

UNTITLED MILITARY FAMILIES PROJECT

written by

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FOUR STARS

"Pilot"

TEASER

IN DARKNESS - HEAR A FEW STINGING NOTES ON ELECTRIC GUITAR.

It takes a second to figure it out, but what we're hearing are the opening notes of the National Anthem - a wailing, hard rock version. It's eerie and plaintive.

1 INT. RARE EARTH METAL REFINERY - IRAQ - NIGHT 1

A dark, smoke-filled storage facility. From outside, scattered gunfire, an EXPLOSION. ALI BUCKLEY (35), covered in dirt and blood, looks out a window. Waiting. A RIFLE beside her. Trying to quell her fear. This is not a soldier.

ALI'S POV - The refinery - a futuristic skeleton of towers and tanks of toxic chemicals - is under attack. BLACK HUMVEES flying the flag of ISIS roll through. An RPG explodes. Small fires burn across the horizon.

MUSIC CONTINUES SOFTLY UNDER as Ali hears something CLATTER on the ground. She turns, startled, calls out -

ALI

Matt?

Nothing. She picks up the weapon, takes a position behind one of the tanks. HEARS a MAN'S VOICE whispering.

MAN'S VOICE

(in Arabic)

I think they are in here...

ALI'S POV - A man moving through the shadows of the refinery, coming CLOSER to her. She SEES his WEAPON, POINTED AT HER.

ON ALI'S FACE - she has no other choice. Deep breath. She pulls back the trigger and SHOOTS. The man falls. Off Ali's horror - SMASH TO BLACK.

CHYRON READS: Two days earlier. Tampa, Florida. The NATIONAL ANTHEM CONTINUES, now cranked up as VOCALS KICK IN.

BLUESY FEMALE VOICE

(singing)

Oh say can you see...

EXT. TAMPA SHORELINE - EARLY MORNING

CAMERA moves high above Tampa Bay, past its white beaches speckled with PALM TREES, the stately SOUTHERN MANSIONS of Bayshore Drive, and finally to Dale Mawbry Highway, littered with massage parlors, Taco Bells, strip clubs. A neon sign reads: "Tampa, Lap Dance Capital of the World."

BLUESY FEMALE VOICE

...by the dawn's early light, what so
proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming...

SONG CONTINUES SOFTLY UNDER, as we move down to a FORD FOCUS, Ali behind the wheel (she cleans up nice) speeding. Her boyfriend, MORGAN (40), sits next her, nods at a lap dance sign.

MORGAN

Well, I'm glad the people of Tampa
are good for something. Other than
helping to perpetrate random acts of
mass destruction on foreign soil.

ALI

Easy, pal. You're gonna find your
hipster Williamsburg sense of humor
doesn't play so well down here.

MORGAN

Are you kidding, your family'll love
me. My girlfriends' families always
love me.

ALI

Yeah, well I bet I'm your first
girlfriend with a four star general
for a dad and a Ranger Lieutenant for
a younger sister.

MORGAN

Excuse me, a Silver-Star-winning
Ranger Lieutenant.

ALI

Damn straight.

Ali gives him a look, a mix of affection and irritation, as she continues powering down the highway.

ALI (CONT'D)

Okay, some talking points before you
meet my family...

MORGAN

No, no...let me do them.
(she smiles, nods)
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Number one: Even if I think the invasion of Iraq was the catastrophic foreign policy blunder of our generation, don't complain about it to your dad, or your sister, or any of the Rodriguez kids, who are basically like your siblings. Just because you wear a uniform doesn't mean you make the decision to invade a sovereign nation...

(he has to get it in)

Which had no connection at all to nine-eleven.

ALI

You were doing great.

MORGAN

Okay, number two. I should try and remember that your dad and your sister and people like them have actually chosen to put themselves in harm's way to defend all the freedoms and liberties and great things I take for granted every day.

ALI

Nice.

MORGAN

And three...
(faux panic)
Oh no, I forgot three.

ALI

And three...you don't "win" a Silver Star. It's not an Academy Award.

Morgan looks at her and smiles. Points taken.

PRELAP a MALE V.O.

MALE V.O.

The Silver Star is the nation's third highest combat decoration...

EXT. MACDILL AIRFORCE BASE - OVERHEAD SHOT

Majestic. Imposing. Rows of fighter jets lined up on the tarmac. Two palatial glass homes stand tall in the center. One houses the Buckley family. The other the Rodriguez clan.

EXT. MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE - OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

MALE V.O.
...awarded for gallantry in action
against an enemy of the United
States.

EXT. MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE - PARADE GROUNDS - DAY

An enormous AMERICAN FLAG whips in the wind. LIEUTENANT KRISS BUCKLEY (29, an adrenaline junkie) stands on a stage among a handful of honorees. A COLONEL speaks.

COLONEL
Here today to present the award,
General Jim Rodriguez, commander of
US forces in the Middle East.

GENERAL JIM RODRIGUEZ (55) approaches. The consummate soldier-statesman. Petraeus-esque in his ambition and intellect, but Cuban and better looking. He smiles at Kriss.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Today, we present the Silver Star to
Lieutenant Kristine Buckley, for acts
of valor and bravery in the Korangal
Valley in Afghanistan the night of
April 10th, 2015, when her plane was
shot down by Taliban insurgents.

ANGLE ON BLEACHERS - Ali and Morgan take their seats.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
With shrapnel wounds to the neck and
arms, Lieutenant Buckley left her
safe position in the fuselage of the
plane and ran back into the open road
to rescue a wounded Ranger, all while
engaged by enemy fire.

ON KRISS - we PUSH IN CLOSE as she remembers this night in a -

QUICK FLASH POP - Kriss climbs out of a downed plane. Smoke everywhere. Runs across a ravine to a WOUNDED SOLDIER.

BACK TO REALITY - her face betrays no sign of the memory.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
On that day, Lieutenant Buckley
embodied the Ranger creed...

ANGLE ON - Ali and Morgan, sitting in the bleachers. She mists up. Not her usual m.o. Morgan looks at her.

MORGAN
You okay?

Ali nods; it's a lot to take in.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

"I will never leave a fallen comrade
to fall into the hands of the enemy."

(then)

I'd like to add a personal note here,
if I may. I've known Lieutenant
Buckley since she was yay high, and I
know she comes by her sense of valor
naturally. Her father and I served in
the Gulf War together, and again in
Iraq. And you will not find a finer
soldier or truer man anywhere.

(a slight beat)

So it is with deepest gratitude for
two generations of service and
sacrifice that I introduce to you
General Dan Buckley, commander of
Special Operations worldwide, who's
here to present his daughter with the
Silver Star.

GENERAL DAN BUCKLEY (56) approaches, all rough edges and
swagger. McChrystal to Rodriguez's Petraeus. The kind of guy
who looks like he'd be running drugs if he weren't in charge
of worldwide special operations for the US military.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Thank you General Rodriguez. The
General spoke of sacrifice, and he
understands it all too well. I'd like
to take this moment to remember
General Rodriguez's son Lieutenant
Tim Rodriguez, who died in service of
his country three years ago this
month. In times of war, some families
give more than others. The Rodriguez
family has given more than its share.

(a moment of reflection)

Now to the matter at hand, it is my
honor to present the Silver Star,
honoring "gallantry in action against
an enemy of the United States," to my
daughter, Lieutenant Kristine
Buckley.

Buckley pins the Silver Star on his daughter, then steps back
and salutes her as though she were any other soldier.

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Lieutenant.

Kriss smiles at her dad, a mix of swagger and humility.

KRISS BUCKLEY

I was just doing my job, sir.

INT. MACDILL AIRFORCE BASE - RODRIGUEZ HOME - LATER THAT DAY

We're in one of the palatial glass homes. Big Fourth of July barbecue in process. Tampa A-listers mingle with military royalty. Swing band plays in the BG. Ali takes Morgan in...

ALI

Let's see if we can find Kriss.

ANGLE ON DAN BUCKLEY - drinking a beer and spinning a yarn for his TEAM, who LAUGH loudly.

MORGAN

Your dad commands quite an audience.

Buckley's Team erupts in LAUGHTER.

ALI

Four Star Generals are kinda like rock stars around here.

MORGAN

(mocking)

Can I take a selfie with your dad when I meet him? Or do I save that for Rodriguez? Who's the bigger get?

Ali playfully slaps Morgan.

ALI

They're equal rank, wise ass. Jim's in charge of the middle east. Dad's in charge of special ops worldwide. The way they used to explain it to us when we were little is that it's Jim's sandbox, and sometimes my dad plays in it.

MORGAN

A sandbox where actual human beings are being blown apart by rocket propelled grenades.

ALI

Calm down. We were five. Ooh - here he comes. Don't be nervous.

MORGAN

The man has Seal Team Six at his beck and call and I'm sleeping with his daughter. Why would I be nervous?

Buckley approaches - all feeling when it comes to his kids. Wraps Ali in a big hug.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Come here, you. I've missed you.

