

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 rock the huge screen. A sign on the wall reads '130 seats'. None is empty.

DR RAMSON (60s), bald and passionate, a man who has accomplished his dream; being a lecturer. Laser beam pointer in hand, on the stand, body sways to the rhythm of his words. 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 at Dr Ramson through the window. He 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Few other students come close, spot Fayruz's strange and fearful behavior. Another deep breath, he opens the door. Paces 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 to turn yourself into a zombie
like the rest of my students in
here, be my guest!

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

Fayruz lets his tennis bag rest to the floor. Unzips it. AK47 jumps out.

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 two other students in the front row. Bullets cut them in half.

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

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

Almost every single bullet lands on 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.

(CONTINUED)

FAYRUZ
Allahu Akbar!

Fayruz clenches his fists, punches his chest.

A THUNDEROUS explosion.

The whole building staggers.

A cloud of dust follows the devastating blast.

A landscape of dead bodies, smoking debris and fire, slowly unfolds. The lecture hall has been converted to a silent morgue. Almost none survived.

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 hop out of the building. Some of them drop to the ground, unable to go on. Desperate screams for help, remain unanswered.

The sound of chaos; sirens HOWLING, people SCREAMING, 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---

Just a handful of detectives stare at the televisions, try hard to listen; one of them JAMES BARNS (45), a mysterious man in a two day stubble and a neat pressed suit, the kind you only see in high priced lawyers and gangsters, reaches for the remote, maxes out the volume.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (ON TV)
--a manifest sent 7 minutes ago--
(interrupted by another
reporter-hands over some
papers)
--unconfirmed reports for over 50
students dead and double that
number injured--

James turns, stares at another TV, changes the channel. Same story, 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. His composure or just his apathy is so weird under the circumstances, looks like the terrorist attack earlier on has no effect upon him. At all.

FBI Director DAVID HAWKS (60s), authoritative and determined, approaches James. From his flashy suit and shiny shoes to his golden watch, everything upon him suggests he's a very wealthy cop.

Hawks drops a paper file on James' desk.

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

Hawks leans over James' head. They trade looks.

HAWKS
Get up, have your team ready. I
want to know if this is another
nine eleven.

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

HAWKS

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

James thrusts his fists on his desk.

JAMES

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

HAWKS

Well, this is your chance for redemption then.

JAMES

I don't care about redemption. I want revenge!

HAWKS

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

JAMES

Is this a joint TTF?

HAWKS

Yes, the house is ready.

James springs up with a jolt, 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 afterward.

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 and that's a fact.

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 to the side, stares at his Captain.

(CONTINUED)

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 hands the message to the captain.

Masterson reads it. His stoic face breaks, he's 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 gaze, cold, sad.

Rest of the crew; all eyes are fixed on the captain.

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 thirty
seven 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 expressionless before the empty white wall, like staring at whatever there is behind.

A big TV screen; huge title reads 'TERROR HITS STANFORD CAMPUS'. All eyes 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 under attack through a deadly terrorist attack--

James, turns, stares at 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

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
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!

James' 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
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 who's not new in
this business, 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 (30s) gets up, moves decisively towards the
wall. Pins a cellphone image next to Fayruz's face. Draws a
line with a marker, connects the two pictures.

Another AGENT (40s) 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), wire rim glasses, three-piece
suit, rests behind his desk, swings back and forth into his
leather chair.

A MYSTERY MAN, around sixties, shadowy features, shiny shoes
paired with an extravagant suit, huge gold signet ring with
a blueish seal on top, enters.

(CONTINUED)

He sits in the leather sofa across the Ambassador's desk, gets his pipe out of his pocket. 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 available, anywhere around. Exhausted agents continue to work relentlessly.

Seated in the sofa, t-shirt with the American flag, 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'. 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 at 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 are ready to explode.

Grabs the TV, rips it off its stand, launches it against the side wall. WRECKAGE.

(CONTINUED)

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

Phone RINGS, AGENT ONE (30s) answers the call.

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

James spares a couple of seconds, takes a few deep breaths. These seconds look more like eternity to him; he is desperate. Grabs the phone.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

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

JAMES
I'm still not sure about this.

HAWKS (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 move, pack everything up. Computers shut down, papers are 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, almost unpins it..

JAMES
(peaceful)
Leave it.

The agent slowly leads his hand away, moves backwards.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

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

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

The sky competes with 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 lies ahead.

Captain Masterson, grave, chats with his Executive Officer.

MASTERSON

Such a peaceful day.

MASTERSON'S EO

Indeed Captain, another day close
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 (30s).

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.

