

TOM CLANCY'S JACK RYAN

#101

"Pilot"

Teleplay by
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Based on characters created by Tom Clancy

2ND STUDIO DRAFT
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TOM CLANCY'S JACK RYAN

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"Pilot"

INT. AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE: a CASSETTE TAPE is slipped into the deck of a shabby, boom box. A brown finger presses PLAY. The tape crackles, then -- the opening snare of MJ's "Billie Jean" begins, and a small, sneakered foot begins to tap to the beat.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: a LEBANESE BOY, 11, cute, wearing a white, sequined GLOVE and holding a HAIRBRUSH like a microphone.

Bekaa Valley, Lebanon - 1983

He sings along with the verse in a thick Lebanese accent --

MICHAEL JACKSON/LEBANESE BOY

"She was more like a beauty queen
from a movie scene..."

On the bed: his LITTLE BROTHER, 7, laughs. Loving this.

MICHAEL JACKSON/LEBANESE BOY (CONT'D)

"I said I don't mind, but what do
you mean, I am the one..."

He does a little spin and moon walks across his bedroom which looks like any other eleven-year-old boy's room -- toy cars on the shelf -- action figures -- posters on the wall. As the Lebanese Boy SINGS --

The bedroom door OPENS and the boys freeze, looking up at -- their MOTHER, 30s, pretty but harried.

MOM

(subtitled Arabic)

Suleiman! *What are you doing?*

She charges into the room, shuts off the boom box --

MOM (CONT'D)

*Did you finish your chores like I
asked?*

Suleiman drops his eyes.

MOM (CONT'D)

Outside. Now. You, too, Ali.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs her hairbrush out of young Suleiman's hand and shoos the boys out of the room.

INT. MODEST LEBANESE HOME - CONTINUOUS

TRACK with Suleiman and Ali as they run through a modest but cared for home. The boys run through the living room where their FATHER, TWO UNCLES, and GRANDFATHER sit on pillows on the floor playing backgammon. The boys run through their game, nearly knocking over their board. Their Father swats at Suleiman's backside but comes up with air --

FATHER

No running in the house!

INT. MODEST LEBANESE HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

THREE OLDER SISTERS help with dinner. They look up as the boys tear through the kitchen, making funny FACES. The older boy, Suleiman, steals FOOD off a plate on the counter --

OLDER SISTER

Mom?!!!

Their mother trails, shoos the boys toward the front door:

MOM

Outside, I said! Now!
 (pushes them out the door)
*Clean the chicken coops and bring
 in eggs for the morning! DON'T
 BREAK ANY THIS TIME!*

After they're gone, she leans against the door, sighs. Those boys will be the death of her.

EXT. MODEST LEBANESE HOME - CONTINUOUS

The boys exit the house. Suleiman kicks his foot in the dirt. He hates doing chores. Little Ali imitates him.

Their home is one of many brick dwellings built into the sloping hillside. The valley below is a dense patch of buildings and houses with bleached stone facades and peach colored roofs surrounded by rolling hills that have been carved into lush acres of farmland. It's a beautiful, thriving community.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suleiman and Ali arrive at a SMALL BARNYARD. Ali climbs up the side of the sheep paddock and sits on the fence while Suleiman grabs a BUCKET full of bird seed and moves to the chicken coops.

SULEIMAN
Come get it, assholes.

He opens the chicken coop and the chickens all run out.

SULEIMAN (CONT'D)
Hey! STOP, fuckers!!!

Suleiman chases the birds around the yard, slips in chicken shit and falls on his ass -- Ali, sitting atop the paddock fence, goes into hysterics.

SULEIMAN (CONT'D)
It's not funny!

Ali puts his hands over his mouth, trying to stifle his laughter. Suleiman looks down at his pants, now covered in chicken shit. After a beat, he begins to LAUGH, too.

Then something gets their attention...

A dull WHINE. It's coming from above. Getting LOUDER, CLOSER. The WHISTLING becomes a ROAR, a FREIGHT TRAIN in the SKY coming right toward them --

Their POV: TWO FRENCH BOMBS SCREAMING across the valley, flying low enough to shake houses!

The boys look at one another, eyes WIDE; this is the coolest thing they have ever seen.

Metal TUBES that look small from far away tumble out of the bottom of the PLANES. What are those?