ALI

You too.

(then)

Dad, this is my friend Morgan, from
Vice Magazine.

MORGAN

Nice to meet you -

(he can't decide what to
call him)

- General. Sir. Thank you for
helping us arrange the embed.

(nodding to Ali)

And for your part in raising this
one.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

That was a pleasure.

(then, deadpan)

For the most part.

(off Ali's eye-roll)

Far's the embed, can't say I've ever
been much of a fan of that program.
Think it puts my guys at risk having
to look out for a civilian. But this
seemed like a chance to finally have
a journalist over there who knows her
ass from her elbow.

ALI

(to her dad)

You do know I'm not going over there
just to tell our readers all about
the saintly young men and women
defending our freedom overseas.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

My daughter the muckraker.

Ali looks at her dad, cracks a smile.

ALI

(to Morgan)

That's what passes for a compliment
around here.

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Jim Rodriguez fusses with his tie in front of a mirror.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're number three on ISIS's hit
list, yet you're up here hiding from
a party.

Jim turns and sees his wife, LEANN (55 but doesn't look a day over 46, could have been a CEO of a Fortune 500 company if she hadn't married a general) standing in the doorway.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
I'm not hiding, I'm fixing my tie.

Leann crosses to her husband and helps him with his tie.

LEANN
Thirty years together and you still
think you can fool me.

General Rodriguez eyes his wife in the mirror as she finishes forming a perfect knot.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Fine. I've taken up a new position
and am assessing my options.

LEANN
Or as we civilians call it, *hiding*.
(off his silence)
Jim, please.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Dan's kid gets a medal, ours got a
flag. And you want me downstairs
having a scotch with him? I can't
pretend he's welcome in my home.

LEANN
(not having it)
Pretend is exactly what you're gonna
do, Jim. For Kriss Buckley. This is
her party. Do not ruin it by making
this about you and Dan.

Jim looks in the mirror, contemplating, then....

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
It's still crooked.

LEANN
(she's gotta smile)
Go.

He does.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - POOL DECK

Kriss Buckley her sister Ali, heading to the bar. Holy shit.
She rushes toward her, picks her up in a big hug.

KRISS
Ali! What are you doing here?

ALI

How many chances am I going to get to watch my baby sister get a Silver Star?

(then)

And I'm going on an embed tomorrow morning so I got *Vice* to pay.

KRISS

Craven opportunist.

ALI

I'm so proud of you, monkey. I wish mom could have been here to see this.

Kriss nods.

ALI (CONT'D)

How are you doing? Dad told me what happened over there. It sounded really bad.

KRISS

I'm fine. I really am. Ask Dr. Cahill. Clean bill of health. I'm deploying next month.

(off Ali's look)

Don't look at me like that. I've been doing therapy, yoga. I have a gratitude journal, bla-bla-bla.

And now JEFF BARNETT (40, local heartthrob, former bad boy) approaches Kriss.

JEFF

Hello beautiful.

They kiss, a little too long and hard for the context.

KRISS

Al, you remember Jeff. He's back home managing the Blue Horn.

ALI

Hey.

JEFF

Ali. How does it feel being related to an American hero? You know she's the second woman to receive the Silver Star in Afghanistan.

KRISS

Stop it no or you will regret it.

JEFF

The only other one was Monica Lin Brown in 2008. But we're not sure she was actually a woman. There's some debate.

Too much for Kriss. She playfully pushes him in the pool, clothes on. Then leans over to tell him -

KRISS

I warned you.

And he pulls her in.

ANGLE ON - Leann Rodriguez standing at a buffet table, re-arranging crudites with her daughter, SYD (33).

A policy genius, fluent in Arabic, and the number one civilian aide to General Buckley, Syd conceals her complicated emotional life behind her brilliance.

Leann can't stop staring at Kriss and Jeff.

SYD

Mom, stop staring. You look fiendish.

LEANN

I can't help it Sydney. Jeff Barnett is just about the last thing in the world Kristine needs right now.

SYD

Why - because he smoked pot once or twice in high school?

LEANN

It was more than twice, Sydney. But that's not the point. Kristine's acting like she's fine, but I tell you - as the closest thing she has to a mother - she is not.

SYD

She's always been kind of out there, Mom. It's part of her charm.

LEANN

Uh-uh. Ever since she got back this last time, she hasn't been herself. First she was dating some SEAL she met at the gym. Now she's in the pool with this one. And one of the MPs told me she was pulled over twice last week for speeding.

SYD

I don't know. Cut her a little break.
It's tough to be under the microscope
of one family, let alone two.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

General Rodriguez is in the kitchen with a NAVAL OFFICER as the ARMY/NAVY FOOTBALL BROADCAST plays. Rodriguez hands the officer a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Twelve year old Japanese scotch.
Probably too refined for a Navy man,
but a bet is a bet.

NAVAL OFFICER

Look forward to beating you again
next year, General.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Get outta here.

Rodriguez laughs as the Naval Officer exits, but his smile disappears when General Buckley enters the room. They're all alone. It's awkward.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

(re: football game)

That's fifteen in a row we've dropped
to Navy.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

(off a bad play)

Our O line hasn't looked this bad
since you were playing.

The two chuckle. But it passes. Buckley eyes Rodriguez.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

My staff tells me you want to do a
presser in advance of Wilson's
hearings.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

If we don't get out in front of it
we'll be sitting with our thumbs up
our asses while Wilson grandstands
for the cameras.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

There's nothing to get out in front
of. It was a bad strike - we hit
those doctors. But I don't see how
either one of us did anything we
ought to be afraid to answer for.

(MORE)

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
We made the right call based on the intel we had at the time.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Exactly. All our reliable sources were in agreement. I see no reason to mention Zayid. The Pakistanis vetted him, not us.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Don't try to coach my testimony.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
I'm not asking you to shade the truth. God knows you'd never do that.

It hangs there for a moment.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Are we going there, Jim?

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
My point is you might want to think long and hard about what we open up on national television.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Look, I know with Hank stepping down at the end of the year you're on the short list for Chairman.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Don't insult me....

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Then don't insult me. I know what the truth is. And so do you.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
You always think you do, don't you?

Maybe it's about Tim, or maybe not, but Buckley's had enough.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Nice party.

He goes.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - PATIO - LATER

Syd heads across the party, sidles up to Kriss, now with a towel around her, who's just grabbed a beer from the bar.

SYD

God the last time I saw Jeff Barnett
I think we were making a mini bong
out of a tampon at a track meet.

KRISS

Did Leann send you in on a Jeff
Barnett mission?

SYD

Obviously. But I was going to see how
you were doing anyway. I read the
internal report from Korangal. It
sounded brutal.

Kriss takes a long swig of beer.

KRISS

I know you're only doing this because
you love me. But I promise you I am
okay. I'm better than okay. I'm in
love, Syd. I hadn't seen Jeff in 15
years. I ran into him at the A and P,
and within twenty minutes I knew that
he was the one.

SYD

Was this before or after the SEAL?

KRISS

It was between the Seal and the bank
robber. Would you give me a break,
Syd, I'm okay!

SYD

(smiling)

Alright, alright. I'll call Leann
off, I promise. I mean, Jesus. It's
not like you're going to marry the
guy.

Kriss pauses for a second, oddly matter of fact.

KRISS

Actually, I am. Feel free to tell
Leann. I'm counting on her to take me
dress shopping.

Kriss takes off, leaving Syd in shock, wishing she had better
news for Leann.

INT./EXT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Kriss and Jeff pull on their clothes, having clearly had a
quickie. Kriss is keyed up, and kinda drunk.

KRISS (CONT'D)

You know what I'd like to do right now?

Jeff pulls her back down onto the couch.

JEFF

That is some fine military stamina right there.

Kriss disentangles herself.

KRISS

I'd kind of like to blow everybody's mind and tell them you and I are getting married.

Jeff looks at her, smiles, calling her bluff.

JEFF

You free next Tuesday?

KRISS

I can move some stuff around.

JEFF

So we're skipping all that in between stuff - moving in with each other, going deeper, the big conversation.

KRISS

Overrated.

JEFF

(for real?)

Are you proposing to me?

KRISS

Are you daring me to? Cause I'll do it.

He grabs her, kisses her again.

JEFF

You are so insane.

Kriss pulls away from him, heads out of the pool house.

KRISS

C'mon. Let's do this thing.

Jeff follows her. Is she serious? Kriss moves toward the crowd, clinks a spoon against her Corona. The crowd quiets.

KRISS (CONT'D)

Hello, everyone, I have an announcement to make...

Off to the side, Jeff's freaking out. She's not gonna do this?

KRISS (CONT'D)

I want to tell everyone here...how much their love and support means to me. And I especially want to thank my family, my two "families." My biological family, the Buckleys. And my extended family, the Rodriguezes. Whatever bumps we've had in the road, it's a road we've travelled together.

Both Generals are wondering where this is going.

