

THE JACOBI CELL

PILOT

"Day Zero"

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TEASER

EXT. SWANSEA POWER STATION, WALES, UNITED KINGDOM - NIGHT

Darkness dominates. Artificial light from the large power station and moonlight illuminate the area somewhat.

The power station structures loom over the landscape.

A mechanical HUM permeates the air -- a constant whirring noise.

TWO DARK FIGURES in dark-colored clothing penetrate the power station security fence with a sophisticated cutting tool -- sparks fly.

One of them cuts, the other vigilantly scans the area around them -- a large firearm moves back and forth in sync with the holder's vision.

They ignore the surveillance camera situated on a pole twenty meters from their position.

EXT. WOODS BORDERING THE POWER STATION - SAME TIME

A SNIPER clad in black tactical gear lies in position in the trees.

THROUGH A RIFLE SCOPE

The sniper views the two fence-cutting individuals as they work.

The scope view is very futuristic -- the heads-up displays show the distance to the targets, the ambient temperature, windspeed, *et cetera*.

BACK TO SCENE

The Sniper holds his throat microphone.

SNIPER
(whispering)
Command, Sierra One.

COMMAND (V.O.)
Go for Command Sierra One.

SNIPER
Targets are close to breaching the
perimeter fence.

COMMAND (V.O.)
Copy Sierra One. Continue
surveillance. Stand by for
neutralization order. November Team
is on ingress by helo to their
position at this time.

MERCENARY #1 wears black military-type clothing and night
vision goggles, emerges from the wooded area behind the
sniper -- he closes in on him slowly, deftly, from the
shadows with a long combat knife in hand, stealthily.

SNIPER
Good copy. Holding for --

Mercenary #1 grabs the sniper's forehead with his left hand,
slits the sniper's throat with his right, perpetrates the act
with zero hesitation.

The sniper gurgles blood, drops his rifle, slumps down.

COMMAND (V.O.)
Say again Sierra One.

Mercenary # 1 speaks into a communication device on his
wrist.

MERCENARY #1
(quietly)
Sniper is E-K-I-A. Moving back to
original position.

He retreats back into the thicket, disappears into the night.

EXT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

FOUR FIGURES in advanced combat dress sit on the landing
skids of a black, fast-attack helicopter -- modifications
make it stealthy-looking.

Black ballistic helmets with face masks cover their faces.

The helicopter approaches the power plant perimeter.

One of the fire team members holds a hand to his ear.

COMMAND (V.O.)
November leader, Command.

NOVEMBER TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Go for November, Command.

COMMAND (V.O.)
We've lost comms with Sierra One.
Prepare to breach and --

A pulse of energy triggers a massive explosion at the power plant -- a pressure wave hits the helicopter, it careens, but the pilots right it quickly.

The fire team members hold on for dear life, one nearly slips off of the skid.

NOVEMBER TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Fuck, fuck, fuck! Large detonation
at the plant! The helo is intact,
but we got jolted, hard!

COMMAND (V.O.)
Copy November One. Egress
immediately.

The team leader bangs on the pilot's window, motions for him to leave.

NOVEMBER TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
We are exfil at this time!

The helicopter sharply turns away from the power plant airspace.

From an area on the ground outside of the perimeter fence a pulse weapon fires towards the helicopter -- the aircraft is destroyed in a massive ball of flame and bits of metal.

EXT. POWER STATION SECURITY FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

The two dark figures from the fence stare at the fiery remnants of the downed helicopter -- one holds a weapon with a barrel that smolders -- looks like a futuristic, shoulder-fired, rocket-propelled grenade (RPG) launcher.

The individual without the RPG films, claps the other on the shoulder -- they abscond under the cover of darkness.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PHALANX OPERATIONS TRAINING AREA - DAY

On an expansive, outdoor training facility -- complete with a large kill house -- FOUR SPECIAL OPS OPERATORS -- Javelin Team -- run through a maze rife with targets and obstacles.

Their all-black armor appears light, but sophisticated and hard -- smooth joint transitions allow for superb range of movement.

The operators' weapons look sleek and futuristic -- they move methodically, as a unit, and spray targets that pop up with deadly accuracy -- no errant or wasted rounds.

The training range's public announcement system squawks, cacophonous feedback precedes the deep voice of THE RANGE WARDEN.

THE RANGE WARDEN (V.O.)
Not too shabby Javelin. Now it's
time for some opponents who
actually fight back. Remain comms-
dark for this exercise, hand
signals only.

The operator on point throws a thumbs-up to a video drone that hovers near the team -- they motion for the others to move forward on the range.

THE RANGE WARDEN (V.O.)
The combat bots are deploying from
the northeast training bay doors at
this time. Their new firmware
includes combat strategies based on
previous...interactions with you.
They will be firing high-velocity
but low-caliber rounds, but...those
will still leave a mark...

The operator third in the stack looks back at the tail gunner, who throws their hands up and tilts their head questioningly.

From large bay doors several hundred feet in front of Javelin Team's position four advanced mech bots emerge from the doors.

The mech bots sport sleek, dark grey hard armor, stand around six feet high -- they resemble futuristic robot ninjas.

Weapons platforms deploy from the bots' arms and torsos.

Javelin Team's leader motions for the operators to fan out as they advance on the robots.

Both the Javelin crew and the mech bots advance on each other -- the latter engage thrusters positioned in the rears of their bodies.

The robots unleash a barrage of high-velocity rounds at Javelin, some tracers -- the projectiles eat up the surroundings around the operators.

THE RANGE WARDEN (V.O.)
(chuckling)
Now we're cooking with fire!

The Javelin members take cover behind whatever concrete or wood they can -- the mech bots' fire -- disciplined target-wise, ceases.

The Javelin leader motions for two of the operators to advance -- they both hit something on their chest plates and are instantly rendered cloaked -- light distorts off of their persons, like looking at a futuristic funhouse mirror representation of a human.

Javelin's commander and the tail-gunner lay down suppressing fire BRRRRRRRT as the cloaked operators make their way closer to the mech bots -- the tail-gunner holds a noticeably large caliber weapon that sends the bots reeling backwards upon impact of the rounds.

The mech bots scan the area where the cloaked operators are with green laser lights emitting from their torsos. More weapons fire erupts BRRRRRT from the position of the point man and tail-gunner.

One of the forward operators decloaks, immediately fires at the robots -- the other, still cloaked, tosses two devices at the bots -- the devices detonate and a huge electric pulse emits from them.

The robots stumble like drunken toddlers after the electromagnetic pulse (EMP) grenades scramble their operating systems and power sources -- all four collapse to the ground in massive THUDS.

THE RANGE WARDEN (V.O.)
E-M-Ps huh? Didn't feel like doing
real work today?!

The Javelin leader looks at the video drone and shrugs with hands up, throws the camera a middle finger.

The tail-gunner stands atop one of the felled robots, repeatedly throws his hands towards his crotch.

THE RANGE WARDEN (V.O.)
Alright you salty dogs, ditch that
high-tech kit, please take showers,
and head to the debriefing room
after that.

The tail-gunner throws the "okay" sign up and the Javelin members regroup, clap each other on the back.

INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS DEBRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Room is high-tech, no windows, large monitors dot the walls -- instead of a table utilitarian folding seats face the front of the room. A sophisticated-looking communications array is nestled snugly in a front corner of the room.

