

The Redemption of
OMEGA 11001

By
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FADE IN:

EXT. PERSIAN GULF - DAY

The shore line of Yemen is visible from three hundred feet, the vast blue water waves gently under the sun.

SUPERTITLES:

GULF OF ADEN, ARABIAN PENINSULA

The view of the water descends from one hundred feet and submerges under the sea.

INT. YEMEN SEA - LIGHT

The view continues descending, speeding, reaching the sea bed, penetrates under the bed, into a --

MAGNIFICENT NSA SEA BASE.

INT. ADEN SEA BASE - LIGHT

SUPERTITLES:

NSA SECRET BASE

VERY FUTURISTIC --

the ceiling is LIT UP by blue lighting, the ground tiled jet black, a huge room looks immaculate, hums a low frequency sound.

Several old experienced NATO scientists WATCH a circular machine, much like a gyroscope, begin to spin, inside is a GOLD SUBSTANCE.

ON THE DESK

are five empty silver cylinders.

The Scientists stand back, watching a small golden drop of it rest on the surface of the Perspex bench.

The gyroscope SPINS to its fastest speed, now a complete blur, the substance inside turns from gold to blue then -

RISES OFF THE BENCH.

A plump Scientist glares to the others, REACHES for a glass container -- tries to CONTAIN the rising fluid.

Suddenly -- the container TRANSFORMS to liquid glass, falls onto the bench at interaction.

The Scientists FRANTICALLY turn off the gyroscope.

LIFELESS the blue drop -- FALLS to the bench, like an atom, solid, then

slowly MOULDS down back to a golden fluid, flattens onto the bench.

INT. OFFICE - LOW LIGHT

An LCD screen is visible, on the screen are typed records of four high clearance government officials, their identification pictures and details are visible.

The mouse clicks and switches to a record:

NAME: Fuller Davis
AGENCY: NRO
POSITION: Chief Director
CLEARANCE: Cosmic
OPERATION: Earth Orbit Weapons Program
LOYALTY: Liability

In the image, Fuller Davis wears glasses, 40's, fair coloured hair, wears a blue suit decorated with medals.

Fuller's details remain on screen.

A hand LIFTS a cell from the desk, dials it.

AMERICAN VOICE (O.S.)
The hit list is complete.

The rear of the man is visible looking at the screen, it's SEBEN.

EXT. NEW DELHI - DAY

SUPERTITLES:
DWARKA, INDIA.

A black taxi shunts its way through the Dwarka backstreets, packed with people, incense burns, the market is busy and Indian music is playing.

An Israeli man, EITAN RAHMAN, 45, a high clearance scientist for the Israeli government sits inside the taxi looking around the streets through his glasses.

His window is down in the blistering weather.

Eitan pays the driver, exits the vehicle, looks up at the large flat roofed building, walks to it, opens the door with the keys, enters.

INT. LARGE BUILDING - DAY

The place is EMPTY -- apart from some office furniture drifting around. Eitan stares around, it's new to him, checks his WATCH -- then RUNS up the stairs.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP - DAY

THE ROOF DOOR

SWINGS open.

Eitan walks out onto the flat roof and looks ahead into the distance, the amazing blue Arabian Sea is visible for miles ahead.

To his left, below -- are busy streets, yellow sandy buildings, clothe lines everywhere, very domestic.

THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER

is approaching, he looks to his watch again.

The Israeli intelligence helicopter -- flies over the flat roof, below it is a --

LARGE BLACK TRUNK, 2M², hanging from the helicopter.

His clothes flag with the BLADE BLAST --

The trunk DROPS, then a small parachute IGNITES open, lands with a deep THUD several feet away from Eitan.

Eitan looks up, the helicopter PANS away.

He bends, opens the case, inside the padding are --

two silver cylinders -- a gyroscopic mixing machine of some type -- a microwave oven -- a canister of liquid nitrogen -- and explosives.

Eitan CLUTCHES at the case and begins dragging it.

INT. CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

The smooth flattened tarmac of the road can be heard underneath the car wheels.

BLAKE, 36, dark hair, ex soldier type, rigid, drives his car looking into the road ahead, he wears a strong concentrated look and GRIPS at the steering wheel.

Light drops of rain fall onto the wind screen in front of him, the wiper buffs it clear.

JANE

Jack, tell your father that I need to pick something up from Green's store.

JANE, 32, - Blake's wife, she's small with mousy hair, slim, overworked but is a beautiful mother and wife.

Jane and her two sons JACK, 12 and JOSH, 7, sit watching their father drive silently, younger Josh is strapped into his booster seat.

JACK

Dad? -- Dad??

Blake's pupils dilate, he focuses on Jack's voice.

BLAKE (O.S.)

What is it Jack?

Jack has fair coloured hair and resembles his mother. Josh has darker hair and resembles his father.

Blake turns from his thoughts towards Jack, then focuses his attention back onto the road.

JACK

Mom said we need to stop at Greens Store!

BLAKE

Alright! it's just around the corner from here.

Blake steals a quick look at Jane from the rear view mirror, she glances back looking into his eyes.

The car slows down to a stop, the hand brake is heard outside of the car.

EXT. VIRGINIA - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Chevrolet HHR silver people carrier is static on the busy road, people RUSHING past and traffic shunting through.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane UNCLIPS Josh's booster seatbelt quickly.

SLAM

The car door closes.

Blake looks through his driver side mirror, see's Jane walking towards the store.

Blake stares ahead, then looks at Jack, homes into his son's eyes.

BLAKE
You alright son?

JACK
Yeah, I am fine dad -- you?

There is an awkward silence from Blake.

BLAKE
Your moms acting kind of strange
Jack, is it something I've said?

JACK
I don't know, you should talk to her
dad --

Suddenly --

POLICE SIRENS:

BLARE past Blake's car, a squad car, then two more, a wheel SCREECHING car chase.

Suddenly Blake reacts, concentrates on the sound for a moment, becomes emotional, eyes close, he clutches at his head.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

DARK OFFICE --

Shivering, Blake stands looking down, his blue shirt covered with blood, the ground is dark apart from a blurred murder scene, a man, an official face down, dead.

Blake holds a bloodied chair leg in his hand, he pants, regains his senses, looks around.

THEN --

New York police sirens of two squad cars MOVE towards the office.

BACK TO SCENE:

Blake opens his eyes, turns to look around the car, composes himself, sweat forming on his brow.

Jack on the edge of his seat looks at his father, then slowly sits back, swallows, concerned.

THE CAR DOOR

opens, road noise enters the car.

Jane guiding Josh in, obliviously places the belt around Josh's car seat, she enters, closes the door, glances to Blake.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The hybrid-engine sound of the car is heard as the car pulls away from the road.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blake increases speed and drives forward.

INT. SCIENTIFIC LAB - NIGHT TIME

The second floor of the building resembles a new scientific lab, equipment everywhere, the dirty mains power flickers the fluorescent lights.

Eitan places a glass beaker containing the golden substance into a microwave, TURNS IT ON.

Some residue substance sits inside a silver cylinder sitting beside the microwave.

The substance TURNS inside, THEN the microwave RISES UP quickly, off the bench, cord PULLS OUT from the mains --

THE MICROWAVE -- SMASHES onto the top, an EXPLOSION from the power supply PUFFS out.

Eitan observes, eccentric not perturbed, lifts the cylinders beside the microwave, BURNS hands, DROPS them down quickly, reacts clutching at his hands.

He reaches to his cell phone in urgency, dials it.

EITAN
Hello Chester, it's quantum
resonance is off the charts!

INT. - CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

A large modern American house lounge is visible in the background. CHESTER 50's, Dark hair, stern, sits from reading an email.

He has written four names onto a piece of paper, names of government officials, the hit list:

The names are visible on the paper --

Fuller Davis - NRO
Stephen Brody - DIA
Jason Steiner - DOD
Mark Willis - CIA

CHESTER
I'll be on a flight right away --

EXT. VIRGINIA DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

New family size houses line the estate, large green lawns, a sprinkler spraying water on the green.

The Silver Chevrolet HRR is parked on its drive.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

A widescreen television shows the news headlines.

NEWSWOMAN (ON TV)
Now was there really a UFO flying across Washington Monument during President Obama's Inauguration, with nearly two million people watching the speech, it has definitely raised some concerns...

INT. BLAKE'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Blake watches the news, stares at Washington monument towering in the background of the headlines.

The headline audio fades out --

The room is dark with the blackout blinds, military medals and pictures of Blake decorate the wall.

IN A PICTURE:

Blake wears a light green Army uniform, holds an AK-47 rifle whilst kneeling on middle-eastern grounds.

The phone RINGS.

Blake TURNS suddenly, STANDS reaching to the phone on his desk within seconds, as though programmed.

At the second of the next ring, the phone is silent. His hand FREEZES robotically above the phone.

Jane visible at the rear of the lounge -- through an opening hatch to the kitchen -- has answered the phone.

She prepares lunch holding a knife in one hand and the black cordless telephone in the other.

Blake turns to look at Jane, then turns off the television.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jane looks back at Blake through the hatch.

JANE

(almost whispering)

Can you hold a moment Bett?

Jane places the knife down.

She looks back into the now empty lounge.

JANE

Something is going on Bett, he was gone again last night, all night. He's only returned from service a few weeks ago...

Blake, casually enters into the kitchen, walks up close behind Jane.

She places the phone down onto the wall slowly, looks back at him curiously, then resumes CHOPPING the potatoes.

Blake focuses to the sharp blade, then walks closer to her.

Tenuously she dices, hears him approach. Closing her eyes, she feels his hands on her shoulders.

He places his face next to her neck, then kisses her on it.

Jane turns with emotion showing and places the knife down.

JANE
Are you hungry?

BLAKE
Yeah, what are you making?

JANE
Your favourite Blake --

He moves his hands away, smiles.

BLAKE
Great honey --

Her expression of doubt shows, she slowly glances away from him almost thinking "you just want feeding".

BLAKE
What are the boys doing?

JANE
(low)
Playing on their PS3 upstairs, why don't you go and see them?

Blake looks into Jane's eyes, then turns and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. BOYS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights in the room dance, the shooting, thunder, 'Call of Duty' plays on a PS3.

Jack and Josh lay on their stomachs in the centre of their room under their squashed bean bags, blood taints the LCD screen.

The bedroom door opens behind them, Blake stands there focusing on the violence of the game.

BLAKE
Turn that off boys!

-- Synchronised they turn quickly looking behind at their father, interrupted, they quickly turn back, fingers DANCING on the controllers again, playing as a team.

BLAKE
I said turn that off!

The controllers SLAM to the floor.

JOSH(7)
Oh Pop, why? -- We are Playing!

JACK(12)
(sighing)
Leave it Josh -- we'll play later!

The TV screen blanks off -- the room darkens.

Blake walks into the bedroom looking at the boys, heads towards their window, opens the blinds.

Jack and Josh both look up at their father, light enters the room, then their expressions show disappointment.

Blake sits onto Josh's bed at the far side of the room.

BLAKE
Your mom's making lunch for us all,
it'll be ready in about thirty
minutes.

JOSH
Alright pop!

Jack's expression matures with empathy, he looks at his father, thinking for a moment --

JOSH
Mom was crying -- again Pop --

Josh frowns at his father, looks away applying blame.

BLAKE
Mom? -- Why?

JACK
About you of course dad!

BLAKE
Me -- Why ?

Josh shrugs his shoulders indicating innocence, he knows nothing.

Jack looks into his father's eyes -- realises Blake's oblivion of Jane's emotion is genuine.

Blake stands from the bed, silent he walks out of the room.

INT. PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

Blake descends the stairs --

The dark passage walls LIGHT UP -- the PS3 playing resumes.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Romantic music plays in the background, the table is set, Blake sits in his position, Jane opposite to him.

Jack and Josh sit opposite each other.

The black square table is neatly set with a white cloth.

The silence breaks, everyone PULLS their plates closer, served with pork chops, roast potatoes, carrots, peas, dumplings, stuffing and gravy.

Blake cuts into the nicely cooked piece of pork as the gravy and carrots steam above his plate.

Jane wearing a nice dress and a spot of makeup looks very beautiful, her brown hair hangs over her shoulders.

BLAKE
It looks nice, real nice Jane --

He places a piece of pork into his mouth.

BLAKE (cont'd)
And it tastes even better!

Jane cuts into her potatoes looking to him, places the potato into her mouth, then glances to her two sons who are busy eating.

BLAKE (cont'd)
(chewing)
That's really nice, same as always
Jane -- lovely. Just like you
honey.

Jane cuts into her meat, then slowly pauses, before putting it into her mouth, she masks her emotion, then resumes eating.

Jack tuned in, glances to his mother, then to his father.

BLAKE (cont'd)
The boys were saying that you've
been crying today?

He looks to Jane, then swallows more food down.

Jane places her knife and fork down, not hungry. Her emotion showing, she drinks some wine.

JANE
Where were you last night Blake?

Jane stares straight at Blake, the room turns silent.

Blake stops chewing -- thinks.

BLAKE
When, last night? -- work! I told
you before, I've been transferred
out of service into security for a
short term. It's something I have
to do Jane.

Jane nods her head emotionally showing a smile of disbelief, she concentrates on his face, reading denial.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Is that why you were crying?

JANE
Who is she Blake, you tell me
damn it! It's not that bitch
from before is it!?

The boys look to their mother alarmed at her emotional anger.

Jane's eyes fill with tears awaiting an answer. Jack and Josh leave the table, head out of the room, agitated.

BLAKE

Jane, calm down! I have told you before that she was wanting information about something, nothing happened, and that was a long time ago!

(beat)

So what the hell are you talking about?

Jane wipes her mouth with the napkin.

JANE

Don't play games with me Blay!

She stands from the table and walks closer to him.

JANE (cont'd)

Who is she you lying bastard?

(beat)

Tell me, do you love her? --

A little obstinate he turns his face away, places his knife and fork down, then takes a drink.

Angry, she stands vacant, ignored, thinks he's smug, THEN begins to cry, SLUMPING onto him. She begins to

SLAP HIM repeatedly on his face.

Blake impassive, takes her hands, tries to hold them.

JANE (cont'd)

Who is she, I know you were gone --
who is she damn it?

Jane PUNCHES him on his back, tears flowing from her face, her makeup spoils.

Blake panting, raging MOVES his wife to one side gently, stands from the table, the cutlery CLANGS to the wooden floor.

BLAKE

Will you get out of my fucking face
Jane! Leave! Take the boys, just
fucking go! -- I don't want you here
anymore !

Jane is silent, her tears stop, she stares at him with disbelief.

Blake pants like the hulk, looking into her tier filled eyes, his expression senses her emotion. He retreats, walks out of the room.

Jack and Josh run into the room passing their father, they embrace with their mother. Jane clutches at them and composes herself.

INT. HOUSE FRONT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jane, demure follows towards Blake, then looks up and breaks down, he's gone, out of view, his door SLAMS.

She checks her face in the mirror, she turns to Jack and Josh, bends down kissing them, a long embrace through Josh's murmur.

INT. MARYLAND - NSA OFFICE - EVENING ESTABLISHING

KRAMER, 45, a General, serving as an NSA Chief of Staff, sits with his army boots resting on the desk, looks regimented, cold, but professional, his legs fold under the desk.

Kramer turns to a smartly dressed SCIENTIST, grey hair, tall, mild mannered, on the spot and concerned -- he enters the office.

KRAMER

So -- what's wrong with 11001, it
seems to be breaking down, we have
collateral damage everywhere!

SCIENTIST

It appears to be a rare case, his
mind is extremely resilient, almost
breaking down his primary alter,
consuming it -- (walks around) his
alters may be merging into one,
could be very unhealthy, he may not
be able to distinguish friend from
foe.

KRAMER

Meantime before failure? -- what's
his expiry looking like?

The Scientist looks at a brain scan image.

SCIENTIST

I don't know for sure, a few weeks,
perhaps a month or two maybe.

KRAMER

What about his cognitive functions,
his memory, particularly his long
term?

SCIENTIST

(worried)

He seems to be recalling events,
there are signs of trauma, and the
more his alters merge, the more his
long term memories seem to be
recovering, especially in alter two,
which is an extremely rare
occurrence.

Kramer's face shows concern.

EXT. INDIA, DWARKA - DAY

Chester exits a taxi, looks to the sandy building among
the sound of a BUSY town, he approaches the LARGE DOOR,
KNOCKS.

The door bolts opens after thirty seconds.

EITAN

(assertive)

Come on.

Eitan takes Chester inside, covert, looking around, he
hasn't slept in days.

INT. LAB - DAY

Eitan with revelation in his enthusiasm places a drop of
the substance onto the bench. Then he fills the
remaining substance in the cylinder with liquid nitrogen.

