HOSTILE ENGAGEMENT

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BAM! And we're right in the middle of a scuffle.

Two men wrestle on the driveway of a palatial --

LAKE HOUSE - DAY

The OLDER MAN -- vein popping fury -- rolls on top --

OLDER MAN
No way in hell I'm letting a jackass like you marry my daughter!

The YOUNGER MAN -- just as angry -- gets leverage, forces the Older Man off of him --

YOUNGER MAN
Thank god she doesn't give a shit what you think!

The men's momentum carries them toward a porch where --

A shaved-headed man and a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN watch the fight.

The Beautiful Woman's face slowly creases into eye-rolling exasperation as the two men continue to grapple.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S POV

The Older Man rolls on top again.

FREEZE FRAME

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (V.O.)
That's my dad.

The Younger Man flips on top.

FREEZE FRAME

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (V.O.)
That's my fiance.

The men struggle over something in the Older Man's hand.

FREEZE FRAME

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (V.O.)
And that's a grenade.

The two men fight for control of the GRENADE.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (V.O.)
They’re not always like this...

The epic battle continues...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (V.O.)
Sometimes they’re even worse.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - EVENING

Landmarks sparkle in the distance -- the WASHINGTON MONUMENT, the LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON MEMORIALS. Our forefathers perched in majestic grace, watching over --

Rush hour traffic on the Arlington Bridge. Horns HONK pointlessly as cars inch toward Virginia.

A PRIUS sits sandwiched in the mix.

SUPER: **FIVE DAYS EARLIER**

INT. PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

The Younger Man from the opening at the wheel. This is COLE JACOBS (30s) -- smart, handsome, a bit too confident. Okay, more than a bit. Cole has all the answers. Just ask him.

The Beautiful Woman -- ELLIE O’NEILL (27) is beside Cole. She’s changing out of SCRUBS and into a dress.

Ellie is charming and kind, but don’t cross her -- she’s as tough as they come.

Cole glances at a traffic app on his phone.

COLE
It clears at the parkway. We’ll only be a few minutes late.

ELLIE
That’s all it takes. He <u>hates</u> it when I’m late.

COLE
Call him. Tell him we hit traffic.

ELLIE
He doesn’t own a cell phone.

COLE
Waiting to see if they catch on?

ELLIE
Be nice. He thinks technology makes people rude.

COLE
Blame it on me then.

ELLIE
Bad idea. You already have a target on your back. I've told you... My dad's been a little overprotective ever since my mom died.

COLE
That was fifteen years ago.

Ellie finishes changing. She settles in her seat with a sigh.

ELLIE
Yep. That's why we haven't done this until now.

Cole glances at the DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING on Ellie's finger. He takes her hand and kisses it.

COLE
Don't worry. Once he sees how much I love you, he'll know we're meant for each other.

ELLIE
(squeezing his hand)
That's sweet, honey. But don't say any sappy shit like that in front of my dad. And let me be the one to break the news... After we've had a few bottles of wine.

COLE
You're the boss.

Cole whips the Prius onto the shoulder. He hits the gas and speeds past the gridlock.

ELLIE
Cole, this is illegal.

Ellie fidgets nervously. He puts a calming hand on her thigh.

COLE
Trust me. It's gonna be fine.

ELLIE
I just really want him to like you.

COLE
(winning smile)
What's not to like?

Ellie can't help but smile back.

EXT. TYSON'S CORNER MALL - RED LOBSTER - LATER

The Prius pulls into the jam-packed parking lot. It's Friday night and people need their surf and turf.

INT./EXT. PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Cole stops the car in front of the restaurant entrance.

COLE
Two minutes early. Why don't you go in and find him. I'll park.

As Ellie climbs out, Cole's phone begins RINGING.

Cole sees a parking spot opening up in the distance. He heads for the spot while answering his phone.

COLE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
What's up?... Tonight? Shit.

A car approaches from the opposite direction, obviously eyeing the same spot.

COLE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Just shoot me the details. I have to charm someone but I'll make it quick.

Cole hits the gas -- the Prius speeds forward... quietly --

SCREECH! He stomps on the brakes as a MAN runs right in front of him. The man stops, an angry look on his face --

It's <u>THE OLDER MAN FROM THE OPENING</u>, Ellie's father -- MITCH O'NEILL (57).

MITCH
Slow down, you moron!

Cole eyes the other car as it takes the open spot.

COLE
(leaning out the window)
What kind of halfwit sprints through a parking lot at night?!

MITCH
If you weren't driving a battery on wheels I would've heard you coming.

COLE
I'm running late, so how about you just scoot along there, old man.

Mitch steps directly in front of Cole's bumper.

MITCH
Sure. Right after you apologize, you little shit.

COLE
Okay. I'm sorry... that you're such an asshole.

Cole throws the car into reverse and guns the engine.

Tires almost squeal (it is a Prius after all) as Cole speeds backwards toward the other end of the lot --

Mitch watches as the Prius whips a 180 and skids into an open parking spot just in front of another car.

MITCH
(sotto)
I'm not that old.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Cole walks through the lot towards the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Cole enters, scans the room and sees Ellie sitting...

Right next to Mitch. Yep -- Cole finally realizes just how deep in the brown stuff he actually is --

He takes a deep breath, walks up and offers a queasy smile.

Ellie sees Cole, her face lights up.

ELLIE
Daddy, this is --

Mitch follows Ellie's look -- his eyes land on Cole.

MITCH
Oh, no. No god damn way.

As witnessed, Mitch is old school -- impatient and uncompromising. And if he's lost a step over the years, it's made up for with a burning intensity.

ELLIE
Uh oh. What'd I miss?

COLE
We had a... minor disagreement in the parking lot. I didn't kno --

MITCH
(to Ellie)
This guy's a complete moron.

COLE
How about we start over?

MITCH
How about "no."
(back to Ellie)
I can't believe you're dating this jackass.

ELLIE
Dad!

Cole's knuckles are turning white from gripping the chair.

COLE
Don't worry. We're not dating.

MITCH
Thank god.

Cole takes a glass of wine from the table.

COLE
We're engaged.
(lifts the glass)
Cheers.

Mitch's eyes BULGE. Cole drains the wine. Ellie glares.

Cole's PHONE STARTS RINGING. He sets down the glass and checks the number.

COLE (CONT'D)
I need to take this.

Cole moves away. Mitch turns to Ellie -- red-faced.

MITCH
Not him. Anyone but him.

ELLIE
You've said that about every boyfriend I've ever had. But Cole is the one, Dad. I'm sure of it.

MITCH
You're young. The world's full of guys you haven't even met.
(pointing at a teenager)
He could be the one...
(pointing at a barfly)
Or him. He looks interesting.

ELLIE
If Mom were still here, she'd know.

Cole returns, pocketing his phone.

COLE
Work emergency. I gotta run.

MITCH
What a shame.

ELLIE
Cole. You promised.

COLE
I'm really sorry, honey pumpkin...

Mitch's lip curls at "honey pumpkin."

COLE (CONT'D)
...but this is the big one. This deal closes and I skip over all that middle management BS. We'll be all set for our future... together.

Cole throws a look to Mitch -- *that's right!*

MITCH
Too lazy to put in the hard work?

COLE
Too smart to waste my time.

Ellie senses the rising tension.

ELLIE
Maybe it’s for the best. But we’re doing this again another night.

Ellie’s look makes it clear she’s not asking. They know her well enough not to argue. Both nod a begrudging “okay.”

Cole gives Ellie a kiss, which is torturous for Mitch.

COLE
I’ll make it up to you.

Then turning to Mitch --

COLE (CONT’D)
Um, nice to --

MITCH
(if looks could kill)
Save it, kid.

Shrugging, Cole heads for the door as Ellie turns to Mitch --

ELLIE
I need you to try a little harder.

MITCH
I’m not the one walking away.

ELLIE
He’s gotta work.

MITCH
Who works on a Friday night?

ELLIE
He’s a consultant for a big pharmaceutical company. At the mercy of his clients’ schedules.

MITCH
Consultant... is that even a real job?

ELLIE
He’s ambitious. Works all the time. You should appreciate that.

MITCH
You can do better, sweetheart.

Ellie shoots a disappointed look at her father.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Please don't look at me like that.
(unguarded emotion)
Ell, you're the world to me. I just don't want to see you get hurt.

A soft smile begins to spread across Ellie's face until --

MITCH (CONT'D)
And this guy can't be trusted. I can feel it in my gut. And my gut is never wrong.

Ellie's smile disappears -- her stubborn streak flashes.

ELLIE
You need to find a way to get your head around this, Dad. Because in two months he's going to be your son-in-law.

MITCH
Two months!
(all but hyperventilating)
Over. My. Dead. Body.

ELLIE
It just might be if you don't get your blood pressure under control.

MITCH
No diagnosing until you're out of med school. Because I assure you -- I'm still in peak form.

ELLIE
Just try to relax. There's plenty of time to get to know him.

And a light pops on in Mitch's head.

MITCH
Two months. That is a long time...

ELLIE
Daddy! Don't you dare!

MITCH
Dare what? I just can't wait to get to know this guy better.

Mitch forces a smile as he subtly slides Cole's empty wine glass in front of him, USING A NAPKIN so as not to touch it.

EXT. MITCH’S HOUSE - NIGHT

A perfectly preserved late eighties AMERICAN SEDAN pulls into the driveway.

Mitch climbs out of the car and stomps toward his front door.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch enters, holding a PLASTIC BAG from the restaurant. He tosses his keys on a side table and exhales irritably.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch sits down at a desk.

CHARLIE, his aging golden retriever pads into the room and drops to the carpet.

MITCH
Crap news, Charlie. Ellie is engaged to some chucklehead I’ve never even met.

Mitch sets the bag on his desk and clicks on the light. He glances at Charlie whose expression hasn’t changed.

MITCH (CONT’D)
Don’t worry. When she finds the right guy, I’ll be the most supportive father ever.

Mitch grabs a tissue from the desk. He opens the bag and uses the tissue to pull out Cole’s WINE GLASS.

MITCH (CONT’D)
But this dumbass isn’t that guy.

He holds the glass up to the light, spinning it until he finds a clean FINGERPRINT.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I just need to show her that she’s making a terrible decision.

Mitch uses a marker to draw a circle around the fingerprint.

Charlie climbs to his feet and approaches. Mitch reaches down and gives the dog a loving pat on the head.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN

Street lights HUM. Sunlight filters into the morning sky.

It's just bright enough to see Cole -- still in his suit and tie -- moving quietly across the back patio.

He reaches over the fence and snaps a rose off the neighbor's bush before unlocking the back door.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Cole flips on the kitchen light and pulls out a frying pan.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light pours through the window. Ellie sleeps peacefully on the bed.

Cole walks in wearing only his boxers. He carries a tray with eggs, bacon, coffee and the rose, now in a vase.

COLE
Morning, sunshine.

Ellie stirs, wakes.

ELLIE
What time did you get in?

COLE
Late. Didn't want to wake you.

ELLIE
Not even to apologize?

Cole sets the breakfast tray down and grins.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
(fighting off a smile)
Don't think this gets you off the hook. You've still got a lot of work to do with my dad.

She grabs Cole's boxers, pulls him close.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
He's not going to be swayed by how good you look in your underwear.

They kiss. Then Cole grabs a piece of bacon, takes a bite.

COLE
No problem. I'll have him eating out of my hand in no time.

ELLIE
You can start tonight.

COLE
I'd love to, but we have the Caps game.

Cole grabs for more bacon but Ellie swats his hand.

ELLIE
I know. I convinced Danny to give his ticket to my dad.

COLE
Are you sure you don't mean coerced?

ELLIE
(mischievously)
Potato, tomahto.

COLE
But those tickets --

ELLIE
-- are the quickest way to get back on my good side.

COLE
He's the one who started it!

ELLIE
(eyes rolling)
Don't forget. We're going over the reception plan at ten.

COLE
Just put your dad at the kiddie table and it'll all be fine.

ELLIE
And you need to start on your vows.

COLE
I'm on it.

ELLIE
You're not BSing me, are you?

Cole locks eyes on her for a long beat and then -- in the most perfectly natural, yet polished way --

COLE
...You know, I had a difficult childhood. I had to learn to take care of myself from an early age. And ended up building a pretty thick wall to protect myself.
(takes Ellie's hand)
It wasn't until I met you that I realized the wall wasn't protecting me. It was keeping me from true happiness... Ellie, you came into my life with love, compassion and infinite patience. You convinced me to tear down that wall. Without you, I wouldn't be the man I am today. I am eternally grateful. And from this day forward, I pledge to you my heart, my soul, my days and nights, my complete trust and my unconditional love. In sickness, in health, in Nordstrom or Walmart. However our life unfolds, I know in my heart that I'll love, cherish and be with you forever.

Ellie is stunned, eyes watering.

COLE (CONT'D)
(casual shrug)
Or something like that.

Ellie pulls Cole into a kiss and things heat up quickly...

INT./EXT. MITCH'S SEDAN - MORNING

Trees line both sides of the road.

Mitch drives his sedan along the Georgetown Pike through Langley, Virginia.

The wine glass sits in a ziplock bag on the passenger seat.

He looks exhausted, yawns as he turns into --

CIA HEADQUARTERS

Mitch flashes a badge at the gate and is waved through.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - MORNING

Mitch walks through a large bullpen area which is completely under construction -- punched out walls, missing ceiling panels, plastic sheets draped over empty cubicles --

Except in the back corner where a lonely cubicle sits unmolested outside a small office marked by a worn sign --

EASTERN EUROPEAN BUREAU

Not exactly a buzzing hub of activity.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - MORNING

ARNOLD BAUER (early 50s) -- moderately overweight, amiable -- sits at his computer clicking through pictures of middle-aged women on a dating website -- nottoolate.com.

