



**THE TERMINAL LIST**

Based on the JAMES REECE book series by Jack Carr

Written By:  
David DiGilio

Pilot  
2/13/20

**Copyright © 2020 MRC II Distribution Company, L.P.  
All Rights Reserved. This material is protected under the laws of the United States and other countries, and  
its unauthorized duplication, distribution or exhibition may result in civil liability and criminal prosecution.**

FADE IN:

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

An OVERHEAD FAN whirs away on a lazy Sunday.

JAMES REECE (40, a bear of a man with the facial scruff to match) relaxes in front of a football game. His daughter LUCY (8, intense focus) draws a picture on an easel in the corner.

Reece's wife LAUREN (35, a plant-based triathlete who fell in love with a meat eater) enters.

LAUREN

Really? You're spending your last day home on the couch?

REECE

It's the Chargers, babe.

LAUREN

I'm pretty sure they moved to L.A.

Lauren reveals she's holding a pitcher of MARGARITAS.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Last good drink for six months.

REECE

Knew there was something I'd miss.

LAUREN

Some thing?...

Reece playfully pulls Lauren in for a kiss. Lucy watches her parents' display of PDA and GIGGLES.

REECE

Hey, Picasso. Let me see what you're drawing.

LUCY

It's not done yet.

REECE

Great art is never done. And what happens if I leave before it's finished?

LUCY

Okay... I'll trade you... A song!

She points excitedly to an old ACOUSTIC GUITAR leaning against a bookshelf.

REECE

A song for a picture? Sounds like a fair trade to me.

Reece grabs his guitar, gives it a quick tune, and starts the quiet country ballad "A Man Who Was Gonna Die Young."

REECE (CONT'D)

*I like fast cars and shop dreams,  
Chased a lot of crazy things,  
Left behind my share of broken pieces,  
This morning I turned 36--*

LAUREN

(interjects)

36, is it?

Lucy laughs as her father keeps playing. It's a soulful song, and Reece is surprisingly good. The lyrics resonate deeply with Lauren for reasons we'll soon come to understand.

REECE

*...I put the rage in a river, roll in  
a thunder, But you kept me from going  
under, When that current got too  
heavy...  
I always thought I'd be a heap of  
metal, And a cloud of smoke, foot  
stuck to the pedal, Sold for parts  
like a junkyard rusted-out Chevy...  
Fear I've had none,  
What the hell made you wanna love,  
A man who was gonna die young?...*

Reece finishes and Lauren brushes away a tear and pulls him in for another kiss. This time she won't let him go. Reece doesn't want her to. But they're interrupted by a loud THUMP.

It jolts them out of the kiss, and all three members of the Reece family walk to the sliding glass door. Outside, on the back patio... A MOTIONLESS STARLING THAT FLEW INTO THE GLASS.

LUCY

Is she okay, Daddy?

REECE

She'll be fine. She's probably just stunned.

(then)

Now, a trade's a trade. Let me see that picture of your--

But when Reece looks up Lucy's gone... HER CRAYON rolls across the floor and disappears under the couch.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Where'd she go?

LAUREN  
I don't know... Luce?

Lauren looks behind the couch, the only plausible place Lucy could have hidden so quickly... But the space is empty.

REECE  
'The hell'd she go, Laur?

LAUREN  
I don't know. She was right here.

QUICK CUTS: Reece and Lauren search the room. Under chairs. Pull back curtains. But there's no sign of their daughter.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Lucy, come out. This isn't funny.

Reece and Lauren split up. The panic of a lost child setting in. We FOLLOW: Reece down the hallway, checking closets and bathrooms. Empty. Empty. We HEAR Lauren in the kitchen.

LAUREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Should I call 911?

REECE  
She's gotta be hiding--

A CRASH... Reece rushes towards the sound... He enters...

#### **THE KITCHEN**

LAUREN'S CELL PHONE sits on the floor, glass SHATTERED... But no sign of Lauren... Reece's wife has vanished as well.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Laur?... Lauren!?... Lucy!---

Off Reece, panicking... SMASH TO:

#### **INT. CARGO HOLD -- NIGHT**

A HAND wakes Reece from the nightmare. A Navy SEAL OPERATOR (30, Asian-American, chewing gum) stares down at Reece.

KANG  
5 mikes out, boss. You good?

Reece gets his bearings. He's back in his other life... as Lieutenant Commander of SEAL team 7, ONE Troop. He shakes off the dream, instantly compartmentalizing.

REECE  
All good. You?

KANG  
Ride or die, sir.

REECE  
Ride or die, brother.

Reece walks through the hold, taking stock of ALPHA PLATOON. 16 AMERICAN SPEC-OPS SOLDIERS supported by 3 SYRIAN SDF TROOPERS, and one BELGIAN MALINOIS war dog named ZEKE.

QUICK CUTS: ONE SEAL checks his IR LASER SIGHT... THE MEDIC (Ramirez) kisses a LUCKY MEDALLION around his neck... A TALL THIN OPERATOR downs TWO GREEN PRESCRIPTION PILLS chasing them with water... A YOUNG SEAL (25) takes a piss in a bottle.

REECE (CONT'D)  
How much Kill Cliff you drink, Donny?

DONNY  
Last time I checked, we still work in the desert. Stay hydrated, bitches!

LAUGHTER cuts the pre-op tension as Reece pulls himself through a hatch, and we REVEAL:

**INT. NAVY GUN BOAT -- EAST MEDITERRANEAN -- MOVING -- NIGHT**

We're in the cockpit of a STEALTH GUNBOAT skimming silently across the Eastern Mediterranean Sea. TWO CREWMEN pilot the ship. PETTY OFFICER 1ST CLASS ERNEST "BOOZER" VICKERS (30s, small stature, big heart) monitors SURVEILLANCE FEEDS.

BOOZER  
We'll be at insert in 4 mikes.  
Smooth sailing, boss. New boat  
rides better than a Tesla.

But Reece looks anything but relaxed as he stares at the outline of the dark Syrian Coastline up ahead... PRE-LAP:

REECE (V.O.)  
What are we missing?...

**INT. U.S.S. INDEPENDENCE -- T.O.C. -- FLASHBACK**

A COMMUNICATIONS ROOM deep inside a U.S. Warship. OFFICERS and PERSONNEL file out after a briefing. But Reece stays to talk with SEAL TEAM 7 COMMANDER COX (50, still mission fit) and his second MASTER CHIEF INBRUCK (48, an aging pitbull).

REECE

'Cause this is fucked, sir.

COMMANDER COX

You have concerns about the Op?

REECE

The intel's lined up too easily.

COMMANDER COX

The tip came from SDF. CIA confirmed.

REECE

Yeah, but usually we're the ones generating and pushing it upstream.

COMMANDER COX

We got a chance to grab Dr. Douchebag on foreign soil. You know him better than anyone, but if you are not on for this, I can get Lt. Pritchard--

REECE

By the time Bravo Platoon got here, Kahani could be back in Iran... Alpha's got this.

Reece packs his things, rubbing his temples, unconsciously.

MASTER CHIEF INBRUCK

Ram might have something for that headache.

REECE

It's not a headache, Master Chief. It's my bullshit meter.

Reece grabs the intel and departs... CUT TO:

**INT. GUNSHIP -- MOVING -- NIGHT -- PRESENT**

Reece pulls himself into the Cargo Hold, Boozer on his tail. PLATOON CHIEF CORTESE (32, bald) falls in behind them.

REECE

1 mike out!

PLATOON CHIEF CORTESE

Line it up.

IN THE HOLD: the men line up like paratroopers... Reece notices a young SYRIAN SDF TROOPER struggling with his night vision goggles, looking nervous as hell. Reece takes pity and helps him lower and lock the goggles.

REECE

You're good, kid. Just stay close.

Cortese hits a LEVER. A door lowers in the back of the boat, revealing DARK WATER slipping past the electric engines.

**INT. WASHINGTON D.C. WAR ROOM -- DAY**

5,000 miles away, a dozen POLITICIANS and HIGH LEVEL MILITARY convene in the basement of the Pentagon. If Reece's SEAL team is the clenched fist of the military, this room is its brain.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE LORRAINE HARTLEY (50s, straight-backed, Civilian) enters a room full of men who stand at attention.

SEC DEF HARTLEY

Take seats, gentlemen.

The men sit around a briefing table. ADMIRAL GERALD PILLAR (55, 3rd Gen Navy) slides Hartley a TABLET COMPUTER.

CIA LIAISON

SDF got a tip that Iranian Chemical Warfare specialist Dr. Jahan Kahani is back in Syria.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

An element from Seal Team 7 is on route. They will secure the compound, capture Kahani and conduct SSE.

CIA LIAISON

The Ayatollah and Assad end up with egg on their face. It's a Golden Ticket operation, Madam Secretary.

Sec Def Hartley considers a DRONE FEED of the compound on the wall. A three story house, HEAT SIGNATURES asleep inside.

SEC DEF HARTLEY

What about tunnels? There are always tunnels with these guys. I don't want a repeat of Al-Baghdadi blowing himself up with kids and dogs.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

There are tunnels, Mam. But this time we know exactly where they are.

**EXT. SYRIAN COASTLINE -- NIGHT**

The grey-skinned boat silently slides to a stop on a coastal inlet. The Platoon leaps out two at a time into waist-deep water. Even the dog hits the water and swims. INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT./INT. U.S.S. AMERICA -- NIGHT**

10 miles east, a U.S. AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP cuts across quiet seas. Inside the mission's T.O.C. (tactical operations center), Commander Cox, Master Chief Inbruck and COMMUNICATION TECHS watch over Reece's team via DRONE and SAT FEEDS. Reece's RADIO FEED plays on digital SPEAKERS.

REECE (OVER THE SPEAKERS)  
External Security, 100 yards south.

KANG (OVER THE SPEAKERS)  
Alpha Two Four copies.

On the feeds, the two man SNIPER TEAM (our sniper KANG and his spotter JANSEN) split off and scramble up the steep bank.

**EXT. SYRIAN COMPOUND -- SHORELINE -- NIGHT**

At the mouth of a LARGE DRAINAGE PIPE, A SEAL named LECRONE uses an EXOTHERMIC TORCH to slice through RUSTED BARS. DONNY MITCHELL (the SEAL prone to pissing in bottles) catches the last bar and slips it into the water.

Reece steps forward, eyeing the pitch black tunnel warily.

REECE (QUIETLY)  
Boozer, on relay. Rest on me.

We switch to NIGHT-VISION. Boozer stands guard at the mouth of the tunnel, while Reece takes his men inside...

**INT. WASHINGTON D.C. WAR ROOM -- DAY**

Hartley sips black coffee, cool as can be, watching the SEAL team's HEAT SIGNATURES disappear underground one at a time.

**EXT. SYRIAN COMPOUND -- NIGHT**

Kang and Jansen set up their SNIPER'S HIDE in a pile of LOW BRUSH. SOUP'S SCOPE POV: scans the compound's dark facade.

KANG (INTO COMMS)  
Alpha Two Four is set. Compound is dark. No movement.

**EXT. SYRIAN COASTLINE -- MOUTH OF TUNNEL -- NIGHT**

Boozer watches the gunboat idling just off shore.

BOOZER (INTO COMMS)  
Alpha Two Six has eyes on Fast Track.



**INT. TUNNELS -- NIGHT**

DEEP INTO THE TUNNELS Reece's men creep forward silently through knee high waste water... Operator Mitchell on point, followed by Zeke and his K9 handler MALLORY... Then Reece who wades through sewage of broken baby dolls & toilet paper.