The small droplet INCREASES in size beginning to self
replicate as the fluid in the cylinder freezes.

CHESTER (O.S.)

Dear god Eitan, it's replicating.

EITAN

Yes, exactly, the substance is alive.

CHESTER

It's a regenerating power source, no wonder they have been trying to locate it since the Cold War...

EITAN

And we don't have to back engineer it Chester, just subject it to this state.

(beat)

What else do you want me to do?

CHESTER

You have done Great so far but I need you to stay here, blend in.

Chester looks at Eitan.

CHESTER (cont'd)

You're right outside where the extraction's going to be, and I need you to alter this substance, so they can't use it.

(beat)

I must leave soon Eitan --

Chester removes an envelope, empties it, inside it are several THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Eitan looks to Chester and wipes his SWEATY FACE in the humidity.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is dark, Blake lays asleep in bed CLUTCHING at his pillow.

The phone RINGS.

Alert Blake awakens quickly, SITS UP, listens to the ring, REACHES to the phone. There is silence, he listens.

PHONE (O.S.)

(human speech)

Red for Peace --

Blake's facial expression alters, becoming passive. He gazes ahead as SHARP as a knife.

Blake places the phone down, stands out of bed, in a continuous motion, programmed, bends to the floor and takes a black kit bag from under his bed.

He opens the zip quickly, black clothes inside and a series of guns.

INT. BETTS HOUSE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Homely decorated and warm --

BETT, 43, round, jolly, Jane's sister, sits on a brown suite which is accompanied by a large mahogany coffee table in the middle of the room.

Jane opposite holds a mug of coffee.

The boys can be heard PLAYING with their cousin. His Labrador hounds in the background.

BETT

That's not like him sweetie --

JANE

I know when he's lying to me. He has a bitch, I seen the look on his face!

BETT

Something's not right Jane -- It's maybe something else. His work say, it is a possibility --

Bett reassures Jane, contemplating whilst they drink.

JANE

I don't know, he's different, he told me to get out for god sake Bett!

BETT

You know how it is, He's just back from service, and men (sigh) -- men like that go through so much whilst they're out there.

(beat)

You need to support him through this honey...

JANE

Bett! Caring! I love him so much, he knows it, I do everything for him!

BETT

He's afraid of something then, all men do it, they think about the future all the time -- mainly about money, their family. There's a lot of pressure on them in these times, you are alright aren't you Jane. I mean financially?

Bett glances towards the boys playing.

JANE

Financially Bett -- we're fine, that doesn't explain why he doesn't even talk anymore.

(beat)

He doesn't even look at me the same way, he's just not bothered, men feel like that too -- and he's done it before Bett!

BETT (O.S.)

You're doing it again, stop blaming yourself Jane!

JANE

I am not, I know he has another woman, there is guilt all over his face.

BETT

Has he, you know, since he's been back?

JANE

It's been two weeks since he's returned and only once. His mind was somewhere else at the time, and he, he hasn't placed a hand on me since --

BETT

If it's guilt then he still loves you honey.

(beat)

That's worth a lot these days and you have to stand by him.

Bett looks into the background wondering what troubles Blake.

BETT (cont'd)

Don't worry girl, we'll sort him out, just keep an eye on him, follow him -- (positive) take control, find out what's going on girl!

JANE

Yeah, I was thinking that too, I'll see what he's up to. -- I'll find out what that man is really about!

She takes a slow drink of coffee watching her sons.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

There is SILENCE in the estate, everyone is asleep and all house lights are out.

A black S500 Mercedes saloon with tinted windows is parked under a street lamp, it STARTS and drives away from Blake's House.

INT. BLAKES HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

It is dark, only some light from a street lamp comes through the obscure glass of the front door.

SOUND ONLY:

The hybrid engine of the car GARGLES closer as it turns onto the drive.

Its lights BEAM inside of the corridor. It parks on the drive, spot light ACTIVATED on.

The automatic door of the garage can be heard opening, lights fade, the car drives in, then stops.

BLAKE EXITS

Footsteps can be heard WALKING around in the garage. Some tools rattle from inside of the garage -- A screwdriver drill can be heard applying two screws.

PAUSE

-- The drill applies two more screws.

After a moment the garage door closes. The key can be heard turning in front of the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake opens the door, vaguely visible in the dark, he walks in, turns the light on, squints.

He wears black clothes, carries his black kit bag in.

Calm, he closes the front door behind him, not tired anymore -- he looks fresh and in full concentration.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Blake walks into the kitchen, washes his face, closes the tap, dries, then switches off the kitchen light.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Slowly passing the corridor Blake removes his boots, then walks up the stairs.

INT. DARK OFFICE - MORNING

TOM, 32, with strong build and dark hair, sits on his laptop computer in a darkened office from its black shutter blinds.

He searches through records of people on a confidential government clearance system.

Then, Tom receives an email, marked URGENT.

The email loads and SHOWS a picture of Blake with his sons in a garden.

Tom closes his eyes with regret, then looks behind him to the CCTV camera that watches him.

He switches back to the clearance system, there is a CIA emblem in the top left corner of the screen.

Tom stops at BLAKE, BLAKE JOHNSON, he can see Blake's address:

VIRGINIA DISTRICT, FAIRFAX

Tom stunned, SWIPES his hand over his short hair, underneath the address on screen are the NAMES:

JANE JOHNSON
JACK JOHNSON
JOSH JOHNSON

CLOSE ON TOM: Slides an unlock pattern on his cell, then finger stabs the #4 hotkey.

He places the phone to his ear.

TOM

Yeah, I've confirmed sir, intel is correct, he's moved from New York, -- yeah, full family, two minors and his wife.

(beat)

No, I'll see to it sir, it's Blake you want, and it's Blake you'll get, we don't want this thing to get messy, sir.

(beat)

I'll sign in, once the objective is complete, give me a day, sir.

Tom ends the call.

INT. MARYLAND - NSA OFFICE - MORNING

Kramer places his cell phone down, he smiles, then looks into the distance.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The white bedding reflects the rays of bright sunlight as they glow into the bedroom.

The radio BLARES full blast, Blake immediately awakens, TURNS the radio clock down that plays pop music.

Noticing his bed empty, he sits up for a moment -- GAZING, eyes subdued.

HIS EYES

focus on a family portrait of him with Jane and the boys.

Blake PULLS the duvet to one side, STANDS out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake showers through the obscure glass, steam fills the bathroom, he brushes his teeth, combs his hair and fits into a black t-shirt.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Blake steps out of the house wearing his jogging clothes.

EXT. ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The day is fresh, but not bright, the grass water - mist hovers in the park, he slips through onto a foot path which is surrounded by tall trees.

JOGGING

he picks up pace, crosses the road, and enters into the park opposite. He continues through the park.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A RED FOR EXCURSION

parks up outside Blake's house.

INT. FORD EXCURSION - CONTINUOUS

JANE (O.S.)

See Bett, his cars not home, the
bastard!

Jane shakes her head with further disbelief, her mind jumping to assumptions again.

BETT

You sure you want to come back
so soon? You're more than welcome?

JANE

No, I am tired and need to get
the boys to school. -- Besides I
haven't got all my things Bett.

Jane looks at Jack and Josh, opens the door looking towards her house.

JANE (cont'd)

Thanks for the support Bett!

Bett smiles at Jane, then stands from the car, embraces with her.

BETT

Call me sweetie -- and remember what
I said --

Jack and Josh climb out of the car, stand outside the house.

JANE

Thanks Sis, I will.

Jane releases from Betts embrace, slowly walks towards the house and enters inside watching the Excursion drive away.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane looks around, the boys RUN up the stairs.

She looks down to the wooden floor, seeing faint MUDDY FOOTSTEPS in the corridor.

JACK (O.S.)

(shouting)

When's breakfast going to be ready
mom?

JANE

Be down in fifteen minutes for it,
don't waste time Jack, you need to
be at school in thirty minutes!

Jane places her uncombed hair behind, TIES a pony tail looking in the passage mirror quickly caressing her face.

She ENTERS the garage through the door on the left, turns the lights on.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

She looks at the car surprised, walks closer to it, notices the tool box --

THE LATCH on the right hand side has not been closed properly.

SCRUTINISING THE TOOLBOX

she picks up the automatic screwdriver, A DRILL PIECE --

STILL ATTACHED.

She instinctively turns to the car, and looks to the registration plate.

Defiant she bends down, feels the plate, it's LOOSE. Jane focuses, thinks into the distance, then turns off the light, comes out of the garage.

INT. PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

She walks up the stairs noticing there no muddy footsteps on them.

INT. BLAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters into Blake's room, a separate room where he has been sleeping recently, focuses on his MUDDY SHOES.

Jane THROWS UP the duvet, opens the fitted wardrobe doors looking for clues, looks under the bed, sees the bag under the bed, she pulls it out, opens it.

THE BAG

contains black clothes, a black gun, a small, jet black automatic pistol, a detachable laser scope.

Tentative, she looks around, contemplates matters. Her eyes drift to the left and she gazes inside the bag again, takes the gun.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The front door SWINGS opens downstairs -- IT'S BLAKE.

INT. BLAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane swallows with FEAR, she quickly places the gun back, PUSHES the bag back, under the bed.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks up to the ceiling, now focused with the pant. He hears the boys and looks into the kitchen.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Jane! -- Jane, you home?

Jane SKIPS down the stairs, eyes Blake seeing his jogging clothes.

She moves closer to him, they look to one another, she places a kiss on his cheek, THEY EMBRACE.

Blake kisses her, folds his arms around her again.

JANE

(whispering in his ear)

I love you Blake, no matter what, we will work it out --

Her face sits over his left shoulder, trepidation showing.

BLAKE

I am sorry Jane for what I said, I didn't mean it, you know that don't you?

JANE

Sure, I know that Blake.

Blake holds her back, eyes knowing she loves him.

JANE (cont'd)

Come on, I'll make you breakfast.

Blake follows after her, then stops, LOOKS UP seeing Jack looking down at him, he's browbeaten.

Blake silent -- looks ahead, walks on into the kitchen.

EXT. VIRGINIA SCHOOL - MORNING

LOTS OF CHILDREN

begin to enter into the gates of the school.

JANE DRIVING --

the Silver Chevrolet -- it parks outside the school front. Jack and Josh step out of the car, all dressed for school.

Blake the passenger, rolls his window down.

Jane's head leans forward past Blake, from the driver seat, she looks back at Jack who peers into the car, still a little perturbed by his father's behaviour.

INT. CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

You alright son, you have nothing to worry about, I didn't mean what I said yesterday.

A beat.

JACK

It's alright dad -- mom said it's not your fault -- it's because of the war you've been fighting in Iraq.

Jack leans forward, embraces his father.

Blake grips his son tight through the car window, thinking about Iraq for a long moment.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

An Abram's tank ROARS, grinding through the Ramadi streets, turns its turret.

SHOOTING CROSSFIRE

from the left is heard from Sunni rebels, then

EXPLOSIONS THUD the GROUND

and a chopping sound of a black hawk helicopter above.

The blade of the chopper cuts through the smoke filled sky several feet above buildings, then fans above the houses before slipping past the roof tops.

Blake RUNS, panting, a missile fires towards buildings, DECIMATION, Blake turns in reaction, looks back in the motion of chaos.

Another bomb EXPLODES, then an old woman limps out of the building covered with blood.

OLD WOMAN

(screaming)

Leysh! Leysh!

Subtitles: Why! Why!

Blake watches her through the smoke faded commotion, almost firing at her. She screams at him pleading, raised hands in the air.

BACK TO SCENE:

Blake still embracing his son sees an old woman passing -
- with her grandchild.

Blake focuses to Jack again, looks into his eyes, holding him back for a moment.

BLAKE

War is no great thing son. You get
to school now -- we'll pick you up
after, and will take a trip out
somewhere, promise.

Jack smiles, then looks to his mother.

JANE

Bye Jack, Bye Josh!

Blake WAVES to them, watches them both head into the school with the other pupils.

He rolls his window up, watching in that distance.

EXT. VIRGINIA SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The HRR Chevrolet slowly rolls away.

INT. BLAKES CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane glances to Blake for a moment, recalls that vacant expression, emotionless.

JANE

Do you want to take them to the
countryside, or a restaurant after
school Blay?

BLAKE

We'll go to both, whichever Jane,
whichever you want honey --

Jane steers the corner, thinking, glances back to him, smiles as though probing, checking his attention.

JANE

It is my birthday Blake, tomorrow --
You forgot?

BLAKE

Your birthday, no, I haven't
forgotten...

Jane looks ahead, thinks.

JANE

Is everything alright?

A long beat.

BLAKE

Everything is fine Jane.

A beat.

JANE

What happened Blake -- out in Iraq?

Jane turns, switches her gaze between the silent man and
the road.

The car slows, at an oncoming red light. Her eyes rest
on him in the silence.

Blake looks AWKWARD -- trying to string a sentence
together that she will make sense of.

BLAKE

It's hazy, I only recall some
events.

(beat)

It sounds crazy but I have blocks in
my memory, in events, it wasn't nice
out there Jane, that's all I recall.

Jane taken back tries to imagine, sees the green light.

JANE

My god Blake, that doesn't sound
good at all, do you want to
go and see someone, we can get
help you know.

BLAKE

(firm)

No, I am alright, I don't want to
cause any attention.

Jane holds his hand for a moment, then drives away,
Blake focuses ahead, his thoughts INTERRUPTED --

Jane increases speed, HALTED traffic ahead waits at the
red stop light.

Suddenly...

A BLACKED OUT TRUCK

armoured like a police type, WHINES RACING towards them.

Cat-quick -- Blake PULLS the wheel RIGHT, steers away,
AVOIDING impact.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Chevrolet SLIDES past two cars, through a gap at
rapid speed, turning right, SNEEKS across the blacked out
truck by inches.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane focuses ahead.

Blake's alter now awakening, he GLARES over his shoulder
--

PULLS OFF the passenger door panel -- then removes a

BLACK REVOLVER from inside the door.

CLUTCHING, AIMING he turns, looks back.

BLAKE

Drive! Get us home, come on Jane!

Jane DRIVES her foot down on the gas pedal, she tries to
focus, she gasps, turns left erratically.

She struggles to counter turn the wheel as it screeches
STRAIGHT.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Chevrolet's wheels WARP around the road, grip straight, then SPIN at 30 MPH. The car pulls forward.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blake focused -- flips his visor down -- WAITING -- tilts it, using it as a mirror then looks through the side mirrors.

He turns -- nothing, it doesn't follow.

He thinks, ahead, still Clutching at his pistol.

JANE

What is going on Blake? He was coming straight at us?

BLAKE

Nothing, it's nothing Jane --

Blake looks back -- NO TRUCK follows.

EXT. OPPOSITE BLAKES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PARKED UP

is a Black S500 Mercedes Benz across the estate.

TOM

can be seen inside it, thirty yards away from Blake's House.

INT. S500 MERC - CONTINUOUS

Tom -- SHARP -- sits, waiting outside Blake's House.

EXT. ROAD ON ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The dark slightly tinted glass shines under the daylight.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Silver Chevrolet EMERGES the corner, parks onto the drive quickly, abruptly stops.

The red brake lights flash twice, hand brake is heard.

INT. S500 - CONTINUOUS

Tom watches Blake and Jane exit the vehicle, gauges their behaviour --

Blake looks around, clutching the pistol inside his jacket.

He GLANCES to the S500, thinks, then peers towards Jane, she quickly unlocks the front door.

EXT. BLAKE'S ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Blake follows -- enters into the house looking around, then RESTS HIS EYES back onto the black Merc before closing the door.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JANE

(shivering)

What the hell is going on Blake!?

BLAKE

I haven't got time to explain now,
we need to move from here, they know
my location --

JANE

They -- Who? Where did you get all
these guns from ?

Blake's cell vibrates, he answers it, MOVES with PACE towards the LOUNGE, (a door on the left).

BLAKE

(raised tone)

Tom, what the fuck is going on?

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Blake walks inside, looks through the window holding his gun, PUSHING the horizontal blinds up with the barrel end.

INT. S500 MERC - CONTINUOUS

TOM (O.S.)

(shouting in phone)

Look out Blake, Get out of there!

EXT. BLAKE'S ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The blacked out TRUCK SCREAMS around the corner, wheels spinning smoke, almost TILTING onto the driver side.

The S500 Merc GROWLS ON, races forward towards the TRUCK.

INT. S500 - CONTINUOUS

Tom shifts into 2nd gear, takes his gun, points it forward.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blake with his brain RACING faster than his heart, runs into the corridor.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The S500 SMASHES into the side of the black truck, it racing at 60MPH towards Blake's house.

The MERC'S impact DAMPENS the force of the truck, setting it off course, REDUCING its momentum.