A worn copy of *FIFTY SHADES OF GREY* sits on the desk next to a pair of FUR-COVERED HANDCUFFS and a VINYL BALACLAVA.

A THROAT CLEARS behind Arnold. He spins and finds --

Mitch standing at the cubicle entrance.

MITCH
Busy?

ARNOLD
Uh... just looking for terrorists.

MITCH
Yeah. That one looks suspicious.

Arnold glances back at the monitor -- a large woman in a skimpy dominatrix outfit holding a whip fills the screen.

Arnold quickly closes the browser window --

Only to reveal a photo of HIMSELF wearing the vinyl balaclava and furry handcuffs. He scrambles to close that window too.

ARNOLD
(sheepishly)
What are you doing here on a Saturday?

Mitch holds out the bag with the wine glass.

MITCH
I need a complete work up on this print.

ARNOLD
Sure. Whose is it?

Mitch motions to the handcuffs and balaclava on the desk.

MITCH
You really want to start exchanging questions?

ARNOLD
(taking the bag)
I'll get right on it.

Mitch nods, heads into his office. But then stops, glances at the plastic draped cubicle beside Arnold's desk.

MITCH
Hey, where's Agnes?

ARNOLD
Got reassigned to AfPak just yesterday.

MITCH
How are we expected to do our job without any support?

ARNOLD
Cold war's over, Mitch. They only keep us around because Putin would be offended if we weren't spying on him.

Mitch huffs, walks off.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MITCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mitch sits down. He blows the dust off the computer keyboard -- this thing hasn't been used for a while.

The rest of his desk is covered in framed family photos from all over Europe -- Big Ben, the Berlin Wall, Red Square, etc.

In a few photos, a younger Mitch stands next to an attractive woman. In others it's Mitch, the woman and a baby.

Once the baby becomes a little girl, the woman is no longer in the photos. It's just photo after photo of Mitch and Ellie. Mitch is a doting father in each one.

Mitch hunts and pecks on his computer keyboard. Judging by his irritated look, he's not finding what he's looking for.

MITCH
Hey, Arnold!

Arnold pokes his head into Mitch's office.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Is it possible for someone to stay off the internet?

ARNOLD
Not if they like free porn.

MITCH
I mean, have no profile or public information. Like they don't exist.

ARNOLD
From the internet... sure.

Arnold points at Mitch's computer monitor.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
But unless they're living in a hut on the Serengeti, there's no way to hide from the CIA servers.

Mitch frowns, turns this over in his head. He stands and offers his seat to Arnold.

MITCH
Gimme a hand with this, will ya?

Arnold sits down.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Looking for a "Cole Jacobs." Local, thirties, Caucasian.

ARNOLD
(typing away)
Nothing on the East Coast that matches those specs.

MITCH
Nicholas Jacobs?

ARNOLD
(more typing)
Nope... And nothing for Colby Jacobs either.

MITCH
How about Cole Jackass?

Arnold side eyes Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)
When's the lab gonna run that print?

ARNOLD
Tomorrow. What's going on, Mitch?

MITCH
Nevermind. Just go back to spying on middle-aged terrorists in Bethesda.

Arnold waits a beat, then gets up and walks out.

Mitch picks up a PHOTO -- he and a smiling, teenage Ellie in front of Saint Basil's Cathedral -- Daddy's little girl.

INT. VERIZON CENTER ARENA - NIGHT

The Washington Capitals and the New York Rangers are in the third period of a tie game. The crowd watches intently.

Ellie sits between Cole and Mitch, wearing a New York Rangers hat. They have on-the-glass seats at the blue line.

ELLIE
(to Cole, eyes on the ice)
Have you heard back from your parents yet?

COLE
Umm...

ELLIE
You still haven't told them about the wedding, have you?

COLE
I'm not sure they need to be there.

ELLIE
They're your parents, Cole.

MITCH
Sounds like you two are rushing this whole wedding thing.

Ellie ignores Mitch. She keeps her eyes on the game as --

A Ranger intercepts a pass and scores on a breakaway. Ellie jumps out of her seat --

ELLIE
Yeah! Go Nash! That's what I'm talking about.

Two burly guys in the row behind them, decked out head-to-toe in Capitals gear, stare daggers at Ellie as she sits down.

MITCH
You hate hockey.

ELLIE
Not anymore.

COLE
We bet on every game. If she wins, she gets a hundred bucks.

MITCH
And if she loses?

Cole's face flushes. He falls awkwardly silent.

Mitch's stomach churns as he thinks over the possibilities.

MITCH (CONT'D)
So, you're buying her enthusiasm?

COLE
I love spending time with her. And I have season tickets. Win, win.

MITCH
For you. She's the one making the sacrifices.

And then the Rangers score again. Ellie leaps to her feet.

ELLIE
Easy money, baby!

One of the burly guys leans forward between Mitch and Cole.

BURLY GUY 1
Do us all a favor and shut her yap hole.

Cole turns to BURLY GUY 1.

COLE
(big smile)
Relax, buddy. She's just having a little fun.

Ellie overhears the conversation. Her eyes narrow. She continues to cheer -- a bit LOUDER now.

ELLIE
Yeah! Go Rangers!

BURLY GUY 2 reaches forward, knocks Ellie's Rangers hat off.

Ellie's spins, staring down Burly Guy 2.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
It's not my fault your team sucks.

BURLY GUY 2
Watch it, honey.

Ellie heads for the aisle, pointing a finger in his face.

ELLIE
Are you threatening me, tough guy?

Cole moves between Ellie and Burly Guy 2.

COLE
(to Ellie)
Hey, hey. Just breathe.
(to Burly Guy 2)
You have about three seconds to pick up that hat and apologize.

ELLIE
I don't need your help!

Mitch moves in next to Cole.

MITCH
I'll handle this.

ELLIE
Dad! You know I can take care of myself.

They both ignore her as Cole grabs Mitch's shoulder and maneuvers back in front of him to face off with Burly Guy 2.

COLE
You should've just apologized.

BURLY GUY 2
And you should've put your bitch on a leash.

And this all happens VERY QUICKLY --

-- Burly Guy 2 throws a haymaker.

-- Cole ducks the punch, spins, smashes his elbow into Burly Guy 2's jaw. BAM!

-- Burly Guy 2 stumbles. Cole curls around, puts him in a half-nelson then cuts his legs and drops him to the floor.

-- Mitch is surprised -- didn't expect this from Cole.

-- Ellie looks on, just as shocked.

BURLY GUY 1
The hell!

-- And Burly Guy 1 reaches for Cole. But before he can grab him, Mitch springs forward, throws an old-school upper cut --

-- KABOOM! Burly Guy 1 is seeing stars. And now it's Cole's turn to be surprised by Mitch's toughness.

-- The scoreboard video screen displays the fight as Mitch and Cole brawl with the guys. The crowd ROARS its approval.

-- Ellie watches, arms crossed -- *unbelievable.*

-- Security personnel arrive and break up the fight. The crowd BOOS at the interference.

As they are dragged away, Mitch gives Cole a nod -- *maybe this guy isn't so bad after all.*

Ellie sighs, shakes her head as she watches her fiance and father TAKEN AWAY IN HANDCUFFS.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Ellie is sitting in the police station waiting area when she sees Mitch and Cole walking down a secure hallway toward her.

They're smiling and having fun recounting the fight.

She tries to keep a disappointed look on her face, but it's hard. If it takes a brawl for them to bond, then so be it.

Mitch is handed his personal effects and signs for them. He walks out, leaving Cole to collect his things.

Ellie smiles and Mitch can't help but do the same.

ELLIE
See? I told you he's a good guy.

MITCH
Okay. Maybe he’s not a complete loss... But I’m not signing off on this wedding just yet.

Ellie rolls her eyes as Cole walks up. She plants a big kiss on his lips then puts her hand out.

ELLIE
Rangers won. Pay up.

Mitch laughs as Cole groans, reaching for his wallet.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MITCH'S OFFICE - EVENING

Mitch is at his desk looking at Ellie’s wedding page online -- a cautious smile on his face.

A KNOCK. He looks up, sees Arnold.

ARNOLD
Got your info on that fingerprint.

MITCH
Oh, right. Sorry for wasting your time on that. I went a little overboard on a domestic problem.

Arnold drops the file on Mitch's desk.

ARNOLD
Yeah. This is definitely FBI territory.

MITCH
What?

ARNOLD
Like you said. Domestic.

Mitch grabs the file, opens it. There’s a top sheet with general information -- NICHOLAS JOLLENBECK. Age: 32, race: Caucasian, followed by height, weight, etc.

Mitch flips through the file -- DRUG POSSESSION, MANUFACTURING, TRAFFICKING, RACKETEERING. THE WORKS.

MITCH
<u>This</u> is the rundown on that print?

ARNOLD
Yep.

MITCH
You sure it’s the one I circled?

ARNOLD
It was the only print on the glass.

Mitch reaches the last page in the file -- AN 8X10 PHOTO OF COLE with a thick mustache and slicked back hair, penitentiary style. He looks ridiculous.

Mitch stares at the photo numbly.

MITCH
Son of a... knew I should’ve trusted my gut.

ARNOLD
So should I send it over to David Burton at DHS?

Mitch is on his feet -- snatching up the file, SEETHING.

MITCH
I’ll take care of it.

ARNOLD
What are you up to, Mitch?

MITCH
I’m stopping my daughter from making a huge mistake.

And Mitch disappears out of his office door.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Without breaking stride, Mitch reaches over Arnold’s cubicle wall and grabs the balaclava and handcuffs from his desk.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Mitch climbs into his car, turns on the engine and PEELS OUT.

INT./EXT. MITCH'S SEDAN - EVENING

SQUEALING around the corner of a suburban D.C. street, face red with fury -- Mitch sees Cole getting into his Prius at the curb up ahead.

The Prius pulls onto the street. Mitch falls in behind.

INT./EXT. MITCH'S SEDAN - D.C. - EVENING

Cole’s Prius whips across three lanes of traffic and skids onto 14th Street -- heading over the bridge into Virginia before Mitch even knows what happened.

Mitch drops down a gear, floors it. He weaves across the lanes and careens onto the bridge behind Cole.

A glimpse of Cole’s Prius as it merges onto the GW Parkway. And as it does, Mitch sees Cole is completely relaxed, talking on his phone with only one hand on the wheel --

If Cole is trying to lose a tail, he’s sure not worked up about it.

MITCH
God, I hate this guy.

EXT. MITCH’S SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch follows Cole as he exits the parkway.

Cole’s Prius turns into a private entrance at --

EXT. RONALD REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The Prius stops. Cole shows an ID and is waved through.

Mitch slowly drives by the closing gate as Cole’s Prius drives onto the tarmac toward a private hangar.

EXT. RONALD REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch drives up to the gate and stops.

GUARD
This is a restricted entrance, sir.

Mitch whips out his CIA badge.

MITCH
It’s a matter of national security.

The guard inspects the badge.

EXT. PRIVATE HANGAR - NIGHT

Mitch peeks around the corner --

Two men stand guard at the hangar doors.

Mitch turns, jogs to the back of the hangar.

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

A MAN WEARING A VINYL BALACLAVA tumbles through a window.

He hits the ground with a GRUNT, which turns into a grumble as he slowly gets to his feet in a small office.

He straightens the twisted balaclava -- revealing clearly that it's Mitch.

VOICES ECHO from the hangar floor.

Mitch slips out of the office into the --

PRIVATE HANGAR

Three high end jets occupy the space. Mitch watches as --

Cole walks up the stairs of a Gulfstream G650 with a UKRAINIAN FLAG painted on the tail.

Mitch hurries to a set of rolling maintenance stairs that rest against the opposite side of the jet. He climbs them, and just as he gets a look through one of the jet's windows --

A maintenance guy approaches from the front of the hangar.

Mitch awkwardly pulls himself on top of the plane seconds before the maintenance guy rolls the stairs away.

Mitch lies spread-eagled on top of the G6 for moment and catches his breath. He hasn't been this active in a while.

He shimmies across the roof to the G6's open door. He leans over, peeks through and sees --

INT. G6 CABIN - NIGHT

Cole sitting across from LEONID KOROLOVSKY (40s), a glad-handing backslapper who'd be selling used cars in Kiev if his brother-in-law weren't the Ukrainian ambassador.

KOROLOVSKY
(big cheesy smile)
...three million. But it's worth twice that. A steal, my friend!

COLE
Let me see what I'm buying first.

Korolovsky opens a STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE, revealing a LARGE BLUE VIAL set in foam padding.

ON THE ROOF OF THE G6

Mitch grips the door frame's rubber seal tightly as he leans further into the jet TO BETTER HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.

KOROLOVSKY
This shit is the bomb. One dose and they're hooked for life.

INSIDE THE CABIN

Cole retrieves a high-tech testing device.

COLE
Where did you get it?

KOROLOVSKY
Chemist in Kiev. He created the perfect drug. Self replicating. No labs, no chemicals. Just add water.

Korolovsky takes the vial and dips a dropper into it. He puts one drop of the liquid into a glass of water and --

The blue liquid swiftly CRYSTALLIZES the water.

Cole breaks off a shard and places it in a digital device. A LASER ZAPS through the crystal, analyzing the structure.

KOROLOVSKY (CONT'D)
Great high, endless supply...

COLE
Next level shit.

KOROLOVSKY
(winking)
And only you will control.

ON THE ROOF

Mitch shakes his head in astonishment --

MITCH
(sotto)
Where does she find these guys?

INSIDE

Korolovsky spins a laptop toward Cole, revealing two empty text boxes -- ACCOUNT NUMBER and PASSWORD.

KOROLOVSKY
You are going to be a very rich man, Mr. Jollenbeck.

