car. Vrooms, attacks the asphalt. Disappears.

The MPs turn, stare the Hammer jealously. Shake heads, raise shoulders.

INT. NAVAL BASE NORFOLK VIRGINIA - MCDONALD'S - DAY

McDonald's is almost empty, just a few navy guys have their burgers.

Corner table, Martin drinks his coffee. Awaits.

Captain Masterson, white naval uniform, enters. The sailors get up, formally salute him. Masterson nods at them.

Martin manipulates himself out of his seat, nods. Masterson acknowledges.

They meet.

MARTIN

Good afternoon Captain and thank
you.

MASTERSON

Thank me for what Commander?

Martin smiles.

MARTIN

Please, have a seat Captain.

MASTERSON

I prefer to stand.

Martin, serious, changes manner and tone.

MARTIN

Have a seat Jonathan. I'm here for your son.

Masterson's stone cold face cracks; sadness dominates.

MASTERSON

What about my son?

They both sit down, simultaneously.

MARTIN

I'm gonna tell you a story. What you do afterwards, it's up to you.

Masterson nods in affirmation, no words come out of his mouth.

MARTIN

You were recently attacked by a ghost sub. You attacked back, but your torpedoes were blocked just before they hit the target. The data from the sonobuoys suggested that some kind of metal barrier was deployed from the sub and destroyed the torpedoes.

MASTERSON

I guess that's not classified anymore.

MARTIN

No, but this is. Few days back, one K535, a Borei-class ballistic missile submarine, went head to head against the same ghost sub. The exact same system was used to block their torpedoes. The K535 went missing ever since according to a Kremlin report. Officially, they will deny this of course.

Masterson leans back to his seat, looks skeptical, intrigued.

MASTERSON

What is this system?

MARTIN

It was initially an experimental, highly innovative anti torpedo explosive decoy, but it seems now it's fully operational.

MASTERSON

And how exactly is my son involved in this?

MARTIN

Stanford University was doing the research, NASA was funding it. NASA sold the research to our mystery man. The terrorist attack, during which your son died, was a cover up. We still don't know who's behind all this, but rest assured we'll find out very soon.

MASTERSON

Who's we?

MARTIN

All I can tell you at the moment, is that the order comes from the President himself.

Masterson looks shocked, clenches his fists.

MASTERSON

Go on.

MARTIN

My orders are crystal clear Captain, I have to find the one in charge, take him down.

MASTERSON

What about the CIA, the NSA, the FBI-- What do you need me for?

MARTIN

Well, none of them working for those agencies can drive a sub. But you can.

Masterson looks suspicious.

MASTERSON

Your name, Marco Ramius. You wish to steal the sub?

MARTIN

No Captain, my name is Martin, and I'm ordered to hunt it down and sink it.

MASTERSON

I see. However, I'm a Captain of the US navy, and I follow orders. And no matter, God knows, how much I wanna go after the one who killed my son, you can give me no reason to follow your plan without an order from my superiors.

Martin nods, reaches for his mobile, calls a number, slides it over the table.

MARTIN

I know. There's someone that wishes to speak with you. Maybe he can change your mind.

Masterson, reluctant, grabs it. Places the phone onto his ear. Dial tone, ringing--

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

ADMIRAL COLE (V.O.)

Hello Captain.

MASTERSON

Who is this?

ADMIRAL (V.O.)

The day after tomorrow, at ten hundred hours, a CSG FLEETEX will be issued. This is an official C2ISTAR mission, primary objective, target acquisition. Your boat will participate, but you won't be on that boat. You have a red envelope in front of you, your orders are there. Am I clear on this?

MASTERSON

What red envelo--

Martin hands him a red envelope. Masterson stares the seal, reads '*Chief of Naval Operations*'. Gets a paper out of the envelope. Reads it.

ADMIRAL COLE (V.O.)

Listen to me Captain, that sub has to be destroyed before someone else gets anywhere near it, no matter the cost. Rest assured, the whole world is already looking for it, this is no secret anymore. You know what this means?

MASTERSON
That's affirmative admiral.

ADMIRAL COLE (V.O.)
Good luck and God speed.

Masterson slides the phone back to Martin. His look, suspicious.

MARTIN
Any questions Captain?

MASTERSON
So, the Russians lost a sub. Even if they have not found it already, the moment our Strike Group sails to the north, they will send their entire fleet there too. So, we must get there first, find it before the others and sink it.

MARTIN
Exactly, that's the plan.

MASTERSON
So, why the Navy needs you Martin? I guess you're a talented, overqualified spook, alright, but am I really missing something here?