KRISS (CONT'D)

There are three people not here today, who I know are in all our hearts. My wonderful mother Jane, always a pillar of strength. Tim Rodriguez, who died serving his country, and my brother Danny - who I know is still out there somewhere fighting the good fight.

At the mention of Danny, the crowd stirs a bit uneasily. General Rodriguez looks down.

Off to one side, Syd turns and walks into the house. General Buckley notices.

KRISS (CONT'D)

And now I'd like to bring on another fight -- the one where the Buckleys kick the collective asses of the Rodriguez family on the football field. As we do every year.

The crowd moves toward the field. Jeff looks at her, more than a tad relieved.

KRISS (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Buckley steps inside to find Syd supervising the cleanup.

SYD

General.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Syd, I'm sorry.

SYD

Sir?

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Kriss has been through a lot.

Syd is tough. She's not giving up anything.

SYD

I'm fine, General. It's been almost two years since Danny left, so I really can hear your son's name without falling apart.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Okay.

(then)

It's just, sometimes I have a little trouble with it myself.

Syd nods, she gets it. But as always, it's back to business.

SYD

Oh, Congressman Wilson's been tweeting his ass off about his hearings. Thinks he's got his own Benghazi.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

He's still upset we cancelled that revamped Y23 bomber he wanted for Toledo. Let's make sure we schedule a prep session.

SYD

I'm on it.

(after a beat)

Thanks for checking on me, General.

Buckley nods, then heads out. He really loves Syd.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - PATIO

ANGLE ON - Ali and Morgan

MORGAN

So, your brother...*Danny*?
(quoting Kriss)
"The good fight?"

ALI

Okay, you got me, there's some trouble in paradise.

MORGAN

I've just never heard you talk about him, that's all.

Morgan's sensitive enough to know this is untested ground for their two-month-old relationship.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

But it's okay, shouldn't have asked.

ALI

Okay, Cliff Note version. Danny married Syd Rodriguez -- we all knew they would -- ever since we caught them making out to TLC in our tree house in fifth grade. He joined Delta, along with Syd's brother Tim in 07. Three years ago, hostage rescue in Kenya went south. Tim was killed, and Danny ended up court-martialed for "serious tactical misjudgments." Nobody really knows what happened, but Jim Rodriguez got it in his head that Danny was responsible for Tim's death. As you can imagine, my dad's had somewhat of a problem with that.

MORGAN

(shakes his head)

I can imagine.

ALI

And that's just half of it. After the court martial, Danny just dropped out, from everything. He ended up leaving Syd, and just disappeared, like off the grid.

MORGAN

My god.

ALI

It's been hard. We were all really close. And everyone loves Syd. I talked to Danny a couple times last year, but it's been about six months of radio silence.

MORGAN

I'm so sorry.

Just at that moment, MATT RODRIGUEZ (35) comes up, the cutest one-star General you've ever met. He gives Ali a familiar hug.

MATT

Ali. How are you?

ALI

Good, good. Matt, this is-

MATT

Morgan, we spoke on the phone.
Great to meet you. I promise I'll
take good care of her.

ALI

(messing with him)
Classic patronizing military jargon.
Implication being I can't take care
of myself.

MATT

Really? We're going to start so
soon? I thought we could at least
wait until we got to Iraq.

ALI

I figured I get in a couple of
practice rounds early. Don't worry,
I'll ramp it up over there.

MATT

Seriously, you gotta pack light, Ali.
Those transports get real
temperamental with too much extra
weight. I went through that suitcase
of yours in the front closet. Took
out two hair dryers.

ALI

(a tad too much panic)
You didn't go through my suitcase?

MATT

Why, how many hair dryers are you
bringing?

ALI

And this coming from the guy who
brought three hundred civil war
action figures on every family
vacation.

MATT

They fit in a shoe box. Or six.

These is old familiar banter between Matt and Ali, and Morgan
can't help feel like the outsider. Matt heads out to the game.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Ali)

I'm QB this year. Remember, it's a
five second rush, no blitz.

(to Morgan)

Great to meet you.

He goes.

MORGAN

As your editor, I'm having some serious second thoughts about this whole embed angle. Particularly the bed part.

She's ahead of the joke.

ALI

What, Matt? No way.
(shaking her head)
Been there, done that.

MORGAN

Really? Been *and* done.

ALI

(off his look)
Spring break, sophomore year.

She gives him a little kiss.

MATT

(calling back)
Buckley, you in or out? And tell editor guy he has to play too.

ALI

(to Morgan)
That's a serious invite. You go, I'll be right out.

MORGAN

(nervous, as he goes)
This isn't tackle, right?

As soon as Morgan walks away, Ali moves to the front closet.

She takes out her suitcase and snaps it open. She reaches through it and pulls a folder. The label on the folder reads, **"United States vs. Daniel Buckley: Court Martial - 2013"**

There's a photo clipped to the folder. It's Danny Buckley in full dress, his green beret tilted perfectly on his head.

Ali puts it back, then locks the suitcase.

What the hell was that about?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. IRAQ - DAY - TWO DAYS LATER

A Humvee is driving through craggy desert brush and burnt-out villages that have yet to be rebuilt.

INT. HUMVEE - IRAQ

Ali and Matt are being driven into Baghdad. Their driver MALIK (30s, a mensch) is at the wheel. Ali is teasing Matt.

ALI
So, General Rodriguez, in terms of training the Iraqis, how's it going?

MATT
Awfully.

ALI
Have you seen much improvement in their military skills?

MATT
None.

ALI
How about, on the record?

MATT
(officially)
Well, as you know Ms. Buckley, the United States is no longer on a combat mission. We are primarily here to advise and assist the Iraqi military until things have stabilized in the region.

ALI
But, if I may be so bold, General, if we were here for seven years and we couldn't do it with over 130,000 troops, what makes you think you can do it with a fraction of that?

Malik interrupts.

MALIK
You know, General Matt doesn't make policy. He is just here to educate our troops. And he does a damn good job of it.
(then)
If you don't mind me putting in my two cents.

ALI

It sounds like you're defending him,
Malik?

MALIK

(with a smile)

Matt Rodriguez does not need help
defending himself.

Ali smiles. Then she sees something out the window - a GIANT
GATED REFINERY.

ALI

What in the world is that?

MALIK

A rare earth metal refinery.

ALI

Metal refinery?

MATT

Rare earth metals. Cerium, Europium,
Neodymium. They're used to make all
of our electronic devices. Lasers.
Computer chips. Your iPhone.

ALI

So basically it's the new oil.

MATT

Something like that. They're
extremely hard to extract, and the
mining process involves using
radioactive material, which doesn't
go over too big in the US. So China's
taken over 90% of all rare earth
metal production, which is of obvious
concern to the US.

MALIK

But this refinery is owned and
operated by an American company -
Amtek.

ALI

Who protects the refinery?

MATT

Private security contractors.

From Ali's face we can see this means something.

ALI

So how did it come to pass that an American corporation has been allowed to operate a rare earth metal refinery on Iraqi soil, given the environmental risks it probably poses to the local population. Who do you think made that deal?

MATT

I have to say, I'm impressed at your level of inquiry, given the fact that you just learned what a rare earth metal was maybe two minutes ago.

ALI

I'm a quick study.
(then)
So, if we wanted to make a visit to the refinery, how hard would it be?

MATT

It depends who you know. And why you want to visit.

Ali rubs her nose with the back of her hand.

ALI

I know you. And I'm a curious journalist.

Matt looks at her, not really buying it, but not sure why.

INT. WATERFRONT ALE HOUSE - TAMPA - DAY

The Ale House is a favorite with the Officer set, lots of neatly pressed uniforms and shiny shoes in this place. Leann Rodriguez is waiting at a table. We can see how comfortable she is with her public persona. Though she has a lot on her mind, she smiles and waves politely to the many people who know her. Kriss bounds in, kisses Leann.

KRISS

(to a waiter)
Gin and tonic, please. Thanks.

LEANN

Isn't it a little early to --

KRISS

Leann, I'm going to save you the trouble. I know why we're here. You think I'm moving too fast with Jeff. And you think it's too soon for me to redeploy.

LEANN

Am I wrong? You're racing, honey.

KRISS

It's one thing to send Syd after me,
but you called Dr. Cahill.

(off Leann's sheepish
look)

You think she wasn't going to tell
me? I gotta give you credit. It takes
moxie.

LEANN

Honey. Your mother asked me for one
thing before she went. She made me
promise I'd look after you all. So
that's what I'm doing.

Kriss takes Leann's hand.

KRISS

I'm okay, Leann. I'm okay.

LEANN

I know you *think* you're okay, but I'm
seeing something you can't see. Your
engine is revving too high.

KRISS

That's how my engine runs, Leann.

Kriss gets up and walks away. Leann, unshaken, waves to a
friend across the restaurant.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS - MESS HALL - BAGHDAD

Ali is sitting at a table, eating alone, when Matt comes in.
The place is pretty much empty. He's holding a briefcase.