The tunnels reach a FORK... Reece signals a hold to his men. Donny checks the MAP velcro'd to his wrist.

DONNY (QUIETLY)  
Says we go left, boss.

Reece pulls off a glove. Holds his hand up.

REECE  
There's a draft to the right.

DONNY  
I don't feel it.

Reece looks to an operator in the rear, motioning for him to stay and cover the fork at the tunnel.

REECE  
LeCrone, cover down.

LeCrone, peels off and stays to guard the split in the tunnels. As the rest of the SEALS move on...

**INT. DEEPER INTO THE TUNNELS -- NIGHT**

TILT DOWN: to find the line of SEALS still searching for the access point. The tunnel jogs left into a LARGE SECTION of the old aqueduct. There's a rounded ceiling with four smaller sanitation tunnels branching off. Up ahead, a GRATE with MOONLIGHT streaming in. Reece breathes easier.

REECE (INTO COMMS)  
Access point, 20 meters.

ANGLE ON: A TRIP WIRE hovering just above the knee deep waste water... Donny Mitchell heading right for it, when...

ZEKE alerts next to his dog handler MALLORY...

Mallory GRABS the back of Mitchell's PLATE CARRIER... stopping the young operator inches from the booby trap...

Beat. Reece holds up a hand. The platoon stops once more...

REECE (QUIETLY TO HIS MEN) (CONT'D)  
E.O.D. up. No comms.

Reece and Danny stand aside as E.O.D. CHIEF CROWLEY (30s) examines the TRIP WIRE. His lights trace the thin filament to the ceiling, where it splits into a NETWORK OF WIRES that disappear into the four smaller tributary tunnels...

Reece shines a light down one of the side tunnels and discovers they aren't just lined with one tripwire, but a whole SPIDER-WEB... This entire section is wired to blow.

Reece raises his left hand and gives a signal that means I.E.D. Then he points back the way they came... TIME. TO. GO. The Platoon turns and starts to double time it back out...

**INT. WASHINGTON D.C. WAR ROOM -- DAY**

A DIGITAL MISSION CLOCK ticks away... It's all too quiet.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
What's happening, Admiral?

ADMIRAL PILLAR (INTO A PHONE)  
Hammerhead, pass SITREP.

**INT. U.S.S. AMERICA -- T.O.C. -- NIGHT**

Commander Cox stands over his Techs, watching the SAT FEED...

COMMANDER COX (INTO PHONE)  
Possible counter measures detected,  
sir. They've gone dark on comms.

**INT. TUNNELS -- NIGHT**

Tension mounting, Donny, Mallory and Zeke, and Reece tail the line of SEALs hurrying back down the tunnels... Finally away from the I.E.D.'s, Reece re-opens his comm link.

REECE (INTO COMMS)  
November Zero One to Hammerhead. We  
are negative on the Access Point.

They enter the stretch of tunnel where LeCrone is stationed.

LECRONE  
What's up, sir?

REECE  
We're moving to secondary--

Before Reece can finish the sentence... *KRAT-RAT-RAT-RAT!!!*  
GUNFIRE TEARS THROUGH LECRONE'S BODY. Out of nowhere...

TWO DOZEN SYRIAN LOYALISTS flood in from the fork in the tunnel, blocking off the SEALs' escape route...

In an instant, the tunnel transforms into a CAVE FULL OF FIRE-FLIES... TRACERS RICOCHET off the tight concrete ceiling and walls... the SEALS return fire, stuck out in the open...

*THWACK!*... Mallory, the dog handler, takes a slug to the throat and goes down...

Reece HEADSHOTS the Loyalist who shot his man... But when one enemy falls there are two more to replace him...

REECE (CONT'D)  
One's base! Two's back!

The AMBUSH forces the SEALS back into the large section filled with I.E.D.s. RAMIREZ pulls Mallory to cover. Zeke WHINES at the site of his handler's blood. Ramirez rips open a med pack, pressing CELOX GAUZE into Mallory's wound.

RAMIREZ  
Hang on, Mal. You're good.

WITH REECE: firing on the LOYALISTS in front of them, well aware of the DOZENS of tripwires. They are so far from good.

REECE  
Donny, hold here. We can't go any deeper!

**EXT. SNIPER'S HIDE -- NIGHT**

Up top, KANG and his Spotter keep eyes on the quiet compound. But they can hear the CHAOS over the comms.

COMM TECH (OVER COMMS)  
November Zero One, this is Hammerhead. Repeat... Pass SITREP...

Kang takes his eyes off the scope for half a second.

KANG  
The fuck is going on down there?

Out of nowhere, Jansen sees MULTIPLE SPARKS appear from the Compound windows. The SPARKS grow larger, until he realizes:

JANSEN  
*Incoming!*

*BOOM!!!* RPGs level the sniper's hide with a DIRECT HIT.

**EXT. SYRIAN COASTLINE -- MOUTH OF TUNNEL -- NIGHT**

The EXPLOSION that takes out the snipers LIGHTS up the night sky. Boozer looks at the gunboat IDLING off shore.

BOOZER (INTO COMMS)  
 Fast Track, this is Alpha Two Six.  
 Troops in contact. Request extract!  
 Say again, request hot extract now!

**INT. TUNNELS -- NIGHT -- CHAOS**

--Reece and the SEALs exchange fire with the Loyalists...

--Two more SEALs go down in the gun battle...

--And that's when REECE notices the Young SDF Trooper (the one he helped earlier) start to FREAK OUT in the FIREFIGHT. The Trooper holds his ears, muttering something in ARABIC.

REECE  
 Calm down, soldier... Nabil!...

Reece calls over a SDF INTERPRETER (young, but collected).

REECE (CONT'D)  
 Tell him to calm the fuck down, or I  
 will shoot him... Tell him!

The Interpreter moves to help his friend as T.O.C.'s RADIO FEED continues to SCREAM in Reece's ear...

COMM TECHS (OVER COMMS)  
 --QRF is ready to launch. November  
 Zero One, pass SITREP, do you copy?

REECE  
 Donny, I need to get QRF in here!  
 Hold this line!

Donny nods, as Reece moves deeper into the tunnels, carefully stepping over the trip wire. He reaches the GRATE, beneath the MOONLIGHT, and opens up his COMMS.

REECE (INTO COMMS) (CONT'D)  
 Hammerhead... I pass troops in  
 contact, I say again troops in  
 contact... Multiple W.I.A.--

Reece is cut off by a SCREAM... he sees THE SDF TROOPER push the Interpreter off of him and rise, scared out of his mind.

The Trooper rushes straight into the MAIN SECTION of tunnel, Reece can see what's coming before it even happens...

REECE (CONT'D)  
 NO!!!--

*But the trooper hits the wire and...*

*KA-FUCKING-BOOM... The tunnels ERUPT...*

RAMP DOWN: The SHOCKWAVE blows Reece backward into the waste water... the flames LICK the surface above him...

FULL SPEED: The flames set off the other booby trapped CHARGES in the tunnel where the SEALS are hunkered down...

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!...*

FLAMES engulf the SEALS and LOYALISTS in a Maelstrom of fire.

**EXT. SYRIAN COASTLINE -- MOUTH OF TUNNEL -- NIGHT**

A MASSIVE FIREBALL shoots out the mouth of the tunnel, DWARFING Boozer, who ducks to the side...

**INT. WASHINGTON D.C. WAR ROOM -- DAY**

The DRONE FEED shows THE PLUME OF HEAT exiting the tunnel...

SEC DEF HARTLEY

'The hell was that?

The T.O.C.'s frantic voices FILL the war room...

COMMANDER COX (OVER SPEAKERS)	COMM TECH (OVER SPEAKERS)
November Zero One! Do you	I lost Alpha--!
copy--	

**INT. TUNNELS -- SAME**

Back in the tunnels, Reece emerges from the waste water, GASPING for breath. Ears RINGING. His world on fire...

Reece holds his head. BLOOD coats his hands. His helmet is gone. He spots a helmet floating in the water and grabs it... but there's a fucking head inside... Donny Mitchell's...

Reece drops it, horrified, then stumbles through the flame, looking for any survivors... But there's no one left...

Until, a LONE FIGURE emerges through the fire... BOOZER.

BOOZER (ECHOING/DISTANT)

They're gone, boss!

Reece, concussed out of his mind shoves Boozer off of him and keeps searching the charred remains...

Reece wobbles. Boozer puts his shoulder under his Commander and starts hauling Reece back towards the boat...

**INT. WASHINGTON D.C. WAR ROOM -- DAY**

A different kind of chaos. Confusion of overlapping orders. ANGLE ON: Sec Def Hartley briefly overwhelmed by the loss, but then buttoning up her emotion. She turns off the tablet and rises, staring daggers at the rumpled CIA LIAISON.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
Golden ticket?...

The analyst wilts, knowing his career's over. Hartley exits.

**EXT./INT. GUNBOAT -- NIGHT**

UNDER FIRE from LOYALISTS on the banks, Boozer HAULS Reece into the rear of the gunboat... Boozer lays Reece against the side of the hold and quickly WRAPS Reece's head wound...

BOOZER  
Fucking hold on, boss. We'll get you home--

Chaotic CHATTER bleeds back from the COCKPIT, as the Crewmen communicate with T.O.C. and an AC-130 FLYING IN ABOVE...

GUNBOAT CREWMAN (INTO COMMS)  
SPECTRE FOUR SEVEN, this is FAST TRACK, over. We are a waterborne craft moving north west marked by IR strobes. Target is enemy troops in the open on the shoreline 150 yards south east of our position...

BOOZER  
Let's go!!!

The CREWMEN SLAM the gunboat in gear... getting the fuck out of Dodge... Boozer leaps up to RAISE the REAR DOOR...

AC-130 COMMUNICATIONS (OVER COMMS)  
*Good Copy, Fast Track. Be advised, QRF inbound. Rounds away.*

The RADIO CHATTER becomes a DISTANT ECHO as we go TIGHT ON Reece, eyes glazed, BLOOD covering half his face...

The sound FADES until it's just REECE'S HEARTBEAT... Through the cargo bay door, Reece watches an AC-130 GUNSHIP rain down SHELLS that turn the LOYALISTS on the bank into DUST... Then TWO MV-22 OSPREY fly past overhead, ready to help mop up the mess... Reece's HEARTBEAT SLOWS... and SLOWS... As Reece finally loses consciousness... CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

A cheesy TECHNO BEAT, accompanied by Turkish POP VOCALS that crescendo to an English chorus "*Be Happy!...*" FADE IN:

**INT. INCIRLIK AIR BASE (SOUTHERN TURKEY) -- HOSPITAL -- DAY**

A WALL-MOUNTED TV plays the ever-cheesy EUROVISION SONG CONTEST.

Boozer picks at bad HOSPITAL FOOD while watching the god awful reality show. Boozer looks jumpy, like he hasn't slept in two days. A GROGGY VOICE interrupts.

REECE (O.S.)

Please turn that shit off.

Boozer looks up, relieved to see Reece awake in a hospital bed. His head is wrapped. Cuts bandaged. But he's alive.

BOOZER

I'll take this music all day if it gets you to wake the fuck up.

Reece sits up a bit in bed, coming back into his body.

REECE

How long I been out?

BOOZER

'Bout 12 hours. They say you have a bad concussion. You want the Doc?

REECE

No. But I'm starving. I'll take some of that food... If that is food.

BOOZER

Whatever you need, boss.

Boozer turns off the TV and starts for the door.