ON MITCH

Nodding ruefully, mouthing the name -- *Jollenbeck!*

And just then -- the rubber seal Mitch is holding begins to peel away from the door frame. Mitch lurches forward, starts to slip from the top of the plane...

INSIDE

The testing device BEEPS. Cole takes his time reviewing the results on the display. Korolovsky becomes impatient --

KOROLOVSKY
There are plenty of buyers, but I leave for Kiev the moment my brother-in-law arrives. It's time we finish the deal.

ON MITCH

Scrambling for a hand hold, his feet fighting for a grip on the slippery roof. Flailing to stop his momentum... but it's too late. He's going over...

BACK IN THE G6 CABIN

Cole sets down the device, reaches for the laptop.

KOROLOVSKY
What in the hell?!

MITCH TUMBLES INTO THE CABIN -- his face hidden by the vinyl balaclava.

Korolovsky pulls out a gun and --

BLAM! Fires at Mitch, just missing.

Mitch pulls a Sig Sauer P229 and FIRES back --

BLAM! Cole flinches as the bullet shatters the laptop screen.

Cole scrambles behind a seat. Korolovsky does the same.

COLE
That one of your other buyers?

KOROLOVSKY
Not your concern.

BLAM! Another bullet digs into the plush leather seat.

COLE
Really? Because I can't help feeling a little concerned.

Korolovsky leans out from behind the seat and UNLOADS --

Mitch dives into the cockpit. His balaclava slides sideways, becoming a blindfold. He can't see a thing as BULLETS tear through the cockpit -- spiderwebbing the front windows.

Mitch struggles to right the balaclava. He points his gun out from the cockpit, FIRES blindly.

MITCH
Hands where I can see them!

Cole's brow furrows -- something familiar in that voice.

A bullet SKIMS Korolovsky's hand. He drops his gun and YELLS.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

A motorcade comes to a stop. A man opens the door of a limousine, letting out a series of important looking men who proceed toward the hangar.

In the background, a plane takes off -- DEAFENINGLY LOUD -- masking the noise of the gunfight inside.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Mitch is finally able to position the mouth hole over one of his eyes. He sees --

Cole grabbing the stainless steel briefcase and Korolovsky's gun -- then sprinting down the aisle for the door.

Mitch steps into the aisle to stop him. Cole smashes the briefcase into Mitch.

Mitch stumbles back into the cockpit bumping the throttle --

And now the G6 is TAXIING TOWARD THE CLOSED HANGAR DOORS.

Cole hits the bottom of the stairs, which are dragging against the ground as the plane rolls forward...

MARKO, one of Korolovsky's thugs, sprints toward Cole.

MARKO
Stop the plane!

Cole puts a BULLET into the wall next to Marko -- sending him scurrying for cover. Cole FIRES again -- taking out a SECURITY CAMERA in the corner.

The main hangar doors begin to OPEN --

The important looking men stand waiting. Their eyes go wide as they see the G6 taxiing forward, stairs dragging --

And Cole charging right at them -- GUN IN HAND.

Mitch rushes down the jet stairs, tumbles onto the hangar floor. He leaps to his feet and chases after Cole --

A few of the important looking men draw guns --

BLAM! BLAM! They fire at Cole.

BLAM! Cole fires back -- nearly hitting one of the men, who drops to the floor in terror.

Cole uses the G6 for cover and runs toward the side office.

Mitch bears down on him, cutting off his angle, the balaclava pulled up off his face as he fights to catch his breath.

MITCH (O.C.)
<u>The wedding's off</u>!

Cole spins, finally sees that it's Mitch. His jaw drops.

COLE
(at a full sprint)
Mitch?! What the hell are you doing here?

MITCH
(sucking wind)
Being a good father!

Mitch throws himself into Cole, knocking Cole’s gun away. The briefcase goes flying. They roll through the door into the --

OFFICE

Cole kicks the gun from Mitch's hand. It CLATTERS out of reach. Mitch tries to sweep Cole’s leg but Cole jumps clear.

Mitch struggles to his feet... slowly. The two men circle each other.

COLE
She said you were a pain in the ass, but I didn’t know you were crazy too.

MITCH
(a little hurt)
Ellie said that?

COLE
Just get out of here before you get yourself killed.

CRASH! A bullet EXPLODES the office window, whizzes by Cole’s ear and smashes into a wall next to Mitch’s head.

Mitch ducks, grabs his gun off of the floor.

KOROLOVSKY (O.C.)
I give you a discount and you fuck me?!

Korolovsky thunders toward the office a gun in each hand --

COLE
We had a deal, Leonid.

And then -- the taxiing G6 CRUNCHES into the limousine -- the jet’s front wheels collapse and the nose of the plane SMASHES through the limousine’s windshield... and comes to a rest.

Korolovsky glances back at the destruction.

KOROLOVSKY
Deal’s off!

Korolovsky FIRES. Cole dives into Mitch -- they go flying through an emergency exit behind them.

EXT. HANGAR - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pulls himself to his feet and limps away.

COLE
If it weren't for Ellie, you'd be dead right now!

MITCH
Just so I live long enough to tell her who you really are.

A sudden fear in Cole's eyes. He chases after Mitch.

COLE
You have no clue who I am!

Mitch jumps into his sedan and PEELS away.

POLICE SIRENS and LIGHTS speed across the tarmac.

Cole takes one last look at the chaos in front of the hangar, then turns and hurries for his Prius.

EXT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch's sedan SCREECHES to a halt. He climbs out, rushes up to Ellie's door.

He RINGS the bell over and over until Ellie swings the door open. Mitch grabs for her arm --

MITCH
Get in the car!

ELLIE
Dad? What are you doing here?

MITCH
That loser boyfriend of yours --

ELLIE
He's my fiance, Dad.

MITCH
-- is a drug dealer!

And before Ellie can respond -- Cole's Prius careens around the corner and SQUEALS to a stop. Cole leaps out --

COLE
Don't listen to him, Ellie! He doesn't have a clue what's really going on.

MITCH
How's this for a clue? Your drug supplier just tried to kill me.

ELLIE
Drug supplier?

COLE
What did you expect? You shot him.

ELLIE
You shot someone?

MITCH
(shrugging it off)
In the hand. Let's stay on point.

COLE
You shot at me too!

MITCH
That was just a warning. If I was really shooting at you, you'd have got shot.

ELLIE
Will somebody please tell me what the hell is going on?!

MITCH
You better start letting people know the wedding's off... because your fiance is going to prison.

Cole glowers furiously.

COLE
Oh, really?

Mitch takes a step toward Cole --

MITCH
You're in the shit now, moron. I'm CIA.

ELLIE
Dad? You're --

COLE
(dumbfounded)
CIA? Really?

MITCH
Abso-fucking-really.

Ellie looks at her dad, completely flabbergasted.

ELLIE
I thought you were a diplomat.

MITCH
Well, technically, I am.

Mitch pulls out the fur-covered handcuffs, reaches for Cole's wrist. A sly smile spreads across Cole's face.

MITCH (CONT'D)
What are you laughing at, future resident of supermax prison?

COLE
You idiot... I'm FBI.

ELLIE
What?!

MITCH
Bullshit. I pulled your records.
(to Ellie)
He's a convicted felon.

COLE
Guess what, genius? Ukrainian mobsters generally don't do business with FBI agents. So there's this thing we do in my job called "undercover work." Maybe you've heard of it?

Something about Cole's story bumps for Mitch.

MITCH
Without a support team? On the Ukrainian ambassador's G6? The Feds would never authorize...
(realizing)
Wait a minute! This whole thing was offbook, wasn't it?

It's obvious from Cole's look that Mitch has hit a nerve.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Thought you could just waltz in there solo and do it on your own. You got a lot to learn, kid.

Ellie doesn't care about the mission. She focuses her growing anger on Cole.

ELLIE
You told me you were a consultant for a pharmaceutical company.

COLE
I do work with drugs. It's just --

ELLIE
You lied to me!

MITCH
Told you he can't be trusted.

ELLIE
(spinning on Mitch)
Who are you to talk?

MITCH
It was different for us. I was a single father in Eastern Europe. I did what I had to, to protect you.

COLE
I did it to protect you too.

MITCH
Sure, pal. Now she's supposed to believe you?

Cole's phone starts RINGING.

COLE
But you want her to believe you?!

Cole glances at the number on his cell -- eyes go wide.

MITCH
I'm her father. You're just another putz in a long line of putzes.

Ellie scowls at Mitch. Cole's phone continues RINGING.

COLE
I'm really sorry, pumpkin, but I gotta take this. It's David Burton.

ELLIE
Am I supposed to know who that is?

MITCH
(masking his interest)
Director of Homeland Security.

COLE
Believe me. It's important.

ELLIE
(frighteningly calm)
And this isn't?

COLE
I didn't say that. It's just...

Cole sees the fury in Ellie's eyes. He sends the call to voicemail, tucks the phone back into his pocket.

COLE (CONT'D)
You're right. This... here... you are more important.

ELLIE
I thought we knew all there was to know about each other.

COLE
Baby, listen to me. I love you. It's just that I'm not allowed to tell anyone what I do -- except for my wife. That's why I've been in a rush to get married. It's been eating at me this whole time.

Cole's eyes plead with Ellie for understanding. She looks at him for a moment -- seeming to calm down. But then --

ELLIE
You lying bag of... lies!

COLE
But --

ELLIE
This changes everything. I need time to think through things.

COLE
Okay...

ELLIE
Until I’m sure how I feel, the wedding is off.

COLE
Is that what you really want?

Ellie stands frozen for a long beat... then nods.

MITCH
You heard her, bub. Get lost.

Cole’s phone starts RINGING again. He keeps his eyes on Ellie who stands with her arms crossed -- stubborn determination.

Finally, Cole breaks off the stare and answers his phone --

COLE
(into phone)
Hello, sir...

We can hear a tinny voice SCREAMING on the other end.

COLE (CONT’D)
Yes, sir. I understand.

Cole hangs up, gives Ellie an apologetic smile.

COLE (CONT’D)
I have to go sort this out.

Ellie glares at him without a word, arms still crossed.

He slumps away, climbs into his Prius and (almost) peels out.

MITCH
Good thing you canceled the wedding. That guy is not going to be available for quite some time.

ELLIE
What are you talking about?

MITCH
Undercover on an offbook op. The FBI isn’t gonna claim him -- he’s just a guy who took a shot at the Ukrainian ambassador then destroyed his eighty million dollar plane.
(mission accomplished)
Looks like he’s going to prison after all.

Mitch's victory fades away as Ellie dissolves into tears.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Sweetie...

And then -- as so often happens -- the tears turn to anger.

ELLIE
This is all your fault!

MITCH
Me? He's the one that --

ELLIE
You ruined everything!

MITCH
But it was your idea. You said the wedding was off.

ELLIE
How can you think that's what I really wanted?

MITCH
Because it's what you said.

ELLIE
Jesus, Dad. You don't know anything about women. We almost never mean what we say!

MITCH
(totally befuddled)
So what did you <u>really</u> want?

ELLIE
I wanted him to feel guilty. Not to go to jail.

MITCH
But he's been lying to you this whole time.

Ellie glares furiously at Mitch, steps inside her doorway.

ELLIE
Go away!

MITCH
Just calm d --

SLAM! The door closes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
-- own

Mitch stares at the door dolefully.

MITCH (CONT'D)
This is one of those times when you don't really mean the things you're saying, right?

ELLIE (O.S.)
(through the door)
Wrong!

MITCH
Ellie, sweetie. Don't be like this. You're my little girl.

ELLIE (O.S.)
(through the door)
I'm not a child anymore!

MITCH
Okay, okay. What can I do? How can I make it right between us?

Silence. And then Ellie swings the door open --

ELLIE
I promise you, Dad -- If Cole goes to prison, I'm never talking to you again... ever.

MITCH
But it's not my call.

She SLAMS THE DOOR.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Ellie...

ELLIE (O.S.)
(through the door)
EVER!

Mitch's head drops. He stares at the doormat for a long time. Then a deep breath --

MITCH
Okay. I'll do whatever it takes...
(under his breath)
Even help out that weasel.

Mitch gathers himself and turns for his car.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Cole sits on one side of a conference table -- tense.

On the other side -- a handful of bleary-eyed OLD WHITE GUYS, headlined by DAVID BURTON (50s), tough as nails, in charge.

BRENT SIMS, Cole's supervisor, is next to David, fuming.

A large monitor on the wall plays a SECURITY VIDEO LOOP --

A GUN WIELDING COLE firing as he runs toward the hangar doors. Just as a VINYL BALACLAVA WEARING MAN steps into the jet's doorway, Cole BLASTS the camera -- the video goes DARK.

DAVID BURTON
This was taken two hours ago at Reagan National's diplomatic hangar. Look familiar?

COLE
Yes, sir.

DAVID BURTON
Okay. Let's start with what you know.

BRENT SIMS
That shouldn't take long.

COLE
Well, sir. Recent surveillance showed increased activity in Leonid Korolovsky's operation. I wrote a dragnet app for our bank monitoring servers which turned up a series of dummy accounts he controls. The evidence led me to believe he was looking to launder a large amount of money. Turns out it was for a new drug called Ohen, which means fire in --

DAVID BURTON
I don't give a rat's ass what it means. What does it do?

COLE
It's similar to ecstasy, except one hundred times as addictive. And when a user stops taking it, his nervous system freezes up. Eventually, he ends up in a sort of living rigor mortis.

DAVID BURTON
Sounds bad.

COLE
That's not the worst of it. Ohen replicates in water. One vial of this stuff is enough to contaminate the entire D.C. water supply.

DAVID BURTON
So you suspected this poison was coming into the country but you held this information back from your superiors?

COLE
No, sir. I submitted a plan to my supervisor on how to secure the drug and take down Korolovsky.

DAVID BURTON
What did he say?

Cole glances at Brent Sims.