MATT

Late lunch?

ALI

I've been waiting to go. I thought
we were going to leave an hour and a
half ago.

MATT

Sorry, I was delayed. Ali, you want
to tell me what's really so important
about visiting this refinery.

ALI

I told you, I think there's a story in the relationship between private contractors and the U.S. military in today's Iraq.

Ali again rubs the side of her nose with the back of her hand. Matt stares at her. Then...

MATT

That gesture you just did, where you rub the side of your nose.

ALI

Excuse me?

MATT

You did it before in the car when you asked about the refinery.

ALI

Okay....?

MATT

Thing is, I know that gesture. First time I saw it, Andy Pinkner's house. Musta been around '96, because his dad took that job with NATO the next year. Anyway, I had this Happy Gilmore pez dispenser that I loved, I went to use the bathroom -- and when I came back my Happy Gilmore pez dispenser was broken, snapped right in two. And you were the only person in the room. I asked if you knew what happened, and before you answered, before you told me you had no idea what happened, you rubbed the side of your nose.

He does it.

MATT (CONT'D)

And I realized pretty soon, that's the gesture you always make...when you're lying, Ali.

ALI

I'm not lying.

Matt opens his briefcase. He takes out a photograph and places it down on the table. An Iraqi official is standing by a gleaming black SUV in front of the gates to the refinery.

MATT

That's the Iraqi Interior Minister taking a publicity tour of the refinery six months ago. Big new American company, Iraq is back, the whole nine yards. But take a look here...

He points to someone in dark sunglasses standing on the other side of the SUV, holding an AR15.

But Ali doesn't have to look. She knows who it is.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's Danny. What the hell are you doing, Ali?

ALI

I have to see him, Matt.

But Matt's furious.

MATT

So you lied your way over here? You lied to me?

ALI

You don't understand.

MATT

Damn right I don't. Honestly, you Buckleys are amazing. Whatever it takes. Screw the rules, we'll make our own. My dad's right, it runs in your blood or something.

ALI

Please don't go there, Matt.

MATT

Jesus, Ali. Danny abandoned my sister, he may have been involved in Tim's death.

ALI

You don't believe that.

MATT

Then why didn't he fight his court martial? And why did take off?

ALI

I don't know, that's what I need to find out.

MATT

Well, I'll tell you one thing, you sure as hell are not going to any family reunion on my watch.

ALI

I don't need you. I'll get out there on my own.

MATT

You don't go anywhere over here without my sign off.

It sits there. Ali knows he's right. She makes a decision.

ALI

All right, I'll tell you why I have to see him.

She opens her bag, takes out her folder on Danny's case.

ALI (CONT'D)

I've been looking into Danny's court martial, trying to figure out what really happened. Trying to figure out why Danny gave up.

MATT

Maybe he gave up because he knew he didn't have a chance of winning?

ALI

Does that sound like the Danny you knew?

MATT

The Danny I knew wouldn't abandon his wife, or you, or any of us and drop off the face of the earth.

ALI

Exactly, so that's why I started going over all the files, looking into all the research Danny did on his own behalf, before he gave up. Matt, there's stuff in here that doesn't make sense. Deleted communications, redacted testimony, witnesses who suddenly vanish.

MATT

What are you talking about?

ALI

I don't know. I think he found out something, something big.

(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

And whatever it was, he figured it was better to run, then stay and deal with it.

MATT

And he never told Syd? He just left her with no explanation?

ALI

I don't understand it either, Matt. It's driving me crazy. It's driving both our families crazy. That's why I have to talk to him. Please help me.

He just looks at her.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE - IRAQ

Malik is driving Matt and Ali to the refinery. Matt's agreed to go with her, but he's clearly not in the mood for any small talk. The refinery looms ahead of them.

INT. REFINERY - REC AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Ali and Matt step into the large rec area escorted by a CONTRACTOR. Nothing fancy here. A pool table. Foosball. Soda machines. A few old couches. Various refinery workers, mostly American contractors, are hanging out.

At the pool table, DANNY BUCKLEY, (34), is lining up a really tough shot. Unshaven, face weathered from the desert sun, Danny's not the button-down young officer we saw in Ali's photo at the Rodriguez house. And there's a weariness in his eyes.

CONTRACTOR

Buckley, you got visitors.

Danny doesn't look up.

DANNY

Tell'em to wait. I got this puppy lined up.

ALI

Looks like a scratch to me.

At the sound of her voice, Danny whips around. What???

DANNY

Ali, what are you doing here?

Ali wasn't sure what she was going to do when she saw her brother, but now she knows. She goes to him. Brother and sister hug.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(almost reflexively)
Is everyone okay?

Matt steps forward.

MATT
Everyone's fine, Danny. Thanks for asking.

Danny steps back, recovers his attitude.

DANNY
So what do we have here, a family reunion? Or is this some kind of intervention?

ALI
Danny, we need to talk.

MATT
Your sister's writing an article on the relationship between the American military and profiteering contractors who sell their military training and expertise to the highest bidder.

Danny ducks it.

DANNY
Well you shoulda called ahead. I could have had dinner ready for you.

ALI
We thought you were a flight risk.

Danny and Matt look at each other. Hard to jump back in.

MATT
You look like shit by the way.

DANNY
Thank you. I work at it.

Matt looks around. Too many people to talk here.

MATT
So, your sister's got a story to write, you going to show us around?

EXT. REFINERY - MINING FIELD - IRAQ

Danny's brought Ali and Matt to a hill overlooking the vast web of scaffolding and tanks. Danny's lit a small fire and is cooking meat skewers.

DANNY

We get a lot of perks but fresh vegetables are not among them.

ALI

We weren't expecting farm to table.

DANNY

I've actually gotten pretty good at whipping up a little lamb donen. You'd be surprised.

Matt's not interested in glib conversation.

MATT

Good use of your talents.

DANNY

I have a newfound talent, which involves collecting a gigantic paycheck. You should try it sometime.

ALI

Danny, why haven't you ever called?

DANNY

I gave you a number.

ALI

You did. The last remaining public pay phone in Montana.

DANNY

(busted)
What do you think "off the grid" means?

(then)

So, I figure you didn't come 7000 miles just to sample my cooking.

MATT

I didn't come 7000 miles. Ali did. I've been twenty-five miles from you this whole time. Did you know that? Cause I didn't.

ALI

Matt...

DANNY

What were we gonna do? Hang out like old times. You wanna grab a burger and fries with the guy who killed your brother?

MATT

I never said that.

DANNY

It was in your eyes. And your father's eyes.

(a beat)

And your sister's.

MATT

So now it's her fault?

ALI

All right, stop!

(to her brother)

Danny, I have to talk to you, about the court martial.

DANNY

Ancient history, sis. I'm sorry.

MATT

What happened to you, man?

DANNY

I woke up.

ALI

No, you gave up. And I think I know why. I think you learned something while you were preparing your defense, and whatever it was, you couldn't deal with it, so you gave up and took that plea for a discharge.

DANNY

What, d'you get a psych degree while I've been gone?

Ali grabs the file from her bag.

ALI

I found all kinds of stuff in here, deleted emails, decoded texts. Some of them from them from high up. It just doesn't make any sense to me. That's why I need you to explain it.

DANNY

There's nothing to explain.

Danny's RADIO calls him.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Alpha two. Come in. Bravo six here.
(off some radio crackle)
Got to jump. Guys come around here
trying to break in looking for scrap
metal. I'll be back.

ALI
What - in another two years?

Danny tosses Matt a RADIO, winks.

DANNY
Year and a half max. Take this.
Cell's bad out here.

And he's gone.

ALI
Well that went well. What do you
think?

MATT
I think you Buckleys are a bunch of
hard heads.

ALI
And what about the Rodriguez clan?

MATT
Ali, we never talk about this, but I
want you to know, I never thought
Danny had anything to do with Tim's
death.

A flicker of emotion crosses Ali's face. Matt clocks it.

MATT (CONT'D)
You okay?

ALI
Yeah, I just... thank you. It's been
so hard what's happened between our
dads, between our families.

Matt moves closer, puts a hand on her shoulder.

MATT
Yeah, I know.

And then - from outside - an EXPLOSION.

MATT (CONT'D)
Get down.

He pulls Ali down. Then nothing.

ALI

Maybe it was -

But before Ali can properly dismiss the concern - another explosion. Followed by gunfire. Shouting. Chaos. Matt pulls her back down, grabs his radio as he looks around.

MATT

This is General Matt Rodriguez.
We're taking fire from at least three
locations. If you get this, we need
eyes on this place ASAP. Get the
Iraqi QRF moving in this direction.
And get to CENTCOM Watch and
the Embassy Op center.

(no response)

Hello?

And then - a sixth sense kicks in for Matt. He drags Ali from the building. MOVE WITH THEM - as he throws himself on her just as an RPG detonates. Two seconds earlier, they'd be gone.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Rodriguez, Buckley and heading down a long hallway, trailed by their entourage of aides and briefers.