INTO THE DEEP

A torpedo launches out of nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

ON MICHAEL MURPHY

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

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

MASTERSON
Battle stations!

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 to the glacier)
Make your speed twenty knots, get
us behind that ice!

HELMSMAN
Increasing speed to twenty knots,
Captain.

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

(CONTINUED)

MASTERSON

Not yet.

Amplified pings. Torpedo gets closer.

The destroyer reaches the edge of the glacier.

A hard left turn follows, ship gets behind the ice. This looks like a perfect cover plan.

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 the latter.

INTO THE DEEP

The torpedo crashes on the glacier; no explosion whatsoever.

ON MICHAEL MURPHY

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 surface.

Masterson grabs his binoculars, more curious than worried.

MASTERSON

Scramble the chopper. I want buoys
all around her.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERSON'S EO
Yes Captain.

An MH-60R helicopter flies away, flies towards the sub's initial 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 utterly unconcerned Captain.

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

Masterson remains calm. Calculations bomb his mind.

MASTERSON
Buoys launched?

MASTERSON'S EO
Deploy sonobuoys.

TO THE HELICOPTER

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

ON USS MICHAEL MURPHY

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

INTO THE DEEP

No response; the torpedo collides with the glacier. Again. Shatters without an explosion.

ON MICHAEL MURPHY

A sign of relief fills the crew faces.

(CONTINUED)

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 toggles
switches, two Tomahawks fire away.

MASTERSON'S WO
Tomahawks fired away, Captain.

TO THE TOMAHAWKS

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 down below.

ON MICHAEL MURPHY

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.

(CONTINUED)

INTO THE DEEP

The torpedoes are 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 target.

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!

(CONTINUED)

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 of the US 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, standing at attention, argue heatedly; too many
stripes, stars and ribbons dominate their uniforms, their
numbers compete with the volume of their voices and the
unmatched temperament of their egos.

NSA Director SINCLAIR (50s), a serious face with a well
hidden perpetual expression of superiority, sits relaxed at
the back.

President of the US, frustrated, trades looks with Sinclair.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT OF THE US
Let me get this straight. A fifty
years old sub went head to head
against one of our most
sophisticated destroyer ever built,
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
below the iceberg. Considering how
loud it was and its displacement--

A deep breath before an estimated 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.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT OF THE US
What this 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

SINCLAIR
the circumstances, come home and
let us know.

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

PRESIDENT OF THE US
General, Admiral, thank you for
your time.

General and Admiral walk away the Oval Office, General
shakes head. Sinclair stays put.

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 supercar, slams the brakes in front of
the gates. Behind the wheel, a gray suit with fancy
sunglasses in his early forties.

A trigger happy SECURITY GUARD, approaches, driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning sir, pape--

Driver extends his arm, flashes badge in 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.

Sunglasses are off. MARTIN, alpha male, build of a former athlete, shoots a smile just as fake as a three dollar bill, or his name on the ID. Besides that, everything else related to his phony name, is absolutely true.

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, who instantly checks the id in his 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 rise.

The guard gets back to Martin, returns his badge.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD

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

Martin fondles the car'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.

Martin drifts around the courtyard, garage entrance spotted.

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 presidential 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, expects Martin. Turns
the elevator key, the massive steel door opens, they both
get inside.

They trade looks. Martin's eyebrows; a quick double up-down
flash, funny as hell.

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

No elevator panel exists, just a card slot. Martin slides
his card in there, door locks behind him with a few too many
CLANGS so authoritative, it seems to say no one's ever
getting out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - DAY

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

The President enters, a huge file report in hand. Beelines for Martin. Stops next to 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 double check it?

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 everything. Read it. If there is something new out there, I wanna know.

Martin acknowledges.

MARTIN
Yes sir.

President walks away. Martin follows. Separate exit doors.

(CONTINUED)

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, walls dominated by grass, a round table in the
middle, two chairs around it.

Martin sits there grave, hands crossed rest on the table.
Shoots looks right and left.

DR JONES (70s), white lab uniform, unworried and confident,
perhaps a bit tired, rushes in.

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, cause last time I
checked, he's 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.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

What kind of circumstances?

DR JONES

I had a few too many meetings during 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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 it 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, 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 devices 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. It 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

(CONTINUED)

DR JONES
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, carries a two hundred pound log which states '*suffer patiently, patiently suffer*'. Will wins over pain.

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

Instructor HOBS (40s), a war junkie with a winter beard and a fat mustache, 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 rifles follow.

HOBS
Go!

The first round of bullets FIRES away.