COLE
He didn't think I had the necessary field experience to pull it off.

BRENT SIMS
(furious)
Turns out I was right.

David glances at the video footage. He shakes his head.

DAVID BURTON
We respect authority around here, Jacobs. If your boss tells you to back off, you back off.

COLE
Sir, I thought if I could prove --

DAVID BURTON
Let me walk you through what's about to happen in your shit forsaken world. The Ukrainian ambassador is screaming at State right now, claiming someone tried to kill him. Once these charges --
(pointing at the video)
(MORE)

DAVID BURTON (CONT'D)
-- and that evidence makes its way to the Secretary, he’s gonna cut a deal to avoid an international incident. You know what that means?

A voice calls out from the doorway --

VOICE (O.S.)
He’s going to sell you down the river to cover his own ass.

All eyes turn to -- Mitch, making a grand entrance.

MITCH
You’re looking at Leavenworth. Plan on a decade, give or take...

DAVID BURTON
Sounds about right.

Cole’s eyes register shock.

DAVID BURTON (CONT’D)
Mitch O’Neill, as I live and breathe!

David steps away from the table to greet Mitch -- just a handshake and smile, but it’s clear these guys have history.

DAVID BURTON (CONT’D)
I thought you’d retired by now.

An amused SNORT from Cole.

MITCH
Won’t let me leave. They say my division is too critical.

DAVID BURTON
Really? Aren’t you still on the Eastern Europe desk?

Mitch ignores the affront, glances at the footage. He sees himself in the vinyl balaclava -- blanches.

MITCH
It’s good to see you, David.

DAVID BURTON
You too, Mitch. How’s Ellie?

MITCH
Graduates medical school this spring.

DAVID BURTON
She always did have a good head on her shoulders.

MITCH
(eyeing Cole)
Yeah, but she still makes her fair share of questionable choices.

COLE
Sir. He's the one --

MITCH
(cutting him off)
Hey! The grown ups are talking.
(to David)
Listen, David, I'm here to help the kid out.

DAVID BURTON
You know him?

Cole glares at Mitch, trying to figure out his game.

MITCH
Of him. Got wind the Ukrainians were coming to town with a new drug.

DAVID BURTON
That's the story. And this knucklehead just kicked up a diplomatic shit storm.

A phone in the room begins RINGING. Sims answers it...

BRENT SIMS
David, it's State.

DAVID BURTON
Already? Christ!
(to Mitch and Cole)
You two, step out.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cole and Mitch exit.

COLE
I can't believe you're here.

MITCH
You should be grateful.

COLE
For what? Ruining my life?

MITCH
I've got a deal for you.

COLE
You gonna ruin my afterlife too?

MITCH
Funny. Here it is -- I save your ass with DHS. Keep you out of jail.
(a beat to sink in)
And all you have to do is walk away from my daughter.

COLE
Maybe I'll just tell them you were the one who destroyed the ambassador's jet.

MITCH
If they had an image of me, I'd already be ass up.

COLE
There's no way I'm leaving Ellie.

MITCH
You heard her -- the wedding is off. Your relationship was built on a lie.
(off Cole's resolute look)
Ellie's stubborn. You know she means <u>every</u> <u>word</u> she says. I'm just trying to help everyone move on.

COLE
She's a hothead. But she'll come around. She just needs time.

Mitch winces impatiently.

MITCH
Time is the one thing you don't have. Let me break down your options. Option A -- go directly to prison. Do not pass go. Lose your career, your fiance and probably your anal virginity. Option B -- play ball, keep your job and your freedom. All you have to do is break it off with Ellie. There are plenty of fish in the sea.

COLE
Why are you so determined to keep Ellie from being happy?

MITCH
Happy? I'm not letting my little girl marry some bush league agent who's sneaking onto the field with the big boys before he even understands the game.
(getting in Cole's face)
How many happy widows do you know?

Brent Sims pokes his head out of the door.

BRENT SIMS
Ready for you.

Mitch angles a demanding look at Cole.

MITCH
Your call.

Cole agonizes.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As Mitch and Cole enter --

MITCH
Listen, Dave, ops go sideways all the time. I know the kid screwed the pooch big time on this...

Cole can't believe how Mitch is piling it on.

MITCH (CONT'D)
But I can level this out.

DAVID BURTON
You?

MITCH
Eastern Europe is my division. We've been tracking Korolovsky's network for two years. I know what he's thinking before he does.

DAVID BURTON
Granted, you were a legend...

Mitch nods along. Cole looks like he might puke.

DAVID BURTON (CONT'D)
...But you haven't been in the field in what... fifteen years?

Mitch stops nodding. Cole's sour look turns brighter.

MITCH
Nothing's changed. I'm still the best. And when I get those drugs off Korolovsky, I guarantee you the ambassador will be so busy covering his own backside he'll forget all about this incident. Korolovsky gets kicked home. We keep a dangerous drug off the streets. And Cole here stays out of prison.
(eyeing Cole)
Way I see it -- win, win... win.

Eyes have rarely been rolled as vehemently as Cole's are in reaction to Mitch's snowballing bullshit.

David stares at Mitch for a moment -- seems like he's not sure about the idea -- maybe his BS detector is going off.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(almost pleading)
I can do this, David.

David leans in close to Mitch, whispers --

DAVID BURTON
You screw this up and I'll put you out to pasture myself.

Mitch nods in agreement. David turns to the room.

DAVID BURTON (CONT'D)
For anyone here that doesn't know -- Mitch O'Neill was an operative in Eastern Europe back in the day. Worked East Berlin, Prague, Moscow. Speaks three --

MITCH
Four.

DAVID BURTON
Four Slavic tongues.

MITCH
Including Ukrainian.

DAVID BURTON
He’s going to head up this mission... for now.

COLE
Head up?!

MITCH
Let’s get down to business. I assume time is of the essence.

BRENT SIMS
State says the Secretary is on his way back from Cairo. This goes on his desk at eight hundred hours Tuesday morning.

COLE
(glancing at his watch)
So we have thirty hours to find Korolovsky and get the Ohen.

MITCH
There’s no we in I, kid.

DAVID BURTON
You’re CIA. Can’t go solo on American soil. I gotta give you someone domestic so I have cover.

MITCH
Always the politician... So who’re you thinking?

DAVID BURTON
(pointing to Cole)
The kid.

MITCH
The amateur that caused this mess?

Cole bristles at “amateur.”

DAVID BURTON
You said it yourself -- we’re in a pinch. Plus, he’s the only one other than you that’s up to speed on Korolovsky’s operation.

Off Mitch's resigned look we cut to --

INT. DHS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Cole walk shoulder to shoulder.

COLE
You've been tracking Korolovsky for two years and haven't bothered to share any of your data with DHS?

MITCH
What? Oh that? Nah, I just made that up.

COLE
Unbelievable. You're heading up an op you don't know anything about.

MITCH
I know if we don't find this guy, we're both fucked.

COLE
How are you fucked?

MITCH
Don't worry about it. Just get your head in the game. We need to find Korolovsky.

They exit the building onto the --

STREET

The sun is just beginning to rise over The National Mall.

Mitch and Cole walk toward Mitch's sedan.

COLE
I could run a logarithmic regression model on his recent coordinates.

MITCH
Christ. You're completely lost without your little toys.

COLE
Oh yeah? Then what's your plan?

MITCH
What do you think Korolovsky would do if he got wind the Feds were on to him?

COLE
He'd hide in the one place where they can't get to him.

MITCH
The Ukrainian embassy.

COLE
But how do we get word to him if we don't know where he is?

They reach Mitch's sedan.

MITCH
Gimme your phone.

Cole reluctantly hands over his cell. Mitch dials and then --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Sergei! Mitch O'Neill here... Listen, I need you to get the word out on something. You know a Leonid Korolovsky?... Yeah, that's the shithead. Well, he's gonna be arrested on terrorist conspiracy charges. Patriot act stuff, you know? He'll be lucky to end up in Gitmo... Yep, you too. Talk soon.

Mitch hangs up, sees Cole staring. Mitch shrugs -- *What?*

COLE
Terrorist conspiracy? Gitmo?

MITCH
Yeah.

COLE
You can't go around saying stuff like that. You work for the CIA.

MITCH
You're right. The CIA never lies.

They climb into --

MITCH'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

COLE
We're gonna need some gear.

Mitch pats the Sig Sauer in his shoulder holster.

MITCH
Got mine right here.

COLE
Are there any problems you don't solve with bullets?

MITCH
All I've ever needed was my brains and my gun.

COLE
Why do I have the feeling you only ever used the gun?

MITCH
You're a laugh riot.

COLE
Times have changed.

MITCH
Ever see anyone outrun a bullet?
(off Cole's silence)
Guess they haven't changed that much...

Cole furrows his brow irritably.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Let me see what you're packing.

COLE
What I'm "packing"?

MITCH
I mean, what kind of firearm do you carry?

COLE
I know what you mean. It's just... It's in my safe at home.

MITCH
What's the point of... Oh, nevermind.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a light on in the bedroom as Mitch's sedan pulls into the driveway next to Ellie's car.

INT. MITCH'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Cole motions to the car.

COLE
Told you she'd come around.

Mitch locks eyes with Cole.

MITCH
You mention one word to her and the deal's off.

Mitch holds his stare... and finally, Cole nods.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cole and Mitch enter.

COLE
Ellie?

ELLIE (O.S.)
In the bedroom.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellie is packing clothes into a suitcase.

Cole walks in.

COLE
What're you doing?

ELLIE
Isn't it obvious?

Mitch appears at the doorway.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Dad? Why are you here?

MITCH
Helping Cole out, just like I said I would.
(eagerly)
Here, let me give you a hand with that.

Mitch begins folding clothes that are draped on the bed and placing them in the suitcase.

COLE
Ellie, can't we talk about this?

Ellie keeps packing... but it seems half-hearted.

Mitch picks up the pace, shoving her clothes in the suitcase.

ELLIE
I guess I can't stop you from talking... if you have something to say.

COLE
Honey pumpkin, I'm...

Mitch steps into Cole's line of sight behind Ellie -- a scowl across his face, emphatically shaking his head "No!"

COLE (CONT'D)
It's complicated.

ELLIE
"It's complicated?" That's all you have to say?

Mitch nods fervently to Cole -- *yep, that's it!* He shoves the last few items in the suitcase and zips it up.

MITCH
Looks like that's everything. Guess you can go now.

ELLIE
Stay out of this, Dad.

Ellie keeps her gaze on Cole, waiting. So does Mitch -- eyes ablaze.

Cole squirms, starts to say something... but stops.

Finally, Ellie reaches down and grabs her suitcase.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Fine.

Cole looks to Ellie then Mitch, who shakes his head slowly.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I guess this is goodbye then.

There's a heartbreaking look on Ellie's face as she stomps out of the room and down the hallway.

MITCH
(whispering)
Smart move, kid.

But the look on Cole's face says he's not so sure.

And then SLAM! The front door banging closed.

COLE
She's pissed off again. Nice work.

MITCH
I'm just doing what's best for her.
Now get your gun and let's go.

EXT. UKRAINIAN EMBASSY - SUNSET

A windowless VAN is parked by the curb a half block up from the front gates of the Ukrainian embassy.

INT. VAN - SUNSET

Mitch and Cole watch the gates as they drink coffee.

Judging by the empty food wrappers and crumpled cups scattered on the floor, they've been here a while.

COLE
How come you never told Ellie you were CIA?

MITCH
It was for her own safety. During the Cold War, the stakes were real.

COLE
Oh, I see, not like now when we're just playing around.

MITCH
Exactly.

Mitch takes a sip of coffee, keeps his eyes on the gate.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell her you're FBI?

COLE
I took an oath.

MITCH
So your job’s more important than Ellie?

Cole takes a deep breath --

COLE
I didn’t tell her when we started dating because of the oath. By the time we were serious, it was too late. I was worried she’d be upset.

MITCH
Guess your concerns were valid.

COLE
She’s so... strong willed.

MITCH
Oh, come on. You mean stubborn.

Cole can’t help but smile.

COLE
God yeah... You know something, I have never won an argument with her.

MITCH
She definitely knows how to get her way.

COLE
And when she doesn’t, she gives you that look.

MITCH
The puppy dog eyes?

COLE
You can’t say no to that face.

Mitch and Cole share a laugh. Then stop awkwardly when they realize they’re sharing a laugh.

MITCH
She’s never been good at admitting she’s wrong. Been that way ever since she was a kid.

COLE
Frustrating as it is, it’s one of the reasons I love her. She’s so passionate and full of life.

Cole and Mitch nod in synch as they stare out the windshield. It's the first time they've seen eye-to-eye on anything.

Cole's phone RINGS. DAVID BURTON's photo is on the screen.

MITCH
Gimme that. You keep an eye on the gate.

Mitch snatches the phone and moves into the back of the van.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(answering)
Mitch here. Hi, David... Not yet...

Mitch mindlessly pokes at Cole's high-tech equipment.

COLE
(whispering)
Don't screw with my stuff!

MITCH
(hand over the mic, whispering)
We don't get those drugs, there's gonna be a lot of guys screwing with your stuff.
(into phone)
I have intel that he's heading for the Ukrainian embassy...

Cole sees Mitch touching more equipment. He motions for him to keep his hands off. Mitch puts his hand up -- *relax.*

And then Mitch catches sight of a BLACK MERCEDES with diplomatic plates idling at the embassy gates.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'll grab him before he enters.

Mitch motions out the front windshield to Cole -- who spins and catches the tail lights of the Mercedes disappearing onto the embassy grounds. Mitch covers the phone mic.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Korolovsky?

COLE
I didn't get a good look. But that's his make and model.

MITCH
I told you to watch the gate!

Mitch returns to his phone call, all charm and good temper --

MITCH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Relax, David. There's no way I'm going into the embassy.

