Fortunate Son

by

Patrick Hegarty

Madhouse Entertainment
310.587.2200

Paradigm
310.288.8000

"I am concerned for the security of our great nation; not so much because of any threat from without, but because of the insidious forces working from within."

General Douglas MacArthur

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAWN

High above the Pacific, six dilapidated trailers clustered in a small clearing atop the cliffs of Big Sur. Filled with the last hopes of deadbeats, drop-outs, dreamers.

A low light emanates from the windows of the last trailer.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

A figure sits on the trailer steps, looking at the pink sky. GABE DILLON (27), piercing eyes, troubled gaze, faraway thoughts.

VOICE (O.S.)
They call us children of the dawn.

Gabe turns to HENRY WALPOLE (63), a pony-tailed local artist, and his dog, BASTARD, as they emerge from the woods.

GABE
I've been called worse.

HENRY
Me too.

Henry holds a filled plastic bag aloft.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Damn dog shits more than a busload of Mormons on a Mexican mission.

Tosses the bag into a nearby trash can.

GABE
Probably just pissed you named him Bastard.

HENRY
Gave him the name cuz I sensed he'd earn it. He hasn't disappointed.

Reaches into his pocket and pulls out a JOINT.

GABE
Damn it, Henry. Don't do that. I *am* a cop, ya know.

Henry sparks up the joint.

HENRY
Yeah, but you live out here, on the edge of the world with the rest of us misfits. And that makes you the most *un*-cop cop there is.

Takes a hit. Offers the joint. Gabe demurs. Goes inside.

GABE
G'night, Henry.

Henry waves. Gabe walks inside --

INT. TRAILER - DAWN

-- to bachelor chic decor: foldout couch, television, ratty recliner. His son, NOAH DILLON (8) sleeps on the foldout, mouth agape, peaceful.

Gabe stares at him from the doorway. Goes to the front window, looks out the curtain, searching for some enemy no one else can see. Closes the curtain, studies his son again.

Goes to a nearby unkempt table and sits. On one end, PAMPHLETS lie in stacks: "AMVETS," "VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS," "WOUNDED WARRIOR PROJECT."

At the other end, dozens of computer parts are strewn: PCs, Macs, tablets, a technological graveyard. Gabe tinkers with a disassembled old iBook G4.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

Low above the Pacific. Waves rise relentlessly toward a bluff rising a hundred feet above the water. The waves crash against the rocks -- violent beauty, magnificent destruction. Up the bluff to --

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Redwoods tower, girding the serpentine, two lane road that winds through Big Sur.

PRELAP: A local radio broadcast:

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)
Welcome back to K-USP, where the folks in Big Sur are on the cusp of making the big time.

Push in on a late model Dodge Charger emblazoned with the insignia of the Monterrey County Sheriff's Department.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Gabe drives. Weathered face, circles under his eyes, sleeplessness etched into his chiseled features.

Noah sits in the passenger seat, a hooded sweatshirt pulled low over his head. Dozes against the door at the early hour.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1(O.S.)
At least according to our next guest, Brendan O'Farrell, who insists that some of the most powerful people on the planet are plotting all of our futures this week right here in our own backyard. Break out the tin foil hats, huh people?

CLICK. Gabe changes the channel.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)
...and President Townsend's historic summit in Seoul with the Presidents of China and both South and North Korea begins today. Critics suggest appeasing China and North Korea will lead to...

CLICK. Another change. CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL'S "FORTUNATE SON" blares. Gabe croaks the lyrics.

GABE
(singing)
"...And when you ask them, 'How much should we give?' Ooh, they only answer More! More! More!"

Noah pulls his hood lower, annoyed.

NOAH
Gabe, you're voice is an embarrassment.

Gabe turns down the radio.

GABE
One, CCR is the greatest rock and roll band of all time. And two, why don't you try calling me "dad" once in a while?

NOAH
You start hanging around more, don't do something stupid like reenlist, and I'll think about it.

GABE
Promise?

NOAH
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Gabe smiles.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

The cruiser drives along a bumpy path, parking in front of a three room cabin nestled amid the redwoods. Noah climbs out, a duffel in hand. Looks over the car at his dad.

NOAH
Coming?

GABE
(hesitant)
Sure.

Grabs the old iBook he was working on from the back seat.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Gabe stands in the doorway, staring into an odd living room. No real furniture, just a makeshift gym replete with weights, treadmill, and a heavy bag suspended from the ceiling.

Noah approaches the sweating woman standing beside the bag, boxing gloves on her hands. KYLIE DILLON (28), no makeup, effortless beauty, high cheek bones, fiery.

KYLIE
(kissing Noah hello)
Hey baby. Did you have fun?

NOAH
In-'n-Out Burgers and movies 'til midnight. What's not to like?

Kylie offers Gabe the dead eye.

KYLIE
Midnight? Really?

Gabe shrugs.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
(to Noah)
Hop in the shower. You have to come with me today. Josephine canceled.

NOAH
Mom, I don't want to sit in a catering truck all day.

KYLIE
No choice.

NOAH
I'm old enough to stay by myself.

KYLIE
No way, mister.

GABE
If I didn't have to work, I'd help out, Ky.

KYLIE
I've handled day care his entire life. I can handle it now.

NOAH
(walking away)
I'll let you guys argue in peace. Later, Gabe.

GABE
Dad?

NOAH
Nice try.

Kylie shakes her head at Gabe. Then WHACK, punches the heavy bag. Slowly builds momentum, a growing rage as her fists and feet find their mark.

KYLIE
You coming in?

Gabe looks at the doorjamb in which he stands.

GABE
Safest place during an earthquake is in a doorway. And I feel a little earthquake coming.

She eyes him and continues her workout.

KYLIE
Cute.

GABE
You have any idea when you're going to stop being mad at me?

WHACK. A roundhouse kick and Kylie exhales deeply, gathering herself. Walks to Gabe.

KYLIE
Let's see. Today I've got the most important order of my catering life at the most exclusive inn on the west coast. I've got an ex that barely knows his own son -- who, incidentally, I've been raising by myself for the better part of eight years. And to top it all off, my babysitter canceled because her horoscope told her to stay at home to avoid calamity today. So, yeah Gabe, I'm pissed, but I think I've got some pretty good reasons.

She sighs deeply, better for the venting. Gabe waits a beat.

GABE
I'm trying Kylie. A good job. Taking time with Noah.

KYLIE
Good job? You're a freaking genius and you've been playing soldier and cops and robbers all your adult life. Not to mention trying to save every screwed-up vet in Northern California.

GABE
It's gonna take time to build the computer stuff into something viable.

KYLIE
If you would've started ten years ago, you'd be a star at Google or Apple right now.

GABE
Let's not do this again. It's not like I left you for someone else.

KYLIE
(sarcastic laugh)
Sometimes I wish it *was* another woman. At least then there'd be someone else to blame.

She looks down, tears in her eyes. Looks back up at him.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Ya know, while you were out in some godforsaken desert, I did this alone. That's what you never understood. *We're* the ones that needed you.

GABE
I'm here now.

KYLIE
(shakes her head)
I'm afraid it might be too late.

Gabe reaches for her. Lifts her face to his.

GABE
Don't say that. Not yet.

Kylie steps back from his touch.

KYLIE
I gotta get ready.
(gestures to computer under his arm)
This fixed?

Gabe hands her the machine.

GABE
Yeah. Replaced the mother board. Right as rain.

Kylie takes it.

KYLIE
Thanks.

Turns to go.

GABE
Hey. They've got me helping with traffic control at the inn today, keeping the riffraff away from the high rollers. Coffee after you clear the lunch spread?

A long beat as she studies him.

KYLIE
Maybe.

Gabe watches her walk away. In the darkness of the hall, Gabe spots Noah, watching. Gabe blows him a kiss. Leaves.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Gabe drives the winding road. WHOOP, WHOOP, WHOOP. The rotors of an AGUSTA AW 109 LUXURY HELICOPTER shake the windows as it flies in from the Pacific. Sleek, efficient, posh.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Gabe looks out the window, studying the aircraft.

INT. AGUSTA HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Leather seating for eight. Crystal glasses in a rack, custom oak interior, the only noise the low hum of the engines and the velvety rhythms of Beethoven's Ninth.

Sitting at a window is PAUL WARBURG (52), owner of the resort and President of Mechanix, a world-shaping multinational with fingers in *all* pies. Fit, graying temples, the confidence of a man who runs things.

Across from him, cell phone to his ear, is STEVEN GAUER (32), his assistant. Ivy league blue-blood from the Hamptons.

GAUER
Yes, thank you.
(beat as he listens)
Pleasure.

Hangs up.

GAUER (CONT'D)
Ms. Saya assures me she's sent her finest.

Warburg stares at the cliffs near Big Sur, deep in thought.

WARBURG
"Know that however ugly the parts appear, the whole remains beautiful."

GAUER
Sir?

WARBURG
(distracted)
Robinson Jeffers. He lived near here. Wrote about this coast. Its destructive magnificence slowly remaking the world. One wave at a time.

Stares out the window then turns to Gauer, as if awakening from a trance. All business now.

WARBURG (CONT'D)
You were saying?

GAUER
Ms. Saya's girls have arrived.

WARBURG
Good. All work and no play makes us all dull boys.

EXT. ABOVE POST RANCH INN - DAY

The helicopter zips above the sprawling property that comprises one of the most elite resorts in the world: the Post Ranch Inn.

Push in: Polo fields, stables, swimming pools, hot springs, shooting range, climbing walls, tennis courts, golf course, spa, and a main building with standard five-star rooms.

The entire property is girded with redwoods and a secure fence, patrolled by resort security comprised of former military and law enforcement officials.

Push in on a group of five secluded, ornate "cabins" overlooking the dramatic cliffs on the Pacific.

The cabins hold the names of the five highest peaks in California: SHASTA, WILLIAMSON, WHITE MOUNTAIN PEAK, NORTH PALISADE, and WHITNEY.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - DAY

The most ornate of the cabins, Whitney is three stories high, perched some two hundred feet above the Pacific. A wall of windows looks out over an infinity pool and the ocean beyond.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Warburg's chopper sets down fifty yards from the cabin, adjacent to three other helicopters that are already there.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Gabe cruises PCH. A discreet wooden sign ahead indicates the turn off for the Post Ranch Inn.

Across the street, in a small cordoned off "FIRST AMENDMENT ZONE," PROTESTORS carry signs: "NO NEW WORLD ORDER," "WHO'S BEHIND THE FED?"

Gabe hears a smattering of calls through his open window.

PROTESTOR 1
The sheep sleep, the wolves feast!

PROTESTOR 2
Welcome to the corporatocracy!

EXT. FIRST AMENDMENT ZONE - DAY

Stay with them as Gabe pulls on to the property. Find a local reporter, ASHLEY DAVIS (22), eager, bright, a climber.

She interviews KEVIN DRISCOLL (32), a bearded and bespectacled anti-establishment type.

ASHLEY
But Paul Warburg's not a Bildeberger, and he's created a lot of jobs locally and nationwide.

DRISCOLL
The Bildebergers are amateurs compared to Warburg and his pals. Dontcha see, it's all a shell game. It's the military-corporate-security state come to life. We're all just pawns...

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

Gabe's cruiser pulls down the drive into a small holding lot near a secure gate. Climbs out.

Approaches the security personnel manning the gate. The team leader is COLIN WHITE (32), who stands with a receiver in his ear and an iPad in his hand.

GABE
Colin White.

White turns to Gabe, a smile on his lips.

WHITE
Deputy Dillon.

Colin shakes his hand.

WHITE (CONT'D)
Sheriff said he was sending somebody. Didn't know it'd be you.

GABE
Yeah, a real plum assignment. Baby sit wealthy industrialists as they pound drinks and bed prostitutes.

WHITE
You have to learn the language, Deputy. *Poor* men go to prostitutes. *Rich* men are serviced by escorts.

GABE
Yeah.
(looks around)
So how can the Monterrey County Sheriff's Department be of assistance today?

White walks toward the guard shack. Gabe follows.

EXT. SERVICE GATE - DAY

Two catering trucks pull to the service entrance of the resort. Stenciled on the side of the first one: "KYLIE'S CULINARY CREATIONS."

I/E. CATERING TRUCK - DAY

Noah plays a game on his iPhone, headphones in his ears. Kylie sits behind the wheel. Hands a picture ID to the security guard. He swipes it on a portable reader. BEEP.

SECURITY GUARD
Big day, huh Kylie?

Studies the readout.

KYLIE
No pressure, Stan. It's only my career, right?

SECURITY GUARD
Maurice is pissed. He didn't resign from that four-star San Francisco joint to be one-upped by a local.

KYLIE
He'll get over it. I guess my soon-to-be-world-famous seafood crepes were just too much to resist.

Kylie takes her credentials back from him.

SECURITY GUARD
Guess so.
(nodding to second truck)
These guys with you?

KYLIE
Yeah. Servers from an agency in the city. Supposed to be the best. They've got temp credentials.

SECURITY GUARD
Okay, good luck. Pull ahead. The Secret Service is inspecting all vehicles.

KYLIE
Will do. Thanks.

Pulls on to the grounds. A hundred yards inside is a secondary checkpoint, manned with SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

The next truck pulls to the crossing. The DRIVER hands his credentials to the guard and smiles.

INT. GUARD SHACK - DAY

White studies his iPad as Gabe surveys the small space.

GABE
Quite a guest list, huh?

WHITE
Let's see. A former President, two Senators, three Federal Reserve bank presidents, CEOs from six of the largest multinationals in the world, and my boss, Mr. Paul Warburg. And that's just the A-listers.

GABE
So what does that mean for me?

WHITE
Well, we've got Secret Service and resort security on the grounds, so the property is completely fortified and secure. But you saw the granolas outside, right?

GABE
Seem harmless enough.

WHITE
So did the Unabomber. Just keep an eye on them, maybe stroll the perimeter when things are quiet.

GABE
Sounds like a plan.

White holds his hand to the receiver in his ear, listening.

WHITE
Copy.
(to Gabe)
The royalty is here.

Grabs a radio from a nearby rack. Hands it to Gabe.

WHITE (CONT'D)
Local comms.

Hits a button raising the barrier on the gate. Leads Gabe outside. Gabe puts the radio on his belt next to his sheriff's radio.

EXT. SECONDARY CHECKPOINT - DAY

AGENTS check under both catering vehicles with MIRRORS on extensions.

One Agent closes the back of Kylie's catering truck. Another opens the back of the second truck.

INT. CATERING TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A quick perusal of the space: stainless steel serving trays secured inside tall cabinets. Nothing. The Agents closes the door. Darkness.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

Gabe and White watch a caravan of black limousines and SUVs stretch down the drive. They race past, occupants shielded from view by tinted glass.

GABE
The other half, huh?

WHITE
More like the other one hundredth of one percent.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - DAY

Kylie takes supplies from her catering truck toward the side kitchen entrance of Whitney.

The men in the second catering truck step out.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- DIGNITARIES step from limousines, striding toward their respective cabins. HANDLERS trail behind with luggage.

-- SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and RESORT SECURITY prowl the area.

-- Driscoll and the others out front chant at passing cars.

-- White enters a SECURITY COMMAND POST on the property: CAMERA FEEDS from the property bring the entire resort alive.

-- Kylie slices and dices in a chaotic kitchen.

-- Gabe walks a worn path on the perimeter of the property, enjoying the quiet and beauty of it all.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

WAITERS, including the Driver of the second catering truck, pass trays of martinis. Resort Security and Secret Service line the walls, watchful, radio earpieces in place.