TO RED AND GREEN

(CONTINUED)

Fifty yards to the east, RED (25), ginger and gorgeous, every man's living wet dream even in that loose camouflage outfit of hers, lollipop in mouth, sits relaxed in her comfortable chair, fingers ready to attack the laptop's keyboard that rests on her lap.

Beneath the chair, GREEN (35) lays prone, eye to the glass of his sniper rifle, just like the other snipers at the other side of the field. His lightly unshaven face implies a regular guy, his killer eyes however suggest otherwise.

Shots coming from the pigs keep SCREAMING, following Hobs' shouting commands.

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

Red's fingertips move insanely fast, abuse the laptop. That's not the only thing interesting about her; her cockiness is another.

RED

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

GREEN

Stop bitching, 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. It was Blue who got me, for stealing those non-existing billions from boss' account.

GREEN

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

RED

What are you talking about?

GREEN

You pissed your panties!

RED
Who told you that?

Green fires, bullzeye!

GREEN
Blue himself!

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 one 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 close to Hobs checks the sniper's shot, gives a thumbs up. Hobs acknowledges.

HOBS
That was a fine shot.

Hobs' voice and manner change, sounds like a mad man.

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

(CONTINUED)

TO RED AND GREEN

Hobs' screams alert Red, who checks the mark with her binoculars. A satisfaction grimace.

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 HOBS

HOBS

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

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

HOBS

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

The young gunman targets the mark, calibrates his rifle, takes his time. Stress dominates him. Sweats like a pig, looks troubled.

TO RED AND GREEN

GREEN

What's the distance?

Red looks intrigued.

RED

(smirks)

No way you do it, chicken!

Green turns his rifle towards the rookie's target.

GREEN

Distance?

Red checks the distance.

(CONTINUED)

RED
One thousand three hundred and
fifty two.

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

TO HOBS

The young sniper, ready like never before, takes the shot. At the same time, one more shot FIRES away. Can't really tell if it was one or two shots fired simultaneously.

Hobs checks the spotter, asks for confirmation. It's right at the center. The spotter turns to the side, eyes Green.

Hobs knows, the perfect shot came from Green, not his guy.

HOBS
(mumbles)
Motherfu--

TO RED AND GREEN

Red registers Hobs.

RED
Yeah, he's definitely pissed at
you.

GREEN
What about his shot?

RED
About two centimeters off.

GREEN
Not bad, not bad at all.

RED
Already thinking about your
successor?

GREEN
You know the rules sister.

INT. SOME MILITARY GYM - DAY

An army gym, infested with old school free weights and machinery. YOUNG BOYS in army shirts pump iron.

(CONTINUED)

A tiny table at the back, BLUE, early fifties, Conan the barbarian-looking mother--, partially bald, clad only in black skin and a few tattoos, workout outfit, reads the newspaper, drinks daiquiri.

Couple of meters away, Drill Sergeant ROLANDS (50s), an Asian bear of a man, works out using kettle bells.

Two young army boys, YOUNG ARMY BOY ONE and YOUNG ARMY BOY TWO, early twenties, stare at 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 to 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 at Blue's monster pecks!

Blue adds couple weight plates to the barbell, ten pounds more, each side. Lies on the bench.

Five reps. Effortless.

Rolands nods one of the guys to have a go at the same weight. One of them looks eager to try.

He takes Blue's position, makes five reps, struggles a bit.

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

Blue's turn. Adds another set of plates.

Lies down, another five reps. Easy.

Nods the youngster 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. Screams his
guts out.

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. They salute Blue.

ROLANDS

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

YOUNG ARMY BOY
 ONE
 Yes Drill Sergeant!

YOUNG ARMY BOY
 TWO
 Yes Drill Sergeant!

ROLANDS
 I don't want to see you again
 showing 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 at 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
Sixty? 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.

TO 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 to 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 completes the turn, all ahead flank, beelines for the K535, cuts big holes in the water.

(CONTINUED)

TO YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
He's coming ahead of us 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.

TO 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 K535's 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 afterward.

TO 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 torpedo, still active, still searching--

TO 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!

(CONTINUED)

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

RUSSIAN EO
Captain, the Lyra is on our tail!

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

INTO THE DEEP

The torpedo goes through the countermeasures.

TO YURIY DOLGORUKIY

RUSSIAN SO
Captain, it went through. It got us--

Total chaos; Captain shuts his eyes.

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 table. It's the interior of a flying private jet, luxurious, royal.

Martin, the only passenger, stares at 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 paper file.

First page reads '*Federal Security Service - Russia. TOP SECRET, EYES ONLY*'.

Eyes bulge, flips the pages. Shocked, Martin mumbles.

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.