INT. S500 MERC - CONTINUOUS

The airbag EXPLODES OUT, WHIPS Tom back.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake running grabs, HEAVES Jane backwards onto the stairs to the right side of the house.

BLAAAM!

The whole front door way, porch, glass windows smash through --

The TRUCK

PLUMMETS into the house, the left elevation (garage) wall collapses down, bringing plaster, wood and ceiling HURTLING down.

Blake SLIDES on the wooden floor, the shards of glass and impact debris following him.

BLAKE

(recovering quickly)

Get upstairs Jane -- get my gun,
stay in that room, until I call you,
go, NOW!

Jane, with heart POUNDING, runs up the stairs, quicker than anything she's ever done.

Blake turns, AIMS his gun --

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Quick, in succession, gunshots to the WINDSCREEN of the Truck -- several feet away, bullet proof glass shows impact stress -- NOTHING ELSE!

The TRUCK'S

driver-door SWINGS open.

An EX-MARINE, 40's, dark hair, large arms carrying a full automatic slides out of the TRUCK.

Blake takes cover, fires more shots, THEN, a machine gun VOLLEYS, tearing the banister and stairs to pieces.

Blake LEAPS to his right into the garage, connects to the ground, stays low, one part of the wall has collapsed.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Blake FURIOUS hears the glass breaking under the Ex-Marines feet -- he CHARGES OUT with gunshots, shoots the ex-marine through an opening in the wall into his legs, he buckles.

He then KICKS the ruptured plastered wall through, powder everywhere, punches him in the face, PINS the gun to his CHEST and fires two more shots.

The man messy, CRUMPLES to the ground.

Blake LEAPS onto the third stair step, paces up to the first floor.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two EX-MARINE'S charge through from the trucks rear doors, 40's, wearing black hats, one with beard stubble,

casual clothes, full automatic machine guns in their hands, mean business.

Tom POINTING his gun through the MERC'S broken door glass, see's the first sight of the men, SHOOTS the ex-marine with precision in the head, he's dead.

TOM

LEAPS out of his Merc with great speed, bends, takes cover behind the door of the reinforced car --

A FURY OF MACHINE GUN ROUNDS

TEARS the front of the Mercedes door off.

The ex-marine through his volley of rounds walks forward, slowly, directly.

BANG! BANG!

Tom shoots his feet, he stumbles, SCREAMING, firing the machine gun everywhere through reaction.

Tom rolls on the ground, takes a shot in the stomach, then shoots him at close range in his head, he's dead, eyes open.

INT. BLAKE'S SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake hears the floor CREAKING above, it's Jane, in the highest attic room, his room.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane HOLDS Blake's revolver to the door, hands SHAKING, she walks back, sits onto a chair -- stabilises her arm, recalls Blake teaching her target practice a long time ago.

INT. BLAKE'S SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks to the CRUSHED black truck, his higher sensory hearing -- tries to HOME IN, then

A GRENADE

is TOSSED out onto the STAIRS, a deep THUD on the wood. Blake's eyes GLARE BELOW, he runs, skips onto a chest unit three steps up on the first landing -- like a Ninja.

BOOOM!

The grenade EXPLODES, taking the second floor DOWN in the wooden house, the chest unit under Blake's foot COLLAPSES THROUGH.

-- Blake just in time LEAPS off it -- like -- from a spring-board onto the second flight of stairs.

Frantically, he races towards the attic.

Tom slips into the house vigilantly, a BLACK MARINE, 30's, Ex Soldier type, cold, an enthusiastic killer --

EXITS the BATTERED truck -- his glowing eyes glare up.

He SWINGS AROUND hearing Tom - his gun blazing --

BEHIND

the FAR SIDE of the truck the rounds UNLOAD through a gap, truck ROCKING with impact.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TOM --

Explodes backwards, from a shrapnel WOUND, flat on the ground.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Black Marines machine gun CONTINUES to RATTLE the truck.

The Black Marine releases OFF the trigger, the gun COUGHS. He smiles and looks up.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake quickly RELOADS his gun, passes it to Jane, takes her two hands, reinforces her grip.

He PUSHES her into the cupboard, holding is finger over his SWEATING mouth.

HIS LUCKY BERETTA 92FS --

is LOADED, in his hands, he crouches next to the door for a moment, listening, almost sensing through it.

A sound from the shattered staircase is heard.

Attacking and defiant, HE STANDS, opens the door, sees the Black Marine attempt to cross the broken stairs

BANG! BANG!

Blake fires into his chest --

The Black Marine STUMBLES back, slides down the stairs, FIRING AIMLESSLY towards Blake.

BLAKE - LEAPS over the remaining banister -- free falls several feet SHOOTING.

STUMP!

He collapses onto the Black Marine, he's bloodied, eyes open, messy and very dead.

INT. DEMOLISHED CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

DEBRIS SHUFFLING --

Can be heard outside through the open front, devastated amidst a wrecked TRUCK.

Blake walks forward, his gun POINTING.

TOM

(moaning with pain)

It's me, you son of a bitch!

Tom stands, a shard of truck metal LODGED into his shoulder, legs UNEASY -- he looks around, then lifts his shirt -- revealing a BULLET PROOF VEST.

BLAKE

So you came prepared Tom, what about fucking letting me know!

Tom is silent, in pain.

Blake thinks, looks around, takes Tom's arm, brings him into the house.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Blake enters the room.

BLAKE

Jane, we're alright, it's me --

Jane opens the door, she COLLAPSES to the bed, crying.

Blake takes her in his arms, she kisses him, he kisses her back.

Jane falls back onto the bed, he falls beside her, on top kissing more, places HIS HANDS around her hips.

Tom enters the room slowly, STAGGERING.

Blake looks to him, stands, PULLING Jane up.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - MORNING

Tom, Blake and Jane with a suitcase of things slide into the Chevrolet URGENTLY, its nearside of the car CREASED IN from the truck impact.

Blake STARTS THE CAR, reverses off, turns, spins away screeching with great speed.

INT. CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks to Tom.

BLAKE

Who the fuck have you been speaking to?

Jane places her hands over her mouth -- contemplating her husband's endeavours.

Blake PULLS at TOM'S COLLAR, looks at him.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Come on! fucking tell me, you've been outside my house Tom, and broken your silence!

TOM

They were onto me, alright! it's fucking Kramer that's pushing, he's getting orders higher up. I tried to cook up a story, they fucking knew!

Blake releases his shirt.

TOM (cont'd)

They found you weeks ago, have been tracking your every movement!

BLAKE

So how did they get to know?

TOM

One of your kids posted your picture on Facebook, of all fucking things, we rewired everything -- no transponders -- no identity, you just fell back onto the fucking grid -- what did you think would happen?

Blake's pupils bounce from left to right, looking at the road ahead, he thinks, drives.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Blake takes an abrupt left, the car SWINGS left on the road.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

Jane, go and get Jack and Josh, tell the school it's an emergency!

Jane nods affirming, fixes her face, wipes her tears.

Blake races forward on the road, then turns to Tom who clutches at his shoulder.

BLAKE (cont'd)

So why didn't you tell me earlier?

TOM

I didn't fucking know! Chester got tipped off, with some new intel, we have an angel looking after us I think.

(beat)

The NSA official that may have the cargo is called Hobbs, out in Maryland, he's carrying a shit load of intel, he's our man...

Tom passes Blake a PIECE OF PAPER, Blake takes it, focuses whilst driving, it contains longitude and latitude of Hobbs's precise location.

Blake turns and looks to Tom.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL - MORNING

The Chevrolet SKIDS to a STOP, Jane runs out, towards the school.

INT. CAR - MORNING

After an awkward silence.

BLAKE

So the fucking hit list was a fake?

TOM

Yeah, Chester's calling them but our goal hasn't changed Blake -- you just hit the wrong guy last night, that's all!

Tom clutches at his shoulder in pain.

Blake thinks, feels some remorse, looks at his wound, then

PULLS OUT the metal, Tom SCREAMS, blood spills.

Blake PULLS Tom's sleeve open, ROLLS IT UP, ties a tight KNOT around Tom's shoulder in seconds.

He REACHES to the glove compartment, removes liquid glass cleaner that contains vinegar, PULLS it open -- and POURS the contents onto Tom's shoulder.

TOM

(moaning)

Ahh, Fuck!

Blake stares at Tom, the pain eases, he holds his gun, looks ahead, then back to Tom.

BLAKE

You can use that nick, I have a plan.

TOM

Someone fucking needs one, I've been sitting outside of your house for days Blay! I told them I lived there to cover your arse, again, even kept a watch but someone's had

TOM (cont'd)
us chasing the wrong people, and I
think Chester knows...

BLAKE
Chester needs to be clear. If
Kramer's pushing, he doesn't trust
you, he sent the marines -- likely
DOD or Blackwater operatives, same
as out in Ramadi.

(beat)
Did you tell Kramer you'd look after
me, take me out?

TOM
Yeah, I was waiting for you to come
to my car -- was going to shoot you,
nick you, so they'd have it on
Echelon surveillance -- then you
could have really dropped off the
fucking grid!

Tom looks at his flexing hand then glances to the
school.

BLAKE
Yeah -- I see -- I've been figuring.
don't worry, I'll see to it Tom.

TOM
What's your plan?

BLAKE
Call Chester, tell him I shot you,
that will confuse the fuck out of
them because their tapping your
phone, it's Kramer no doubt, tell
Chester I got injured in the cross
fire.

TOM
Why would Kramer be tapping my
phone?

BLAKE

He knows our interactions, come on Tom, these guys know when we use a fucking condom! -- Whoever provided the fake hit list also knows about our, let's say relationship and OP back in Iraq.

TOM

If Kramer is getting the fucking orders, then this thing's huge...

Blake thinks, looks ahead seeing Jane walking with the boys from some yards away.

BLAKE

You'll have to tell Chester Jane died, in the blast at the house, say I took the body. Whoever is listening in will think I am busy

BLAKE (cont'd)

taking her back to New York. Tell Chester I am injured, they won't expect anything from me.

(beat)

I can secure that cylinder from Hobbs tonight but you'll have to get the name of the fucking Kingpin from Kramer, he won't expect that, kill him if you have to, meanwhile I'll do some digging -- make some more mess.

Blake looks to Tom.

Jane enters into the car with Jack and Josh, the boys look surprised, try to read the situation.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Hey boys, we're just going for a nice trip like I said earlier, but I want you to be silent for a moment -
-can you guys do that?

Jack and Josh look at their father, nodding, relieved they have finished school early.

JACK

Sure dad.

Tom dials his phone, lifts it to his head.

TOM

Yeah, Chester we need to meet at the park, they just drove a fucking plate-less blacked out truck into your house, they killed Jane...

The boys look to Jane.

TOM (cont'd)

Blake's took her body, he's on the move, back to New York I think, he tried to kill me, I shot him back --

(beat)

Don't fucking worry Chester, he's alive the son of a bitch!

Blake gestures three fingers to Tom.

TOM (cont'd)

I'll see you in three hours Chester, same place.

Tom hangs up, looks back at the boys.

TOM

Jack, please don't post anymore pictures of your father onto Facebook!

Jane turns and looks to Jack, then her eyes rest long on Blake.

EXT. ROAD - EARLY AFTERNOON

The HRR Chevrolet with Blake driving parks up, Tom EXITS, walks a fast pace through the streets.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Chester, a CIA patriot, sits on the park bench, his brown crombie jacket drapes, the water fountain behind him showers in the background.

CHESTER

What time do you call this Tom?

Tom approaches with a bandage around his shoulder.

TOM

(gesturing to arm)
I had to get this sorted.

CHESTER
(emotional)
What happened?

TOM
(sighing)
Four marines in a black truck, hit
his house, heavy ammo. Jane was
in the blast, they used grenades,
your house is a fucking bombsite and
she's dead sir, she's dead...

CHESTER
(clutching at his head)
Fucking bastards! What about Blake?

TOM
He's alright, but he doesn't trust
me, nor your list. It has him all
fucked up -- as if things weren't
bad enough for him Chester.

Chester slowly turns to Tom.

TOM (cont'd)
Someone's playing with us Chester,
they are targeting us!

CHESTER
How did they find him?

TOM
They got intel of his location from
a picture posted online of all
things...Jack posted it.

CHESTER
(serious)
And where are my grandsons?

Tom looks up to the sky, then around, deliberately
gesturing to Chester.

TOM

(under his breath)
They're safe, but someone maybe
listening.

Tom scratches his head almost WAVING his injured
shoulder arm past Chester.

Chester looks to the bandaged arm, the WAY it has been
wrapped and prepared -- his frown straightens,
perceptive, he recognises his son's folding.

CHESTER
What the hell went down today Tom?

TOM
We've got the wrong people,
Blake's hit one, they have no
fucking cylinders -- and someone's
playing with Blake, they're making
it look like it's because of GEN
alters.

Chester stands from the bench, looks down to Tom.

CHESTER
(under his breath)
This is not only about Blake, it's
about me Tom.

Chester removes a white piece of paper from his pocket
that has four names on it, then DROPS it onto the floor.

Tom remaining seated looks down to the paper, it has the
four hit list names on it.

Tom thinks, stands, they part.

Chester walks back to his black Porsche, see's Tom in the
distance walking on foot, pronounced.

Chester pauses, thinks, enters the Porsche 911 wearing a
glimpse of hope.

Tom paces around the corner, enters into the Chevrolet,
Blake drives away with speed, (the rear of the Chevrolet
is empty).

INT. HOPEWELL AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jane still looking shaken, with Jack and Josh boards a
plane, the destination is Australia.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Police cars are parked outside of the wrecked house, ambulances carry the covered bodies of the dead marines.

INT. BLAKE'S BOMBED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A good DETECTIVE, jaded, older than his years, 45, looks around at the location, BENDS around the white outline marked from the dead body of the black mercenary.

He stands seeing a CIA DETECTIVE, 50's, Astute, enter the location, he's tall and mysterious.

The CIA Detective looks at the house, briefly at the Detective, then enters into the lounge, glances to Blake's medals.

INT. NSA WAREHOUSE - LATE EVENING

SUPER TITLES:

NSA WAREHOUSE, SECRET LOCATION.

Kramer sits in an office, wears a US Marines uniform, Tom enters into his office with urgency.

KRAMER

What happened soldier?

TOM

Blake happened General Kramer, sir!

KRAMER

Blake's dead. You mean Omega 11001, what a mistake...

So he's still alive, the fucking ghost! Explain what happened Sergeant?

TOM

I don't fucking know, I was gathering intel, was watching him for days, decided today was his day, then a fucking truck came in, from nowhere -- marines, they shot at me, they were protecting him, waited for him to leave, with his wife's dead body.

Kramer focuses into Tom's eyes.

TOM (cont'd)
So I killed them all.
(beat)
Who the fuck sent them in?

Tom looks back towards Kramer.

KRAMER
What happened to his wife?

TOM
I used their grenades, blew the whole fucking place up -- Blake emerged, I fired at him, he got me back -- fucked up my shoulder.
(beat)
You say his alter is breaking down, that we need to terminate him, but he's lethal sir!

KRAMER
You're from the same god damn program, what happened to you! -- Your too busy getting involved in the political shit Tom, you want a desk job, I suggest you come back to me in ten years!

Tom focuses, sits down opposite Kramer.

TOM
I've served with this fucker many times -- you know me and him go back, why don't we re-activate him, use him?

KRAMER
No, That's why I chose you to take him out! He needs taking out Tom, fucking dead! over!!

Kramer angry looks towards Tom disgusted at his incompetence.

KRAMER (cont'd)
You knew him, have very specific details about him, how is he still alive Tom?

TOM (O.S.)
I fucked up sir, I am sorry.

There is a Glock 19 sitting beside Kramer.

KRAMER
I want you to listen to me carefully Sergeant, I have orders from above that that dysfunctional asset needs to disappear, specifically because he can't be activated anymore from our side, we have intel that someone else is using him, and we don't want a mistake like him walking around -- do we!?

Kramer's eyes rest onto Tom.

TOM
(angry)
I don't know -- they fucked with him in Ramadi, overstepped the line if you ask me, didn't they! -- Then Ridgway got his fucking head fried, the son of a bitch, 11001 was a fucking brilliant soldier, if you're asking me!

KRAMER
So who've you been talking to, how do you know about Ridgeway?

TOM (O.S.)
General Lawson, he was camped out there at Ramadi -- tactics Seal's squad aided our Recon out there, sir for the recovery of the intel related to -- some tech.

Tom has a memory of a underground ruins hit in Mesopotamia briefly as he speaks the above dialogue.

MESOPATAMIA ATTACK:

Blake CRAWLS in the night, several soldiers on a mission.

Jeeps EXPLODE, then a tank STRIKE from a cruise missile ANNIHILATES it on fire, Sunni rebels are SHOT, Tom and Blake together move forward with their guns firing.