Warburg and Gauer mingle among the dozen or so distinguished guests. Laughter, cocktails, restrained luxuriance.

Warburg approaches three men, one of whom is SENATOR STEPHEN LAWRENCE (45), California's first-term junior senator.

The other is former PRESIDENT CURTIS ELMS (69). Gray hair, trim, every bit the polished politician.

WARBURG
Welcome, Mr. President. Senator. Glad you could join us.

PRESIDENT ELMS
Thanks for having me back, Paul.

WARBURG
Pleasure, sir. I invited your young friend back as well.

Looks in the direction of a statuesque BRUNETTE (27) who sips champagne. Runs her fingers over the stemware seductively.

PRESIDENT ELMS
Excellent. You know, Paul. Until last time, I didn't think members of my party were welcome here.

WARBURG
No Democrats or Republicans here, Mr. President. Only like-minded individuals trying to advance our country's interests.

PRESIDENT ELMS
Here, here.

He drinks.

WARBURG
And how is it to be out of the limelight?

PRESIDENT ELMS
These seven months out of office have been the best of my life.

WARBURG
Good. I think you'll learn what all of us in the private sector know well: the country's most important work is done away from the cameras.
(beat)
Always.

Elms raises his glass. Walks toward the brunette. Warburg and Senator Lawrence smile as he goes.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY MEN sit at the consoles, eyeing the feeds coming into the room via CCTV cameras all over the property.

SECURITY MAN 1
Sir?

Turns behind him to White, who oversees the whole operation, earpiece in his ear.

WHITE
Whaddya got?

The Security Man points to a --

MONITOR: Two BACKPACKERS walk near the fence, large packs strapped to their backs.

WHITE

Absorbs the scene.

WHITE (CONT'D)
(to Security Man 1)
What's their location?

SECURITY MAN 1
About a quarter mile from the cell tower.

White makes a call on the radio.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

Gabe eyes the fifteen foot high ornate metal fence that encircles the property. His radio crackles to life.

WHITE (O.S.)
Gabe, you copy?

GABE
Copy.

INTERCUT: INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

WHITE
Looks like we got a couple backpackers heading toward the cell tower, just a few hundred yards north of your location. Take a look, would ya?

GABE
Will do.

EXT. CELL TOWER - DAY

Gabe approaches the cell tower, just thirty yards away. Sees the two Backpackers bending low at the structure's base.

GABE
(calling out)
Hey.

The Backpackers turn, see Gabe, continue their work.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - DAY

A half dozen Secret Service and security men stand outside, casually surveying the grounds. Cush job.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Warburg and Gauer continue to circulate among the others. Now there are BEAUTIFUL WOMEN on many arms. Ms. Saya's pros.

Kylie passes *hors d'oeuvre* trays. Looks around. Notices none of her temp servers are around.

KYLIE
(sotto voce)
Where the hell's my help?

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - DAY

Kylie's six servers, still dressed in white, walk toward the second catering truck.

They're led by the Driver we met earlier, MARK TUCCIO (30), lean, lithe, hungry. He enters the back of the truck.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Tuccio enters the back of the truck the Agent inspected before. Turns the rolling steel cabinet around. Unlocks a HIDDEN LATCH.

-- Pulls TYPE 56 AR ASSAULT RIFLES. Distributes them to his men.

-- Tuccio and his men walk from the truck, guns tight to their sides.

-- Noah in the catering truck. Sees the men and the guns. Ducks down in his seat, hiding.

-- PFFTT, PFFTT, PFFTT, PFFTT! Tuccio and his men take out the Secret Service and Security outside Whitney cabin in a hail of bullets.

-- Tuccio walks toward the helicopters. In his hand are three bricks of SEMTEK plastic explosive.

-- Noah bears witness to the massacre. Terrified.

EXT. CELL TOWER - DAY

Gabe continues toward the two huddled figures, a quizzical look on his face.

GABE
I said hey. What are you guys doing?

The Backpackers race away.

GABE (CONT'D)
Hold it right there.

Gabe breaks into a sprint, near the tower, when --

BOOM! A fiery explosion tears the base of the cell tower apart, ripping across the clearing, sending dirt, steel and wood flying!

Gabe FLIES through the air and CRASHES into the base of a redwood. Stunned and bloodied, ears ringing, he tries to gather himself. Silence. Until --

CREEEEEEK. A screech, ear-piercing groans, as the falling cell tower rouses him.

Through squinted eyes, Gabe watches the tower CRASH down, coming to rest atop the perimeter fence like a fallen metallic sentinel.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Tuccio walks away from the helicopters, a smile on his face. Makes a call on his radio.

TUCCIO
Falcon, two-fiver, this is Gunslinger. Perimeter is secure.
(MORE)

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Two minutes to infil. Just follow the fireworks.

FALCON (O.S.)
Copy, Gunslinger. Falcon will touch down in two. Out.

Joins his men as they enter Whitney again.

EXT. CELL TOWER - DAY

Gabe pulls his police radio.

GABE
Dispatch this is Alpha one-one-niner. I'd like to report an explosion at the Post Ranch Inn.

From the other radio on his belt, White comes alive.

WHITE (O.S.)
Gabe, what the hell's going on out there?

GABE
(ignoring it)
Request immediate emergency and fire response. Unsure at this time if there are any injured.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Copy, one-one-nine. Backup en route.

WHITE (O.S.)
Gabe, do you copy?

Gabe puts his radio down. Grabs for the other and CRASH! A foot SMASHES his hand. The radio flies through the air -- plastic shards, torn wires. Crashes dead on the ground.

Gabe rolls away, popping to his feet, reaching for his gun. CLICK. Only to be met by the barrel of a submachine gun against his forehead.

BACKPACKER 1
Not today, Deputy.

Gabe turns. The other Backpacker holds another weapon on his back. Gabe's eyes dart. Nowhere to turn.

The man takes Gabe's other radio and gun. POP! Shoots the other radio, shattering it. Gabe's official comms are gone.

BACKPACKER 1 (CONT'D)
Now come.

Backpacker 1 walks toward the fallen tower. Backpacker 2 spurs Gabe forward with the barrel of the weapon.

Gabe walks, his eyes dancing, searching. There. A piece of TWISTED METAL from the explosion on the ground ahead. Just feet away. Closer, closer, closer.

WHOOSH! Gabe swoops low, SWEEPING his legs and GRABBING the piece of metal in one motion. WHACK! Shatters the wrist of Backpacker 2 with a vicious downward thrust.

The man falls to the ground, wailing in agony, his wrist hanging useless.

Gabe SPRINGS at Backpacker 1 as he turns.

POP, POP! Two wild shots pierce the air, missing wildly.

Gabe DRIVES through the man's chest with a vicious tackle. The man's head CRASHES to the ground. Stunned until THWAP! Gabe SLAMS him across the head with the piece of metal.

Gabe snatches the gun from the man's hand. Turns to the second Backpacker, who writhes on the ground. Gabe grabs his weapon as well. Surveys the area, mind racing.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

The four helicopters sit quietly on the helipad overlooking the Pacific. Until --

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! They go up in a series of FIREBALLS. In the distance, another helicopter approaches. Falcon. Tuccio's reinforcements.

INT. CATERING TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Noah sits on the ground of the passenger side. Immobile. Speechless. Almost catatonic.

EXT. CELL TOWER - DAY

Gabe stares in disbelief at the rising fireballs from the helicopters a quarter mile away.

GABE
Jesus Christ!
(beat)
Kylie! Noah!

Holsters his revolver. Grabs the submachine gun. Reaches for his cuffs.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Warburg, Gauer, President Elms, Kylie, and the other guests look in the direction of the explosions, stunned. Behind them, at the main entrance, Tuccio and his men pour in.

POP, POP, POP, POP! Silenced shots take out all remaining Secret Service and Security. The rest of the civilians look on in horror.

Tuccio's men scream: "Everybody on the ground!" "Get the fuck down!" "Down, down, down!" The guests comply.

Tuccio stands in front of the wall of windows that looks out on the Pacific, surveying the scene.

TUCCIO
I apologize for the interruption, but my friends and I would like a private chat with some of the guests. McMahon, Fielder, and Vickers, with me. Now.

PRESIDENT ELMS
I demand to know what's going on here.

TUCCIO
Don't worry, Mr. President. In time.

Three men share uneasy looks. They are pixie-ish MICHAEL MCMAHON (59), stout LARRY FIELDER (63), and STERLING VICKERS (70), a gray-templed Patrician from Charlestown, Mass. Bankers of the Federal Reserve.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
(to the bankers)
Gentlemen?

He gestures the men up stairs. Turns to the others.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Now. If you're expecting any assistance from remaining Secret Service or resort security, I wouldn't hold my breath. I'm certain the FBI will set a perimeter in a bit, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. Just sit tight. I'll be with you shortly.

Tuccio follows the others upstairs, leaving three of his men behind as guards.

President Elms, Warburg, and his assistant, Gauer, look after Tuccio, minds racing. Kylie stands in horror. What the hell just happened?

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

An unmarked olive green Bell 214 helicopter sets down amid the burning wreckage of the other birds.

FALCON (O.S.)
Gunslinger, Falcon is in the nest.

Twelve more of Tuccio's MEN disembark.

TUCCIO (O.S.)
Copy that, Falcon. Secure the perimeter and start the patrols.

FALCON (O.S.)
Copy.

Eight men quickly secure the perimeter of Whitney cabin. Two two-man teams begin to patrol the grounds.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

Gabe cuffs the two unconscious Backpackers to the fence. Looks at the shards of both his police and resort radios.

Gun in hand, he climbs the fallen cell tower and LEAPS down on to the resort golf course. Jogs toward the cliffs, Whitney cabin, and his family.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - DAY

CHAOS. On the monitors, burning hulks of choppers, bodies on a manicured lawn. The Security Men call desperately on their radios. White animatedly talks on the phone.

WHITE
Yes sir. All the dignitaries are inside Whitney Cabin. The rest of the resort was emptied for the long weekend.
(beat)
Yes sir.

Hangs up.

WHITE (CONT'D)
FBI is on the way.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Gabe jogs across the golf course. Suddenly stops in a line of redwoods that separate one fairway from another. Pulls his cell phone. Looks at the digital display. Sees FULL BARS.

Looks back over his shoulder at the fallen cell tower.

GABE
(puzzled, sotto voce)
What the hell?

Starts texting. On the DISPLAY: "TO: Kylie, Noah. MESSAGE: Are you guys okay???"

INT. CATERING TRUCK - DAY

Noah clutches his phone in his hand. Zzzzz! It buzzes, but the boy's in shock. Can't even feel it.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Kylie leans against a massive brick fireplace. Tuccio's men circulate among the terrified captives.

Zzzzz. Her cell buzzes in her pocket. She discreetly checks the message. Types a one-handed response:

"No. Held in Whitney. Noah in truck. Get him out."

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A flash of rage crosses Gabe's face as he reads. Types:

"COMING FOR YOU BOTH. NOW."

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

On the wall, a wide screen television, with a camera on top. Wires lead from the television to a high-end laptop that sits on a table with a secure phone system.

A COMPUTER MAN (29) sits at the laptop. A GUNMAN escorts McMahon, Fielder, and Vickers into the room.

TUCCIO
Bankers of the Federal Reserve. Welcome. Let's dispatch with the preliminaries and get down to business. Your banks in Boston, New York and San Francisco have, at any given time, more than half a billion dollars on hand. I'm here today to pitch a unique opportunity. You pay my friends and me a quarter billion dollars. In return, we allow you to keep the balance and continue to perpetuate the fraud of the Federal Reserve System on the American people.

The Bankers look incredulous. McMahon even smiles.

MCMAHON
Doesn't sound like we'll get much return on this "investment."

TUCCIO
On the contrary. You get to keep your banks. And your lives.

No more smiles.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
I'll take your silence as an assent. Now if you'd each assist my colleague here bypassing your system's biometric security apparatus, we'll begin.

Vickers, the Boston banker, balks.

VICKERS
I have a responsibility to my shareholders. I refuse to be coerced into anything.

TUCCIO
Ah, Mr. Vickers of Boston. You feel strongly about this? No solution to this little dilemma?

Fielder tries to intercede.

FIELDER
Just do as he says!

VICKERS
Absolutely not.

TUCCIO
I respect your integrity. Now if you'll take a look at the television.

Nods to the man sitting in front of the laptop. His fingers go to work. On the --

TELEVISION

A remote feed shows the tower of the BOSTON FED BUILDING. Tuccio stands alongside the television.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
(like a tour guide)
Rising more than six hundred feet above Boston, the unique Boston Fed building is thirty-two stories high and represents the first district in the Federal Reserve system. Now. As a taste of what my men and I are capable of, please take a look at the top floor, which is currently under renovation, and thus, thankfully, vacant.

Nods to his cohort. THWACK, he hits a button on the keyboard with a flourish.

Vickers and the others watch as smoke spills from the windows.

The muffled POPS of EXPLOSIONS sound. *Then, seconds later, the top floor COLLAPSES!* WHOOSH! A fire envelops the top floor in seconds.

The men sit stunned. No sound in the room, save for the labored breathing of Vickers and the others.

VICKERS
My God...

TUCCIO
(to Vickers)
...isn't going to help you. Now. If you refuse my unique investment opportunity, I'll have no choice but to pull the entire building in a controlled demolition. So what will it be, Mr. Vickers? Give up a little of your shareholder's cash? Or watch a few thousand of your employees perish?

Vickers collapses in a nearby seat, submissive.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Good. Now we're in business.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Gabe jogs between redwood trees that separate two fairways, talking on his cell, exasperated.

GABE
...you're not listening. Just patch me through to whoever's in charge. I'm the only one with eyes on this.

Through the receiver we hear the chaos at the 911 Dispatch Center as phones ring off the hook.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Sir, one minute please. I'll see what I can do.

CLICK. They put him on hold. Gabe mouths an obscenity.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - DAY

In the back of the frenetic room, Colin White stands next to the man now in charge: SPECIAL AGENT RYAN WALKER (43). Avian face. Quick mind. Fast tongue. Short fuse.

AGENT WALKER
It's an empty gesture. Blowing the cell tower doesn't do shit to comms in and out. The signals just move to the next tower in the chain.

WHITE
Yes sir.

AGENT WALKER
Other resort personnel?

WHITE
Aside from all support staff catering this weekend's festivities, the rest of the property is vacant. Orders from Mr. Warburg himself.

AGENT WALKER
Is that normal protocol?

WHITE
No. But we've never hosted an event like this before.

AGENT WALKER
Yeah. I guess there's no playbook when a former President is taken hostage either.

WHITE
Does the current President know?

AGENT WALKER
Not yet. My orders are to secure the property and stick my thumb up my ass until my bosses in D.C. decide what to do.

A nearby FBI ANALYST calls out.

FBI ANALYST
Sir, I've got a Monterrey County Sheriff's Deputy on the line that says he's on the property.

WHITE
Dillon.

AGENT WALKER
Friend of yours?

WHITE
On loan from the county. He was supposed to be patrolling the perimeter, but...

AGENT WALKER
...looks like he's patrolling the interior now.
(to Analyst)
Put him on speaker.

CLICK.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
This is Special Agent Ryan Walker of the FBI. With whom am I speaking?

INTERCUT: EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Gabe sees a maintenance shed in the distance. Heads toward it while he talks to Walker.

GABE
Deputy Gabriel Dillon, Monterrey County Sheriff's department.