The hulky figure of an agent (AGENT TWO, 40s), muscles ready to explode, springs upwards, gets in Martin's 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 stunned, points towards Hawks' office. Martin, grave, paces away.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - HAWKS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A glass office partition.

Hawks lost in his computer screen, frustrated, punches buttons on the keyboard.

On his screen, some betting website.

Door knocks, Hawks swiftly shuts off his computer.

HAWKS
Come.

It's Martin.

(CONTINUED)

Hawks frowns, checks the clock on the wall. Ten a.m. sharp.

HAWKS

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.

HAWKS

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

MARTIN

Detective, Hoover.

Martin reaches for his ID.

HAWKS

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.

HAWKS

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.

HAWKS

Whatever, what do you need?

MARTIN

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

HAWKS

Why is that?

MARTIN

Off the record I think there's something missing.

HAWKS

Really? I was pretty sure the President thought otherwise.

MARTIN

You mean convinced.

Both of them share a rare moment without words.

Hawks shakes head.

HAWKS

(writes down an address)

James Barns. He'll give you everything.

MARTIN

Thank you.

HAWKS

You have a phone number or something? Just in case I need to contact you.

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

Hawks checks it, Martin heads for the exit.

HAWKS

Is this an official investigation?

Martin stops. He doesn't turn.

MARTIN

No, not just yet.

Martin disappears.

Hawks gets up, approaches the window, shoots glances outside, looks anxious.

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

Hawks checks on Martin who's already to the parking area, jumps inside his fancy muscle car.

Hawks, stoic, grabs his mobile, calls James.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HAWKS

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

JAMES (V.O.)

About Stanford?

HAWKS

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

Hawks hangs up, eyes locked on Martin's car.

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, arrogant just as sunburned, 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 gets defensive stance, lowers head. So much for his arrogant look..

(CONTINUED)

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 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 pack of files, hands it over.

MARTIN

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

Dr Evans checks the paper. Everything looks in order.

DR EVANS

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

(CONTINUED)

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 compliant person.

A deep breath.

DR EVANS

Test 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

MARTIN

Thank you Doctor, that would be all.

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

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Red and Blue are in the safe house.

Red goes through the papers, one by one, checks thoroughly every single page. Her eyes dart back and forth between her laptop and the papers.

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

Without establishing eye contact..

RED

Did you actually told Green what happened? Back then?

In all his seriousness, Blue responds.

BLUE

Just the basics.

RED

Those basics included..

Blue retreats his serious face, eyes Red.

BLUE

Melinda?

RED

Oh come on! Not you too!

BLUE

Trust me sugar, if Martin wasn't so impressed and anxious to meeting you, he wouldn't be there with me. And do you know what would have happened if I was alone that night?

RED
I'm guessing, I wouldn't be
breathing right now?

BLUE
Exactly!

Red is on to something.

RED
Jackpot!

Blue, caught by surprise..

BLUE
What?

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

BLUE
Find the rest.

Mobile explodes out of Blue's pocket.

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.

(CONTINUED)

James surprised, speeds up too.

Martin shoots glances at his mirror. Eyes the following jeep. James spotted.

EXT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Martin parks just outside the front door. Checks Hawks' note. The address looks OK.

He jumps out of the car, examines the surroundings, focuses on the huge trees to the distance.

Martin storms inside the house.

James' car stops a few feet away. Parks below the trees, gets out.

Firearm comes forward, James cautiously walks towards the house. The door is wide open, he moves inside.

INT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

James enters the main room, remains 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 to 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 make any difference. Wouldn't it?

James' eyes registers the intruders' faces.

MARTIN
I think you should lower your weapon James.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Not lowering anything.

MARTIN
Whatever--

An explosive move, Martin turns, drops the gun out of James' hand. Blue draws his dazzling silver 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, she'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 wall with the pinned photos.

MARTIN
Do you think, you got the right guy?

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

Red springs up.

RED
Got them.

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

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Show me!

A couple of papers change hands.

Martin reads the papers. 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 on the wall 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, we were attacked, we fired back. The sub used a highly innovative system to intercept our torpedoes just before they hit the target.

(CONTINUED)

Martin's eyes bulge. He sits down.

MARTIN

The same sub went head to head with another Russian sub and sunk it. Initial reports suggest 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 Stanford?

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 in his chair.

JAMES

What exactly are you implying?

MARTIN

The three of them were the first targets before the explosion, weren'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--

(CONTINUED)

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?

Martin's tone changes, becomes offensive.

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

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

JAMES

Can I ask you something?

MARTIN

Go ahead.

JAMES

Who you work for?

Martin does not hesitate. His KTT card comes out, Martin hands it to James.