In the smoke and death of thirty rebels, Tom stands holding a silver cylinder that has been removed from under South Baghdad.

BACK TO SCENE:

Kramer's prowling eyes cut into Tom.

KRAMER

Well Ridgeway was a huge asset to the program, now I am in charge of a division of it. Someone's got to do it fucking right! We don't need old men running around, and if you ask me -- they need to hand in their uniforms and step down!

Kramer stands from his military desk, looks outside his window, soldiers in the background LOAD hundreds of machine guns into containers, FORK LIFTED into military trucks.

KRAMER (cont'd)

Speaking of old men, does Chester know about what happened to Ridgeway?

TOM

Strictly between us sir, nobody really knows about my meetings with Chester -- he's still executive to the Solar power program, and I have my own set of errands for the agency -- you know -- that little on the side.

Tom animated -- GLANCES out emphasising towards -- the weapons being loaded on trucks.

Kramer looks intrigued.

TOM (cont'd)

If you want to know what Chester is up to, he want NSA intel, our intel on a list of people, he calls it his hit list -- it's super black, the names on the hit list are involved in a program...

Kramer walks back to the desk, sits back down.

KRAMER

So that's what the agency are
fucking us about, go on!

TOM

Yeah, that program's financial input
is not even on the classified
budget. Black Technology sir.

KRAMER

So that's why you can't execute a
simple mission, the lost and found
box has you overwhelmed...

TOM

I know that Mossad and the CIA
collaborated in 05, something to do
with some cylinders they found under
Iraq -- then a load of soldiers were
killed, special forces, ultra
clearance, black technology related
sir.

(beat)

Well the agency are wanting to trace
down two or three people, those
cylinders went missing, and they are
going to pay me to locate them...

KRAMER

You -- How, and What two names...?

TOM

Hobbs and Mitchell.

Tom defiant looks straight back at Kramer, daring him to
take his gun.

KRAMER

Who's leading this at the CIA, and
who leaked NSA intel to the
intelligence agency?

TOM (O.S.)

That OLD MAN Chester may know about
it...

Tom glances to the General, one of the trucks can be heard
leaving the warehouse.

KRAMER

What the fuck, who is Chester talking to?

TOM

Why don't you ask him? He's on the board of CIA directors, they should be able to patch you through.

KRAMER

Are you fucking playing with me Tom?

Tom rages within, stares back at Kramer.

TOM (O.S.)

Blake is going to retrieve that intel from Hobbs, you see Blake actually killed Fuller. The wrong guy -- a good guy, and there's nothing that pisses us special forces boys off more than bullshit, especially when it concerns the bloodshed of innocent people, sir!

INTERCUT FLASHBACK WITH ABOVE DIALOGUE:

FLASHBACK:

THROUGH THE NIGHT:

Blake watches Fuller Davis in a hotel bedroom. His shadow surrounded by light is visible through the bedroom window.

AN ESCORT WOMAN

wearing lingerie stands next to him, her SHADOW - opens his shirt, the SILHOUETTE of her raised breasts touching him erotically.

Blake SHOOTS Fuller, like a dart from two hundred metres away, a sniper rifle shot in the head.

The shadow of Fuller collapses upon shot IMPACT.

The Escort SCREAMS.

Blake wearing a black uniform descends a roof top with stealth and leaves.

BACK TO SCENE:

KRAMER

You bastard Tom...

Kramer REACHES for his gun --

PHIUN! PHIUN!

Two rounds OF LEAD -- PIN Kramer to his chair, fired into his stomach, under the desk with TOM'S silenced gun.

Kramer eyes in shock -- meet Tom's, unable to move, he slowly tries to reach to his Glock 19.

SMASH!

Tom PUNCHES the butt end of the gun into Kramer's HAND.

TOM

You're not the only one with sources, that's for playing fucking games with me!

Tom STANDS, approaches Kramer, sits on the desk next to him.

He lifts the Glock 19, examines it patiently, removes the magazine of bullets.

TOM (cont'd)

Hollow tip bullets, you planning to take out a fucking police force!
(beat)
Trafficking fucking police trucks, like the one sent today for Blake?

TOM smashes the Glock into Kramer's face.

TOM (cont'd)

You sent those pathetic ex-marines to kill Blake today, didn't you, what and to rape Jane? You bastards call yourselves soldiers?

KRAMER

(choking)
What do you want?

TOM

Tell me who is playing us, and I'll let you live!

(beat)

You see, I have used soft bullets on you, and there's a weak neurotoxin on them, that's why you can't move, so you need to be in a hospital in a few hours, if you want to live that is...

KRAMER

(coughing)

Seben is paying me in weapon's trafficking, groups of men within DOD are in on it -- but I don't know more than that.

TOM

What about the false hit list?

KRAMER

Seben knows who provided the wrong names of officials -- (choking) I don't know anymore...

TOM

(sarcasm)

Go on soldier!

KRAMER

There's a whole corporation behind the black tech -- selling it to empower communist countries --

Tom stands.

TOM

You soldiers are so naive, have us cleaning up your fucking mess, using us, you forget one tiny, fucking detail...

KRAMER'S HANDS

begin to SHAKE, his head cranes up to Tom.

TOM

That we are the world's fucking best, sir!

Tom PATS Kramer on his shoulder, leaves the office.

Kramer choking, sits -- eyes and face red from CONVULSIONS.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom passes the soldiers.

MARINE
Sergeant!

TOM
Kramer wants to see you boys
immediately, it's about that cargo.

EXT. OUTSIDE NSA WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the warehouse hanger with pace, get's into his new Mercedes, SPINS AWAY.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

TOM
Blake Johnson

The car phone system calls Blake.

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tom...

TOM
Hobbs is the target with the pearl cargo.

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Where did the fake hit list come from?

TOM
Seben's linked to it all -- and they're selling tech to communists, or they intend to...

There is silence through the cruise. Tom looks to the plains around him, waiting for a response from Blake.

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Good work Sergeant, I'll see to Hobbs -- how is Kramer?

TOM

He'll only make it if he has good karma -- but I wouldn't bet on that!

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Alright, watch Chester Tom, keep him safe, I have a feeling this all ties back to him somehow...

TOM

What do you think is going on?

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I don't know, but Seben is a real bastard -- he's got DIA playing his games, who knows what industries they are setting up whilst in positions of power!

TOM

Where are you Blay?

BLAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I am going to get this cargo. Hook up with me later!

Blake's line goes silent.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRY - LATE EVENING

Blake exits a military Jeep, then places two large bags into an Apache helicopter, CLIMBS into it, SLIDES the door closed.

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Blake sets the helicopter to start, the propeller RASPS, then CHOPS, LIFTS and DARTS away.

EXT. ABOVE ARABIAN SEA - DAY

SUPERTITLES:
ARABIAN SEA

F-22 FIGHTER JETS

in squadron formation patrol the sky.

Two Naval WAR SHIPS arrive in the zone, the USS TRUXTUN and a large AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

INT. ARABIAN SEA - DARK

A black Naval SUBMARINE, The USS FLORIDA, floats like a dark monster submerged under the sea.

EXT. ARABIAN SEA - DAY

TWO BLACK INFLATABLE BOATS

contain two teams of NAVY SEALS, pulling their goggles over - they DIVE in -

beside the shadow of the USS Florida.

INT. ARABIAN SEA - DARK

Four Navy Seals PLUME to the surface, below --

other DIVERS hand them their blasting equipment and surface like a tag team.

The fresh Seals get to work on the bottom of the sea bed, the EDGE of a LARGE OBJECT is visible.

Divers surround it, it's huge, a saucer shape, barely visible as bedrock is BLASTED away.

Amalgamated the seabed AIR SHOCK blasted from the saucer kicks up murky water, revealing HUGO, the saucer.

EXT. LANGLEY, CIA HQ - EVENING

SUPER TITLES:

LANGLEY, CIA HEADQUARTERS.

CIA HQ is visible from a distance.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

Chester astute and pronounced walks into an office, he's not out of place, the agency is his home.

INT. CIA HQ - DIRECTORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The CIA Director - SCHOL (60's), face old, stubble on his chin, but a genuine man, smokes a Cuban cigar, he looks up to Chester from his desk chair, colleagues from old.

Cigar smoke clouds the front of his desk.

CHESTER

The cargo's still out there...

SCHOL

Is that the best you've got for me
Chester -- you know surveillance
data is telling us that two teams
have already taken this substance to
NSA Bluewater...

CHESTER

We had the wrong fucking intel from
this agency Schol! Where are the
patriots? -- We have a rogue team of
military bad ass's fucking around
with black technology that we put to
bed thirty years ago!

SCHOL

Well Chester, the last time I
started sniffing and asking
questions, you know what happened.

Schol fudges his exhausted cigar into his dusty ash
tray.

SCHOL (cont'd)

(seriously)

You want to know about Patriots,
I'll show them to you, they're
waiting...

Schol stands from his desk, Chester follows him.

INT. CIA CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They enter the corridor, then opposite stroll into a
meeting room.

INT. CIA MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schol a man of importance in their presence looks to
everyone, their heads slowly TURNING to him.

Among several older men:

AN

OLD PATRIOT, 70's, radiant, white hair, sits at the front
of the table.

DIA DIRECTOR, 60's, an ex soldier type, dark hair, concerned, decorated with medals.

SEBEN, 60's, grey short hair, bushy eyebrows, cutting eyes, aloof, sits at the back of the board of men.

SEBEN

How are you Chester, it has been a long time...

CHESTER

Indeed it has sir.

SCHOL

You may not know this Chester, but on the orders of President Dwight Eisenhower in the 60's, the CIA formed the NCS, National Clandestine Service. We are aware that the military divisions have given a rise to a misuse in power, as Eisenhower feared, and with unlimited funding for developing technologies on the increase...

Chester looks to the patriots, they look back to him, aware of the situation.

SCHOL (cont'd)

We know that the government cannot oversee every operation.

OLD PATRIOT

What information do you have for us?

Chester looks back to the Old Patriot.

SCHOL

I suggest you bring your case forward now, what intel do you have Chester?

Chester stares, eyes flat.

CHESTER

Sir, I've given forty years to this country, from fighting wars, to developing black technology, now pardon my fucking French but the activation of a saucer codenamed

CHESTER (cont'd)

Hugo under the Arabian Sea is a matter of National Security -- and I know that word means a whole plethora of bullshit today.

(beat)

We have to act now, and hope the Pentagon doesn't discover what has been going down for the last thirty years!

Several patriots look to Chester captivated.

DIA DIRECTOR

This has been happening for decades, why now is it a matter of National Security?

CHESTER

Because it's power source has become an interest for foreign nations, sir, particularly communist -- once developed -- scalar weapons will be sold to every nation --

SEBEN

Such things have not escaped the Oval Office Chester, we are aware of this, and acknowledge that there are ethical problems here.

CHESTER

With all due respect sir, our nation was built on Ethics -- I believe that even the Oval Office is not fully aware of the implications, sir.

OLD PATRIOT

What exactly are you indicating son?

CHESTER

Within the next seven days the process for reverse engineering a high grade none terrestrial high plasma that was removed from Iraq in 05 will be complete. The intel from our source based on future probability technology tells

CHESTER (cont'd)
us that this substance get's onto
the black market. Sir, this means,
we are looking at a countdown to
World War 3.

The board of men looking very worried fix to Chester.

SCHOL
We need to locate and destroy the
plasma sir because there is a rogue
military group that no longer shares
America's best interests.

Seben glances to everyone on the board.

OLD PATRIOT
My god, talk about weapons of mass
destruction...what is this
technology capable of?

Chester looks to Seben.

CHESTER
Boring a hole in the moon, knocking
any aircraft out of the sky, a lot
of our defence systems in space use
this technology sir, however imagine
if this was made affordable -- for
any nation to invest in, in reality
sir, it's more effective than
nuclear weapons.

SEBEN
How many military agencies are we
looking at, that are supporting this
rogue program that you speak of?

CHESTER
Many, but they are all likely
enhanced soldiers acting against
their will...
(beat)
And this also concerns my son sir.

Chester looks towards the Old Patriot.

OLD PATRIOT
How does this concern your son?

CHESTER

He was nearly recruited into this program back in 05, to act and serve against this country during his tour in Iraq.

Muffled discussions between the board of men begin. The Old Patriot dumfounded by the information, sighs thinking.

OLD PATRIOT (O.S.)

What do you need from us son?

CHESTER

I need my access incarceration removed so I can have access to declassified technology again.

SEBEN

The NSA will not lift the incarceration Chester due to you overstepping your jurisdiction in 05.

CHESTER

I had to do what I did to protect my son, his life was at threat, sir!

OLD PATRIOT

Very well, I am head here Seben, and I will sign a waiver that will grant your access, if all you say is true, we need the best on this, and god help us...

Seben almost OUT OF HIS SEAT, worried is lost for words.

CHESTER

Thank you, sir, you say we need the best on this, well my son Blake is one of the world's best sir, he's a third generation enhanced soldier, what's known as an A-GEN, I gave him to the agency, whom I've lived for.

OLD PATRIOT

Very good son, it's good to know this agency still has loyal men.

The Old Patriot looks around in the silence.

DIA PATRIOT

This is a matter of great
importance, we need to inform the
President.

Seben, silent, cooks retribution.

OLD PATRIOT

Call the Whitehouse, get me the
President.

An Official standing beside the door exits the room in
urgency.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - WHITEHOUSE - SUN SET

The Whitehouse stands under the glorious sunlight.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The telephone rings.

An African American President, 50's, sitting in his
chair, answers his telephone, looks into the distance
with concern.

THE PRESIDENT

Hello -- yes, (sombre) I see, when --

The Secretary of Defence stands beside the President.

The President looks to him, places down the phone slowly.

THE PRESIDENT

Secretary, call a meeting at the
Oval Office, we have a National
Security risk.

The Secretary fretful, gazes to the President.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Yes Mr. President.

EXT. OUTSIDE CIA H.Q. - NIGHT TIME

A BLACK SUV

is parked up.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Seben pushes his cell to his ear.

SEBEN

A few obstacles have developed in our agenda...

INT. CIA HQ - CORRIDOR - LATE EVENING

SCHOL

(low)

I know his transponders were removed in 05, but can you get a location on Blake?

CHESTER

No, there is only one person that knows his location.

Schol intrigued peers into Chester's eyes.

CHESTER (cont'd)

As long as he's 11001 -- he'll be safe.

EXT. MARYLAND - AIR BASE - LATE NIGHT

There is darkness everywhere but for a light mast that REVEALS a military helicopter, it's static.

Ahead a covert military exchange is occurring, special operations soldiers escort an NSA Official.

Blake's utility helicopter some miles away in the distance sits on the dark plains.

BLAKE

bends behind a fence, watches ahead. He wears a high grade invisibility uniform.

He LIFTS his night vision binoculars and focuses to an oncoming BMW state car.

A MILITARY TRUCK

is parked behind the black BMW state car.

Blake facing north towards the state car, checks HIS WATCH.

Blake's Utility Helicopter has a MISSILE LAUNCHER, a red beacon flashes on the unit.

Some hundred yards away from Blake on cleared landing concrete, a suited man EXITS the state car, HOBBS, 42, professional looking, carries a large black BRIEFCASE.

Blake PULLS out a small DRAGON FLY like drone, turns it ON, it flies silently towards the jeep, contains a GPS tracker that the missile launcher is targeted to.

Hobbs accompanied by two ARMED SOLDIERS in uniform is escorted towards the military helicopter.

The rotary blades of the helicopter WHIRL. It's position sixty yards away from Blake, the BMW state car some twenty yards beyond that.

Blake AIMS his automatic gun, crouching PACES forward with cat-like stealth.

He FIRES a single shot, like a silenced DART, into the head of the first soldier to the left of Hobbs.

THE SOLDIER BUCKLES at a range of fifty yards at the legs.

The second Soldier evading but calm to the right of Hobbs, HAULS him behind himself, protecting him, they SPRINT on with urgency.

THE INSECT DRONE

magnetizes onto the military Jeep. The missile launchers control box beacon turns a static GREEN.

The sidewinder missile SCREAMS through its tube towards the jeep.

Hobbs in fear clutches his briefcase tight, he looks around to see where the firing is coming from.

TWO SOLDIERS

locked and loaded exit their Jeep, seeing the silhouette of Blake under the light mast, aiming at him wildly...

CABOOM!

The Jeep EXPLODES from missile impact, throwing a FIREBALL into the air.

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The Pilot FRANTICALLY sets the controls for the helicopter to take off.

EXT. MARYLAND - AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

ON FIRE

the soldiers are thrown into the air, they come down in a blaze with debris from the exploding truck HURTLING towards the helicopter tail.

The helicopter LIFTS OFF the ground in panic.