A sign on a wall reads: "SEMPER VIGILANTES". Beneath the text two battle axes lie, a lightning bolt intersects the axes right down the middle of them.

Javelin's team leader COMMANDER JOHN LOCKE, 30s, Black -- not his real name as Javelin operators use team aliases -- sits in one of the four front chairs.

John reads from a tablet, wears a serious face that screams of years of dealing with hard men. He is in superb physical condition -- an obvious weightlifter -- but his eyelids struggle to stay open, potential sleep deprivation due to "the lifestyle".

Locke's eyes almost close completely and in bounds Javelin Teams' executive officer, and den mother, BRAD, early 50s, Caucasian -- looks like an insurance salesman who happened to have been recruited into a clandestine special operations group.

BRAD
Wakey, wakey sleepyhead! Still the
first one in and last one out eh
John?

John springs to attention, interrupted sleep not new to him -- a friendly voice sounds better than mortar detonations.

JOHN
Sleep is for infants and senior
citizens.

BRAD

My ex-wives would likely say I am a combination of both!

(seriously)

Now for the brass tax before your miscreant underlings arrive...

JOHN

What? What is it?

Brad takes a seat next to John, reclines.

BRAD

November Team was taken out...four team K-I-As plus the support reconnaissance sniper and the two helo pilots...

John shoots up from his seat, punches a wall.

JOHN

What?! On the power plant counter-penetration op? That was supposed to be a cake walk?!

BRAD

It's this new, former mercenary group...we underestimated them. It looks like they baited us into deploying November... Intel led us to believe it was another group assaulting the power plant.

JOHN

The...what's the designation for this group? "Jacobi"?

BRAD

Yeah, we're calling them "The Jacobi Cell".

JOHN

Why "Jacobi"?

Brad takes a big swig from a large energy drink can -- he consumes a lot these.

BRAD

These guys are fucking Nihilists. They seemingly only want to watch the word burn. Name comes from the father of Nihilism theory, that is one mister Friedrich Jacobi.

JOHN

Copy. These are the same --

The debriefing room door opens.

BRAD

Ah, the rest of Uncle Sam's wayward
children hath arrived. Finally...

In walk the remainder of the Javelin fire team. In the lead is JANE AUSTEN, 30s, Caucasian -- serious game face on, cold, calculating, and physically ripped, her tank top shows her obvious upper body strength. Lithe movement. Exudes confidence. She takes the seat next to John's.

OSCAR WILDE, late 30s, Native, strides in after Jane. Unlike her he sports a shit-eating grin like he's just happy to still be walking the Earth. His long hair is tied up in a small ponytail. Oscar goes to the water cooler, fills his bottle, before he hovers in front of John and Jane.

Massive bloke and team tail-gunner EDMUND BURKE, 30s, Tongan, lumbers in last -- he is inhaling food as he enters the room. He's a human tree trunk, but his glasses make him look like an intellectual -- which he is.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I was just telling your esteemed
leader that we lost November Team
and the combat support crew on the
power plant op.

Edmund stops eating, Jane smacks her hand with a fist, and Oscar's smile fades -- these were friends, fellow special operators of the same branch, who were murdered by terrorists.

JANE

That was supposed to be a milk
run?!

JOHN

It's these Jacobi fuckers. They set
November up, seemingly just to
ghost them.

(to Brad)

What intel do we have on them?

BRAD

Not much at this juncture
unfortunately. All ex-mercenaries
from known contractor groups who
are keen on scorching the Earth
just for shits and giggles.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)
Washington is losing its collective
mind at this time.

Edmund stands, stretches.

EDMUND
So when do we get to waste these
motherfuckers then?... Like Old
Testament shit.

Oscar fist bumps Edmund.

OSCAR
Yeah, this requires some righteous
vengeance on our part. One of the
November guys' wife just had their
first kid.

Jane nods in agreement.

JOHN
Problem is, my children, these guys
are utter ghosts. Shadowmen. They
hit critical infrastructure targets
and recede back into the rafters as
quick as they came. We know dick
about them outside of the obvious.

Brad walks over to the large monitor at the front of the
room, turns it on, starts swiping on it with his index
finger.

ON THE MONITOR

-- A world map displays and red splotches denote Jacobi Cell
attacks.

-- A graphic denotes known Jacobi weaponry.

-- A smaller split screen on the right side shows bullet
points of sparse, additional information on the Jacobi Cell
in general.

BACK TO THE DEBRIEFING ROOM

JOHN (CONT'D)
Their targets are all over the map!
How the hell are they pulling these
global attacks off so efficiently?

Brad sits down, squeezes his eyes shut -- probably too many
energy drinks.

BRAD

On the human intelligence side we have bupkis. The higher-ups are thinking we may need to up the bounties for information on them. Obviously money talks in source land. Some of these people would sell out their own mothers.

JOHN

Well Javelin is good-to-go. Tip of the fucking spear. We are ready to rock, drop these morons at the tip of a hat.

Edmund, Oscar, and Jane nod in agreement.

Oscar puts his fingers to his temples.

OSCAR

Hold on...I am getting a vision...
There's a place we need to go...
It's...it's a bar...

Jane rolls her eyes, smirks.

EDMUND

Now we're talking! November crew wouldn't want it any other way...

BRAD

Okay you frigging comedians, get out of here. Looking pretty good on the range. We just need to find these bastards, as of yesterday.

John stands, claps Brad on the shoulder.

JOHN

Not joining us for a little hooch?

BRAD

My wife is still salty about the last time I went down the Irish whiskey rabbit hole with you lot. Not today Satan!

JOHN

How the mighty have fallen!

Edmund shakes his head.

John, Jane, and Oscar laugh.

They exit the room one by one, chat as they do.

INT. BAR - LATER

Dive bar, military memorabilia lines the walls and the back wall of the large bar.

AT THE BAR

Edmund talks to a pretty FEMALE BARTENDER, she pours shots.

AT THE TABLE

Empty pint glasses litter the table.

John, Jane, and Oscar look at Edmund at the bar, laugh.

Edmund walks back with a small server tray full of shots.

JANE

Dude, there are four of us.

EDMUND

Yeah, but I am big...

Everyone grabs a glass, John raises his.

JOHN

To our fallen comrades...to
November!

EVERYONE

November!

They down the drinks, Edmund drinks three in succession.

OSCAR

O-o-o-h that burns so good.

JANE

That's your stomach lining being
lit afire...

EDMUND

"O' Death, where is thy sting?"

OSCAR

You...my friend...are a walking
conundrum...

Edmund bows extravagantly.

JANE

(to John)

Boss, that blonde cougar at the bar
has been checking you out since we
stepped in here.

John surreptitiously glances at the bar, the BLONDE COUGAR
laughs at something the female bartender says, downs a shot
of something.

JOHN

Blonde and long-in-the-tooth is my
go-to, but daddy needs some sleep.
Like real, not in the jungle or a
desert wasteland, sleep.

Jane spits out some of her beer, laughs.

John's cellphone buzzes, he glances at it, frowns, doesn't
answer it.

INSERT - JOHN'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

His lock screen shows a missed call from: "Jen".

BACK TO TABLE

John yawns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We all need as much rest as we can
get. We might need to rapid deploy
if...when our friends pop up again.