James looks impressed by the presidential stamp on the card.

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

BLUE

Say again?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN (V.O.)

Seven hostiles approaching from the north. M16s, two rocket launchers.

MARTIN

What's going on?

BLUE

We have company. Armed and sexy.

MARTIN

Friendlylies?

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. No sign of anxiety, even Red looks unconcerned.

James retrieves his pistol.

Red hugs her precious laptop. Jumps behind a table, belly down. James dives next to her.

Martin eyes 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 kill.

INT./EXT. FBI JTTF HOUSE - DAY

Seven BLACK-CLAD COMMANDOS in full body armor, spilling over with excitement, empty their M16s upon the house. Couple rockets launch, hand grenades follow short.

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

INSIDE THE HOUSE

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.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

A single shot is FIRED, its sound is very different, unique; this comes from a sniper rifle. Bullet lands to the back of a commandos' skull, blows his brains out.

Rest of his team, do not notice.

TO THE DISTANCE

On a tree, amazingly camouflaged, Green appears faintly. His sniper rifle FIRES again.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

One more dead commando.

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

Another bullet CRACKS his forehead.

The LEADER OF THE GROUP gives the order to enter. They reload and--

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

Forth bullet, next man down, three to go.

The ones left, take cover. Once the wolf, now the sheep; they look for a safe spot to hide.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN
(comm)
Three more.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Blue acknowledges. Through destruction and mess he walks cautiously to the door.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The three commandos shoot towards all directions. One of them grabs the rocket launcher..

But it's too late. Another bullet meets his heart.

TO THE DISTANCE

Couple of random bullets pass a few inches by Green's shoulder. Green retreats, changes position.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Blue jumps out, comes face to face with one of the commandos. He dwarves him, as he stares at him downwards. Blue does not hesitate; just one bullet is not enough. Head, chest, legs.

He spots the last guy still alive, fires up a couple of shots towards his position. The commando responds, without even looking, empties his M16 towards Blue.

All shots failed.

A bullet FLIES from the distance, shatters the commando's shoulder, he is in pain, rifle drops to the ground.

Blue jumps on him, draws his knife, killer eyes, looks ready to cut his throat. His blade attacks, reaches for his neck..

Martin hops outside.

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 rifle on his back, enters, trades look with the LAST COMMANDO.

MARTIN
(to James)
Meet agent Green.

James acknowledges.

JAMES
(mumbles)
Getting more and more interesting--

Blue passes his knife to Martin. James notices, however he 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 in pain.

MARTIN
Who sent you?

The commando spits blood upon Martin's face. Looks tough.

Martin, unimpressed, 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 anymore.

LAST COMMANDO
I don't know his name. He sent us
the money through internet banking.

MARTIN
What's the account number?

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

(CONTINUED)

Red's laptop is already on, she logs into the banking system. Checks.

Martin is all ears.

RED
Password?

LAST COMMANDO
Ijunkie-two-two-three.

Red is in. Confirms.

RED
Two hundred grand, yesterday,
target description, this location.

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 Blue has 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?

Red turns her laptop around, so James can see.

RED
You were the target sport.

James is shocked.

JAMES
Me? What the fuck are you talking
about?

Red works her laptop furiously. Her eyes bulge, looks like she's up to something.

RED

Boss, have a minute?

Martin leans over the screen.

TO THE 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 guys 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

(Hesitant)

Hmm, Boss?

Red's face screams for attention.

James approaches Red, like he wants to see whatever Red found on his own. 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, he actually loves the challenge.

(CONTINUED)

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 there in a flesh. Everyone around stares at him. James approaches Tony.

Tony notices.

TONY

Boss--

JAMES

Come with me.

Tony retreats 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

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Here it is.

JAMES
How many pages is that?

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

JAMES
Last page. Who signed it?

TONY
Hawks.

Tony launches a killer look towards Hawks' office. Their eyes meet, no matter the few too many glasses in between.

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 names 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 highly alert in front of a computer screen, Martin and
Blue relax 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
our wild card.

Blue knits his eyebrows.

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

MARTIN
How the hell 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.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

No way have 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

It was a safe phone, can't do much
boss.

BLUE

You hacked the entire Washington
CCTV network just because you
suspected your girlfriend was
cheating on you. Find a way, make
it happen.

Red blushes.

RED

Well, there is always..

MARTIN

What do you have in mind?

RED

I know a guy, met him in deep web a
long time ago. He has lots of
stingrays under his supervision,
intercepts every single gsm network
mostly around the west coast. If
only one of those machines was
aiming at Stanford!

MARTIN

That's a big if!