MARTIN
Well, here comes the really tricky part. As you already said, everyone will be looking for that sub. But it's not just a seek and destroy mission. There are few other people out there going after that anti-torpedo system, and these people will try to steal it, before they sink the Lyra. If I get the chance, I'll take it.

They both share a moment without words. Masterson agrees.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - DAY

Rush hour, students infest the corridors.

Red and James storm between the students, no one seems to pay attention to them.

James pauses in front of a lecture hall. Couple students around twenties block the entrance.

JAMES
Bary Gordon's class?

A student points to the door just behind them.

James opens the door, enters. Red follows.

The hall is half full, silent. Looks like an examination is in progress.

BARY GORDON (60s), half Chinese, long white beard, notices them, stands up.

BARY GORDON
We're in the middle of an exam gentlemen--

JAMES
Sorry, it's an emergency professor.

James approaches, flashes his FBI badge.

BARY GORDON
(surprised)
FBI?

Once focused on their exam, students gingerly raise heads.

James leans over the professor's ear.

JAMES
I need a favor. Martin sent me.

BARY GORDON
Martin? Martin who?

JAMES
(whispers)
November the sixteenth, two thousand and seven.

Bary Gordon looks shocked.

BARY GORDON
Of course gentlemen, everything for Martin!

James nods Red to come closer.

RED
 (whispers)
 Professor, I have some overseas
 bank accounts and I need their
 names. I cannot--

BARY GORDON
 The banks won't give that info, and
 you're looking for a way to make
 them do it, without the accounts'
 owners notice.

Red is stunned.

RED
 Exactly.

JAMES
 That was an amazing guess
 professor.

BARY GORDON
 Well, you work for the government,
 and considering Martin told you to
 come and find me, that was a pretty
 obvious guess.

JAMES
 May I ask how Martin dug you up?

BARY GORDON
 Let's just say that some of my
 country's most wanted were looking
 for me because I screwed up their
 financial belongings, but Martin
 sorted it out.

RED
 So what can we do?

Bary Gordon looks skeptical. Turns towards his students.

BARY GORDON
 Ok guys, is this test challenging
 enough?

Laughter breaks the silence, few voices dare to answer the
 question; 'Yeah'.

BARY GORDON
 I have a challenge for you. Whoever
 answers it correctly, gets an A in
 advanced Economics, and you know

BARY GORDON
 what an A means for my class, don't
 you?

Laughter evaporates; the class awaits for the challenge in
 breathless anticipation.

A nerd-look-alike student (STUDENT ONE, 20s) breaks the
 silence.

STUDENT ONE
 I'm in!

Mumbling grows, Bary Gordon raises arms, quickly kills it.
 Noise is gone.

BARY GORDON
 International bank transfers.
 Offshores. Tax legislation.
 Confidentiality.

Bary Gordon pauses. Trades looks with Red.

BARY GORDON
 You have the account number. You're
 looking for the account details.
 The customer has not signed a
 consent waiver. How do you do it?

Lots of mumbling and whispers.

BARY GORDON
 Not listed in the Offshore Leaks
 report guys. Think!

A bit of laughter, enthusiasm. STUDENT TWO (20s) unwillingly
 raises hand.

BARY GORDON
 Here we go!

STUDENT TWO
 Family dispute.

BARY GORDON
 Interesting, but no. The customer
 has to be informed about the
 dispute. Next!

Another student, looks older than the rest (STUDENT THREE,
 25), raises hand.

BARY GORDON

At last! One of the phds with an idea!

STUDENT THREE

Simple interest.

BARY GORDON

Add a random interest, ask for confirmation? Clever, but it will take time. You have less than a day!

Bary Gordon scratches head. Trades looks with James and Green. Looks out of ideas.

Back seats, twenty years old HELEN, beauty beyond compare, redhead with green eyes, slutty outfit, engages. She doesn't wait for permission to speak.

HELEN

If I were you, I would hack the bank's phone company.

The whole room turns towards Helen, stare her in curiosity, maybe amazement. Yeah, she is some famous chick.

Bary Gordon beelines for Helen, looks intrigued by her idea, yet he doesn't seem to get it.

BARY GORDON

How is this going to help?

HELEN

Offshore companies require a telephone number during registration. So, all you have to do, is open an account and you'll have the bank's phone contractor.

Red has an instant crash on her, takes a few steps towards Helen.

BARY GORDON

And then--

HELEN

Make a transfer towards the account you need, and the phone company will automatically send a transfer confirmation message.

Bary Gordon beelines for Red who remains speechless.

BARY GORDON

You have the time of the transfer,
that means you have the time of the
message towards the account you
need.