Then all along the valley floor -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- a trail of bone-jarring EXPLOSIONS shake the earth; a wake of FIRE and DESTRUCTION that creeps across the valley like a lit fuze -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- the French FIGHTERS carpet bomb the valley heading right for the boys on the hillside --

And as the JETS ROOOOOOAAAAR BY ABOVE THEM, ripping through the perfect blue sky --

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - WASHINGTON D.C. - EARLY MORNING

The Potomac river, so still it looks like glass. The sky, bruised by the first rays of morning sunlight, is reflected in the water's surface.

Potomac River, Washington D.C. - Present Day

The reflection of the sky begins to warp and ripple before it is broken up entirely by the BLADE of an OAR --

-- The V-shaped bow of a single scull enters frame -- its oars dip in and out of the water in powerful, rhythmic strokes.

CLOSE ON: a MAN's back. His muscles ripple beneath the faded, sweat-soaked fabric of his B.U. Crew shirt. The Man pushes himself as if he were in a race, but there is no one else out here at this time of morning. Just him, the river, his scull, and his oars. He pushes himself until his muscles are on fire and he can't force another stroke. The scull glides over the Potomac, cutting through the fog, and we ARM around to REVEAL --

Our MAN. He is 35, handsome, a face you trust immediately without knowing why. Eyes that are either warm or intense and rarely anything in between.

Meet JACK RYAN. Our HERO. Though he doesn't know it yet.

He pulls the oars into the boat and catches his breath, stares out over the Potomac to -- Washington D.C. and its famous monuments to itself. A modern day Rome.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - BOAT HOUSE - MORNING

A few other ROWERS are just putting their sculls in the water. Jack carries his scull upside down on his head and walks up the dock toward the Potomac Boat Club to shower and change.

EXT. VARIOUS SCENIC LOCALES - MORNING

Jack rides his bike to work along the Potomac and through D.C. A gorgeous commute. He has his earbuds in, listening to MUSIC. Loud. Energetic. Definitely not what you'd expect Tom Clancy's Jack Ryan to listen to, but this *our* Jack Ryan, and *our* Jack Ryan is cool. Sort of.

EXT. ARLINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE - MORNING

Jack rides over the bridge. MUSIC blaring, as he glances both ways to cross the street onto Route 123 as --

HOOOOOOONNNNK! A BLACK CHEVY CAMARO coming from the opposite direction, takes the turn fast, baring down on Jack --

-- Jack swerves at the same time as the Camaro -- they miss each other by inches. Somehow Jack manages not to wipe out and deftly guides the bike across another lane of traffic and comes to a stop, his momentum nearly ejecting him over the handlebars. He turns to look at --

The CAMARO skids to a stop in the street as the DRIVER, an African-American MAN about Jack's age with murderous eyes, leans across the seat and yells out the open window --

DRIVER

Wake up, shit head!!!

The Driver punches the gas, and the Camaro speed off down Route 123, tires squealing --

JACK

(to himself)

Asshole.

EXT. CIA - FRONT GATE - MORNING

Jack rides past a line of CARS waiting to enter the front gate. The GUARD at the GUARD SHACK scans Jack's BLUE CIA BADGE.

Jack's PHOTO and his name, RYAN, JACK P, pop up on the guard's monitor. He waves Jack through the gate.

TILT UP TO -- the sprawling CIA campus surrounded by a moat of trees.

EXT. CIA - MORNING

Jack locks his bike in a bike rack, turns off his iPhone, and places it in a water proof pouch under his bike seat. A few feet away we see a couple of other bike riders shutting off their phones as well and stowing them. Apparently, this is protocol.

Jack runs toward the new HQ building passing CIA EMPLOYEES carrying cups of Starbucks and Dunkin' Donuts coffee. Just like any office on any morning in America.

INT. CIA - NEW HQ BUILDING - MORNING

Jack enters his pin to pass through the turnstiles in the lobby -- he scans his badge again to get on the elevator --

INT. CIA - NEW HQ BUILDING - BASEMENT - MORNING

The elevator doors open and Jack exits, pulling his folded up, dry-fit blazer from his backpack, shaking out the wrinkles, and putting it on as he runs down a long, windowless corridor, passing an SECURITY PROTECTIVE OFFICER (SPO), 50s.