AGENT WALKER
What's your location, deputy?

GABE
Just west of the golf course, east of the cabins overlooking the ocean.

AGENT WALKER
And that's where I want you to stay. We've got the site secure.

GABE
Oh yeah? Well, I've got a bunch of gun-toting jagoffs roaming 'round here that would disagree.

AGENT WALKER
Listen, deputy. This is way above your pay grade. *And* mine. So until my bosses say jump, we sit tight. Got that?

Gabe continues toward the Maintenance Shed.

GABE
Can't do that. My wife and boy are in there. If you want to stay in touch, I can be your ears and eyes. If not, good luck.

POP, POP, POP! Gunfire rips the bark off a nearby redwood tree.

The gunfire EXPLODES across the phone connection. Walker and White eye each other.

Gabe ducks, sees two of Tuccio's patrolmen racing his way.

Pockets the phone. Pulls the submachine gun. Slaloms between redwoods, avoiding gunfire. The gunmen pursue.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - SAME

Agent Walker stares at White.

AGENT WALKER
Any other wildcards I should know about?

WHITE
(chagrined)
No sir. Just that one.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME

The pursuit continues.

GUNMAN 1
Target one o'clock!

GUNMAN 2
Got him!

Gabe stops behind a tree, gun drawn, catching his breath. Nearby, a smaller redwood stands. Gabe heads for it. Hears the crunch of leaves under an assailant's foot.

Looks above at the branches overhead.

SECONDS LATER

Gunman 1 approaches. LEAPS around the trunk of the tree, expecting Gabe. Nothing.

A long beat. He looks up and BAM! Catches Gabe's boot in his face. He reels backward, staggering.

Gabe LEAPS on top of him, battling for the gun.

GUNMAN 1
Here!

Starts to wrest the gun from Gabe's grip. Gunman 2 turns the corner, weapon drawn.

Gabe fluidly moves behind Gunman 1, hand still on the gun, using him as a human shield.

POP, POP, POP! Gunman 2 lights up his buddy, the writhing body absorbing the shots.

POP, POP! Gabe WRENCHES the gun toward Gunman 2. Uses it to take him out. Drops his meat shield. Catches his breath.

EXT. FIRST AMENDMENT ZONE - DAY

Unmarked black sedans and SUVs roar past. Driscoll, our counter-culture protester, turns to Ashley, the reporter, as she sets up for another remote.

DRISCOLL
Those are Feds. Something's up.

ASHLEY
How do you know?

DRISCOLL
They don't send the black sedan boys to investigate "propane tank explosions."

Driscoll sneaks down the road away from the others. A hundred yards down he crosses over. Heads down the trail that Gabe patrolled just minutes before.

In the background, NEWS TRUCKS arrive, lining the street: CNN, FOX, ABC and the rest. Word is out. Somehow.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Tuccio turns to his Computer Man. The Bankers sit nervously.

TUCCIO
We good?

COMPUTER MAN
Better than good.

TUCCIO
Okay. Post the manifesto alongside the video of the explosion. Then E-mail links to our press contacts.

COMPUTER MAN
Yes sir.

Tuccio turns to another Gunman.

TUCCIO
Take them downstairs and bring me the others. Time for this show to go international.

The Gunman ushers the bankers out.

EXT. MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

Gabe races into the shed --

INT. MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

-- and approaches a workbench. Sees a small pack. Loads it with supplies: ROPE, handheld MACHETE, DUCT TAPE, FLARES.

Pulls a drawer open. Sees a HUNTING KNIFE in a leather pouch. Puts in the pack. Races out.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Gabe jogs low toward the cabin. Ducks behind a rock wall that encircles it, surveying the scene:

The massive cabin rises against the backdrop of the Pacific, which crashes against the cliffs two hundred feet below.

Nearby, two catering trucks, Noah in the front one; burning hulls of helicopters; and eight of Tuccio's men patrolling with their Type 56 assault rifles.

A patrol passes. Gabe sneaks to the passenger side of the rear truck. Opens the door slowly. Cab is empty. Shit.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK - DAY

Gabe approaches the front truck. Tries the door. Locked. Rises to look inside. Sees Noah huddled near the wheel well, sweatshirt over his head, hiding.

Taps lightly on the window. Can't risk knocking louder. Pulls his cell. Dials. Waits as the phone RINGS --

INTERCUT: INT. CATERING TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Noah frantically hits the mute button, trying to stifle the ring. Answers. A whispered conversation.

NOAH
Gabe?

GABE
Yeah, son, it's me.

NOAH
Where are you?

GABE
Right outside the door. Now listen very closely. I need you to unlock the truck.

NOAH
Mom's inside the cabin.

GABE
I know. I'll get her next. Now stay low and unlock the door. Slowly.

Noah unlocks the door. Gabe slowly opens it. Inch by inch.

Another two-man PATROL nears on the other side. Gabe can't see them. The patrol passes.

CREAK...the door creaks almost inaudibly. Gunman 3 turns at the faint sound.

GUNMAN 3
You hear that?

Gabe slowly closes the door again. Noah LOCKS it.

Gunman 3 gestures for his partner to circle around the back of the truck. He's got the front. Gabe ducks low.

Gabe'S POV: sees the legs of the men circling. Pulls his gun and ROLLS underneath just as the Gunmen turn the corner. Watches as the men approach the door.

Click, click. Gunman 3 tries the door.

GUNMAN 3 (CONT'D)
There's something in there.

GUNMAN 4
Is that a kid?

BAM, BAM, BAM! He pounds on the glass.

GUNMAN 4 (CONT'D)
Open the goddamn door!

GUNMAN 3
Shoot the glass.

POP, POP, POP, POP! Gabe blasts two shots into the shins of each man. They drop. He scurries out and POUNCES on Gunman 3.

CRACK! Twists his neck, snapping it.

Gunman 4 reaches for his gun. POP, POP! Two shots to the head. Gabe ends him.

VOICES rise in the distance. Gabe pounds on the glass.

GABE
Noah, move...NOW!

Noah swings the door open and they SPRINT away from the cabins. POP, POP, POP, POP, POP! Chased by automatic gunfire!

They dash down a horse trail that runs atop the breathtaking cliffs. Gunmen 5 and 6 give chase.

Noah struggles, unable to keep up, terrorized.

NOAH
Gabe!

Gabe looks back, sees the Gunmen gaining. Adrenaline surges. SCOOPS his fifty-pound boy in his arms. Sees a massive GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM in the distance. Surges toward it.

Gunman 5 and 6 give chase.

EXT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - DAY

Gabe carries Noah inside --

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - CONTINUOUS

-- a glass enclosure housing a vast collection of native California plants, trees, and flowers.

A winding path meanders in an oval through the one-hundred-yard long space. Benches, lounge chairs and fountains complete the tranquil scene --

-- which is shattered by the chaotic entrance of Gabe and Noah. Gabe surveys the space, breathing heavily. Bolts left, toward the glass wall that overlooks the Pacific.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Tuccio holds a radio in his hand. Pensive. Turns to his man working the computer. The man answers the unasked question.

COMPUTER MAN
Almost there.

Tuccio checks his watch.

TUCCIO
Good. It's almost time to reach out to the Commander-in-Chief.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

The shaken Boston banker, Vickers, sits on the ground next to Kylie and Gauer. All eyes are on him.

KYLIE
(whispering)
What's happening?

VICKERS
I wish to God I knew.

Kylie looks down at her phone. Nothing. Where are they?

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - DAY

Gunmen 5 and 6 enter. SILENCE. The only sound the trickle of three fountains and the distant Pacific crashing. Gunman 5 signals to the other: you go that way. I'll circle this way.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - PYGMY FOREST - DAY

Gabe and Noah sneak behind a small stand of trees housed in large pots in the front corner of the glass enclosure.

GABE
Lay down here. Don't move. Got it?

Noah grabs Gabe's sleeve.

NOAH
(terrified)
Where are you going?

GABE
On the offensive.

Turns to go. Noah hangs on desperately. Grabs him in an embrace. Gabe's taken aback, finally realizing how scared his son is. Looks him in the eyes.

NOAH
Don't worry. We're going to get outta here.

Gabe gestures behind the pots, near the glass wall.

GABE
Now go.

Noah hides. Gabe chambers a bullet and throws his backpack behind the pots with Noah. Bends low. Moves out.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - FOUNTAIN - DAY

A massive cement fountain with six pissing CHERUBS doing the honors. Gunman 6 sneaks nearby, searching. Gabe prowls on the other side of the fountain, stalking.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - PYGMY FOREST - SAME

Gunman 5 nears the area where Noah is hidden. Noah hears him. Reaches for the pack Gabe left. Pulls SOMETHING from inside.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - FOUNTAIN - SAME

FLASH, Gabe LEAPS at Gunman 6 from behind. Knocks the gun from his hand and SLAMS the man's head against one of the cherubs. The man spins, KICKING Gabe's gun from his hand.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - PYGMY FOREST - SAME

Gunman 5 walks past Noah's location. Noah breathes, relieved.

The Gunman turns. Noah's well hidden. But Gunman 5 sees Noah's REFLECTION off the glass wall. He smiles.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - FOUNTAIN - SAME

Gabe and Gunman 6 fight: grapples, punches, kicks, until Gabe grabs the man in a headlock.

WHACK, WHACK, WHACK! He slams the man's head against the angel's head on the fountain.

Finally, Gunman 6 slinks unconscious to the ground. Splash. The cherub's head falls into the fountain.

GUNMAN 5
(in the distance)
I got the kid!

Gabe SPRINTS toward his son.

INT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - PYGMY FOREST - SECONDS LATER

Gunman 5 has Noah around the neck, gun to his head. Their backs are to the glass wall that overlooks the Pacific. Gabe approaches, winded.

GABE
Let him go.

GUNMAN 5
Nothing stupid. Throw your weapon this way. Nobody else gets hurt.

Gabe hesitates. Sees his son's terrified eyes. Throws his gun on the ground at the Gunman's feet.

GUNMAN 5 (CONT'D)
Now let's go.

THWACK! Noah slams backwards into the man's thigh. Gunman 5 SCREAMS. CLOSER and we see what Noah grabbed from the pack: the HUNTING KNIFE, which now protrudes from Gunman 5's leg.

Writhing, Gunman 5 releases the boy. Noah runs. The seething Gunman recovers and raise his gun to Noah until --

BAM! Gabe drives his shoulder through the man's torso, tackling him. The gun fires wildly skyward. Gabe pushes him back, back, back until --

CRASH! Both men FLY through the glass enclosure of the greenhouse. A thunderous CRASH as the glass showers down.

EXT. GREENHOUSE/ARBORETUM - CONTINUOUS

The men roll on the ground, wrestling for the gun. Noah races outside, Gabe's gun in hand. Approaches, trying to get a shot. No chance.

NOAH
Stop moving!

POP, POP, POP! Some more wild shots from Gunman 5's weapon as they wrestle.

GABE
Damn it, Noah. RUN!

But Noah won't leave. Dances around, trying to get a shot. Dust, epithets, a blur. The barrel of the gun slowly moves toward Gabe's head as they struggle.

Inches away from a shot at Gabe's face. Gabe strains, reaches low with one hand. AHHHHH! Gunman 5 screams as Gabe TWISTS the knife deep into his thigh.

Gabe wrests the weapon away, turns it on Gunman 5 and BOOM! A single shot enters from beneath the man's chin. He instantly goes limp, dead.

Gabe rolls on his back, catches his breath. Noah HUGS him desperately. Gabe smiles. Enjoys the moment.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - CELL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Gabe and Noah approach the cell tower that leans heavily over the downed perimeter fence. The two unconscious "backpackers" are still cuffed nearby.

Gabe pulls his phone. Texts. On the DISPLAY: "TO: Kylie. MESSAGE: Noah's safe. With me."

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kylie reads her text. Leans her head back against the wall. Breathes a sigh of relief. Makes sure no Gunmen are nearby. Sends a one handed text: "Stay w/him. Forget me."

Seconds pass. A reply buzzes on her DISPLAY: "NOT A CHANCE. SEE YA SOON."

Kylie can't help but smile.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - CELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Gabe pockets his phone. A noise on the other side of the cell tower draws his attention. He pulls his gun, shielding Noah.

Turns around a section of the cell tower and puts the barrel of his weapon against the forehead of --

DRISCOLL, our counter-culture protestor from out front. Driscoll freezes, eyes closed, about to shit himself.

DRISCOLL
Oh God, oh God, oh God...

Gabe pulls his gun away.

GABE
Who the fuck are you?

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

On the wall, a wide screen television, with a camera on top. Wires lead from the television to the high-end laptop that sits on a table with a secure phone system.

Lawrence, President Elms, and Warburg sit around the table. Tuccio nods at President Elms.

PRESIDENT ELMS
Meredith, this is President Elms. Can you connect me?

SECRETARY (O.S.)
The President is at the reception in Seoul, sir. Can we return?

PRESIDENT ELMS
No, Meredith. It's imperative I speak to the President now.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Yes sir. Please hold.

Click.

EXT. GYEONGBOKGUNG PALACE - NIGHT

CHYRON: "SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA"

With Mount Bugaksan as a backdrop, the magnificent Gyeongbokgung Palace -- a collection of more than 300 buildings -- is flooded with light. Move through, to --

EXT. GEUNJEONGJEON (THRONE HALL) - NIGHT

-- where former kings would welcome dignitaries. ARMED GUARDS patrol. Laughter and music spill outside.

INT. GEUNJEONGJEON (THRONE HALL) - CONTINUOUS

A formal gala. DIGNITARIES in tuxedos and elegant gowns dance. At a raised dais, Korean, Chinese and American politicians drink, laugh, eat.

Push in on an older couple spinning to a Salsa tune. RICHARD TOWNSEND (63), silver-haired, distinguished, and his wife BELINDA (57). Piercing blue eyes, lithe, a streak of gray.

A crowd gathers to watch. They're elegant, moving as one.

A man approaches. Whispers in Belinda's ear. He is CIA DIRECTOR PRESCOTT SIMMONS (47), Harvard-educated, nursed at the confluence of intelligence and multinational influence.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Madame President. We've got a situation. We have to move. Now.

President Townsend looks askance.

EXT. GEUNJEONGJEON (THRONE HALL) - MOMENTS LATER

Director Simmons and SECRETARY OF STATE ERNESTO GONZALEZ (45) lead the President to the BEAST, the 2009 Cadillac Presidential limousine parked in the courtyard. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS flank them.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
We're on the verge of the most historic Asian accord since the end of World War Two and you say we've got a situation?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Yes ma'am. President Elms insists on an immediate vidcon. Says it's a national security issue.

President Townsend eyes him as they climb in the car.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The President sits down in front of a computer monitor. Simmons and Gonzalez flank her. ON SCREEN: President Elms sits nervously in frame.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Curtis, why aren't you out hacking up Pebble Beach? It's Friday afternoon, your time, isn't it?

INTERCUT: INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

PRESIDENT ELMS
Yeah. And I wish I was.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
So what's all this about?

The BARREL OF A GUN presses against President Elms' head. The frame WIDENS to include Senator Lawrence, Warburg, Tuccio and his gunmen.

President Townsend's sits up straighter in her seat, stunned. Tuccio addresses her.

TUCCIO
I believe I can best answer that question, Madame President. This is about many things: injustice, real patriotism, and of course, what these matters always come down to: money.

Flashes a devilish smile.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
But first things first. Gathered under this roof, high above the Pacific, are some of the richest, most powerful men on the planet. I've extracted quite a sum from them, but now it's time for Uncle Sam to pony up.