Mitch hangs up and hands the phone back to Cole.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'm going into the embassy.

COLE
But you just said --

MITCH
That was before you dropped the ball and let him slip by.

COLE
It's my ass on the line. I should go.

MITCH
Exactly how much time have you spent working black ops on foreign soil?

Cole grimaces.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I've got a lifetime of experience and know-how. That's one corner you can't cut. We work to our strengths. I go get the bad guy.

COLE
And what am I supposed to do?

MITCH
You sit here and...
(motioning to equipment)
...do whatever it is you do.

Cole's face creases deeper. Mitch makes to move but stops, softens for just a beat --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Look... You get caught in there and no amount of dealing keeps you out of prison. They catch me, I just retire a few years early.

Cole is confused -- was Mitch just being... *nice*?

COLE
Fine.

Cole hands Mitch a tiny ear implant.

MITCH
Whadya want me to do with this?

COLE
Put it in your ear -- then I can guide you through the embassy.

MITCH
You? Guide me? That's rich.

Cole points to the monitor -- real time HEAT MAPS of everything in the embassy. Each body inside is clearly outlined in various rooms.

COLE
I can see where they are. And where they aren't.

Mitch sighs, puts in the ear implant.

Cole slips on a set of headphones with a microphone.

COLE (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

MITCH
Yeah. Unfortunately, I can.

Mitch opens the van door, gets out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cole catches up as Mitch comes to a stop where the Ukrainian embassy begins, protected by a worn cobblestone wall.

Mitch pushes through the bushes and finds a small wrought iron gate with a rusted over lock.

Cole digs into his pack and pulls out a strange DEVICE -- half lock pick, half syringe. Mitch looks on curiously.

COLE
The acid in the syringe eats through the tumblers.

MITCH
Hmm, that's crafty.

COLE
Told you times have changed.

MITCH
Yeah. Things got a lot more complicated for no good reason.

Mitch takes a step back and then KICKS the rusted lock. The gate opens but gets caught on the uneven cement behind it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Be ready when I get back. These things tend to get a little hairy.

Mitch pulls on the vinyl balaclava and begins to squeeze through the narrow opening, but gets stuck -- his gut wedged.

COLE
(amused)
Problem?

MITCH
Not at all.

Mitch sucks in his gut and presses harder through the narrow opening. It's not gonna happen.

He begins to back out, but now he's stuck that way too.

COLE
Here. Let me help you.

MITCH
(pushing Cole away)
I got it!

Nope. He doesn't. Mitch struggles, wiggles but he's completely stuck. Finally --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Fine. Gimme a damn hand.

Cole comes over and helps pull Mitch back to the sidewalk.

Mitch removes the balaclava, doubles over and huffs.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I just need a minute. I can get through there.

COLE
(sizing Mitch up)
You're too fa... big.

MITCH
What do you know? You couldn't get through.

COLE
Sure I could.

Cole walks over to the opening and squiggles his way through.

COLE (CONT'D)
(shit-eating grin)
See?

Just then, VOICES echo around the corner -- UKRAINIAN VOICES.

COLE (CONT'D)
Quick -- throw me the ear piece.

MITCH
You?

The VOICES are coming closer. Cole shoots a look at Mitch.

Mitch pulls out the ear piece and chucks it through the entrance then pulls it closed. Cole slips behind a hedge.

Mitch scurries across the street just before two guards turn the corner and stop to light cigarettes.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch climbs in -- frowning. He glances around until he sees the headphones with the microphone. He puts them on.

MITCH
(into microphone)
Can you hear me?

EXT. UKRAINIAN EMBASSY - GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Cole edges along behind the hedge away from the guards --

COLE
(whispering)
Loud and clear.

INTERCUT:

MITCH
Okay. Just wait there until they move and then we'll switch back.

COLE
Unless you can tell me how you're gonna drop ten pounds in five minutes, I'm going in.

MITCH
This isn't amateur hour. We can't risk you screwing this up!

COLE
Keep an eye on the heat map for me.

MITCH
You're not even masking your face.

COLE
If I come out with the Ohen, it won't matter.

Mitch can see Cole's heat signature moving away from the fence deeper onto the embassy grounds.

COLE (CONT'D)
So you gonna help? Or should I ditch the earpiece?

Mitch steams, but there's nothing he can do. He glances at the monitor. Two heat signatures about thirty feet from Cole.

MITCH
Looks like there are two bodies outside the front entrance.

Cole crouch runs behind a tree, pokes his head out and sees a man and a woman in business attire chatting.

COLE
Copy that.

MITCH
Work your way around to the side. These Eastern Europeans smoke like chimneys. There should be plenty of open windows.

WITH MITCH

HEADLIGHTS glare through the windshield. Mitch watches as a car pulls up to the embassy gate.

MITCH
Hang on. Another car is coming through.

The gate guard checks the driver's ID and lets him pass.

WITH COLE

Watching the car pull up to the embassy entrance.

A tall black man in a finely tailored suit gets out. This is MICHAEL WINSTON (40s) -- calm, reserved, all business.

Korolovsky exits the building. He walks up and tries to fist bump Winston. Winston ignores the gesture.

Winston reaches into his pocket and hands over an ENVELOPE.

COLE
I got eyes on Korolovsky.

MITCH (O.S.)
Do you see the drug?

COLE
Negative.

MITCH (O.S.)
Then stay put.

Cole watches as Winston gets back in the car. Korolovsky turns and heads inside the embassy with the envelope.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What was that?

COLE
Another buyer. Probably showing proof of funds. If he's got the money, they'll close the deal soon.

MITCH (O.S.)
Not without the Ohen, they won't.

WITH MITCH IN THE VAN

Looking at the heat map, trying to make sense of it.

MITCH
Korolovsky went up the stairs -- first room on the right.

WITH COLE

Inching toward a window.

COLE
On his own?

MITCH (O.S.)
I think so.

COLE
I need to know for sure.

MITCH (O.S.)
I told you, I don't do computers.

Cole glances through the window again. The main room is empty. He checks the window - it's UNLOCKED.

Cole slides the window open and begins to climb inside.

Mitch can see Cole's icon entering on the heat map.

INT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Cole moves across the room and begins climbing the stairs.

MITCH (O.S.)
There's someone coming from above.

Cole glances up the stairway.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Left side. Ten feet.

Cole hurries to the top.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Five feet.

Cole freezes, hears footsteps on the other side of a door.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now!

The door opens and --

SMACK! Cole pops a Ukrainian guard with a right hook.

WITH MITCH

Watching the heat signature slump to the floor. A worried look crosses his face.

MITCH
You still conscious?

WITH COLE

Making his way down the hallway.

COLE
I hit him.

MITCH (O.S.)
Well, whadya know...

Cole rolls his eyes.

COLE
Korolovsky still alone?

MITCH (O.S.)
Near as I can tell.

Cole reaches the door, hesitates. He goes for his gun... but finds an empty holster.

COLE
Shit...

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch watches Cole's heat signature... frozen.

MITCH
What's going on?

INTERCUT:

COLE
...I left my gun in the van.

Mitch sees Cole's gun sitting next to the computer monitors, shakes his head in frustration.

MITCH
What a mess.

COLE
(defensive)
I wasn't the one going in.

MITCH
And yet here we are. Just make your way back. We'll swap out and --

COLE
He's alone. And I have the element of surprise.

MITCH
I'm ordering you to come back.

COLE
Trust me. I got this.

MITCH
Trust is something you earn, kid.
So unless your phone shoots bullets
get your ass out of there now.

Cole ignores Mitch as he pulls out the lock picking syringe from earlier, then slowly opens the door.

Mitch sees the single heat signal SPLIT!

MITCH (CONT'D)
Wait. Now there's two!

But it's too late. Cole has the door half-opened.

He pushes it all the way and sees Korolovsky -- in his underwear -- along with a woman getting up from a couch.

The woman walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

Cole slips into the --

ROOM

Korolovsky takes notice of Cole.

COLE
(finger on lips)
Shhhh.

Cole aims the syringe at Korolovsky's chest.

COLE (CONT'D)
(re: the syringe)
This shoots a toxic nerve gas. One drop and you die, nice and quiet.

Cole closes the door behind him.

COLE (CONT'D)
Where's the Ohen?

KOROLOVSKY
In the closet. Take it and go.

MITCH (O.S.)
He wouldn't just hand it over. You don't even have a gun.

Cole freezes. Korolovsky nods toward the closet.

KOROLOVSKY
Go ahead.

MITCH (O.S.)
Search him for a weapon.

Korolovsky stands there in nothing but a pair of briefs.

COLE
(to Mitch)
He's unarmed.

MITCH (O.S.)
Did you check him?!

Cole ignores Mitch and moves to the closet. He opens it. At the back of the closet he sees the STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE.

But before he can reach for it --

The woman exits the bathroom and SCREAMS!

Cole is distracted for a split second -- just enough time for Korolovsky to pull a revolver from the back of his waistband.

Korolovsky FIRES. Cole dives to the ground.

SHOUTS ring out below. FOOTSTEPS charge up the stairs --

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A lot of heat coming your way.

Lightning quick -- Cole whips open the closet door.

BLAM! BLAM! Bullets blast through the door, just missing.

Cole slips a DIME-SIZED ITEM out of his pocket. It magnetically attaches to the briefcase.

BLAM! BLAM! More bullets right through the door.

Cole grabs the briefcase and leaps out of the closet.

Korolovsky levels his gun -- he's got Cole dead to rights.

Cole THROWS THE BRIEFCASE at Korolovsky, bashing him in the chest, giving Cole time to sprint across the room and into --

THE HALLWAY

BLAM! BLAM! Marko rushes at him, firing.

Cole leaps onto the bannister and slides down the staircase -- BULLETS exploding all around him.

He hits the ground and scrambles back under the landing, out of sight.

MITCH (O.S.)
Two bodies about to come in the front door!

Two gun-wielding thugs burst through the front door.

Cole darts into the --

KITCHEN

Sprints all out as --

The thugs follow. BLAM! BLAM! They blast away.

Bullets SMASH into the oven. A loud HISS follows -- GAS.

EXT. UKRAINIAN EMBASSY - GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Cole bursts out the back door, running for his life.

On the second floor, Marko sees him from the window.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets shred the lawn all around Cole as he sprints for the gate.

Mitch appears at the other side of the gate, squeezing through as far as he can and --

He FIRES at Marko and the thugs who are chasing Cole.

Mitch's COVER FIRE forces the thugs back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The loud HISS of gas continues.

Mitch's ROUNDS SPLATTER across the room. One hits a frying pan, which SPARKS and then --

KABOOM!

EXT. UKRAINIAN EMBASSY - GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The back half of the embassy BLOWS SKY HIGH.

Cole is thrown forward, tumbles ass over elbows.

Mitch sees him and yells out --

MITCH
Move your ass!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cole shimmies through the iron gate and sprints for the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch is already behind the wheel, engine running.

Cole leaps inside and Mitch stomps on the gas.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ukrainian guards FIRE as the van speeds away.

Korolovsky steps out beside them -- searing fury. Marko joins him -- faced covered in SOOT.

KOROLOVSKY
(in Ukrainian w/subtitles)
I want to know everything there is to know about Nicholas Jollenbeck.

Marko nods.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Mitch and Cole enter.

David Burton paces behind the table.

The large TV monitor is now tuned to CNN. Footage of the Ukrainian embassy ABLAZE. Wolf Blitzer reporting.

David glances at the monitor and then to Mitch and Cole.

MITCH
David, listen, we just --

DAVID BURTON
I told you not to set foot on foreign soil.

MITCH
The kid didn't have a choice. It was the only way to get to Korolovsky and the Ohen.

DAVID BURTON
You got the Ohen?

COLE
Um...

DAVID BURTON
You got Korolovsky?

MITCH
...no.

DAVID BURTON
Right now, I'm trying to figure out which one of you is the bigger fuckup.

MITCH
Come on -- you know that's not really in doubt.

COLE
Sir, I put a tracking receiver on the drugs.

MITCH DAVID
You did? You did?

MITCH
Why the hell didn't you tell me?

COLE
I knew you'd take all the credit.

MITCH
Was that before or after you decided to ignore my orders?

DAVID BURTON
Enough.

They both pipe down but then --

MITCH
Just some friendly advice -- next covert op make sure you're packing.

COLE
I wouldn't have needed a gun if you knew how to read a simple heat map!

DAVID BURTON
Both of you! Take it down a notch. You'll have plenty of time to dig holes for each other later.

MITCH
If we can track that briefcase --

DAVID BURTON
You're not tracking anything. I'll pass the information onto the task force I'm putting together.

MITCH
The drugs'll be on the street before they even decide what they're ordering for lunch.

DAVID BURTON
You better hope not, because those drugs are the only thing that might keep Jacobs out of jail.

MITCH
Then give us a chance to get them.

DAVID BURTON
You had your shot. Now, it's about protecting the DHS.

MITCH
David, we can work this out.

DAVID BURTON
The Secretary of State is about to get a call from the Ukrainian foreign minister. How are you going to work that out?

Mitch doesn't have an answer to this.

DAVID BURTON (CONT'D)
You had a perfectly good run, Mitch. But it's over. It's time you clear out your desk. You no longer work for the CIA.

Mitch sits there, completely stunned as David turns to Cole.

DAVID BURTON (CONT'D)
I should probably just keep you in custody, Jacobs -- but I don't have the official order yet. Consider yourself on borrowed time.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - MOMENTS LATER

Cole and Mitch walk outside. Mitch turns to Cole.

MITCH
He's just a glorified politician. We can still turn this around. How do we track that briefcase?

COLE
I need to use my computer -- which is in my office.

MITCH
Then we find a way in. We can't just do noth --

COLE
Mitch! You just blew up the god damn Ukrainian embassy.