The mood turns serious.

Oscar makes a throat cutting motion.

JANE

Sleep is great and all, but one
more round will help with that.

Edmund grins, gets up, and returns to the bar, tray in tow
again.

OSCAR

I'm gonna eat a vat of B-B-Q after
this.

JANE

Color me shocked O.

OSCAR

Daddy's got to feed the beast!

Jane rolls her eyes, hard.

INT. JACOBI CELL LAIR - SAME TIME

Very dark aside from the light that emits from a large monitor that sits atop a rack of servers with multiple blinking lights.

SIX SHADOWY FIGURES stand in front of the monitor -- all of them clad in compact, high-tech armor suits -- the combat armor sports black and gunmetal plating, helmets support rebreather air purification systems.

Rifles are slung around the shoulders of the Jacobi operators and each wears a sidearm on their right or left hip.

The operators speak to each other through a closed communication system MOS -- one individual motions for the communication to cease.

Images play on the monitor before them.

ON THE MONITOR

-- Images of critical infrastructure like railroads, power plants, and water treatment facilities run across the screen.

-- Detailed maps pop up of potential site penetration points, security checkpoints and posts.

-- Schematics of structures roll.

-- The video montage ends with a video of Javelin team in action.

BACK TO THE LAIR

The six Jacobi operators march out of the room, surprisingly agile in their combat suits.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS REC ROOM - AFTERNOON

John, Jane, Oscar, and Edmund relax in the recreation room of the Phalanx Operations base.

John reads as Jane, Oscar, and Edmund play a card game.

JANE

(to Oscar)

Bro...why do you always have to try and cheat?

OSCAR

'Cheating' as you call it is just strategy by nefarious means... Don't hate the player, hate the game girl.

Edmund smirks.

EDMUND

Boss, what do you have your nose buried in over there? *Better Homes & Gardens?*

John looks up amusedly.

JOHN

Comedians, all of you. Checking out some of Friedrich Jacobi's works. Not sure I saw much of his stuff in college. Attempting to understand the motivations of these Jacobi-loving baddies.

EDMUND

Best of luck trying to decipher the minds of people who essentially believe in...nothing...

JANE

Seems like that would make them more dangerous than other ideologues.

Oscar slams his cards down victoriously.

OSCAR

Yahtzee!

JANE

Don't think that's the game we're
playing O...

Brad bursts into the room, breathes somewhat heavily before
speaking.

BRAD

Saddle up you bad hombres...and um,
lady hombre...we have actionable
intel on Jacobi's next target! Be
on the tarmac in twenty, preferably
fifteen!

The Javelin members spring up, head towards the door.

JANE

Brad, the nineteen-thirties called,
they want the word "tarmac" back...

Brad chuckles.

JOHN

Let's go kill these motherfuckers.

OSCAR

Let's kill them, and then kill them
again!

Jane shakes her head.

EXT/INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS TARMAC/HELICOPTER CABIN - MOMENTS
LATER

TARMAC

A large runway divides an airfield littered with a multitude
of combat aircraft of different types.

A helicopter sits operational with blades whirring on a large
helipad next to the runway -- the aircraft looks like a
modified Sikorsky CH-53E Super Stallion -- stealth gear
covers the rotor blade housing.

The four Javelin team members approach the helicopter in
their combat suits, armed to the teeth, the face plates are
up.

Edmund extends an arm out towards the helicopter.

EDMUND

Friends, our chariot awaits.

JANE
I hate helos.

OSCAR
Everyone hates helos...

EDMUND
Better than walking to the
gunfight?...

JOHN
Alright heads in the game people!

John motions for them to get onboard, he boards last.

One by one they climb through the fuselage loading ramp into the cabin.

CABIN

The helicopter's cabin contains four restraint chairs whose design allows the operators' large suits to dock securely, power supplies for their suits accompany the seats.

PILOT #1 and PILOT #2 are visible from the cabin, they both give a brief wave to the Javelin members.

A MACHINE GUNNER stands at the loading ramp door next to a heavy-caliber, belt-fed machine gun

The operators secure themselves in the seats, plug in to the power supply and helicopter communications system.

A feedback squawk signals the aircraft's communication system cutting on.

PILOT #1
Welcome aboard folks. Our estimated
time-to-target is thirty Mikes
barring any inclement weather along
the flight path. The stewardess
will be around to take your drink
orders momentarily.

The Javelin members laugh.

John presses a button on his seat arm.

JOHN
Good copy, I wish all of my Uber
drivers were this accommodating!

Pilot # 1 laughs into his mic, throws up a middle finger without turning around.

John hits another button on his seat rest.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to the Javelin members)

So the intel driving this op is not as concrete as we would like, but these guys exercise superb operational security discipline. They're like ghosts.

JANE

So what's the source got that has us spun up?

JOHN

Might be three ex-communicated members based on historical activity and the three of them showing up all of a sudden with some wild stories about shadow ops perpetrated.

OSCAR

Must be ex-S.E.A.L.s, they talk more than a wine-drunk grandma at a monthly book club meeting.

Edmund grins.

JOHN

So we're going to hit this house they are supposed to be holed up in and attempt to snatch at least one of them to interrogate about Jacobi.

JANE

Let me guess...these yahoos are armed better than the military of a small country?

JOHN

Affirmative. So let's lead with non-lethal platforms initially, but if things go hot, ghost them all. Feds are keeping local law enforcement at bay while we assault the target. Airspace will be closed so no risk of winding up on international news.

OSCAR

Roger. Play nice, until we don't.

JOHN

Brad should have uploaded baseball cards for the three subjects to our suit operating systems. Pull them up on your helmet heads-up displays for target identification and confirmation. Remember these guys are potential assets, the Jacobi regulars are the ones we need to wipe off the face of the Earth.

Jane, Oscar, and Edmund all nod.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE TARGET HOUSE - LATER

The helicopter drops the Javelin team members a kilometer out from the target -- they fast rope from the airborne aircraft to the ground below.

The helicopter ascends and egresses.

The operators see a landscape that is rural and rife with overgrown plants.

JOHN

Okay comms check.

JANE

Jane, check.

OSCAR

Oscar, check.

EDMUND

Edmund, check.

John stands, scans the area.

JOHN

Alright on ingress we keep a tight fire team formation. On close approach fan out around the structure. We breach at flanking points around the perimeter on my order.

The operators all give thumbs-ups.

John signals for the team to move towards the target.

Javelin slowly, methodically, moves towards the house -- once visible it looks dilapidated -- like a home from a horror film, but less ominous during daylight hours.

A surveillance drone buzzes overhead.

John signals with his hand to flank.

The team fans out as it gets within one hundred meters of the house.

Above the front door flies a "Don't Tread on Me" flag.

John crouches behind a bush near the house entrance.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Drone infrared reading three heat signatures inside the house.
Looking like hard security fortifications on the windows.
Thinking the best primary breach point is likely the front door, although booby-traps are a given.

EDMUND (O.S.)

Copy. I've got the rear in case the big booms make them skittish and they decide to hightail it.

JOHN

Jane, Oscar hold current positions.

JANE (O.S.)

Copy. WILCO.

OSCAR (O.S.)

Roger.

JOHN

Okay, I am going to light that front door up like a fucking Christmas tree before ingressing so on my mark, ten seconds from...now.