REECE

Boozer, where are they treating the rest of the team? Same floor?

Boozer stops. He was dreading that question.

BOOZER

Yeah, boss. No. We're the only ones.

REECE

On this floor?

BOOZER

...Who made it out.

Reece stares at Boozer, thinking he didn't hear that right.

BOOZER (CONT'D)

Snipers took a direct hit from an RPG. Rest of the platoon was lost in the tunnels. QRF went in, but all they got was body parts and DNA swabs.

(then)

The fuck happened in there, boss?

Off Reece, trying to remember... SNAP TO:

**EXT. FRACTURED MEMORIES -- POP FLASH**

--IN THE WIDE SECTION, Reece sees the SDF Trooper rushing towards the trip-wire, freaked out of his mind...

--KA-FUCKING-BOOM... Reece is blown backwards into the murky water... the EXPLOSION roils over him...

--AFTERMATH, Reece grabs a helmet floating in the water, only to see Donny Mitchell's head staring up at him... SNAP TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- PRESENT**

REECE

They knew we were coming. I should never have taken us in.

BOOZER

Bullshit. It's not on you, boss. We're the battering ram. Someone else found that door... We knocked on the wrong fucking door.

Boozer heads into the hallway, leaving Reece to ponder the magnitude of the loss. 14 of the best soldiers and friends he's ever known... gone.

**INT. NCIS OFFICES -- THE NEXT DAY**

CAMCORDER POV: Reece sits at a FOLDING TABLE in a windowless room. On the wall behind him, a BULLETIN BOARD filled with BOLOs (Be-on-the-Lookouts).

But Reece is in his own world; a commander feeling the growing isolation and anger of losing his men. (NOTE: Reece's head-wrap has been replaced by a bandage. And he's out of a hospital gown and back in Crye-Pro Camouflage).

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You ready, Commander?



Across the table, sit two plainclothes NCIS AGENTS. AGENT BRIDGER (45, a career desk jockey) and AGENT STUBBS (30, could be Bridger's bodyguard). There's a WEB CAMERA and MICROPHONE on the table. Both feed into a LAPTOP.

Reece nods, and Agent Bridger begins the debrief.

AGENT BRIDGER

This is Special Agent Robert Bridger of the Naval Criminal Investigative Service. Time is 9:56a.m. October 14th, 2020. I am at Incirlik Air Base with Special Agent Daniel Stubbs to interview Lieutenant Commander James Reece, SEAL Team 7, concerning mission number 644: Odin's Sword. Commander Reece, can you tell us when you first heard about this mission?

Reece leans into the microphone on the table, unintimidated.

REECE

Two weeks ago, we received intel that an Iranian Quds Force Chemical Warfare expert was back in Syria. My Troop has history with the target, so we were tasked with supporting the SDF to apprehend Dr. Kahani and any program related intel.

AGENT BRIDGER

How well did you know the SDF soldiers involved in the raid?

REECE

Two of them very well. This was our third operation with the SDF. One of them, a Trooper, was... new.

Bridger makes a note on his notepad.

AGENT BRIDGER

I understand you raised concerns about the intel with Commander Cox?

REECE

I did... But we had a limited window to grab Kahani. We'd missed him twice before, back when Assad was gassing his own people. Sorry--  
(pivots to his own question)  
Did QRF find any sign of Kahani? I haven't heard anything.

AGENT BRIDGER  
Negative, Commander.

That starts Reece's blood boiling. But Stubbs stays on task.

AGENT STUBBS  
Let's get back to the Op. According to audio logs, you went dark on COMMS roughly four mikes in. Why?

REECE  
We encountered explosives near the access point. Comms down is S.O.P. (switching subjects again) Were there any signs Kahani had even been at the location?

AGENT BRIDGER  
QRF found a mobile lab.

AGENT STUBBS  
Can you point to the area on the map where you saw the I.E.D.s?

Stubbs turns the laptop around, showing a diagram of the tunnels. But Reece stays on his own line of questioning.

REECE  
But no physical evidence of Kahani--

AGENT STUBBS  
Let's stick with the op, Commander. Where were the I.E.D.s located? And where did the Loyalist forces ambush your men?

A beat, and Reece finally does what he's told.

REECE  
This was a mousetrap. We don't need to talk details of the mission. We need to figure out who set us up.

AGENT BRIDGER  
That's why we're here, Commander.

Stubbs checks more notes.

AGENT STUBBS  
Commander, at what point during the operation did you notice that Special Warfare Operator 2nd Class Donny Mitchell was physically unwell?

REECE  
Sorry. What?

AGENT STUBBS

S02 Mitchell, the youngest member of your Troop, experienced some sort of "episode" during the operation, shortly before the explosion. When did you notice that Mitchell seemed... off?

REECE

Donny's one of my rockstars. He fought like hell. It was the new SDF Trooper who lost it down there.

Bridger and Stubbs share a confused look.

AGENT BRIDGER

Commander, it was Donny Mitchell. The Audio Logs confirm this.

Off Reece...

**INT. TUNNELS -- POP FLASH**

*The SDF soldier rushes towards the trip-wire SCREAMING...*

**INT. BASE ARMORY OFFICES -- PRESENT DAY**

Reece stares down the young NCIS agent.

REECE

I was there.

Agent Stubbs nods to Bridger. The older agent finds an AUDIO FILE on the laptop and presses PLAY. OVER THE SPEAKERS:

*REECE'S VOICE (RECORDING)*

*Donny, hold here. We can't go any deeper!...*

*DONNY'S VOICE (RECORDING)*

*Reece... It's too fucking loud... Too fucking loud...*

*REECE'S VOICE (RECORDING)*

*Ramirez! Mitchell needs help!--*

Stubbs stops the recording. Reece pauses, bewildered.

REECE

That's not how it went down. I never said those things--

AGENT STUBBS

Maybe this interview is too soon--

REECE

I know what went wrong, asshole. That place was packed with explosives and armed loyalists waiting to ambush us. The new SDF panicked. And that's when everything went to hell.

Bridger closes his notebook, clearly concerned.

AGENT BRIDGER

Commander, we can play you more audio logs. We can even show you GoPro footage recovered off the dog. It all points to Mitchell triggering the explosives in the tunnels. Now, please, take a moment to review the evidence... then let us know if you'd like to revise your statement.

Bridger nods to Stubbs who plays another audio clip. The FIREFIGHT RAGES. Ramirez tries to calm Donny Mitchell down.

DONNY'S VOICE (RECORDING)

*I'm burning up, Ram...*

RAMIREZ'S VOICE (RECORDING)

*Chill the fuck out, Donny... We got you. We got this, brother... Donny, come back--*

REECE'S VOICE (RECORDING)

*Donny, NOOO!!!*

*THE EXPLOSION wipes the recording to STATIC...*

As Reece listens, trying to understand things he can not remember... CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL -- EXAM ROOM -- DAY**

A BLAZING LIGHT hovers in front of camera.

WIDER: Reece sits on the edge of an exam table, looking shaken, as a MILITARY M.D. (55, Dr. Sladkin, comfortable in his role as an unsung hero) performs a clearance exam.

DR. SLADKIN

Commander, you're in remarkable shape all things considered.

The Doctor heads to a MEDICINE CABINET.

DR. SLADKIN (CONT'D)  
 You're cleared to fly. I'm going to  
 recommend a follow up stateside. And  
 these should help with the recovery.

He hands Reece a bottle of small GREEN PILLS.

REECE  
 What about memory loss, Doc?

DR. SLADKIN  
 Sorry?

REECE  
 Could the concussion affect my recall  
 of the operation?

DR. SLADKIN  
 That's possible. When the brain  
 bounces inside the cranial cavity,  
 neurons stretch and tear. Your  
 physical injuries can recover, but  
 neural pathways can take more time.

REECE  
 How much time?

Dr. Sladkin heads over to an X-RAY of Reece's skull and brain  
 hanging on a light board. There's clear signs of bruising.

DR. SLADKIN  
 Back in Iraq '06/7/8, the heyday of  
 the I.E.D. we had five x-rays a day  
 that looked like yours. Guys were  
 considered lucky to walk away from an  
 IED hit, but they could suffer long  
 after. Today, with the Nootropics  
 we're prescribing, chances at a full  
 recovery are much higher.

The Doctor writes a final medical release & instructions.

DR. SLADKIN (CONT'D)  
 If I was worried, Commander, I  
 wouldn't let you fly. Just take it  
 easy. Plenty of rest. And no alcohol.

As he hands Reece his medical discharge... CUT TO:

**INT. INCIRLIK AIRFIELD BAR -- DAY**

TIGHT ON: two shots of HIGH WEST RYE being poured.

WIDER: Reece and Boozer toast their fallen friends at the airfield's bar. A utilitarian watering hole sparsely filled with MILITARY and CIVILIANS looking for liquid stress relief.

Reece and Boozer are well into ignoring the doctor's orders.

BOOZER

This one's for Kang. Most loyal  
motherfucker to ever watch your six!

They toast and drink...

**CUT TO:**

Another round poured. Boozer and Reece pick them up.

BOOZER (CONT'D)

You know Cortese flew to Afghanistan for his last re-enlistment. Got his bonus and two months pay tax free for that trip... Took the blood money and three months later gets walked into a fucking trap.

Again, they toast and drink the fallen...

**CUT TO:**

Boozer and Reece just stare at their whiskeys in silence. For an uncomfortably long amount of time. Then:

Toast. Drink.

**CUT TO:**

Boozer has an arm draped over Reece now.

BOOZER (CONT'D)

We're gonna find Kahani. You and me, boss. And fucking scalp him. Cause that's what Donny would do. Kid was a straight up warrior. For Donny...

Boozer drinks. But Reece, pauses...

**INT. TUNNELS -- POP FLASH**

*The tunnel's on fire... Reece grabs the helmet from the waste water, turns it over... Donny's head stares back at him.*

**INT. INCIRLIK AIRFIELD BAR -- PRESENT**

Reece shakes off the memory.

REECE

You remember anything off about  
Donny day of the op?...

Boozer can see his commander's in pain.

BOOZER

Don't worry, boss. Like the doc  
said, it'll all come back.

REECE

Yeah. Right. With some help.  
(finally does his shot)  
'Nother round!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You can put that one on my tab.

Reece turns as KATIE BURANEK approaches. She's 33, small and  
confident, with a NYTIMES PRESS CREDENTIAL. Katie extends a  
hand, surprisingly strong and unafraid for a 5'6" civilian.

KATIE

Commander. Katie Buranek.

REECE

(eyes the credential)  
Thanks, but I can buy my own drinks.

KATIE

Are you familiar with my work?

REECE

I know who you're with.

KATIE

Then you know my series on the  
increased workloads of Special  
Operators in the Middle East.  
Some of our top read articles in  
the last three months. People care.

Reece smirks. Not from where he sits.

KATIE (CONT'D)

They'll definitely care about the  
loss of 14 Navy SEALs. I know I do.  
I'm sorry for you and your men. Let  
me buy that next drink as a gesture.

REECE

You're buying it 'cause you want a  
statement.

KATIE  
Only if you want to talk.

REECE  
If you know about the Op, you've  
already heard all the details  
myself or Boozer will give.

KATIE  
Boozer?

Reece looks behind him for backup, but Boozer's already out  
the bar door, waving an 'I'm outta here' salute.

REECE  
Look, Ms. Buranek, I'm sorry. I might  
not leak stories, but I still respect  
what you're doing over here. Someone  
has to keep shouting into the void.