Struts back and forth behind Senator Lawrence, President Elms and Warburg.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
For starters, we would like two hundred million dollars deposited into a Singapore account, the details of which will be furnished shortly.

CIA Director Simmons leans into the monitor.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Hold it. You're talking to the most powerful woman on the planet. And this administration, this *country* doesn't negotiate with terrorists, no matter *who* they're holding hostage.

Tuccio stops his pacing. Looks full into the camera.

TUCCIO
Is that your position also, Madame President?

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
That is the position of the United States of America.

Tuccio calmly approaches Senator Lawrence.

TUCCIO
What a shame.

Pffft! *A silenced shot to the back of Senator's Lawrence's head!* He falls forward on the table. Dead.

Elms and Warburg jump in their seats, horrified. Tuccio pulls Lawrence's lifeless body from the chair. It thumps to the ground as Tuccio takes his seat.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Now. I suggest you reconsider your position. Because the next body won't be some philandering sodomite from Malibu.
(beat)
And you won't be the only witnesses. Call back when you're ready to talk. You have one hour to make the arrangements.

CLICK. He hangs up the phone.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

President Elms looks at Senator Lawrence's lifeless body. Tuccio smiles at his unease.

TUCCIO
So squeamish, Mr. President? It's only one man. By my count you killed almost a thousand people in Kandahar Province with MQ-9 Reaper strikes alone.

Turns to one of his men.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Remove the body then post the video to the website. Show the world we're men of our word.

The man springs into action.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - CELL TOWER - DAY

Gabe braces Driscoll.

DRISCOLL
(still trembling)
I-I'm Kevin Driscoll.

GABE
What are you doing here, Driscoll?

DRISCOLL
Just trying to figure out what the hell's going on.

Driscoll composes himself.

GABE
What are they saying out there in the rest of the world?

Driscoll pulls his phone, punches some buttons. Pulls up a browser. CLICK.

DRISCOLL
Check this. The guys inside are all over the net. A manifesto, links to YouTube videos, a fucking calculated *agenda*, man.

On DISPLAY: Video of the Boston Fed building explosions.

GABE
Holy shit.

DRISCOLL
Yeah. And here.

CLICKS on a link. Reads from the text.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Citizens of America, my name is Marc Tuccio, formerly 82nd Airborne with three tours of duty in Iraq and Afghanistan. My quarrel is not with you -- the teachers, soldiers, hard-working people of this country -- but with the men who control your lives.
(MORE)

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
The puppeteers, bankers, politicians and executives represented here today in Big Sur. I urge all *real* Americans to stand back and watch us work. We are the light that will shine in the darkest recesses of America's empire, exposing the lies, injustice and hypocrisy of those who claim to be our benefactors. Today we take the country back from our masters. We are the forgotten, the abused, and neglected. But after today, we will be forgotten no more.

BEEP. A live BLOG POST appears on screen. Driscoll clicks on it. A VIDEO rolls: Senator Lawrence murdered in cold blood.

GABE
(sotto voce)
Kylie...

Driscoll pockets his phone. Turns to Gabe.

DRISCOLL
What are you thinking?

GABE
That if they're rigging skyscrapers and killing senators, the life of one woman don't mean shit to them.

Turns to Noah, his decision made.

GABE (CONT'D)
Okay, Noah. I want you to go with Mr. Driscoll. Wait for mom and me out front.

NOAH
I'm staying with you!

DRISCOLL
Whoa, whoa, whoa, dude.

GABE (CONT'D)
Listen. Both of you. It's what's gotta be done. Driscoll, there's nothing you can do in there.

Gets down on a knee and puts his arms on Noah's shoulders.

GABE (CONT'D)
And son, you have to trust me. I'm coming back. And I'm bringing mom with me.

Noah holds his gaze a long moment.

GABE (CONT'D)
Whaddya say?

A long beat.

NOAH
Okay. Go get her.

Gabe hugs him. Looks to Driscoll.

GABE
We good?

VOICES from the path outside the fence. Gabe looks. Sees a team of FBI AGENTS, blue windbreakers, fanning out, calling: "Secure the perimeter," "Uncuff those two," "Breach ahead."

DRISCOLL
We're good.

Gabe caresses Noah's face, stares in his eyes, memorizing them. Shoulders his pack and jogs back inside.

NOAH
(calling after him)
Dad?

Gabe stops in his tracks, the word "dad" staggering him. Turns to Noah, ten yards away.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Be careful.

Gabe nods. Jogs away. Driscoll and Noah watch him go.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Gabe works his way toward Whitney. BUZZ, BUZZ, from his pocket. Pulls his cell. Blocked number. Answers.

GABE
Dillon.

INTERCUT INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - SAME

Agent Walker barks into the phone.

AGENT WALKER
My men said they apprehended two gunmen cuffed to the perimeter fence. Your handiwork?

GABE
Yes sir.

AGENT WALKER
I need you the hell off the property, deputy. That comes from on high. *Way* high.

GABE
Sorry. Can't do that. Made a promise I intend on keeping. But my previous offer still stands. I can be your eyes and ears.

Walker shakes his head, exasperated.

AGENT WALKER
Goddamn it.
(takes a breath)
Okay. Give me everything you got.

GABE
By my count, you're looking at a team of at least twelve. Automatic weapons. Look like AK variants.

AGENT WALKER
What kind of operatives?

GABE
Well, they're pros.

AGENT WALKER
No shit. What does that make us?

Gabe sees Whitney Cabin up ahead.

GABE
(whispering)
Pissed off. I'll give you more when I know it.

Click. Hangs up.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

President Elms and Warburg sit nervously at the table. Tuccio paces, talking on his radio.

TUCCIO
How many?

INTERCUT: EXT CATERING TRUCK - SAME

Gunman 7 eyes the bodies of his two dead buddies.

GUNMAN 7
Unknown. But six men are down or unresponsive.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Tuccio fumes.

TUCCIO
Okay. Just make sure the cabin and the immediate vicinity are secure. I'll have something special for our uninvited guests soon enough.

Turns to his Computer Man.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
How we looking?

COMPUTER MAN
The Lawrence and Fed videos are eating up YouTube. And congratulations. You're trending on Twitter as we speak.

TUCCIO
And our transactions?

COMPUTER MAN
Complete.

TUCCIO
Good. Now get me the President again.

EXT. YONGSAN GARRISON - SEOUL - NIGHT

The US Army HQ in Korea. Barracks, civilian housing, then the MAIN POST.

INT. YONGSAN GARRISON - SITUATION ROOM - SEOUL - CONTINUOUS

President Townsend, CIA Director Simmons, and Secretary Gonzalez sit in a secure Situation Room. Dozens of MONITORS fill a wall.

They're joined via vidcon by the JOINT CHIEFS, their senior AIDES, and ANALYSTS from the White House Situation Room.

An oversized version of Tuccio's manifesto fills one screen. The chaos in Boston plays out live on another. Other screens show satellite images of the Post Ranch Inn and Boston.

President Townsend stares at a screen with a picture of Tuccio emblazoned across it.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Talk to me.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Well, Tuccio's definitely one of ours. 82nd Airborne until two years ago when he went off the grid, disappeared until six months back. Started writing articles, blog entries, posting videos about how vets' lives have been destroyed by the great behemoth that is America. Preaching the destruction of the imperialist monster. That sort of nonsense.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
How the hell did he wire an entire Federal bank?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Probably had help.

SECRETARY GONZALEZ
From who?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
We're not sure. But he was stationed right here in Seoul before he was discharged. We're chasing reports that he connected with North Korean State Security Department operatives here.

President Townsend fumes.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
I just had fucking dinner with the President of North Korea. You're shitting me, right?

SECRETARY GONZALEZ
(to Simmons)
This manifesto doesn't give any indication that this is anything but a homegrown.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Just telling you what I'm getting.

An INTELLIGENCE ANALYST, headphones on, turns to them.

INTELLIGENCE ANALYST
Madame President, it's him.

Tuccio comes across one of the screens on the wall. President Townsend is pissed.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Listen to me, Tuccio. I'm not sure what...

INTERCUT: INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Tuccio walks closer to the camera.

TUCCIO
Forgive me for interrupting, Madame President, but this is *my* show now. So in addition to the monies my friends at the Fed have already donated, I need two hundred million dollars deposited in my Singapore account within the next hour. If the money is not deposited, or if you try and breach this property, there will be serious consequences. And that little sidelight in Beantown will be remembered as a single match lost in a blaze the likes of which this country has never seen. I suggest you get started.

CLICK. He ends the vidcon.

INT. YONGSAN GARRISON - SITUATION ROOM - SEOUL - CONTINUOUS

President Townsend turns to the others, pissed.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
I'll be damned if I'm going to let this man hold President Elms and our country hostage.

Addresses ADMIRAL STEVE WADDELL (63), the Navy's Chief of Staff, still live on the vidcon.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND (CONT'D)
How soon can we get a DEVGRU team on the ground, Admiral?

ADMIRAL WADDELL
ST6 Blue team is in Virginia. We could have boots on the ground in California in four hours.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Not good enough. Other ideas.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Ma'am, we've got an Agency Special Operations Group in San Francisco. They could be in the air in fifteen minutes.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Do it.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
(springing from his chair)
Yes ma'am.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
(to Gonzalez)
And get me to Air Force One. We're going home.

Gonzalez picks up a phone.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

President Elms eyes Tuccio.

PRESIDENT ELMS
You're staring down the barrel of the greatest armed force the world has ever known. And the President won't hesitate to pull the trigger.

TUCCIO
I hope you're wrong. But I'm prepared either way.

Tuccio makes a call on his radio.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Alpha team, this is Gunslinger. Time to bring the RPGs to the party. Visitors may be arriving shortly.

GUNMAN 7 (O.S.)
Copy, Gunslinger.

Tuccio smiles at President Elms.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - DAY

Special Agent Walker speaks on the phone with someone up the food chain.

AGENT WALKER
Yes sir. Patch them through directly if they need anything.

Hangs up. Looks at White.

WHITE
What's up?

AGENT WALKER
We need to pull back our perimeter. Shit's about to get real.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - DAY

Gabe nears the catering trucks en route to the back of the house. A noise. Sees two more GUNMEN approaching. Ducks behind the burned out hull of a helicopter.

The Gunmen enter the back of the second catering truck. Return seconds later, holding a pair of Chinese-made TYPE 69 85MM ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

They circle to the back of the cabin, weapons on shoulders. Gabe immediately pulls out his cell. Dials.

INTERCUT: INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - SAME

Agent Walker answers his cell.

AGENT WALKER
Get your ass outta there, Dillon. Something big headed your way.

GABE
Looks like they're expected. These guys are gearing up.

AGENT WALKER
What are we looking at?

GABE
RPG-7 knockoffs by the looks of them.

AGENT WALKER
Whaddya mean, knockoffs?

GABE
I mean the look like RPG-7s, but they ain't. Maybe Chinese or North Korean.

AGENT WALKER
OK. I'll spread the word.

Click. Hangs up.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - BURNED OUT HELICOPTER - DAY

Gabe surveys the scene. Moves toward the back of the house.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Gabe hustles around the pool, hiding behind a poolside --

CABANA

Surveys the scene: infinity pool, hot tubs, and a wall of windows that rises the entire three story edifice. Inside, he sees Tuccio's armed Gunmen and the dozens of held guests.

Behind him are the cliffs and the two hundred foot fall to the rocks below. He looks over the edge. Slides on some loose rocks. Shit.

Just ten feet away another patrol appears. Gunman 7 turns to his partner, Gunman 8.

GUNMAN 7
You hear that?

The Gunmen head in Gabe's direction.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Two RIGID HULL INFLATABLE BOATS (RHIBs) race across the surface of the Pacific, SPECIAL OPERATORS riding inside.

Three hundred feet above them, three unmarked, modified MH-60 BLACK HAWK STEALTH CHOPPERS move low and fast. The CIA Special Operations Group from San Francisco.

Radio chatter from inside.

CIA ASSAULT LEADER (O.S.)
Command, target is in sight. Infil in three minutes.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - SAME

INFRA-RED IMAGES from the choppers fill the screens. The coast of California beckons.

President Townsend and the others watch intently. Director Simmons is running the show from three thousand miles away.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Copy that, Cherokee.

President Townsend eyes Simmons. Simmons flashes a thousand watt smile, eating this shit up.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - DAY

Gunman 7 turns. Sees the assault force approaching.

GUNMAN 8
(to his partner)
Party crashers almost here.

Gunman 7 turns the corner and spots Gabe just eight feet away. Gabe BOLTS toward the cliffs.

POP, POP, POP, POP! Automatic gunfire chases him. Nowhere to run. Cliff getting closer. *Eyes wide, Gabe LEAPS over the edge of the fucking cliff!*

The Gunmen rush to the edge of the cliff. Peer over and see --

Gabe

Clinging to an outcropping fifteen feet below.

EXT. CLIFF - SAME

Gabe's fingers bleed as he clings desperately to the cliff.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Shards of cliff chip away as the Gunmen fire down on him.

Gets skinny against the cliff. Looks left. Nothing. Looks right. Sees a small ledge ten feet below, four feet over.

Starts to swing his body like a human pendulum. GUNFIRE ricochets nearby. One more swing and he'll have it.

An instant before he lets go, AHHH! A Bullet RIPS through his left shoulder! Releases his grip and FLIES through the air.

THUMP! Tumbles on to the small ledge with a thud. But his momentum carries him over the edge.

Reaches back desperately. Claws at the dirt and rocks, his body hanging over the edge, the surf pounding the jagged rocks below. Right hand scraping, inches from oblivion.

Finally gains purchase. Pulls himself up with his one good arm. Breathless, straining, gunfire still popping nearby. Finally reaches safety.

Stands with his back to the wall, out of range, bleeding.

The THWAP-THWAP-THWAP of the approaching helos booms.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - SAME

Gunman 7 looks at the approaching assault team while his partner continues to fire.

GUNMAN 7
Move. We gotta get topside. Now.

Gunmen 7 and 8 jog back inside. Follow them and then rise the length of the windows that grace the back side of the cabin.

High above them, through the glass of the cabin, we see Tuccio watching the entire episode from the third floor.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

Tuccio shakes his head, disappointed.

TUCCIO
(lowly)
The tragic flaw of empires is always hubris.

PRESIDENT ELMS
It's also the flaw of small men with grand ambition.

Tuccio turns to them.

TUCCIO
I told her there would be consequences. She didn't believe me. So now more people must die.

Turns to the windows, almost saddened.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Hubris. Empire.

Elms and Warburg edge closer for a better look.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The helos and boats approach.

QUICK CUTS:

-- President Townsend, Director Simmons, and Secretary Gonzalez aboard AIR FORCE ONE, watching the operation live from the on-board Situation Room.

-- SPECIAL OPERATORS aboard the RHIBs -- ocean spray shining their faces -- check their weapons.

-- SPECIAL OPERATORS aboard the choppers locking and loading.

-- Four GUNMEN on the roof of Whitney, two holding the shoulder RPGs, oddly nonchalant.

-- Agent Walker and White inside the Security Command Room, watching the approaching choppers on portable radar.

-- Gabe hugging the cliff side, watching.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Tuccio speaks into the radio.

TUCCIO
Avenger six-niner, this is Gunslinger. Permission to engage.

AVENGER (O.S.)
(radio)
Copy, Gunslinger. Engaging now.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME

The CIA Assault Leader and his team make final preparations.