HELEN

Hack the contractor, search for the
transfers that took place that
exact time--

A huge smile seizes the professor's face.

BARY GORDON

That's a great idea Mrs--

HELEN

Helen Goods.

On his way to the back seats, Red takes out his smartphone,
punches some buttons. Walks all the way towards Helen. Their
eyes lock.

Red stops stands over her, leans over her exam paper, uses
her pen, writes down a phone number.

RED

(mumbles)

With flaming locks of auburn hair,
with ivory skin and eyes of emerald
green--

Helen blushes.

HELEN

Is this your best pickup line?

Red sights his smartphone. Reads silently--

RED

The Pennsylvania fourteen years old,
can dial into the NORAD modem via a
payphone and communicate with the
modem by whistling to launch--

Helen's face turns serious.

RED

A judo black belt, enjoys diving,
nude photo shoot?

HELEN
Where did you get this from?

RED
(whispers)
If you ever get tired of studies,
and you enjoy some real action,
give me a call-- Jolene.

Helen responds with a lustful look.

JAMES
Thank you for the help professor,
appreciate it.

BARY GORDON
My pleasure sir.

Red turns towards the exit, follows James.

HELEN
So I got my A now?

Red focuses on James, who moves his lips--

RED
I'm in love!

BARY GORDON
Yes you did Mrs Goods, A it is.

Cheers and applauses follow.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Blue stops the car in front of the embassy, Martin sits
besides him.

BLUE
Are you sure about this?

Martin stares Blue apprehensive.

MARTIN
Not really.

BLUE
Thought so. Maybe go for a drink
first, discuss it one more time?

Martin pauses. He's actually thinking of it.

MARTIN

What kind of a drink? Beer?

BLUE

Hell no! I'm a daiquiri type of guy you know.

Martin daydreams.

MARTIN

I had a Daiquiri once, a long time ago, in Bora Bora.

BLUE

Never been there.

MARTIN

When I retire, that's the place I will go!

Blue shoots a worried look.

BLUE

Everything is OK boss? As your only friend, I'm here for you, you know.

MARTIN

Actually, you represent fifty per cent of my friends.

Blue knits his eyebrows.

JAMES

Really? Who represents the other fifty?

MARTIN

Wait here.

Martin hops out of the car, gets to the main gate. Couple guards stand there, bring their riffles forward.

Next to the gate, we see the security access control panel. Martin gets his KTT out of his pocket, scans it over the card reader. Red light turns green!

The gates open automatically, Martin goes through. The guards don't follow.

Martin gets to the main building entrance. Same access panel, this time he slides his card inside. A green light flashes, his card doesn't come out.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

He walks to the lobby. Looks deserted, sterile. BANG! Ten Russian soldiers jump out of nowhere, guns point towards Martin, who raises arms to the sky.

MARTIN
(in Russian)
Major General Bogdan.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Three soldiers escort him underground. They enter some kind of a safe room. Almost empty, scary, with dark walls and a small table with two chairs in the middle.

BOGDAN KRYLOV (55), a spy whose eyes have seen and done everything, awaits seated. Martin's card roll around his fingers, like a token in the hands of a casino player.

Martin approaches, while Bogdan, huge smile, nods him to sit down. The guards stay close, alert.

MARTIN
Exited to see me?

BOGDAN
You don't see every day nine million dollars walk inside your house comrade!

MARTIN
That's the price on my head?

BOGDAN
One million for each one of my agents you killed in that raid of yours in Kremlin. Plus, that's dead or alive you know.

MARTIN
Should have been ten you know.

Bogdan clears throat.

BOGDAN
Yes, I remember. Is that why you're here? You think I owe you one?

MARTIN
No, I'm here because I think we're friends, more than anything else.

Bogdan nods the guards to go away. The guards acknowledge, disappear.

MARTIN

Why did you send me that report?

BOGDAN

I thought that we could help each other. But it doesn't mean that you had to come here. By now, my superiors already know.

MARTIN

There was no other way my friend. I had to come here in person, offer you a deal.

Bogdan lets the card down, lights up a cigarette.

BOGDAN

What kind of a deal?

MARTIN

Fauryz sent a message before the attack to the Turkish ambassador in Moscow. What I need to know, is what that message was about.

BOGDAN

To take care of his family.

Martin mumbles.

BOGDAN

Is that all?

MARTIN

I also know that your subs will go after that Lyra. I want you to stall them for a few hours.

BOGDAN

So, you got the connection.

MARTIN

Of course.

BOGDAN

However, what you're asking is impossible. If your entire Atlantic fleet gets there first, we'll lose everything.

MARTIN

If we both get there during the same time, it's gonna be even worse for both.