BLACK SMOKE

is whipped and scattered by the propellers blades, white light from the mast mixes with the orange dance of the Jeep fire.

Blake PELTS towards the soldier guarding Hobbs, a few feet away from the HOVERING helicopter, BLASTS another gunshot which takes him down, he's dead.

Hobbs with the briefcase CUFFED to his wrist REACHES --

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Another BUILT SOLDIER inside reaches out, PULLS at Hobbs, DRAGS him in, the chopper begins to RISE.

EXT. MARYLAND - AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

THE HELICOPTER

pans, facing away from the fire.

Blake JUMPS, a mighty LEAP, hands CLUTCHING at its landing skids -- GRABS -- and attempts to pull himself up.

The helicopter RISES, cyclic jerking attempts to SHAKE him off.

He HEAVES, rises up towards the cabin door.

INT. NSA HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE KICK --

Penetrates Blake's collar, his head avoiding.

The helicopter continues to rise.

The LARGE SOLDIER, 40's, wearing a cap, grips the chopper rails, RAGING.

SOLDIER

Who the fuck, do you think you are!?

Blake's alter 11001 emerges, focused, he BLOCKS another kick from him with his left hand, GRAPPLES his leg, CLUTCHES and THROWS him out.

WAVING his hands aimlessly -- in free fall the Soldier crashes to the ground beside the burning truck debris, hits it hard.

Blake PULLS out his pistol whilst hanging, shoots him in the head, he's dead.

An almost superhuman effect, Blake HOIST'S himself into the chopper.

HOBBS

watches him standing opposite, completely petrified. Blake firmly holding the pistol with two hands switches leg stance, the Pilot attempting to tilt him out. Hobbs wipes his SWEATY face.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Give me the case, now!

The PILOT, 50's, assertive, glances over to Blake and moves the cyclic stick to the left.

EXT. MARYLAND AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

The NSA Helicopter pans left, Blake inside, is visible stumbling back.

INT. NSA HELICOPTER - DARK - CONTINUOUS

Blake focuses, closes his eyes towards the Pilot, then AMPLIFIES his thoughts --

The Pilot clutches at his head in AGONY, releases off the cyclic.

Blake's eyes now back on Hobbs -- JABS twice, quick, Hobbs's head SPRINGS back, blood spitting from his mouth, he FALLS unconscious.

Blake glances left to the Pilot.

BLAKE

I only want the case, if you fly
this fucking thing properly, I'll
let you live!

PILOT

Sure son, sure!

The Pilot eases the thrust stick steady -- settles the helicopter, settles his nerveless hands.

Blake bends to the SLUMPED body of Hobbs, picks his cuffs and SNATCHES the briefcase.

BLAKE

Now take it down -- about ten feet!

THE PILOT

stares back, nods his head conforming, settles the helicopter to ten feet above the ground.

WITH THE CASE AND GUN

Blake JUMPS out, firing at the case in free fall, CRASHES on top of it, it BURSTS open -- under his feet, he's on the ground.

EXT. MARYLAND AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

CROUCHED on the case, he PULLS at it -- it SWINGS open inside is

a SILVER CYLINDER -- he takes it.

Blake focuses, looks at it, recalls a memory.

MEMORY:

INT. LEBANON - BMW X5 - NIGHT TIME

CHESTER

holds two cylinders inside a racing BMW in Lebanon, then

A MISSILE

impacts a mansion, it almost DISINTIGRATES. Eitan Rahman sitting beside Blake looks devastated, their eyes rest on the cylinders.

BACK TO SCENE:

Blake looks up, the helicopter in the distance thrusts forward.

With the cylinder, he walks towards his helicopter, dead soldiers, fire and SMOKE behind him.

INT. HOUSE - DARK

Tom sitting in a dark room, removes a military style PDA from a tough case, loads it, it shows a beacon, tracking the number 11001. Tom smiles.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT TIME

A dark sky with a fire red glow from the sun descending under Earth highlights the Pentagon from afar.

INT. PENTAGON - CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUPERTITLES:

THE PENTAGON, CRISIS ROOM

The National Military Command Centre (aka Crisis Room) of the Pentagon. An echoing space, huge conference table has military personnel sitting at it.

The SECRETARY SPEAKER, 50's, tall, dark hair, his sagged eyes hiding a great intelligence.

The Secret Service Director, GRACE HOWARD, Female, late 40's sits at the table waiting.

SPENCER, 42, Deputy Director of the National Security Agency steps forward, tall with fair hair, wears a focused look -- that confirms through lead.

The President and Secretary of Defence enter, flanked by some tall guarding Soldiers standing around the table.

SPENCER

Mr. President, we do have recon intel that shows an operation being led in Aden, is a recovery mission of some type -- however the DOD have confirmed that this is just a training exercise.

GRACE

I've just been briefed through leaked Blackwater intel that warship fleets are out there, this is no training exercise and those fleets must be recalled Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT

Contrary to the Senate Comity, I have CIA intel that indicates, this is anything but a training exercise, that it poses a grave threat to our countries National Security.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Mr. President we need to get a fleet of Raptors out there immediately.

THE PRESIDENT

Yes, but let me be clear Mr. Secretary, I want a peaceful exchange, if this is some rogue organisation using our men, I want the correct people to be held accountable --

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Deputy Spencer, send your best.

SPENCER

They've never failed a mission yet.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - EARLY MORNING

A fleet of six F-22 Jets loaded with missiles TEAR they sky in squadron formation over the black sea, sky black, their light beacons slowly beat.

ON THE BLACK SEA

are two US warships, the USS TRUXTUN and a large Aircraft carrier.

A dark shadow of a submarine waves under the water.

INT. USS FLORIDA SUBMARINE - LOW LIGHT

Four Navy Seals, from Petty Officer 2nd Class to Fleet Master stand in the control room.

Master Chief - EVANS, 43, Fair hair, tall and built watches the radar showing six oncoming F-22 jets.

CHEIF EVANS

Petty Officer Keene, have the SAM ready for lock on.

OFFICER KEENE

Sir, targets in sight, and we have lock on.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - DARK

The F-22's soar closer to the warship fleet zone.

IN THE F-22

The Pilot thumbs his mic.

F-22 PILOT

This is Flight leader US Airforce, Wolfhound 4, please identify your position we have permission to fire, repeat, we have permission to fire -- acknowledge.

INCOMING RADIO

(Chief Evans)

We are special Navy Seals Squad 4, this is a black, repeat, black operation, you have no jurisdiction here, we have declassified clearance, step down Wolfhound 4, repeat, step down -- this is restricted airspace.

F-22 PILOT

Sir, please identify your position?

RADIO (O.S.)
 Master Chief Evans, Commanding Chief
 of USS Florida for this mission.

(beat)
 this is a final request, step down
 Wolfhound 4...

IN THE F-22

David Baker TURNS, glances below through his canopy
 bubble, -- white lights under the water are VISIBLE
 (Navy Seal teams are cutting Hugo away from the seabed).
 Curious, he turns and flies low over the water.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - EARLY MORNING

THE F-22

ZIPS UP the water with shear velocity flying a hundred
 feet above the sea.

THE REMAINING F-22'S

turn and level height, synchronised they fly closer to
 the lead jet (David Baker), they TURN to him, narrowing,
 singling him out.

SECOND PILOT (O.S)
 Step down Wolfhound 4, repeat, step
 down.

David Baker rises tries to break formation, increases
 speed.

IN THE F-22

SECOND PILOT
 Do I have a green light, sir?

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
 (Evans)
 Fire at will, repeat, fire at will.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

A MISSILE SPRAYS OUT

chasing David Baker's F-22, the Raptor turns --

BOOM!

It EXPLODES, burning debris HURTLING into the water.

EXT. USS AIRCRAFT CARRIER - CONTINUOUS

Another F-22 LAUNCHES from the Aircraft carrier, joins formation of the fleet as they head out of the zone.

IN THE F-22

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)

(Evans)

Good hit Wolfhound 3!

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - DARK

The formation of F-22's at Mach 3 -- STREAK out of the zone.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT TIME

A large country house stands amidst the amazing Virginian country.

INT. SCHOL'S COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chester sits at a dark dining table, drinks a glass of whisky, looks ahead through the smoke.

SCHOL

(smoking Cuban cigar)

Well, I've got to give it to you
Chester, you're one tough son of a
bitch!

CHESTER (O.S.)

I am glad Seben was pissed! --

SCHOL

Do you want to know why, because
he's not only on the board of
Directors to the NSA, he also has
close ties with the Department of
Defence and their many umbrella's.

CHESTER

Really -- Tom's told me that he's
out in S4 back and forth like a
bogey sniffing around a NASA
shuttle...

SCHOL

That will likely be the black budget contracts he serves under --

CHESTER

(drinking)

You know Schol, he was out in Iraq back in 05, had a significant interest in the drone strikes, I have a feeling that he has everything to do with the low earth orbit weaponry --

SCHOL

That's why the nano agent interest him so much --

CHESTER

That stuff is alive, has the ability to self replicate.

Schol empties the glass down his throat, places it down then slowly looks to Chester.

SCHOL

Something tells me that we need to take it easy buddy.

CHESTER

Yeah maybe, but you've just been too busy living the high life Schol, my son's caught up in all of this and I've got to pull him off the radar again.

SCHOL

Yeah, well -- when you get a glimpse of some of the shit, living the high life is just the lesser of the two evils.

(serious and sombre)

I've given my dues for the country, Maggie told me she'd die listening to my bullshit -- I just wish I'd spent more time with my children before they all moved on.

(beat)

You know Chester, you should always stay close to your son, family is the only thing that keeps us sane in this fucking god forsaken world.

Schol pours another drink. Chester sombre has his glass refilled.

CHESTER

Thanks for the bullshit back there regarding Blake, you're about the only fucking Directors in the CIA that I can sit in the same room with.

Schol and Chester laugh.

Chester's cell vibrates, he looks at the phone screen.

It shows:

"Unknown ID"

he pushes the cell to his ear.

CHESTER

Hello Tom, Yeah, who was tapping your phone, your calls, shit -- where are you -- alright -- have you got my location?

Chester looks to Schol, waits...

CHESTER (cont'd)

Good see you soon --

Chester terminates the call, looks around sensing something.

CHESTER

It's just Tom -- he's coming by here -- he has something to tell me.

SCHOL

Good, the more the merrier -- he's another fucking trooper, like Blake, I'll tell you...

CHESTER

I need another favour sir.

SCHOL

Shoot!

CHESTER

I need to know where the fake
hit list came from, Fuller was a
good patriot, Seben is trying to
shut us down, I want to know why...

Schol looks to Chester, keeps a hold of his glass, elbow
resting on the table.

SCHOL

You know it's strange, the
source was anonymous, and when we
looked into it, the actual leaked
identity of the official didn't
exist...totally bogus...

Schol lifts the glass to swallow the last amount of
whisky down.

POP! SMASH!

The sound of glass popping from the window is heard,
Schol's whisky glass falls, smashes on the table.

His lifeless fingers release, there is a bullet in his
neck, a sniper round, blood sprays.

His eyes roll up to Chester.

CHESTER

IMMEDIATELY removes his gun, UNLOADS LEAD towards the
window, Schol chokes, sits back on the chair.

Chester dives, YANKS Schol's chair to the ground, it
tilts to the floor, his body a dead weight collapses near
Chester.

Schol looking at Chester tries to cover him, squabbles
up, an act of valour, he STRETCHES his shoulder onto
Chester who looks up in the commotion.

A MACHINE GUN

SPRAYS rounds through the front window, some shots tear
up the dark wooden floor behind Schol.

Some rounds PENETRATE into Schol's back -- he shudders,
eyes closed, but still NOT giving in to death.

Chester stumbles back onto a display cabinet near Schol, fires with precision through a broken window, takes cover behind the display cabinet.

A PICTURE

from the display cabinet FALLS to the ground next to Schol, dying he sees it under his pooling blood, his hand slowly TRIES to reach to it.

Chester raging at the BURSTS of rounds, UNLEASHES LEAD until his magazine is empty -- then quickly places the picture into Schol's hand.

Schol with a tier in his eye, dies holding the family picture -- of him when younger with his wife, son and daughter in their late teens.

Chester chokes up --

emotionally panting he looks around, LEAPS behind the kitchen diner unit.

Machine gun rounds SPITFIRE through the rear house window, Chester falls flat on the floor, SHOT in the leg, gasps in pain.

STRUGGLING he loads his final magazine, rolls onto his back, sensing the back door, LEANS to his shoulder, raises his gun steady.

An ASSASSIN, 30's, in dark clothes and balaclava blows the back door open.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Chester fires with haste, in sequence, the assassin STUMBLES dead into the house.

Chester looking to him, SQUATS UP for a moment, blood runs out from his lower leg. Afraid he remains behind the kitchen unit.

ANOTHER ASSASSIN, identical with black full clothing, head covered --

PLOUGHS through the front window, Chester shooting aimlessly, his hand resting over the diner top.

The machine gun obliterates the diner unit apart -- Chester fires back, CLICK. He's empty!

The Assassin, like a hunter, slowly draws closer to Chester.

The floor creaking with his large boots, he peers at Chester's crouching feet and the pooling blood behind the diner unit.

BLAM!

the Assassin SHUDDERS with a gunshot, he DROPS to his knees, then falls forward, his face embracing the ground.

Chester stands, limps forward, see's a hole in the back of the Assassin's head. Tom emerges through the window.

Chester stares, numb. Awed that Tom has arrived.

Tom with his gun POINTING, see's Schol dead, feels a grave sorrow. He takes a hold of Chester who stumbles onto him.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TOM (O.S.)
Come on Chester --

Tom places Chester into his Mercedes, RUNS around it, jumps inside.

INT. MERC - CONTINUOUS

It ROARS, then spins away from the country house.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Wheels spinning the Mercedes reaches 70 MPH on the country dirt road.

INT. MERC - CONTINUOUS

Tom shifts gear down, slides out of the farm, turning left, wheels spinning, straightens the wheel -- then turns to look at Chester.

Chester in AGONY rolls his window down, LAUNCHES his cell out the car, he removes his belt and ties it around his leg wound, stopping blood flow.

CHESTER
Bastards, they killed Schol,
he was harmless --

TOM

Let's get you to a hospital Chester.

Chester looks to Tom.

CHESTER

Where is Blake, you can track him
can't you?

TOM

He's keeping a low profile --
keeping his distance -- but he has
the cargo.

CHESTER

What did he do with Hobbs?

TOM

Hobbs is a fucking pencil pusher,
it's evident from the papers in his
briefcase that he's working for
aerospace intel, the recon papers
were directed for Nellis Air Force
Base.

(beat)

Blake didn't kill him --

CHESTER

Good, that's just the type of
redemption that may bring all
divisions together again.

Tom glances to Chester.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The black Mercedes whizzes past the road under the night
sky.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - SUNRISE

A BLACK HELICOPTER

flies through the crimson sky, flying low casts a shadow
on the blue sea water that appears gold reflecting
sunlight.

The black helicopter lands onto a Navy War ship.

Seben DESCENDS from the helicopter, he stands under the slowing rotors on the landing pad and gapes out towards the water.

TWENTY FOUR CHINOOK'S

hover over the blue and gold shimmering water.

The water SPURTS with the blast from the chopper blades, the Chinooks hover thirty to forty feet over the water --

TITANIUM HARNESESSES

locked and linked to them reaching out from the blue endless sea.

FOUR WARSHIPS

are positioned around each corner from the centre water plot, the Chinooks are in a SPHERE formation.

Two Apache Guardian helicopters LOADED with black missiles circle around the sea.

The black USS Florida AS3M SAM defence missile submarine surfaces like a phantom out of the sea.

INT. ARABIAN SEABED - BLUE

Harnesses wrap around the one mile diameter saucer, the titanium harnesses pull at the saucer, it RELEASES like a plug from the seabed, RISES to the surface of the water.

EXT. ABOVE ARABIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

The HUGE saucer EMERGES out of the water as the Chinooks slowly rise higher.

IN THE CHINOOK

CHINOOK PILOT (O.S.)
Nice and easy, Hugo is surfacing.

EXT. ABOVE ARABIAN SEA - SUNRISE

The IMMENSE amount of water slides off HUGO, a brown colour with an Aztec like texture REVEALS.

The Chinooks JOLT with the loss of sliding water, throttles ease.

Hugo shadows the water like a giant coin, the Chinooks slowly glide it east.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - CONTINUOUS

Seben stares in awe, eyes intrigued.

Two F-22 Raptors take off, afterburners hot, they follow the convoy of Chinook helicopters.

EXT. 30,000 FEET IN SKY - EARLY MORNING

A small jet glides in the sky slipping through clouds.

INT. SMALL JET - EARLY MORNING

Blake awakens, focuses his eyes in the plane. He feels the blue sports bag, the strap hooped through his arm.