MITCH
Only half of it. And any evidence of your involvement went with it. Hell, you should be thanking me.

COLE
It's over. Just stay away from me. I'm in enough trouble as it is. I'm going to say goodbye to Ellie then turn myself in.

MITCH
(apologetically)
Listen, Cole. I --

COLE
Don't. You're getting exactly what you wanted -- you're going to have Ellie all to yourself soon enough.

Cole scowls at Mitch then walks away.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

The door lock CLICKS, Ellie walks in, carrying her SUITCASE.

ELLIE
Cole?

COLE (O.S.)
In the den.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Cole is at a desk, documents piled high in front of him. Ellie enters.

ELLIE
Hi...

Cole looks up, a warm smile fills his face.

Ellie sets down her suitcase, smiles apologetically.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I overreacted.

Silence for a moment. And then Cole gets up, walks over to Ellie -- and they pull into a tight embrace for a long beat.

COLE
I'm sorry. I never wanted to lie to you.

ELLIE
I know. Everything's going to be alright. We're getting married, and if my dad can't take it that's his problem.

COLE
Ellie, everything is not going to be alright...

Off Ellie's look --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch's bedside phone RINGS. He answers.

MITCH
Hello?

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ellie has a phone to her ear -- blind fury in her eyes.

INTERCUT:

ELLIE
Damn it, Dad!

MITCH
Ellie, darling. How --

ELLIE
You said you were going to fix this!

MITCH
I did everything I could. We ran into some bad luck.

ELLIE
Bad luck? Cole told me everything. This is <u>all</u> your fault.

MITCH
I had it under control. But he had to do it his way. Don't blame me for Cole being a stubborn jackass.

ELLIE
Yeah, I guess you wouldn't know anything about that!

Mitch takes a softer tone --

MITCH
Look, sweetheart, sometimes things aren't meant to be. That's just the situation with you and Cole. I'm sorry it didn't work out. But you'll get over it. We'll be okay.

ELLIE
No! Cole and I are meant to be together. And we <u>will</u> be!

MITCH
Ell, Cole is going away for a long time.

ELLIE
You're not hearing me. Wherever Cole goes, I go. Leavenworth, Attica, Abu Ghraib. Wherever.

MITCH
For what? To spite me?

ELLIE
For love, Dad! That's what I've been trying to tell you all this time. I love Cole. I wish you would just accept it.

MITCH
...fine. I accept it.

ELLIE
About time.

MITCH
Okay... So... we good?

SLAM! The phone line goes dead.

Mitch -- in his pajamas, on the edge of the bed -- stares at the phone. He knows he's in the --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Shit.

He lets loose a long GROAN then drags himself out of bed.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch is dressed. He holsters his gun and grabs his keys.

INT. MITCH'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage door cranks open. Mitch backs out his sedan.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Korolovsky stubs out a cigarette as Marko and two other men enter.

Marko places a laptop in front of Korolovsky. There's a photo of Cole on the screen.

The men speak in UKRAINIAN with ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

MARKO
Cole Jacobs.

KOROLOVSKY
Jacobs?

UKRAINIAN 1
Cross-referenced and confirmed by Kiev.

MARKO
(pointing at the screen)
Social security number, date of birth, current address... And FBI identification number.

KOROLOVSKY
F... B... I...?

Marko nods. Korolovsky's face turns red, he opens his hand.

KOROLOVSKY (CONT'D)
I want his tiny little balls... in my hand.

Korolovsky squeezes his hand into a tight fist.

INT. MITCH'S SEDAN - MORNING

Mitch drives through the Virginia suburbs -- determined look on his face.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch stands in front of a house, RINGS the doorbell.

No answer. He starts RINGING incessantly. Finally --

ARNOLD (O.S.)
Who is it?

MITCH
Open up, Arnold! It's an emergency.

ARNOLD
Come back in an hour and --

MITCH
I need your help or Ellie's never speaking to me again.

Mitch starts RINGING again, muffling Arnold's voice.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I swear to god I'll kick this door down.

The door UNLOCKS, opens partially.

Arnold peers through the crack in the door.

ARNOLD
Mitch, seriously. Bad time.

Mitch pushes the door open to reveal Arnold in a robe.

An overweight, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN stands behind Arnold in SKIMPY BLACK LEATHER holding a RIDING WHIP.

Mitch's eyes turn to the woman. Arnold spins around --

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Hey, ah...
(guessing at her name)
Rhonda?

She nods.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Could you maybe get us some coffee?

She SNAPS the whip hard against the couch then turns and heads off to the kitchen.

As Arnold moves aside to let Mitch in, his bathrobe falls open, revealing -- a DIAPER and nothing else.

Mitch's face crinkles in disgust.

MITCH
For god's sake put some clothes on.

ARNOLD
It's for --

MITCH
I <u>don't</u> want to know what it's for.

Arnold shuffles off to his bedroom as Rhonda returns.

She hands a cup of coffee to Mitch and nods at him appreciatively. Then slaps her whip into her palm.

RHONDA
Have you been a bad boy?

Off Mitch's eye-bulging look we --

CUT TO:

INT. ARNOLD'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Arnold is wearing sweats now, sitting in front of his computer, running a search.

There's a bottle of LUBE beside the keyboard.

Mitch stands behind Arnold, eyes on the screen.

ARNOLD
All DHS-umbrellaed tracking signals are routed via geo-synchronous sats then sent through an unscrambler on the Agency's secure servers. Once it runs through the --

MITCH
Just tell me where that briefcase is.

TAP-TAP-TAP on the keyboard and then Arnold points to a position on the map.

ARNOLD
There.

MITCH
Where is that?

ARNOLD
Hold on.

Arnold blows up the real-time satellite image by 2000%.

And suddenly Mitch is watching Marko carry the briefcase from a car into a building.

Arnold taps a few more keys -- photos of a nondescript warehouse pop up on screen.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Privilege nightclub. K street, just before Vermont.

MITCH
Guess we're going to K street.

ARNOLD
We?

MITCH
I'm gonna need back up on this one.

ARNOLD
No, no, no. I'm not getting involved in any of your sketchy activities.

Mitch peeks out the door at Rhonda who sits on the couch smacking the riding crop into her palm.

MITCH
My sketchy activities?

ARNOLD
At least what I'm doing is legal... I checked.

Mitch sighs.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Find some other sucker.

Arnold grabs the LUBE and stands up.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mitch is BANGING on Cole's door.

Cole pulls it open.

COLE
What? You here to shoot my dog too?

MITCH
Didn't figure you for a dog person.

Cole tries to close the door, but Mitch holds it open. He hands Cole a PHOTO of Marko entering a building with the briefcase.

MITCH (CONT'D)
This was forty-five minutes ago.

Ellie walks up behind Cole, stares daggers at Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I came to help, sweetheart.

ELLIE
Haven't you helped enough?

She scowls, heads back inside.

MITCH
(nodding to the photo)
I gotta admit, this technology is pretty impressive.

COLE
Who taught you how to turn on a computer?

MITCH
Don't worry about it. Just know that if we walk into DHS with the Ohen, we're off the hook. You're off the hook.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Ellie sits on the stairs around the corner, listening in to --

COLE AND MITCH

MITCH
No telling how long it'll be there. We need to move.

COLE
We? I wouldn't make a sandwich with you right now. Let alone go on another mission.

MITCH
I'm trying to help you here, kid.

COLE
I'm not your god damn kid, old man.

Mitch locks eyes on Cole.

MITCH
How much do you know about Ellie's mother?

COLE
Not much more than she passed away a long time ago.

MITCH
When Ellie was twelve. I was working in Minsk at the time. We'd only been there a few months. Ellie didn't have any friends.
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)
No one spoke English and her Russian was pretty weak. And... hell, I'll admit it. I wasn't much solace to her at that point. She supported me more than I did her.

Mitch's eyes are watering now.

WITH ELLIE

Her eyes watering too -- the memories rushing back.

WITH COLE AND MITCH

MITCH
It was just the two of us. There were days when I didn't think we would make it through, but somehow we did. And it's been Ellie and me against the world, ever since.

Cole nods, can't help but be touched.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna lie to you, Cole. I need to fix this because without Ellie, life isn't worth a damn to me.

Cole clears his throat. He stares at Mitch for a long moment.

COLE
Let me grab my gun.

Off Mitch's relieved smile we --

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. COLE'S PRIUS - DAY

Cole turns onto K Street and pulls to the curb.

Mitch draws his Sig Sauer, releases the clip, checks it.

DOWN THE STREET

Marko walks out of Privilege with the STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE.

INT./EXT. COLE'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Mitch jams his clip back in the handle, watches as --

Marko climbs into an ELECTRIC BLUE MERCEDES BENZ SLS AMG.

MITCH
Oh, hell. He's gonna lose us in one block in that thing.

Cole glances at his GPS screen -- all the nearby streets are SOLID RED -- heavy traffic.

COLE
He's not going anywhere.

The SLS BURNS RUBBER as it pulls away from the curb.

Cole's Prius (almost) squeals as he guns the "engine." He follows the SLS onto U Street where both cars are immediately stuck in gridlocked traffic.

COLE (CONT'D)
See?

The cars inch along. Cole isn't gaining ground, but he's not losing it either.

Mitch fidgets in the passenger seat. Cole can sense his impatience --

COLE (CONT'D)
Don't get out.

More fidgeting from Mitch.

COLE (CONT'D)
Do. Not. Get. Out.

And Mitch is reaching for the door handle.

Cole quickly locks the door with the driver's side controls.

MITCH
Lemme out of here!

COLE
You're going to blow this thing.

Mitch unlocks the door. Cole relocks it before Mitch can pull the handle.

The two men stare each other down. And then --

MITCH
(pointing toward Marko)
Oh, shit!

Cole's eyes shift up ahead -- just long enough for Mitch to unlock the door and pull the handle.

Mitch climbs out of the Prius with a smirk.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Rookie.

Cole steams as he watches --

Mitch jogging up to the SLS. He arrives at Marko's window and knocks on it politely.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Open up.

Marko shoos Mitch, as if he's a homeless person.

MARKO
(through the glass)
Get out of here, you bum.

Mitch pulls out his gun -- Marko's eyes bulge. He downshifts, cranks the steering wheel to the left.

The SLS flies into oncoming traffic as Mitch jumps clear.

Cole turns into the oncoming traffic, taking chase -- burns right by Mitch.

MITCH
Hey! Hey, come back here!

And then -- begrudgingly -- Cole slows just enough for Mitch to catch up and leap into the Prius.

The SLS SQUEALS around the corner and out of sight.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hurry! He's getting away.

Cole stares daggers at Mitch. He hits the DOOR LOCK BUTTON and dodges cars coming right at him, bolts around the corner.

The SLS is a full two blocks ahead.

MITCH (CONT'D)
We'll never catch him.

Cole grits his teeth, presses down harder on the accelerator.

The SLS careens around a corner, turning right.

Cole speeds toward the corner, going faster and faster.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You gotta brake!

COLE
Not yet.

At the last moment, he cranks the wheel. The Prius curls around the corner. The right TWO WHEELS LIFT OFF the ground.

Mitch's stomach churns with nausea as the car slams down, and they are on the ROOSEVELT BRIDGE.

They're closing in. The SLS is BLARING ITS HORN, trying to get around a line of cars.

Mitch rolls down his window.

MITCH
Pull up beside him.

Mitch pulls out his gun as the Prius pulls alongside Marko.

Mitch aims for the front tire of the SLS, which veers hard left towards the Prius and RAMS it.

CRUNCH! The Prius is thrown sideways. Mitch nearly loses the grip on his gun.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Get back next him!

Cole veers right. Just before the SLS cuts in front of a car Mitch fires.

BLAM! The SLS's front tire EXPLODES.

Marko grips the wheel, guns the engine. The SLS surges forward.

COLE
Run flat tires.

The SLS gets to the end of the bridge and swerves onto an exit ramp. The Prius is right on its tail.

At the bottom of the ramp the SLS is stopped by traffic again -- nowhere to go.

Marko SLAMS his front bumper against the car in front of him, HONKS furiously.

Mitch climbs out of the Prius again.

COLE (CONT'D)
Would you stop it!

Marko sees Mitch coming -- realizes he has nowhere to go. He rolls down his window and lifts a gun towards Mitch, who --

-- dives right in the window at Marko.

BLAM! Marko's gun goes off. The windshield SPIDERWEBS.

Marko angles his gun toward Mitch's head but freezes.

COLE (CONT'D)
Go ahead and shoot him. See if I care.

Cole has his gun barrel at Marko's temple. Marko fingers the trigger, but thinks better of it.

Mitch takes the gun out of Marko's hands. He grabs the keys to the SLS.

Marko climbs out after Mitch, hands in the air.

Cole pulls out the BRIEFCASE.

MARKO
You take that case and you are dead men. In the worst way possible.

COLE
You should be more worried about what's going to happen to you.

MARKO
You can't do anything to me.

Mitch chucks the keys over the ramp, into the Potomac.

MARKO (CONT'D)
I have diplomatic immunity.

POW! Mitch pops Marko right in the chin, dropping him to the ground. And in PERFECT UKRAINIAN --

MITCH
Then I guess you're free to go.

Cole and Mitch turn for the Prius.

INT. COLE'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch pops the case -- revealing the vial of Ohen. Satisfied, he closes it and turns to Cole.

MITCH
“Go ahead and shoot him?”

COLE
I was going with my gut.

MITCH
A man’s gut is the sum total of his experience. That’s why your gut sucks. Now flip a U-turn. It’s time we go talk to Ellie.

COLE
And tell her what?

MITCH
That you’re not going to prison. And... you know, the rest...

Cole glances at Mitch -- can’t believe what he’s hearing.

Cole turns toward downtown D.C.