The drink arrives. Reece slaps cash on the bar -- a little  
too hard -- then slides the whiskey towards Katie.

REECE (CONT'D)  
A parting gift for your efforts.

Reece follows Boozer outside.

HOLD ON: Katie, sensing she was close to a story. A BARTENDER  
tries to take the whiskey back, but Katie stops him.

KATIE  
Don't even think about it.

As Katie takes the glass and downs the High West...

**INT. C-17 CARGO HOLD -- DAY**

Reece enters the C-17, stows his backpack, and collapses in a  
JUMPSEAT near Boozer. Reece drunkenly stares at the 14 FLAG  
DRAPED CASKETS in the hold. As the door rises... FADE TO:

**EXT. SYRIA -- FLASHBACK**

--THE GUNSHIP's rear door lowers, revealing jet black water  
skimming beneath us...

--IN THE FIREFIGHT, Reece sees the SDF Trooper freaking out  
and calls the SDF INTERPRETER over...

REECE  
Tell him to calm the fuck down, or  
I will shoot him... Tell him!



--REECE ON THE RADIO WITH T.O.C. hears screaming and spins...  
It's still the SDF TROOPER rushing towards him, panicking...

--KA-BOOM! REECE is blown backwards into the water...

--REECE grabs the helmet... Donny's head looks up at him...

SNAP TO:

**INT. C-17 CARGO HOLD -- DAY**

Reece wakes, alone, in the searing light of Southern California. An AIRMAN (early 20s) stands over him.

AIRMAN

Commander Reece. Bravo Platoon is  
about to start the offload.

Reece looks for Boozer. But he's already deplaned. So Reece  
grabs his backpack and heads down the ramp to join the  
arrival ceremony on the tarmac...

**EXT. CORONADO NAVAL AIR STATION -- TARMAC -- DAY**

--Reece stands in a ROW OF AIRMEN and SAILORS as SEALS from  
ONE TROOP'S BRAVO PLATOON solemnly offload the 14 CASKETS.

--Reece looks down the rows of YOUNG FACES on the tarmac.  
Many stare back or WHISPER TO EACH OTHER, no doubt about him.

--The last HEARSE DOOR is shut, and the CARAVAN leaves the  
Tarmac. The ORDERLY ROWS of soldiers start to disperse.

LT. PRITCHARD (Bravo Platoon's leader, 34, dress blue  
uniform, rugged face) sees Reece preparing to leave.

PRITCHARD

I'm sorry, Commander. Group 1 pulled  
us from theater so we could be the  
ones to welcome home the fallen. But  
Bravo Platoon shoulda' been out there  
to watch Alpha's back.

REECE

No, Pritchard. If you were there,  
there'd just be more caskets coming  
off that plane.

Reece spots COMMANDER COX and MASTER CHIEF INBRUCK watching  
him from across the tarmac. Inbruck gives Reece a nod. But  
Reece, anger welling, doesn't return it. He pulls on his  
GATORZ SUNGLASSES, and shakes Pritchard's hand.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Glad you were here to bring them  
home.

PRITCHARD  
(solemn)  
Ride or die, sir.

**EXT. AIR STATION PARKING LOT -- DAY**

As the ceremony ends, Reece searches for Boozer. But still no sign. He must have gotten his own ride. Reece pulls out his phone to order an uber when he spots BEN EDWARDS (45, salt & pepper hair, sleeve tattoo, Hawaiian Shirt) approaching.

BEN  
Don't even think of calling that  
Uber. I ain't letting some rando  
pick you up today.

After a beat, they embrace in a bear hug. Oldest of friends.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Come on, brother. Let's get ya home.

Reece takes a last look around for Boozer, then tosses his backpack in the back of Ben's vintage BRONCO.

**INT. BEN'S BRONCO -- MOVING -- DAY**

Cruising through the quiet streets of Coronado, a picturesque suburb that's home to some of the world's most highly trained killers. Reece stares out at the WELL-MANICURED LAWNS. TEENS washing cars in driveways. The FLAGS hung at half-mast.

BEN  
Word gets out quick on the island.  
Families talk, even if WarCom is  
buttoned up tighter than a frog's  
ass.

The significance of the flags brings it all back for Reece.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Gonna tell me what went down?

REECE  
I assumed the Agency read you in.

BEN  
No one's saying shit at the Agency  
either.

Reece is putting on a good game face.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Come on, brother. Gotta use the  
friends we still got left.

REECE  
(finally...)  
It was a hit job. Someone used Kahani  
to draw us in. And whoever ordered it  
is going through a lot of trouble to  
cover their tracks.

BEN  
You got suspects?

REECE  
Iranians most likely. But could be  
the Russians, even Assad. What do you  
know about signal manipulation?  
Changing voices on intercepted audio?

BEN  
What? Like Deep Fakes?

REECE  
(nods)  
Who has the capability to alter our  
signals? Change the record of the  
op to create confusion on our side.

BEN  
That's a high-level capability.  
Definitely supports a theory of a  
state actor. I can look into it.

REECE  
Good. Cause we gotta close this loop  
before another platoon walks into a  
cluster.

The Bronco stops in front of a classic SoCal Beach Cottage.

BEN  
Lauren know you're back?

Reece doesn't reply. He taps the car door, nervously. He was  
so ready to come home, but now his mind is back on mission.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Hey. She'll just be happy you made  
it.

Reece finally opens the door...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- DAY**

Reece enters the home we saw in our teaser. It's furnished in comfortable beach decor with highlights of Reece's Naval career and Lauren's athletic career peppered throughout.

The walls are lined with FAMILY PHOTOS. Reece coaching Lucy's soccer team. Lauren running an Ironman. The Reeces camping in Joshua Tree. It all says one thing: family is Reece's refuge.

REECE

Laur? Luce?!

No answer. Reece checks his RESCO DIVE WATCH. It's 2pm. They should be here.

**THE KITCHEN**

Reece enters and finds mail stacked on the kitchen counter.

REECE (CONT'D)

Laur?...

TIGHT ON: Reece, as his HEART starts POUNDING... His BREATH quickens... But just when it's starting to feel like that nightmare he had turned real... LAUGHTER pulls Reece out...

**EXT. THE REECE'S BACKYARD & GARAGE -- DAY**

Reece exits the back of the cottage and finds Lucy and Lauren climbing on a homemade 'bouldering' wall built inside their DETACHED GARAGE. Lauren urges her daughter on.

LAUREN

You got it, Luce. Reach--

LUCY

(seeing Reece)

Daddy!

Lucy drops into the crash mat and runs into her father's arms. Reece, overwhelmed with relief, hugs his daughter like he won't let go. Lauren watches, stunned.

LAUREN

You're here?...

Reece crosses to Lauren. He wraps her in his arms, repeating her words back to her.

REECE

You're here.

Off Reece, calming down, grateful that nightmare wasn't real.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

The mundanity of suburban life reminds Reece he's home. He dries a dish, puts it away. He sees Lucy's CRAYON DRAWING stuck on the fridge. We see it for the first time. A child's perspective on her family. The details remarkably good. Reece's beard. Lauren's smile. There's love in this picture.

**INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Reece enters the room of a girl who dreams of becoming an American Ninja Warrior. The lights are low. A NIGHT LIGHT LANTERN spins, casting colorful images on dimly lit walls.

REECE

Night, superstar.

LUCY

What about a song?

Lucy points to Reece's battered ACOUSTIC GUITAR now in her corner. It watches over Lucy when Reece is on tour.

REECE

It's late, Luce. Mommy and I need to talk.

LUCY

Please. Just one. You always sing when you come home.

Reece stares at the guitar. But he can't bring himself to pick it up. Lauren steps in, helping Reece off the hook.

LAUREN

We waited too long, Lucy. Daddy can play something tomorrow.

REECE

Yeah. Tomorrow.

He kisses Lucy once more on the forehead and exits the room.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Reece finishes unpacking his gear. He stares at his DRESS BLUES hanging in his closet. His funeral attire. A painful reminder of what awaits him now that he's back.

Lauren enters, ready for bed. She walks up behind Reece and puts her arms around him. He flinches involuntarily.

LAUREN

Why didn't you call? I would have come to pick you up.

REECE

You know how those transports are. Always "breaking down" in Hawaii so the flight crews get an extra day in paradise.

LAUREN

They were bringing bodies home, Reece. I doubt that was an option.

(then)

Are we going to talk about it?

But Reece clearly isn't ready.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

All I know is you got a concussion and you're supposed to rest. That you were lucky to--

REECE

Let's not use that word... please?

Lauren's touched a nerve. She looks Reece in the eye, trying to get more out of him, but Reece deflects.

REECE (CONT'D)

How are the families holding up?

LAUREN

Command wants to have funerals next week. I've spoken with Sandy, Kim, and Rachel. Donny Mitchell's mother even called. No one's telling them anything about what happened.

REECE

I'm going into WarCom first thing tomorrow. Straight to the Admiral. I'll get answers.

She senses the edge in Reece's voice.

LAUREN

How bad is it, babe?

REECE

I'm just glad to be home.

They embrace. Lauren kisses him. And Reece finally relaxes. But the moment's interrupted by his CELLPHONE BUZZING.

LAUREN  
Don't answer it.

Reece recognizes the number.

REECE  
It's the Team.

LAUREN  
You just got back.

But he has to answer. Reece breaks the embrace and picks up.

REECE (INTO PHONE)  
This is Reece...  
(beat, he listens)  
Wait. What?--

Lauren reads the concern on Reece's face.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. No, sir. That's not  
possible... I'll be right there.

Reece hangs up, immediately grabs his keys and wallet.

REECE (CONT'D)  
I gotta go. It's Boozer--

LAUREN  
What happened?...

REECE  
I don't know. I'll call you.

Lauren watches Reece disappear out the front door...

**EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH CONDO COMPLEX -- NIGHT**

Reece's '88 TOYOTA LAND CRUISER skids to a stop outside a row of CARBON COPY CONDOS. Reece exits his truck as a CORONER'S VAN speeds past. JAG CAPTAIN TREVOR HOWARD (45, looks like he hasn't slept in a week) paces, on a phone call. He sees Reece approaching and covers the phone.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Commander, the Coroner just took  
the body. We're standing by for an  
interview. Should be half an hour.

But Reece isn't waiting. He beelines past Howard, towards A YOUNG COP standing outside Boozer's front door. Usually, this is the boring part of a crime scene detail, until a pissed off NAVY SEAL comes your way.

YOUNG COP  
Sir, this is a potential crime sc--

The cop gets out half a warning. Reece YANKS the cop's outstretched arm forward, and uses the kid's momentum to pull him into an ARM BAR that drops the cop in a HEAP OF PAIN.

**INT. BOOZER'S CONDO -- CONTINUOUS**

Reece ducks crime scene tape and enters Boozer's bachelor pad, a shrine to fly fishing and hunting. It's surprisingly clean. And aside from the TWO DETECTIVES dusting for prints in the living room, nothing seems out of sorts downstairs...

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
(noticing Reece)  
Hey! You can't be in here--

Reece ignores them and mounts the stairs... He reaches...

**BOOZER'S BEDROOM**

And stops cold. REVERSE TO: DRIED BLOOD SPLATTER on the wall... DRIED BLOOD crusts the pillows... You can still see the impression left by a body in the bed...

Reece stands there, trying to understand.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sir, you assaulted an officer. Let me see your hands...

REVEAL: The Homicide Detective stands behind Reece, one hand on the weapon in his holster.

Captain Howard arrives in the room, trying to talk Reece down.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Reece--

REECE  
I was with this man today. He was fine. There's no way he would have shot himself.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
What do you mean today?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
This is the Commanding Officer you called for--



REECE

I'm Lieutenant Commander James Reece.  
I flew back from Turkey with Petty  
Officer Vickers. We arrived this  
afternoon. He was fine.

The Homicide Detective reaches Reece, pulling his hands behind him, slapping on a cuff to make sure he's subdued.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Sir, I can see you're upset, but  
this man shot himself two days ago.  
Neighbors just found the body...

The Detective's voice FADES into the distance. Reece's HEARTBEAT and BREATH are pulled to the fore. As the second handcuff goes on and gets tightened... we PRE-LAP:

THE SOUND OF ROARING SURF AND A CRASHING WAVE...

CUT TO:

**EXT. SEAL TEAM AMPHIBIOUS BASE -- DAY**

WAVES CRASH on the shores of Coronado island. TWO TEAMS of battered, wet, and exhausted young SEAL CANDIDATES hump RAFTS along the beach. "Hell week" is in full swing.

More "BOAT CREWS" of 6 CANDIDATES do sit-ups while holding an 8-foot 500-pound LOG as an INSTRUCTOR SCREAMS at them through a megaphone. We PULL BACK TO FIND...

**EXT. SAND BERMS -- DAY**

REECE watches from afar. He looks EXHAUSTED and EMOTIONALLY SPENT. But he's focused on the TRAINEES, because while Hell Week may look like the ultimate in negative reinforcement, to someone who's been there, it's the quintessential expression of teamwork. And it only makes Reece miss his men more.

JAG CAPTAIN HOWARD walks into frame next to Reece.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Admiral's ready for us.

Reece rises, brushing the sand off his Garrison Camo Uniform, composing himself. Howard notices Reece doesn't have a hat.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Where's your cover?

REECE

I couldn't find it this morning.

Howard isn't pleased. But he looks past the mistake.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

We're going to pretend like the arrest last night didn't happen. My JAGs took care of the charges, so stick to your concerns about the operational intelligence. Okay?

REECE

That's why I'm here, Captain.

Howard and Reece head for the WARCOM building...

**INT. WARCOM -- PILLAR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Reece and Captain Howard wait in an office with large windows that overlook the base and the ocean beyond it.

ADMIRAL PILLAR enters. The slight Naval man carries far more authority when he's the only top brass in a room. Reece stands at attention. Pillar offers a paternal hand shake.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

I'm sorry for your losses--  
(corrects himself)  
For our losses, Commander. And I'm sorry to pull you away from Lauren and Lucy during a difficult time.

REECE

Thank you, sir. They understand.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

(grabs his operation file)  
Take a seat. I've debriefed Commander Cox, but I still can't make any damn sense of this mess.

Reece starts in. Practiced, if not a bit manic.

REECE

Sir, I believe this was a targeted attack on Alpha Platoon. My troop destroyed Kahani's lab outside of Douma in 2018, killing four of his Quds Force commanders in the raid. Someone - likely Kahani himself - planted false intel to draw us in.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

Son, that's the part we all agree on. SDF was a soft mark and we took the bait.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL PILLAR (CONT'D)  
 What I want to know is what the  
 hell happened on the op itself?

REECE  
 Sir?

ADMIRAL PILLAR  
 You are the only eye witness. But  
 nothing in this file adds up.

REECE  
 It was a trap, sir. We had armed  
 loyalists in front of us, I.E.D.s  
 behind us.

ADMIRAL PILLAR  
 But you took a compromised operator  
 into that battle. Why? S02 Mitchell  
 didn't show any symptoms beforehand?  
 It's a commander's job to know his  
 men--

REECE  
 Sir, that file makes sense if you  
 believe someone manipulated the  
 intel and the chain of evidence.

ADMIRAL PILLAR  
 And that's what you believe?  
 (checks the file)  
 That an SDF Trooper panicked and  
 set off the I.E.D. Not S02 Mitchell  
 as the audio logs show?

Off Reece, challenged...

**EXT. SYRIA -- FLASHBACK -- REVERSE ORDER**

--IN THE FIREFIGHT, Reece sees the SDF Trooper freaking out  
 and calls the SDF INTERPRETER over...

REECE  
 Tell him to calm the fuck down, or  
 I will shoot him... Tell him!

--IN THE WIDE SECTION, Reece hears screaming and spins...  
 It's still the SDF Trooper rushing towards him, panicking...  
 hitting the trip wire... KA-BOOM!

--REECE is blown backwards into the water... SNAP TO:

**INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICES -- PRESENT DAY**

Reece comes out of the memories, hardening in his belief.

REECE

Sir, I stand by my statement. We cannot continue ops in that theater until we know who set us up.

Pillar considers Reece for a long beat, then sits back.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

Tell me about this arrest at Petty Officer Vicker's last night.

Reece shoots a look to Captain Howard, who gestures as if to say *'he didn't hear it from me.'*

ADMIRAL PILLAR (CONT'D)

The head of Warcom always stays friends with the local Police Chiefs. If something happens to one of our SEALs, the police confirm no foul play was involved. But my concern is that you told the Homicide Detectives you questioned the timeline of Vicker's death? A death confirmed by the County Coroner.

Reece takes a breath. Not the way he wanted this to go.

REECE

Sir, I sustained a concussion on the op. I'm dealing with some... repercussions. I'm taking meds.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

Well, isn't it possible these "repercussions" affected your memory of the operation itself?

REECE

You don't forget that kind of op, sir.

Beat. Pillar can see that Reece is telling the truth. The Admiral closes the file and crosses to the front of his desk.

ADMIRAL PILLAR

Reece, I admire your commitment. I really do. Working your way up from an enlisted sniper to a Troop Commander is no small feat. And at 40, you're still the tip of the spear when most SEALs are getting fat off the private sector. SOCOM and CIA will chase down the intel failure. But you need to get yourself right.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL PILLAR (CONT'D)  
Because something still doesn't add  
up here, and I got families asking  
questions.

The Admiral hands Reece a BUSINESS CARD off his desk.

ADMIRAL PILLAR (CONT'D)  
There's a doctor up in Torrey Pines.  
A neurologist who volunteers time for  
the Team. Go see him. He can help  
determine if it's a concussion... or  
something else. Lord knows, losing 15  
men plays games with a Commander's  
head. We're the ones who have to live  
with the guilt, healthy or not.

Reece rises. Pillar's comments have clearly landed.

**EXT. SEAL TEAM AMPHIBIOUS BASE -- DAY**

Captain Howard walks Reece back to his Land Cruiser.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
The funerals have been set for next  
week. Good news is we've confirmed  
every SEAL in the platoon will  
receive a posthumous Silver Star with  
Vickers earning the Navy Cross for  
bringing you home. The Secretary of  
Defense herself is flying out to  
honor the fallen. I'm sure the  
families will appreciate it.

But Reece's mind is back on something the Admiral said.

REECE  
Was it confirmed, Captain?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
What? The medals?

REECE  
Boozer's death. Admiral said he  
asked the police to confirm there's  
no foul play.

Howard pauses. Reece is in operational mode. Howard does his  
best to allay Reece's concern.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
After your questions about the  
timing, we double checked the flight  
logs.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Petty Officer Vickers arrived home  
 three days ago and turned his Glock  
 on himself that same night.

REECE  
 He used the team pistol?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
 Well, his own Glock. But yes, it was  
 a confirmed suicide via 9 millimeter.  
 (beat)  
 You sure you're ready for the week  
 ahead, Commander? We could invent a  
 reason for you to be absent.

Reece snaps out of it. No way he's missing those funerals.

REECE  
 Sir, I'll be there.  
 (re: his missing hat)  
 And I'll have my cover.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
 Good. Appearances will be important  
 for those families.

As Captain Howard returns to the Admin offices, Reece looks  
 down at the business card in his hand. ANGLE ON:

**DR. PETER O'HALLORAN**  
**THE ENGRAM CLINIC -- DEEP NEUROLOGY**  
**TORREY PINES**

Reece unconsciously rubs the scar on his head, suddenly  
 feeling every bit his age. He gets into...

**HIS LAND CRUISER**

Reece UNLOCKS the glove box and stuffs the Engram card  
 inside. That's when Reece notices his own GLOCK 9 MIL staring  
 back at him. Off Reece, mind turning...

**EXT. CORONADO MARINA -- SUNSET**

TIGHT ON: an OSPREY circles the grey skies, then dives to  
 catch a fish.

FIND: Reece watching the bird from the back of Ben's 36 foot  
 Bowman sailboat. Up on deck, Ben furls the main sail.

BEN  
 They say the early bird catches the  
 worm, but on the water, birds eat  
 anytime they damn well please.

Reece drinks an IPA... lost in thought. He studies his Glock in his lap.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey, you don't want to talk, least come up and help me with the sail. Storm's coming in tonight. Supposed to be a ball buster.

Reece takes the Glock and ejects a single cartridge.

REECE

Tell me if you see anything wrong with that bullet.

He tosses the bullet to Ben, who snatches it out of mid-air. Ben shrugs. Reece finally admits what's eating at him.

REECE (CONT'D)

I love my Glock. Stippled grip. RMR. But Boozer grew up shooting. And his favorite pistol was his custom 1911 .45. He hated the team 9 mils. Doesn't make sense that Boozer would shoot himself with this gun.

BEN

I thought you said the T.O.D. was confirmed by the coroner.

REECE

I'm not talking about when he died. I'm talking about how.

Ben climbs down into the cockpit with Reece and grabs a beer, clearly not giving Reece's theory much credence.

REECE (CONT'D)

Kahani might be able to fake evidence. But he can't fake Boozer. So either there was foul play involved, or...

BEN

Or?

REECE

I'm going a bit nuts.

But Reece's theory is out there, and Ben can tell his friend's in a fragile headspace. So he plays along.

BEN

Let me see the Glock.

Reece hands him the pistol. Ben slots the bullet back into the magazine, and the mag back into the gun. He spies an engraving on the Glock's slide: "RIDE OR DIE..."

BEN (CONT'D)

What's this?

REECE

It was a gift from the troop.  
Engraved our slogan on the slide.

BEN

Maybe Boozer picked the team gun to  
send a message. A way to say goodbye.

REECE

Maybe...

The questions about his platoon are clearly eating at Reece. Ben hands the gun back to his friend.

BEN

Yeah. You might be a beer or two  
short of a six pack. But you feel  
like anything's off, you call me.

Ben raises his bottle. Reece toasts him back. Grateful.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Reece enters the house. A T.V. plays in the kitchen.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

...San Diego is bracing for an early  
winter storm, with up to two inches  
of rain expected tonight. But first,  
our top story...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

Lauren watches T.V. at the dinner table, working on a laptop. Reece enters and serves himself pasta, ignoring the news.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

--An action that is being called the  
largest single loss of Navy SEALs  
since the 2011 shoot down of a  
Chinook Helicopter in Afghanistan--

Reece turns it off. He sits at the table with Lauren.

REECE

Where's Luce? She eat already?



Lauren keeps working. Reece can tell something's off.

REECE (CONT'D)

What's up?

LAUREN

(finally looks at him)

Look, I know it wasn't your fault, with everything you have going on, but you told Lucy you'd pick her up--

REECE

From school... Shit.

LAUREN

I had a client. Got there as soon as I could, but Lucy was pretty upset. A bunch of kids had been talking about all the SEALs who "disappeared."

REECE

I went to see Ben about some work stuff. We got caught up getting his boat ready for the storm. I'll talk to her.

He drops his wallet on the table and starts down the hallway.

LAUREN (V.O.)

What's this?

Reece turns. Lauren picks up the ENGRAM CLINIC BUSINESS CARD.

REECE

It's just part of my follow up. Standard stuff.

LAUREN

Babe, you're a terrible liar, even when your head's on straight.  
(reading the card)  
What's deep Neurology?

REECE

It's overkill. I have a combat concussion. Hasn't even been a week.

He turns to go, but Lauren stops him again.

LAUREN

Is it... Overkill? You're having memory problems.

REECE  
I'm not totally sure I am--

LAUREN  
What does that even mean?

REECE  
It means I can't risk a doctor  
ending my career with a check of  
the wrong box. Not right now.

Reece moves back to Lauren, trying to explain.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Look, I spoke to the Admiral. That  
Op we were on might not be over.

LAUREN  
Are you deploying again?

REECE  
No, but... I couldn't save my guys,  
Laur. But there's a chance I can  
keep other SEALs from dying.

LAUREN  
(beat)  
I just want you home.

REECE  
I am home. And if I'm not getting  
better, I'll go. Promise.

He heads down the hall to check on Lucy. But Lauren stares at the business card, wondering just how injured Reece may be.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

RAIN pounds the windows. LIGHTNING flashes. THUNDER rolls.  
LOOKING DOWN ON THE BED: Lucy sleeps tucked against her mom.  
She's sought shelter from the storm in her parents' bed. But  
Reece's side of the bed is EMPTY.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

FIND Reece using a PRIVATE VPN on Lauren's computer to search  
NYTIMES.COM. TIGHT ON: Reece's eyes. Focused on articles:

--*The Forgotten Soldiers: America's Special Operators...*  
--*When War Goes Dark, Families Suffer...*  
--*And the latest: 14 SEALs Die In Shadow War...*

Reece clicks over the article's byline and a "contact Katie  
Buranek" window POPS-UP.

QUICK CUTS: Reece creates an anonymous email account HIGHWEST@PROTONMAIL.COM, and types a simple message...

**<<When we met at Incirlik... was I alone?>>**

Reece stares at the message for a long beat, then ERASES IT.

He opens an online ARTICLE about BOOZER'S SUICIDE and copies the URL... He inserts the link in a new message to Katie...

**<<"SEAL SURVIVOR TRAGICALLY TAKES OWN LIFE">>  
<<Tell me if you buy this...>>**

He stares at the message for another beat... then hits SEND. As Reece ends the private session and closes the laptop, we PRE-LAP the steady, calm voice of SEC DEF HARTLEY...

SEC DEF HARTLEY (PRE-LAP)  
There's a story from Ancient Greece  
I think about in times like these.

**EXT. POINT LOMA CEMETERY -- DAY -- A SERIES OF SHOTS**

On the shores of the Pacific, Sec Def Hartley addresses a small crowd of mourning FAMILIES. Reece, Lauren, Lucy, Ben, Pritchard and BRAVO PLATOON sit in the gallery. Pillar, Cox, Howard, and other OFFICERS flank Hartley on the dais.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
During one of the first Olympics,  
an elderly man was wandering around  
the stadium looking for a seat. He  
was jeered. No one rose for him.  
Until he reached the Spartans.  
Whereupon every Spartan stood up  
and offered the man their seat. The  
crowd applauded the action, but the  
old man turned to the Spartans and  
sighed, 'All of Greece knows what  
is right, but only the Spartans do  
it willingly.'

A WIDOW cries softly as she cradles a 5 YEAR OLD BOY.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (CONT'D)  
SEALs, like Spartans, are the ones  
who make the sacrifice for our  
country willingly. Specifically,  
today, we honor the loss of Silver  
Star recipient Petty Officer First  
Class Victor Ramirez...

AN HONOR GUARD finishes folding the flag that covered the casket... Commander Cox presents it to Ramirez's widow...

Reece approaches the casket in his DRESS BLUES. Pritchard and Bravo Platoon stand in line behind him. Reece pulls his GOLDEN TRIDENT from his uniform, places the pin on the casket lid, and HAMMERS it into the polished wood *THWACK!*... CUT TO:

**EXT./INT. SEAL TEAM BUILDING -- DAY**

Reece enters the TEAM building on the edge of the Pacific. Reece exits the 3rd Floor elevator and enters what is part SEAL museum, part office space, part hi-tech library.

Reece checks out a SIPRNET (pronounced sipper-net for Secret Internet Protocol Router Network) SMART CARD with his I.D. He approaches a computer in front of an AMAZING VIEW OF THE PACIFIC and slots the SMART CARD into the machine.

Reece has one thing on his mind. He opens a search on the "closed-net" database and types in: "DR. JAHAN KAHANI." Classified Reports come up with HEADINGS that read: "QUDS FORCES' MOST DEADLY."; "CHEMICAL WEAPONS LINKED TO IRAN."; "SEAL TEAM 7 MISSION DEBRIEFS: KAHANI."

SEC DEF HARTLEY (V.O.)  
Today, we honor the loss of Silver  
Star recipient...

**EXT. POINT LOMA CEMETERY -- DAY**

A new day. A new crowd of mourners and dignitaries. Though slightly fewer attendees sit in the gallery.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
...Ensign George Kang.

Reece and Bravo Platoon stand at the Sniper's coffin. Reece HAMMERS his TRIDENT into the wooden lid... *THWACK!*... CUT TO:

**EXT. THE REECE HOUSE -- DAY**

Reece pulls into the drive. As he walks Lucy up the steps, he notices an UNMARKED SEDAN parked down the street. Tinted windows. Impenetrable. Ominous. Reece stares, unsettled. He takes Lucy inside. Heads towards the car, but it drives off.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (V.O.)  
Today, we honor the loss of Silver  
Star recipient...

**EXT. FUNERAL MONTAGE -- SERIES OF SHOTS**

Another day. Another funeral. There's a rhythm to the montage. With each scene, Reece looks increasingly isolated as he leads the SEALs towards the coffin and removes his pin.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
 ...Special Warfare Operator 2nd  
 Class Donny Mitchell.

*THWACK!*

**INT. SEAL TEAM BUILDING -- SUNSET**

Reece works into the evening surrounded by DOZENS OF REPORTS about Kahani's activity. For each report, he's marked a COLOR-CODED X on a map of the "Axis of Resistance" that stretches from Iran, through Iraq, and into Syria & Lebanon. The HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF REECE'S MARKS are in IRAQ.

Reece stops, rubs his temples. A HEADACHE coming on. He downs the last TWO PILLS left in his Scrip Bottle.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (V.O.)  
 Special Warfare Operator and K9  
 Handler Jackson Mallory...

--*THWACK!*

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- LATE NIGHT**

The house quiet, Reece surfs the web with his VPN. He checks his anonymous email account to see if there's any response from Katie Buranek. Nothing. PULL BACK: to find Lauren watching from the hallway, her concern growing.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (V.O.)  
 Special Warfare Operator 2nd Class  
 Walter Lecrone...

--*THWACK!*

**EXT. POINT LOMA CEMETERY -- DAY**

Reece watches as EOD SPECIALISTS hammer EOD DEVICES into the top of a wooden casket.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
 Chief Explosive Ordnance Disposal  
 Technician Deshaun Crowley...

The EOD techs step aside and Reece approaches with his pin.

--*THWACK!*

**EXT. POINT LOMA CEMETERY -- DAY -- FINAL FUNERAL**

The montage ends with one last funeral... for Boozer. Sec Def Hartley at the podium, but many of the dignitaries now gone.

SEC DEF HARTLEY

As most of you know, I was a third generation flyer for the U.S. Armed Forces. But you might not realize I was the first Hartley to make it through a war without getting shot down. My grandfather in World War 2 and my father in Vietnam both would have been lost were it not for the untold bravery of men who brought them home. Today, we honor the man who ensured his Commander was alive and here today to honor the legacy of Alpha platoon. Navy Cross recipient Petty Officer Ernest Vickers...

FIND Reece, a man frayed at the edges, standing at the casket of his most devoted fallen friend. He looks around. Aside from Pritchard and Bravo Platoon, the chairs are nearly empty. The series of funerals has taken its toll on the community. Reece places his TRIDENT on the casket, stares at it for an interminable beat... then angrily SLAMS IT HOME.

**EXT. POINT LOMA CEMETERY -- DAY -- LATER**

Lauren and Reece walk through the rows of white headstones.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (O.S.)  
Commander Reece. Mrs. Reece...

They turn, surprised to see SEC DEF HARTLEY and two MILITARY ATTACHES approaching. Hartley introduces herself to Lauren.

SEC DEF HARTLEY (CONT'D)  
The Admiral's wife, Mariam, told me a lot about you, Mrs. Reece. Apparently, you beat most of these boys at the local triathlons. I'd pay good money to see that.

Lauren's flattered by Hartley's personal touch.

LAUREN  
Thank you, Madam Secretary.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
May I borrow your husband for a moment? I know it's a busy time.

LAUREN  
Yes... Of course.

Lauren heads for the Cruiser, and Reece finds himself walking & talking with one of the most powerful women in Washington.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
I'm not much of a politician,  
Commander. I mean what I say. That  
frankness gets me in trouble with  
the press on a weekly basis.

REECE  
Yes, Mam.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
So you know I'm not bullshitting when  
I say whatever you need to get back  
on your feet, it will be provided.

REECE  
Thank you, Mam.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
And I'm putting you in for the Navy  
Cross as well.

That news catches Reece off guard. He stops. He doesn't  
deserve that honor. But before he can protest--

SEC DEF HARTLEY (CONT'D)  
You deserve to be recognized. And  
for the SEALs who are shipping out,  
it helps them know we stand by our  
operators, no matter what.  
(a final handshake)  
Thank you again for standing tall.

She starts towards a parked motorcade. But Reece stops her.

REECE  
Madam Secretary--

Hartley turns, a bit surprised by the edge in Reece's voice.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. You said SEALs are deploying.  
I was told that ops were suspended,  
pending an investigation.

Reece looks across the headstones at Lt. Pritchard and  
members of Bravo Platoon talking as the funeral disperses.

Hartley smiles, impressed by Reece's concern for his men.

SEC DEF HARTLEY  
The SDF source on the bad intel  
broke under questioning. Turns out  
he was on Quds Force payroll.

REECE

(eager to contribute)

I've been focusing my research on Kahani as well. I think he may be moving his chemical warfare operation into Iraq. I'd like to be there when we... capture him.

Reece means "kill" him. He's getting into Classified territory now. Hartley chooses her words carefully.

SEC DEF HARTLEY

You know, I edited that story about my father in Vietnam. He was actually shot down doing napalm runs from a Chinook Helicopter. They'd blind drop barrels on the enemy. One crewman -- usually my father -- would lean out a door and ignite the payload with a well-timed thermite grenade. He got so good at it they started calling him Hellfire Hartley.

(beat)

I take after my father, Commander. And when Kahani's dead, I'll make sure you're the first to know.

The Attaches open a door for Hartley. Reece watches the motorcade pull away and his SEALs depart, suddenly jealous that someone else will get to exact his revenge.

**INT. REECE'S LAND CRUISER -- DRIVING -- DAY**

The Land Cruiser drives past the San Diego airport on one side and a view of Coronado Naval Air Station on the other. Reece drives, lost in thought. Lauren checks her purse.

LAUREN

Do you have any twenties?

Reece notices something in his REARVIEW: An UNMARKED FORD TAURUS switches lanes a bit too quickly four cars back.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Reece...

(he finally looks at her)

Do you have any money for the babysitter? I forgot to hit the bank-- Maybe we can just use Venmo.

REECE

Lucy shoulda' come today.



LAUREN

Lucy has seen enough funerals for one week.

REECE

It was almost empty. Boozer deserved more. Mallory's wife didn't show. Neither did the Corteses.

Reece pulls on to the 5 FREEWAY. In his SIDEVIEW MIRROR: he notices the Taurus pull on to the Freeway as well.

LAUREN

You're really going to do this?

REECE

What?

LAUREN

Tell other people how to mourn, when you just stood watch at 15 funerals and never shed a tear. That's not normal, Reece.

Reece changes lanes. He spies the Taurus again and speeds up, putting distance between himself and the unmarked sedan.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Have you called that clinic?

REECE

I'm feeling better.

LAUREN

Boozer was practically family, and you stood there looking... numb. I know what it's like to hide pain. But that's for a sport--

Reece's eyes shift from the Ford in his rearview to an EXIT for DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO up ahead.

REECE

This isn't about you, Laur. You got no idea what's been going on.

LAUREN

You're right. Because you've been keeping it all to yourself. But you're barely sleeping. You've had headaches.

REECE

I'm working--

LAUREN

Yes. On everything but yourself.  
You're exhausted, Reece--

REECE

If I seem tired and distracted, maybe  
that's because two funerals a day  
will fucking do that.

LAUREN

Yes, they will. So, why did you want  
our 8-year-old to go to another one?

Reece notices the Ford gaining... The exit approaching, about  
to pass... But at the last second, *Reece makes a hard right.*

The Land Cruiser cuts across THREE LANES OF TRAFFIC.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Reece?!--

Reece hits the exit ramp and slows, driving through a quiet  
area of commercial warehouses that parallels the freeway. He  
checks THE REARVIEW. The Ford exits the freeway as well.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Reece?...

Suspicious confirmed, Reece takes another hard right into one  
of the warehouse PARKING LOTS and SKIDS to a stop.

REECE

I'm not neglecting you. I'm  
protecting you. Take the wheel--

LAUREN

What is going on?

Reece is back in operator mode. He reaches past Lauren and  
unlocks the glove compartment. Grabs his Glock.

REECE

Take the wheel, Laur. If anything  
happens, drive as fast as you can  
to get Lucy, then call Ben.

Lauren watches her husband exit the truck and walk back to  
the mouth of the parking lot, a PISTOL in his hand...

The Taurus turns down the secluded drive... and finds Reece  
GUN RAISED, shouting a warning.

REECE (CONT'D)

Out of the car!

WITH LAUREN: climbing into the driver's seat, watching Reece approach the strange, idling car...

REECE (CONT'D)  
Out of the car! Now!

WITH REECE: his finger moves from standby to the trigger...  
The unmarked car idles, sun blazing off its windshield...  
Finally, the front door opens...

And Katie Buranek emerges.

The reporter holds up her hands and talks Reece down.

KATIE  
I'm sorry, Commander. It's just me!  
I needed to meet you away from the  
team... I didn't mean to startle  
you... I just want to talk.

As Reece, finally lowers his gun, realizing just how close he came to shooting a civilian... CUT TO:

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

Lauren places a cup of hot tea in front of Katie, who sits at the kitchen table. Katie stares at the tea for a beat, clearly still coming down from earlier.

REECE  
If you want something stronger, we  
got that too.

KATIE  
No, this is fine. Thank you. Again,  
I'm sorry about the confusion. But  
it was important I speak to  
Commander Reece... alone.

Lauren stands next to Reece, in full mama bear mode.

REECE  
It's okay, Laur. I'll be alright.

LAUREN  
(beat)  
Alright. I'll check on Lucy.

Lauren heads down the hallway, leaving them to talk.

REECE  
You couldn't just hit reply?

KATIE

Commander, if we're going to talk, it can't be over the web. Anonymous email address or not, our accounts are monitored.

Katie takes out her reporter's notepad.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I looked into the death of Petty Officer Vickers, like you asked.

REECE

And?

KATIE

I found out about your arrest--

REECE

I didn't ask you to look into me.

KATIE

I know. But I cultivated sources locally. Got in with some Imperial Beach Detectives-- Did you know Vickers left a suicide note?

Reece shakes his head. Katie gives Reece a paper from her files. ANGLE ON: a copy of a simple HANDWRITTEN NOTE:

*Ride or Die... until there's no one left to ride with.  
Forgive me, brothers... B.*

KATIE (CONT'D)

I had two experts match the handwriting to Vickers'. And that is your troop slogan, correct?

Reece picks up the suicide note. Like he said before, you can't fake Boozier. Reece's facade shows its first cracks.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Commander, are you the only one who was dealing with symptoms of memory loss or confusion?

Off Reece...

**INT. SYRIAN TUNNELS -- POP FLASHES**

--ON THE T.O.C. SHIP: Reece packs his things after the briefing, rubbing his temple, unconsciously.

MASTER CHIEF INBRUCK

Ram might have something for that headache.

REECE

It's not a headache, Master Chief.  
It's my bullshit meter.

--IN THE WIDE SECTION OF TUNNEL: Reece hears screaming, spins... It's still the SDF TROOPER rushing towards him, panicking... he hits the tripwire... KA-FUCKING-BOOM!

--IN THE INCIRLIK BAR: Reece and Boozer toast the fallen...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- PRESENT**

Reece steadies himself.

REECE

Again, I didn't ask you to look into me.

KATIE

No. You didn't. But I examined your troop's deployment pattern. A normal SEAL rotation is 18 months of training followed by a 6 month deployment. You guys have been alternating 6 months of training and 6 months of deployment for the past three years. That's 60% less downtime between operations.

REECE

We've had a Surge to deal with. Our enemies have been active in the region.

KATIE

Yes, but if exhaustion or confusion played a part in your men's deaths, people need to know about it.

Reece struggles to maintain his calm, as Katie continues.

KATIE (CONT'D)

One survivor returned home and took his own life. The other, a Troop Commander, is dealing with a brain injury and possible PTSD--

REECE

That's what you think this is? In 19 years, I've never regretted what I've done for my country.

KATIE

I didn't mean to imply you did. But if we neglect our best soldiers, the public has a right to know.

REECE

I don't leak.

KATIE

That word doesn't apply here, Commander. You'd be telling your story. And you'd be telling it to someone who isn't obligated to a chain of command. Just the truth.

Reece stares at Boozer's note on the table...

**INT. INCIRLIK AIRFIELD BAR -- FLASHBACK**

*Boozer puts a reassuring hand on Reece's shoulder...*

BOOZER

*Don't worry, boss. Like the doc said, it'll all come back.*

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- PRESENT**

The memory so real... Reece finally asks Katie what he wanted to ask her when he first reached out.

REECE

Just tell me one thing. That day I met you, was there anyone with me?

Katie can see how much Reece wants her to say 'yes.' But...

KATIE

You were alone, Commander.

Off Reece, staring at the hard evidence on his kitchen table.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- LUCY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Lucy sleeps soundly. Lauren closes a book and tucks it away. She can hear the muffled sounds of Reece leading Katie to the front door. Reece's FOOTSTEPS pass in the hall, heading to...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Reece keys open a GUNSAFE in his bedside table... and locks his Glock away. He looks down at his hand, trembling.

LAUREN (O.S.)

You need to make that appointment.

Lauren stands behind him. Concerned, but ready to force the issue after today's events. But Reece doesn't fight her.

REECE

I know.

Reece turns. An unfamiliar look in his eye. Vulnerability. Lauren takes his hands; anger gives way to empathy.

LAUREN

What's going on, babe? You gotta tell me so I can help.

Beat. It terrifies Reece to admit this. But he finally does.

REECE

Something happened on that Op...  
but I don't know what... I...  
I can't remember.

Reece's eyes moisten. And Lauren wraps her arms around her husband... DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. TORREY PINES -- ENGRAM CLINIC -- SUNSET**

A GORGEOUS LATE WINTER SUNSET. Reece approaches a large, MODERN CLINIC set on cliffs overlooking the Pacific. He's a long way from the brutalist architecture of the Naval base.

**INT. ENGRAM CLINIC -- EXAM ROOM -- NIGHT**

Reece waits in a sterile exam room. DR. PETER O'HALLORAN (40s, amiable, country club fit) enters.

DR. O'HALLORAN

Commander Reece. Sorry to keep you waiting. And sorry for the late appointment. I keep a light staff to do these after hour visits pro bono.

REECE

The Team appreciates it, sir.

DR. O'HALLORAN

A guy living in La Jolla has to contribute somehow. Everyone should.

Dr. O'Halloran clicks a flat panel monitor on the wall, calling up Reece's X-Ray.

DR. O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

You know what an Engram is, Commander?

REECE

No, sir.

DR. O'HALLORAN

It's kind of the 'holy grail' of brain research. A physical pathway for the encoding of memories. Scientists have been searching for it since the 19th Century... and we're only now making headway.

(studies the X-Ray)

Something is affecting your Engram. When it's off, you can have what we call 'overlap.' For example, a memory from a year ago feels like it happened yesterday. Or your perfect version of an event takes the place of what actually happened. Your brain can't tell the difference.

REECE

My concussion affected this...

DR. O'HALLORAN

Something did. Now, the field doctor interpreted these areas as bruising. But, they could be signs of something deeper. With your permission, we'll take a closer look? That okay?

(Reece nods)

Good. I'll go get my drill.

REECE

Your drill?

DR. O'HALLORAN

Sorry. Neurologist humor.

He clicks an intercom on his Apple Watch.

DR. O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Let's get Commander Reece prepped for a full scan.

**INT. ENGRAM CLINIC -- MRI PREP ROOM -- NIGHT**

QUICK CUTS: Reece strips and places his clothes, wallet, and phone into a locker... He pulls a hospital gown over his boxers, how far the mighty have fallen... He checks off boxes on a PATIENT QUESTIONNAIRE about the MRI's high powered magnets: *"Do you have shrapnel in your body..." (NO) "Cardiac pacemaker or implanted defibrillator..." (NO)...*

Done, Reece sits and waits in his gown. O'Halloran enters.



DR. O'HALLORAN  
 We're ready, Commander. You're not  
 claustrophobic, are you?

**INT. ENGRAM CLINIC -- MRI ROOM -- NIGHT**

LOOKING DOWN the tight barrel of an MRI machine as O'Halloran  
 and an MRI TECH lead Reece into the room.

DR. O'HALLORAN  
 The test is fairly simple. You're  
 going to be shown a series of images  
 and then four choices after each  
 segment. If you've seen the image  
 before, you squeeze the remote.

The Tech helps Reece on to a patient tray. O'Halloran places  
 a PLASTIC BULB REMOTE in Reece's hand.

DR. O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)  
 The deeper you get into the test,  
 the more detailed the map of your  
 Engram. Whole thing takes about  
 half an hour, Commander. We'll come  
 get you once it's over.

The Tech punches a button on the cylinder, and Reece's tray  
 slowly slides inside...

**INT. MRI TUBE -- CONTINUOUS**

Reece's tray LOCKS into position. The machine is DARK and  
 CLAUSTROPHOBIC. The magnets start to fire, sounding like a  
 MACHINE GUN. Reece forces himself to take a calming BREATH.

DR. O'HALLORAN (OVER SPEAKERS)  
 You're doing great, Commander. The  
 machine is taking a baseline  
 reading. Then we'll begin.

REECE  
 Copy.

After a few more beats of darkness, a high def LED screen on  
 the roof of the chamber LIGHTS UP. A quick countdown begins:

**3...2...1...**

And then images start to flash RAPID-FIRE: *The American  
 Flag... The Lincoln Memorial... Apple Pie... A Cruise  
 Missile...* the images cycle FASTER... Until the rapid-fire  
 montage abruptly finishes and the screen goes BLACK.

Then another countdown: **3... 2... 1...**

Followed by the word: **Recall**

Four IMAGES cycle slowly: *A green apple... A coiled snake... A pistol... and a rusted red wagon...*

Reece stares at them, confused. Never squeezing the remote.

**INT. MRI TECH ROOM -- SAME**

O'Halloran and the Tech sit in a small control room. The doctor studies a live image of Reece's brain.

DR. O'HALLORAN

This guy's pretty progressed...

(to the Tech)

Load up the full test. See if he improves with less latency.

**INT. MRI TUBE -- SAME**

Reece blinks, staring at the blank screen.

DR. O'HALLORAN (OVER THE SPEAKERS)

Try not to think too hard, Commander.

The sequences will come faster now.

REECE

Faster?... Great.

DR. O'HALLORAN (OVER THE SPEAKERS)

Just squeeze the remote on instinct.

Another countdown and a SECOND SERIES of RAPID FIRE images: *Cheerleaders at a High School Football Game... A Child Mourns at a Funeral...* They're so fast they almost blur together...

**Recall**

Again, time slows. Again, the recall images don't match up...

Reece BREATHEs faster, feeling like he's failing the test...

A third wave of imagery... *The Empire State Building... A plane hits the Towers on 9/11...* and HOLY SHIT, did Reece just see an image of DONNY MITCHELL'S HEAD IN A HELMET?...

**Recall**

Four simple mundane unrelated photos, including... *A kite on a clear day... a homeless man wearing one shoe... AND A DEAD STARLING RESTING ON A PATIO (NOTE: this image matches exactly what Reece saw in his opening nightmare)...*

Then A FINAL SERIES of flashes begin... and now it's not just Donny Mitchell's head appearing, but also...

--BOOZER laughing in the airfield bar, wearing SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT than when we saw the scene take place...

--DONNY MITCHELL in the back of the gunboat, rubbing his temples like he has a headache, his eyes ringed red...

More and more crossover builds between the test and Reece's memory... Reece starts rapidly SQUEEZING the remote in his hand... His eyes blinking as fast as the images come...

**INT. SYRIAN COMPOUND TUNNELS -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK**

--DONNY MITCHELL again in the back of the gunboat, rubbing his temples like he has a headache, his eyes ringed red...

REECE

Donny, you good? Ram can give you something for that headache!

DONNY

It's not a headache, boss. It's my bullshit meter. Fuck this op...

--Firefight rages. Only now, it's clearly Donny Mitchell -- not the SDF TROOPER -- who is sweating and afraid...

DONNY (CONT'D)

Reece... It's too fucking loud... Too fucking loud...

Reece looks at the SPIDERWEB OF TRIPWIRES in a nearby side tunnel (NOTE: the visual metaphor for the brain now clear).

REECE

Ramirez! Mitchell needs help!--

--THE IMAGE JUMPS to Reece on comms with the T.O.C. when he's interrupted by a SCREAM... He whips around and sees DONNY -- not the SDF Trooper -- rushing towards the trip wire--

--KA-FUCKING-BOOM... Reece is blown backwards into the murky water as the explosion rips by overhead... SNAP TO:

**INT. MRI TUBE -- NIGHT -- PRESENT**

Reece wakes from his memories -- his repaired memories -- breathing heavily, sweating, struggling to orient himself.

He's still in the MRI tube. But the screen above him is blank. The whirring magnets slow to a stop and go silent...

REECE

'The fuck was that, Doc?...

But there's no answer on the speakers. Just the sound of the DOOR OPENING and FOOTSTEPS entering the room.

REECE (CONT'D)

Doc?...

THE TRAY jolts and starts to slide out. Reece exhales, relieved the test is finally over.

**INT. MRI ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

REECE'S POV: sliding out of the long white tube only to find... A PISTOL aimed directly at the side of his head.

Reece barely has time to register the gun... GRABBING the pistol as it FIRES!... BANG!

The bullet grazes Reece's cheek and RICOCHETS into the MRI tube WHERE THE MAGNETS ARE SO STRONG THE BULLET STICKS TO THE INSIDE OF THE CYLINDER...

Reece GRIMACES, getting his second hand on the gun as it FIRES two more rounds... BANG! BANG!...

Ears RINGING, hands on the gun, Reece PIVOTS his hips and CLINCHES the assassin in a JIU-JITSU LEG LOCK... THE ASSASSIN (30, Wiry and Strong) tries vainly to make Reece let go, SMASHING ELBOWS into Reece's face... But Reece won't relent.

The fight is MESSY and PRIMAL. The assassin LIFTS Reece clear off the patient tray and SLAMS him into the tile floor... The GUN skitters away, while Reece goes sprawling...

Reece goes for the gun, but before he can get it, the assassin TACKLES him into the TECH ROOM WINDOW so hard it SHATTERS...

Reece has half a second to register the Doctor and MRI Tech motionless in their chairs, before...

The assassin UNLOADS a FLURRY of KIDNEY PUNCHES...

Reece BRACES a foot against the wall, LAUNCHING his full weight back into the hitman...

The assassin might be younger, but Reece is bigger and he uses his size to his advantage, PINNING his foe with another JIU JITSU HOLD... SMASHING ELBOW after ELBOW into the back of the assassin's head...

His opponent rolls right, and Reece's next punch HITS tile...  
Reece is stunned... the assassin KICKS Reece off of him back  
into a wall of instruments...

And the assassin reaches the PISTOL first... He raises it to  
fire but Reece DIVES behind the MRI Cylinder... *BANG!* Plastic  
IV BAGS EXPLODE on the wall...

The assassin circles, spying Reece through the cylinder... He  
pivots the gun to fire... has Reece dead to rights... But  
before the assassin can fire the killshot...

*WHUMPF...* The magnets PIN the pistol and the assassin's hand  
against the inside of the machine...

Reece rounds the machine, SCREAMING... He kicks the man's leg  
out from under him and GRABS the assassin's head, SLAMMING IT  
INTO THE CYLINDER... once... twice... on the third IMPACT,  
the man's neck BREAKS... and his body goes limp...

Exhausted, Reece pries the gun out of the cylinder...  
And the killer's lifeless body crumbles to the floor...

Reece checks the BLOODY PISTOL, ejecting the magazine to look  
for rounds, then slamming it back into the gun. He does a  
"PRESS CHECK" to make sure it's loaded, and now armed against  
any other possible threats, he heads towards...

#### **INT. MRI TECH ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Reece cautiously enters the control room. He finds the Doctor  
and Tech slumped over their chairs, GUNSHOT WOUNDS to their  
heads... He checks for a pulse. Nothing.

Reece notices his DIGITAL BRAIN SCAN floating on the  
console's SCREEN... A prompt below it reads:

**<<SCAN COMPLETE: COPY FILES? YES/NO>>**

Reece puts down his pistol and grabs the mouse. He clicks  
**<YES>**. A THUMB DRIVE in the console flashes AMBER and the  
data from his scan starts to record.

Once it finishes, Reece yanks the drive, POCKETS it, and is  
about to leave, when something catches his eye...

ANGLE ON: the BLOODY PISTOL next to the keyboard...

TIGHT ON: a familiar CUSTOM GRIP AND NIGHT SIGHT...

TIGHT ON: Blood drips off the slide to reveal an ENGRAVING:

**...Ride or Die...**

This isn't some random pistol... IT'S REECE'S OWN GUN...

Which means this assassin has been INSIDE REECE'S HOME...

**INT. ENGRAM CLINIC -- MRI PREP ROOM -- NIGHT**

**QUICK CUTS:** REECE grabs his personal effects from the locker... DIALS his phone as he pulls on clothes... It RINGS and RINGS... Lauren's VOICEMAIL picks up...

REECE (INTO PHONE)  
 (frantic)  
 Laur, it's me. It's real. Someone just tried to kill me... he had my gun. You need to get out of the house. Call me back.

As Reece SPRINTS from the room... CUT TO:

**EXT. THE REECE HOUSE -- NIGHT -- QUICK CUTS**

Reece's Land Cruiser SKIDS into the driveway... Reece exits and flies up the front steps...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Reece enters, gun ready...

REECE  
 Lauren!? Lucy!?

He's met by familiar, uncomfortable silence.

Reece moves slowly through the house, checking each room...

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Reece's foot stops short of the threshold.

Lauren's phone sits on the tile, glass SHATTERED...

The kitchen table has been OVERTURNED, pocked with several BULLET HOLES. Lucy's legs stick out from behind it...

Reece rushes forward, the table blocks our view of what he sees. But we can read it on his face. His legs go out. Everything he's fought for, gone...

Reece slumps to the floor, lost in himself, until a soft WHEEZING draws his attention to the other side of the room...

LAUREN rests against the kitchen island, GUNSHOT WOUND to the chest... somehow hanging on...

Reece grabs a towel... applies PRESSURE to the wound... which only makes Lauren buck in pain...

LAUREN  
(barely audible)  
Reece...

REECE  
I'm here... I'm home...

LAUREN  
Luce...

REECE  
--I'm going to get you to a hospital...

But when he tries to pick Lauren up, she SCREAMS... Reece sets Lauren back down. She looks up at him.

LAUREN  
Run...

REECE  
What?

LAUREN  
Don't... Stop...

REECE  
Quiet, Laur. Save your strength.

He's close to her now. Trying to stop her from talking. He kisses her. Trying to will his breath into her body. They break apart. For a moment, there's light in her eyes.

LAUREN  
Don't stop...

And then it's gone.

Reece sinks against the kitchen island... incomprehension turning into outright RAGE...

Reece looks down at the gun in his lap... It would be so easy to end it here... To join them...

But whoever did this would want him to pull the trigger...

So Reece wipes away tears and does what he does best... he compartmentalizes his pain... and rises.

**INT. THE REECE HOUSE -- NIGHT -- SERIES OF SHOTS**

--Reece opens his bedroom closet, finding his DRESS BLUES. He stares at the uniform, then shoves it aside to reveal a PANEL in the back wall. He opens it. Tucked inside, A GO BAG with an extra GLOCK, AMMUNITION, hard CASH and a BURNER PHONE.

--Reece heads down the hall. His almost preternatural calm returning, even as SIRENS wail in the distance. GROWING LOUDER.

--Reece kneels and kisses the foreheads of Lauren and Lucy one last time, steeling himself for what's ahead.

--Reece crosses to the back door... but stops at the refrigerator... Lucy's CRAYON DRAWING, the Reece family totem, hangs there, calling to him...

**EXT. REECE'S STREET -- NIGHT**

HIGH WIDE VIEW: Reece exits the back door, and slips across his backyard; while out front, TWO COP CARS speed down the street and stop in front of the house...

**EXT. REECE'S BACK ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

REECE jumps the back fence and lands in a dark alleyway. He pauses to look at something in his hand. LUCY'S DRAWING. He's taken it with him.

Reece folds the paper and tucks it into his chest pocket, close to his heart. Then he pulls up his hoody and shoulders his backpack.

And off James Reece slipping into darkness, readying himself for the war that's followed him home...

END PILOT