OFFICER

Dr. Ryan, tough loss for your O's last night!

JACK

Could be worse, Harold! I could be a Mets fan!

The Guard puts his hands over his heart in mock offense as --

Jack arrives at a heavy steel DOOR with a spin-lock. He scans his badge and pulls open the DOOR --

INT. CIA - NEW HQ BUILDING - VAULT BX49 - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters and walks briskly through a MAZE of cubicles (most of them empty) in a windowless room. Clocks on the wall display times in different cities: WASHINGTON D.C., PARIS, KABUL, JAKARTA, BAGHDAD, CAIRO, etc. Flat-screen TVs show live, open-source news feeds from all over the world.

CIA, Langley, Va

Vault BX49, Terrorist Finance and Arms Division

Jack slows his gait, arriving at a briefing room off the bullpen of cubicles. He smooths the lapels of his jacket, wipes sweat from his brow and enters --

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A motley group: millennial ANALYSTS, a few burned out CASE OFFICERS, and a couple of REPS from other agencies are taking seats around a long table for the morning brief. These people spend 80 hours a week in this dreary space isolated from the outside world. It makes for some interesting characters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FEMALE BRANCH CHIEF, 40s, looks up from the head of the table --

FEMALE BRANCH CHIEF
Are you on Yemeni time, Dr. Ryan?

JACK
No, ma'am.

Jack slides into an empty chair, winded. His eyes catch on -- a FEMALE COLLEAGUE across the table making eyes at him. Her name is TERESA, and she's not so much unattractive as painfully awkward. Jack smiles politely, averts his eyes.

FEMALE BRANCH CHIEF
(nods to a female ANALYST)
Go 'head, Layla.

LAYLA NAVARRO, 35, a bright, worldly COLLECTION MANAGEMENT OFFICER (CMO), is one of the most experienced analysts in the room. She moves to a lectern, glances down at a printout --

LAYLA
Last night we got some fresh Houthi SIGINT from the Fort. You'll find the serial link in the morning email...

As the morning brief gets under way...

INT. CIA - OLD HQ BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - DAY

JAMES GREER, the African-American man we just saw nearly cream Jack with his Camaro, sits in a chair outside a closed office door. He's 37 with eyes that look much older than the rest of his face. His suit is a little tight, like he hasn't worn it in awhile. He seems uncomfortable, out of his element.

On a nearby desk, a PHONE rings, and a MALE AIDE, 25, Asian-American answers on a headset.

MALE AIDE
Yes, sir.
(hangs up, looks to Greer)
You can go in now, Mr. Greer.

Greer stands. Next to the door of the office, a placard reads: "Edward M. Singer, Deputy Director of Operations."

INT. CIA - OLD HQ BUILDING - DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Corner office with a view. Lots of wood and leather. Deputy Director of Operations EDWARD M. SINGER, 50s, polished, former Whiffenpoof, the Agency's "old guard," sits behind a big desk. A regimen of vitamins and pills are spread out before him. He dry swallows them one at a time. He looks up as Greer enters but makes no move to greet him.

D.D.O. SINGER
(between pills)
Have a seat.

Greer takes a seat across the desk, and the two men meet eyes. Neither are particularly happy to see each other under present circumstances.

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
So? How was your leave?

GREER
Long.
(beat, Singer waits for
more)
I took the boat out to the Grand
Banks. Did some fishing.

D.D.O. SINGER
Sounds... calming.

Beat. Greer doesn't respond.

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)
Have you talked to Christine since
you've been back?

GREER
Once. At her lawyer's office.

D.D.O. SINGER
Sorry, you still have your ring on.
I thought maybe you two were trying
to work it out.

Beat. Greer's silence is his answer. Singer moves on --

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)
Anyway, this is a list of T-FAD
personnel, their clearances, and
what they've been read-in on.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)

The group is mostly analysts, a couple of case officers, reps from Treasury and Justice, no one you'd know.

He hands Greer a thin folder. Greer takes it but doesn't open it or say anything.

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

You know, Jim, it is what you make of it.

GREER

It's a backwater post, Ed. We both know it.

D.D.O. SINGER

It's a second chance. One that, frankly, a lot of people on this floor didn't feel you deserved.