RODRIGUEZ BRIEFER
Our understanding at this moment is that the insurgents are in full control of the facility's perimeter.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Who are they?

RODRIGUEZ BRIEFER
ISIS has claimed credit on an Omani social media site. We're working to confirm.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
How soon til I have a comm link with the Iraqi Quick Response commander?

BUCKLEY BRIEFER
We're working on that now, sir.

General Buckley senses an uncharacteristic hesitation.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
What is it, son? Spit it out.

BUCKLEY BRIEFER
Sir, preliminary reports suggest there may have been an American one-star on site, along with a civilian, possibly a journalist. But this has not yet been confirmed.

SEE this register on the faces of Buckley and Rodriguez.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Any report on their status?

BUCKLEY BRIEFER
Not yet, sir.

They've reached a secure entryway flanked by two Marines. Rodriguez's daughter Syd is waiting for them there.

SYD
The team's up and running. Bernfeld's doing a Five K run for cancer, we're trying to locate him.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Are we sure it's them, Syd?

SYD

(she nods)

I've been in touch with General Yusef in Baghdad. Matt and Ali took part in a mock hostage extraction this morning. Yusef said this was some kind of unscheduled excursion.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

(then, to Syd)

You okay coming in on this one? Because if you'd like to sit out...

SYD

Not a chance. Sir.

He nods. They all take turns placing their palms on the scanner for entrance, and then proceed into...

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

So who has the most gleaming, high-tech operations center on the planet? Maybe the people who control the most powerful military on that planet. We're not talking about a wall of video monitors, we're talking a curving thirty-by-forty-yard wall that is a video monitor. Never heard of that? The fact is you haven't heard of half the technology in this room, and you won't for another ten years. When the generals enter, the place is already hopping.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Afternoon everyone, sorry to ruin your weekend. I want every surveillance eye we have on that refinery.

(to a guy behind a monitor)

Eddie, what do we know about our target?

EDDIE

Hamid Rare Earth refinery. Currently operated by Amtek, an American corporate entity.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

We're going to need blueprints and specs on the whole place, and I want the names of everyone employed there.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Where's my overhead, people?

WALL MONITOR - Satellite imagery fills screen, but it's pixilated and distorted.

Another aide, MARNIE, (30's) speaks up.

MARNIE

Got a problem. Our two low altitude surveillance sats are down for routine maintenance.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Great...

MARNIE

But, we have a Chinese satellite in almost identical orbit that should have eyes for us.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Get Alan Hodgman at State. I want access to those cameras. Okay, what do we have on our bad guys?

SYD

A one-sentence credit grab from Oman claiming a victory for ISIS, but that's it.

WALL MONITOR - THE POST IS DISPLAYED

SYD (CONT'D)

I'm doing a data dump on all references to refineries and rare earth metal processing on every social media site world wide.

WALL MONITOR - Detailed layouts of the refinery pop up.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Good. Now try to find some comm channel into that refinery. I want to know what's happening in there.

EXT. REFINERY - IRAQ - NIGHT

What's happening is total chaos. Smoke. Gunfire. Explosions. Matt and Ali are on the MOVE, ducking behind signal towers, giant vats of radioactive material. His radio SQUAWKS.

DANNY

Matt, you there?

MATT

Danny? What the hell's going on?

DANNY

We don't know. Phone lines are out.
We got breached on the western
perimeter we think.

MATT

Any idea who we're dealing with?

DANNY

Negative. Where are you?

MATT

I'm along the southern fence line
near the cooling tower. There's a
shed about 25 meters to the west. It
looks quiet there for now. I am going
to put our guest there and try to get
a twenty on where most of the fire is
coming from.

DANNY

Sounds good.

MATT

Dan - do you have eyes on our driver,
Malik?

EXT. REFINERY WESTERN GATE - INTERCUT

Danny's in a truck, another HALIFAX CONTRACTOR beside him.

DANNY

I don't. We are heading to the
northwest quadrant of the facility to
secure the celenium tanks.

MATT

Roger that.

DANNY

Matt...?

MATT

She's okay. I got her.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

Syd comes over to General Buckley, who is reviewing data with
another Analyst. She has her laptop open.

SYD

Excuse me, General. I thought you'd
like to see this.

She meets his eyes. They move off to the side of the operations center. She shows him the laptop.

On screen is a skype conversation with Special Forces Commander JAKE ROLLINS (44) African American, no nonsense.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
How you doing, Jake?

JAKE
(on screen)
I'm good. Heard you got a fire in the desert.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
We do. The Hamid Refinery. About thirty klicks east of Baghdad. I'm just wondering what your wheels up time looks like?

JAKE
(on screen)
Thirty minutes from your go.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Thank you. I'll keep you in the loop.

JAKE
(on screen)
They're smart kids, Buckie. They'll be okay.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Yes they will. Thank you.

He clicks off.

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
(to Syd)
Thank you. And that never happened.

Marnie's on a headset as she announces to the group.

MARNIE
(to the room)
Excuse me, we have the Chairman live.

Someone clicks up the channel, and the CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS appears in the center of the monitors.

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS
Welcome, everyone. Dan and Jim, I want you all to know that the President sends along his prayers for you and your families.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Thank you, sir.

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

Okay, so here's where we are. The SecDef has just gotten off the phone with Prime Minister Abid, and they both feel strongly that the Iraqi Quick Response Force should take the lead in any rescue operation.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

If I may, sir, I trained the Iraqi special forces. I know what they can do. And it's not this.

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

General, the Iraqi teams were quite successful last month at that mosque in Al Hadr.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Exactly, they're good for a midnight raid on an unsuspecting target. But this is a well-equipped, sophisticated enemy who's ready to repel boarders. You send the Iraqis into a toxic chemical plant, you'll be lucky to get anyone out alive.

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

General Rodriguez?

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Sir, we got American civilians and American military personnel involved here and our boys should go get'em.

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

I appreciate both your opinions. But the President's made Iraqi military self-reliance a cornerstone of his foreign policy.

Buckley can't believe it.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

With all due respect sir, there's a time for politics and a time to save lives. Jake Rollins has a CIF team out of Doha that can be on site...

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

That's a negative, General. We're going with the Iraqi QRF on this one. Look, we know this is difficult. If I were you I'd want our boys leading the charge too.

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS (CONT'D)

But the President needs to know he
can count on you.

(after a moment)

Thank you.

And he's gone. It sits there. General Buckley slams down a
legal pad and heads out of the main bullpen into a side
conference room. General Rodriguez follows.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buckley's steaming.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

I say we send in backup right on
their asses. Rollins tells me he can
have his guys there in an hour.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

(huh?)

When'd you talk to him?

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Relax, I back-channeled it.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

I hate this as much as you, Dan, but
we got our marching orders.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

So we're supposed to watch our kids
die for the sake of some goddamn
political "cornerstone" or whatever
the hell he said.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

I can't back you if you violate a
direct order from the President.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

What's wrong with you? It's Matt in
there?

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Don't you dare suggest I don't care
about my son. I lost one boy already.

(it just comes out)

And it happened, you might remember,
because someone *didn't* follow orders.

They're seconds away from blows.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Danny was not responsible for Tim's
death.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
I'm glad you can keep believing that.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Go to hell.

And he's out of the room.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Syd catches up with Buckley. Oh great! Another Rodriguez.

SYD
General, McGee's taking lunch orders.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
(not now)
I'm okay.

SYD
I know.
(then, about her dad)
I'm sorry if he's difficult. This
must be touching some raw nerves.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
For all of us.

Rodriguez comes past, clearly irritated to see his daughter
huddling with Buckley.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Sydney, have you spoken to your
mother? She's left me ten messages.

SYD
We keep missing each other. I just
tried her.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Well try her again.

SYD
(almost breaking)
Why don't you call her?

General Rodriguez reacts to that like a slap in the face.
Starts to respond but doesn't want to get into family business
in front of General Buckley.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Keep me updated, anything comes in.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Of course.

General Rodriguez walks off stiffly.

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
(to Syd)
Go be a daughter, would you?

INT. CENTCOM - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

General Rodriguez is on his cell.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
We don't know anything yet.

INT. RODRIGUEZ HOME - CONTINUOUS

Where Leann paces, beside herself.

LEANN
That's not good enough, Jim.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY between General Rodriguez and Leann.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
You know we're doing everything we
can --

LEANN
Please don't talk to me like that.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Like what?

LEANN
Like a wife. Or a mother, when
you're telling them --

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
That is not going to happen here.
You understand me.

As General Rodriguez speaks, Syd turns the corner, hears this
and stops, unnoticed.

LEANN
I can't do it again. Not after Tim...
I didn't think I'd...

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Leann...?

LEANN
Baby, I'm scared.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
I'm scared, too, honey.

And he turns and sees Syd. She's never seen him like this.

SYD
I... I'll talk to you later.

She hurries off down the hall.