RED

He does business in person though,
and I don't think that he's willing
to help.. Our kind!

(CONTINUED)

BLUE
Our kind?

RED
Well, you're not black if you get
my point!

MARTIN
What's his name?

RED
Pope Abrahams.

Blue wears his silliest grin.

BLUE
Really?

Blue trades looks with Martin, they know who that guy is.

MARTIN
Green will go.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - DAY

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

The road looks like an endless river of tarmac baked under
the brutal relentless sun. Tires 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
Listening.

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 transactions within the
US, one hundred grand each. FBI,
NASA and the White House, all
involved.

(CONTINUED)

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 these guys 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 Hammer, 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 is 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.

(CONTINUED)

MP

Here's your papers Commander,
please proceed.

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

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

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

McDonald's is almost empty, a bunch of navy guys have their happy meals.

Corner table, Martin drinks his coffee.

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

They both sit down, simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

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

Masterson waits for Martin to start.

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, looks skeptical, intrigued.

MASTERSON

That system, what is it?

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

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN
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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 to 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 Masterson a red envelope. Masterson stares at 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, remains suspicious, perhaps worried.

(CONTINUED)

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. That means, we must get there first, find it before the others and sink it.

MARTIN

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 it. If I have the chance, I'll take it too.

They both share a rare moment without words.

Masterson silently agrees.

EXT. PLAYERS CLUB - HARLEM - NIGHT

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

Four BOUNCERS near the door scan everyone, top to bottom, allow some sexy girls to enter first, let everyone else wait a little longer.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

GREEN

Take a good care of it, boy.

BOUNCER ONE

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

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

GREEN

Take me to Pope.

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

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

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

Green and Bouncer One walk through the PATRONS.

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

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

Two knocks on the door; opens slightly, the bouncer hands the gold coin to the arm behind it, a whispering chat follows, some head movement goes with it.

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

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - BACK ROOM - HARLEM - NIGHT

A huge rectangular table with several trigger-happy GANGSTERS around, stack gold coins into shiny wooden cases.

'POPE' ABRAHAMS (50s), dressed in black skin and gold luxury, black glasses cover his blindness, half melted face, relaxes deep into his wheelchair throne.

A few HALF NAKED GIRLS at the back count money, the cash machines work overtime.

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

(CONTINUED)

POPE

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

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

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

GREEN

(to Pope)

I want something you might possess,
need you to have a look.

POPE

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

Bodyguard checks the list.

He approaches Pope, whispers in his ear.

Pope shakes head.

POPE

Five hundred.

Green smirks.

GREEN

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

Necks crack, everyone eyes Green.

POPE

Are you mocking me white boy?

GREEN

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

POPE

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

Green grabs a lollipop out of his pocket.

GREEN

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

A moment without words.

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

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

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

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

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

DUKE

Fall back! Fall back now!

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

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

Duke gets next to Green, takes cover.

DUKE

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

It's not Green's first combat. His killer eyes suggest that they have seen more death than everyone else in that group.

GREEN

Someone is missing Serg! Someone is missing!

Green keeps firing, breaks skulls.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

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

GREEN

Where?

DUKE

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

GREEN

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

Duke trades looks with Green. Duke marks the spot.

DUKE

Fifty meters straight ahead.

GREEN

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

Duke takes his moment, nods an 'OK'.

DUKE

Five minutes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

You need sugar pops. Stay awake!

Abrahams nods in despair. Tries hard not to lose consciousness. Pain and adrenaline makes his succeed.

Green lowers his gun, tries to lift him up, load him on his back. He's too heavy.

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

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

Blue whistles.

Green eyes Blue, stares at Blue's leg wound that bleeds badly. Blue limps, but he doesn't seem to care.

BLUE

(relaxed)

I'll take him!

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

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

Green keeps firing.

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

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

DUKE

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

Blue and Green trade looks.

GREEN

(to Duke)

Take pops, we'll make it.

Affirmative. Blue loads Abrahams into the chopper.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

Go!

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

They turn to each other.

GREEN

So, what's the plan?

It's the perfect time for sarcasm.

BLUE

Run them over!

Blue is up to the challenge.

BLUE

Nice meeting you gunny.

A strong handshake. Destiny awaits both.

GREEN

Follow me!

INT./EXT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

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

POPE

(faint voice)

What were their names?

DUKE

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

Abrahams nods in affirmation, shuts his eyes.

Duke continues to talk, Abrahams drifts into unconsciousness. The guys' names don't reach his ears.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PLAYERS CLUB - BACK ROOM - HARLEM - NIGHT

POPE
The lollipop kid.