Singer lets that land. A beat. Greer just stares back, waiting to be dismissed. Singer nods. Greer stands to go.

D.D.O. SINGER (CONT'D)

Oh, and Jim? Just so we're clear, I went to bat for you. Don't fuck me on this.

Greer exits. Singer watches him go, then dry-swallows another pill.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Jack and the other participants are as we left them.

LAYLA

...Imagery shows the Iranians and the Saudis maintaining the patterns we've seen this year so far. Al Arabiya has a special this week on the conflict that has several insights, might be worth checking out.

A MALE ANALYST raises his hand --

MALE ANALYST

Where can we get that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAYLA

OSC should have the dailies up
online.

At the front of the room the door OPENS, and everyone turns
as Greer enters.

ON -- Jack looks up from his notepad and recognizes Greer
from their run-in this morning.

JACK

(under his breath)
Shit.

Greer clears his throat. Everyone shuts up.

GREER

Morning. I'm James Greer, your new
Group Chief.

PATRICK KLINGHOFFER, 31, preppy, gay, campaigned for Nader
(twice), leans over to Jack, whispers --

TAREK

He was Chief of Station in
Islamabad.

JACK

Chief of Station? What the hell
did he do to get reassigned here?

Greer takes a seat at the head of the table, looks over the
faces of his new team. Few meet his gaze. Including Jack.

GREER

Why don't we go around the table.
Just stand up, introduce
yourselves, and tell me what you're
working on. Let's start with you.

TAREK, 32, second generation Lebanese-American, khakis and
Chuck Taylor's, stands.

TAREK

Hi. I'm Tarek, I work PAD.
Currently, I'm tracking SIGINT in
the region trying to get coverage
on the hawala networks out of
Islamabad.

GREER

Very well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greer nods to ALLIE LIN, 26, Chinese-American, tomboy, the greenest of the group --

ALLIE

I'm Allie Lin. I work Europe. We just completed our second round of analysis on SWIFT transactions based on liaison data from French and Belgium assets, sir.

Greer nods, looks down the table at Jack. A beat. Jack and Greer meet eyes. Is it possible Greer doesn't recognize him?

GREER

Your turn, Lance Armstrong.

Nope. Jack wishes he could crawl under the table right about now, but he forces himself to stand, clears his throat...

JACK

...Jack Ryan. I work Yemen... I've been monitoring SWIFT network transactions in and around Sana'a. In the last three months, there have been a half-dozen transfers that would fall into the "suspicious" category.

GREER

Suspicious? How so?

JACK

Well, for starters, normal SWIFT transactions occur in a pattern based on the business cycle or tax filing deadlines. Or between businesses conducting similarly cyclical import/export transactions, usually oil or textiles. It's anomalous to see large, one-off SWIFT transactions to individuals, even sole proprietors, especially in Yemen. Sir.

GREER

Any idea who's behind the transfers?

JACK

That's the thing, once the money leaves the bank we have no idea where it goes or to whom.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (CONT'D)

Terrorists tend not to write a lot
of checks...

Jack flashes a nervous smile, but Greer's face might as well
be set in cement. Jack plows ahead, God bless him.

JACK (CONT'D)

...But I have a theory.

Across the table, Layla winces, urging Jack with her eyes...

LAYLA

(mouths)

No.

GREER

Am I suppose to guess, Mr...?

JACK

Doctor Ryan. No, sir, I believe
the person behind these transfers
is named "Suleiman."

Layla and others around the room look away, shake their
heads; they feel for Jack, but clearly they've heard this
theory of his before, and they don't share it.

GREER

"Suleiman"...?

JACK

It means "man of peace." It's the
Old Testament version of King
Solomon in the Islamic tradition,
which sees him as a Prophet. It's
usually a Persian or Lebanese name,
though. Haven't seen it much in
Yemen.

GREER

Thank you for the history lesson.
Who is he?

JACK

His name's been popping up on CTC
Yemen's regional attack planning
chatter. Some of their RH assets
have mentioned him as well.

GREER

So you don't actually know who he
is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

Well... not yet. The different databases aren't designed in such a way as to talk to one another. So I'm writing a custom SQL query to correlate the IMEI's to Proton and look for matches. And I think I'm making --

GREER

-- Next.