INT. REFINERY - ABANDONED STORAGE UNIT - IRAQ - NIGHT

Matt and Ali have found refuge in this enormous facility behind a row of giant cooling tanks. Matt's trying to rig up a command center. Ali's looking out the window.

MATT
Someone better be coming down that road pretty damn soon.

ALI
You think it's gonna be our guys, or the Iraqis.

MATT
Don't ask me my choice.

ALI
I don't have to. I was there this morning.

Danny's voice CRACKLES over the radio

DANNY
Bravo 6, come in.

EXT. REFINERY - WESTERN PERIMETER - INTERCUT

Danny's crouched behind a building, sees MATT'S HUMVEE - it's been toppled and set on fire. NO MALIK. In the b.g. - carnage. Bodies everywhere. Danny whispers into his radio.

DANNY
Matt, we found your car, but no Malik. It's a complete shitstorm on this side. I've got at least seven KIA and five unaccounted for. I'm black on ammo so I'm going to ground til someone gets here. I'm sorry you got involved here. I have no idea who these guys are or what they want.

MATT
Forget it, man. Bad luck.

DANNY
Yeah, I seem to be a magnet for it.

MATT

Just stay down, `cause if it's the Iraqis, they'll come in hot and they don't always shoot straight.

DANNY

Roger that.

Matt hangs up, notices Ali by the window.

ALI

Matt, I see them coming.

MATT

Ali - get down.

MATT'S POV - a BLACK HUMVEE rides by - flying the ISIS FLAG.

MATT (CONT'D)

Damn it. It's Isis.

Wow. Could things get any worse?

EXT. LAKE ODESSA - OUTSIDE TAMPA - MOTORBOAT

Jeff is driving Kriss out to the middle of the lake - top speed, blasting music, unaware of what's happening on the other side of the world. Kriss' phone RINGS. It's her dad.

KRISS

Oh my God. My dad must have called me 15 times. Now Leann's got him all worked up I bet.

Jeff slows down, stops the boat.

JEFF

So are we going to talk about your little proposition the other night?

KRISS

I'm sorry if I freaked you out. I'm not censoring so well these days. Consider it formally retracted.

JEFF

No, don't retract it. I liked it.

KRISS

Yeah?

JEFF

I want to know if there was anything to it. Did you mean what you said?

Kriss has to think for a second. Did she mean it?

KRISS

I don't know... There are so many times in the past few years that I could have died, and didn't, I think I started to feel like I was invincible. And then this spring I came so close... And I guess my one takeaway is that if you want to do something, don't wait. Just do it.

They lock eyes. Moment of truth. Then - the phone rings. Jeff takes it from Kriss.

KRISS (CONT'D)

No, don't pick up.

He chucks her phone into the water.

JEFF

Just do it.

And they start tearing each other's clothes off, primal and passionate.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - LATER

General Buckley hangs up his cell, turns to Syd.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

I've been trying to reach Kriss all day. Can you see if Leann can find her?

Meanwhile, on the

WALL MONITORS

A caravan of Iraqi vehicles are on their way to the refinery.

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER announces into his microphone.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

We have a visual and are confirming Iraqi Response Forces are on their way. ETA at the target in twenty three minutes. They're going to radio silence.

Buckley nods secretively to Syd, who steps aside with him.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Could you contact my friend from Doha? I want to make sure he's packed and ready.

SYD

Are you sure, sir?

GENERAL BUCKLEY

If you have a problem, it's okay, I can ask someone else. I know your father wouldn't approve...

SYD

I was going to say, sir, that once they're loaded in, wouldn't it make sense to have them move up to Camp Adder? Puts them five hundred miles closer to the refinery.

Buckley smiles. Syd is quite amazing.

ANGLE ON: GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

He's approached by a young TECHIE analyst.

TECHIE

General..

(introducing himself)

Corporal Lazlo, sir. May I show you something?

Rodriguez follows him back to his own monitor.

LAZLO

So I figured we could use as many perspectives on this thing as possible. I pulled in a few drones we've been lending to the Kurds to look for Isis encampments.

He clicks and several glowing white spots appear.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

What am I looking at?

LAZLO

It's too dark and cloudy for standard visual. So I've been using infrared. You're looking at some kind of apparatus lined up along the road to the refinery.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Agricultural machinery?

LAZLO

I thought maybe, so I've been running them through this algorithm I got from Langley, sorta an infrared facial recognition program.

The screen changes, receiving date.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
Okay, here we go.
(his face falls)
Shit. I was afraid of this.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
What?

LAZLO
That's the heat signature of a DARD
120. It's a French shoulder mounted
anti-tank weapon. And there are
several of them.

Rodriguez reacts immediately, calls over to Buckley.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Dan, the Iraqis are diving into an
ambush.
(to the techie)
I need a calculation. How long
before they get there.

ANOTHER TECHIE
Current speed, around nine minutes.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
They're on radio silence. Someone
see if we can break through.
(to the room)
What do we have airborne?

THE VIDEO SCREENS

Now display a radar panorama of everything flying within a
hundred miles.

LAZLO
We have two F16s airborne outta Al
Jaber carrying AGM65 Mavericks...
(then)
Damn, they're out of range.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Dan, we don't have authority to fire.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Notify the SecDef, Marnie.
(to Rodriguez)
They'll never respond in time.

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
What else do we have?

Lazlo clicks a key, and the large screen is filled with images of a strange looking drone.

BUCKLEY
What the hell's that?

TECHIE
That's the Harpy 2, sir. It's an Israeli drone. We've borrowed a few of them to test, and they happen to be in the air right now.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
What kinda missiles do they carry.

SYD
(she knows)
They don't. They are the missiles. You just guide the drone right into the target.
(to her concern)
Which makes them highly accurate.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Okay, how are we for time?

LAZLO
Calculating...okay, drones are six minutes to target.

TECHIE #2
The Iraqis are eight minutes away.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
All right, let's get control of all three of'em.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
General, I can't support this.

MARNIE
Sir, if our timing is off...

GENERAL BUCKLEY
I know, I can do the math, we blow up the Iraqi response team. But they get blown up anyway if we do nothing.
(to Marnie)
Anything from Washington?

MARNIE
No sir.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Let's do this.

VIDEO SCREENS

Three drone operators sit at their desks.

GENERAL BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
Give them the coordinates.

VIDEO SCREENS

We pick up the three Drones as blips, heading toward their targets.

From the other direction, the Iraqi troops move unsuspectingly toward...what?

Time slows in the Operations Center.

TECHIE
Two minutes to impact.

TECHIE (CONT'D)
It's a flat stretch of road. The Iraqis are picking up speed.

Waiting. Watching.

TECHIE (CONT'D)
Forty-five seconds to impact.

SYD
They're too close!

GENERAL BUCKLEY
No. We got this.

TECHIE
Fifteen seconds.

The drones and the Iraqi caravan are almost at the same spot. Suddenly the screen WHITES OUT with the EXPLOSIONS from the three drones.

Then, the Iraqi caravan, emerges, unscathed, continuing toward the refinery.

A CHEER in the room. Marnie picks up the phone. She nods. Hangs up.

MARNIE
That was the Secretary of Defense. The President has authorized the use of drones. He directs that we proceed.

Buckley looks over to his old colleague. As much as Rodriguez disagrees with his friend's tactics, he knows that this is what makes him great.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE REFINERY - IRAQ - NIGHT - OVERHEAD SHOT

Iraqi special forces ARMORED TRUCKS slowly rumble down the road toward the refinery.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

The Ops Center is still buzzing after the successful drone strike. Rodriguez is on the PHONE while Buckley and Syd huddle.

TECHIE #2
Iraqi's are one klick out.

BUCKLEY
(aside to Syd)
What's the status on the 5th-group
CIF team?

Syd points to a MONITOR with a grainy feed of a BLACKHAWK sitting on a tarmac, rotors spinning.

SYD
Team's loaded onboard in full battle
rattle, waiting for our go ahead.

Marnie crosses to Buckley.

MARNIE
Chairman needs you.

BUCKLEY
(re: screens)
Throw him up here.

MARNIE
Wants to speak to you alone.

Buckley smiles. He knew this was coming.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Good. I prefer to be gelded in
private.

SYD
(worried)
POTUS authorized the drone strike.
The Chairman can't fault you for
acting.

BUCKLEY
(calming)
I need you focused here, Syd. Matt
and Ali do too.

Buckley heads to a private video conference room. Syd tracks him, worried for her boss.

TECHIE #2
QRF have reached the refinery
perimeter.

Syd eyes the live feed from one of the Iraqi Humvees.

VIDEO SCREENS

The Iraqis are outside the refinery perimeter. Off in the distance we can see a burned-out TOYOTA TRUCK, damaged in the attack earlier. An ISIS FLAG attached to the truck flaps in the wind.

PUSH IN ON SYD - something's off.

SYD
(to Techie #2)
Isolate the flag on that truck.