John deploys multiple spherical-shaped objects from his suit arm -- they land softly on the front porch of the house due to padded outer shells.

John moves closer to the porch.

The ordnance spheres detonate BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, knock the front door off its hinges and back into the house forcefully - - the sphere detonations trigger a separate explosion BOOM, booby trap.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Breach, breach, breach!

John charges the door, his suit propels him high into the air -- towards the entrance -- he lands with a massive THUD on the now-ruinous porch.

He deploys a fan which clears the smoke from the explosions, hard charges through the now door-less entrance.

INT. TARGET HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

FRONT ROOM

Empty beer cans and whiskey bottles litter the front room -- looks like the housekeepers have been MIA for a while.

John enters the house, kneels to the floor.

JOHN
I've breached. Sweeping now.

THROUGH JOHN'S HELMET VISOR

A heads-up display projects on the face plate -- environment data displays. John switches to an infrared sensor -- heat signatures in human form pop up.

Three heat images move hurriedly somewhere farther back in the house.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Detecting three targets on I-R.

JANE (V.O.)
No movement outside.

JOHN
Holed up like rats. Time to --

BBBBRRRT -- automatic rifle fire erupts from the back of the house -- rounds scream through the walls, eat up the furniture as they make contact, launches wood and fabric into the air.

BACK TO SCENE

John dives to his left to avoid the gunfire.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I guess they know we're here...
Cloaking.

John activates his suit's cloaking mechanism.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(voice amplified by his
suit)
Surrender now or suffer the
consequences! Throw down your
weapons and move to the front of
the house with your hands raised,
now!

OSCAR (V.O.)
Well maybe resist...a little...

John moves towards the subjects' position.

HALLWAY

John points his rifle around the corner into the hallway
leading to the rooms in the rear of the house.

SUBJECT # 1, 30s, big gym rat-looking mercenary dude, leaps
into the corridor, unloads down the hallway BRRRRRT.

Rounds deflect off of John's armor PING.

John lowers his rifle, pulls two stun grenades from his suit,
tosses them down the hallway.

Subject # 1's eyes widen, he attempts to dive away from the
grenades, but they detonate before he can BOOM!.

He's knocked back several feet.

JOHN
One subject down. Edmund, breach
the back. I am moving towards the
rear of the structure now.

EDMUND (V.O.)
Copy, WILCO. Breaching now.

From the rear a loud explosion occurs.

John moves by the downed subject, he lies unconscious.

More gunfire BRRRRRT from the rear of the house.

EDMUND (V.O.)
Weird, these guys aren't
cooperating.

John kneels by Subject #1's body, puts high-tech flex-cuffs
on his wrists.

JOHN

Subject one secured. Oscar come
exfil little piggy here.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Copy. En route.

John moves towards the firefight Edmund is in.

Before he turns the corner into the room Edmund yells.

EDMUND (V.O.)

R-P-G, R-P-G, R-P-G!

John hugs the wall he moves against for cover.

A barrage of machinegun fire BRRRRRT, no RPG explosion.

EDMUND (V.O.)

Both subjects down, targets
neutralized. Tell me we got the
other one.

JOHN

Affirmative. One extremely large
cockroach, bagged and tagged.

(to Edmund)

Let's sweep the rest of the house
before we regroup outside.

EDMUND (V.O.)

Copy, moving to you at this time.

Edmund arrives, the barrel of his heavy-caliber firearms
still smokes.

John claps Edmund on the back of his suit, they move to clear
the rest of the subjects' house.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Subject #1 is sits bound at an interview table in the large interrogation room/cell. He sports some facial bruising from the conflict.

John and Brad enter the room, balaclavas cover their faces.

They stand at either side of the detainee.

JOHN
(to Brad)
Someone looks thirsty, eh?

BRAD
Yup, sure does.

Brad grabs the bottle of water, opens it, makes like he is offering it to the subject, retracts his hand, drinks from it himself.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Ah, very refreshing.

Subject #1 shakes his head.

SUBJECT #1
Listen I don't know who the fuck
you think you are dealing with, but
that shit won't work on me.

BRAD
Well look at Billy Big Bollocks
here!

JOHN
Okay tough guy, you know what we
want to know. Out with it. The
shadow operator group. Who runs it?
Where do they lay their heads?

SUBJECT #1
No idea what you're talking about.

John chuckles.

JOHN
Listen you know enough to know that
in the end...everyone has a
breaking point. I'm going to cause
you a lot of pain.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You will tell us what we want to
know whether it be an hour from
now, or tomorrow, or a week from
now.

SUBJECT #1
Big man. Take these restraints off
and we can dance.

John clenches his fists.

SUBJECT #1 (CONT'D)
They will kill me if I out them so
do your worst.

Brad slams his gloved hands on the table.

BRAD
Who the fuck is "they" man?!

SUBJECT #1
You know wh --

A BANG rattles the interrogation room door.

Brad walks to it, opens it slightly, talks MOS to someone out
of sight.

He turns, motions to John to come over.

John walks to the door.

BRAD
(whispering)
Listen you have to roll now. Jacobi
is hitting another target, close to
us now. I will continue the party
with this fuckface.

John nods, bolts out of the room.

Brad closes the door, smiles sheepishly.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Now...where were we?...

EXT. BIG TECH CLOUD SERVER FARM, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON

A massive structure that houses a large data center sits
amongst woods.

Out of the woodland emerge the JACOBI CELL LEADER, and JACOBI CELL MEMBER #1 and JACOBI CELL MEMBER #2 -- they wear combat suits and carry large rifles.

An ALARM sounds from the facility, the cell members ignore the sounds, walk at a leisurely pace towards the facility.

Jacobi member #2 fires a forty millimeter grenade round from the underbelly of their rifle it detonates BOOM and mangles a section of the perimeter fence -- he fires again BOOM.

The three operators step casually through the remains of the fence.

SIX ARMED SECURITY PERSONNEL approach the Jacobi team, one lifts a megaphone, speaks.

ARMED GUARD #1
Halt! Throw down your weapons, you
are trespassing on private
property!

The Jacobi cell continues its approach.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
(to the other members)
This doth bore me. Time for a
vulgar display of power.

The Jacobi leader halts the group, steps forward two meters.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
(amplified by his suit)
Run now little doggies...or die...

The guards open fire on the Jacobi interlopers BANG, BANG, BANG.

The Jacobi leader's suit begins to pulsate -- tree leaves on the ground around him kick up -- a faint whirring sound emits from the suit as well.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Don't say I didn't warn ya.

He raises his arms -- a pulse beam rockets from his form in the direction of the guards.

The beam makes contact with the ground where the guards are and causes massive explosions BOOM -- concrete and other debris hurtles about.

From behind the smoke guards' screams fill the air.

Jacobi member #1 unloads heavy-caliber weapons fire on the guards' position, more screams emanate from the smoke and rubble.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Alright they're probably scrambling
everybody and their grandma now,
let's get this done and exfil.

The other Jacobi members nod -- all three move forward.

EXT. SERVER FARM BUILDING PERIMETER - MOMENTS LATER

The three Jacobi operatives place explosive charges on the server farm's walls -- the charges all blink red.

The Jacobi leader slaps another charge on the wall, stretches his arms to the sky.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
The sheer audacity...of these tech
giant idiots... To think they,
foolishly...naively, believe they
are some kind of titans of
creation... Saving humanity by
making humans more and more
dependent on machines.