Green smiles from ear to ear, marvels.

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

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

POPE
Get back!

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

POPE
You made it out? Both of you?

GREEN
Yes sir, we did.

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

POPE
Pope always pays his debts.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - DAY

Rush hour, students infest the corridors.

Red and James storm between the students, noone seems to pay attention to the two strangers.

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 behind them.

James opens the door, enters. Red follows.

BARY GORDON'S CLASS

The hall is half full, strangely silent. Looks like some kind of exam is in progress.

(CONTINUED)

BARY GORDON (60s), someone between a Chinese and a Vietnamese, 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 owners'
approval, or make them 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, where did Martin dig you up?

BARY GORDON

Let's just say that some of my country's most wanted were looking for me because I messed 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; 'YEAH', some others, 'NOT REALLY'.

BARY GORDON

I have another challenge for you then. Whoever answers it correctly, instantly gets an A in advanced Economics, and you know what an A means, don't you?

Laughter evaporates; the class looks ready to hear the question in breathless anticipation.

A nerd-look-alike student (STUDENT ONE, 20s) jumps into action. Cocky as hell..

STUDENT ONE

I'm in!

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

(CONTINUED)

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
Nowhere to be found inside the Wiki
Leaks boys and girls. Think harder!

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 his head. Trades looks with James and
Green. He looks out of ideas.

Back seats, twenty years old HELEN, a sensational-looking redhead with a milky face, yet her green eyes match those of a cornered animal. 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 at 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, he 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 eyes 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 her way to the back seats, Red takes out her smartphone, finger attacks its screen. 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 eyes her 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
Did I get my A now professor?

Red trades look with James, a few words escape her mouth.

RED
I'm in love!

James is stunned.

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

Cheers and applause.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - NIGHT

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

BLUE
Are you sure?

Martin stares at Blue apprehensive.

MARTIN
Now we know who he messaged, I have to know what he said.

Blue, utterly worried, asks again.

BLUE
(points to the Embassy)
Are you sure about that?

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
and you know it.

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
that.

MARTIN

Actually, you represent fifty per
cent of my friends Blue.

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, rifles come 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 him.

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

Martin finds himself to the lobby. Looks deserted, sterile.

TEN RUSSIAN SOLDIERS jump out of nowhere, guns target Martin, who explodes his arms upwards.

MARTIN
Major Bogdan Krylov.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON - UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Three SOLDIERS escort Martin 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), an old school spy whose eyes have seen and done everything, inconsistent pacing, heavy puffy breathing, bored, waits 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
Excited 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 men 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?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

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

Bogdan nods the guards to step 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.

MARTIN

That explains a lot.

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 of us.

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.

Bogdan stands up.

BOGDAN

You know, I am inside this house for more or less twenty years. I am

(CONTINUED)

BOGDAN
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
can definitely 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
All I can tell you, is that I won't
go over six hundred.

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

Bogdan smiles, offers a handshake. Martin accepts.

BOGDAN
A deal?

MARTIN
A deal it is.

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

(CONTINUED)

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 handles the stick and lever, 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 radar.

MARTIN
(on radio)
They will be there.

The radar BLIPS and BUZZES.

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

TO THE GROUND

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

TO THE CHOPPER

BLUE
(on radio)
There, up that 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 (60s), fur coat, gold sunglasses, 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 transaction.

MARTIN

Transfer completed, please confirm.

Aziz nods one of his guards to confirm the transaction.

The guard talks to his radio, an 'OK' nod. 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.

(CONTINUED)

AZIZ

Already used it twice, there are ten more countermeasures 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 his men to come along.

They head to the sub.

A couple of snowmobiles arrive. Aziz and his guards hop on.

The snowmobiles drive 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 at the chopper. Red stays close to them.

BLUE

(to Martin)

There goes plan A.

MARTIN

What a 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 her laptop, sends a message.

(CONTINUED)

They enter the sub.

The hatch shuts.

Red at the sonar shack, 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 at 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

(CONTINUED)

MASTERSON

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

MARTIN

Rendezvous friendlies in twelve
minutes Captain.

Everything looks calm, 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.

Red is all over the sonar controls, looks pretty unfamiliar
to her.

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 carries another
system like ours, we'll risk the
whole mission.

(CONTINUED)

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. Needs a decision, fast!

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), no more than fourties, 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

BORGS
 And watch out for the Russians. I don't wanna start another world war up here!

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. Fear grows in her.

RED
 Buoys drop all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

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.

MARTIN

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

MASTERSON

Probably true.

JAMES

Is there a way to talk to them? Or at least 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 a 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 initiated its anti-torpedo system. All attacks
are blocked.