The SCREEN FILLS with the IMAGE OF THE ISIS FLAG.

SYD (CONT'D)
(thinking)
Okay, can you just search the archive
for known Isis flags.

The Techie types on the keyboard and the SCREEN'S FLOODED WITH IMAGES of a Special Ops rescue mission, but the search quickly finds photos of several old ISIS FLAGS.

TECHIE #2
There you go. Seen one Isis flag
you've seen 'em all, Syd.

Syd's eyes dance back and forth from flag to flag. The Techie doesn't understand why Syd's wasting her time with flags. Syd spots something - something important. She pulls out her phone.

EXT. LAKE ODESSA - TAMPA - NIGHT

Kriss and Jeff sit by the lake, tent pitched nearby, looking up at the sky. Jeff points to a constellation of stars.

JEFF
I think that's the Little Dipper.

Kriss spots a FIGHTER JET flying into the night.

KRISS

And that's a C-130. Look how beautiful it is, shooting into the sky.

(off Jeff's look)

What?

JEFF

I don't know. Just wondering how I'll feel the next time you're on one of those things.

KRISS

You can't think about it.

JEFF

I can't not think about it.

KRISS

Leann doesn't want me to go back.

JEFF

Well, me and her both. I would ask you to stay if I thought there was any chance you would.

Kriss looks at him; he's right.

KRISS

Hey - I'm here now. Be here with me. That's what Dr. Cahill tells us.

(fake therapy voice)

"Be here in the present."

JEFF

I thought you said Dr. Cahill was an idiot.

KRISS

No I said she was *kind of* an idiot.

JEFF

Oh, well then, never mind.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches the campsite.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Lieutenant Kristine Buckley?

Kriss looks up at him. Filled with dread.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Syd's watching the feed of the Iraqi rescue mission. Nothing's happening yet. Buckley enters. Syd moves to him.

SYD
Iraqis are about to move in. Should
we scramble the CIF team?

BUCKLEY
Chairman just made it clear - very
clear - we're on the sidelines the
rest of the way.

SYD
But Matt and Ali...

An COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER announces into his microphone.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
(into mic)
Halifax personnel data just came in.
Uploading now.

BUCKLEY
(short)
I don't like it anymore than you do,
Syd, but we're not engaging.

Syd turns her focus to the screen with the Halifax data.

SCREEN - A SERIES OF IDENTIFICATION PHOTOS with NAMES.

"Manning, Bradley". "Cushman, Peter". "Lewis, Kadar".
"Buckley, Daniel". PUSH IN a PHOTO OF DANNY BUCKLEY.

ANGLE ON SYD: Stunned.

SYD
(shocked, to herself)
Danny.

General Buckley turns to the screen and sees the photo of the
son he hasn't spoken to in two years. This is as close to
rattled as you'll ever see the General.

ANGLE on GENERAL RODRIGUEZ. Surprised like the others, but
pissed. He glares at Buckley. What the hell is Danny doing
there? Has he known this whole time?

Buckley exits the room. Rodriguez barrels over to Syd.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Did you now he was there?

SYD
(stunned)
No.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
If we're in this shitshow because of
Danny Buckley...

SYD
(snapping to)
Stop. We don't know what's going on
yet.

AN AIDE enters, turns to Syd.

AIDE
There's a Marcus Seid here for you.

The Aide leaves. Syd turns to leave.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Where are you going?

SYD
To find out who's behind all this.

General Rodriguez watches his daughter go.

INT. REFINERY - STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Back with Ali and Matt. It's almost dawn. Quiet outside. Ali is sleeping, Matt's awake, looking at her. He hears a series of BEEPS on his radio. Clearly a signal he's been waiting for. He gently touches Ali's shoulder. She stirs.

MATT
Ali. There is a team of Iraqi special forces who are coming to get us. Now. I have to climb up on the cooling tower and set off an infrared strobe for them. The ISF'll be able to see it with thermal sights.

ALI
Okay.

Matt puts his gun down next to her.

MATT
I'm going to leave this with you. Just in case. Do you need me to show you how to discharge the gun?

Ali looks at him as if he's nuts.

ALI
Have you met my father? He had us all on the shooting range by 3rd grade.

MATT
Right.
(then)
You okay?

ALI

Fine.

MATT

You can't say I didn't give you a decent story.

ALI

No. You delivered.

Matt turns to go.

ALI (CONT'D)

Matt, if anything -

MATT

- Nope. We're not going to talk like that. Okay?

ALI

Okay.

MATT

Be back in five minutes.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE REFINERY - NIGHT

The Iraqi special forces TRUCKS roll down the road, closing in on the perimeter of the refinery. Suddenly - an AMBUSH. IRAQI SOLDIERS shot by MASKED INSURGENTS. RPGS fly.

EXT. REFINERY - COOLING TOWER - NIGHT

Matt climbs up a cooling tower, SETS UP THE INFRARED FLARE for the incoming rescue team.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kriss drives - anguished, unable to speak.

JEFF

Kriss, please say something. You haven't said anything for two hours.

But she can't.

FLASH POP - KRISS'S MEMORY

EXT. KORANGAL VALLEY - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Kriss drags the BLONDE SOLDIER into the ARMY TRUCK. Finally to safety. Sounds of GUNFIRE. SAND BLOWING. SMOKE.

KRISS

There you go. You're going to be okay, O'Reilly.

O'Reilly nods. Kriss runs back across a ravine to bring another soldier to safety. Looks back and the TRUCK BLOWS - O'Reilly inside. SMASHES her - BACK TO REALITY.

INT. KRISS'S CAR - NIGHT

Kriss pulls up in front of Jeff's house.

JEFF

Kriss, please talk to me. Whatever this is, I'm here. I want to do this with you.

KRISS

Please, just go inside. I'll call you later.

Kriss suddenly seems like a different person. It's as if Jeff can see the walls come down.

JEFF

I don't understand. Two hours ago we were getting married.

She looks at him. Kisses him on the cheek, gently.

KRISS

I'm so sorry.

He gets out of the car, and she speeds off.

INT. CENTCOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Syd's in the hallway with MARCUS BACKSTROM (30's), a fellow policy wonk, who can't believe what Syd just said to him.

MARCUS

You're right about the flags. Isis doesn't mess around with their state symbol. There's no way this is them.

SYD

I don't get it. You trust any of your contacts in the Iraq government enough to poke around?

MARCUS

It's extremely complicated making any headway there. The cabinet is in such disarray. The Defense Minister and the Foreign Minister don't even-

Marcus catches himself. Something occurs to him. Syd pounces.

SYD
Tell me. What, Marcus?

MARCUS
It's just, the Iraq Minister of the Interior has his own internal police, which essentially function like a Shiite militia - separate and independent from the Minister of Defense.

SYD
He has his own army that operates in the shadows?

MARCUS
Well, yes, you think....

But Syd's already gone.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - LATER

Rodriguez and Buckley watch the LIVE FEED in silence.

TECHIE #1
Iraqis are a go.

EXT. REFINERY - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER hovers overhead, two guys fast-rope down.

But they are instantly GUNNED DOWN by sharpshooters from a nearby building.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - INTERCUT

The room is silent as they see the rescue operation falling apart.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
FUBAR. Refinery's gonna be overrun in minutes.

Syd bursts into the room.

SYD
I know who's behind this.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Anytime, Rodriguez.

SYD

The Iraqi Minister of the Interior,
Hakim. I think he staged the attack,
made it look like ISIS.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

(putting together)

He uses the attack to make the case
that his guys should take over
protective duties at the refinery.
But what's his long game?

SYD

Iran. They pay him a boatload so get
unrestricted access to the plant and
can use the metals to cheat on the
nuclear agreement.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Iran? Jesus. Good work, Syd.

Syd looks to the screen, sees the assault failing.

SYD

(somber)

Unfortunately of no use to our people
on the ground.

General Rodriguez eyes the SCREEN with the U.S. Blackhawk
helicopter on the tarmac. Off General Rodriguez.

INT. REFINERY - STORAGE FACILITY - IRAQ - NIGHT

We're back with Ali - alone, waiting for Matt. It's dark,
smoke-filled. She hears something CLATTER on the ground. **WE
HAVE CAUGHT UP TO WHERE WE WERE IN THE TEASER.** Ali turns,
startled, calls out -

ALI

Matt.

Nothing. She picks up Matt's GUN, takes a position behind one
of the tanks. HEARS a MAN'S VOICE whispering in Arabic.

MAN'S VOICE

(on his phone)

I think they are in here.

ALI'S POV - A man moving through the shadows of the refinery,
coming CLOSER to her. She SEES his WEAPON, HEARS it ENGAGE.
It's POINTED AT HER.

ON ALI'S FACE - she has no other choice. Deep breath. She
pulls back the trigger and SHOOTs. The man falls. Ali is
stunned, moves forward to look at the man she's shot. It's not
an enemy combatant. It's -

ALI

Malik.