Bogdan flickers awake, disoriented.

BOGDAN

And in return?

MARTIN

You'll get your nine million.

Bogdan looks highly interested.

BOGDAN

I can get it right now you know.

MARTIN

Alive.

BOGDAN

What about your friends?

MARTIN

What about them?

BOGDAN

The moment the car gets out of those gates, they will try to rescue you. No?

Martin smiles, ear to ear.

MARTIN

One thousand per cent.

Bogdan is skeptical, his eyes play over.

Stands up.

BOGDAN

You know, I am inside this house for the last twenty years. I am grateful, but also tired. If I had the chance to just walk away, I would do it.

Martin intrigued, crosses fingers.

BOGDAN

However, they won't just let me retire. I know too much.

Martin nods in affirmation.

MARTIN

This, may cost you the current location of that Lyra.

BOGDAN

Cannot help you with that, but I'm sure I can hook you up with the bidding process.

MARTIN

What's the top bid at the moment?

BOGDAN

Well, we took a break at three fifty, couple others offered more. Now stands at four sixty. And the bid ends in about three hours.

MARTIN

Won't you go any higher than this?

BOGDAN

I can't go over six hundred million.

MARTIN

Make it seven and I'll go there in person.

Bogdan smiles, gets up, offers a handshake. Martin accepts.

BOGDAN

So we have a deal?

MARTIN

A deal it is.

BOGDAN

I'm curious though. Who is that guy you're running around with? New recruit?

MARTIN

New Martin.

INT./EXT. UH-72 OVER GREENLAND - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

The Eurocopter flies so low over the icy surface that nearly scratches the surface.

Blue flies the chopper, Red is the co-pilot. Martin, James, Green and Masterson at the back. Dressed in civilian suits, all of them remain silent.

RED
(on radio)
Five minutes to destination. Still
no contact on rader.

MARTIN
(on radio)
They will be there.

The chopper radar blips and buzzes.

BLUE
(on radio)
Got them boss, two minutes to
target.

TO THE GROUND

The Lyra submarine, punches some ice on its way up to the surface.

TO THE CHOPPER

BLUE
(on radio)
There, up the polyna.

RED
(on radio)
FLAP looks clean, we'll land next
to it.

The chopper lands next to the Lyra.

Engine off, rotors die.

Everyone gets out.

EXT. POLYNA - DAY

The lyra hatch opens. The mystery man from the Turkish embassy, AZIZ CETIN, fur coat, gold sunglasses glasses, gold watch next to his familiar ring, jumps out. A couple of guards, M16s, black suitcases, follow close behind.

Martin moves towards Aziz. A huge smile and a handshake warm things up.

MARTIN

Mr Aziz!

AZIZ

Sir Lawrence.

MARTIN

Pretty amazing entrance I have to admit.

AZIZ

Had to impress you, we're talking about seven hundred million. Yes?

Martin keeps his smile on. Red approaches, laptop in hands.

MARTIN

Where do you want it?

AZIZ

Cayman National Bank, here's the number.

Aziz passes Red a note, Red punches numbers into the laptop. Confirms the trade.

MARTIN

Transfer completed, please confirm.

Aziz nods one of his guards to confirm the trade.

The guard talks to his radio, confirms. The other guard hands Aziz the suitcase.

AZIZ

This is what you paid for. It's working perfectly I must say.

Martin gets the suitcase, opens it. A computer device reveals within.

AZIZ
Already used it twice, there are
ten more traps available for you to
test. She's yours!

Martin offers another handshake. Aziz responds.

MARTIN
You can use my bird. It's stolen
anyways!

AZIZ
Thank you, but I have other plans.

James and Masterson trade worried looks.

Martin turns, nods everyone to follow. They head to the sub.

Shortly after, a couple of snowmobiles arrive. Aziz and his
guards hop on.

The snowmobiles storm away, get out of sight in less than a
few seconds.

Masterson and James climb the sub stairs, Blue and Martin at
the back, stare the chopper.

BLUE
(to Martin)
There goes plan A.

MARTIN
Shame, that would be an awesome
explosion.

BLUE
So, how will we get them?

MARTIN
Do you really think they will drive
all the way to Turkey on those
snowmobiles?

BLUE
Call it in? Scramble some F18s?

MARTIN
Yeah, the carrier won't be far
away.

Red uses his laptop, sends a message.

They enter the sub.

The hatch shuts.

Red at the sonar, Blue and Green wheel and stick control, James at the communications.

MASTERSON

OK guys, let's do this. Bottom the ship, hundred yards, slowly. Should be easy.

The sub is alive, dives slowly.