The Jacobi leader walks as he talks, not a care in the world.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Well some of
us...enlightened...will rage
against the dying of the light,
from now into eternity!

One of the surviving guards moans and groans loudly, in obvious pain.

Jacobi leader walks over to him, steps on the guard's throat with his boot CRUNCH -- he wipes the blood and body mass off of his boot on the concrete.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Anyhow. Where was I? Ah
yes...humans are doomed! A fluke of
creation in this cosmic weirdness
we are but a microscopic element of
--

Jacobi member #2 walks up to the Jacobi leader.

JACOBI MEMBER #2
(through a voice emulator)
-- Charges are set.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
Ah! Let us away then! More
retributive justice to administer!

The three operatives walk back towards the tree line.

INT/EXT. JAVELIN HELICOPTER CABIN/OUTSIDE - SAME TIME

CABIN

Javelin team prepares to confront the Jacobi terrorists - all
four members sit, suited-up, in their cabin docks.

PILOT #1
Javelin, we are two Mikes out from
the target area.

The Javelin operators undock, file to the loading ramp door.

JOHN
Please let these motherfuckers
still be on-site...

JANE
Rules of engagement? Capture? Kill?

JOHN
Scorch the fucking Earth.

OSCAR
G-o-o-o-d copy.

EDMUND
Righteous.

Green lights flash in the helicopter's cabin, the loading
ramp opens.

OUTSIDE

The helicopter descends to a lower altitude to offload the
Javelin crew -- tree tops sway from the rotor wash.

John appears at the mouth of the loading ramp.

He jumps from the helicopter, the other three Javelin members
follow suit.

EXT. SERVER FARM BUILDING PERIMETER - SAME TIME

The three Jacobi members hear the Javelin helicopter ingress, they look towards its location.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
Appears we have some company! Blow
it.

Jacobi operator #2 taps on the right forearm area of his suit -- the building charges detonate simultaneously BOOM -- the entire structure is engulfed in flame and explosions. The structure collapses in on itself.

Pressure waves whip through the Jacobi members, their suits keep them afoot.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Wooooo, one giant leap for
humanity!

Jacobi leader raises a triumphant fist in the air.

EXT. SERVER FARM BUILDING PERIMETER - SAME TIME

The Javelin operators hit the ground on the opposite side of the building perimeter and move towards the Jacobi crew -- the EXPLOSIONS send them reeling backwards a bit.

JOHN
Damn it! They're still on-site,
let's roll!

The four operators continue to run towards the building ruins and the Jacobi members -- their suits augment their natural bipedal speed.

The Jacobi Cell individuals remain near the tree line.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Eyes on targets!

From the Jacobi team area a projectile launches towards John and company.

JANE
Incoming!

Edmund attempts to shoot the projectile out of the sky to no avail -- the team members scatter, take cover.

The ordnance hits the ground with a THUD, it breaks apart into several other elements that bounce several meters back into the air and then explode BOOM.

The smaller projectiles ignite the air around them in a firestorm.

OSCAR
Fucking cluster munitions!

The Javelin members rise from cover, navigate around the smoke and fire.

John eyes the Jacobi cell leader, they stare at each other as though they are the only two there.

JOHN
Light 'em up!

John, Jane, Edmund, and Oscar all raise their weapons and fire in their opponents' direction in a thundering cacophony of gunfire and grenades BRRRRRT BOOM.

The Jacobi operators dodge the gunfire and projectiles, attempt to escape and evade -- they make a beeline for the tree line.

JOHN (CONT'D)
They're making a run for the tree line, pursue, pursue, pursue!

Before the Jacobi members retreat into the woodland they cloak themselves.

JANE
Of course they can cloak too...of course they can...

OSCAR
Balls!

The Jacobi group disappears into the woods -- Javelin is still a hundred meters away from the thicket.

As Javelin team closes in on the trees a massive explosion goes off in the woods where the terrorists ran BOOM, BOOM.

The force of the explosion knocks the Javelin members over -- trees are afire.

From the woods a futuristic-looking attack helicopter emerges -- the Jacobi Cell leader waves to Javelin from the fuselage door: "better luck next time".

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Rat fucks. We should have expected that.

John springs to his feet.

JOHN
Phalanx Command, Javelin.

PHALANX OPS COMMAND (V.O.)
Go for Command Javelin leader.

JOHN
Where are our air assets? The subjects are egressing via helo!

PHALANX OPS COMMAND (V.O.)
Decision came from up the chain, no air pursuit or interdiction over the civilian areas, their full capabilities are still unknown. We are tracking the helo, but already getting weird, phantom signatures as if it is employing counter-sensor tech.

John paces, scans the area.

JOHN
Fucking wonderful. Any new intel from our detainee?

PHALANX OPS COMMAND (V.O.)
Negative on the interrogation front, the guy is more of afraid of them than he is of us.

JOHN
Lovely. What's our time 'til exfil?

PHALANX OPS COMMAND (V.O.)
Chopper is inbound at this time. Hold your position and it will evac you from there.

JOHN
Good copy. Javelin out.

John pulls up his face plate despite the smoke from the explosions that waft around him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
These guys are really getting my goat.

JANE

Pretty ballsy just flying in and
leisurely taking out a massive data
farm...

EDMUND

People are gonna be having some
major email issues.

OSCAR

Why can't people just chill, eat
shellfish, knit sweaters?...

JOHN

No place in a world like that for
us my friend.

Oscar rubs his stomach.

OSCAR

Oh, I'm down for that life! No more
P-F-Ts, I can get fat and eat
French fries every day!

JANE

"Get fat"?...

OSCAR

Wow, Jane, bodyshaming is not cool!

Edmund cackles.

The sounds of the inbound extraction helicopter disrupts the
banter -- it starts to descend several hundred meters from
their position.

JANE

Could they have not parked a little
closer?

OSCAR

Are we doing the walk of shame
right now?

EDMUND

Feels like it...

Javelin team walks to the helo as regular forces descend upon
the attack sites for post-attack site exploitation -- all
four members board the chopper.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS DEBRIEFING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The Javelin team members sit with Brad as a young, nerdy-looking PHALANX OPS ANALYST briefs them.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST

So besides the Jacobi Cell being one massive intelligence gap it's not looking good online either, a growing number of incel-types are hyping the extremist group up like they are living warrior gods.

BRAD

Oh, that's bloody great...

JOHN

So recruitment won't be a problem.

JANE

Do we have any concrete leads on their base of operations, money trails, nation-state backers, *et cetera*?

EDMUND

Follow the money.

The analyst walks closer to the group.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST

A lot of signal noise and very little actionable intel. The RUMINT doth abound.

NOTE: "RUMINT" is intelligence information of a dubious nature, e.g. based on rumors rather than concrete data.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1

We are looking at the potential rogue nation connections, as you guys have seen their battle tech is pretty advanced.

OSCAR

Oh, we noticed!

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1
Right. So besides Russia, China, *et cetera* as prospective backers the military contractor legions are pretty hush hush about Jacobi. It's likely some of them are worried Jacobi might target them if they talk, and some probably hope to join them eventually.

John gets up, paces.