Off Ali - horror-stricken. What has she done?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. REFINERY - STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Ali is in shock, disoriented. She kneels down by Malik's body.

ALI

Malik.

No pulse. He's gone. Matt rushes in from the other end of the building. SEES the scene, Malik. No words.

ALI (CONT'D)

He had a gun. He - It was pointed right at me and - it was so dark.

MATT

It's okay. We have to get out of here. We have to move.

ALI

I can't just leave him here.

MATT

Listen to me Al. It was dark. And you were scared. It's happened to the best of us out here. But we have to go. They know we're here. You're going to come with me now.

Matt coaxes Ali to her feet and takes her out the back door. But it's too late. TWO INSURGENTS are waiting for them - guns pointed. Matt struggles with them and almost takes them down, until TWO MORE GUYS come from behind, weapons out. GAME OVER.

EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

STAY WITH Ali and Matt as they are led out of the facility.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

Panicked Iraqi voices come in from the Response Team's radio.

IRAQI COLONEL

Pulling back. Repeat, pulling back.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Do you have the Americans?

IRAQI COLONEL

Negative. We do not.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Damn it, we need eyes down there.

SYD

I was thinking, if our bad guys really are working for the Interior minister, it's possibly they're using government vehicles.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

Which means?

LAZLO

(jumping on the thought)
Which means, they're using a communications system we built for them. And if we built it...

SYD

You can hack it.

LAZLO

Assuming they're networked...

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Go!

EXT. REFINERY - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Matt and Ali are taken out as THREE BLACK ARMORED HUMVEES flying the FLAG OF ISIS pull up. Matt turns to his captors.

MATT

Release the woman. She's a civilian.

INSURGENT

(in Arabic)
You're not the one making decisions.

MATT

Take me. Don't take her.

But they begin to force them both toward their trucks.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

Still nothing from the ground. Then....

TECHIE #2

Got it.

First we only hear audio.

INSURGENT (O.S.)

(in Arabic)
We have two American hostages to bring back.

Syd gasps.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
What did he say?

SYD
(hard to say the words)
They have two American hostages.

TECHIE #2
Here we go. Show time.

VIDEO SCREEN

It crackles to life with the video feed from the dashcam of the insurgents' vehicles. We can see Ali and Matt being dragged to one of the trucks.

RESUME

The sight of both their kids in danger and their helplessness is overwhelming for the Generals.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. REFINERY - MAIN GATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

And now, from out of nowhere, a

US Special Forces Team

emerges from the back of the refinery, coordinated, lethal. There's a fire fight.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buckley can't believe his eyes.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
That's Jake's team from Doha. But, I
didn't call them.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
I did.

Rodriguez says it so matter-of-factly, with such strength, that for one of the first times in his life, Buckley is left speechless.

Syd can't believe it either. Her father's violated an order from the Commander and Chief.

EXT. REFINERY - MAIN GATE

The American CIF team exchanges fire with the insurgents, who have ducked behind their vehicles, still holding Matt and Ali.

And now Danny and two fellow Contractors join the fight, rifles blaring.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

General Buckley's eyes widen as he sees his son in combat. Syd, beside him, instinctively takes his hand.

EXT REFINERY - MAIN GATES

DANNY has spotted Matt and Ali amidst the fire fight. The insurgents are too busy countering fire to pay much attention to guarding them.

Danny and another Contractor make a run for it, dodging fire to reach them. They take out the two insurgents guarding them.

For one moment, the three Buckley and Rodriguez kids are together. But there's crossfire everywhere. Danny spots a safe spot.

DANNY

There. Take her. I'll cover you.

MATT

I'll stay.

DANNY

Forget it. I was always a better shot than you.

ALI

Guys! Not the time.

Matt looks at Ali, then at Danny. He nods.

DANNY

Go.

Matt grabs Ali and runs with her to a safe position, as Danny rises up to fire, giving them cover.

Matt and Ali get to safety, but *as she stops, her shoulder bag tumbles from her shoulder. She frantically picks it up.*

Matt looks at Ali - she's shaken.

MATT

You okay?

Ali nods, she is. Matt turns back to survey the scene.

MATT'S POV: Danny has been shot.

He's lying on the ground bleeding out. In the BG the captors shout, trying to figure out what to do with Danny. They pull him toward their truck.

MATT (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Ali sees.

ALI

Danny!

She instinctively rises. Matt stops her. He lowers his gun.

ALI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Matt moves away from their safe place, hands up.

ANGLE ON: JAKE ROLLINS

He instantly sees that Matt's in the line of fire.

ROLLINS

Hold fire.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

No one has any idea what's happening.

MARNIE

He's not...surrendering?

But Rodriguez knows what his son is doing.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ

He's not.

EXT. REFINERY - MAIN GATE

Matt speaks to the insurgents.

MATT

Let him go. He needs medical attention. I'm a one-star US general. The US will negotiate for my release.

Danny's CAPTORS speak to one another in Arabic. One of them nods to Matt. Matt moves to Danny, already barely conscious.

DANNY

Matt...

MATT

It's okay.

The remaining insurgents grab Matt, throw him in the back of their truck, and take off.

The Rollins teams advances. Ali comes out from hiding.

ROLLINS

(into microphone)

They have a captive. Do not follow.
Repeat, do not follow.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER

Total silence.

PRELAP SOUNDS OF ROTORS WHIRRING.

EXT. REFINERY - IRAQ - NIGHT

A MEDEVAC HELICOPTER gets ready to take off. Doctors stabilize Danny as they move him into place. Ali turns to a medic.

ALI

Please - easy with him.

Ali sits next to Danny, holding his hand, staring at the smoldering refinery, the events of the last few days slowly sinking in. A MEDIC hands her a phone.

MEDIC

For you.

Ali takes the phone. It's -

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM

Dan Buckley - only a father now.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

Honey. How bad are his injuries? Can you put him on the line?

ALI

He can't talk. But they're saying he's going to be okay.
(then, losing it)
Daddy, they have Matt.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

I know. We're going to bring him home. I promise you that.

ALI

This never would have happened if I -

GENERAL BUCKLEY

No. It's going to be okay, honey.

Off Ali - wishing she believed what her father was saying.

INT. PENTAGON - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Syd sits next to her father, takes his hand. Rodriguez turns to Buckley.

GENERAL BUCKLEY

You saved their lives.

The three of them sit there. What else is there to say?

INT. KRISS' CAR - NIGHT - INTERCUT

It's Kriss, driving, fast, radio BLARING. In a REAR VIEW - Kriss sees flashing lights. Shit.

A COP approaches.

COP

Ma'am. Did you know you were going 98 miles an hour?

(then)

Ma'am?

But Kriss has her head on the steering wheel. She's sobbing.

INT. CENTCOM OPERATIONS CENTER - EARLY MORNING

A quiet hum as the team tries to reset. Buckley and Rodriguez are looking up at the

THE VIDEO SCREEN

Where the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs looks damn serious.

VICE CHAIRMAN

We'll reconvene with the Sec Def at 0700. Latest intel shows that the attack was originated by Iranian-trained militias loyal to the Minister of the Interior. Your CIF team can continue their operation. Officially.

(off Buckley's look)

What, you thought we wouldn't find out?

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
(to the Vice Chairman)
I thought we needed a Plan B. Looks
like I was right.

VICE CHAIRMAN
So between you, you commandeered
three drones and ordered a Special
Forces team into combat with no
permission. Needless to say, the Sec
Def is ripshit. Especially in the
face of the upcoming Wilson hearings.
Wants to see whichever of you is
responsible at 0600 before the tank.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
I'll be there.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
So will I.

They lock eyes. One way or another, they're in this together.

When the Chairman's gone, Rodriguez turns his attention to the
feed. Buckley approaches his friend. Where does he start?

GENERAL BUCKLEY
Jim -

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
None of it matters except getting
Matt back.

Buckley nods. Sits with his old friend.

GENERAL BUCKLEY
You want to get some sleep. We have
to be back here in four hours.

GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
Not yet. We've got drones out
looking for that vehicle. You should
go.

But General Buckley sits down beside him. He won't leave until
his old friend is ready.

EXT. MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE - CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

Leann walks up to a grave. JANE BUCKLEY. Lays a single flower
down. She stands there, communing with her friend.

Then she walks a few yards to her right. Another grave.

Her son's, Tim Rodriguez.

The Buckleys and Rodriguezes are together, even in death.

Leann stands there, tears streaming down her face.

INT. BLACK HUMVEE - IRAQ - LATE AFTERNOON

Matt's captors drive him through the desert. Matt looks out the window into the night. MATCH CUT TO -

INT. MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - DUSK

Ali stares out the window into the darkness as she flies back home toward uncharted territory.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DUSK

Ali's precious papers on Danny's case blow across the sand.

A LARGE BOOT comes down on one of them. A hand reaches down for the paper, "US vs. Buckley." We follow the hand up, but the glare of the setting sun blocks out the man's face.

END OF EPISODE ONE

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