JACK

...progress.

Jack trails off and takes his seat as Greer moves on. Dick.

INT. CIA - OLD HQ BUILDING - CAFETERIA - STARBUCKS - DAY

The safest Starbucks in the world just off the cafeteria/food court on the ground floor of the Old HQ building. It's busy. Jack, Tarek, and Patrick grab their coffees from the bar --

TAREK

(mimicking Jack)

-- "Excuse me, sir, I'm writing a custom SQL query to correlate the IMEI's to Proton and look for matches" --

PATRICK

-- NEXT!

(they laugh)

Dude. Seriously? That was classic.

Tarek and Patrick bump fists.

JACK

Give me a break. Who doesn't know what an SQL query is? Guy's a Neanderthal.

TAREK

That's my point, Greer's an ops guy. Ops guys like maps and graphics.

JACK

Maybe I should just start putting stick figures in my reports.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Anyone know what he did to get
PNG'ed back to headquarters?

TAREK

I heard he went all Colonel Kurtz
in the desert. He started making
SAD dip their bullets in pig's
blood so anyone they killed
wouldn't go to "Paradise."

Jack and Patrick exchange a look. *Holy shit.*

As they walk away, Jack sees across the courtyard a MARINE in his dress blues, a "visitor" badge around his neck. The Marine is missing his right arm. He, his WIFE, and DAUGHTER are receiving a guided tour from a CIA LIAISON OFFICER. The Marine catches Jack, staring at him. He nods. Jack snaps out of it, nods back.

PATRICK

Jack? You comin'?

Jack moves to follow his colleagues to the new HQ building.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - DAY

The maze of cubicles we saw earlier are now filled with MEN and WOMEN. Tired faces lit by dual flat screen monitors and cheap HP desktops. Despite the corporate layout, there's a homey vibe. Sports and college memorabilia. Coffee makers. Mini-fridges. Family photos. "Team America World Police" and "Archer" references pinned up next to actual work: maps, org charts, photos of targets.

CAMERA FINDS -- Jack returning from his coffee run. He enters a cubicle labeled: "J. RYAN - YEMEN"

Jack sets his coffee on his desk and sees -- someone has taped a printed PHOTO of BIG FOOT to Jack's computer screen. Beneath the photo, the culprit has handwritten: **"WANTED: SULEIMAN"**

Jack peels the photo off, looks around -- his COLLEAGUES work in their cubicles, heads down, trying not to laugh.

JACK

Funny.

He balls up the paper and tosses it into the waste basket.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TIGHT ON: a WOMAN, 25, wearing the traditional black hijab and long, black dress. She's RUNNING across the desert, sprinting. She turns around, looking behind her as if someone is gaining on her. She is being chased.

SYRIA, 80km west of the Iraq border

TILT DOWN TO -- a SOCCER BALL -- she KICKS it, LAUGHS. It is odd to see a woman, dressed in all black, playing soccer and laughing in the middle of the desert. And yet there is something CHARMING about it. We like her instantly.

This is HANI. Beneath her hijab, her pretty face seems impossibly radiant. She dribbles the ball between her sandaled feet as...

She is "attacked" by her two daughters, ZARA, 12, and RUMA, 8. They laugh and try to steal the ball from their mother.

WIDEN: the girls play on a dirt soccer pitch in front of a big HOUSE with HIGH STONE walls bleached by the relentless sun. The house sits at the edge of a modest farming village. Next to it is a children's playground and what looks like a schoolhouse.

Zara steals the ball from her mother, dribbles upfield toward a makeshift WOODEN GOAL POST where her brother, SAMIR, 10, stands on defense. But Samir isn't paying attention. He is distracted by something on the horizon --

SAMIR

Mom! Look!

Hani turns and follows her son's gaze to a CARAVAN of TRUCKS approaching, chased across the desert by a cloud of dust. She stops smiling.

The trucks pull up to the front of the compound, the telltale BLACK FLAGS of an ISIS brigade flapping in the breeze. .30 caliber machine guns are mounted on the roofs of the trucks.

Twenty armed ISIS FIGHTERS dismount. Their leader, an ISIS COLONEL (late 30s), Iraqi, clad in immaculate black tunic, exits the lead vehicle and puts a hand over his heart, greeting Hani --

ISIS COLONEL

As-salamu 'alaykum.