Now ALERT he gazes ahead, his attention drawn in a group of seats, Blake notices --

another man of similar age -- THE ASSASSIN, 30's

GLARES at him, he looks Moroccan, sinister and out of place -- dressed in dark sports clothes.

Blake TURNS, looks outside at the clouds, then PULLS out a military style PDA from his pocket, (one that resembles Tom's).

He accesses the touch screen menu unlocking it with a three finger pressure combination, switches screen, it shows 11002 (Tom), the beacon flashes in the Virginia area.

Blake messages Tom, types the below:

"I am going to deposit the cargo, will contact you when I am there, keep the silence".

He switches to the POLL function, it returns a message:

"Transponder Found - 11016".

Blake takes a TIGHT hold of the sports bag, looks again to the Assassin, he watches Blake, makes eye contact.

Blake CLUTCHES AT HIS GUN, thinks, he looks down to the Assassin's feet, see's sneakers.

Blake LIFTS a small cushion, covers his gun with it, bobs up his head --

THE TOILET IS VACANT

Blake stands, places the sports bag over his shoulder, turns left from the seat and PACES away from the man towards the toilet.

The Assassin watching, STANDS and follows.

Blake opens the toilet door, throws the bag onto the top, stands behind the door, listens.

The Assassin approaches, looks in, hears the toilet flush behind the door, removes his gun discreetly, walks in POITING.

SLAM!

The door VICES on his wrist, the gun DROPPING inside the toilet basin, then he's PULLED into the toilet.

INT. TOILET - LIGHT

Blake closing the door with his left hand, JABS him three times on the face with fast rights, brilliant, in succession.

The Assassin coughs, stumbles back, locks arms with Blake, they BOUNCE around.

Blake takes his arm, breaks it, removes his gun -- SHOOTS him in the chest twice using the pillow to silence the gunshots.

The Assassin is dead, Blake throws the bloody pillow down and sets him onto the floor. He removes --

HIS SHOE

unfastens the shoe lace, WHIPS it out, places both guns into the sports bag, puts the bag onto his shoulder and then uses the shoe lace to --

loop around the inside DOOR LOCK knob.

Blake looking out for a moment closes the door, and -- PULLS the lace, the door locks from the inside.

Blake walks back to his seat.

INT. SMALL PLANE - CONTINUOUS

A slender AIR HOSTESS, 20's, attractive -- approaches.

AIR HOSTESS
Do you need anything sir?

BLAKE
Yes, can I have some water please?

Blake waits for her to leave, then removes his PDA again.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Chester behind Tom walks out of the hospital, his limp not as pronounced.

They exit the hospital, Tom removes his PDA looking into the distance to his Mercedes.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

His PDA flashes -- he reads the message from Blake, see's the beacon flashing of Blake's location.

TOM
(looking to Chester)
He's going to drop the cargo, he's
in the air Chester --

Tom closes the screen, the PDA loads a map of their location, triangulates the hospital, then --

Tom see's ANOTHER BEACON on screen, another Transponder code 11012.

CHESTER
What is it?

TOM
The unit has picked up another
transponder...and there's a message
that's just come in from Blake...

The message is shown on the PDA device:

"Our transponders have been hacked, be careful".

TOM (cont'd)
Shit, they can trace us...

Tom closes his eyes for a moment, thinks.

He opens his eyes, glaring at the Mercedes, takes the Merc remote, unlocks the car, nothing happens, he opens the TRUNK with the key, THE TRUNK DOOR flips open --

BOOOM!

The Mercedes EXPLODES, throws a HUGE FIREBALL in the air.

Neighbouring car alarms BLARE -- the Mercedes on flames LIGHTS UP the dark car park.

Tom looks to Chester, eyes in tune -- Tom approaches the Mercedes, THROWS his PDA into the orange fire.

THEY RUN

towards the cabs lined up outside the Hospital entrance and hop in.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

TOM

Drive please, just get us out of here!

CHESTER (O.S.)

Driver, take us to Hampton.

The DRIVER, African American, late 40's, plump, listens, turns back a moment, then PULLS away.

INT. HAMPTON - HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Chester opens his basement door, inside are --

WEAPONS --

Lots -- enough to strike on a small country, from grenades to machine guns, to heavy explosives.

INT. BASEMENT - LOW LIGHT

They enter in awe.

CHESTER

A couple of things I gathered over the years...

TOM

Let's fry some sleeping bastards!

CHESTER

We have to move quickly --

Tom fills a bag with grenades, checks some weapons, slips on a military uniform, loads himself with guns.

TOM

Do you want some good news old man?

CHESTER

Sure, what?

Chester slots a bullet round clip into a full automatic and straps it to himself.

TOM

Jane's alive, me and Blake fried the fuckers, did you think we'd do any less?

CHESTER

(laughing)

I knew it, you two sons of bitches would, and I didn't expect any less.

Tom removes a military style tough book computer (MTB) from a case, accesses a browser.

CHESTER (cont'd)

Now, let's see if my access is back --

Tom passes the MTB to Chester who loads a CIA clearance system, enters a series of passwords.

It loads a page showing Chester's details:

"CHESTER JOHNSON -- CIA DIRECTOR FOR TECHNOLOGY".

Chester accesses a page -- it shows a link to -- 11001, Chester clicks it -- it loads a MAP, shows a flashing beacon over the Indian Ocean.

CHESTER (O.S.)

There's our Blake -- he's off to the drop location...

(beat)

Now let's see.

Chester types an IP address into a browser, enters another series of passwords.

CHESTER
(into MTB)
Raven 145.

A DARPA screen loads, Chester enters a password.

CHESTER (cont'd)
Branither....

MTB SPEAKER
Surveillance systems online.

Chester looks to Tom in the reflection of the LCD light.

CHESTER
I need access to a Seben Heimlich,
NSA Senior Staff.

The system loads and shows Seben's details, after his name it has letters, CIA, NSA, NRO, NASA.

CHESTER
(turning to Tom)
No wonder he's on the board of
patriots...

CHESTER (cont'd)
Branither, I need a location.

Pause.

MTB SPEAKER
Access Denied, clearance inadequate.

TOM
There must be clearance levels above
Cosmic...

CHESTER
Shit...when did that happen? --

TOM
What about NSA Bluewater?

CHESTER
Branither, Get me into Aden Bluewater.

The MTB screen changes, loads another browser --

A window with 16 CCTV window boxes loads. The windows are black, the screen prompts for another password.

Chester thinks, presses enter, the CCTV boxes load with live camera images.

IN ONE CCTV WINDOW

Seben is visible standing next to the Scientists as they transfer the nano substance into a capsule.

Chester double clicks and enlarges the window to full screen.

CHESTER

There he is, we have to get there immediately

TOM

You won't have base access until tomorrow --

CHESTER

That's too late. There's only one person who I trust in all this Tom.

TOM

Lawson...?

CHESTER

Yeah -- how soon can you get to Virginia Beach?

TOM

About ten minutes in your Porsche...

CHESTER

Let's move.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - PAST MIDNIGHT

Chester and Tom enter the Black Porsche 911 -- the engine GROWLS -- spinning away out of the location.

INT. PORSCHE 911 - CONTINUOUS

Chester tilts his seat back, closes his eyes.

Tom's eyes shift right, he smiles -- then shifts gear, reaches 100MPH.

INT. ADEN NSA SEABASE - BRIGHT

A vast space. LCD screens are tiled on the walls, they show various locations from other bases to the moon.

This base is a Top Secret Research Facility for such Technology.

SUPERVISING SCIENTISTS

guarded by several armed soldiers stand beside Seben -- who locks the capsule into a silver case.

He takes the case and walks out of the room.

INT. SEA BASE CORRIDOR - BRIGHT

Black tiles throughout and a blue substance flowing on the ceiling renders the location nothing far from a spacecraft.

Seben with armed soldiers following, enters a lift.

The doors close.

EXT. BLUE SEA - ABOVE SEABASE - DAY

A glass lift rises out of the sea. Seben inside holds the silver case, the water slides off the glass like wax and the doors open.

WATER BLASTS

from a military utility helicopter lowering above the raised lift platform.

Seben places his hand over his forehead, blocking sunlight, looks up.

A harness belt is THROWN out, Seben attaches the case to it -- it's pulled up.

He then climbs up the released descending ladder -- into the helicopter.

A black uniformed soldier guides Seben into the helicopter, the cabin door closes and

RAPIDLY it pans away.

The sea lift descends in the background.

EXT. ADEN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The military helicopter flies over the water -- heading towards the Arabian Sea.

EXT. DWARKA STREETS - AFTERNOON

People flock everywhere -- the morning is busy.

Blake drives a white Jeep, taking a dirt road he exits from the traffic.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The blue sports bag sits on the passenger seat, Blake focused drives towards an old Vedic temple.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Blake off roads into a field -- drives some fifty yards, then stops.

EXT. DWARKA PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

The pine cone topped Vedic temple, a sandy brown like the plains STANDS ancient beside a DRIED UP WATER WELL.

Blake exits the jeep -- walks in the desolate location towards the well.

He SWINGS the sports bag onto his shoulder, and like a climber descends the well with his hands and feet.

INT. OLD WATER WELL - DARK

Carefully grip by grip, foot placing by placing he reaches the bottom.

A BLACK CASE

encased in rubbish comes to surface, Blake opens it, inside is --

An M-203 Grenade Launcher / Machine Gun with rounds.

Blake places it into his Sports Bag, zips it, ascends.

EXT. DWARKA PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

He swings over the well WALL and paces towards his white jeep.

EXT. OCEANA AIRBASE - PAST MIDNIGHT

JED LAWSON, 50's, tall, looks younger, quite athletic with brown going grey hair is focused. He's passionate about his position.

He watches an F-22 Raptor land outside -- at base. He turns and heads towards his desk, inside.

SOLDIER

General, we still have problems with the defence missile system, it's not fully operational.

GENERAL LAWSON

Get me someone Sergeant who knows what they're doing, where is Bradley?

SOLDIER (O.S.)

He's testing drones sir...

GENERAL LAWSON

Hell, I'll do it myself...

Lawson walks out of the hanger shelter, onto the runway, walks towards a large BMDS - Ballistic Missile Defence System Truck with the Soldier following him.

A Porsche 911 roars down the runway.

LAWSON

Now how the hell did they get in here?

The Porsche parks. Chester exits the vehicle under the light mast.

Lawson looks to him, smiles. He walks closer, shakes Chester's hand, then salutes Tom.

The soldier beside Lawson salutes Chester and Tom.

LAWSON

We have two fine soldiers here!

CHESTER

How are you keeping Jed?

LAWSON

I am well...I am going to be a grandfather soon so I can't have done that bad (laughing).

(beat)

How are you Tom, and how's Blake, is he recovering?

TOM

Blake is Blake, you know him, up and down like a fucking YoYo.

Lawson smiles briefly.

LAWSON

Come on in to my office, I usually don't drink on duty but I have a nice bottle of bourbon, and there's some left.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE DESK - EARLY MORNING

Lawson in thought, recalling the past opens a filing cabinet, removes a bottle of Bourbon.

He pours a shot into some empty beakers taken from the hot drinks vend machine.

CHESTER

We need a favour from you Jed?

LAWSON

For you Chester, sure -- what is it?

Lawson passes the drinks around.

CHESTER

I need something that can clock around five thousand aeronautical miles.

(dramatic beat)

I need to get to Yemen in a few hours...

LAWSON

(drinking and serious)
You're kidding right?

CHESTER

No -- It's a matter of National Security.

Chester takes a drink.

LAWSON

That's just fitting for you Chester, what is it -- (serious) what's happening?

CHESTER

Hugo, they're trying to activate it, you remember Cambodia...

Tom drinks his bourbon looking at the two men.

Lawson concerned -- thinks.

LAWSON

What makes you think they won't intervene?

CHESTER

They will, if they need to.

LAWSON

How's a Locust, that can clock around seven thousand?

Chester smiles.

CHESTER

You've got one?

LAWSON

(laughing)
You know me Chester...

INT. HANGER - DARK

The lights of the hanger flicker on. The space is ULTRA WHITE from ceiling lighting.

Lawson glances towards Chester and Tom, they carry large military bags loaded with weapons.

A DESK

is the only thing visible inside the giant hanger. On it is a BLACK SLATE type device -- Lawson takes it.

Lawson places his hand onto the slate, it glows blue around his fingers.

The suspended ceiling of the hanger SLIDES OPEN, revealing a cloaked --

ASTRA LOCUST TR3B craft (or similar).

The invisibility of the craft fades, revealing a Jet Black equilateral triangle craft -- MAGNIFICENT in every way.

LAWSON

Now, I know we done our dues to make these things a reality, and I don't have to tell you how to fly that thing -- but it's the price of a small continent, just don't blow it up -- or I will LOOSE my balls Chester.

(beat)

That's if anything can catch it of course.

CHESTER

You know me too Lawson, and it's in safe hands --

LAWSON

(raising brow)

Yeah, I do. Alright, Good.

Chester and Tom watch in awe -- the black STEALTH BAT of the night lowers -- gliding.

It descends to ten feet from the hanger base.

A LIFT DOOR

lowers from the rear base of the craft. Lawson hands Tom the black slate device.

Chester and Tom walk towards it.

LAWSON (O.S.)

Good luck soldiers, who knows I may join you... God's Speed!

They enter the craft.

Lawson pushes the hanger door button -- the huge sliding doors of the hanger track-slide open.

The TRIANGLE hovers out of the hanger, then rises -- bolts ahead at great speed.

INT. TR3B CRAFT - DARK

The low light super futuristic craft is smooth, the centrifuge glows blue.

The centre console tracks incoming threats, a radar that tracks everything in the sky within a twenty mile radius from the craft - ULTRA FUTURISTIC.

Chester and Tom tilt, flat on their stomachs face down.

Tom with eye's closed -- wears a helmet integrated into the chair that makes contact with his cranium.

Tom THINKS of Aden and the craft takes him there.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - DAY

The 24 Chinook helicopters slow with Hugo suspended underneath them.

INT. CHINOOK - DAY

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)

(Seben)

Steady, that will do it...

PILOT

Roger that major.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - DAY

The Chinook's hover static -- in perfect circular formation -- several hundred feet above the water.

SEBEN'S BLACK HELICOPTER

approaches -- flies in between the Chinooks, hovers in the centre -- above Hugo, then slowly descends.

THE CABIN DOOR OPENS

of the black helicopter -- ladders are thrown down.

A Soldier exits and descends the ladders.

The helicopter in the mild wind lowers -- the soldier
JUMPS a few feet LANDING onto Hugo.

UNDER THE BLURRED ROTORS

Seben -- wearing military uniform and headgear, throws
the silver case down to the Soldier. He climbs down the
ladders, assisted by the Soldier, he steps onto Hugo.

SEBEN (O.S.)
(into Microphone)
Here we go men!

He opens the silver case, removes the silver capsule
that contains the fluid, bends to the centre of Hugo.

A CIRCULAR INDENT

at the centre of Hugo -- stars out lines separating the
saucer into twelve segments like the Zodiac, lines that
reach the end of the one mile craft.

Seben pushes the capsule, it slides open.

THE CAPSULE

half containing ALL the GOLD fluid CONNECTS into the
centre. The substance empties -- FILLS the centre of
the craft.

Then LIKE HEAT the substance DISPERSES into each Segment
line.

Seben removes the EMPTY capsule.

The substance GLOWS blue, alive - it penetrates into the
craft skin -- the entire saucer EMITS a blue ripple of
brilliant blue light from the centre, like an ECHO.

Their eyes SPARK with more life, they feel the pulse
under their feet.

The substance alive becomes a part of the craft.

Seben looks to the soldier in awe, they climb the
ladders of the helicopter hovering above.

The craft then RISES, remains static, the Chinooks
titanium harnesses jolt with the weight of Hugo released
off them.

Seben Hangs from the ladders, blades CHOPPING above him.

SEBEN
 (into mic and shouting)
 Now I want you to take it up by a
 hundred feet!

The Chinooks increase altitude taking Hugo up with them.

Seben climbs into the Cabin door, returns to his
 helicopter.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - DAY

SEBEN
 Good, good, now release the
 harnesses.

RADIO (O.S.)
 (Chinook Pilot)
 Affirmative sir.

EXT. AROUND HUGO - CONTINUOUS

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Like gas released explosions -- in sequence the HUGE
 hooks holding the harness blow off the Chinook's, the
 chains from around Hugo slide off, all RELEASING.

The chains CRASH into the water.

The MOTHERSHIP is free.

It PULSES BLUE again vaporising the seabed coral from
 off its surface.

Then silent it remains static over the Arabian Sea.

Two F-22's zoom past in the above sky.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - DAY

Seben smiles, takes his cell phone, presses a hotkey,
 pushes it to his ear.