ON USS GEORGE BUSH

(CONTINUED)

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,
they won't make it.

RED
It's turning again Captain!

MARTIN
Where?

RED
(surprised)
Coming-- head to head!

BLUE
(apathetic)
Wants to play chicken?

Masterson remains calm.

MASTERSON
No, Aziz wants to kill us too 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 takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

ADMIRAL COLE
Let's give them a chance.

BORGS
Halt all attacks!

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.

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! And 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 near its stern, a huge spray of water and awe shower the destroyer.

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

INTO THE DEEP

Target acquired, nixies succeed. incoming torpedoes die!

Another seven torpedoes in total, from the Springfield, the destroyer and the 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.

Geysers of water and air explode hundred feet up 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

(to Blue)

No my friend, this is the end of our 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. Shakes his hand.

JAMES

What's the meaning of this?

MARTIN

(to Red)

Make the transfer. He is in charge of the team now. Am I clear?

(CONTINUED)

RED
(unwilling)
Crystal, 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
back.

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

(CONTINUED)

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 of.

GREEN

Let's start. I need to prepare.

JAMES

Where are we going?

BLUE

National Capital Bank.

JAMES

Now? It's open?

Red smirks.

(CONTINUED)

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 her 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 slot next to the golden locker.

A CRINKLING sound, the card is destroyed, locker unlocks.

James opens it.

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

Inside the locker, a brand new KTT card and a sealed envelope rest, another three colored ones at the far 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

(CONTINUED)

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 after twenty four hours any kind of transfer is declined.

James looks skeptical.

JAMES

You know, I was wondering 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 looks at the first of the three. The envelope reads '*Burning Wings*'.

JAMES

Burning wings?

(CONTINUED)

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.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

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.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI - HAWKS' OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Computer in on, a single beep. Hawks jumps behind his desk, checks the computer screen.

He's pissed, thrusts his fists on the desk.

Seated deep in his chair, stares at the desk drawer.

Opens it slowly.

In the drawer, a tiny ledger rests.

Turns the pages, numbers only in there.

To the last page, a single number reads '*minus hundred eighty grand*' under '*racetrack*'.

Deletes it with his pen.

New balance, '*hundred and ninety*'.

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

(CONTINUED)

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, targets the sweet spot between Hawks' eyes.

HAWKS

You can't--

BANG! A single shot cracks Hawks' skull.

James, emotionless, walks away.

EXT. NASA HQ WASHINGTON - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

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

A SHORT GUY, face unfamiliar, 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 nearly explode, as he tightens the wire more and more around the stranger's neck.

Blue gets out of the car, jumps inside another jeep.

Disappears.

END OF MONTAGE

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 rifle 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. We still have time..

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 in the second Mercedes, Bogdan in the lead.

JAMES
Get ready guys.

TO GREEN

Green gets his sniper rifle, 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--

Martin's car explodes, ROCKS the entire block.

TO JAMES' CAR

BLUE
No!!!

(CONTINUED)

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 tires. A couple of shots, he doesn't miss.

TO THE SECOND MERCEDES

Front tire surrenders to the bullets, the car crashes into 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 in the air.

TO JAMES' CAR

JAMES
(on radio)
Pack it up.

Blue stares at the first Mercedes, looks lost in thought.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA - TWENTY DAYS LATER - DAY

The morning light struggles through the murky clouds, but even in its weakness it is enough to blind Bogdan. Yeah, he's not dead!

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..

The fireplace draws 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 at Bogdan. Grabs the bottle of vodka, fills up both glasses.

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

They have a drink. Bottoms up. Bogdan shuts his eyes, ecstatic by his country's favorite nectar.

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

MARTIN

Ten million dollars and new papers.

A ferrari key next to the papers.

BOGDAN

And that?

MARTIN

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

Bogdan looks excited.

(CONTINUED)

BOGDAN
What about you?

MARTIN
I prefer the sea.

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

Martin walks away. Before he exits, turns, shoots a wink.

MARTIN
(in russian)
Leave in peace my friend.

BOGDAN
Fair well, Martin Jacobs.

INT. SOME BAR - NIGHT

Soft music, just a few PEOPLE in there, army vets mostly,
relax alongside their drinks.

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 two whiskey drinks.

BLUE
That was so fucking convenient I
guess.

The bartender gets two drinks. These are not the ones James
ordered. These are cocktails..

(CONTINUED)

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, from the distance doesn't look like a familiar face for sure, exits the bar.

James glances at the stranger, Blue stares at the cocktail.

BLUE

What drink is this?

BARTENDER

Daquiri.

FADE OUT.