HANI

Wa-Alaikum-Salaam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a familiarity here. This isn't the first time the Colonel has called on Hani and the kids. But that doesn't mean she is happy to see him.

ISIS COLONEL

I hate to impose, Sayyidah, but is your husband home?

HANI

No. I'm afraid he is still away.

ISIS COLONEL

When do you expect him to return?

Just then a YOUNG GUARD, 20s, BIG, carrying a RIFLE, approaches from the BIG HOUSE. Two other MEN with RIFLES behind him.

GUARD

Is everything all right, Sayyidah?

HANI

(annoyed)

I'm quite capable of carrying on a conversation. Do you mind?

The Guard looks at the Colonel and his men, then turns and walks back toward the house.

HANI (CONT'D)

(back to the ISIS Colonel)

My husband's affairs are his business.

The ISIS Colonel nods. He doesn't like being talked to so bluntly by a woman, but Hani's husband is an important man.

ISIS COLONEL

(he turns to his men)

Bi-sur'a!

The men begin unloading crates of provisions: VEGETABLES, FRUIT, SACKS of rice, BOTTLED WATER, etc, and carrying them toward the house.

ISIS COLONEL (CONT'D)

We picked up a man in Aleppo. It was your husband's request that he stay here with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns and WHISTLES -- the rear door of one of the trucks opens, and a BLONDE MAN, 30s, wearing a suit and dark sunglasses steps out. He has impossibly pale skin. His name, though we don't know it yet, is ANSOR DUDAYEV.

HANI

With us?

The ISIS Colonel shrugs; he's just the messenger.

ISIS COLONEL

*Like you said, "your husband's affairs are his business."
Ma'assalamah.*

The ISIS Colonel and his fighters mount their trucks and drive off.

The WHITE MAN approaches, removes his SUNGLASSES. He has the BLUEST eyes. He gives Hani a small nod.

OFF Hani. Who is this stranger who has been dropped into their lives?

CUT TO:

EXT. BIKE PATH ALONG THE POTOMAC - NIGHT

Jack rides his bike along the deserted path. He stops for a moment and looks out over --

Washington D.C. at night. The Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial, the Capital Building.

Jack looks at our nation's capital not like a man admiring the view but like a man who feels responsible for this land... and its people. And tonight that is a heavier burden than usual.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack enters and places his bike on a wall mount. He flicks on the light, revealing a small but hip one-bedroom. It's cluttered with books, maps, a half-finished jigsaw puzzle, a fender strat and amp, along with a couple of other vintage electric guitars he has put together himself, two stadium seats from the old Sportsman's park in Baltimore, a set of weights in the corner, pull up bar in the bedroom doorway, PHOTOS -- Jack, at nine years old, on the shoulders of a BPD cop (his dad) -- Jack with his B.U. crew team -- Jack, a Marine Lieutenant, with his men in Afghanistan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack sets his backpack down and pulls out his iPhone. He has two new voice mails. He puts the phone on "speaker" and listens to his messages as he moves to the kitchen --

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (matter-of-fact)
 -- Hey, it's... ten thirty-seven,
 just seeing if you're around. I've
 got to catch a flight to Hong Kong
 in the morning, so I won't be up
 too much longer. If you get this
 and want to come by, text me. Bye.

Jack opens the fridge -- grabs a beer -- pops the top -- and looks roots around for something to eat. NEXT MESSAGE:

CRANKY OLD MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Hey, it's your father. You forgot
 to fill my Mysoline prescription,
 and the juice you got has pulp in
 it. How many times do I have to
 say it? No pulp --

Jack deletes the message and moves into the living room. He picks up the remote and cues up an episode of "Jeopardy" on the DVR. He fast-forwards through the opening credits --

ON THE TV:

ALEX TREBEK
 In 1923, this British statesman
 lobbied for Burmah Oil, now British
 Petroleum, to be granted exclusive
 rights to Persian oil resources.

JACK
 Who is Winston Churchill.

On TV: a female contestant buzzes in first:

DANA FROM MUNCIE, INDIANA
 Who is Winston Churchill.