SEBEN
 Slater, you have a green light, Hugo
 is stable and awake.

Seben looks at a tracker showing 11001 -- the beacon is flashing.

SEBEN (cont'd)

I can't believe he's still alive --
get a position on him, he has the
remaining substance, and make sure
you kill him!

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - LIGHT

Much like a tunnelled out military base, it's raw stone,
with lighting and minimal furniture.

SLATER, 50's, Tall, Grey hair, is a soldier never
wanting to grow old, has bulging muscular arms covered
with military tattoos.

Slater places his cell phone down whilst walking through
a corridor.

He enters into a room.

INT. BASE ROOM - LOW LIGHT

Sixteen soldiers lay asleep on beds, tall, built, all
similar, like clones -- solid - made for war. Slater
looks to them.

SLATER (O.S.)

(shouting)

White Gecko Surfaces!

COLLECTIVELY their EYES OPEN -- They all sit up,
activated, ready.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - AFTERNOON

Blake's white Jeep bounces on an uneven dirt road at 50
MPH.

Farm fields are visible in the distance.

ONCOMING

a Black Jeep roars forward.

An Indian man to the side of the dirt road -- obviously
walks his dozen white Indian cows -- their bells
"clanging" and humps waving.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks to the Indian man to the left of the road, then his attention turns to the Black Jeep becoming visible.

Blake brakes to a SKIDDING STOP.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Road dirt and dust coughs up.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake focuses to the black jeep materialising under the sun's heat wave.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The Jeep driver, SNIPER, 35, Dark Hair, Turkish in appearance sees Blake, he SLIDES the Jeep to the side of the road SLIDING TO A STOP.

A SNIPER RIFLE

pokes through the down sliding door window, rests. The Sniper adjusts the scope quickly.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The White Jeep reverses at speed, turns as though SKATING ON ICE, faces the opposite direction -- amidst the white cows.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Whilst counter steering the wheel straight, a SHOT

SCREAMS through the rear windscreen, glass SHATTERED and white Cows ROAMING LOOSE around the vehicle.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The emaciated Indian man DIVES onto the ground, white cows, udders and bells dangling around him, he watches the White Jeep race away.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper takes aim -- the white jeep fading almost 300 yards away.

KATOOF!

a shot BLARES like a cannon bolting through the air.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake with almost extra sensory perception ducks -- his head -- it touching the passenger seat --

THE HEAD REST

obliterates into TUFTS of material.

The wheel turning and Jeep raising forward he sits up, looks in his rear view mirror, STAMPS his foot on the gas.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper swings his rifle IN -- he STARTS the Jeep.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

FOOT DOWN, he races towards the white Jeep which has vanished from view.

EXT. DWARKA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The white Jeep turns a sharp right -- INTO shanty houses.

SMASH!

-- The houses KICK UP like playing cards.

Avoiding several building, the white Jeep trawls through some empty shanty houses.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Mud on the windscreen, wipers waving, the engine revs.

Blake focuses, looks back, slides left panning the tail.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Bike Rickshaws, and vacant cow trailer bounce off the Jeep.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Relieved, Blake joins a clear dirt road - looks behind --
THE BLACK JEEP follows.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Cutting through the shanty homes, people SCURRY, clothe
lines wrecked, the black Jeep follows Blake's mess.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake removes his pistol, around a hundred yards ahead of
the black jeep -- reaches out through the window, hand
above the Jeep roof, he fires.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The black Jeep swerves taking the SHOT on its door.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper rages, PLANTS his foot onto the gas, the
needle struggles past 100 MPH.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks through his REAR VIEW mirror --
the black Jeep NEARS,
he STAMPS his foot on the gas, engine hot
TIRED the White Jeep reaches 100 MPH and races forward.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The persistent Sniper takes his gun --

SHOOTS HIS WINDSCREEN

takes cover of the onslaught of GLASS through velocity,
he clears it whilst driving with the rifle...then -

-- rests his rifle onto the STEERING WHEEL whilst driving
and takes another shot.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The nearside tyre blows off the white Jeep -- RUBBER FUSING, the white jeep DRIFTS to the left, people shouting - a near miss.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake pulls the steering wheel to the right -- COUNTER STEERS -- through the muddy slide.

The dashboard lights flash, radiator LEAKING -- overheating, it bounces on the road, DYING!

EXT. SHANTY VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The black Jeep nears by some fifty yards from the white Jeep - DEADLY CLOSE.

The Sniper takes his rifle, smiles, rests it on the wheel again.

THEN --

The white Jeep in front takes an EXTREME RIGHT into another street sticking to the ground like a rally car.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake thinks, PULLS at the blue bag --

THE GRENADE LAUNCHER!

he pulls it out -- rolls down the passenger window and slips the sports bag onto his shoulder.

In the FURY, Blake pulls the wheel to a hard left, the Jeep tilts, slides on the driver side.

Blake LEAPS with the grenade launcher in his hand.

EXT. SHANTY VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The white jeep slides on its driver side, Blake slides up through the passenger door window -- holds the grenade launcher, villagers in awe.

The sliding jeep stops.

THE BLACK JEEP EMERGES the corner.

Blake - locks the gun - timed to perfection.

KAATUMP!

The grenade launch's like an air cannon --

BOOOM!

The Sniper and the black Jeep are SMOKE - the Jeep EXPLODES, front rises off the ground, bonnet flapping like a fire breathing DRAGON snapping, rubber tyres still turning on fire.

The Sniper on fire bounces around - a dead weight.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper lurched forward, is tangled in the mess.

INT. WHITE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Blake pushes his foot off the steering wheel --

EXT. SHANTY VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

He LEAPS out of the white Jeep, TURNS and DIVES into a bike trailer with the blue sports bag, clutching at the grenade launcher.

INT. BIKE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The Indian trailer driver pedals away for his life, he can see what is going to happen...

EXT. SHANTY VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The black Jeep DOGS with force into the back of the white Jeep, hurtling forward at 40 MPH, both Jeeps EXPLODE, fuel tanks ROARING up smoke into the sky.

Car WRECKAGE in the background BLARES flames.

EXT. YEMEN FIELDS - DAY

Great mountains are visible in the background.

Chopper blades BELT through the cover of trees.

Four Green Giant helicopters carrying heavy guided missiles -- sit on the ground - the A-GEN soldiers run inside the helicopters - 4 Teams.

Slater casual, the final one with a cigar RESPIRING in his mouth climbs into the helicopter. He carries a machine gun -- the cabin door closes.

The Green Giants despatch from the location, one by one.

INT. GREEN GIANT - CONTINUOUS

Slater checks a hand held tracker -- it tracks 11001, the beacon flashes -- he smiles, takes a deep drag then puffs out heavy smoke.

EXT. OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN - DARK

Over the Atlantic ocean a thunder can be heard in the distant sky.

The TR3B flies at 5000MPH through the sky at 40,000 feet.

EXT. DWARKA VILLAGE - DAY

Blake cut and bruised sits inside the moving wagon trailer with his blue sports bag, he checks his PDA tracker.

He watches the beacon moving over the North Atlantic ocean very quickly.

The driver pedals the bike faster.

BLAKE

Here, stop here.

Blake pays the man in dollars, climbs out of the wagon and takes his bag.

He is outside of the Sandy Building.

INT. SCIENTIFIC LAB - DAY

Eitan sits eating, there is a beep on the intercom, he looks to the camera screen -- see's Blake.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Eitan opens the door.

EITAN

God Blake, what happened to you?

There are bruises and blood stains on Blake, his top is torn.

BLAKE

Good to see you too. I managed to secure this...

Inside the blue sports bag is a silver cylinder.

Blake enters the building.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Eitan handles the new silver cylinder.

EITAN

I have made some remarkable discoveries with this fluid Blake.

BLAKE

Good, because we need to hurry, Chester will be in the zone soon -- and I don't think I can get there in time.

EITAN

I am doing my best here Blake.
(beat)
Now watch...

A DROP OF THE NANO SUBSTANCE

is dropped onto a metal plate by an eye dropper --

Eitan places another heavy metal plate onto that.

Using the eye dropper he places a small amount of fluid into a clay like explosive.

Then MOULDS the explosive around the drop -- wearing gloves.

A WIRE is attached to the explosive.

He places the clay explosive into a explosion tank -- then places the metal plates into a bullet proof case.

Walking backwards holding a detonator, he looks to Blake, and

CLICKS.

The clay EXPLODES -- then the metal plates EXPLODE.

The plates are --

LIQUID METAL -- slowly they solidify again.

INSIDE THE EXPLOSION TANK

the fluid hovers blue -- static from the eradicated clay explosive, it's untouched.

It then falls to the base of the tank.

Eitan looks satisfied.

EITAN

One drop can blow apart any metal --
it's extremely responsive.

(beat)

It is mainly A.I. in its origin,
once I ionise it, it becomes
magnetic, and it has a very high
quantum resonance. Which means if
we combine all of this substance
together and then separate it,
whatever we do to one part of it,
has the same effect on the other
substance....

BLAKE

So if you heat it, what happens?

EITAN

Its state of gravity changes, I think
it powers the craft by activating an
electrical A.I. nervous system, then
once the fluid beds into the fabric
of the spacecraft with an electrical
charge -- it causes the craft to
rise -- to fly.

Blake concentrates, then checks his PDA his wolf sense
sniffing again...

BLAKE

I've just been tipped off by NSA --
Hugo has been extracted -- and they
have a bearing on my location.

EITAN

Shit, they will be here, what should we do?

BLAKE

This is good, you say it's quantum, right -- well we will let them have it.

EITAN

What, you're kidding right?

BLAKE

No -- I am not.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - AFTERNOON

Two Green Giant helicopters approach, head towards Hugo.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

SEBEN

Take me down onto the USS Truxtun.

The pilot looks back to Seben, acknowledges -- then pans the helicopter towards the war ship.

EXT. OVER ARABIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

The black helicopter flies towards the USS Truxtun and lands.

INT. USS TRUXTUN - CONTROL ROOM - LIGHT

CHIEF MASSY, early 50's -- Captain of the ship is stocky but short, he's a patriot to his country, he watches a radar screen, sweat forms on his brow in the Arabian heat.

CHIEF MASSY

(into radio)

We have two unknown helicopters heading this way.

Chief Massey glances around, soldiers around him leave the control room.

CHIEF MASSY (cont'd)

Sabreclaw Team Niner -- do you read me?

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
 Loud and clear Chief Massy -- do we
 have permission to engage ?

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The F-22's turns and fly towards the two Green Giants.

IN THE F-22

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
 (Chief Massy)
 Fire at will, they can't enter this
 zone!

EXT. USS TRUXTUN LANDING PAD - CONTINUOUS

Rotors whirring, the black helicopter has LANDED - the
 cabin door OPENS --

Seben JUMPS out and with urgency heads towards the
 control room.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The F-22's scramble towards the Green Giant helicopters.

IN THE GREEN GIANT

A fair haired A-GEN Soldier, 30's, the Pilot, stares
 ahead, can hear them approaching.

PILOT
 They're going to get cooked.

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
 (2nd Giant Pilot)
 Oh yeah!

EXT. ABOVE ARABIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

LIKE THE SOUND OF THUNDER

two air defence missiles launch out the water from the
 USS Florida Submarine, they reach 3000 MPH -- a
 continuous ascend then

BOOM! BOOM!

impact the two F-22 Jets.

The F-22's EXPLODE with a MIGHTY ROAR and rain FIRE ahead of the two Green Giants.

IN THE GREEN GIANT

PILOT
We have extinct raptors!

INT. USS TRUXTUN - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF MASSY
What the fuck!

Seben approaches behind Chief Massy in a pant, removes his gun.

Chief Massy turns, looks to Seben.

CHIEF MASSY
You -- fucking traitor!

BANG!

Chief Massy stumbles back onto the radar apparatus -- SHOT in the chest, blood streaks the apparatus, he falls to the base of the ship.

Navy soldiers PACE into the control room -- not shocked -- they have already been briefed.

SEBEN
Now if you boys want an extensive amount of money, you'll listen to me very carefully...

EXT. ABOVE USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The two Apache Guardian's take off from the USS Bainbridge -- and streak away.

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Chief of the ship -- CHIEF THOMAS, late 40's with fair hair is apprehensive -- a regular high ranking Chief. Navy Seals stand around him.

CHIEF THOMAS
We have a code red situation, single them two Giants out, give them all you have, they are approaching this ship!

EXT. ABOVE USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The two Apache helicopters take off from the Bainbridge, and fly out - yards away from the Bainbridge.

A few hundred yards away --

IN THE GREEN GIANT

The Pilot sets his switch that arms the missiles.

PILOT

Fire!

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

Two cruise missiles LANCE out from the Green Giant --

The Apache's -- still cold, ERUPT fifty feet away from the Bainbridge - the Apache's CRASH into the water.

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF THOMAS

(frantically)

Get on deck -- shoot those fucking
choppers out of the sky!

The Navy seals run out.

One Green Giant flies ahead, it hovers over the USS Bainbridge.

GUN SHELL sounds KLANG under the chopper - a Navy seal fires up the helicopter from below.

IN THE GREEN GIANT

An A-GEN SOLDIER, 34, slides the door open -- NO FEAR -- links a harness cable inside the chopper then slides out

-- DOWN the cable --

SHOOTING his machine gun -- the Navy Seal below drops dead.

The A-GEN Soldier lands beside him, snarls looking down.

MORE A-GEN SOLDIERS

Slide down harness cables - like an SAS team - they PACE into all directions - penetrate the USS Bainbridge.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A-GEN's begin cutting down Navy Seals, firing with MACHINE LIKE precision, CUTTING down, moving forward.

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GULLY - CONTINUOUS

A Navy Seal - with his finger on the trigger -- fires a machine gun into an A-GEN, he stumbles onto his knees.

Then FIRES back --

the Seal FLIES back -- his gun firing, he's dead.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Green Giant hovering in the air -- pans around, LAUNCHES another missile --

to a Chinook helicopter, with an IMMENSE CHAINSAW GRIND -- it EXPLODES.

Smoking black it crashes into the water and sinks -- DEVASTATION everywhere.

HUGO static in the background.

INT. USS TRUXTUN - CONTINUOUS

SEBEN

(into Radio)

Chief Thomas, do I have your attention, I am the commanding officer in these waters now!

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF THOMAS

(into Radio)

You're going to go to hell for this Seben!

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The invisible equilateral triangle soars in the sky three thousand feet above Hugo.

INT. TR3B - DARK

The Front of the craft becomes TRANSPARENT --

Chester and Tom's seats TILT UP.

Their body cage opens, they stand and look OUT --

The immense diameter of HUGO is visible shadowing above the Arabian Sea -

LIKE a small Pearl Harbour a graveyard of BURNING and SMOKING helicopters and aircraft is visible on the water surface.

CHESTER

Jesus Christ, we have a war zone out here!

TOM

Seben's down there Chester, the bastard can't detect us in this.

(beat)

I can make it down there and can get onboard that Sub, then we can start having some fun...

CHESTER

Alright... but be careful Tom.

Chester and Tom look to one another. Tom takes the black slate - places his hand onto it -- it glows blue - he controls the craft lowering it.

TOM

I wonder where Blake is...

Chester is silent for a moment.

CHESTER

He'll be with us soon Tom.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The TR3B lowers slowly to a hundred feet above the roof of the surfaced submarine.

INT. TR3B - DARK

Tom places on an invisibility uniform -- and a parachute, takes his gun, a small bag containing explosives.

He looks below --

A DOOR slides open beside his feet, the gentle gust of the sea enters the craft -- it's inertia fields locking off in the static hover.

Tom turns back, looks to Chester -- then JUMPS OUT.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

TOM FREE FALLS

through the sky clutching his bag-- like a sky dive he directs himself straight down -- then pulls his invisible layered parachute before LANDING.

He eyes HUGO in awe during the descent.

With KEY HOLE precision he gently lands onto the Submarine -- running. He cuts the shoot away.

He looks ahead, can see the other Navy ships and the decimation of helicopters and craft, there ahead --

The two GREEN GIANT helicopters CHOP the sky facing away from him.

He MAGNETIZES three explosives onto the Sub at one side, then another three on the other side.

From his bag he removes a liquid and --

POURS it onto the HATCH DOOR, the DOOR centre

DISINTIGRATES with the HIGH strength acid --

He disposes the bag, clutches at his gun, Opens the hatch door, its LOCK out of commission and --

DROPS into the Submarine.

INT. LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

The NANO PLASMA has been mixed and separated.

Eitan carefully places it back into the separate cylinders.

EITAN

They are ionised, magnetic, and now resonate with one another.

BLAKE

Good, now we need to get some of
this into Hugo.

Blake's hearing tunes into the oncoming chopper blades.