INT./EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - USS GEORGE BUSH - DAY

The Carrier Strike Group 2 carves up the ocean. USS GEORGE BUSH surrounded by two Ticonderoga-class cruisers, two Burke-class destroyers, alongside two submarines and couple others support ships sail in perfect formation. The bows of the ships blast through the crashing waves; an awesome and fearsome sight.

On the bridge, Admiral Cole, stoic, stares the endless sea ahead.

Captain BORGS (60s), approaches Cole.

BORGS

Admiral, our boys got the ship. Aziz didn't use the chopper though. He has another escape plan.

ADMIRAL COLE

Scramble the jets. He shouldn't be far from point zero.

BORGS

Break formation sir?

ADMIRAL COLE

That's affirmative. Get our boys some cover, just in case.

In a blink of an eye, a cruiser and a destroyer break formation, head north. The two ships slice through the freezing ocean at flank speed.

On the flight deck, those majestic beasts, a pair of F18s, glorious, beautiful, stupendous, light up their engines.

ON LYRA 1

MASTERSON

Set course one-one-two, speed
twenty knots.

MARTIN

Rendezvous friendlies in twelve
minutes Captain.

Everything looks peaceful, a feeling of success. Martin and James share a look, triumph!

RED

Sonar conn Captain! Forty miles,
bearing three-two-two at twenty two
knots.

MASTERSON

Russians?

RED

I don't know. Running diagnostics.

MARTIN

Can't be the Russians. It's too
soon--

Martin and Masterson trade looks.

RED

(hesitant)

Looks like another Lyra. As far I
can tell--

MARTIN

Aziz! He got another one.

MASTERSON

Moment of choice sport. What we do?

Martin looks skeptical, indecisive. Calculates the odds.

JAMES

Can we go after him?

MARTIN

We can, but if he has another
system like ours, we risk the whole
mission.

BLUE

What about our guys? Can they
identify him? Can we just send them
a message somehow--

MASTERSON
Submerged? Doubtful!

Martin's eyes dart back and forth between Masterson and James.

MASTERSON
Both subs are identical, I don't know if the navy will be able to tell the difference--

MARTIN
Let's get him, Captain.

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

In the huge sonar shack, a state of the art sonar display glows blue. High tech graphics pinpoint movements in deep water. BORG's SONAR OPERATOR (BORGS' SO), 40s, breaks the silence--

BORGS' SO
Sonar contact Captain, on buoy one-six-two. Contact is sixty miles southwest, zero speed. Data indicates it's another Lyra!

BORGS
Admiral, there are two submarines around the target area. Two Lyras!

ADMIRAL
Which one is ours?

BORGS
I.. I cannot tell!

ADMIRAL
Find our boys! Now!

Tension grows.

BORGS
Battle stations!

BORGS' SO
Captain, Lyra 1 goes after Lyra 2.

ADMIRAL
Captain, that system does not exist. It's ours, or no one else must have it.

BORGS

Understood Admiral. I want more sonobuoys spread around. Send the Springfield down there. Now!

The Springfield (one of the strike group's subs) breaks formation, crash dives in angry sea, ocean roars.

ON LYRA 1

MASTERSON

What's the distance to target?

RED

Thirty seven miles, same course.

MASTERSON

Increase speed to forty knots, let's get this son of a bitch. Sonar clear?

MARTIN

Affirmative, forty knots.

RED

Sonar Conn Captain, dead astern!

MASTERSON

Ours?

RED

Affirmative, it's the Springfield I think! With its escorts--

MARTIN

Think?

Red frowns.

RED

Buoys dropping all over the place.

MASTERSON

Is it possible Aziz haven't seen them so far?

RED

Don't kn-- new bearing! one-zero-one, she's turning, the Lyra spotted them Captain.

MASTERSON

Stay on his bubbles.

BLUE

Can someone tell me what is happening?

MASTERSON

He's going around them, he knows he doesn't stand a chance if he engages them.

MARTIN

But the Springfield doesn't know which one is us--

MASTERSON

True that.

JAMES

Is there a way to talk to them? Or even let them know it's us?

MASTERSON

We can try. What's the distance to the Murphy?

RED

Twenty three miles Captain.

MASTERSON

Load tubes three and four, target its bow, fire when ready.

Everyone looks stunned.

MARTIN

What?

MASTERSON

Do it! Do not activate the torpedo.

A sign of relief.

RED

Aziz will see us.

Masterson nods in affirmation.

MASTERSON

Fire!

Torpedoes launch away--

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

BORGS' SO
 Two torpedoes fired away from Lyra
 1 Captain. Target is the Murphy!
 Torpedoes are not active.