MITCH (CONT’D)
Wrong way there, kid.

COLE
I’m turning in the drugs first.

MITCH
Huh uh. We go see Ellie. You live up to your part of the deal.

Cole SCREECHES to a stop at the side of the road, turns to Mitch -- dead serious.

COLE
You know, I thought after all that talk about your wife and Ellie and everything, that maybe -- just maybe -- you were going to do the right thing.

MITCH
This isn’t about you. It’s about Ellie.

COLE
Ellie loves me.

MITCH
Look, kid. You're way too dangerous to be with my daughter. You don't even know what you don't know.

COLE
Un-fucking-believable.

MITCH
So you're not a man of your word?

COLE
We have the deadliest drug on the planet in this car. We're five minutes from DHS... I'll see through the deal. But not before we lock this shit up.

INT. DAVID BURTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cole and Mitch walk in. David grabs his phone.

DAVID BURTON
Security to room 308.

MITCH
That won't be necessary, David.

DAVID BURTON
And why's that?

Cole sets the briefcase on David's desk and opens it.

MITCH
Let's see the Ukrainian ambassador try to explain this.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - LATER

An SUV pulls up -- Marko and another Ukrainian thug get out.

Marko rubs his jaw as he and the thug walk up to Cole's door.

They KNOCK -- no answer. They KNOCK again. Still nothing. The men are returning to their SUV when --

Ellie's car pulls into the driveway. She gets out.

ELLIE
Can I help you?

Marko smiles, nods to the other thug.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY

Cole and Mitch walk out. But it’s not triumphant. Both men are torn up and conflicted.

They come to a stop at the Prius. Cole turns to Mitch, but Mitch won’t look at him.

A long beat.

Cole unlocks the door, climbs in.

INT./EXT. COLE'S PRIUS - LATER

Cole’s Prius pulls into the driveway, next to Ellie’s car.

They both reach for the door handles.

COLE
Let me do this.

Mitch furrows his brow as Cole climbs out.

Mitch sits in the car, clearly agitated. He grabs for the door handle. Lets it go.

MITCH
It’s for her own good. He’s impatient. He doesn’t respect authority. He’s...

Mitch realizes he’s describing himself as much as Cole. He shakes his head as he throws open the car door.

INT. COLE’S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Cole stops at the staircase.

COLE
Ellie, sweetheart? You here?

No answer. Cole pulls out his phone, dials Ellie’s number.

Mitch steps into the entryway.

MITCH
Cole?

Cole holds up a finger -- *one sec.*

Mitch is instantly annoyed -- *this kid and his damn phone.*

COLE
(into phone)
Hello?... Who's this?!

Cole's face goes pale. Mitch registers the look, uh oh...

COLE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Ellie has nothing to do with this, Leonid. Let her go.

The blood runs out of Mitch's face. His worst fear a reality.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Korolovsky sits on a couch, Ellie's phone to his ear.

KOROLOVSKY
(into phone)
You took something of mine. I took something of yours. Seems fair.

Sitting across from Korolovsky --

ELLIE, her wrists and feet bound, a gag in her mouth.

Marko is beside her. He has A BLACK EYE, SCRATCHES all over his face. And a BLOODY NOSE. Ellie didn't go without a fight.

Korolovsky leans over and pulls the gag from Ellie's mouth.

KOROLOVSKY (CONT'D)
Your boyfriend wants to say hello.

ELLIE
(defiant)
He's my fiance.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch steps up next to Cole, trying to hear the conversation.

COLE
Ellie! Ellie, are you okay?

INTERCUT:

ELLIE
I'm scared, Cole. I --

Korolovsky grabs the phone and shoves the gag back in Ellie's mouth. Ellie struggles against her restraints.

KOROLOVSKY
She's a beautiful lady.

COLE
Listen to me, you son of --

KOROLOVSKY
No need to get excited. This is business. It's simple -- you have three hours to deliver the Ohen.
(lecherous smile)
If not, I keep her instead.

COLE
You'll get your drug. Just please, don't hurt her.

KOROLOVSKY
I'm sending the address. Three hours.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Out the front door, heading down the steps -- Cole's phone BEEPS as a text comes through.

Mitch's eyes burn with intensity.

MITCH
Where is she?

Cole clicks on the text. A map opens up. It centers on a peninsula jutting out into the Chesapeake Bay.

COLE
They're on the Bay. We gotta get the Ohen back.

MITCH
There's no way David is going to give it to us. We have to improvise. I deliver a briefcase. Korolovsky lets Ellie go.

COLE
Korolovsky doesn't know you. It's gotta be me. I hand over the case, you get Ellie out of there.

Cole grits his teeth.

MITCH
When he realizes he's been played, you're going to be in a world of trouble. That a sacrifice you're willing to make?

COLE
I'd do anything to protect Ellie.

Mitch peers at Cole with an impressed look.

COLE (CONT'D)
(dead serious)
This is Ellie's life we're talking about. We're doing it my way this time.

MITCH
Okay. But I'll need my gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Cole's Prius whips into Mitch's driveway.

Mitch is out of the car before it comes to a stop.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Mitch rushes through the front door, Cole on his heels.

Charlie BARKS from another room then pads into the hall. Mitch gives him a quick pat on the head as he hurries by...

MITCH
Charlie, Cole. Cole, Charlie.

Charlie looks up at Cole curiously.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Charlie)
He's the guy I was telling you about.

Charlie BARKS. Cole jumps, follows Mitch into the --

STUDY

Mitch unlocks a closet door and starts tossing items into a duffel bag. He's already heading out as Cole walks in.

COLE
What's in the bag?

Mitch shows Cole the open duffel bag -- a collection of GUNS and a half dozen GRENADES.

MITCH
How's that for high-tech?

Mitch hands Cole an extra gun and some ammo then tucks another gun in his waistband and zips the bag.

COLE
I don't get a grenade?

MITCH
Have you ever handled one before?

COLE
How hard can it be? You pull a pin and throw.

MITCH
Oh, absolutely not. You'll get us both killed.

Cole scowls as Mitch heads out the door.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Cole, driving like a madman. The Prius skids to a stop out front, hazard lights BLINKING.

Cole and Mitch hustle out of the Prius.

INT. WALMART - MOMENTS LATER

Fluorescent lighting, bad Muzak and --

Mitch and Cole jogging down the main aisle. Mitch carries a STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE, tag still on it.

Cole carries a shopping basket that's filled with a DOZEN VIALS that look similar to the one that held the Ohen.

They turn into the pharmacy aisle. Mitch and Cole start tearing into bottles of cough syrup and pouring them into the vials, trying to match color and consistency.

COLE
(holding up a vial)
I got it.

MITCH
Too much green.

Cole squints.

COLE
It'll have to do.

Cole sprints for the cash register.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. COLE'S PRIUS - DAY

The Prius crosses the Chesapeake Bay Bridge.

Mitch tears the price tag off the stainless steel briefcase then reaches into the back seat and grabs his duffel bag.

He unzips it, starts digging through the contents.

INT./EXT. COLE'S PRIUS - DAY

Cole turns the Prius onto a dirt road that runs through an isolated wooded area toward the end of a long peninsula.

Mitch finally breaks the silence.

MITCH
If things go cockeyed, I need to know you can roll with it.

COLE
Just stick to the plan.

A LAKE HOUSE comes into view through the windshield. Three stories high -- terraces and verandas. Fit for a king.

Marko stands with an armed thug on the front steps, another thug leans against the railing on a second floor terrace.

Cole pulls to a stop in front of the house.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marko trains his assault rifle on the Prius.

INT. COLE'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Mitch reaches for the briefcase.

MITCH
Alright, kid. Let's do this.

COLE
Sure thing, old man.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Cole and Mitch exit the Prius. Mitch holds up the briefcase.

COLE
(to the thugs)
Where is she?

Marko disappears through the front door.

THUG 2 keeps a gun on Cole and Mitch. THUG 3 watches them from the second story terrace.

Finally, Korolovsky appears in the doorway holding Ellie.

COLE (CONT'D)
You okay, honey pumpkin?

Ellie manages a nod.

KOROLOVSKY
(to Mitch)
Open it.

Mitch clicks open the briefcase, revealing the blue vial.

KOROLOVSKY (CONT'D)
(pointing to Cole)
Bring it here.

MITCH
You let her go first.

KOROLOVSKY
We check it. Then you get the girl.

Cole steps toward the case but Mitch closes the lid.

MITCH
When she's in the car driving away, you get the case... And not one second before.

Korolovsky puts a gun to Ellie's side.

KOROLOVSKY
I don't think you understand who's in charge here.

COLE
(under his breath)
I know that feeling.
(to Mitch)
Come on, Mitch. Just do as he says.

MITCH
I got this.

Cole steps toward Mitch with rage in his eyes.

COLE
Quit trying to be a hero and give me the god damn case!

Mitch takes his hand out of his jacket pocket -- and he's holding a grenade, the pin already pulled.

Cole freezes in his tracks.

MITCH
She goes free, or we all go boom, right here.

COLE
What the hell are you doing?

MITCH
Negotiating.

COLE
We talked about this. I go with the briefcase. You go with Ellie. That's the plan.

MITCH
Plans change.

Korolovsky motions for his thugs to stand down.

COLE
Put that thing away before you get us all killed.

MITCH
He's planning to kill us all anyway, you dumbass.

And with that Cole lunges at Mitch. They grapple.

Ellie’s hands go to her mouth. Everyone else keeps their focus on the grenade.

COLE
You’ve been nothing but a pain in the ass since I met you!

Mitch holds tight to the grenade as he and Cole struggle over the briefcase. Mitch ends up on top of Cole.

MITCH
No way in hell I’m letting a jackass like you marry my daughter!

Cole gets leverage, forces Mitch off of him.

COLE
Thank god she doesn’t give a shit what you think.

Mitch and Cole’s momentum carries them closer to the porch.

Korolovsky takes his gun off Ellie and points it at Cole and Mitch who roll around on the ground in front of them...

Mitch sneaks a glimpse at Korolovsky’s gun.

IN TIGHT WITH MITCH AND COLE

MITCH
(whispering)
Ready?

COLE
(whispering)
What?!

MITCH
(whispering)
I’ll take balcony.

And it becomes clear, the fighting is all part of the plan. Well, at least Mitch's plan.

COLE
(whispering)
Don’t do it! This is --

But Mitch isn’t listening and --

ALL THIS HAPPENS SUPER FAST...

-- Mitch spins away from Cole, tossing the grenade and briefcase.

-- They arc through the air.

-- All eyes stay locked on the grenade.

-- Mitch and Cole draw guns.

-- Ellie drops to her knees and edges back into the doorway.

-- The briefcase and grenade land in the driveway.

-- Korolovsky rushes toward the briefcase.

-- BAM! BAM! Mitch forces back the balcony thugs.

-- BAM! BAM! BAM! Cole shoots the thug on the front porch.

-- Ellie crawls into the lake house.

-- Marko turns and dives off the porch. He disappears around the side of the house before Cole can take him out.

-- Korolovsky grabs the briefcase out of the dirt in stride, then runs along the front of the house.

-- Marko opens fire on Mitch from the side of the house.

-- Bullets chew up the dirt at Mitch's feet as he scrambles behind the Prius.

-- Korolovsky turns his gun on Cole who runs up the steps of the porch toward Ellie.

-- And then -- FFFFFSSSSSSSS -- a thick cloud of smoke pours out from the GRENADE -- it’s a SMOKE GRENADE.

-- Cole dives through the smoke and finds Ellie just inside the doorway. He pulls her back as bullets SPLINTER the frame.

-- Marko continues his assault as he moves toward Mitch, who’s crouched behind the Prius.

-- Marko empties a clip, begins to reload.

-- Mitch leaps up, dives across the Prius, coming down hard on Marko. They roll across the ground.

-- Elbow to Mitch's face, fist to his ribs.

-- Mitch swings back, but Marko is just too big, too strong.

WITH COLE AND ELLIE

Cole helps Ellie to her feet.

COLE
It's okay. I got you. We're gonna get out of here.

He wraps an arm around her shoulder, holds her tight, while still keeping an eye on the smoky doorway, gun at the ready.

And as the SMOKE CLEARS, Cole finds himself facing three of Korolovsky's men, all holding semi-automatics.

Cole drops his gun as the men move in.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Ell.

ELLIE
I love you.

COLE
I love you too.

Korolovsky and Marko approach. Korolovsky carries the briefcase. Marko escorts Mitch, a gun pressed to his back.

Korolovsky's eyes are on fire.

KOROLOVSKY
No more games.

But then --

An SUV APPROACHES the long driveway.

Korolovsky puts his hand on Marko's arm, pushing it down.

KOROLOVSKY (CONT'D)
Blood is bad for business. We'll take care of this after. The girl is pretty. Maybe she has value.

Mitch, Cole and Ellie are taken inside by Korolovsky's thugs.

Two other thugs get out of the SUV. One of them opens the back door and Winston -- the tall black man from the embassy -- steps out.

WINSTON
Looks like I missed the party.

KOROLOVSKY
Apologies. All is taken care of.
(big cheesy smile)
Are you ready to do business?

WINSTON
That's why I came.

He holds up a briefcase, evidently full of cash.

INT. LAKE HOUSE BASEMENT - LATER

Mitch and Cole both hang UPSIDE DOWN. Wrists bound behind their backs. Cole turns to Mitch, glowers angrily --

COLE
Just this once, you couldn't stick to the plan?

MITCH
The minute Korolovsky said he was going to check the Ohen, we were screwed. We <u>had</u> to go with plan B.

COLE
Would've been helpful to know there was a plan B.

The moment stretches out as Mitch comes to a realization --

MITCH
You're right. I should've told you.

Cole turns away irritably.

Mitch notices Cole SWINGING a bit. A light goes on in Mitch's head.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hey, try to swing.