BEEP, BEEP! A series of loud ALARMS reverberates. Everyone comes to attention. The Assault Leader calls to the pilot.

CIA ASSAULT LEADER
What the fuck is that?

A loud ROAR from above. In answer to his question, a --

EXT. ABOVE THE PACIFIC - SAME

-- modified AC 130 GUNSHIP rains down from the sky, LIGHTING UP the Black Hawks with its VULCAN ROTORY CANNONS spitting more than a hundred and twenty rounds a fucking second!

Its other guns go to work too -- the HOWITZER and its forty-four pound shells, the 40mm BOFORS -- SHREDDING the Black Hawks and the RHIBs below!

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME

CARNAGE, SCREAMS, wailing ALARMS, as the shells rip through the chopper, destroying all personnel on board.

QUICK CUTS:

-- The RHIBs are torn apart, the men on board flying lifeless into the ocean.

-- Two choppers go down in flames and black smoke, CRASHING into the Pacific.

-- President Elms POUNDS the glass wall of Whitney Cabin, disconsolate at the slaughter.

-- Tuccio looks down, head shaking. Looks back up, enraged.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - SAME

CHAOS as they all stare at the falling choppers on the screen, hearing their screams on board: “Set her down,” “Ahhh,” “NO!”

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
What the fuck is happening people!

EXT. CLIFF - SAME

Gabe watches the complete obliteration of the assault team, helpless to intervene.

GABE
GODDAMNIT!

The last Black Hawk careens wildly, smoking, fighting to stay aloft. It nears the cliffs, *heading right toward Gabe!*

He digs into the cliffs, SCRABBLING from the ledge toward the top. The chopper’s desperate engines whine, trying to crest the cliff until --

KA-FUCKING-BOOM! The helicopter SLAMS into the cliff just yards below Gabe!

A brief instant. Then the ledge upon which Gabe stands COLLAPSES. Gabe GRASPS at the cliff but catches nothing but air. Reaching, straining, until...

THERE. He SNAGS a VINE that hangs from a higher escarpment. Swings back and forth, pouring sweat.

Sees the helicopter tumble pathetically to the ocean below. SMASHES against the rocks and EXPLODES into flames.

Gabe pulls himself up on the vine. Reaches a small escarpment. Clings to the cliff, face buried against the rock, panting heavily, heart racing.

GABE (CONT’D)
Good fucking God.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Deathly quiet as the President and the others look at a BLACK SCREEN where the Black Hawk feed was displayed.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
(lowly)
Give this asshole what he wants.
(MORE)

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND (CONT'D)
(beat)
And find out what the hell just happened out there.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Yes ma'am.

Picks up his phone.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Gabe catches his breath. Hears another ROAR. Looks up. The Gunship makes another arc. WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP! It unleashes its Howitzer in his direction!

Gabe lies prone, on a six inch ledge, praying. The shells STRAFE the cliff just inches above his head, tearing up the hillside, raining debris down, burying him.

The Gunship disappears over the horizon.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

As the sun starts to set over the Pacific, President Elms and Warburg look out the window, speechless and stunned, at the fiery aftermath of the slaughter. Tuccio stands to one side.

TUCCIO
I have a feeling our current Commander-in-Chief just became much more open to my terms.

Turns to one of his men.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Make sure we get the video from the AC-130 uploaded ASAP.

The man gets on the radio. Tuccio stares at the dying sun over the Pacific.

PRESIDENT ELMS
(stunned)
How the hell do you have access to an AC-130?

Tuccio turns to him. Offers a sly smile.

TUCCIO
Friends in high places.

Quick glance toward Warburg, who looks away from his gaze. President Elms notes the silent exchange.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kylie leans against the wall. Discreetly pulls her phone again. Nothing. Sends a text: “TO: Gabe. MESSAGE: Where are you??????”

EXT. CLIFF - SUNSET

On the ledge a few yards from the top, Gabe unshoulders his pack. Opens it. Grabs the duct tape he pulled from the maintenance building.

Tears off a few pieces. Applies a strip to his bleeding shoulder as a make-shift bandage. Winces in pain as blood oozes from the wound.

BEEP. Gabe hears his phone. Pulls it from his pocket. Checks the message. Types a response:

“Sit tight. I’m close. How many gunmen inside?”

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kylie starts to type a response...until GUNMAN 9 RIPS the phone from her hand. Reads. A long beat as Kylie sweats it. She and Gauer share a trembling look.

Gunman 9 YANKS Kylie to her feet. Leads her away.

EXT. CLIFF - SUNSET

Gabe studies his phone, jonesing for a response. Nothing. Types: “Kylie?” Waits a long beat. A pregnant pause and then a response flashes on screen:

“Only one gunman on first floor. All others gone. Being held in kitchen. Meet me there. Luv u.”

A puzzled look crosses Gabe’s face. He considers. Pockets the phone. Looks up. Fifteen feet to the top. Starts climbing.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SUNSET

Tuccio smiles as he reads Gabe’s response on Kylie’s phone.

TUCCIO
Our uninvited guest.
(turns to Gunman 9)
Gather the others in the kitchen to meet him.

Sets Kylie's phone down on the table. Smiles at her.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Sorry, ma'am. Every great endeavor requires sacrifice.

Kylie seethes.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - SUNSET

The kind of sunset that makes California tolerable. Burnt oranges and reds as half the sun crests the Pacific. Low over the infinity pool, close on the top of the cliff.

A bleeding HAND crests the cliff side. Then another. A low grunt as Gabe pulls himself over the top.

Crouches low, surveying the area. Sees the GUN he dropped before. Sprints and grabs it and scrambles behind a --

CABANA

Sits against the cabana, catching his breath. His shoulder's wrecked. Blood oozes again.

Pulls the handheld MACHETE and duct tape from his pack. Puts the wooden handle of the machete in his mouth. Bites down.

RIPS the soiled duct tape from his wounded shoulder. His SCREAMS are stifled by the handle. Catches his breath. Reapplies another strip of duct tape. Better.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

CIA Director Simmons turns to President Townsend.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Ma'am, it's Tuccio again.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Patch him through.

INTERCUT: INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

Tuccio addresses the President, Townsend, Warburg, and Kylie seated nearby.

TUCCIO
Good evening, Madame President.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Alright, Tuccio. I've authorized the secure transfer of all requested funds. When the transaction's complete, I expect all hostages to be released.

TUCCIO
Ma'am, you're in no position to make demands. And because you authorized that raid, senselessly killing your own...

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
It was *you* who slaughtered them!

TUCCIO
No! Cause and effect, *Belinda*. Everything you do sets a chain of events in motion. And your actions have ensured a new era in this country begins today. An era where the dogs of war are unleashed on their masters, and the common man sees his revenge.

CLICK. Hangs up. Turns to his Computer Man.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Post the next video. Time to build the fan base.

The Computer Man gets to work.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - SUNSET

Gabe peeks around the corner of the cabana. FOUR GUNMEN on the roof, now wearing HELMETS with NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES.

Another puzzled look crosses his face. Pulls his phone. Rereads Kylie's last text:

"Only **one gunman** on first floor. All others gone. Being held in kitchen. Meet me there. Luv u."

Bewildered. Thinks. A REALIZATION. A small smile. Types a quick response: “Headed to kitchen entrance now. Be safe.”

He watches the Gunmen patrolling the roof move out of sight. Eyes the cabin, which stands like a beacon of glass and light against the Pacific darkness.

Checks his weapon and SPRINTS to the back of the house. Army crawls toward the catering trucks, gun cradled in his arms.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Four Gunmen stand in the kitchen, automatic weapons pointed at the door. Foxes waiting for the chicken at the barn door.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK - NIGHT

Gabe enters the catering truck from which the assailants gathered their gear.

Emerges seconds later with a HELMET and NIGHT VISION GOGGLES attached. Not on his head. In his hand. Runs to the --

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - KITCHEN ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

Stands to the side. The door is heavy oak framed with eight glass brick sections running the length of it.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - KITCHEN - SAME

The Gunmen stand, feathering their triggers. From their POV, see the glass brick on the door as they wait to pounce.

There. A SHADOW outside. The round shape of a head. One of them NODS to the others and --

POP, POP, POP! The Gunmen light up the door!

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - KITCHEN ENTRANCE - SAME

Shattered glass and splintered wood as Gabe crouches to the SIDE of the door, holding his weapon, barrel to the sky.

Move right and we see, atop the weapon, the helmet, about head high, flying backwards to the ground.

Gabe takes a step back and levels his weapon at the opening. Gunfire stops. Seconds pass. CREAK. What’s left of the door slowly opens.

One Gunman, then another. They look quizzically at the destroyed helmet.

FWEEET. A low whistle. The men turn. POP-POP, POP-POP. Gabe delivers a double tap to both chests. The men drop.

Gabe FLIES inside, gun at the ready. POP-POP! Lights up the last man.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Gabe strides over the body of the last gunman inside. Grabs a large KITCHEN KNIFE from a butcher block. Heads toward the door leading to the Great Room.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

Kylie sits motionless, tears in her eyes as the last gunshots recede downstairs. Closes her eyes, imagining Gabe dead below. Opens her eyes, enraged.

KYLIE
You miserable piece of shit.

TUCCIO
I'm sorry. This is larger than all of us.

Tuccio turns away, thoughtful.

INT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Another chaotic scene as Agent Walker and White try to wrangle all the details. An analyst calls out from a console.

FBI ANALYST
Check this out.

Puts a television feed on the biggest television. On --

SCREEN

A CNN ANCHOR addresses the audience.

CNN ANCHOR
It appears that hashtags for "Tuccio" and "ForgottenNoMore" have gone viral in the Twittersphere. Also, another video was posted to Tuccio's blog moments ago.
(MORE)

CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We've made the editorial decision to run this clip. But viewer discretion *is* advised.

On the prerecorded--

VIDEO

Tuccio stands in a nondescript room, holding the PICTURE of a man in uniform.

TUCCIO
Some will no doubt call me a monster, a madman, a terrorist. But I consider myself a patriot who's been forced to send a wake up call to the country I love.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Gabe moves stealthily from the kitchen into the Great Room. Inside, the remaining hostages are watched by two nervous Gunmen. They heard the carnage in the kitchen.

INTERCUT: VIDEO OF TUCCIO AND GABE IN WHITNEY - CONTINUOUS

Tuccio continues.

TUCCIO
One man's story will illustrate why I'm here today. This man, Steven Cambridge, served his country honorably for eight years. When he returned stateside, his home was foreclosed on, his wife left him, and the VA refused to diagnose him with PTSD, despite the fact that he'd twice tried to commit suicide, was addicted to prescription painkillers, and was then living on the streets. After losing all hope, with nowhere to turn, he finally put a gun in his mouth and ended it.

Gabe slithers around the perimeter, gun in one hand, knife in the other.

WHISHT! Slits the throat of a Gunman. Slowly lowers him to the ground. Looks to two nearby ESCORTS. Shhh.

Tuccio pontificates.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
And while friends like mine -- who trusted their leaders, did their duty, and believed in their country -- were discarded, men like Paul Warburg and President Elms went unpunished. Hell, a lot of them even got rich.

Gabe army crawls behind the last Gunman in the room. WHISHT! SLASHES his ACHILLES TENDON. The man goes down, screaming in agony. WHISHT, another jugular shot and he's done.

Tuccio holds the picture of Cambridge closer. The camera zooms in.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Not one single person in the American banking industry has gone to jail for the fraud they visited on the American public. Not one multinational CEO has felt the consequences of their predatory practices. Not one politician has gone to prison for lying us into false wars, sending my comrades into harm's way. Well, you know what they say: karma is indeed a bitch.

CUT TO --

VIDEO FEED of the AC-130 gunship ripping the Black Hawks and RHIBs apart moments before.

TUCCIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I regret soldiers had to die today, but President Townsend, Paul Warburg, the bankers of the Federal Reserve, and others like them are to blame for that. Not me.

Back to --

TUCCIO

As he concludes.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
So today this nation will taste its just desserts, courtesy of some black market drones. I wish most of the citizens of this once great country no harm.
(MORE)

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
For the rest, we pour our fiery vengeance upon you. For Cambridge and the rest of the discarded. Hopefully, the seeds of a new America can be born in the ashes of the old. Once again I say: we are forgotten no more.

Screen goes BLACK.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The President, Director Simmons, and the others stare at the black screen where Tuccio was a second ago.

SECRETARY GONZALEZ
Drones? Impossible.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
We sure as hell better hope so. Get NORAD to DEFCON Two. Now. And find out when the hell we touch down in San Francisco.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe scans the faces of the hostages for Kylie. Frantic, terrified. Gauer, Mr. Warburg's assistant, approaches.

GAUER
Who are you?

GABE
Sonoma County Sheriff's Department.

Sees Kylie's not here. Anxiously turns to Gauer.

GABE (CONT'D)
Where are the rest of the gunmen?

GAUER
Upstairs.

GABE
How many?

GAUER
Just three. But they're holding President Elms, Mr. Warburg and a woman.

GABE
What does she look like?

GAUER
I don't know...young, fit...I think she might be the caterer.

GABE
Goddamnit.

Thinks. Decides. Speaks lowly to the crowd.

GABE (CONT'D)
Alright, everyone, sit tight. There are still men on the roof.

Goes to the downed Gunman. Holds up his assault rifle.

GABE (CONT'D)
Anybody know how to use this?

Nothing. Until Vickers, the shaken Boston banker, rallies.

VICKERS
I do.

Walks to Gabe and grabs the rifle.

VICKERS (CONT'D)
What do you want me to do?

GABE
Two options. The conservative one and the ambitious one.

VICKERS
What's the conservative one?

GABE
Stay here and keep an eye on these folks 'til I get back.

VICKERS
And the ambitious?

GABE
You escort these people to the front gate and shoot anybody that gets in your way.

Vickers hesitates, then --

VICKERS
I've been conservative most of my life and I think I almost got a bunch of people killed tonight. I'm taking people out of here.

Gabe nods.

GABE
The only remaining gunmen are on the roof.

VICKERS
Okay. I'll distract them while the others get out.

GABE
Sure about that?

Vickers just nods in response. Gabe nods back.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Interstate 80 in the desert east of Reno. A smattering of cars and semis. Follow a blue minivan as it exits to a --

EXT. REST AREA - NIGHT

The van stops beside a nondescript SEMI. A family of four piles out. Overtired, overweight. The BOY (14) races to the restroom. His DAD (45) calls after.

DAD
Maybe only one order of monster fries next time, genius.

Laughs and follows. We stay with the SEMI. Cab quiet. But --

INT. SEMI TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

-- inside it's a buzz of activity. Consoles, electronic maps, computer monitors, sound proofing on the walls.

Three DRONE PILOTS sit in chairs, joysticks in their hands, studying monitors in front of them. Video games meet combat, the culmination of centuries of warfare.

EXT. ABOVE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Peaceful above the illuminated City of Angels. Smog blown away by the Santa Anas. Stars sparkle down.

SUDDENLY, from off screen a modified U.S.-built MQM-107D STREAKER UNMANNED AERIAL VEHICLE (that's a drone, people) races toward the sprawling metropolis.

Multi-payload, long endurance, this one custom fitted with multiple HELLFIRE and RAFAEL MISSILES.

DRONE PILOT 1 (O.S.)
Copy, Gunslinger. Eagle one preparing to engage.
(beat)
Missiles away.

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH! The missiles are gone!

DRONE PILOT 2 (O.S.)
Eagle two engaging now.