Borgs looks troubled.

BORGS
 He targets the Murphy? What the--

BORGS' SO
 Challenges the destroyer in open
 sea? What an idiot!

Borgs brainstorms.

BORGS
 Or a genius! Well done my boy!
 That's Masterson!

Admiral shakes head.

ADMIRAL COLE
 Yeah!

BORGS
 Target the second Lyra, light it
 up!

Both destroyers and the Springfield fire everything against
 the second Lyra.

INTO THE DEEP

Several anti-torpedo nets are deployed from the second Lyra.

Lyra 2 has initiates its anti-torpedo system. All attacks
 blocked.

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

BORGS
 Surround that sub! Fire again!

ON LYRA 1

RED
 Jackpot! They're shooting at them!

MASTERSON
 And?

RED
 She has one of those systems too!
 The torpedoes failed!

MASTERSON
 The destroyers will surround it,
 and hit it from all directions, she
 won't make it.

RED
 She is turning again Captain!

MARTIN
 Where?

RED
 She's coming-- head to head!

BLUE
 (apathetic)
 Wants to play chicken?

Masterson remains calm.

MASTERSON
 No, Aziz wants to kill us using our
 own torpedoes!

MARTIN
 Well, I didn't see that coming!

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

BORGS
 Lyra 2 is in collision course with
 Lyra 1.

ADMIRAL COLE
 Let's give them a chance.

BORGS
 Halt attack!

TO THE SPRINGFIELD

Orders affirmed, the destroyers and Springfield do not
 launch another torpedo, still chasing the Lyra 2.

ON LYRA 1

RED
 Torpedo in the water Captain, it's
 active. Time to impact thirty
 seconds.

MASTERSON
Where are the destroyers?

RED
Three-five-zero, sixty seconds.

MASTERSON
All ahead flank, come to course
three-five-zero.

MARTIN
Yes Captain.

MASTERSON
Let's get one of those destroyers
parallel to Aziz, and pray the
Nixie will do its job.

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

BORGS' SO
Lyra 1 just turned towards the
Murphy Captain.

BORGS
Where is the Springfield?

BORGS' SO
Behind the Lyra 2 Captain, twenty
five miles.

BORGS
Engage, when they have a lock on
Lyra.

ON LYRA 1

MASTERSON
Torpedo still on our tail?

RED
Yes Captain, ten seconds to impact.

MASTERSON
Launch countermeasures.

BLUE
Launching countermeasures.

The system works perfectly. Torpedoes are blocked.

RED
Five seconds to the destroyers
Captain.

MASTERSON
Emergency surface! Don't scratch my
ship!

RED
Another torpedo in the water!
Closing fast, fifteen seconds!

The Lyra 1 slides under USS Michael Murphy, explodes into the sky on its six, a huge spray of water showers the destroyer.

The destroyer launches four Nixies, between the Lyra 1 and the incoming torpedo.

INTO THE DEEP

Target acquired, the nixies succeed, incoming torpedoes destroyed!

Almost instantly, seven torpedoes in total, from the Springfield, the destroyer and two choppers fire away. All target Lyra 2, attack from all sides.

The Lyra launches countermeasures, couple torpedoes fail, the rest succeed. A boisterous noise and a huge blow. Gaysers of water and air explode hundreds of feet in the sky. The blowback is staggering.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - FEW DAYS LATER - NIGHT

James and Martin at the front, Green, Red and Blue at the back, look worried. Engine off.

MARTIN
Thank you for everything guys.

BLUE
We're here for you boss, everything
will go as planned.

Martin turns, his face sad as death itself.

MARTIN
No Blue, this is the end of the
ride for me.

The three at the back look stunned.

GREEN
What the fuck are you
talking about?

RED
What is happening?

Blue, grave, shuts his eyes in despair.

MARTIN
That was a beautiful five years my
friends, but I cannot stay with you
any longer. I gave my word.

GREEN
You know what will happen if you
surrender to them, don't you?

MARTIN
Yes, nevertheless, it's my call.

Martin gets his KTT card out of his pocket, hands it to
James.

JAMES
What's the meaning of this?

MARTIN
(to Red)
Make the transfer. He is in charge
of the team now. Do you copy?

RED
(unwilling)
Yes boss.

MARTIN
Blue, from now on, it's up to you.
Brief him in. Do you understand?

Blue shakes head. Affirmative.

JAMES
Can you explain what is happening?

MARTIN
You're no longer an FBI agent
James, you're a KTT agent.

JAMES
Well, if you want me on your team,
I'm in. You don't need to go in
there you know.

MARTIN

I was not looking for a new member,
I was looking for a new leader. The
boys will explain you everything.