Jack sips his beer, stares at the TV.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The ALARM CLOCK: 4:47am. Jack lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling. Next to the bed, a METRONOME clicks back and forth on the nightstand -- TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack looks at the clock. Fuck it. He throws back the covers.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING (STILL DARK OUT)

-- Jack, shirtless, does pull ups from a bar hung in the bedroom doorway. We see, running up his spine, a long, faded SCAR. There is a story behind that scar, but it will have to wait.

-- Jack does sit-ups and core exercises on his living room floor.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN

Once again, Jack is the only one on the river. He pilots his single scull, pushing himself until his muscles are on fire and he's breathing acid. He stops, catches his breath, looks out over Washington D.C.

Jack closes his eyes, savoring the quiet and the peace.

INT. BOAT HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Jack, wrapped in a towel, hair wet, opens his locker and begins to dress for work. His iPhone BUZZES with an incoming call. Jack glances at the call screen but doesn't recognize the number.

JACK

Hello?

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)

Jack-boy! How the hell are you?!

Jack knows this voice, but he hasn't heard it in years.

JACK

Joe...?

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)

That's right. What's it been?
Four years?

JACK

...Five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
I didn't wake you, did I?

JACK
No. I've been up for awhile.

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
That's right, you don't sleep.
How's life at the...?

JACK
State Department.

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
Right, the State Department.

JACK
It's fine. How can I help you,
Joe?

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
Ha! Same old Jack. No time for
small talk. I'll get to the point,
I know we parted ways on... less
than ideal terms, but as you get up
in years, you realize life is too
short, ya know. It's a long way of
saying... I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK
That's what you called for? To
tell me you're sorry?

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
Well, yeah. And to invite you out
to the house on Saturday for
dinner. I've got something I need
to talk to you about.

Jack looks visibly pained by this prospect.

JACK
I don't know, Joe... Work is kind
of --

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)
-- Jack, it took a lot for me to
make this call. I just want to
talk. Please.

Beat. Somehow Jack senses he's going to regret this, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Yeah, okay.

JOE MUELLER (V.O.)

Thatta boy. I'll see you Saturday.

JACK

See you Saturday.

Jack hangs up, puts the phone back in his locker, sighs. He finishes getting dressed.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - MORNING/NIGHT

Jack walks through the vault, most of the cubicles are still empty and dark at this early hour. He arrives at his cubicle, sets his bag down, pulls out his thermos of coffee, and settles in behind his desk, powers up his monitors.

Jack opens up his inbox -- a new message catches his eye -- "That link you asked for..." He clicks on it, and sees an encrypted link pasted into the message body. Then, "RH - Mike - CTC Yemen." Jack clicks on the link, and a tightly packed list of ARAB NAMES and PHONE NUMBERS appears in a new window. At the top of the screen: Page 1 of 97. Jack grins. Eureka. This is big.

He puts in his earbuds. MUSIC begins, and plays OVER:

COOL TIME-LAPSE SEQUENCE:

-- The maze of cubicles begins to fill with ANALYSTS --

-- As Jack works, all around him, cubicles begin to empty one-by-one -- people trickling out of the office to go home for the night -- rows of LIGHTS and FLAT SCREENS going dark, until Jack is the only one left in the vault, burning the midnight oil --

-- Jack tacks index cards with Arabic Names on one side of a corkboard -- circling repeat numbers with a sharpie.

-- Jack paces, tosses his baseball up in the air, thinking --

-- Jack TYPES -- on his MONITOR: a map of Northern Yemen. It populates with lines jumping back and forth connecting phone calls. We watch the money bounce from phone to phone --

-- Jack types feverishly, writing his intelligence report --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Jack leans back in his chair, stretches his back. He looks at his watch: 1:34am.

-- ON Jack's MONITOR: he clicks his cursor on "PUBLISH" and --

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - THE NEXT MORNING

Jack is asleep with his head on his desk. He sits up with a start -- there is a piece of paper stuck to his cheek. He BLINKS, getting his bearings. He looks up and sees --

Teresa, the painfully awkward Treasury Officer, who was making eyes at him in yesterday's brief. She stands just outside his cubicle staring down at him. It's impossible to know how long she has been there -- 30 seconds? 10 minutes?

TERESA
Good morning, Jack.

JACK
...Teresa? What time is it?

TERESA
A quarter to eight.