EXT. ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO - SAME

Another MQM-107D STREAKER flies high above San Francisco. The city's enveloped in a light fog, the spires of the iconic Bay and Golden Gate Bridges hovering like specters above it all.

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH! The missiles are away!

DRONE PILOT 3 (O.S.)
Eagle three. Birds away.

EXT. ABOVE CHICAGO - SAME

The final drone launches its payload.

QUICK CUTS: A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS in:

-- LOS ANGELES: BOOM! GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY and the HOLLYWOOD SIGN explode in a fireball. Followed by -- BOOM! A darkened LOS ANGELES COLOSSEUM.

-- SAN FRANCISCO: BOOM! COIT TOWER explodes, throwing surreal throbbing orange and red lights, lifting the fog, exposing the city in flames. -- BOOM! An empty AT&T PARK explodes, followed finally by --

-- BOOM! A sparsely populated GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE at mid-span. It buckles and screams, sways and falters, and then finally DROPS into the BAY.

-- CHICAGO: BOOM! The FIELD MUSEUM, ADLER PLANETARIUM and SOLDIER FIELD go up in a series of massive explosions that reverberate across the city.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

CHAOS. Phones ringing, analysts talking on headphones, Director Simmons stunned as he witnesses the destruction on the screens. The President snaps into action.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Goddamnit, get me Governors Wert and Allen right now. We've got to mobilize every National Guard Unit within a five hundred mile radius of the effected cities.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Madame President, I think this is the largest coordinated terrorist attack in the history of this or any other country.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
No shit, Prescott. What are you saying?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
I'm saying it might be time to suspend *Posse Comitatus*.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
You want me to suspend an act that's been in place for a hundred and fifty years?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
If ever there was a time, ma'am. It's now.

Simmons turns to the scenes on the monitors on the wall. Iconic landmarks in flames or gone. FIRE, CHAOS, DESTRUCTION. Townsend hesitates, considers the images.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
No way. Now's the time to be truer to our ideals. Not abandon them.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
But Madame President...

She holds a hand up. Enough. Discussion over.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - NIGHT

In the distance, north up the coast, the flames from the San Francisco attack throw lazy light over the water.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Gabe sees the flames from the attack through the windows.

GABE
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

Heads for the darkened stairs.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

GUNMAN 10 turns to Tuccio.

GUNMAN 10
Sir, still nothing from the team downstairs.

A spark of hope crosses Kylie's face. Tuccio turns.

TUCCIO
Check with the roof detail. Then get down there and find out what's going on. We lift off in five minutes.

POP, POP, POP, POP! Automatic gunfire from outside the cabin interrupts.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Move!

The Gunman bombs out.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - ROOF - SAME

Two Gunmen FIRE down at Vickers. A third Gunman appears from the darkness behind them, carrying the RPG.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK - SAME

Vickers blasts wildly from behind one of the catering trucks. BOOM. One of the men on the roof goes down. Vickers glances to the darkness at the other end of the cabin.

There, a line of HOSTAGES hustles unseen through some dark underbrush toward the front gate.

Vickers continues firing. His enraged eyes grow WIDE as he sees something heading his way. Until --

BOOM BABY! The RPG round BLASTS Vickers and the catering truck, lifting them up and dropping them like a child's toy!

The roiling inferno DEVOURS everything within a twenty yard radius... but the other hostages are gone. Safe.

EXT. SECURITY COMMAND POST - MOMENTS LATER

The line of hostages RACE toward the front gate, led by Gauer. FBI Agents level rifles in their direction.

FBI AGENT 1
Hold it right fucking there!

Gauer stops, hands reflexively over his head. Colin White and Agent Walker appear over the Agents' shoulder.

See the well-dressed men and women with their hands up on the other side of the secure gate. Walker gestures for the Agent to put his gun down.

AGENT WALKER
Check 'em out. Make sure no operatives are among them.

FBI AGENT 1
Yes sir.

The hostages file out. Agents frisk them.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Gabe sidles up the stairs in darkness. Nears the top. Hears footsteps echoing down the hallway toward him.

Lays down on the stairs, his back against the side wall. Makes himself skinny.

The Gunman turns the corner slowly. His right foot misses Gabe's face by inches. Passes. Doesn't see Gabe in the dark.

Gabe levels his weapon at the man's back. Will let him pass.

VOICE (O.S.) (GUNMAN 11)
Tuccio said...

Gabe's head WHIPS to the top of the stairs, where another Gunman turns the corner. Sees Gabe. Fuck.

The Gunman at the bottom wheels on Gabe too. Between a rock and an oh-fuck place.

Gabe sights his weapon down the stairs at the man that passed. POP, POP! He fires. The Gunman's down, rolling to the landing at the bottom.

POP, POP! The other Gunman shoots down at Gabe's face. Gabe ROLLS as the shots tear up the high-end hardwood flooring.

Gabe reaches out for the man's foot. YANKS it backward. WHAM! The man's head SLAMS to the ground. Gabe jumps on top and the men ROLL as they battle.

No railing on the staircase and the men TUMBLE through the air toward a large stone fireplace.

CRACK! Gabe gets the worst of it, SLAMMING his back on the stone. Stunned momentarily. That's all the Gunman needs. GRASPS Gabe around the throat, choking him.

Gabe's face reddens to a purple. Reaches desperately for something, *anything* to attack.

Only seconds before he loses consciousness. There. The Gunman turns to see what Gabe has. Eyes grow wide.

PPPFFFTTT! The EMBER POKER thrusts into the Gunman's neck. Eyes still open, he falls to the side, bloodied and gasping.

Gabe catches his breath. Stands. Moves up the stairs. Again.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Tuccio's laptop operator pulls a USB THUMB DRIVE from the side port. Tosses it to Tuccio. He pockets it. Smiles at President Elms, Warburg and Kylie.

TUCCIO
Gentlemen.

PRESIDENT ELMS
This was never about justice, corruption or any of that other bullshit you were shoveling, was it?

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Gabe approaches, puts his ear to the door.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

Tuccio turns to Elms.

TUCCIO
Yes it was, Mr. President. But even righteous men need to get paid.

CRASH! The door FLIES open. Gabe stands in the doorway. The last Gunman spins, levels his gun at him.

POP-POP! Gabe double taps his ass.

Tuccio LUNGES toward Kylie. Pulls her close, gun to her head. Meat shield.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
I assume this is your better half?

KYLIE
Fuck you.

TUCCIO
(to Gabe)
Drop the weapon.

KYLIE
Put this pissant *down*, Gabe!

WARBURG
Just do as he says before more people get hurt!

Tuccio jams the barrel of the weapon deep into Kylie's temple. She cringes.

TUCCIO
There's been enough carnage today. Just do as you're told and nobody else will be hurt.

Gabe considers a long beat. Locks eyes with Kylie.

KYLIE
Don't do it.

Tuccio jams the barrel of the weapon deep into her temple. She cringes.

TUCCIO
I'm a man of my word, deputy.

Gabe considers a long beat.

KYLIE
Fuck him, Gabe.

Gabe stares in her eyes, offering a silent apology. Relents. Drops his weapon on the table, next to her cell phone.

Tuccio shoulders a small pack. Puts his associate's LAPTOP and THUMB DRIVE inside. Moves to the door, Kylie tight in his grip. Her eyes dance, thinking.

WHISHT! She DROPS quickly toward the ground, surprising Tuccio. Wiggles from his clutch. SLAMS Tuccio in the crotch with a backward kick. He falls, groaning.

Gabe SPRINGS at him. Tuccio rises the rifle. POP-POP-POP! Bullets spray the ceiling. Gabe wrestles with him, tearing Tuccio's pack loose.

It FLIES across the room, the laptop skidding, the thumb drive sliding beneath a cabinet.

Kylie joins the melee, trying for a headlock, until CRACK! Tuccio slams her across the face with the butt of the rifle. She falls, unconscious before she hits the ground.

Gabe hesitates a beat, concerned. Tuccio levels the rifle at him. Gabe's done -- until --

BOOM! President Elms slams down on the barrel of Tuccio's rifle, knocking the weapon free from his hands. Warburg looks on like a bitch.

WARBURG
Just let him go!

Gabe POUNCES on the unarmed Tuccio. They grapple, punch, kick, brawl. Tuccio scrambles after the laptop. Gabe pins him, straddling his hips, choking him.

Grips his neck like a vise. Tighter and tighter, Tuccio's face: red to purple to I'm-really-fucked. Then --

CRASH! A crystal VASE SLAMS across the back of Gabe's head. Glass flies, Gabe swoons, falls.

Looks. Sees WARBURG standing over him. *What the fuck just happened?*

President Elms goes to Gabe. Tuccio scrambles breathlessly for the laptop. Scans the room for the thumb drive. Can't find it.

WARBURG (CONT'D)
You got what you want. Now get the hell out of here!

Tuccio scans the room one more time. Locks eyes with Warburg. Nods. BOLTS out the door.

Blurred vision. Dry mouth. Gabe shakes the cobwebs loose. From the corner of his vision, underneath the cabinet: the THUMB DRIVE. Reaches. Grabs. Pockets it.

Turns to see Kylie lying unconscious. Crawls to her. Checks her pulse. Alive. Bows his head, thanking God.

The ROAR of the helo outside pulls him from his prayer. Then he's fucking PISSED. Instinct kicks in. Grabs his rifle.

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! A hail of automatic fire SPRAYS the glass wall overlooking the infinity pool below. CRASH! The glass falls like a waterfall.

Gabe SPRINTS and LEAPS out the third story window --

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - POOL AREA - SECONDS LATER

-- and SPLASHES down into the pool, gun over his head.

I/E. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - SAME

Tuccio watches Gabe from the door of the helicopter, almost smiling. Respect.

The Bell lifts off slowly. Heads toward the cliffs and the Pacific beyond.

Gabe chases. The chopper's fifteen yards from the cliff's edge, six feet above ground. Damnit!

Gabe BOMBS toward the helo...and the cliff. Sheds his weapon. Needs both hands free.

And as the Bell crests the cliff, Gabe LUNGES after it.

An instant takes an hour...until *YES! He GRASPS to the chopper's runner, swinging hundreds of feet above the Pacific.*

EXT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

One hand. Two hands. Gabe pulls himself up. Looks down at the roiling ocean below. Climbs higher toward the open Bell door. Darkness inside.

A deep breath and he enters, hoping to avoid detection.

I/E. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - SECONDS LATER

Gabe's eyes adjust. The cockpit ahead is illuminated, Tuccio's PILOT at the controls. Sees no one else. What the fuck. A FLASH from the side and --

WHAM! From the darkness, the butt of an automatic rifle SLAMS Gabe in the forehead. Dizziness, confusion, DARKNESS.

Tuccio emerges. Looks down at Gabe's unconscious form.

TUCCIO
Wasn't supposed to be this way.

Shakes his head. Picks up his cell. Makes a call.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Yeah. We've got a variable in play.

Stares at Gabe as he listens.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Yeah. Improvisation is what I do best. And the meet with the cut-out in Newman is on schedule?
(listens)
Good.

Hangs up. Gabe groggily comes to. He and Tuccio lock eyes before Gabe falls unconscious again.

The helo banks left, heading back inland. Disappears beneath a BLANKET OF FOG.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

Warburg turns back to us, pocketing something. President Elms tends to Kylie, who sits against the wall, barely conscious.

PRESIDENT ELMS
Get a medic in here, Warburg.

WARBURG
EMTs and FBI en route, sir.

PRESIDENT ELMS
And I can't wait to hear what you have to say to them after the little stunt you just pulled.

WARBURG
If we could step into the hall, sir. I believe I can explain.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Air Force One touches down at SFO.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

President Townsend, Simmons and Gonzalez gather at the phone.

SECRETARY GONZALEZ
FBI indicates a helo just left the property. They believe Tuccio was on it.

President Elms turns to CIA Director Simmons.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Get some birds in the air.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Warburg and President Elms stand in the hallway.

WARBURG
So we understand each other, Mr. President? Endorse the narrative and your indiscretions with Ms. Walsh on your last visit will never see the light of day.

Elms stands dumbstruck, speechless, dazed.

PRESIDENT ELMS
You'd blackmail a former President of the United States?

WARBURG
It's not blackmail, sir. It's business.

Walks toward the stairs, dialing his cell. Downstairs, FBI Agents sing out: "Clear!" "Check upstairs."

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Air Force One sits on an isolated runway. Besides it are the presidential limousine, a convoy of Black SUVs and six California Highway Patrol cruisers.

Escorted by Secret Service, Secretary Gonzalez and President Townsend walk to the limousine. CIA Director Simmons walks a few steps behind, talking on his cell.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
I'll work up a full profile on him. See what we got. But the body of another home-grown insider might provide the perfect coda.

Pockets his phone. Pulls an iPad. Gets to work. Catches up to the President and Gonzalez.

SECRETARY GONZALEZ
(to the President)
The FBI has secured the premises. The threat appears to be over.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
(turns to Simmons)
Good. Get there. Debrief the SAC on site and take over the investigation. One voice, no leaks, keep it as simple as possible.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Yes ma'am.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
I need a coherent narrative ASAP. I want to address the nation as soon as possible.

Climbs in the limousine. Gonzalez follows. CIA Director Simmons climbs in the back of a black SUV. Tears away.

EXT. ABOVE POST RANCH INN - NIGHT

A group of five AH-64E APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS fly in from the ocean, searching for the Bell. The fog's impenetrable. DARKNESS.

OVERLAP: muffled rotors of helicopters echoing in the fog.

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

FLASHES across a MIND'S EYE: Kylie's smile beneath a wedding veil; newborn Noah wailing in Gabe's arms; laughter, a sunset, a child's hand small in a man's.

Ahhhh. Gabe SPRINGS into consciousness. Confused. Afraid. Alone. Wrists and legs taped together aboard the helo as it continues through the fog. Tuccio smiles across at him.

TUCCIO
Why didn't you sit tight, wait 'til I was done. Your woman was safe.

GABE
(regaining composure)
Don't know. Something about assholes holding innocent people at gunpoint just kinda pisses me off.

TUCCIO
Innocent...those whores?

GABE
Forget the women...

TUCCIO
I'm not talking about the women. The real whores are the bankers, CEOs, and politicians.

Gabe stares at Tuccio. You're fucking nuts.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Funny thing is, I'm just a bit player in all of this. A simple man moved across the chessboard by the biggest whores in the country. I call them the Players.

GABE
What are you talking about?

TUCCIO
History. Epoch after epoch, men like me have done the bidding of the Players. For a shekel, a dollar, or a pound. Because the Players *always* get theirs. I know they're using me to get what they want. But today I was able to get on my soapbox, and get some for me too.

GABE
(skeptical)
What do these so-called Players of yours want then?

TUCCIO
What they've always wanted.
(beat)
More.

The chop of the AH-64E APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS echo in the distance, searching blindly through the fog.

INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Illuminated cockpit. The RADAR display beeps.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Wrangler Command, I've got a heat signature ahead at one o'clock.

EXT. WHITNEY CABIN - NIGHT

Yellow CRIME SCENE TAPE envelops the area: cabin, catering trucks, and the burned hulls of the helicopters.

FBI AGENTS dust for prints, collect evidence, police the scene. Other Agents load BODIES into a nondescript FBI van.

CIA Director Simmons climbs from the black SUV. Walks toward FBI Mobile Command, talking on his cell.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Tell him he has permission to engage.
(listens)
These people attacked our country. The order stands.

CLICK. Hangs up and heads toward the Command trailer.

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Tuccio continues.