JOHN
They have yet to hit Russia or China, but that could just be due to the fact that those countries are more closed than Western ones. So they never release statements claiming responsibility post-attacks?

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1
Never. Superbly aberrant behavior compared to the other extremist groups of note, as you all well know. Pretty disconcerting as it makes these guys look like true nihilists who exist purely to destroy.

JOHN
Damn it. We need to --

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2 busts into the room, a younger female with glasses smiles, hard -- she pants from her run to the debriefing room.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2
-- W-w-we got something! F-from S-S-E of the last attack site.

NOTE: "SSE" stands for "Sensitive Site Exploitation" which refers to the collection and exploitation of information, materiel, *et cetera* after an attack, from a battlefield, *et cetera*.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2 (CONT'D)
Sorry, ran here. So we retrieved a ton of casings from the Jacobi weapons. They are really unique rounds.

BRAD

That seems pretty Busch League to use rare ammunition...

JOHN

Maybe they don't care...

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2

Right. Exactly what my cadre thought as well; however, whoever produced this particular ammo, which is primarily seven-point-six-two millimeter, leaves his or her mark on every round!

Analyst #2 pulls a piece of paper from a folder she carries, holds it up for the group to view.

INSERT - PICTURE OF A SHELL CASING

The picture shows a blown-up section of a large shell casing with a laser-etched image of a skull wearing a Viking helmet.

BACK TO THE DEBRIEFING ROOM

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1

Shit...we've seen that mark before!

JOHN

Where?

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2

Post-terrorist attack S-S-E collection. Fucking Paris. The Bataclan.

Analyst #2 rifles through her folder papers.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #2 (CONT'D)

The bad news is whoever makes this ammunition is about as enigmatic as the Jacobi members. Superb operational security. More actionable intel related to the ammo ghost than them though.

Brad gets up, looks at Analyst #2's papers.

BRAD

This is great work folks. It goes without saying, but chase down any lead we have. All hands on deck. Pizza is on me.

Both analysts nod, hurriedly leave the room.

JOHN

So while they're chasing down ghost ammunition what's our play?

BRAD

Therein lies the rub my dear fellow...

Brad sits back down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Obviously every service, around the globe, special ops or not, is spun up over these assholes. Target prime. The problem is not just abyss-like intelligence gaps, but they seem to strike out of nowhere.

EDMUND

Sounds like...we need to set a trap...

JOHN

Right. How do we bait them?

JANE

Well we know they only hit critical infrastructure targets. The bigger the better it seems.

OSCAR

Tons of those.

John gets up, paces around the room.

BRAD

How are you suppose to think like a fucking Nihilist? I mean humans can be absolute garbage, but I am still rooting for the species as a whole...

EDMUND

I mean people get caught up in cults all the time of course. Groupthink is a powerful drug. We all know the personality types spec ops draws...true believers... Zealots. Adrenaline junkies. Some people who legitimately just want to kill with impunity.

BRAD

Yeah, so you would think there would be more security leaks from those types... Standard braggadociusness.

JOHN

Dark Web tripwires perhaps? They have to be doing target research like anybody other group.

Jane gets up, heads to the water cooler.

JANE

They might have their own hacker brigade for all we know. Or rogue nation shenanigans, passing them hostile reconnaissance intel..."The enemy of my enemy is my friend"...

EDMUND

That leader at the data farm was eyeing the boss hard before they absconded. We could know some of these fools.

(to John)

You could know this leader.

JOHN

Yeah, hard to discern combat tradecraft in those suits though.

EDMUND

Let's just call them out publicly. Issue them an open invitation to party.

BRAD

Edmund, that might just be fucking brilliant.

Edmund stands, bows.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I will get the tech nerds on this STAT. Come get some you chaos-loving twits.

Brad walks to the secure phone, picks it up.

JOHN

Sounds like a plan. I mean what else have we got?

Brad speaks on the phone MOS, hangs up, returns.

BRAD
Okay lure has been cast. They will
have the bait up in a matter of
hours.

OSCAR
Now we hurry up and wait.

BRAD
That's the lifestyle!

JANE
Early retirement sounds better and
better every day...

BRAD
Ah, what would you do? Sit around
herding cats?!

JANE
Some of us have hobbies Brad...

BRAD
Yeah, mine are hunting terrorists
and avoiding my family!

Jane rolls her eyes, but smiles.

JOHN
Let's hit the range. We need to be
as sharp as tacks when we do get a
chance to dance.

OSCAR
Sounds good, but I need to get my
chicken on first.

JANE
Shocking...

Oscar purses his lips, blows Jane a kiss.

Everyone seated stands, they exit the room one after another.

INT. JACOBI CELL LAIR - LATER

MULTIPLE JACOBI CELL OPERATORS gather around the Jacobi Cell
leader -- they all wear their combat dress.

The Jacobi Cell leader reads from a tablet, he hits it with a
fist and slams it on the floor where it smashes into pieces.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
So our nemeses are calling us
out... Baiting us... Should we
cower in the shadows like dogs, or
should we show them our mettle?!

ALL OF THE JACOBI MEMBERS
Show them!

The leader raises a fist in the air.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
Yes! We will show them the might of
the truly free! We are masters of
our own destinies! Let the lamb
masses grovel at our feet!

ALL OF THE JACOBI MEMBERS
Lambs!

JACOBI CELL LEADER
We will temper the very fires of
creation!

The leader walks amongst the ranks of his group.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Now let's go burn the world to the
fucking ground!

The cell members all raise their fists and weapons, shout in
agreement with their leader.

They all march out of the room.

EXT. PHALANX OPERATIONS TRAINING AREA - SAME TIME

John, Jane, Oscar, and Edmund gather around a MALE PHALANX
OPS TECH who shows them some new weapons tech -- he holds a
large rifle in his hands.

Brad approaches the group hurriedly.

The weapons tech says goodbyes, leaves.

JOHN
Brad, how many of those energy
drinks have you had today man? You
are basically vibrating.

BRAD
Those bastards took the bait! It's
on!

Edmunds grins, wrings his hands.

JOHN
Excellent. So what's the play?

BRAD
Cancel your dinner plans, they are going to post a location any minute now.

JANE
Ambush.

OSCAR
Absolute ambush.

BRAD
Fortunately you guys are so good...

JOHN
Obviously we are going to need as much covert support as possible. We don't even know their actual numbers.

BRAD
Don't worry even grocery store security guards will be there to back you up.

Edmund raises a hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You don't have to raise...go ahead Edmund.

EDMUND
So is the grand plan to just stroll up to them and unleash the wrath of the mighty U.S. Government?

JANE
Sounds good to me.

EDMUND
What if they have hostages?

BRAD
Listen, this will be a fluid situation. Very dynamic. You guys have your expensive kit and years of training which should enable you to engage, and take out, whomever you need to.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)
We are obviously counting on some proper shenanigans from them.

JOHN
Maybe we can at least manage to chop the head off of the snake. The leader needs to get gone. Outside of that ghost as many of them as we can. Maybe finally collect some biometric data after the fray then see if we can link the K-I-As to the ones still breathing. Not sure we will get many talkers should we manage to capture any of them.

John walks around, does some high-knees.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Brad's right. We are ready for whatever.

OSCAR
Right now I am ready for some baby-back ribs and fries!

JANE
Predictable.

BRAD
I think it's pizza day in the Mess!