JAMES

What am I supposed to do with Hawks
and the rest?

MARTIN

Kill the traitors James. Kill the
traitors.

James is speechless. Martin gets out of the car.

Martin heads towards the embassy gates. Stops. Looks back.
His eyes meet with the rest. Raises palm, that's a goodbye.

TO THE CAR

GREEN

I don't care what he said, the
moment he exits that building, I
will take the shot. We will get him
out.

BLUE

No Green, I'm sure he knows what
he's doing.

RED

If they manage to get him to the
airport, he's gone forever. You
know that.

JAMES

So am I the boss now or not?

Blue raises eyebrows.

JAMES

I say, the moment he gets out, we
move.

Happy faces.

BLUE

It's your call.

Everyone agrees.

TO MARTIN

Martin gets to the gates, enters, disappears inside.

TO THE CAR

JAMES
How much time do we have?

BLUE
Three to four days.

RED
(to James)
We have some loose ends to take care.

GREEN
Let's start. I need to prepare.

JAMES
Where are we going?

BLUE
National Capital Bank.

JAMES
Now? It's open?

Red smirks.

BLUE
Always.

Engine starts, James steps on it, they disappear.

INT. BANK - UNDERGROUND LOCKERS ROOM - NIGHT

A few too many layers underground, James and Red enter a tiny room, not the casual bank locker room. Just four lockers can be seen on the wall. From top to bottom, a gold one, a blue, a red and a green. James looks amazed, his face expression, priceless amazement.

Red rests his laptop on the table, sits down.

JAMES
Do I need a key or something?

RED
Use the card.

James gets his card, slides it inside the card hole next to the golden locker.

SCRATCHHHH! A crinkling sound, the card is destroyed, locker unlocks.

James opens it wide.

Red fires up his laptop, looks like waiting for something in order to proceed.

Inside the locker, a brand new KTT card and a sealed envelope rest, another three colored envelopes at the back.

RED

Pass me that card, the letter in front of you is for your eyes only. Destroy it afterwards.

James passes the card to Red. Unseals the envelope, reads the letter within.

TO THE LAPTOP SCREEN

Multiple windows pop up, FBI-CIA-NSA databases. Red scans the KTT card, authorised!

Deletes everything related to James' history. Changes James' name to Martin Jacobs.

BACK TO SCENE

James reads the letter, looks skeptical.

JAMES

He already knew that Hawks was involved.

RED

Yes.

JAMES

So why did he make me check on him?

RED

You are the KTT ONE Eagle group leader Martin Jacobs. You should have known by now.

James grimaces, eyes back to the letter.

JAMES

What's the difference between A and W bank accounts?

RED

A-accounts have real money, you can spend it as you like. W-accounts are fake accounts, look legit, but

RED
after twenty four hours any kind of
transfer will be declined.

James looks skeptical.

JAMES
I used to wonder who paid for that
seven hundred million--

RED
Exactly.

James stuffs the letter into his pocket.

JAMES
And those three?

RED
Emergency protocols.

James shoots look at the first of the three. Reads 'Burning
Wings'.

JAMES
Burning wings?

RED
I'm done here, we should move. You
can discuss everything else with
Blue later.

James hides the envelopes into his suit's inner pocket,
shuts his locker.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. MOSCOW - SOME SQUARE - NIGHT

Blue lights, from the distance, strobing through the night,
Sirens howling; police cars, an ambulance. They bear down,
closer, faster.

In the middle of the square, people run away from a dead
body in despair and fear, towards all directions.

The dead body leans sideways, stabbed multiple times on his
chest and back, blood spills from everywhere.

We see his face, it's the Turkish ambassador.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - HAWKS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Hawks, seated behind his desk, stares apprehensive outside the window. An extremely peaceful night, looks like time has paused, nothing moves. No one else is on that floor.

James enters his office silently, stands grave in front of him, pistol in hand.

JAMES

Why?

Hawks turns, shocked, eyes the gun.

HAWKS

Are you here to turn me in?

JAMES

Was it for the money?

HAWKS

It's always about the money.

Pistol rises, points between Hawks' eyes.

HAWKS

You can't--

BANG! A single shot, crashes Hawks' skull.

James, emotionless, walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA HQ WASHINGTON - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

The parking area, dark as a grave, street lights are out.

A short guy, black suit, gets into his car. Starts the engine.

Blue at the back seat, pops up, forces the garrote wire around the guy's neck.

The guy wiggles around like a fish out of the water. Blue's biceps almost explode, as he tightens the wire more and more.

The stranger is dead. Blue gets out of the car, jumps inside another jeep. Disappears.