TUCCIO
And now that you're here, the Players will use you too. Dead or alive.

Walks toward the pilot.

EXT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND POST - DAY

Two Feds guard the door.

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND POST - DAY

Warburg and President Elms sit in chairs against the far wall. Agent Walker paces, perturbed. Colin White looks on.

AGENT WALKER
I was under the impression that Deputy Dillon rendered aid to the injured and liberated his son from the property.

Warburg and President Elms share a look.

WARBURG
Deputy Dillon left the property via Tuccio's helicopter. He must have been one of them.

AGENT WALKER
(gesturing to Colin)
My associate here tells me that he was a decorated veteran and reputable law enforcement official.

Colin White seethes nearby.

VOICE (O.S.)
Perhaps he doesn't know his friend as well as he thinks.

CIA Director Simmons strides forcefully inside, iPad in hand. Agent Walker looks on, incredulous.

AGENT WALKER
Director Simmons?

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Tuccio pulls his pistol as he walks to the pilot. Gabe eyes it. But Tuccio ignores him.

TUCCIO
Time to wrap things up. The Players insist.

BOOM! Shoots the Pilot in the back of the fucking head! Pulls him from the seat. Takes his place at the controls.

INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - SAME

The Apache pilot flips the safety cap on his joystick.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Wrangler, we have target lock. Confirm permission to engage.

WRANGLER COMMAND (O.S.)
(radio)
Copy, Zulu 1-6. Check your background and engage.

The pilot depresses the trigger.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Missile away.

EXT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

An AGM-114 Hellfire MISSILE PIERCES the fog.

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - SAME

ALARMS sound. Before Tuccio can react, his world EXPLODES. The missile TEARS through the helo, THROWING Tuccio to the ground. Flames dance, alarms continue to whine.

Tuccio lies unconscious on the ground. Gabe races to the Pilot's seat. No point. The helo careens wildly. A massive, wounded, mechanical bird of prey.

A sharp edge on the edge of the console. Gabe rubs the tape on his hands roughly against it. Breaks loose. Grabs at controls but has no fucking idea what he's doing.

Looks. A canopy of monstrous REDWOODS pokes through the fog below. Oh shit. A blur of beeping alarms and spinning fuselage until --

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT

CRASH! The Bell SEARS the top of a redwood. Careens, its rotor RIPPED apart as the fuselage caroms between the trees.

Smoke, ripping steel, falling branches. The helo plummets, spinning, the interwoven branches slowing its descent, until it tumbles between two towering redwoods.

Then, with a deafening SCREECH, what's left of the helo finally comes to rest on the forest floor.

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Tuccio is nowhere to be seen. Thrown free of the wreckage.

Gabe lies flat across the windscreen, unconscious. WHOOSH! A fireball BURSTS from the rear of the chopper. Smoke fills the cabin. Seconds until Gabe's done.

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND POST - SAME

Simmons owns the room now, taking over. Agent Walker, Colin, Warburg and President Elms look on.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
The President has asked me to head the investigation.

AGENT WALKER
All due respect, sir, this is a domestic incident. Bureau's jurisdiction.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Not anymore. CIA men died out there tonight. And all signs point to international players involved.

CIA AGENTS pile in behind him. Walker can't believe this is happening. Simmons pulls up a file on his iPad.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (CONT'D)
And if you have any doubts regarding the Deputy's culpability, this is what we've found so far.
(reading)
Gabriel Joseph Dillon. Born in Sausalito. Graduates Magna Cum Laude from Foster Prep. Some sort of computer genius, but he refuses a scholarship to MIT. Two decorated tours in Afghanistan. Recruited to Delta but leaves the service instead.

Looks up, locks eyes with Agent Walker and continues.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (CONT'D)
However, VA records also indicate Dillon was diagnosed with PTSD last May. Marital troubles, depression, prescription oxy problems, adaptive abnormalities, and obsessed with veteran affairs. In fact, his philosophy seems to mirror Mr. Tuccio's so-called manifesto perfectly.
(pregnant pause)
It's clear: Deputy Dillon is one of them.

President Elms looks on sheepishly. Colin eyes Walker. Shakes his head. Knows it's bullshit.

A CIA AGENT (35) enters, breaking the silence.

CIA AGENT 1
Sir, Zulu 1-6 confirms contact. Subject bird is down.

Simmons storms past.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
I need a direct line to the pilot. And I want all available law enforcement personnel setting up a perimeter. We own the space.

Storms out, Warburg right behind. Agent Walker locks eyes with President Elms. Truths shared at a glance.

EXT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Warburg follows Director Simmons to the SUV.

WARBURG
Should I leak it to our press people?

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Already done.

Climbs inside.

INT. BELL 214 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A groan. A barely opened eye. Flames engulf the cabin. Gabe struggles through the flames to the side door.

Sees a sidearm in the dead pilot's holster. Shoves it in the back of his pants. Heads out, ducking flames.

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Sees the unconscious form of Tuccio twenty yards away. Goes to it. Feels his pulse. Got something. Looks around. Hears the Apache circling in the dissipating fog above.

INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - DAWN

The helo hovers above the redwoods and crash site. No movement below.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Copy, Wrangler. The site is approximately six clicks southeast of Bottchers Gap.

INTERCUT: INT. BLACK SUV - DAWN

CIA Director Simmons sits in the passenger seat as they lead a convoy of law enforcement to the area: Sheriff's Department, Big Sur PD, CHP.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
(radio)
Can you put her down nearby?

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Negative, Wrangler. No break in the tree line.

Out the cockpit window, a tiny FIGURE emerges below, waving his arms wildly. Gabe.

APACHE PILOT (CONT'D)
(radio)
Hold up, Wrangler. Looks like we might have a survivor.

Simmons looks at Warburg in the backseat.

WARBURG
The last loose end.

Simmons nods.

INT. FBI MOBILE MEDICAL FACILITY - SAME

Kylie lies on a gurney, holding Noah close. An EMT readies an IV bag to the side.

KYLIE
Well, Noah, most people run away from shit storms. Your father? Well, he's a different animal.

Kisses the top of his head. Agent Walker enters.

AGENT WALKER
Ma'am, I'm Special Agent Walker of the FBI.

KYLIE
(anxious)
Have you found him?

AGENT WALKER
Uh. No ma'am. Not yet. May I ask you a couple questions?

Kylie nods.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
Has your husband ever been diagnosed with PTSD or had prescription medicine issues?

Kylie and Noah share a look. Smile.

KYLIE
My husband's idea of medicating is two aspirin and a coke.

AGENT WALKER
And your marriage?

KYLIE
A work in progress.

AGENT WALKER
Any violence?

KYLIE
(smiling)
I've wanted to kick his ass for years.

Walker's dead serious. Kylie turns to Noah.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Tell him, Noah.

NOAH
My parents have never laid a hand on one another.
(sheepish smile)
At least in *that* way.

Kylie smiles.

AGENT WALKER
Has he ever espoused any ideas that could be considered Anti-American?

KYLIE
A man who honorably served his country for eight years, sacrificing his home life in the process? Ah, no.
(growing uneasy)
What's this all about?

Agent Walker stands. Heads to the door.

AGENT WALKER
That's what I'm trying to figure out.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Simmons races through a dense forest, over dirt roads.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
(radio)
Copy that, Zulu 1-6. Your orders are to eliminate all enemy combatants.

INTERCUT: INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - SAME

Only wisps of fog remain. The pilot circles the site, looking down at Gabe, who's clearing signaling to him.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Sir. I believe the survivor may be a friendly.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
(radio)
That man's part of the team that attacked this country last night. Eliminate him. Now.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Copy that, Wrangler.

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - CRASH SITE - DAY

Gabe waves his arms above his head. The Apache banks and flies a quarter mile away for an approach.

GABE
HEY!

The Apache banks again and flies low over the tree line. Back toward Gabe and the downed helo.

It gains speed as it approaches. Gabe grows uneasy. A flicker of hesitation.

Then he BOLTS into the treeline just as FWOP-FWOP-FWOP-FWOP! The Apache UNLEASHES its 30-MM M230E1 CHAIN GUN in his direction! Dirt flies, leaves and trees explode.

Gabe sprints among the redwoods. Adrenaline fueled. Blood coursing. He runs. The helo passes. Gabe thinks.

Sees Tuccio stirring by the chopper. Eyes the crash site. SPRINTS to Tuccio. Picks him up. Drags him under the canopy.

INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - SAME

The pilot circles, looks down. Sees Gabe disappear beneath the redwood canopy with Tuccio draped across him.

APACHE PILOT
(radio)
Wrangler, target on the move.

INTERCUT: INT. BLACK SUV - SAME

Simmons listens, pissed off.

APACHE PILOT (O.S.)
(radio)
He's heading north.
(MORE)

APACHE PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Toward the campground and cabins near Bottchers Gap.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
(radio)
Copy that. Ground support en route.

Turns back to Warburg, a look of concern in his eyes.

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP - DAY

Gabe crouches low, trying to stay near the trunks of trees and out of sight of the circling choppers. Drops a mumbling Tuccio to the ground. Sees a GAPING WOUND on Tuccio's side.

Pulls his cell phone. No bars. Fuck. Sees a small CABIN fifty yards distant. Quaint rustic, with a satellite dish on the roof. Shoulders Tuccio, who moans in pain.

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

No cars in dirt driveway. Curtains drawn. Gabe peeks in, Tuccio still draped on him. Dark. No signs of life. Knocks on the front door. Nothing.

Circles the cabin. Places part of his shirt against the window pane on the back door. A JAB. The pane breaks. He reaches inside. Unlocks the cabin. Drags Tuccio inside.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A San Francisco hipster's weekend retreat. Retro 50's kitchen gives way to 60's chic living room. Bong, extensive collection of vinyl, console stereo, shag carpet.

But the owners couldn't resist a high-end laptop and Sony TV. Satellite connections for both.

Gabe throws Tuccio on the couch. He stirs to consciousness. Gabe unlaces Tuccio's boots. Pulls the shoelaces. Ties Tuccio's hands.

TUCCIO
(laughing)
I shoulda fucking known. They'd never let me get a real piece.

Coughs, hacking, blood spewing from his mouth. He spits it on the ground. Passes back out. Not long for this world.

Gabe goes to the kitchen. Returns with a dish towel. Places it against the giant wound in Tuccio's side. Applies pressure.

Leaves him. Turns on the television. Boots up the computer. Pulls the THUMB DRIVE from his pocket. Jams it in the USB port. The choppers' rotors pulsate outside.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

The media frenzy in full throat. Sat trucks from all the players parked on PCH: CNN, FOX, ABC, and the rest.

Snippets of live stand-ups near the resort's main gate. The CBS CORRESPONDENT (32), a no-nonsense Asian woman:

CBS CORRESPONDENT
...the weapons used by the perpetrators are called...
(looks at notes)
...type 56 AR Assault Rifles, a variant of the Kalashnikov AK-47 manufactured in China. The rifle is used in dozens of countries, including North Korea and China...

The NBC CORRESPONDENT (37), an avuncular man in glasses:

NBC CORRESPONDENT
...the RPGs found inside are Type 69 85 millimeter weapons. A Chinese-made weapon used by the People's Liberation Army of China, as well as Iran and North Korea...

And finally, the CBS CORRESPONDENT (29), a statuesque blond:

CNN CORRESPONDENT
...we've just gotten word that they may have had a plant inside local law enforcement. A troubled Monterrey County Sheriff's Deputy that espoused similar leanings as Mr. Tuccio.

Looks at notes in her hand.

INT - BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

Gabe works the computer, reading files from the thumb drive, half listening to the nearby --

TELEVISION

Where the blond continues her stand up.

CNN CORRESPONDENT
A man named Gabriel Joseph Dillon. Our sources indicate he may have had personal reasons for abetting the perpetrators as well.

Gabe stands. Walks to the television, stunned.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (CONT'D)
His estranged wife was catering the exclusive event here, and sources speculate he may have wanted to exact revenge on her for taking their son away from him.

Gabe stares blankly.

GABE
Holy shit.

Paces, thinking. Pulls the cell. Still no bars. Tosses the house, looking for something. THERE. On the wall. A mounted FELIX THE CAT.

Goes to it. Pulls the ears off the top. It's a kitschy Felix the Cat PHONE. Gets a dial tone. Dials. Waits.

INT. WHITNEY CABIN - MEDIA ROOM - SAME

FBI Agents police the crime scene. On the table, BZZZ, BZZZ, Kylie's phone comes to life. FBI AGENT 2 picks it up with a gloved hand. Places it in a plastic bag. Takes it downstairs.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

No answer. Gabe hangs up the phone. Frantically works the computer again. Breaking codes, hacking encrypted accounts, ingesting data. Writes notes on a pad, shaking his head.

TUCCIO
(weakly, from the couch)
The thumb drive. Where'd you find it?

Gabe turns to him.

GABE
In the media room. After our little scrape.
(beat)
You had the laptop. Why the thumb drive too?

TUCCIO
Redundant systems. Insurance.
(cough laughs)
Look what it got me. Bleeding out in some hipster's nightmare.

Gabe turns back to the screen.

GABE
I see more than three dozen smaller accounts in banks all over the world.

TUCCIO
Chump change. Payroll. About ten mill total.

Coughs into a convulsion.

GABE
But all your men are dead.

TUCCIO
Everyone knew this was a one way ride. The money goes to their families. Girlfriends. Wherever...

Spits more blood on the carpet.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Struggling a little here. Water?

GABE
In a minute.

Looks back at the screen.

GABE (CONT'D)
By my account, that leaves about 490 million distributed into five accounts. Stuttgart, London, Singapore, Brazil, and D.C.

TUCCIO
When I get outta here, remind me to fire my encryption guy. But yeah.

GABE
Whose are they?

TUCCIO
Water.

Gabe races to the kitchen. Returns with a bottle of water. Pours some down Tuccio's throat. He chokes it down.

TUCCIO (CONT'D)
Look at the Stuttgart bank.

Gabe's fingers fly across the keys. Studies the screen.

GABE
The *Landesbank Baden-Württemberg*.

TUCCIO
Anything interesting about the location?

Gabe reads.

GABE
The same high rise as the world headquarters of Mechanix.

Gabe stares at Tuccio.

GABE (CONT'D)
Warburg's multinational.

TUCCIO
Look at the Brazilian account.

More fingers fly across the computer.

GABE
The account in Rio is tied to a small South American cargo airline.

TUCCIO
Any news items about that airline?

More clicks. Gabe absorbs info.

GABE
The airline was rumored to cooperate with CIA rendition in the 2000's.

TUCCIO
You know who the CIA Station Chief in Rio was for ten years?

GABE
(dawning)
Simmons. And Warburg.

Tumblers in Gabe's mind click.

TUCCIO
Among others. Remember the Players I was talking about? They're two of the biggest.

GABE
But why?

TUCCIO
To insure peace between the last two superpowers was impossible. Chinese arms, North Korean connections. President Townsend would never make a deal with the Chinese or the Koreans after this.

GABE
Who benefits?

Tuccio smiles and coughs.

TUCCIO
Business and spooks. Maximum spectacle, minimum bloodshed. Guaranteed outcome? All the Players get rich.

On the --

TELEVISION

We see aerial footage from the ocean of the Post Ranch Inn in the distance.

HELICOPTER CORRESPONDENT (O.S.)
A helicopter reportedly carrying Mr. Tuccio and Deputy Gabe Dillon has been shot down. We're getting conflicting reports on whether there are any survivors.