JANE
That "pizza" is a step above, maybe, hot lunch pizza from middle school.

Analyst #1 runs towards the group.

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1
We are a go! They posted a general area for the showdown.

JOHN
Where?

PHALANX OPS ANALYST #1
The Great Basin Desert.

The group runs back to the main headquarters building.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. PHALANX OPERATIONS TARMAC - LATER

A C-17 Globemaster transport aircraft sits on the runway.

A LOADMASTER directs SEVERAL FLIGHT SUPPORT CREW who load large containers onto the aircraft through its aft ramp and door.

John, Jane, Oscar, and Edmund walk towards the airplane in their battle suits -- they stop short of the aircraft to let the crew continue to load the mission gear.

JOHN

What do they say in the movies?
"Stay frosty"?

The team laughs collectively.

JANE

Brad not here to see us off. Must
be spun up in there.

JOHN

Absolutely. This is a massive
coordinated effort with not just
U.S. entities, but foreign ones as
well.

JANE

How the hell do they think they're
going to wriggle out of this one?

JOHN

We are about to find out.

OSCAR

Man, I am missing taco night at the
bar...

EDMUND

I don't get the obsession with
tacos, they are superbly messy.

OSCAR

Um, messy fucking deliciousness!

JANE

I could go for some tacos.

OSCAR

Yes!

Oscar winks at Jane.

JOHN

Feel free to enjoy some of Uncle Sam's finest M-R-Es for your in-flight meal. On me.

OSCAR

Anything that comes in a pouch, and doesn't require flame to heat it...is not real food...

EDMUND

The chili and beans is straight fire though.

OSCAR

Chicken Tetrazzini baby!

Jane fake dry-heaves.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Haters gonna hate.

Brad walks up to the group -- energy drink in hand.

JANE

Brad, why don't you just mainline those drinks?

BRAD

I should probably consider that...

John, Jane, Oscar, and Edmund laugh.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Listen don't be fucking heroes. If shit hits the proverbial fan get the fuck out of Dodge. We'll get these clowns eventually.

JOHN

Copy...don't...die.

JANE

I think I like that plan.

BRAD

Drinks on me when you get back.

OSCAR

Have you seen Edmund drink?!

Edmund chuckles.

EDMUND

Whiskey and I understand each other.

OSCAR

Brad, how about some tacos too?

JANE

Always with the tacos, but yeah...

BRAD

I will buy you all a goddamn Chateaubriand if you want!

OSCAR

I've always liked you Brad...

The Loadmaster gives Javelin team the "okay to board" signal.

JOHN

Our limousine awaits.

BRAD

Alright *amigos*...and *amiga* enjoy the in-flight movies!

The four walk to the aircraft ramp, board.

INT. PHALANX OPERATIONS MISSION ROOM - SAME TIME

Large monitors litter the walls -- on the ops floor is a multitude of workstations. TWENTY PHALANX OPS PERSONNEL man the desks.

Brad stands at the front of the room under a monitor.

BRAD

Okay people make sure you are uploading any intel to the shared drive *post haste* and if you have something of significance just shout it the fuck out. If you need a bio break or want to call your boo thang do it now.

Several individuals get up, leave.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That's...what I figured. Someone bring me an energy drink on their way back! Grapefruit!

A PHALANX OPS EXECUTIVE walks up to Brad to confer with him.

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - SAME TIME

SIX JACOBI OPERATORS and the Jacobi Cell leader walk through the desert dunes in their battle suits.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
These fuckers don't know what's in
store for them.

The leader scans the area, looks up as well.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
Goodbye cruel world! Humankind is a
fucking virus.

He motions for the operators to follow him.

INT. JAVELIN AIRCRAFT CABIN - LATER

Javelin team sits docked into their stations.

JANE
Boss, I am a little concerned with
this op. What the hell are these
guys planning?

JOHN
This...will not be a cake walk.
Whatever happens don't let emotion
cloud your judgment.

Oscar eats an MRE, points to Jane's cornbread.

OSCAR
You going to eat that?

Jane hands him the MRE.

JANE
Pretty sure you would be all about
snack time even during the
apocalypse...

EDMUND
I love food, but do eat to
live...don't live to eat.

OSCAR
That's profound Bro, thanks.

A communications BEEP interrupts the banter -- John answers.

JOHN

Go for Javelin leader.

BRAD (V.O.)

John, those fuckers already have boots on the ground! We don't know how they slipped through the net. Satellite imagery is giving us a good bird's eye view of them now though. Less than ten hostiles in total. If only we could just nuke them from orbit...

JOHN

There's more to this... We need this face-to-face.

BRAD (V.O.)

Gonna give me another ulcer. Popping antacids like they're pieces of popcorn.

JOHN

What are they doing exactly?

BRAD (V.O.)

Oh you know...just taking a leisurely stroll around the desert. All that's missing is the margarita sipping. Every one of them has the same damn suit on, but one subject seems to be dolling out orders. Identification via imagery assets will be impossible unless we kill or capture one or get someone to show us their face.

JOHN

Fucking fantastic.

Lights in the aircraft cabin flash red.

John looks at a screen near his dock.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Alright, we are ten Mikes out from target.

BRAD (V.O.)

Copy. Be safe!

JOHN

WILCO, Javelin out.

John throws up two hands for "ten minutes".

The other Javelin members acknowledge with thumbs-ups -- they all undock, move towards the ramp door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Everybody good?

EDMUND
Define "good"...

OSCAR
"Frosty" hahaha.

JANE
I could use a margarita, or ten,
since Brad brought it up.

JOHN
Alright, business faces on.

The ramp door opens slowly.

OSCAR
Let's fucking do this!

The team all fist bump each other.

The lights in the fuselage go from red to green.

John, first in the stack, jumps from the plane -- the other team members follow suit.

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - LATER

Javelin team moves through the desert -- tight formation.

They spy a glint of light in the distance.

JOHN
Think we found our prom dates.

John raises his rifle, peers through the scope.

THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

A heads-up display reads "550 Meters" -- the Jacobi Cell leader appears -- he waves a white flag.

BACK TO THE DESERT

JOHN (CONT'D)
One subject in
view...they're...waving a white
flag... Brad, you there?

BRAD (V.O.)
Go for Brad.

JOHN
You guys seeing this?

BRAD (V.O.)
Yeah. What's your call?

JOHN
I go. Alone. Things go south go
danger close. Send them all to
hell.

BRAD (V.O.)
Good copy. Stay frosty!

Jane rolls her eyes.

OSCAR
Boss, this a good idea?

JOHN
Only one way to find out. Watch my
six.

JANE
You got it. Stay safe.

EDMUND
Anything happens we will burn it
all down.

John nods, walks toward the Jacobi leader's position.

An aerial asset buzzes the airspace above.

JOHN
About one hundred meters out now.
Subject doesn't appear to have a
rifle.

The Jacobi Cell leader still has the white flag in his hand

John continues his advance.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Twenty-five meters out.

John arrives where the leader is positioned.

JOHN (CONT'D)
White flag... Come to surrender
yourself?

JACOBI CELL LEADER
No, no just to have a *tete-a-tete*
as I do not recognize your
authority!

The leader drops the white flag, his face plate remains down.

JOHN
Well we have been looking for you
and your crew. I take it you are
the leader?