COLE
I'm done talking to you.

MITCH
I'm not asking you to talk. In fact, I'd prefer it if you didn't. Just try to swing your body.

But Cole just hangs there. Mitch looks away sadly. And the pendulum of his swinging body slowly falls still.

Another long beat of silence.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Look, on the off chance we get through this, there's something you need to know... Right before my wife passed, I promised her I'd never let anyone hurt Ellie. Every day since then, I've done everything possible to keep my daughter safe. To protect her from ever again feeling the way she did when she lost her mom... But I realize now that I can't protect Ellie from life. She's got to learn on her own. Truth is, she's a good girl... and she's old enough to make her own choices.

Cole slowly turns to Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I guess what I'm trying to say is, I'm glad Ellie met you, Cole. I've seen how much you love her and how happy she is when you're together.

COLE
You mean that?

MITCH
I do. Granted, you're a terrible agent...

Cole scowls.

MITCH (CONT'D)
...but you're a good man. You were willing to sacrifice your life for Ellie's. I'd be proud to have you as my son-in-law.

A long beat passes.

Then Cole starts rocking his body. Gets his rope swinging.

Mitch smiles. Starts swinging himself.

COLE
Put your back into it.

They both pick up momentum -- Mitch slams into Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)
Ow!

MITCH
Next time get a hold of me!

Mitch knocks into Cole again. Cole grabs Mitch's belt.

COLE
Now what?

MITCH
Take off my watch.

Cole fiddles with Mitch's watch, manages to pull it off.

COLE
Got it.

MITCH
Use it to cut through the rope.

COLE
You serious?

MITCH
It’s a stainless steal clasp. Trust me -- this ain’t my first barbecue.

Cole begins cutting the rope around Mitch’s wrist.

COLE
Holy crap. It’s working.

Mitch rolls his eyes -- *no shit, Sherlock.*

INT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Korolovsky sits across from Winston, who clicks open the stainless steel briefcase.

He pulls out the vial. Holds it up to the light.

WINSTON
Looks a little green.
(turning to Korolovsky)
I’ll need water to test it.

Korolovsky nods to Marko, who exits the room.

In the background, Ellie is being held by a thug.

KOROLOVSKY
(nodding to Ellie)
We can make a deal for her too.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

THUNK! Mitch drops to the cement floor after being cut free.

He rubs his head then gets up and unties Cole's ropes. He helps Cole down. And they head up the basement stairs.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Marko hands Winston a glass of water.

Winston unscrews the top of the vial. He takes a drop of Ohen and squeezes it into the glass of water. Then he holds it up and waits.

IN THE BACKGROUND

Cole and Mitch poke their heads around the corner at the back of the room. WHISPERING --

COLE
The second that guy realizes he’s got a cup full of cough syrup, the shit’s really gonna hit the fan.

Mitch sees his duffel bag is only a few feet away.

He crawls into the room and catches Ellie’s eyes. Mitch raises a finger -- *one minute*. She gives a subtle nod.

Mitch grabs his duffel bag and returns to Cole.

MITCH
Ellie’s ready.

COLE
For what?

Mitch reaches into the duffel bag and pulls out a hand grenade. He offers it to Cole.

MITCH
Be careful. That one’s real.

Cole hands it back to Mitch.

COLE
I’ll stick to what I know.

Mitch nods, tucking the grenade in his jacket. Cole takes a gun out of the bag instead.

ON WINSTON AND KOROLOVSKY IN THE BACKGROUND

Winston sloshes the water around -- it's not crystallizing.

WINSTON
This shit isn't real.
(sniffing the vial)
Smells... minty?

KOROLOVSKY
(to Marko)
Bring me Jacobs.

WITH MITCH AND COLE

Cole holds tight to his gun --

COLE
Cover me.

And before Mitch even knows what's happening, Cole is running into the room FIRING ROUNDS.

And this is Ellie's cue. She lifts her bound hands and SLAMS an elbow into the throat of the thug holding her.

The thug doubles over and Ellie KNEES him in the balls and then with both hands, CRUSHES down on the back on his head, knocking him out cold.

A bullet from Cole SHATTERS the glass Winston was holding.

Marko spins, gets a bead on Cole as he sprints toward Ellie at the far side of the room.

Mitch sees Marko and FIRES, GRAZING the thug.

Cole grabs Ellie's arm and vanishes through the doorway.

Winston and Korolovsky crouch behind the sofa.

WINSTON
Thought you had this worked out.

Mitch fires toward Korolovsky as he barrels through the room.

KOROLOVSKY
It will be under control shortly.

Korolovsky sprints after Mitch, gun in hand.

Winston reaches into his blazer and pulls out a .50 Caliber Desert Eagle Revolver.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Cole and Ellie smash through a door into a room at the top of the stairs.

Cole turns back toward the hallway, sees Marko coming. He slams and locks the door.

COLE
Where did you learn to fight like that?

Cole finds a sunroof aligned with the ceiling at a forty-five degree angle above a bed.

ELLIE
My dad made sure I could take care of myself.

COLE
I'll say.

Cole lifts a chair onto the bed -- climbs on top. Rickety and awkward, just high enough to reach the sunroof.

A powerful SMASH at the bedroom door -- the frame starts to splinter...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mitch runs around a corner --

BLAM! BLAM! A thug is coming his way. Mitch turns back and --

BLAM! Korolovsky bears down on him from the other direction.

Mitch fires at the thug, dives into a bathroom...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Marko BURSTS in -- sees Cole's legs disappearing through the sunroof. He rushes to the bed, climbs onto the chair --

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Cole carefully crosses the slippery tiles.

Marko's head pops up behind him, through the sunroof.

Cole looks back, picks up the pace, his feet slipping and catching. And then a loud POP!

A bullet SMASHES into a chimney just in front of him.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellie wiggles out from under the bed...

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Cole ducks behind the chimney at the apex of the roof.

A bullet SMASHES clear through the chimney, ripping into his left shoulder.

He flinches from the pain, loses his balance and --

Starts sliding down the roof. Picking up speed. Arms swinging wildly, grasping for a hand hold.

Just before sliding off the roof his LEFT HAND SEIZES THE CABLE OF A SATELLITE DISH --

His drop is halted halfway over the edge...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mitch listens intently at the door -- hearing footsteps come closer and just as they arrive at the doorway --

SLAM! Mitch smashes the door open, catching Korolovsky off guard, he stumbles back --

Mitch rushes Korolovsky, knocks the gun out of his hand and takes him down --

The two men wrestle on the ground...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Cole hangs tenuously. His grip slipping. The bullet in his shoulder agonizing.

Glancing down -- a balcony just below him -- the angle of his body intersected by a hand rail.

Letting go means a fifty-fifty chance of landing on the balcony.

But his shoulder isn’t playing the odds. It’s giving out -- his GRIP on the cable LOOSENS.

The BOLTS holding the cable SLIP out of their anchors.

And Marko is coming over the apex...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mitch and Korolovsky in a death struggle. Korolovsky gets Mitch in a choke hold.

But Mitch elbows Korolovsky in the ribs. CRACK!

Korolovsky grabs for his chest and as he does, Mitch spins out of his grip and lands a huge right hook.

Mitch dives for the gun -- grabs it -- and points it at Korolovsky just as --

ELLIE (O.S.)
Dad!

Mitch sees Ellie in the hallway behind him -- Winston holds the Desert Eagle against Ellie's side.

Mitch spins his gun toward Winston.

WINSTON
I'm gonna need you to put the gun down.

MITCH
Take it easy, pal.

Ellie makes eye contact with Mitch and gives him a subtle nod.

Mitch starts to lower his gun --

Ellie drops right through Winston's arms to the floor --

Mitch flicks his wrist and FIRES two shots --

Winston falls to the ground grabbing his chest where a pool of red blossoms between his fingers.

Mitch spins back in time to see Korolovsky disappear around the corner.

MITCH (CONT'D)
We have to go, Ellie.

ELLIE
Where's Cole?

MITCH
Right now!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Ellie hurry out of the back door and run down to the dock.

They hop into a speed boat.

MITCH
Get the rope!

She unloops the rope from its mooring as Mitch fires up the engine. And then Ellie sees --

COLE -- holding onto the cable, three stories up.

ELLIE
Cole!

COLE
Go, Ellie. Go!

Ellie tries to throw the rope back over the mooring, but Mitch pushes the throttle.

The boat kicks up a thick wake as it powers away.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Ellie fires a look at Mitch --

ELLIE
We can’t just leave him there!

Mitch doesn’t respond. His face creases.

Meanwhile --

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Cole is swinging his body back and forth via the cable. His grip loosening with each swing.

WITH MARKO

On the apex, losing his footing. A tile CRACKS, breaking off.

-- Marko's feet kick out from under him. He lands hard on his back. And he's SLIDING down the roof, right at Cole!

-- Cole swings himself with every ounce of strength.

-- Marko skims down the tiles, flailing for anything.

-- Cole leans into one last swing -- the weight and pressure snaps the cable.

-- Then he's falling -- ten feet, caroming off the rail, smashing into the balcony.

-- Marko zips off the rooftop -- drops fifty feet. Lands with a sickening THUD.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Cole struggling to breathe, the air knocked out of his lungs. His body convulsing. His face bulging, red.

Then a pained GASP. Gulping air greedily.

He pulls himself to his feet -- BLOOD gushing from his shoulder.

Cole looks into the room as --

KOROLOVSKY steps through the doorway, gun levelled, motioning for Cole to enter.

Cole stumbles across the balcony, enters the room. He wobbles, the loss of blood catching up to him.

KOROLOVSKY
I wish I had more time to do this correctly. Nice and slow...

Korolovsky lifts his gun...

Takes aim at Cole's head...

Pulls the trigger back...

And then -- at the last possible moment --

Mitch BURSTS through the door.

Korolovsky spins his gun around but --

Mitch is faster --

He BLASTS Korolovsky in the gut. The Ukrainian collapses.

Cole stands stunned for a moment and then --

COLE
Thanks.

MITCH
My pleasure.

COLE
Ellie safe?

MITCH
Yeah, but we gotta move.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Cole sprinting out of the back door -- UNLOADING entire clips on Korolovsky's thugs -- working in perfect unison -- a TEAM.

Mitch drops one thug, Cole another.

BLASTING away as --

Korolovsky stumbles out the back door -- blood gushing from his gut -- firing Winston's Desert Eagle.

Mitch guides Cole into the --

WOODS

Cole stumbles, slams to the ground.

Mitch rushes back to Cole, helps him to his feet. He wraps an arm under Cole's shoulder, half-carries him.

MITCH
Almost home.

Through the trees, Cole sees Ellie -- standing in the boat against the shore, SHOTGUN in hand.

ELLIE
Come on!

Mitch lumbers through the woods with Cole under his arm -- he's struggling under the weight, but he's determined.

Ellie reaches out and helps as Mitch lifts Cole into the --

BOAT

Mitch pushes the boat away from shore and hops behind the wheel. He slams the throttle and guns the boat into the --

CHESAPEAKE BAY

Just in time to see -- another boat whipping around the bend.

Thug at the wheel. Korolovsky at the bow -- FIRING --

BLAM! BLAM! They're closing in.

MITCH
(to Ellie)
Stay down.

Ellie kneels over Cole, wrapping his shoulder wound.

Korolovsky's boat is almost on top of them now.

Mitch retrieves a hand grenade from his pocket. He pulls the pin, tosses the grenade straight up in the air.

Korolovsky's boat veers right, just missing the grenade as it comes down and BOOM! Blows water every which way.

Ellie reaches for Mitch.

ELLIE
Give me one of those!

She snatches the grenade from Mitch's hand, pulls the pin, releases the striker lever... and waits.

MITCH
(nervous)
Throw the damn thing.

Ellie counting silently -- *seven, eight, nine* --

She hurls it -- baseball style -- right at Korolovsky.

The boat doesn't have time to veer --

KABOOOOM! The grenade blows the boat to pieces.

Mitch powers the boat further out into the bay and to safety. He glances over his shoulder and smiles at Ellie.

She's already back taking care of Cole.

Mitch can't help but be touched by how much they obviously love each other.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hang in there, kid. The wedding just won't be the same without you.

Cole smiles.

Ellie looks up to her father with the best look a dad could ever get -- pure love.

ELLIE
Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

A small chapel, packed with friends and family -- including David Burton, Brent Sims and Arnold, who sits next to Rhonda.

Cole stands near the front, his arm in a sling.

The Wedding March music starts up. Everyone stands as --

Mitch and Ellie enter from the back, walk down the aisle.

Ellie is more beautiful than ever.

Mitch -- not so much. He walks with a slight limp.

And if you look close, you might just see the beginnings of a tear forming in the corner of Mitch's eyes. Hell, it's more than a tear. He's balling his eyes out.

Mitch and Ellie reach the front. Mitch pulls back Ellie's veil. He gives her a kiss on her cheek.

MITCH
All grown up. Your mom would be so proud of you.

ELLIE
I love you, Dad.

Cole steps out to take Ellie's hand. Mitch hesitates...

A moment of discomfort all around...

Mitch leans in close to Cole, shakes his hand genuinely and whispers --

MITCH
Great news, kid. David Burton wants me to head up an interagency task force. I'm gonna make a decent field agent out of you yet.

Cole's eyes go wide as Mitch puts Ellie's hand in Cole's then steps back toward his seat in the pew -- a wide grin across his teary face.

PRIEST
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today...

Cole sneaks a nervous look back at a smiling Mitch --

SMASH TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING

The wedding party is filtering into the hall.

Cole and Ellie take their place at the head table. The rest of the guests find their spots.

Mitch wanders the room, scanning tables for his place card.

Finally, he comes to a stop. He locates his seat. It's situated between a half dozen children -- the KIDDIE TABLE.

THE END