EXT. ABOVE BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

Choppers circle overhead.

A convoy of law enforcement vehicles encircle the cluster of cabins: ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS, SWAT VANS, CRUISERS, and the BLACK SUV carrying Simmons and Warburg.

The noose tightens.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

Gabe stares at the

TELEVISION: His photo on screen. Ashley, the reporter we met in the opening does a live stand-up outside Gabe's trailer.

ASHLEY
We're talking with one of Deputy Dillon's neighbors here.

WIDEN to see Henry, Bastard on a leash at his side.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Sir, you say it's impossible that Mr. Dillon...

HENRY
(interrupting)
Listen, hun. The chances of Gabe doing anything remotely like this are about the same as me dating a sweet little piece like you...

CLICK. Gabe turns off the television. Tuccio fades, eyes closed.

TUCCIO
I told you. They use everyone and everything. They can't help themselves.
(a beat as he grimaces)
And they always win.
(a last beat)
I'm sorry.

Goes unconscious. Dead or passed out. Hard to tell.

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND POST - DAY

Agent Walker and Colin White listen to the radio chatter of the search teams. Simmons comes on the line.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (O.S.)
(radio)
Be advised.
(MORE)

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Subject is a law enforcement official with military training. He is responsible for the attack on our country. Eliminate on sight.

AGENT WALKER
Goddamnit!

FBI Agent 2 enters with Kylie's cellphone in a bag.

FBI AGENT 2
Sir, this was upstairs at Whitney. Rang a few minutes ago.

Walker takes it. Opens it up. Sees a picture of Noah on the screen saver. On Display: "Missed Call - Gabe." Tries to call back. Phone's locked. Walker storms out, White in tow.

INT. FBI MOBILE MEDICAL FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Noah slumps in a chair, almost asleep. Walker rushes in. Hands the phone to Kylie.

AGENT WALKER
Mrs. Dillon, your husband just called. He's in danger and needs to speak with me right away.

KYLIE
What are you talking about! If he's alive, using his phone, why would he be...

AGENT WALKER
(interrupting)
Because they're saying he was part of the plot. Any law enforcement he encounters will shoot first and ask questions later.

Kylie frantically pushes in the code and dials.

KYLIE
<u>Who's</u> saying he's part of it?

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP - DAY

Law Enforcement personnel have a perimeter around the six cabins. Fully-loaded, combat ready SWAT TEAM MEMBERS wait.

PRELAP: a phone BUZZES.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Gabe peeks out the window. Sees the gauntlet. Answers his phone anxiously.

GABE
Kylie?

INTERCUT: INT. FBI MOBILE MEDICAL FACILITY - SAME

Tears well in Kylie's eyes. She nods at Noah. He's alive.

KYLIE
It's me, baby. Are you okay?

Gabe looks at his surroundings.

GABE
Right now, yes. Listen. For some reason they're saying I was with Tuccio.

KYLIE
I know. There's someone here that wants to help. Hang on.

Goes to hand Walker the phone.

GABE
Kylie?

Kylie stops. Puts the phone to her ear.

KYLIE
Yeah, baby?

GABE
I'm sorry. For everything. I love you. Please know that.

A tear rolls down Kylie's face.

KYLIE
I do, baby. And so does your son. Get back to us.

GABE
That's my plan.

Walker takes the phone from Kylie.

AGENT WALKER
Where are you, Deputy?

GABE
In a cabin. Near Bottchers Gap. I've got Tuccio. He's still alive. Barely. Now listen. This whole thing was a false flag. Warburg and Director Simmons are two of the perps. Tuccio was their puppet.

AGENT WALKER
What the hell are you talking about?

GABE
I've got proof. A thumb drive. From the siege. It's got bank names, account numbers, known associates ...everything.

AGENT WALKER
Deputy, the shit's flying so fast around here, I don't know *what* to believe. What I *do* know is you need to stay alive until I can get there. I'm en route now. Stay put.

Walker starts for the door. White follows. Kylie RIPS the IV from her arm. Throws the sheet off. Grabs Noah.

KYLIE
Come on.

Agent Walker turns. Wants to stop her. Her simmering gaze wilts him.

AGENT WALKER
Goddamnit.

All four race out.

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP - COMMAND POST - DAY

Simmons directs the leaders of the disparate LE forces.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
I want a door to door of all structures. These men are killers. Treat 'em as such.

The men nod and head to their guys.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Walker, Colin, Kylie and Noah ride to the area. Agent Walker talks on the radio.

AGENT WALKER
Simmons, information has come to light indicating Dillon is not -- I repeat, *not* a conspirator.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (O.S.)
I'll take that under advisement, Agent Walker. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a man to find.

KYLIE
He'll kill him! You've got to do something!

Walker guns the engine harder.

QUICK CUTS:

-- A SWAT TEAM approaches a cabin. Frightened HOMEOWNERS walk out, hands over their heads. The team clears the house.

-- Another Swat Team approaches a cabin. No response from inside. CRASH through the door, clearing it.

-- Gabe looks out the curtains. Sees the teams working their way up the hill to where he waits.

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP - COMMAND POST - DAY

Simmons hangs up a phone and turns to Warburg.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
We've triangulated his cell signal to the small cabin on the east ridge. He's there.

Turns to the SWAT COMMANDER (48), a grizzled Northern California local.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (CONT'D)
They're in the cabin on the east ridge. Take them out. Now!

The SWAT Commander bristles.

SWAT COMMANDER
All due respect, that's one of our own in there.
(MORE)

SWAT COMMANDER (CONT'D)
We'll clear the structure as we were trained to clear it. Preserving all life we can.

Simmons gets in his face.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
This is a national security situation and I'm here at the express orders of the President of the United States. Take them out!

The SWAT Commander wants to fucking kill him. Can't. Walks away, pulling his radio.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

Gabe sees the focus of the search heading right for them. A thought. Goes back to the computer. Fingers fly.

Pulls up a JPEG of a couple with their dog. Cuts and pastes some text into a word file. Fingers fly again. A final flourish. Pulls the thumb drive. Pockets it. Dials his cell.

INTERCUT: INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - SAME

Kylie answers her phone, tears in her eyes.

KYLIE
Baby?

Tears in Gabe's eyes too. Last time he hears her voice?

GABE
Hey baby. They're coming. Not sure how this is all going to end...

KYLIE
Don't say that...

GABE
Just listen, Ky. If anything happens to me, tell Walker I've taken some precautions. Just check your e-mail.

KYLIE
Check my e-mail? Are you fucking nuts? Hang on. We're almost there!

SWAT COMMANDER (O.S.)
(bullhorn from outside)
Deputy Dillon, this is the Monterrey County Sheriff's Department. Please come out with your hands up.

Gabe looks outside to the sound of the bullhorn.

GABE
Baby. It's time. I've got to go.

KYLIE
Don't do this. Hang on. Wait until we get there.

INT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Gabe walks toward Tuccio.

GABE
If I wait, they're coming in heavy. It'll be okay. I didn't come this far to lose you and Noah again.

Click. Hangs up. Pockets the phone. Pulls out the thumb drive. Checks Tuccio's pulse. Nothing.

GABE (CONT'D)
(sotto voce)
And then there was one.

Tosses the pilot's gun on the couch. Puts both hands above his head, the thumb drive in his right hand.

GABE (CONT'D)
(calling outside)
I'm unarmed! I'm coming out!

EXT. BOTTCHERS GAP CABIN - DAY

The SWAT Commander crouches behind a cruiser thirty yards away. Simmons and Warburg crouch beside him.

SWAT MEMBERS are positioned on either side of the door and behind a barricade. A sniper lies on top of the SWAT van.

The cabin door swings open. Gabe framed in the doorway.

SWAT COMMANDER
(bullhorn)
Show us your hands!

Gabe goes palms out. The thumb drive black against his palm.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
Gun! Gun! Right hand! Take him down! Take him down!

Agent Walker, Kylie, Noah and Colin sprint from behind.

SWAT COMMANDER
(bullhorn)
Drop it, Deputy! Now!

The SNIPER's fingers feathers the trigger. CHAOTIC CROSSTALK: "Show me your hands!" "On the ground!" "Shoot him!"

GABE
I'm not a part of this. The proof is here!

Walker runs past the others, FBI ID over his head.

AGENT WALKER
Hold your fire! Repeat: hold your fire!

Simmons eyes the SWAT Commander's holstered .9mm. GRABS it. Takes aim at Gabe. His eyes grow wide.

BOOM! A shot pierces the chaos. Time stops. Hearts race.

A SNAPSHOT: The Swat Commander's arm cracking down on Simmons' hand. The barrel of the .9mm pointed at the ground.

The gun drops from Simmons' hand into the dirt below. The SWAT Commander picks it up.

Gabe stands. Agent Walker goes to him, gun and ID drawn.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
Everybody stand the fuck down! Walker, FBI.

Turns to Gabe.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
Deputy, you got something for me?

Gabe goes to hand him the thumb drive. Simmons SWOOPS in. GRABS the drive from Gabe.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS
I'll take that, Officer. I'm still in charge here.

Walker's stunned. Gabe's oddly nonchalant.

CIA DIRECTOR SIMMONS (CONT'D)
Tuccio?

GABE
Your boy's dead inside.

Simmons eyes him smugly. Walks past him to the cabin.

AGENT WALKER
(to Gabe)
So much for your proof.

GABE
Come here.

Walks past. A SCUFFLE behind the barricade. Kylie and Noah.

NOAH
Dad!

Bursts past the SWAT members and sprints to Gabe. Gabe scoops him in his arms.

Over his shoulder, Gabe sees Kylie walking. Slow but purposeful. He puts Noah down. Gabe and Kylie hold each other's gaze. Smiles come across both their faces.

Then the long KISS that's been far too long in the waiting.

A few moments. Gabe pulls back.

GABE
Can I borrow your phone?

Kylie offers a quizzical look.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Gabe presses buttons on Kylie's iPhone. Passes it over to Agent Walker. ON SCREEN: a JPEG attachment. The picture of the couple and their dog.

AGENT WALKER
And this matters how?

GABE
I copied everything from that thumb drive and encrypted it in that JPEG. We get to a computer, right click on that picture, and it's all there.
(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)
Account numbers, bank locations, pay outs. Simmons and Warburg engineered the whole thing so that peace with the Chinese and North Koreans wouldn't be possible. And they both get rich off the ensuing chaos: arms, intelligence contracts, military outsourcing. All of it.

Walker looks on, stunned. Shakes his head. Too much to comprehend. Kylie chimes in.

KYLIE
Well, Gabe Dillon. It's taken a dozen years, but it looks like those tech skills of yours finally paid off.

Gabe smiles at her.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

CHYRON: "ONE WEEK LATER"

President Townsend addresses reporters in the Rose Garden. To one side are Gabe, Kylie and Noah, as well as Agent Walker, Colin White, and Driscoll.

On the other side are solemn FAMILY MEMBERS of those who lost their lives in the attacks.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
(mid-sentence)
...and so if not for the actions of Deputy Dillon, Agent Walker and their colleagues, more lives would certainly have been lost. Questions?

CBS CORRESPONDENT
So you're now saying the ties between North Korea and the attacks are not true?

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
That's correct. As you know, our intelligence comes fast and furious in these events. Sometimes, after further analysis, it's deemed inaccurate. That's the case here.

FOX CORRESPONDENT
Is that why Director Simmons resigned? The faulty intelligence?

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
Yes. Director Simmons served this country well for a long time, but this was a failure of the highest magnitude. And he'll have to live with that failure for the rest of his life.

Gabe and Walker share a look.

MSNBC CORRESPONDENT
And what about the rumors that this was an inside job, undertaken by elements of our government that disagree with your approach to the Chinese and North Koreans?

President Townsend bristles.

PRESIDENT TOWNSEND
I will say this once and once only. The attacks perpetrated by Mr. Tuccio and his men had no tie to anyone in this or any other government. They were simply the acts of cowardly men. Tuccio spoke about honor and veterans, but he was nothing more than a common crook who killed his countrymen.
(gestures to the families)
In respect to the families gathered here for this day of remembrance, I will speak no more about that. Today we honor the fallen, the brave, and the strength of the American people. We will persevere. Thank you.

Walks off, leading the others inside the White House. Reporters call after but she is gone.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The guests sip drinks and take servings from passed platters. Agent Walker, Gabe, Kylie and Noah stand in a group.

AGENT WALKER
If this went public, every tinfoil conspiracy nut in the world would question everything this country does. Couldn't be any other way.

KYLIE
Still not right.

AGENT WALKER
Maybe not, but what *is* right is that you're married to a genuine American hero. At least, according to CNN.

Raises a glass to Gabe.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
You heading back to the force or you gonna hit the interview circuit? Get a book deal? Maybe take a talking gig for one of the networks?

Gabe eyes Kylie.

GABE
No. Think maybe I'll start a little business I've been thinking about. Keep it nice and simple.

KYLIE
Sounds good to me.

Clinks glasses. Something grabs Gabe's attention. At the back of the room, with Secret Servicemen: WARBURG. What the fuck?

The Secret Servicemen open the door to the OVAL OFFICE. Warburg enters. Gabe sees President Townsend shake Warburg's hand. WHAM. The doors close. Gabe stands stunned.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Kylie's JEEP is parked in front of Gabe's trailer.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Noah watches television. Gabe sits at his computer. Kylie picks up clothes off the floor. The place is a mess.

KYLIE
The only reason I'm inviting you to move back in is to save my son from being buried under all this crap.

NOAH
Sure, mom.

Kylie looks over Gabe's shoulder.

KYLIE
So how we going to pay for this storefront computer operation in Monterrey anyway?

Gabe leans back from the computer. A smile on his lips.

GABE
That's what I invited you over here for. I told you guys all about those accounts, Warburg, Simmons and all the rest of it. What I didn't tell you is that I did a little freelance work in that cabin.

KYLIE
What kind of freelance work?

GABE
The kind where I skimmed some cream off the top of Warburg's account in Rio.

KYLIE
Define "some."

GABE
About twenty million dollars worth.

Kylie and Noah stand stunned.

NOAH
That's a lot of cream.

Gabe picks up some of the pamphlets we saw before: "AMVETS," "VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS," "WOUNDED WARRIOR PROJECT."

GABE
Yeah. Ya know, Tuccio was right about one thing in his little manifesto. Vets *do* get a big eff-you once they return, and guys like Warburg always land on their feet.
(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)
I was thinking we could do a lot of good with that money. Scholarships for returning vets, physical therapy, rehab, mental health care, job training...

KYLIE
A Tahitian vacation for the Dillons?

Gabe stands. Puts his hands on Kylie and Noah's shoulders.

GABE
Would that be right?

Kylie and Noah flash downcast looks. A long silent beat.

GABE (CONT'D)
Ah. Maybe just once.

They embrace, dancing in a circle in this tiny little trailer. They WHOOP, SHOUT, LAUGH.

PULL BACK with the opening cords of John Fogerty and Dave Grohl's version of "Fortunate Son" blaring.

JOHN FOGERTY (O.S.)
(song)
Some folks are born to wave the flag, ooh, they're red, white and blue.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - CONTINUOUS

Henry walks Bastard, a bag of shit in his hand. Looks askance at the whooping from Gabe's trailer.

Music builds and we go high above the trailer park, the cliffs of Big Sur, and the Pacific.

JOHN FOGERTY (O.S.)
(song)
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son. It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no, no...

Higher still, encompassing a world where the Players usually win.

But not always. No. Sometimes guys like Gabe get theirs too.

FADE OUT.