EXT. SOME BUILDING - ACROSS THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON -
2 DAYS LATER - DAY

An abandoned high rise apartment building, two blocks away
the embassy; Green, belly down, takes up prone firing
position, watches every single move around the embassy using
his binoculars. His sniper riffle rests besides him.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - 2 DAYS LATER - DAY

A black window jeep, a block away the embassy, lurks; Blue
and James are inside.

JAMES
(on radio)
Any movement?

RED (V.O.)
They need thirty minutes to the
airport. Any time now--

BLUE
Patience.

TO THE EMBASSY GATES

Hints of activity, Martin and Bogdan get out of the embassy.

TO JAMES' CAR

GREEN (V.O.)
(on radio)
Just on time. Martin on the second
Mercedes, Bogdan in the lead.

JAMES
Get ready guys.

TO GREEN

Green gets his sniper riffle, prepares to engage.

TO JAMES' CAR

James and Blue check their pistols.

TO THE EMBASSY GATES

The gates open. The two Mercedes cross the gates, slowly
take the turn--

BOOM! Martin's car explodes, rocks the entire block.

TO JAMES' CAR

BLUE

No!!!

RED (V.O.)

What the fuck just happened?

TO THE SECOND MERCEDES

The leading Mercedes speeds up, looks like trying to escape the inevitable.

TO JAMES' CAR

JAMES

(on radio)

Take it down!

TO GREEN

Green fires, targets the tyres. A couple of shots, he doesn't miss.

TO THE SECOND MERCEDES

Front tyre surrenders to the bullets, the car crashes upon a building wall.

TO JAMES' CAR

GREEN (V.O.)

Orders?

JAMES

Fuel tank.

TO THE SECOND MERCEDES

The doors do not open.

TO GREEN

Green takes the shot, fails. Another one, triumph!

TO THE SECOND MERCEDES

The bullet penetrates the fuel tank, another explosion lifts the car couple of meters up into the sky.

TO JAMES' CAR

JAMES
(on radio)
Pack it up.

Blue stares the first Mercedes, lost in thought.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA - FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

The morning light struggles through the murky clouds, but even in its weakness it is enough to blind Bogdan. The air is cold, but his lungs don't seem to care. He is used to it.

Bogdan walks away from his car. Looks tentative, as he approaches the wooden villa which stands on a slight rise on the edge of the village.

The front door is open, he gets inside.

It's more like a luxury chalet, roof-top panoramic deck, indoor pool--- fireplace gets his attention. It's on!

Someone is there, sits deep into the couch, a cigar among his fingers, bottle of vodka on the coffee table, two empty glasses next to it. The stranger's long hair and beard, do not suggest a familiar face.

Bogdan approaches, cautiously. The stranger turns. Stares Bogdan. Grabs the bottle of vodka, fills up both glasses.

The stranger stands up. Smirks. Bogdan recognizes his eyes; It's Martin!

Martin nods Bogdan to drink along. He responds. Bottoms up. Bogdan shuts his eyes, ecstatic by the nectar of Gods.

Martin reaches for a black suitcase. Places it on the table, opens it.

MARTIN
Ten million dollars and new papers.

A ferrari key draws his attention.

BOGDAN
And that?

MARTIN
A gift. From a friend. They don't
give you those in Russia!

Bogdan looks exited.

BOGDAN
What about you?

MARTIN
I prefer the sea.

They share a rare moment without words. A handshake follows. Then a strong friendly hug.

Martin walks away, heads towards the exit. Shoots a 'see ya' wink.

MARTIN
(in russian)
Leave in piece my friend.

BOGDAN
Fair well, Martin Jacobs.

INT. SOME BAR - NIGHT

Just a few people, army vets mostly, soft music pets their ears.

Blue and James have a drink at the bar.

JAMES
Who did it?

BLUE
I have no idea, but I assume they probably knew we would try to get him out of there.

James shakes head.

JAMES
I thought that Bogdan was a friend of his.

Blue raises shoulders. He's out of words.

JAMES
Ah, what the hell! Let's have another!

James turns to the bartender, orders a couple of whiskey drinks.

BLUE
That was so fucking convenient I guess.

The bartender gets the drinks. It's not what James ordered.

JAMES

I said Jack Daniels--

BARTENDER

(to Blue)

Two cocktails for you gentlemen,
from your friend at the back.

BLUE

What friend?

Bartender points to the door; a huge guy, long beard, cowboy hat, not a familiar face for sure, exits the bar.

James glances at the stranger, Blue stares the cocktail.

BLUE

What drink is this?

BARTENDER

Daquiri.

FADE OUT.