JACOBI CELL LEADER
Leader...we are one... A multi-
limbed organism that operates as a
whole.

JOHN
Some would call you a bunch of
crazy "Nihilists".

JACOBI CELL LEADER
"What's in a name?" We aren't
concerned with what the world's
societies think. Humans have had
plenty of time to ditch the shaved
ape mentality...a cleansing will
help the Earth!

John paces.

JOHN
Humans may not be perfect, but --

JACOBI CELL LEADER
-- "Perfect"?! Not even in the same
galaxy as perfection! Perfection is
the organized chaos of the
universe. Even as we speak worlds,
galaxies collide, reform, die, and
if humankind disappears off the
face of the Earth nothing will even
bat an eyelash! We have polluted
our host so badly we now seek other
worlds on which to spread our
garbage...and our iniquity...

The Jacobi leader stands on the white flag, the staff snaps.

JOHN

Why try and burn it all down
though? A little selfish...

JACOBI CELL LEADER

(agitated)

Why we are doing what others are
too weak and feeble-minded to do! A
reset is required! Let another
organism have a go at the top.

The leader kicks the broken flag parts.

JOHN

Did you drag me out to the desert
to lecture me on how bad the
species is? Because...that could
have been an email...

The Jacobi leader raises an index finger.

JACOBI CELL LEADER

Ah...levity...I figured I would
like you! Not to sound too ominous,
but the best is yet to come...

JOHN

That sounds totally ominous...

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - SAME TIME

Back where the rest of Javelin team hunker down Jane watches
the interaction between John and the Jacobi leader through a
rifle scope.

JANE

Well they're still talking...I
guess that's good...

EDMUND

I don't like this.

OSCAR

Yeah, getting bad Juju vibes...

JANE

Boss man knows what he's doing.

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - SAME TIME

The Jacobi cell leader looks up at the sky.

JOHN
Expecting someone?

JACOBI CELL LEADER
I come bearing gifts! Do you mind
if one of my compatriots brings
what I brought for you?

JOHN
No games...

JACOBI CELL LEADER
I wouldn't dare dream of it!

The leader walks away from John a bit as John does the same
in the other direction.

JOHN
Brad, Javelin One...he's having
someone bring something over.

BRAD (V.O.)
Well that sounds like a bad idea...

JOHN
Let's just let it play out.

BRAD (V.O.)
Okay...your call *compadre*.

The Jacobi leader walks back towards John.

JACOBI CELL LEADER
Any minute now...well worth the
wait!

A small four-by-four vehicle approaches in the distance
behind the leader, kicks up dust as it travels closer to
them.

The JACOBI CELL MEMBER stops the off-road vehicle, steps out.

The Jacobi leader walks to meet them, they exchange words
briefly -- the member hands the leader a tablet.

The member walks past the vehicle, continues to travel on
foot from whence they came.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)
First off a little video for you...
You might recognize the star...

The leader taps on the tablet a few times, turns it towards
John.

ON THE TABLET

A video of a suburban area plays, shot through a vehicle window -- the focus is on the back of a blonde woman's head, JENNIFER, 30s -- a laser target dot pops up on the back of her.

The laser disappears, Jennifer takes groceries from her car into the house -- the video ends.

BACK TO THE DESERT

John springs towards the Jacobi leader.

JOHN

You motherfucker, if you touch one
hair on her head!

John barrels into the leader's midsection, knocks him over into the sand.

The Jacobi cell leader raises a hand to stop John's imminent onslaught.

JACOBI CELL LEADER

Wait, wait! There's more!

John recoils, stops his assault.

JACOBI CELL LEADER (CONT'D)

Your lovely ex-wife, you certainly
married up, is fine...for now...
But not it's time for the *piece de
resistance!*

John paces, fists clenched.

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - SAME TIME

Back at the Javelin camp Jane drops her rifle.

JANE

Oh shit, oh shit, boss just decked
the Jacobi subject!

EDMUND

Oh fuck.

JANE

Javelin One, Javelin Two.

JOHN (V.O.)

Go for One.

JANE

Uh, is everything copacetic?! I just saw you knock your meeting partner on their ass!

JOHN (V.O.)

Stand down Two. All good for now. Radio Brad and tell him to send a security detail to my ex-wife's place...STAT.

Edmund looks at Oscar and Jane worriedly.

JANE

Oh...oh shit. WILCO.

JOHN (V.O.)

One out.

JANE

Someone talk to Brad, I will get back on the scope.

Jane returns to her position, peers through the rifle scope.

EXT. THE GREAT BASIN DESERT - SAME TIME

The Jacobi Cell leader stands by the vehicle, John watches him with his rifle barrel slightly raised.

JACOBI CELL LEADER

Now for the big reveal!

JOHN

I wait with bated breath...

The leader grabs a large case from the vehicle, places it on the ground between him and John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Open it.

The Jacobi leader opens the case, John moves closer, peers inside.

John sees a device with the nuclear trefoil symbol on it, his eyes widen behind his face shield.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is Javelin One, everyone stand down...they have a fucking nuke!

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

EXT./INT. - RUNDOWN BUILDING FRONT DOOR/INSIDE - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR

On a dark city street in front of a somewhat decrepit building a burly DOORMAN vigilantly watches the street -- head on a swivel.

As the doorman scans the area he focuses on a YOUNG MAN, early 20s, who looks like a typical gamer -- wears sweats and a baseball cap.

The Young Man looks nervous, but approaches the doorman.

YOUNG MAN

I-I'm here for t-the meeting.

The Doorman scans the Young Man up and down.

DOORMAN

(gruff voice)

Where's your invite?

Hands trembling slightly the Young Man pulls out a piece of paper, hands it to the doorman, tentatively.

The Doorman eyes the document -- he opens the door and motions the Young Man inside with a tilt of his neck -- he keeps the piece of paper.

The Young Man enters cautiously.

INSIDE

The inside of the building is as rundown as the façade, it's dark with little illumination except for a few scattered lamps.

Before the Young Man lies a long, dark hallway leading to a large, better lit room -- from the room the Young Man hears talking and occasional loud CHEERS.

Down the hallway he travels until he reaches the large meeting room.

MEETING ROOM

In the room a SPEAKER, 30s, Caucasian stands behind a podium and TWENTY YOUNG MEN of multiple ethnicities sit in folding chairs before the podium.

The Young Man quickly grabs an empty seat at the very back of the room -- he nervously scans the group of Young Men.

The Speaker continues talking.

SPEAKER
(enthusiastically)
Brothers...no more will we tolerate
society's intolerance of real men
like us!

Many of the Young Men in the audience cheer in agreement.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
For far too long we have been
relegated to the shadows, but that
time has passed! We will no longer
hide in the rafters like rats! We
will scorch the Earth with our new
manifest destiny!

The Young Man looks around, starts putting his fist up like many of the other men.

The Speaker points at the men, moving his finger across their ranks.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
You...all of you are righteous
warriors of the apocalypse!

YOUNG MAN
Y-yes! Yes!

SPEAKER
Nothing will stand in our
way...nothing!

YOUNG MAN
(more confidently)
Nothing!

SPEAKER
Now I want to hear you all yell it
loud and proud... Jacobi! Jacobi!
Jacobi!

THE GROUP
Jacobi! Jacobi! Jacobi!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT