

ECHO 3

Written by

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Based on the series  
WHEN HEROES FLY created by Omri Givon

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INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - 4:00AM - SOMEWHERE IN AFGHANISTAN

A helicopter thuds towards a snow-covered mountain peak.

Inside, ECHO 3, a team of 6 NAVY SEALs from the elite Blue Squadron, is hanging tight, waiting to deploy.

Don't let the uniformity of the battle gear fool you, this is a group of strong individuals -- from their team leader and father figure, DRIFTER (43), his rowdy #2 BAMBI (32) and the younger operators, JUST BENNY (28), PETER (29), and Bambi's rival and brother-in-law PRINCE (26). Last, there's AL (24), the youngest and perhaps smartest. We shall get to know their inner lives over the season, but for now, know that nobody likes being crammed in a helicopter before it hits the LZ.

That's usually when you crash.

COCKPIT

The PILOT guides the helicopter closer to the peak.

PILOT  
(into comms)  
One minute.

CARGO

The CREW CHIEF holds up his index finger signaling one minute.

The team prepares their gear to land, an anxious but ordinary event. As they make last minute adjustments, the sheer scale of the mountain comes into view.

AL  
(into comms)  
On second thought, we should have brought oxygen.

DRIFTER  
(into comms)  
Hey, clear the net.

Al was serious. The CREW CHIEF gives DRIFTER a thumbs up -

COCKPIT

CO-PILOT  
(into comms)  
ISR has the LZ and objective area clear. We'll have eyes on in 30 seconds.

Drifter and Peter open the doors to the bird. Peter sticks his head out and scans forward for that landing zone.

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is now above the peak - too rocky to land -  
 -- FAST-ROPES uncoil from the side.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

Peter is so pumped to get going that he gets on the rope before the Crew Chief confirms that the rope hit the ground -  
 -- PING PING PING!

The helicopter takes incoming fire. Sparks fly from ricochets. Intermittent light from tracer rounds penetrating the airframe.

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

In about two seconds all of this happens:

The pilot struggles to stay on station, but the ship shutters, slipping left, dragging Peter's rope over a ledge, and because of the steep grade, the rope loses contact with the ground and is now dangling above an abyss!

-- Peter, zipping down the rope, sees the danger and attempts to stop his descent, clamping down, leather gloves smoking from the friction.

-- Peter locks off at the last possible moment, barely holding on.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

Peter sways precariously on the rope, halfway between the peak and the helicopter.

COCKPIT

CO-PILOT  
 (to pilot, over coms)  
 Ridgeline Ridgeline.

PILOT  
 (over coms)  
 Hit it.

CARGO

The helicopter banks hard, so it's now SIDEWAYS, and DRIFTER has partially unstrapped himself to get closer to the door.

He almost falls after Peter but recovers and grabs the CREW CHIEF.

DRIFTER

We got a man on the rope!

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER

The helicopter's mini-gun churns, finds an enemy position and fires, spewing out thousands of rounds, ripping up the ridge.

MOUNTAIN RIDGELINE

A smoky mess.

EXT. REAPER SURVEILLANCE DRONE - 30,000 FEET

Floating way above the mountain peak, a REAPER DRONE transmits and records the Blackhawk's action, tracking over to the ridge line.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter stabilizes.

PETER

Swinging like a rag doll.

DRIFTER

(into coms)

Peter?

No answer. DRIFTER scrambles to the door and yells down -

DRIFTER (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

You alright?

Peter is spinning and swaying on that rope. Hard to tell if he's hurt or not.

PETER'S POV

Plenty of snow on the rocks. He can probably make it if he releases now.

Peter drops and sinks up to his waist in snow.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the helicopter gets hit with a BARRAGE of BULLETS!

Smoke billows out of the back -

COCKPIT

PILOT  
(into mic)  
Abort.

CO-PILOT  
Pulling off.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK

Trying to evade the bullets, the helicopter struggles in the thin air as the engines howl.

CARGO

Everyone's suddenly serious and scared as the velocity rises and G-forces exceed 2G.

DRIFTER  
(shouting to the Crew  
Chief)  
WE GOT A GUY DOWN THERE!

MOUNTAIN PEAK

Peter wades through the snow then looks back and sees the plummeting helicopter. Realizing he's alone as the BLACKHAWK trails away in a blaze of smoke, falling out of view.

Gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - SUNSET

Shimmering waves crash on the beach.

Surfers chase the swells.

TITLE OVER: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

EXT. BEACH OUTSIDE HOTEL DEL CORONADO - SAN DIEGO -  
CONTINUOUS

MINISTER (O.S.)

And now we've come to the best  
part.

A beach party wedding. High-luxury. White table cloths.  
Crystal and caviar.

MINISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The couple has vowed to love each  
other through thick and thin. So,  
do you, Eric Haas, take Amber  
Chesborough, to be your lawfully-  
wedded wife, until death do you  
part?

The stylish, beautiful, fit young crowd, dressed casually in  
surfer chic, flip flops and boardshorts, listens to the end  
of the wedding vows.

This could be a commercial for the good life, except for the  
price that some in this crowd have paid in war scars: a long-  
haired dude (he must be retired) with a prosthetic leg  
nestled in the sand, a buff, blonde weightlifter type,  
holding a beer in his only remaining hand.

On the other side of the aisle, the bride's friends are  
academics: college students and PhD candidates, nerdy bio-  
engineers and science majors.

All eyes turned to the wedding party, where AMBER CHESBOROUGH  
(23) and ERIC HAAS III (26), aka PRINCE, are about to link  
themselves, and these two different worlds, in everlasting  
marriage.

WEDDING DAIS

PRINCE

I do.

MINISTER

And Amber, do you take Eric, to be  
your lawfully-wedded husband, until  
death do you part?

AMBER

I do.

MINISTER

Then in Jesus' name and by the power vested in me by the State of California, I pronounce you - husband and wife.

The crowd CHEERS lustily, and the MINISTER, who is also a Navy Admiral, notices that Eric is in a trance.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Kiss the bride, son.

He kisses her, picks her up and dashes down the aisle, as:

- A champagne cork pops out and Dire Straits' "Romeo and Juliet" plays on the sound system

- As the bride and groom rush past their guests, ALEX CHESBOROUGH AKA BAMBI, Amber's brother, manages to extract his hands from OLEKSANDRA - a Ukrainian beauty working on her visa and the latest in Bambi's long line of amazingly vapid girlfriends - so he can fist bump Eric/ aka Prince.

Oleksandra, by the way, is wearing a body-hugging, look-at-me dress, crimson red, off-the-shoulder.

OLEKSANDRA

Your sister looks amazing.

Bambi nods. He's got a few judgements about Prince.

BAMBI

He married well.

And we're catching up with the wedding couple, Altman-style, as they continue down the aisle, passing two of Amber's nerdy friends, applauding loudly, cheering "Go Amber!", etc.

AMBER'S FRIEND

That was beautiful.

AMBER'S FRIEND #2

(re: a guest)

You see Elon Musk?

We follow her gaze. Indeed it is MUSK. And in keeping with our Altman vibe, we drift over to see -

Musk turning to the only person he knows at the party, Prince's father, ERIC HAAS II, who is standing with his wife, BUNNY, among a handful of older, wealthy friends, all of whom are boycotting the casual dress code.

MUSK

(shaking ERIC II's hand)  
I didn't get the memo about shorts  
and sandals.

ERIC II

Trey will be happy to see you.

Drifting back to -

INT. SIDE TENT - BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Amber and Prince's loving embrace interrupted by the minister.

MINISTER

Just a little paperwork. The  
wedding license.

PRINCE

Is this necessary right now?

MINISTER

Yes.

The Minister leaves and Amber sits at a table and grabs a pen. Looking at the Marriage License, suddenly overwhelmed and filled with the self-doubt that comes from surviving a biblically awful childhood. *Is she worthy of all this? Is this happiness on loan?*

AMBER

You're sure this isn't going to  
change everything?

PRINCE

100 percent.

She signs, sliding the paperwork to Prince.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

(teasing)  
If you're having second thoughts, I  
could call a lawyer.



AMBER

What? No. I love you so much. I'm just asking - do you love me? Like all bullshit aside, love me?

PRINCE

Baby. Of course.

AMBER

For real -

PRINCE

Amber Chesborough... I'll never give up on me and you. Your tears are my tears. Your smile is my smile.

AMBER

Nice one.

He beams at her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Sign.

PARTY

That transitional flow where guests are moving all around - some glide over to the cocktail bar, while others grab tables. Old friends reunite and work comrades catch up.

WEDDING TABLES

PAM, Drifter's wife, sits at a table gossiping with several other NAVY WIVES.

Drifter's got a lop-sided smile and laughing blue eyes set against a sun-weathered face, a bit of mischief there, as if the Marlboro man was self-aware and in on the joke. Right now he's tweaking his two sons, JASON (12) and JACK (10), for roughhousing and knocking over decor.

DRIFTER

Knock it off.

Al intervenes.

AL

Come here. Uncle Al wants to show you how to eat raw fish eggs.

JASON

Gross!

Al scoops the boys up, one under each arm, carries them off. Peter and Just Benny seize the moment to lobby their boss.

Peter, a true outdoorsman with the laid-back, slow mannerism of having slept thousands of nights outdoors, makes his pitch for a combat raid behind enemy lines sound like a little nature hike among the daisies.

PETER

Boss, I keep hearing on the news about two female journalist hostages in the Kush. Why don't we... pop up there and get 'em?

Drifter nods - buzz off.

Just Benny, on the other hand, is a sharp-elbowed product of the inner city, ever conscious of being the only Latino on the team, not to mention the only one who knows how the hell to dress -- as evidenced by his dapper three-piece suit, fashion-forward hair & superb beard.

He presses the case like he's selling popsicles to a toddler:

JUST BENNY

Dust off the alpine gear.  
(laying it on thick)  
Think of those poor women.

DRIFTER

Diplomats have it.

JUST BENNY

Just broaching the subject.

PETER

Yeah, whenever it's convenient!  
5.11 climber, happy to volunteer.

Drifter moves away from them.

DRIFTER

Enjoy the wedding guys.

BAMBI and OLEKSANDRA

They notice Drifter's boys pranking the seafood buffet, gulping shrimp.

OLEKSANDRA

I've never seen a party like this.

Bambi sees the solitary figure of his mother, MAGGIE, down the beach, withdrawn from the party.

BAMBI

I told you, team guys can get a little wild. Excuse me a second -

He jogs over to his mother.

INT. SIDE TENT - BEACH - CONTINUOUS

PRINCE

Shall we meet the rents as a married couple?

EXT. SIDE TENT

Amber catches sight of Elon Musk.

AMBER

You know Elon Musk?

PRINCE

Oh yeah. He's been trying to recruit us to do a joint venture.

AMBER

That's cool!

PRINCE

Not sure the military needs solar drones. Come on, I see your brother and mom.

Amber doesn't want to deal with her mom. If she can skip it, she will.

AMBER

Your folks are right here.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Bambi approaches.

Maggie speaks with a thick West Virginian accent. She sees glory in it, where her kids feel shame.

BAMBI  
What's going on, Mom?

MAGGIE  
Fresh air! Taking it all in.

BAMBI  
Join the party?

MAGGIE  
Not my people. They don't want me  
to participate.

BAMBI  
Maybe for your daughter's sake,  
fake it as a normal person, and  
off the booze.

Waving him off -

MAGGIE  
Maybe have a drink: it would  
improve your personality.

BAMBI  
I'm on the wagon.

MAGGIE  
Don't be such a snob, Alex. It  
doesn't suit you. Now run back to  
your Ukrainian girlfriend. She  
seems like she's dating you for all  
the right reasons.

He opens his hands. Give me break. She shakes out a  
cigarette. Takes her time with the lighter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I'll be there in a minute.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the party -

AMBER AND PRINCE

They approach an elegant older couple in the back: PRINCE'S  
Mom, BUNNY, sheathed in something fabulous, and Dad, ERIC JR,  
wearing a three piece suit and Berluti shoes.

BUNNY  
You look stunning!

AMBER  
Hours of make-up.

ERIC JR  
 Best decision you ever made.  
 (addressing Amber)  
 When my son joined the Navy instead  
 of getting an education at Harvard -

An old argument.

PRINCE  
 - DEVGRU is more selective.

Eric Jr didn't build a NASDAQ company by letting others  
 control the conversation -

ERIC JR  
 I told him he'd made the biggest  
 mistake of his life. But it led him  
 to you, ultimate blessing.

AMBER  
 Eric Senior? Or we doing dad?

ERIC JR  
 Senior is fine.  
 (to his son)  
 Now don't mess up.

PRINCE puts his hand on his father's shoulder.

PRINCE  
 Gonna have to send you back to  
 charm school old man.

OLEKSANDRA

Oleksandra is now talking to Peter.

OLEKSANDRA  
 So have you ever killed anyone?

PETER

You're not supposed to ask.

OLEKSANDRA  
 But you're a soldier.

Peter really only had one polite moment in the tank.

PETER  
 Operator. Soldiers march around in  
 uniform. I prefer to creep up on  
 bad guys at night, shoot them in  
 their sleep. Better for everyone.

As Peter leaves, he fist bumps Bambi walking back, who is instantly worried about what Peter might've just said.

OLEKSANDRA

You have strange friends, Alex.

BAMBI

I don't get along with everyone on my team. But we're close even if we don't like each other. It's a military thing.

OLEKSANDRA

I'm getting wine.

Realizing he's going to have to work harder -

BAMBI

(pointing)

So that's Ingrid and her husband, Just Benny. He's also on my squadron.

OLEKSANDRA

What's his name?

BAMBI

We call him Just Benny.

OLEKSANDRA

Not a very original nickname.

FLASHBACK - A BAR SOMEWHERE - YEARS AGO

Young SAILORS and MARINES drinking.

BAMBI (V.O.)

He had a better one. Didn't last.

A DRUNK MARINE walking down the bar bumps into Just Benny.

DRUNK SAILOR

Move it, Taco Bell.

JUST BENNY

(looking at his beer)

Nope.

DRUNK SAILOR

What's wrong - you're Mexican and the tacos are awesome, especially the hard crunchy --

Just Benny slugs him and the guy goes down.

JUST BENNY  
It's Just Benny.

EXT. BEACH WEDDING - PRESENT DAY

OLEKSANDRA  
I see.

BAMBI  
(pointing again)  
And that's Drifter, squadron  
leader, kind of like our father  
figure. Comes from that Clint  
Eastwood movie where he sends the  
town to Hell.

FLASHBACK - EXT. A ROOFTOP IN PANAMA

In full battle rattle, DRIFTER operates a heavy machine gun -  
He destroys a convoy of cars below the building.  
They explode one after another.

EXT. BEACH WEDDING - PRESENT DAY

Bambi points to Peter.

BAMBI  
You've met Peter, Womb Raider. But  
I can't tell you the story. It  
involves a night in Tijuana. We had  
another Peter once who we used to  
call Picklehead, really cool guy,  
but he got kicked off for  
accidental discharging of a  
firearm. It's very strict.

OLEKSANDRA  
What's his?  
(re: Eric)

BAMBI  
Prince. Obviously.

OLEKSANDRA  
And yours?

BAMBI  
 Actually, I didn't get one yet. You  
 have to earn one by doing something  
 really memorable. That's Al, he  
 doesn't have one either.

Just Benny ambles over. Like Peter, he enjoys making life  
 hard for Bambi and his string of inappropriate girlfriends.

JUST BENNY  
 That's bullshit. What's up Bambi.

OLEKSANDRA  
 Cute. You're named after a deer?

Just Benny pinches Bambi's cheeks -

JUST BENNY  
 (laughing)  
 He's the forest fire.

Bambi chops his hand away and Just Benny, tipsy, laughs at  
 the aggression.

OLEKSANDRA  
 Why do they call you that?

Bambi pretends he didn't hear over the music -

JUST BENNY  
 That's sensitive information. If he  
 tells you, that's how you know he  
 like you.

BAMBI  
 (to Just Benny, re:his  
 beer)  
 Cuantos?

JUST BENNY  
 I don't know. Cinco-ish?

Bambi extends an open palm. Just Benny shrugs and passes his beer.  
 Bambi tosses it on the sand. Oleksandra catches all of this,  
 realizing there's depth to these friendships after all

AMBER AND PRINCE approach BAMBI AND OLEKSANDRA AND JUST BENNY

Bambi and PRINCE embrace.

BAMBI  
 Welcome to the family, brother.  
 (putting on his West  
 Virginia accent)  
 (MORE)



BAMBI (CONT'D)  
 Now you gonna get the hillbilly  
 love. Like a pure white dove.

PRINCE  
 (hugging it out)  
 Love you too.

Amber cups her brother's face in her hands, whispers in his ear. A transformation occurs in Bambi. We didn't realize just how keyed up he'd been until his sister's affection settles the last of his nerves.

BAMBI  
 We made it, huh?

Joyful tears flow down her face.

AMBER  
*We did.* How's morn?

BAMBI  
 The usual, social

AMBER  
 She's not drunk?

BAMBI  
 Who cares, this is your day. She's  
 not drunk. She's fine.  
 (to PRINCE)  
 Sorry, man. Our morn is always  
 pulling something.

PRINCE  
 It's not like you won the in-law  
 lottery. My dad needs a spreadsheet  
 to tell him how to feel.

The WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER asks for a family photo, and they crunch together in a pose, while Oleksandra stands awkwardly aside. And Just Benny finds a sixthbeer.

WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER  
 A little closer.

AMBER  
 Surrounded by my two favorite men!

Off the flash bulb, the wedding couple and Bambi peel off in different directions to greet guests leaving Just Benny to resume the mild hazing -

JUST BENNY  
 (re Bambi)  
 You meet on Tinder?

OLEKSANDRA  
 I work at the center for American-  
 Ukrainian relations, and he  
 contacted me with all of these  
 policy questions.

JUST BENNY  
 Interesting.

OLEKSANDRA  
 Fucking with you. Of course we met  
 on Tinder. Look at him.

He sure looks like he has it all. Making the rounds, passing out hugs, the muscled ink-covered arms and spiked hair, Bambi is the shit-kicking team mascot, ready to fight or fuck or play guitar, take your pick. The only thing missing, as we'll later see, is emotional regulation. The doctors say he has a low-serotonin nervous system. The condition makes him cool and collected in the adrenal overload of a gun-fight and a disaster magnet in all other areas of normal life. But right now all that matters is he knows how to rock.

PODIUM

BAMBI takes the mic, shoulders a guitar, strums the opening few chords of *Wish You Were Here*.

BAMBI  
 Hey, if you don't know me, I'm the  
 big brother. I stayed up all night,  
 writing down what I wanted to say  
 about my little sister.

He struggles with a piece of paper, throws it away.

BAMBI (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. *My little sister is getting  
 married to a team guy!*

Some of the guys help him out - yelling and hooting. He repeats the opening lick, strums a few more notes.

BAMBI (CONT'D)  
 Is that a good thing? My sister and  
 I are very different. She's a  
 certified genius, I'm kinda  
 certifiable.

He finds his sister in the crowd. Strums some more.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

(addressing her)

It's okay.

(back to crowd)

She was always about making the world better - looking for that discovery. The one we need. The one that heals us. I was always looking for ways to break shit.

He's got the crowd now.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Now she's getting married and going all the way to Colombia, South America. Try to discover a new medicine. I was in South America once, I think I shot a guy.

(addressing Amber)

Are you sure we're related? Mom - anything you want to tell us?

(laughs)

Story about my sister: When we were little we'd fight a lot, probably because I knew she was smarter than me. It got worse as we became teenagers. The biggest thing we fought about was me wanting to be a commando. She used to say, I hate soldiers. Don't become a soldier.

(beat)

I could never explain it to her why I wanted to serve.

(beat)

And when I was about 16, I was going to take a road trip, day's drive, down to the recruiter, and when I got in the car, it wouldn't start. She'd cut all the wires under the hood. I was so mad. I remember telling her I hated her.

(beat)

We didn't talk for a long time. I went on my first deployment and we finally came home, 4 in the morning, cold night, get off the plane and my little sister is standing there. And I went up to her and said 'what are you doing here?'

(beat)

She said "I'm here for you, dummy."

He starts playing louder now, singing the opening lyrics,

BAMBI (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
*So, so you think you can tell -  
 Heaven from hell -  
 Blue skies from pain -*

A band behind him joins with a solid Floyd cover. PRINCE grabs Amber for the slow dance as the sun dips below the shoreline.

EST. FABULOUS MODERN HOUSE, OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN, SAN DIEGO -  
 DAWN

The best that money can buy.

INT. MODERN HOUSE - PRINCE AND AMBER'S BEDROOM

Pre-dawn light finds Amber sitting up in bed. Song still playing in her head. Clock: 5:59am.

She gazes over at PRINCE, admiring the new ring on his finger. He's out cold. A dozen drinks will do that.

She looks back to the clock. It's now 6:00am. She slides out of bed, careful not to wake PRINCE.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NEUROPSYCHOPHARMACOLOGY LAB - A LITTLE LATER

Sporting sweatpants and a ponytail, Amber strides into a large facility. The female SECURITY GUARD spots her. Surprised to see anyone working on a Sunday.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Aren't you getting married today?

AMBER

Yesterday.

The Security Guard's jaw drops.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 I had to come in. Process only  
 keeps 48 hours.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Go home.

She waves her off.

AMBER  
Ambition, baby!

INT. NEUROPSYCHOPHARMACOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

At the sight of her lab space, Amber smiles like she's seeing an old friend.

She opens a refrigerated drawer and pulls out a petri dish labeled "treated C21H27NO" that's connected to a timer, which reads 47:01.

She opens the dish and uses a pipette to extract the cells. Drops the cells into a test tube and centrifuge. Spins it up. She looks at her watch...and waits. Shouldn't be too long. She dials her phone.

EXT. DRIFTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

American flag out front, next to the F150.

INT. DRIFTER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pam, a Southern mom of the Steele Magnolia school, setting out food for her brood, the youngest, Winnie, Jason and Jack, when Drifter comes in dressed in a hockey uniform.

                  DRIFTER  
Ready?

Pam tries to buy her boys some time, winking at them to eat fast, as she poses a question to Drifter.

                  PAM  
                  (to Drifter)  
That was a beautiful wedding. I  
just wonder why'd Eric work so hard  
to get in, with his family being  
that rich?

He's over at the coffee machine.

                  DRIFTER  
He's a patriot.

                  PAM  
Isn't that just so rare these days.

Knowing her conspiratorial cast of mind, he can't help but grin at her raised eyebrow.

DRIFTER  
So he's planning to run for  
President?

PAM  
He probably just wants to work for  
you and be around other hard,  
fighting men.

Drifter laughs.

DRIFTER  
He *is* solid.  
(to the boys)  
Let's hit it.

They slurp a couple last bites - jump up - head for the door.  
Before leaving, he kisses her and she pats his chest.

PAM  
So are you. Solid.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE

Like his father before him, Bambi drives a Harley soft tail.  
He pulls up to his morn's sad little cottage, with the sagging  
roof and the ratty shrubs in front.

Sees BIG RAY's black C7 Vette. Here comes the big clown now,  
banging out of Maggie's screen door, all Gucci.

RAY  
What's good man?

BAMBI  
What up Big Ray?

RAY  
Chillin. You look great brother.

BAMBI  
Come here.

BIG RAY takes a step closer. Bambi gets in his personal  
space.

BAMBI (CONT'D)  
I don't care who you sell drugs to  
if you give Oxy to my morn again,  
I'm going to break your pretty ass  
in two.

RAY

Whoa - we just visiting -

BAMBI

Do you understand me?

Ray is puffin' up now, gold chains glistening. Strong guy for sure, twice normal size. But he doesn't hunt people for a living.

RAY

Dude. I love your mom, she's the coolest. You know that.

BAMBI

Do you understand me?

Ray looks away. Considers his options. Retreats to his car.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE

Bambi comes in to find his mother watching TV, all kinds of Oxy pill bottles in front of her. Bambi grabs the bottles and pockets them as she watches -- too stoned to stop him.

MAGGIE

That's my property.

He goes into her bedroom, grabs her jacket, comes back and puts it around her shoulders.

BAMBI

Come on. We got your doctor's appointment.

They move to the door and she sees he brought his motorcycle.

MAGGIE

I'm not getting on that bike.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE

Pushing her out the door --

BAMBI

Wind in your hair. Be good for you.

She tries to get on the bike but can't throw her leg over.

MAGGIE

I can't.

Bambi picks her up like she weighs nothing and positions her on the bike. Then he gets on and starts it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm scared.

BAMBI

Hold on, Mom.

HARLEY ON THE ROAD

Picking up speed, wind blows through Maggie's hair. Reminds her of the glory days, leaning forward, resting on her son -

INT. ICE RINK - SAN DIEGO SPORTS CENTER

A hockey puck skids across the ice. Skates cut and grip.

A Pee Wee scrimmage is in full swing. 11 year-olds hustle around the ice as a handful of parents watch from the stands. Drifter skates around, the assistant coach.

DRIFTER

That's it. Up-ice vision.

Jack, on the Red Team, gets the puck and tries to weave through three defenders who poke the puck away.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)

Jason, out of the crease. Cover your angles

Jason, the Red Team's goalie, moves too late, missing a shot bouncing off the post.

JASON

(admitting his mistake)  
I didn't come out far enough.

DRIFTER

That's your puck. Belongs to you.

Drifter's phone buzzes. He skates to the bench to answer.

The Red Team loses the puck, and the Blue Team's winger comes flying toward Jason, all alone on a breakaway. But this time, Jason skates out from the goal crease, takes the perfect angle and sprawls out to make a solid save.

Jason's teammates go bonkers and Jason looks back to his Dad. Occupied with the call, Drifter gives him a thumbs up.



DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Sir, say again?

NAVAL COMMAND CENTER

An Admiral in duty dress is talking to DRIFTER

ADMIRAL  
 Fly-away. Intel came this morning.  
 The hostages are gonna be pulled  
 across the border.

DRIFTER  
 (into phone)  
 I'm tracking. A couple days?

ADMIRAL  
 It's gotta be now. You want it?

DRIFTER  
 (into phone)  
 Hell yes, Sir. We'll get set up  
 fast. Thank you.

He hits End, watches his son play on the ice.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

Bambi sits straight up, gathering himself. Other PEOPLE  
 reading magazines. We check the phone in Bambi's hands.

CU TEXT MESSAGE from DRIFTER:

fly-away  
 diplomacy?  
 guess it failed  
 : )

INT. MODERN HOUSE

Melted wedding cake on the coffee table.

Wine glasses on the floor.

Amber tip-toes back in.

INT. MODERN HOUSE - PRINCE AND AMBER'S BEDROOM

She slips into bed, PRINCE is already awake staring at the ceiling. He says nothing. Fuming.

                  AMBER  
Beautiful man. Sorry, I had to run  
to the lab.

That's not what he's pissed about.

                  PRINCE  
Have to tell you something.  
Your brother called -

                  AMBER  
- is he okay?

                  PRINCE  
We deploy tomorrow.

                  AMBER  
So soon? You said it wouldn't be  
for weeks or months.

Knowing he shouldn't explain, knowing that operational security dictates withholding from his wife, PRINCE breaks the sacred rule, thinking *I can't be the first guy*.

                  PRINCE  
Timeline moved up on something.

Then he changes his mind, decides to downplay the risk.

                  PRINCE (CONT'D)  
There's a battalion coming into  
this valley in Afghanistan.

As he talks, Amber bolts up, full of energy

                  PRINCE (CONT'D)  
We need to provide overwatch  
security. It's an easy op.

She pounds the bed in mock rage

                  PRINCE (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
We just fly to this mountain and  
look down.

                  AMBER  
Bullshit!

They roughhouse - gnashing teeth - he gets on top -

PRINCE

(laughing)

There's nobody there - it's 12,000  
feet! It's camping.

She flips back - slaps him - maybe serious, maybe not.

AMBER

What about me?

PRINCE

She raises her hand - he goes to block it -

AMBER

Don't trust me?

He puts his hand down. She touches his face, softly.

AMBER (CONT'D)

This timing is bullshit. I'm going  
to Colombia and you're going to be  
gone.

PRINCE

Maybe. Maybe I'll be back soon,  
before you leave. Either way, you  
won't be here by yourself.

AMBER

Bullshit.

PRINCE

There's no schedule. I know it  
doesn't look like it, but we're a  
country at war. Some of us are.

She pins him back - drops burying him in hair.

AMBER

Don't lecture.

strokes her hair, whispers:

PRINCE

(into her ear)

Nothing changes. We'll have this  
moment again.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK IN A DEATH SPIRAL

Silence. Highly stylized moment -

Mountain scenery rushes by the open door -

Drifter is looking at his tablet, sees the DRONE POV and suddenly, we're back to the full blast of the rotors as -

DRIFTER

(into mic)

Launch QRF we've got a guy on the  
X.

(to crew-chief)

Does he know we have a guy behind!

CREW-CHIEF

(yelling back)

Yes!

Drifter grabs a head-set hanging from a rack to communicate directly with the pilot

DRIFTER

(into headset)

I need to re-insert.

COCKPIT

PILOT

(back to drifter)

This bird is damaged. Not going to  
make it. We need to go back to base  
and trans-load you -

DRIFTER

(into headset)

Well then put me down right here.

(switching comms back to

Peter)

Peter, are you alright?

PEAK

Peter is behind a rock, assembling a temporary shelter - sees snowflakes starting to come down, melting on the silnylon shelter - biggest snowflakes he's seen in his life.

PETER

(over comms)

I'm up here. I'm good.

Sees some movement - not really sure - as the wind is picking up and blasting snow all over the peak

PETER (CONT'D)  
(into comms)  
I think we spooked 'em -

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER

The pilot puts the bird into a hover, not liking the idea.

PILOT  
(into comms)  
You're 2,000 feet of elevation and  
2 klicks away from the target.

DRIFTER  
(into comms)  
That's fine. QRF is inbound but 45  
mikes out. We're not leaving Peter  
out there for that long.

The helicopter powers down until it touches down on a small patch of flat ground and the team deploys off the helicopter.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
(into radio, back to  
command at base)  
We're being re-inserted 2 klicks  
away and we're climbing back up  
there. Peter Thompson is alone up  
there.

While Drifter confers with command, the rest of the team sets a perimeter and prepares for the mission ahead, checking GPS/map study, doing ammo counts, and most of all, mentally coming to terms with what they're going back to.

COMMAND CENTER

Drone footage on the screen shows the team's location, as well as enemy movement on the top of the mountain -- as many figures leave areas of cover and head for the tree-line.

COMMAND  
(over radio)  
We have a foot patrol leaving the  
target area. 10-12 fighters going  
down, heading to the tree-line.  
Looks like two bunkers at the top.  
Peter is engaged. Standby for QRF.

DRIFTER  
(into comms)  
Do we have gunship support?

COMMAND  
 (over radio)  
 Gunship had to pull off because of  
 daylight. Standby for QRF inbound.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

PETER  
 (over corns)  
 Hey guys, I could use some help.

Hearing this, Drifter winces. The understatement in Peter's voice suggests that he's in trouble.

DRIFTER  
 (intoradio, back to base)  
 We're going to go for it.

INT. BASE COMMAND CENTER

Officers see all this on DRONE footage -

DRONE MONITOR: Peter now in a shooting match with enemy bunkers, while separately a dozen or more figures are leaving the peak, heading down towards the tree-line.

OFFICER  
 (into corns)  
 We're going to lose the foot patrol  
 if they get in that tree-line.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

DRIFTER  
 (into corns)  
 Peter, do you see anyone leaving?

No answer.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
 (into corns)  
 Peter?

PETER

Gust of wind has picked up, blowing snow, reducing visibility. He hears Drifter calling him, faintly.

PETER  
 (over corns)  
 I think so.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I got a couple of them in a bunker -  
 holding them off. But I saw some on  
 the move.

Shooting at some fleeting figures -

- but concentrating on what appears to be a bunker - two men  
 dug in behind some rocks, setting up a machine gun.

DRIFTER  
 (over corns)  
 Can you see which way they are  
 going?

SUDDENLY - the bunker guys get the heavy machine gun in place  
 and RIP UP Peter's position. BAM BAM BAM BAM

PETER  
 (as he pulls down)  
 Machine gun.  
 (beat)  
 I think they're going down to you.

DRIFTER

Static on his line.

DRIFTER  
 (into corns)  
 Say again your last.

Drifter looks at his tablet - the drone footage. Sees some  
 movement off the peak - but it's a distorted image due to the  
 wind, and it's not clear how many people are involved.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
 (over corns)  
 Say again your last. You corning  
 down? Who is corning down? Do you  
 see the hostages?

No answer.

PETER -

Peter is now trying to make himself as small as possible as  
 the rock itself gets jackhammered with bullets!

PETER  
 (intocorns)  
 Little help.

DRIFTER

That came through.

DRIFTER  
(into corns)  
Hang tight. Our ETA is 20 minutes.

PETER

Out of the blue - we can't see from where - he gets shot in the shoulder.

He scans wildly - sees movement to his right - fires randomly

PETER  
(intocorns)  
Hey, I'm shot.

Blood is pouring out of his shoulder.

DRIFTER  
(overcorns)  
Are you good?

Off Peter's face as he grabs his medical bag and calculates the extent of the wound -

PETER  
(into corns)  
Maybe not for much longer.

DRIFTER

Gathers his team into a quick huddle.

DRIFTER  
(to the team)  
They're coming down to us. Reaper confirms it. Peter is shot bad. I have to assume they have the hostages with them.

JUST BENNY  
Let's go get him. Do the journalists another day.

DRIFTER  
Walk and talk.

They set out in the deep snow, climbing upwards - crampons on boots to handle the ice - and continue to hash out a plan

DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
Possible we run into them -



PRINCE  
How bad is he shot?

<p>DRIFTER He just said it was fucking bad.</p>	<p>JUST BENNY This is easy. Let's get our man.</p>
---	--

DRIFTER  
This is a rescue mission.  
(into corns)  
Peter, where exactly you hit?

No answer.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)  
(into corns)  
Peter?

The new information sinks in and nobody says a word for a few moments. They trudge in silence up the steep mountain fighting the heavy snow.

Finally, Bambi says it:

BAMBI  
We're not going to get there anytime soon. No matter what we do, if he's dying, we miss the window.

PRINCE  
We don't have options: WE GET OUR BEST FRIEND! Not some arrogant assholes we don't even know.

DRIFTER  
We don't need to know them.

Now they have moved out of the open area they landed on and have reached dense trees.

TREES:

BAMBI  
Peter is probably done. Take the win we can get.

DRIFTER  
(agreeing)  
Set-up. Wait for them to come down.

PRINCE absolutely hates this idea, he points to a much steeper, but perhaps other route up the mountain, even knowing it's a much riskier route.

PRINCE  
 Rope up that rock face if the concern  
 is running into them. Otherwise, we  
 move up. Personally, I'm not worried  
 about a gun fight.

DRIFTER  
 (giving the order)  
 No. That's impulsive. I'm not  
 losing another man. Set-up now.

Decision made, they jog over the trees near the most obvious area of  
 the mountain where someone would descend, and they blend into the  
 trees...

Preparing for an ambush.

Each man, already wearing camo-over-whites, is nearly invisible  
 amongst the trees and brush.

PETER

Is he gone or still alive? Hard to tell.

TREE-LINE

All we can see of Just Benny is the tip of his suppressed rifle  
 poking out of the snow

JUST BENNY  
 (into mic)  
 We're sitting here playing commando  
 while Peter bleeds out-

DRIFTER  
 (over mic)  
 Stay tight.

PRINCE

(into mic)  
 This is bullshit

DRIFTER  
 (over mic)  
 Quiet.

That snow that started on the peak begins to fall on the men

It's kind of beautiful up here.

Epic view down into the valley.

Then...

From behind the trees, a contingent of AL QUAEDA fighters emerges - five, six...no ten...no, more than a dozen of them...slowly corning into view from the forest above.

Their feet crunching in the snow. We notice, among them are TWO FEMALE JOURNALISTS, hands bound, heads covered with blindfolds -

They hurry down the slope - indeed, having been spooked by the helicopter.

The GUN-FIRE from the hidden SEALs is staggeringly precise -

-- the sound of GUNFIRE startles the women into a haphazard mad dash - complicating the field of fire.

- but in moments it's over.

Two AL QUAEDA run away to flank - 7 are shot dead.

3 have the presence of mind to drop to the ground - returning fire indiscriminately - potentially endangering the hostages -

Busting out of his hideout, and sprinting through the trees, PRINCE rushes forward and grabs the JOURNALISTS and bundles them in his arms and brings them to the ground - they're completely overwhelmed and confused and struggling -

PRINCE

USA! USA!

Simultaneously, the men engage the remaining 3 fighters and silence them after a few more back-and-forth.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

(continuing to the women)

We are a U.S. rescue force. You are safe. Do *exactly* as I say. Stay still.

The journalists stop flailing around, try to process this - and PRINCE adds a calming note.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

(as if no big deal)

We flew in this morning from San Diego.

Just as - everyone else emerges from their hiding spots -

AL  
 I got hit randomly in the eye.  
 (rubbing his eye, which  
 got hit by shrapnel)

DRIFTER  
 (to JUST BENNY)  
 Take Al and them down slope a klick  
 and get a helo. We got Peter.

They depart with the two hostages and we lose track of them for the remainder of this portion of the episode. [NB: what happens during this period will become the subject of much speculation and debate later]

BAMBI  
 (into mic)  
 Yo, Peter. You still with us?  
 Peter, Peter.

No answer. He and Drifter exchange a look. PRINCE has already started out - moving ahead of them.

TREES:

Just Benny, Al and the hostages hustle down the mountain, slipping as they go - and Al falls, gets back up.

MOUNTAIN - NEAR PEAK

Tracking, nearly in real time, Drifter, Bambi and PRINCE scrambling up the slope, through the trees, as the trees thin out and they draw near to the summit.

Though the area is steep, it is wide enough that the men can spread out a bit - each tackling a slightly different field of fire/ approach angle. [NB: as the season progresses, this spreading out, and the different positions & views of the ensuing action, becomes very important]

Next, they separate into two elements and cover each other's movement as they bound forward...searching for Peter.

BAMBI

Reaching a point where he can see the area around Peter's position, although Peter himself is not visible. Then he hears AK-47 GUNFIRE -- can't tell where its coming from.

He stares at the white landscape.

[NB: as above, what he can't see right now will become clear months later, in the after action analysis provided by drone footage. What the footage suggests will rip the men apart]

DRIFTER

Drifter spots the real threat, a BUNKER dug out in the snow about 100 meters in front of them.

DRIFTER

Yo!

Bambi, still about 20 meters behind Drifter, follows his pointing just as Drifter starts running up to the bunker.

Bambi follows but trips and falls, widening the gap between them, and as Bambi gets up, Drifter hits the bunker.

BUNKER

Two Al-Qaeda fighters inside the shallow dug-out look up to see Drifter just as he comes over and shoots and kills them both.

Drifter drops down into the bunker, shoves the bodies aside, and immediately sees a SECOND BUNKER up ahead -- this is the one that had been firing at Peter's position but has now turned a MACHINE GUN to PRINCE and Just Benny who are 100 yards away.

PRINCE gets hit in the leg!

BUNKER - DRIFTER

Just then Drifter is rushed from the side by another Al-Qaeda fighter. The ENEMY FIGHTER shoots his rifle at near point blank range just as Drifter knocks it to the side and elbows the Fighter's face as the Fighter's other hand reaches Drifter's throat and punches him in the Adam's apple and Drifter's free hand reaches down to an ice ax in a side holster which pops off and as they tumble down into the bunker, Drifter hits the Fighter's head with his ice ax and splits it open.

BAMBI AND PRINCE

Bambi has fallen back to help PRINCE.

PRINCE

Flank, I'll cover.

Bambi never takes his eye off the field of fire in front of him -- so he's talking to PRINCE but not seeing him.

BAMBI

Sit tight.

PRINCE is ripping open meds and stuffing gauze in his wound -

PRINCE

(desperate)

You have to go so we don't get  
pinned down!!

Bambi ignores him, rapid fire shooting.

PRINCE is maybe freaking out because the gauze is being pushed away by the pressure of the vein and he can see blood pulsating out of the soft tissue. He puts his hand on it but the blood keeps coming.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

It's that big vein in the leg -  
femoral artery.

Bambi keeps firing -

BAMBI

Tourniquet tighter than you think.  
Then Quickclot.

He fires at a distant target, BAM-BAM. Something in Bambi's relaxed tone pierces PRINCE'S fear, and he starts working on the tourniquet.

DRIFTER

Drifter, seeing that Bambi is giving him suppressive fire, rushes to the Second Bunker and meets resistance.

BAMBI'S POV:

All of a sudden, Drifter is on the ground! Shot somehow. He didn't see it but it looks like Drifter is still breathing, his rifle lying on his chest, its laser sight rising and falling with DRIFTER'S labored breath.

BAMBI

(into mic)

What's the status of the QRF?

Static.

COMMAND  
(over corns)  
15 minutes out.

Bambi crawls toward Drifter to recover him but BULLETS start pinging around him and he rolls back to his cover.

BAMBI  
(into mic)  
Peter, Peter. If you're still alive man, really need you to say so. Or just key the corns. I'm here, man, I don't see you anywhere.

Silence on the corns channel.

Bambi looks over. Drifter's rifle has stopped moving.

The laser is not going up and down anymore. His breathing seems like it has stopped.

Bambi looks up - snow flakes touch his face.

He makes a decision. Rolls *back* into the field of fire - this time he empties his magazine at the Second Bunker, rapid magazine change

But the bunker RETURNS FIRE anyway-

And he is forced to squeeze back behind the rock.

Then: a grenade explodes - maybe twenty feet from him. The concussive overpressure is intense.

And then he makes the decision that will haunt him for the rest of his life: he retreats. The fastest way is to roll and that's what he does -

*Rolling himself down the slope, away from the field of fire, turning over and over.*

Off his frenzied tumble -

CUT TO:

AMBER'S FACE -

Anxiously waiting.

INT./ EXT. NAVAL AIR STATION, SAN DIEGO

Because she's kin and everyone knows her, AMBER is allowed on the landing runway without an escort.

A handful of officials are clustered near her, but they give her space. She bites her lip waiting for the military air transport, a C-17 Globemaster, to land.

The C-17 lands -

Stairs go down.

What's left of ECHO 3 disembarks.

Amber rushes forward. She's never seen the guys this wrecked before. She embraces PRINCE. Then turns to Bambi and gives him a hug. Tears in her eyes. The other guys stand there and she motions them in, hugging Al and Just Benny.

They walk to a door leading inside.

INT. NAVAL AIR STATION, SAN DIEGO

In the b.g. are families we don't recognize, but we see Pam, who is sitting at a table with the boys, Jason and Jack.

When she sees the team, she shakes her head - tears streaming.

Bambi approaches her, clasps his hands in prayer and, begging forgiveness, kneels down and cups her knees.

Tears streaming down his face.

Al goes to the kids, grabs Jason in a bear hug, while Just Benny picks up Jack and holds him tight.

Amber goes behind Pam and hugs her.

PRINCE watches it all - leg bandaged now - makeshift crutches.

Then, in the b.g., the Journalist Hostages enter the room and head straight for their families in the back, embracing joyfully.

One of the hostages' husband notices Pam, the weeping military wife, and Bambi, still kneeling.

HUSBAND OF HOSTAGE  
Is that the wife of the soldier who  
died getting you?



HOSTAGE #1

I think so.

HUSBAND OF HOSTAGE

What do you say? I want to say something.

He can't find the words and just watches Pam and the team's sorrow.

EXT. FORT ROSECRANS NATIONAL CEMETERY, SAN DIEGO

Rifles fire three times. Snap back to rest. The team stands by in a huge CROWD brought together to mourn DRIFTER'S passing.

One by one, the men approach the casket, remove their Navy tridents and bang the metal insignias into the wood.

The wooden box goes into the ground.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA ROAD, AFTERNOON

A compact rental car slips and slides along an icy road.

INT. RENTAL CAR

Just Benny rubs his eyes, drives, trying to make good time, dog tired, running late.

There's no traction in the wet and he's trying to keep his tires on the road.

His phone buzzes.

JUST BENNY

(into cell)

I'm 5 miles out.

PETER'S FATHER

(over phone)

We'll wait for you.

JUST BENNY

(into phone)

See you soon.

He tosses the phone onto the seat, and it slides off to the floor - so he leans over to get it -

Looks up to see -

- Decreasing radius of camber to turn; he's about to overshoot. Just Benny spins the wheel too late to avoid a run-off, and the wheels ram into a snow drift on the shoulder.

JUST BENNY (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR

Just Benny gets out to study the damage. The car definitely stuck.

He tries rocking it back and forth but the car will need a tow. He checks his watch. Snaps up a speciality GPS Topographical Forest Service map on his phone. Waiting for the map to load.

CU MAP: his position marked by a blinking arrow.

Just Benny studies the road - and the terrain.

Grabs his pack out of the back of the car, then goes in the trunk, where an ICE CHEST contains a BLACK plastic bag.

He takes the bag, shoves it in his pack, and sets out on foot.

Jogging fast, he cuts off the road, through a field --

Off his running -

EXT. ANCORAGE ALASKA ROAD - LATER

Just Benny is running hard, sweating in the cold. He knows he's close. Can see up ahead, a CEMETERY.

EXT. CEMETERY, ANCHORAGE ALASKA

Mourners gathering over a modest grave notice Just Benny running towards them.

They wait for him to arrive, chest heaving.

He kneels down on one-knee and pulls PETER'S FLAG out of his pack and hands it to his Dad.

PETER'S FATHER

You're an outstanding friend to my son.

Just Benny stands, snaps to a salute which is returned, and we realize that Peter's dad was Navy too.

JUST BENNY

(formal)

The team has entrusted me to express our deep regret that your son, Peter Karlson, was killed in action in Spin Gar, Afghanistan, four days ago. Peter took point on an ambush and if not for his bravery and valor many more of us would have died. The team extends our deepest sympathy for you and your family.

PETER's father nods, numbly. He's been around death before -

PETER'S FATHER

What about the other item?

Just Benny is surprised to hear him say that. Now? He digs into his pack and hands over a black plastic bag.

PETER'S FATHER (CONT'D)

(turning to the mourners)

This man was with Pete.

The family and friends give Just Benny a nod.

PETER'S FATHER (CONT'D)

He killed the man who killed Pete.

(choking up)

He brought us that son of a bitch's hand in a bag.

He holds up the black plastic bag.

PETER'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I thought I wanted this. I don't.

Just Benny steps over and takes the bag back from him.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK - SAN DIEGO SPORTS CENTER

Skates cutting on ice, less intense this time.

Jason takes his spot in front of the goal for an intra-squad scrimmage. No parents are there, just coaches, except for Al and Bambi who awkwardly loiter.

JASON  
 (pointing to the corner)  
 Right there, behind the goal.

Al stands behind the goal.

AL  
 Can you hear me?

Jason nods. The scrimmage begins, and Jack flashes some skill with the puck, cutting past defenders.

BAMBI  
 Fuck 'em up, Jack!

Jack promptly loses an edge and falls to the ice, giving up the puck. The COACH skates over.

COACH  
 Less is more with these kids.

Bambi nods, watches for a minute, then -

THE BUZZER goes off - spooking Bambi, provoking some PTSD.

He abruptly turns and exits through the side door, just as the coach blows the whistle, and the players head to the opposite side of the rink.

AL  
 What happened?

JASON  
 Icing. It's a penalty.

EXT. ICE RINK - SAN DIEGO SPORTS CENTER

Bambi squats by himself. Images flash through his head --

FLASHBACK - TEAM MEETING:

Drifter describing the op to the assembled squad.

DRIFTER

It's not ideal but we should be able to get the drop on them if we land on the X.

FLASHBACKS:

Peter falling out of the helo -

waiting in the trees

Hostages, blood-spattered faces, relieved.

Peter dying in cold, blood on snow.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

He puts out a half-smoked cigarette and goes to open the facility's front door. It auto-locked behind him.

Bambi walks around the building, finds an open window, about 10ft up and in one motion, hoists himself through.

ICE

The puck flies to the back of Jason's net. As the opposing side celebrates, Jason slams his stick against the goalpost, then sends the puck to center ice.

AL

It's all good, J-Man.

Jason takes off his helmet and turns to Al.

JASON

Don't try to be my Dad.

Looking past Jason, Al notices Bambi has returned. He doesn't look well.

AL

Sorry, pal. My bad.

EST. NAVAL AMPHIBIOUS BASE, CORONADO

An island jutting into the ocean, massed with buildings and military equipment, arranged in a long rectangular grid spreading out over 1,000 acres.

A harbor on the southern side houses destroyers and small attack boats.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NAVAL BASE

Two uniformed Military Police officers sit at a barren desk.

They question Bambi, PRINCE, Al, and Just Benny individually.

INTERCUT all of the below, same exact blocking in each interview, it so it flows like one integrated scene:

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Let's pick this up right after you  
re-inserted onto the mountain.

BAMBI  
Listen, I wrote an after-action  
already. Why am I here?

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Navy business. Standard for these  
medals. Describe what happened  
from that moment on.

AL  
This is about the medals or  
questioning us?

JUST BENNY  
Pete wasn't responding. Drifter and  
Bambi made a decision.

BAMBI  
We knew he was dying or dead. It  
was the right call.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Why Alex? I guess you call him  
"Bambi"?

PRINCE  
He and Drifter wanted to get the  
hostages.

AL  
We killed, like ten or twelve. I  
didn't count bodies.

BAMBI  
Have you ever shot someone at close  
range?

AL  
We all did Presidential - two in  
the chest, one round to the head.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Who gave the order to leave Pete  
and Drifter up there?

AL  
Nobody.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Did you confirm that they were both  
dead?

BAMBI  
They were dead.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
You sure?

BAMBI  
Go fuck yourself. I mean that  
literally. Put your hand up your  
ass. Past the knuckle.

JUST BENNY  
Nobody could survive long up there.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
You went to medical school?

JUST BENNY  
Are you from dickhead school?

AL  
All I know is what Bambi told me.  
Pete was definitely in bad shape  
and he watched Drifter go down with  
his own eyes.

PRINCE  
When they made the decision to set-  
up, Pete was still alive. That's a  
fact.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Pete was still conscious when you  
set-up?

BAMBI  
If you've got something you want to  
say to me, just say it. That was my  
best friend.

MILITARY POLICE #1  
Okay. Why did you prioritize the  
hostages?

AL  
That was the mission?!

JUST BENNY  
We didn't abandon him! We were 15  
minutes out.

(MORE)

JUST BENNY (CONT'D)

We had to make a choice and we went to save a life we knew we could.

MILITARY POLICE #1

What would you call it?

JUST BENNY

I would call it heroic. If you want to know the truth. We didn't have to re-insert. Command said come home. We pushed in knowing there was enemy with the drop on us, knowing we didn't have a gun-ship. We tried to save Peter. We lost two men. We rescued the hostages.

PRINCE

I think they left him to go for the flashy stuff - hostage rescue. That sounds terrible. But I believe it. They wanted that win.

AL

We withdrew under fire.

JUST BENNY

Not before dropping about 15 Taliban, right?

BAMBI

Do you think you can understand what happened over there while sitting in this room?

MILITARY POLICE #1

No. That's why I have you here, so you can tell me.

JUST BENNY

Why? Are you writing a book?

BAMBI

What was I supposed to do? Stay with Frank? Tell me. Should I have died with them? Should I have watched everyone in our unit die too? And the hostages too? Because that's what would have happened. We made a decision, a tough one.

MILITARY POLICE #1

What would you have done had you not gotten hit?



PRINCE

I'd have made sure Pete and Frank got off that mountain. Even their bodies.

MILITARY POLICE #1

Do you think that'd be the right thing to do, even now?

BAMBI

I never said it was the right thing to do. I said we did what had to be done.

MILITARY POLICE #1

Although from what I gather, you didn't stand a chance against the machine gun bunkers? Do you think you should've stayed there to die?

PRINCE

We're soldiers. It happens sometimes. We die.

JUST BENNY

Bambi probably saved Eric's life. For sure the hostages are alive today because of him and Drifter. Put that in your report.

AL

Prince and Bambi have some bullshit. Like every family.

JUST BENNY

Eric showed up to BUD/S one time in a Lambo. That's why we call him Prince. It's not a compliment. Don't you think being that rich could cloud his vision?

MILITARY POLICE #1

Do you realize that the significance of your decision is much greater than you might think?

BAMBI

Do you realize you haven't thanked me for my service? Frank and Pete, if they were here today, wouldn't have wanted it to go any other way. I can guarantee you that.

MILITARY POLICE #1

Well, we won't be able to ask them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Bambi steps out of the interrogation room and into the parking lot where Al, Just Benny, and PRINCE are all waiting.

JUST BENNY

You good?

BAMBI

(to PRINCE)

What did you tell them in there?

PRINCE

I told them what happened.

BAMBI

As you were bleeding out.

AL

Of all the things to ask, I'd start with where was the gunship? What took the QRF so long? Why was the intel bad?

BAMBI

Why are they even looking at this?

PRINCE

You know why they're looking at it.

BAMBI

Enlighten me, motherfucker.

Just Benny tries to make peace.

JUST BENNY

I just told 'em - Peter was dead. No movement on the pred-feed, didn't answer his comms. We saved the hostages. And Drifter walked into it.

PRINCE

I told them it didn't have to happen that way for Peter.

This is shocking to the other team members. The general idea is to keep dirty laundry private.

BAMBI  
Don't go there, man.

PRINCE  
You made a choice.

Their OFFICER comes out -

BAMBI  
You just crossed a line.

OFFICER  
Hey guys.

AL  
What's up, Sir?

OFFICER  
Don't bug out on the red tape.  
Everyone's up for combat  
commendation. Peter and Drifter I'm  
putting up for Silver Stars.  
(thumping Bambi)  
And you too - Silver Star.

Off their nodding, absorbing this information, Amber drives up in her Porsche Cayenne. She sees the turmoil on their faces as Bambi and Prince climb into the car.

Nobody says a word as she pulls away.

INT. TRULUCK'S, LA JOLLA, CALIF. - THAT EVENING

A fancy, bustling seafood restaurant. Amber and Bambi are sitting at a table with three places set. Prince is obviously still stewing.

WAITRESS  
Jameson?

Prince nods. The waitress looks at Amber, but her glass of white wine is full, untouched.

Bambi tries to get the conversation going.

BAMBI  
Went to hockey practice with Jason and Jack today. First time they'd been back on the ice. Jason got into a thing with the coach, but he handled it well. The kid's tough.

AMBER

I saw Pam. She keeps asking me if we're still going to be friends. If she can still call me.

PRINCE

Pam's going to be part of our lives forever. I hate that she thinks we would ever abandon her.

AMBER

I know - she's overwhelmed. She's so worried about the kids plummeting into depression.

BAMBI

I'm telling you, they're solid boys. They had their Dad for ten, twelve, years..

As crazy as that sounds, Amber understands where Bambi is coming from, since they both were fatherless at the age of 4. Prince is astonished to hear how Bambi is talking -- it seems to him like Bambi is not grieving deeply enough.

The waitress comes back with the drink.

WAITRESS

One Jameson.

She sits it on the table and Prince takes a sip as he says "thank you"

PRINCE

I'm sorry, this isn't Jameson. I drink it all the time.

WAITRESS

Oh. Shoot. I'm sorry I'll check with the bartender.

She takes the drink.

PRINCE

(to Bambi)

She's going to double-check.

shrugs this off and looks at Amber.

BAMBI

Did you see mom got a new television - says she needs an LED.

Amber rolls her eyes.

AMBER  
Does anybody want to talk about  
something funny?

Prince is now doubly pissed off that Bambi has taken his  
sister down this trivial conversational path.

PRINCE  
(to Bambi)  
I don't understand: you think it's  
okay for a ten year old to not have  
his dad.

BAMBI  
No. I'm just saying there's  
hardship in this world and yet  
people survive.

PRINCE  
I guess you're the best example of  
that. Perfectly well adjusted.

The waitress returns.

WAITRESS  
You were right! The bartender  
apologizes he ran out of Jameson.  
He looked in the basement stock  
room, we don't have any. Can I get  
you something else - on the house  
of course?

PRINCE  
Jack Daniels will be fine.

The waitress smiles and nods and leaves to get the drink.

PRINCE (CONT'D)  
(to Bambi)  
Wow, very professional bartender.  
Didn't trust his gut.

Bambi stares at his drink

BAMBI  
(rising anger)  
Good one.

Prince can't contain himself any longer -

PRINCE  
Guess it's not that big a deal.  
Nobody's shooting at him -

Bambi bolts up out of the chair -

INT. RESTAURANT

Bambi heads for the door.

Prince follows him and Amber trails behind them both.

PRINCE

Don't walk away from me.

Talking to Bambi's back, Prince doesn't let up, determined to make Bambi hear every last word

PRINCE (CONT'D)

You made the decision! I told you we should go up the side. But you and Drifter wanted to set-up and wait -- and in those seven minutes, Peter died.

BAMBI

PRINCE

You better live with that -

They're nearing the exit of the restaurant -

In one lightning move -

Bambi pushes Prince by the head and smashes him into the glass

Prince's nose explodes in blood -

PRINCE (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

You suckered me?

Bambi walks away, heading to a dark area of the parking lot.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now you're a sucker puncher?

Bambi turns, drops his arms, closes his eyes. Defenseless.

AMBER

I'm out.

Amber leaves just as Prince jabs him precisely in the nose. Facing each other now - both bleeding in exactly same way.

PRINCE  
(to Bambi)  
We really doing this?

Bambi dances on his toes. Big grin. Loving it.

AMBER:

Heading to her CAR. We stay with her as she walks.

INT. AMBER'S CAR

She gets in the PORSCHE CAYENNE that Prince bought her. She glances in her rear view mirror to see her husband and her brother, throwing punches like a couple of idiots.

She cranks the stereo, hits drive and doesn't look back.

INT. AMBER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Amber flips through stations. Nothing sounds correct.

Suddenly, she pulls a U-Turn, heads the other way.

INT. NEUROPSYCHOPHARMACOLOGY LAB - LATER

With ambient synth music flowing through her headphones, Amber gracefully maneuvers around a high-tech lab. It's just her, some plants, and dozens of exotic looking machines - it becomes clear that this is her refuge from the outside world.

She delicately feeds a FAN-SHAPED LEAF into a precision slicer.

The machine whirs, and Amber retrieves a tray full of microscopically thin slices. Like a master surgeon, she separates out the slices and uses a tiny dropper to insert dye into a few of them.

She carefully inserts a slice into the microscope.

THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE:

- dozens of cells, two or three of which have turned purple.
- a tiny metal needle comes into frame, separating out the purple cells.

BACK TO AMBER:

-- Amber observes the cells on a computer screen as she manipulates a tiny joystick that controls the robotic arm.

-- The purple cells come free, and Amber captures them on a new slide, which is sealed by the machine.

-- Amber picks up the slide and places it in the freezer.

Amber takes off her headphones, looks around, and turns on the ventilation hoods, which loudly suck air from the room.

She walks to a file cabinet in the far corner, paws through some files and finds an odd-looking one that was hidden. Inside, we get a glimpse of what appears to be a series of receipts...as well as a BURNER PHONE.

Amber powers on the burner phone, navigates to the call history, and dials the only number in there.

She turns away and we can't hear what she says.

INT. MODERN HOME - PRINCE & AMBER'S - NIGHT

Amber comes home from the lab to find Prince on the couch in a Google k-hole. He's done nothing about the many bruises on his face. He nods hello.

She returns from the kitchen with 1) ice, 2) an anti-inflammatory, and 3) a glass of water. She puts the water on the table and tosses the ice bag and pills in his lap. He swallows a couple pills dry, without the water, making a show of it.

AMBER

Nothing to say?

PRINCE

I'm not perfect?

AMBER

Oh God, tell me I didn't marry my brother.

(calming down)

I know you're both grieving but I'm gonna need a little more emotional transparency. I'm still going to Colombia. How do you feel about that? Is it okay? Hello?

PRINCE



He's lost in his own head.

AMBER

Maybe you're happy I'm going.

She turns and heads up the stairs and he calls after her:

PRINCE

Maybe if you know I'm grieving you  
shouldn't be so self-involved!

Instantly regretting it.

INT. BATHROOM - MODERN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Amber flips on the shower, undresses, gets in.

After a few moments, Prince comes in and sits on a chair,  
watching her through the glass.

She finishes, wraps herself in a towel and walks past him.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MODERN HOME - CONTINUOUS

She moves to the nightstand. Drops the towel, showing ass. He  
gets up grabs her from behind, a bit rough. Kisses her.

AMBER

That still works.

PRINCE

Bend over.

She pushes him away.

AMBER

Now that I have your attention, get  
your head together. We're going to  
talk.

He flops on his back on the bed. She puts on a baggy t-shirt  
back and joins him.

Waiting.

Finally, he opens up.

PRINCE

Did he tell you why we lost Pete?

AMBER

No.

PRINCE

You ever wonder why not?

*Here we go. Ask how he feels and instead he starts talking shit about his boss, who happens to be your brother.*

AMBER

Maybe he didn't need to. Do you want to?

PRINCE

Your brother made a very consequential decision.

AMBER

(fuck off)

Rescuing those women. Who would have been beheaded.

Prince can't see an end-game. He shuts up.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So what happened to Pete?

PRINCE

He died defending his team.

AMBER

That's what I thought you'd say.

PRINCE

Yeah.

(beat)

So look: I'm fine. Enjoy your trip.

AMBER

Let me help you here: I'm scared that you won't be the same person when I come back. I'm scared that losing some of your friends, *our friends, baby*, is hurting you and that you might not be built for this. You're a sensitive man. And I'm scared maybe this is too much for you.

PRINCE

What the fuck?

She gives it one last try.

AMBER  
I just told you my feelings. I love  
you.

PRINCE  
Okay.

AMBER  
Tell me your feelings...

PRINCE  
I don't have any.

AMBER  
Really? Tell me and I'll give you a  
blow job.

She reaches down. Overwhelmed by the intimacy, he abruptly  
pushes her off.

PRINCE  
Just give me some space alright!  
Get out of my head.

INT. BATHROOM - MODERN HOME - LATER

Amber is in the bathroom, watching the water pour out of the  
faucet. Studies herself in the mirror.

Then she picks up her cell off the bathroom counter.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MODERN HOME - LATER

Prince is awake when Amber comes back.

PRINCE  
Sorry.

AMBER  
I cancelled my flight to Colombia.

PRINCE  
What?

AMBER  
I'm not going.

PRINCE  
No. You competed for this. A  
thousand to one or whatever.

AMBER

It's fine. It's not a good time for me to leave. You're depressed, even if you won't admit it.

PRINCE

I'm just being a little bitch.

AMBER

Baby, it's done. I don't want to be away from you right now. I'm happy with the decision.

PRINCE

What about the company we talked about? And starting something with your research. All that planning?

AMBER

No schedule in war.

She flips off the light. And we catch a glimpse of Prince in the darkness. Is he secretly pleased? Maybe so.

EXT. THE FOREST, BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

Tall oaks, leaves rustling in the wind.

Poor visibility through the dense branches, a faint visual echo of the mountain top.

Amber runs through the trails, sneakers kicking up dust.

She's an accomplished runner -

EST. INTERSTATE 5, SAN DIEGO

Open road. Too early for the commuter crowd.

INT./ EXT. AMBER'S CAR

Amber drives home sweaty and flushed, listening to heavy metal cranked up really LOUD.

EXT. MODERN HOME - PRINCE & AMBER'S - MORNING

Amber walks up to her front door. She pauses to allow a scanner to read her irises. The door clicks open and she enters.

INT. FOYER - MODERN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amber steps into a spectacular, thirty foot tall room, flooded with natural light.

                  AMBER  
                  (shouting to the house)  
                  Horne!

LUCILLE, a large Belgian Malinois, comes to greet her enthusiastically, jumping on her hind legs in attempt to lick Amber's face.

                  AMBER (CONT'D)  
                  (trying to sound stern)  
                  Lucille! Off! Where is he? Find  
                  him.

Lucille spins, heads for the stairs. Amber continues into the kitchen. Grabs the last cup of coffee out of a pot, follows the dog.

STAIRS/ HALLWAY/ BEDROOM

The dog leads her to the master bedroom -- but the door is locked. She knocks.

                  AMBER  
                  Eric!

No answer. This is weird. Lucille, picking up on Amber's anxiety, paws HARD at the door.

                  AMBER (CONT'D)  
                  Open the door, Eric! You're scaring  
                  me.

The dog is now really attacking the door. Big gashes in the wood.

                  AMBER (CONT'D)  
                  (to dog)  
                  Okay. That's enough.

Dog doesn't listen to her. The lock clicks and the door opens. Prince is standing there.

She pushes into the room to see-

Her luggage, all packed up.

She scans the near perfect packing job - clothes folded crisp, toiletries arranged with military precision - airplane tickets to Colombia on top.

She searches her husband's face.

PRINCE

Go. Nothing will change.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER

Amber rolls her suitcase down the aisle, navigating through the thicket of rowdy vacation-goers, and heaves the case into the overhead compartment.

As we hear stray snippets of happy talk, Amber pulls on a pair of noise-cancelling headphones and enters her own world, staring at the twinkling lights on the night-time runway.

Hardly looks like the beginning of a great adventure.

EXT. HOTEL BONAVENTURA, CARTAGENA - NEXT MORNING

Amber, looking partially restored, sits at a small counter under a canopy. She's obviously been there a while - got her laptop out, a couple of maps, a notebook - and it's starting to get a little crowded.

A handsome young waiter comes over with a tray.

Amber starts to pull her stuff together.

AMBER

Lo siento, señor. I'll be out of  
your way un momenta.

The waiter puts down a fresh cup of coffee.

WAITER

Tranquil, señorita, tranquil.

EXT. A BUCOLIC STREET, CARTAGENA

A perfect sunny day, we spot Amber in a throng of pedestrians, she's the only one in a hurry to get anywhere.

A curly-haired girl on a tricycle does a little loop around Amber, causing her to stumble and almost fall down.

Amber helps her up distractedly. She's late.

INT. LA PALETTERIA

A bustling shop selling artisanal popsicles. Amber enters and sees an American guy in the back. We'll call him Mitch, which is a cover name, but it will be a long time before we ever know his real name. She approaches Mitch.

AMBER

Sorry. I didn't mean to be late.

MITCH

Try the cherry. It's outstanding.

AMBER

I'm sure it's very unique.

He hands her a PURPLE CELL phone with a bunch of girly UNICORN stickers on it.

MITCH

(re the stickers)

I thought it was cool.  
Personalized. Just put your SIM card in there and when you're all done, there's an App there labeled SECURE. Open it and the phone will encrypt. You can only do it once, so make sure you're really done. That's important.

AMBER

Right okay. Then I just send it back to you and...

MITCH

Yup. Swap the sim cards. We're gonna make history and do some real good. What more could anyone ask for, right?

EXT. THE HARBOR, CARTAGENA

Amber, walking along the docks, surveying the little boats, finds a sloop called La Freidora, whose aged captain is sitting quietly, reading a book.

AMBER

I've heard this is the boat to find dolphins.

CAPTAIN

It can be.

He stands up and helps her on.

AMBER

I'm Amber.

CAPTAIN

Of course you are.

EXT. CARRIBBEAN OCEAN - A BIT LATER

The boat hugs the shoreline and we follow it for a while until we see what they've been heading for:

A large construction project on the shoreline, where crews are clearcutting forest. He slows the boat as she raises her PURPLE CELL PHONE and snaps pics of the construction project.

AMBER

This is the Sun Road, right?

SHORELINE

A crew member notices the boat and sees Amber taking pictures and waves his arms, NO.

BOAT

The boat lurches forward as the Captain gives it gas and Amber tips back, off-balance, almost falling.

CAPTAIN

Hold on.

The motor wide open now - this old sloop has hidden power -  
Off the wake -

EXT. CARRIBBEAN OCEAN - LATER

Amber and the captain are skipping the surface of the water. Seems like he's waiting for something.

AMBER

Let's go back. I don't care about this.



CAPTAIN  
It's worth it.

They wait another beat. Then the Captain points excitedly at the water: dark shapes moving in the depths.

In a silken leap, they crest the surface, first two, then twenty more, a school of dolphins, engulfing the boat.

Amber has to admit.

It's dazzling.

EXT. BEDOYA RESIDENCE, BOGOTA - EARLY SATURDAY EVENING

A taxicab deposits Amber at the doorstep of a modern villa. Sounds of a party float over the compound walls.

A DELIVERY MAN carrying a case of wine, also approaches. He's got his hands full, so Amber rings the bell.

Door is answered by the host, ERNESTO (52) a trim, successful entrepreneur and, as it happens, one of Colombia's foremost horticulture enthusiasts.

ERNESTO  
Amber?! Corne in!  
(kissing her on both  
cheeks, then to the  
delivery man)  
El ingrediente mas irnportante. Todo  
el carnino hacia atras, por favor.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)  
(to the delivery man)  
Sigue, hasta el jardin!  
(back to Amber)  
I'm Ernesto.

AMBER  
Yes! So nice to meet you.

INT. LIVING AREA - BEDOYA RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Ernesto guides Amber toward the garden, where several dozen hip GUESTS are drinking cocktails while a female chef in crisp whites works the grill.

As she walks behind him

ERNESTO

I'm hosting all the fellows.

AMBER

I didn't realize it was a party.

ERNESTO

We meant to keep it low-key but  
that never happens.

Amber clocks the exotic plants and the fashionista crowd. She's never before associated her research with *glamour*. A bartender brings over two mojitos.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

You must be fatigued?

She's fine. He gestures to his wife, dressed in a fashionable jumpsuit, talking to other guests.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

My wife, Gigi.  
(pointing to the garden)  
And my mistress.

Intrigued by what she realizes is a beguiling mix of entheogens and neurologically-active plants, Amber drifts over, gestures toward a row of huge cacti.

AMBER

Big peruvianus. You must drown  
them.

ERNESTO

A little extra water.

Amber examines the plant more closely.

AMBER

I bet. And those are ah, what is  
it, *Sceletium tortuosum*?

He nods.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Is everything here psychoactive?

ERNESTO

(happy she noticed)  
A garden of the mind. We bought  
the house for the light, 20 years  
ago. I was planting seeds before we  
had furniture.

(beat)

(MORE)

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

But I wanted to say about your work: it's a fascinating time to look at mitragynine. The world needs a real solution for opiate addiction.

AMBER

(happy)

I won't argue with that.

ERNESTO

I can quote you, "Alkaloids are the last blackholes. They must be explored," Of course, I agree.

AMBER

Thank you for underwriting the research to actually explore new specimens. Who does that?

A young bearded man with nerdy glasses inserts himself into their conversation. His tone is a little more pointed.

RODRIGO

Only a great patron. But secretly he just wants new plants to water-board in his garden. We can say you are a sado-naturalist.

ERNESTO

Rodrigo, director of the program. Not in your league, but sincere.

As they shake, Ernesto herds others into their group.

RODRIGO

I like your paper!

ERNESTO

Picture with the jungle squad.

Ernesto puts himself in the center of the group, Rodrigo snaps a picture with his phone. (NB: Later in the season, this picture will become important.)

Tristan, confident, stylish, shoulder length hair:

TRISTAN

Tristan. I'm local.

(she shakes his hand)

Where we are going in the Darien Gap is the most virgin ecosystem in the hemisphere.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 For a long time, you couldn't even  
 walk it. Too dangerous.

Gilles, in Woody Allen eyeglasses, appears at Amber's arm.

GILLES  
 They found a Swedish hiker with a  
 bullet in his head five years ago.  
 A little dangerous still, maybe.

TRISTAN  
 Stereotype. You have more shootings  
 in Chicago than Colombia.

GILLES  
 Chicago is also dangerous.

ERNESTO  
 Guys, it was political. That has  
 been addressed.  
 (explaining to Amber)  
 Now they're fighting over a road.

AMBER  
 I've heard, the Sun Road. A threat  
 to the narcos, right?

Ernesto gives Tristan a look and a change in subject is dutifully attempted.

TRISTAN  
 Where in the U.S. do you come from?

Still processing the abrupt change in subject.

AMBER  
 Rural West Virginia.

GILLES  
 How do you like snakes?

AMBER  
 Love 'em.

GILLES  
 Where we are going in the Darien,  
 one was found, forty-two feet long.  
 Over 1,000 kilos.

Amber shrugs.

AMBER

This is going to sound weird but I don't get afraid like that. It's genetic in my family.

GILLES

Really or you are joking?

AMBER

Seriously. A kink in the amygdala, somewhere, the wires don't fuse. My brother, he's a commando, and he's the same. We don't experience fear the normal way.

ERNESTO

I want drops of that DNA to put in my coffee every morning.

AMBER

No you don't.

Just as a roar comes up from the other side of the party because a new wave of guests has just arrived, including ROCCA, a world-famous French-Colombian rapper.

ERNESTO

Look what the cat dragged in from New York!

Ernesto and Roccca embrace.

ROCCA

I brought a track.

ERNESTO

Fantastic!

Amber watches in culture shock as the music gets turned up and Rocca's entourage commandeers the stereo system and the staff moves furniture to make room for dancing.

EXT. BEDOYA'S GARDEN - SOME HOURS LATER

It is now a full-on dance party, unrecognizable from the polite gathering seen previously. A swarm of arms and legs.

We catch intermittent glimpses of Amber and Ernesto; each time we see them, their bodies have drawn closer, until they are in almost full frontal contact. Ernesto's hand on her hip. Amber keeps dancing, but when Ernesto tries for more, she shimmies away to a sofa.

Before she can catch her breath, GIGI sits almost on top of her.

GIGI  
You have to treat Ernesto like a puppy. When he gets out of line, tap him on the nose.

AMBER  
Noted!

Amber looks down and realizes that Gigi's hand is on her knee. How could this be unintentional? It's not.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
I'm married.

GIGI  
Me too.

AMBER  
If my husband was here with me, maybe he'd be up for an adventure.

GIGI  
You are adorable.

EST. JUNGLE ROAD - NEXT DAY

INT./ EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR

Tristan at the wheel. Amber in the shotgun seat. Gilles sits in back. They've loaded the car with camping gear. So good to be out on the road.

Amber stares out the window, taking in her dream.

EXT. ROAD

Following the car until it disappears into the jungle....

Something a bit spooky about it from this angle.

The floating mist above dense trees.

A person could get lost in there.

INT. KITCHEN - PAM' S HOUSE - EVENING

Al tumbles in through the kitchen, loaded with groceries.  
WINNIE, Pam's youngest, wraps herself around Al's leg.

WINNIE  
Faster, Tyrannosaurus!

Pam grabs a bag as Al puts the rest on the counter.

PAM  
Time to get in your pj's.

WINNIE  
Nnnoooo pj's.

Al flips Winnie to his shoulders, stomps to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

AL  
Tyrannosaurus eat Winnie unless  
pj's protect her.

WINNIE  
No, no, no. I don't want to!!!! I  
DON'T WANT TO I DON'T WANT TO!

Winnie starts to scream!

Every parent's nightmare of rising hysteria.

Al freezes - more than he bargained for -

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
I DON'T WANT TO!

Al flips himself into a handstand!

Doesn't say anything, just looks at her.

WINNIE (CONT'D)  
(growing calmer)  
Why are you upside down?

AL  
Why are you upside down?

WINNIE  
I not upside down. You are.

AL  
Oh yeah. I guess I am.

He starts walking around the room, on his hands -

WINNIE

Where are you going Uncle Al?

AL

I'm looking for pj's.

She runs out of the room.

INT. WINNIE'S ROOM

The little girl is curled up in bed, hiding from the world.  
Al pulls the covers over her.

WINNIE

I don't want pj.

AL

(whispering)

Okay. Sleep in your clothes.

INT. KITCHEN - PAM'S HOUSE - LATER

Al and Pam survey the bags of groceries.

PAM

I got all this. You've done enough  
already - so much.

Al pokes Pam and grabs a handful of oranges.

AL

Counter or fridge?

PAM

Fridge, I'll take 'em.

Al tosses one to Pam, who catches it and loads it into the fruit drawer. Right as she turns back for more, he launches another. It's now a game. They go faster until the drawer is almost full. Al grabs an apple and tries to snake around Pam to sneak it in, but Pam kicks her hip out to block him. Their bodies inches apart.

Maybe for a moment, in her mind, they KISS.

But nothing happens. Al takes a step back to process.



EST. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bambi's bike out front.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE

Bambi is most definitely off the wagon. He and his morn are drinking together.

MAGGIE

You want to know what I think?

BAMBI

No.

MAGGIE

Want to be the boss, you got to pay  
the cost.

And now we see that despite all her dysfunction, Maggie has a hold on her kids. Some darkness that nobody can shake.

BAMBI

Have you heard from Amber?

MAGGIE

Not lately. She's in la-la land.

BAMBI

She hasn't called me in a week.

MAGGIE

I knew she'd get in trouble. I just  
hope she wasn't eaten by an  
alligator. You know they're all  
over the jungle. Or get bitten by a  
Zika insect and she can't have a  
baby for ten years.

BAMBI

How does your brain even do that?

MAGGIE

I read a lot.

BAMBI

She's probably just blowing off  
steam.

MAGGIE

They have human slavery and whore  
tents in banana fields where they  
get you hooked on heroin.

BAMBI  
Jesus, mom. Relax.

MAGGIE  
Open your eyes. You better go down there and take care of your sister, buster.

BAMBI  
Why can't we have a conversation without you turning everything into the apocalypse.

MAGGIE  
Well, well. We don't know nothing about the dark side in this family do we Alex?

Low blow. He gets up and walks out -

INT. LIVING ROOM - MODERN HOUSE

Prince is on the couch, drinking straight from a bottle of Vodka, soaking in self-loathing. He's got football on the TV

EXT. MODERN HOUSE - AMBER AND PRINCE'S

Bambi drives up in his old truck. Gets out and heads for the door.

INT. PRINCE'S LIVING ROOM, HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN

Prince is on the couch when Bambi enters. He doesn't get up.

BAMBI  
Why aren't you picking up your phone?

PRINCE  
Seriously? Get out of my house, you piece of shit. I haven't forgiven you.

BAMBI  
You hear from Amber?

PRINCE  
Not in a while.

BAMBI  
Does that concern you?

Prince hits the remote, changing channels, ignores him.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I don't recall asking you for forgiveness.

PRINCE

No, you wouldn't. Only human beings do that.

Bambi tries to get the conversation

BAMBI

So you haven't heard from her?

PRINCE

She's hiking in the jungle.

BAMBI

So you spoke to her.

PRINCE

No, I tracked her phone.

BAMBI

Her phone is transmitting, why isn't she answering it?

PRINCE

I don't know, man. The tower can ping but not transmit a full signal, or she's having a good time, or she just doesn't want to talk to her sociopathic brother?

BAMBI

She's dodging your calls too, huh?

PRINCE

My next move is go upstairs, get a fire-arm and shoot the intruder.

Bambi is already moving - to the kitchen.

To the FRIDGE! Which he opens.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

The lights were off. Didn't realize it was my teammate. Stand your ground laws are pretty clear.

Bambi rummages around, finds a sandwich, starts eating it.

BAMBI

This is good. Where'd you get this?

PRINCE

The food store.

BAMBI

(as he eats)

What are we gonna do, bub? Maybe I made a mistake. Got Drifter killed. Maybe I didn't and Drifter gets killed on the next mission. Maybe he lives to 80 and you and I eat it on the next op. Because of something he did. Keep running this loop you're going to make yourself sick. And you're gonna choke next time you're in a gun fight.

PRINCE

Accountability is a bitch.

Bambi heads for the door.

BAMBI

You're a good operator. Let me know if my sister calls.

At the door.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I guess she'd activate the beacon if something was wrong.

PRINCE

Yeah but she doesn't have a beacon.

BAMBI

(ready to fight again)

You let my little sister go to Colombia without a beacon!?

PRINCE

She didn't want to take it.

BAMBI

What the fuck is wrong with you?

PRINCE

I like that you're concerned, but where was this protective instinct when we were actually in combat? I don't control her. Hello!

(MORE)

PRINCE (CONT'D)  
She's not a robot. She didn't want  
to take it.

BAMBI  
Talk about responsibility? You're  
responsible for her safety.

They stare at each other. Bambi walks out.

INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - LATER

Prince at his lap-top staring at a GPS MAP with Amber's phone  
location blinking somewhere in the jungle.

He zooms in - cross references her location with Google Earth  
- jots down a GPS grid on a note-pad.

Then he turns back to the TV, finds the news, where some  
military wannabe is talking about the amazing Navy SEAL  
rescue of two American journalists in the Kush.

He changes the channel. Chugs his vodka.

INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Prince asleep on the couch wakes up and checks his computer.

Finds Amber's phone location blinking on the map, and once  
again cross references it with Google Earth and writes down  
the GPS grid.

He flips back the pages in his note-book and we see that he's  
written down a series of grids over the last few days, each  
one time and date stamped.

He opens a new program on the computer and enters all the  
grids one by one. The program maps the grids into a pathway.

CU SCREEN: she's been going in circles.

Prince picks up his cell phone.

PRINCE  
(into phone)  
Hey Kevin. I need that favor. Yeah.  
Send 'em.

EXT. ROAD

Prince's car driving fast.

BLACK

Then...CRUNCHING sound of jungle bushwhacking -

EXT. THE JUNGLE, COLOMBIA

Blade flashing in the sun - MACHETE slicing vines. Two MERCENARIES, with backpacks and GPS locators and guns, push into the green -

MERCENARY O.S.  
Deja de caminar.

EXT. THE JUNGLE, COLOMBIA

The lead mercenary stops, takes a sip of water. His partner looks down at his GPS locator. Blinking beacon indicates they are closer.

EXT. NAVAL COMMAND CENTER

Prince parks his car heads inside.

EXT. JUNGLE

The Mercenaries reach a clearing and one of them motions to some movement in the distance - tree branch rustling. They push in farther and find ... a monkey.

GPS locator: blinking. They're right on top of the signal.

They push in, entering a glade inhabited by a troop of monkeys. Looking at the animals in wonder, they see it and they take a phone to record -

INT. NAVAL BASE

Prince finds Bambi at his work station. Prince approaches Bambi, who is working at a computer. He tries to say this as calmly as he can:

PRINCE  
So when I didn't hear from her, I started tracking the GPS and at first, I thought she was hiking like I said. I talked to that Colombia program director. He said it was no big deal for them to be out of touch for a couple days.

(MORE)

PRINCE (CONT'D)  
Still, when I looked at the grids  
it looked like she was moving in  
circles.

BAMBI  
That means lost. Disoriented.

PRINCE  
That's what I thought. But no. This  
morning I sent a couple guys out  
there to make contact with her.  
It's just a five hour hike from  
Bogota. They found something, but  
not Amber.

Anybody else, Bambi would have a ten-step plan. But this  
isn't anybody else.

For the first time in forever, he's afraid.

Can't find words. Can't breathe.

BAMBI  
Roger. I'm tracking

PRINCE  
So here's what they found.

Prince playing from his phone, this horrific, strange image  
recorded by the mercenaries -

CU VIDEO:

Jerky image but what's there is unmistakably surreal: AMBER'S  
PURPLE CELL PHONE - strapped with duct tape to the back of  
one of the monkeys.

The monkey turns and faces the camera.

CUT TO BLACK.