He delves into the sports bag - removes the spare Pistol
- THROWS it to Eitan -- he catches it, his eyes fixed to
Blake.

Eitan cocks the pistol, looks at the gun -- rarely using
them.

Blake reloads his Beretta 92FS, they wait...

BLAKE

Sshhhh!

Blake's ears ring, a high frequency tone SCREAMS in his
head, he bends clutching at his head.

FLASHBACK:

IN A DARK WAREHOUSE:

The same high frequency sound RINGS in Blake's ears --
he's on his knees looking at a soldiers boots, it's all a
blur.

BACK TO SCENE:

Blake turns, regains his SENSES -- stands, steps back
POINTING the gun towards the DOOR.

THEN --

he turns instinctively towards the large windows.

A helicopters blade is heard - NOW CHOPPING - above the
flat roof.

Two men, A-GEN'S, dressed in black military uniforms,
with harnesses swing -- CRASHING through the glass
windows --

THEIR MACHINE GUNS FIRING

BLAKE

Get down!

Blake dives, takes cover behind a lab bench.

He fires to one A-GEN still swinging in - NOT yet on the GROUND -- his harness still latched.

The A-GEN slides out of the building, smashing into the other windows - A MESS.

EXT. OUTSIDE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Green Giant above, DRAGS the dead A-GENS body, people sixty feet below gasp and scream through the beeping sound of the motorcycles.

EITAN
You bastards!

EITAN

on the GROUND behind a lab bench STANDS HEROIC and fires towards the other A-GEN shooting his legs, MISSING vital targets.

A SPRAY OF --

Machine gun rounds fries Eitan -- he shudders with several rounds, BLOWS back - his bloodied white overall SMOKING - he's dead.

Blake rolls shooting the wounded A-GEN --

BANG! BANG!

Shot straight to the head -- the A-GEN collapses -- dead.

Blake stands -- looks around -- GUN POINTING, he pants.

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR -- CRUNCH!

The door KICKS through - another A-GEN!

Blake JUMPS back SHOOTING in mid air --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The A-GEN unleashes his machine gun off target -- his chest and neck SPRAY blood - he kneels to the ground, then falls forward, dead.

Blake TURNS -- focusing on a roof top outside through the shattered glass.

It's around twenty feet below his window -- helicopter still hovering above him.

Then --

CLUTCHING his head, he

STUMBLES onto the ground -- that SOUND again SCREAMS his eardrums out, even louder.

Blake turns -- eyes GLARING --

SLATER stands in the doorway.

Blake slowly raises his gun through the pain. -- CLICK!
It's empty!

SLATER
(laughing)
Now! Now! Be a good dog!

Slater releases his finger off a small black device that stops pulsing Blake's cranial implant.

Blake gasps.

A huge A-GEN, RORY, 36, with huge arms, made for war, passes from behind Slater, throws his gun down, approaches Blake with rage.

Arms swinging, they fight hand to hand, brilliantly, SMASH, Blake crunches his jaw -- ducks his punches.

They lock arms, lock legs. Blake takes a heavy punch in the face.

Blake jabs - kicks his leg back, Rory slips, swings at Blake - CRUNCH -- in his face -- Blake launches backwards.

Then Blake stands, dive kicks Rory, he stumbles back, CRASHES into the wall cabinet's destroying them. Rory still standing wipes the dust off his shoulders.

He smiles and walks closer to Blake -- ducks another punch -- SMASHES a huge hook to Blake's face -- he falls on the ground, still, silent.

FLASHBACK:

Blake is given electric shocks in his fingers, he sits on a chair jolting - can hear soldiers talking in the background.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(echoing with light pulses)
He's a tough son of a bitch...we can use him.

BACK TO SCENE:

Rory takes Blake's legs, pulling him.

Blake sliding comes back to the room -- he clutches at the floor -- RORY bends his legs forward -- his knees almost touching his face.

SLATER (O.S.)
That's it, break his fucking back!

Blake reaches to Rory's testicles, takes a hold, almost liquefying them.

AGONY!

Rory stumbles back. Blake flips up, punches him in the face, then kicks him in the testicles again.

Rory screams rage, grabs Blake - lifts him over his head, THROWS him --

CRASH!

Blake lands onto the bench, cylinders fall to the ground, Blake lays face down amidst the apparatus.

REDEMPTION!

Blake slowly opens his eyes - beside him the blue bag - in that, the

MACHINE GUN

Blake pulls it out - RORY approaches, Blake turns, raises the gun --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Rory's -- EYES WIDE -- looks down, stomach SPILLING, he's dead - dives flat onto his blood.

SLATER
Grand Canyon is silent!

Blake falls to the ground like a deactivated machine.

SLATER
You're still a hard mother fucker,
even after a decade Omega 11001!

Blake's eyes flutter -- the words echo in Blake's ears.

FLASHBACK:

Blake watches the white ceiling lights, his vision blurred from a dose of chemical agents.

He can hear his own panting, then --

ECHO (O.S.)
You don't even know who you are, or
what you have done...

BACK TO SCENE:

Slater steps over Eitan's dead body. The lab a mess -- blood, glass and A-GEN bodies scattered everywhere.

Slater's phone rings, he answers.

SLATER
Hello, Seben great timing, yes they
are here -- one, two, three
cylinders...all of them -- jackpot!
(beat)
I have him here, he's alive -- no --
I have a good last mission for him.
(beat)
He's as good as dead anyway...

INT. USS TRUXTUN - DARK

Seben terminates the call.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - AFTERNOON

A Fleet of F-22 Raptors flies just under the sound barrier reaching the Hugo zone.

IN THE F-22

General Lawson flies the F-22, see's Hugo below through his canopy bubble.

LAWSON
 (into Mic)
 This looks dirty!
 (beat)
 Engage, Blazer Team!

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The F-22's SPRAY out AIM-120 missiles, they reach Mach 4, penetrate into the USS Truxtun.

BOOOM!

Aircraft on the ship EXPLODE and hurtle into the water.

INT. USS TRUXTUN - CONTINUOUS

Seben STUMBLES, the ship ROCKS with impact. He clutches looking around in the BLARE of the alarm, the Soldiers are leaving the ship - leaving him behind --

Seben exits from the control room.

EXT. USS TRUXTUN - CONTINUOUS

Seben RUNNING, enters a helicopter - the blades turn.

INT. TR3B - DARK

Chester looks out, can see the F-22 scrambling the skies - watches a Green Giant helicopter take impact from another AIM sidewinder - tearing through the sky.

CHESTER
 (beaming)
 You son of a bitch Lawson!

INT. USS FLORIDA SUB - STORE ROOM - DARK

Tom inside a store room, takes his gun, looks at his detonator - can hear the explosions close by.

He detonates --

Like METAL CRYING AND CREEKING the Submarine's EXPLODES - ROCKS then - alarms Blare -- beacons FLASHING.

IN THE F-22

Lawson watching below see's the explosion of the Submarine.

LAWSON

You see that Blazer Team, our boys are out there!

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)

Copy that Major, loud and clear!

INT. USS FLORIDA SUB - GULLY - DARK

Tom LEAPS out into the Gully.

An ONCOMING SOLDIER, realises breach, carries his gun.

Tom DUCKS, points, FIRES -- BANG!

The Soldier falls dead -- into the water that flows into the Submarine.

With furtiveness, he runs on, Chief Evans watches Tom -- aims his gun towards him --

BANG!

Tom stumbles, shot in the shoulder, he FALLS to the ground --

TURNS --

BANG! BANG!

Chief Evans falls dead -- SHOT in the head.

Tom stands, his shoulder injured again. He carries his gun and enters into the control room slowly.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty.

INCOMING RADIO (O.S)

(from Green Giant)

USS Florida, take these fucking Raptor's out, acknowledge -- this is General Slater!

Tom EYES glare - they recall Slater.

INT. GREEN GIANT - CONTINUOUS

Slater pilot's the helicopter, another two A-GEN'S, sit behind Slater.

Blake slumped on the ground is silent.

He has a FLASHBACK:

A lab, Blake is paralysed, a transponder is inserted into his neck, he faces forward eyes open feeling the operation -- can see the feet of people - they appear to be Scientists walking around him.

BACK TO SCENE:

SLATER
(into radio)
Acknowledge Evans, acknowledge!

INCOMING RADIO (O.S)
Evans is dead, where is Johnson?

SLATER
(laughing)
Oh, he's in good hands, but he's not functioning right now, you see, he only obeys my command!

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The water is beginning to gush into the control room.

TOM
Wrong, you fucking faggot!

INT. GREEN GIANT - CONTINUOUS

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
(Tom screaming)
Red for Peace !

Blake's eyes open, he breathes a deep breath -- stands with light speed.

An A-GEN turns and looks to Blake.

SLATER
(reacting)
No shooting onboard this chopper!

The tall A-GEN LUNGES with a knife -- Blake steps back -
- takes his hand, elbows him in the face - CRACK!

Blake opens his arms wider - JUMP KNEE'S him in the face
- the second A-GEN joins in -- and approaches.

CRACK - Blake punches A-GEN1 in the face, then in the
neck, his knife falls to the helicopter ground.

-- Blake ducks a kick from A-GEN2, dives, POWER SWEEPS
A-GEN2, takes the knife, A-GEN2 falls onto it - knife in
his NECK.

A-GEN1 tries to kick Blake's ribs, he blocks, twists his
leg, pulls him to the ground.

Blake pulls his knife from his lower leg holder, and

CUTS

his transponder from his neck - recalling his flashback.

Blake throws the metal capsule to the ground, hand
bloodied, stands.

- SLATER tilts the chopper - BLAKE stumbles, holds the
cabin door handle, then opens it.

With arms and hands wide apart he waits for A-GEN1 to
stand.

A-GEN1 looks to the knife - Blake throws it.

A-GEN1 stands, Blake moves around the helicopter, lines
A-GEN1 up with the door - then --

JUMP KICKS A-GEN1 out of the helicopter. He flies to
the water.

SLATER
(fearful)
Grand Canyon is silent, Grand Canyon
is silent!

Nothing happens -- Blake sitting, slowly stands -
redemption burning in his eyes.

His eyes GLARE at SLATER.

Slater GLARES back -- now AFRAID of his creation.

He thinks, sets the helicopter into auto pilot, takes his GUN.

He raises the GUN towards Blake - wind blowing in from the open cabin door.

Blake focuses, and closes his eyes, looks to Slater.

Slater CLUTCHES at his head, fires two shots off target.

BANG!

Blake nicked in the shoulder CONTINUES, grapples with Slater.

He punches Slater's wind pipe, then CRACKS his nose, pushing it up into his head.

Slater drops his gun, stumbles, bleeding FIERCELY from the nose - brain traumatised.

Blake DRAGS Slater - FLINGS him out of the Green Giant. Hands waving and screaming, Slater crashes to the water.

Blake spits blood, walks to the Pilot seat, takes control of the chopper - IN CONTROL of HIMSELF.

He places on the headset.

BLAKE
(into Mic)
Omega 001, to Omega 002, do you read me?

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
(Tom)
Hell yeah Omega 001!

BLAKE
Get the hell out of there Soldier, I am alright!

INCOMING RADIO (O.S.)
(Tom)
Roger that 001, but I have 1 missile left to utilise.

IN THE APACHE GUARDIAN

Seben approaches the Green Giant, watches it pan left in the distance.

Seben snarls, THROTTLES UP and speeds towards it.

INT. USS FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS

Tom arms the last Submarine Air Defence missile, looks at the screen, targets the Apache Guardian - Seben is visible inside it through the long range scope.

Tom locks on, PUSHES the RED FIRE BUTTON.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH!

The SAM missile screams from its tube - away from the water -- BLAZING towards the Apache --

IN THE APACHE

Seben watches, SCREAMS in horror!

BOOOM!

The chopper ERUPTS, tail, rotors, cabin all EXPANDING out, fire and smoke reflecting off the water.

INT. USS FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS

Tom elated, runs out of the control room, wading and swimming his way through the gully. He swims up through the water -- up the ladders and finds his way out from the hatch.

He swims out into the water.

EXT. ABOVE ARABIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

Tom GAZES up, see's the Black TR3B lowering, the lift descends into the water, Tom swims to it.

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The F-22's circle in formation, the warships have surrendered, the helicopters are dead, but one --

The Green Giant.

INT. GREEN GIANT - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks two miles ahead, increases throttle, can see Hugo, the Green Giant hovers above Hugo.

EXT. OVER HUGO - CONTINUOUS

The Green Giant lowers above Hugo - then --

An A-GEN FURIOUS holding two cylinders, slides out his helicopter with a harness -- lands onto Hugo.

He adds the substance to the centre.

CLOSE ON: The golden substance liquefies with the existing substance - the entire craft pulses blue again.

A GIANT BASE FROM UNDERNEATH HUGO

EMERGES like a dinner plate, rooms are visible, and an entrance.

Hugo RISES.

INT. UNDERGROUND SYRIA - DARK

The ground quakes and rubbles up, as Hugo rises, something PLOUGHS up through the earth.

IN THE F-22

Lawson looks towards Hugo, they turn and circle around it.

INT. GREEN GIANT - CONTINUOUS

Blake set's the missiles to lock on:

FINGER PUNCHES the launch button.

WHIRLING the Sidewinder missiles FIRES out towards the Green Giant above Hugo.

EXT. ABOVE HUGO - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!

The Green Giant helicopter ERUPTS an ORANGE ball -- debris crashing onto Hugo.

then

HUGO BLARES out an IMMENSE sound

- the water blasts out, HUGO like an ATOMIC bomb - LIGHT balls the SKY in ULTRA WHITE.

The saucer EXPLODES into two halves - with a HUGE ROAR.

The TWO HALVES hurtle down into the water, tidal waves rising a hundred feet high.

INT. TR3B - DARK

CHESTER

(laughing)

You son of a gun Blake! You son of a gun, you did it!

INT. F-22 - CONTINUOUS

LAWSON

Good hit soldier, good hit!

INCOMING RADIO

Whooo Hoooo!

EXT. ARABIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The water settles -- the WAR is over. HUGO is submerged under the water again, only this time -- DESTROYED.

The TR3B Glides -- the Green Giant flies over the decimation of Hugo -- the F-22 streak the zone -- then BOOM out.

Days later:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The Presidents administration have gathered, The President stands on his podium and looks towards the people.

THE PRESIDENT

We as a nation, and a people were at threat, it went unknown, past all of our surveillance, unnoticed. However through the steadfast efforts of a courageous few, our finest veterans -- we once again are safe, united as one. People of America and people of the world -- we have proven victorious again because if our interests remain united, we as a nation will remain united... and we in the world, WILL always prevail.

All gathered rise in THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

INT. OLD PATRIOT'S HOME - DAY

The Old Patriot watches the speech on his television, beaming, he reaches to a glass of whisky and takes a drink.

INT. AUSTRALIAN HOME - DAY

The Australian weather is glorious outside in the Sydney suburbs, it shines through into a lounge.

Jack and Josh with Jane sit on the sofa watch the President make his speech on the television.

CHOPPING

is heard outside the house - a black helicopter lands on the lawn.

Jack and Josh - ecstatic, look outside.

EXT. AUSTRALIAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

ROTORS whirring the skids touchdown. Lawson pilots.

The cabin door opens -- Blake and Tom wearing sun glasses exit the chopper.

Chester follows them - Lawson exits the helicopter.

Jack and Josh run out, embrace their father.

Chester smiles, Lawson approaches beside him looking pleased, a family man himself.

Blake bends embracing with younger Josh, he removes his sun glasses and looks up to Jane ahead.

Blake and Jane smile to one another, it's a long smile.

FADE OUT.

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT TIME

Chester and Lawson sit back on their sofa's -- empty drinks bottles on the table - a late night.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Chester alert, takes his gun, looks out of the window.
Lawson looks to Chester, tries to sober up.

Chester removes his gun and slowly opens his door.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

A HYBRID LOOKING MAN - The BLACK AGENT -- stands there.

He wears a black suit and black fedora hat. Mysterious
he peers into Chester's eyes.

The Black Agent ha has no eyebrows, has large black eyes,
no facial hair and smooth pale skin.

Chester stunned looks back to him.

CHESTER
(shocked)
Number 54...?

NUMBER 54
(subtle voice)
It's not over yet Chester -- we have
news that four more cylinders have
been located in Syria.

Chester swallows. Lawson approaches from behind peering
at him, recalling him from Cambodia.

EXT. SYRIA PLAINS - DAY

The drought bitten ground from a distance has raised mole
hole-like areas.

The holes are EMPTY!

EXT. SYRIA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A farmer drives a pick-up TRUCK on an old DIRT road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Inside the rocking pickup truck are --

FOUR SILVER CYLINDERS.

FADE OUT:
THE END.