Jack looks around, sees a few other ANALYSTS trickling in to the vault start the day.

TERESA (CONT'D)
I brought you a Danish.

She holds out a box of Danish for Jack --

TERESA (CONT'D)
They're raspberry. Your favorite.

Jack takes a Danish. Forces a smile. Teresa closes the box and walks away, turning back to glance at him as she goes -- Jack takes a bite of his Danish -- raspberry squirts out the bottom all over his desktop.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - OUTSIDE OF GREER'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack sits in a chair outside of Greer's office, unshaven. He has two Starbucks cups and folder of papers in his lap.

GREER
Don't you sleep, Bright Boy?

He stands as Greer approaches with his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Not lately. I got you a coffee.

Greer holds up his to-go cup of Dunkin' Donuts coffee.

GREER

I'm covered.

Greer unlocks his office, enters. Jack sets the extra coffee on the chair and follows Greer in.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - GREER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Greer sets down his briefcase and sheds his coat, turns to see Jack shutting the door behind him, inviting himself in.

GREER

Come in.

JACK

I have to show you something.

Jack opens his folder, fumbling with his pages. He lays the map of financial transactions passing from phone-to-phone on Greer's desk. There are some red stains on the page.

JACK (CONT'D)

(off Greer's look)

It's raspberry.

Beat. Greer looks at the numbers and the string of nonsensical characters that follow them.

GREER

What am I looking at? Other than raspberry?

JACK

Financial transactions. Done via cell phone using an app called EPAISA. It allows you to transfer any amount of money using your phone --

GREER

-- I've heard of it. They were using it in Pakistan before I... left.

JACK

The transfers are linked to this account.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
 (hands him another
 printout)

It was opened a week and half ago
 at a bank in Sana'a by an
 import/export company. It's a
 shell company. Just like the
 others.

GREER

Others?

JACK

The other transfers I told you
 about -- in the brief.

(Greer nods; *oh, right*)

There have been six SWIFT transfers
 to banks in and around Sana'a. All
 of them from accounts set up
 through shell companies and linked
 to EPAISA transactions. None of
 those balances broke six figures --
 because they were dry runs for
 this: there is over nine million
 dollars in this account. He feels
 safe now. He thinks no one is
 watching, and this is his big play.
 If the pattern holds, this money
 will be gone in less than 72 hours.
This is our window to stop him.

GREER

Him? You mean "Suleiman."

JACK

He's real.

(beat)

I'm right about this. Authorize a
 demarche and let's freeze the
 account.

Beat. Greer considers the pages, considers Jack. Finally --

GREER

I don't think you're there yet.

Greer hands the pages back to Jack and moves behind his desk.

Beat. Jack stands there. He can't believe Greer is balking.

JACK

(seriously?)

...You don't think I'm there yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREER

Yeah. That's what I said.
(then)
Is there something else?

JACK

No.

Jack leaves. Greer watches him go for a beat, then he turns to his computer to log in and start his work day.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - LATER

Jack walks through the bullpen with purpose. Layla tries to keep up with him.

LAYLA

Jack, he's a Group Chief. You can't just go behind his back because you don't agree with him.

JACK

He's wrong. He doesn't understand T-FAD or what's at stake here. 9/11 cost a half million dollars. Imagine what he could do with twenty times that amount.

LAYLA

You don't even have the authority to write a demarche. It has to come from Treasury.

JACK

I know.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - TREASURY OFFICER'S CUBICLE - LATER

A PLACARD hangs on the cubicle wall: "TERESA M. - TREASURY"

Teresa sits at her desk typing on her computer. Jack and Layla stand behind her as she finishes typing an email.

JACK

So what do you think? Will you do it?

TERESA

And what about Greer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

To hell with Greer. Treasury doesn't report to him, so he can't do anything to you.

Beat. Teresa considers Jack, loves the fact that he needs her. She milks the moment for all its worth. Finally --

TERESA

I'm so sick of people saying Treasury doesn't do anything.
(she nods)
Okay. Let's do it.

JACK

Thank you.

Jack smiles, looks to Layla. She thinks this is a bad idea.

TERESA

Ready?

Beat. Tension. Everyone staring at Teresa as she raises her finger over her keyboard, milking the drama, and --

CLOSE: Teresa PUSHES "send."

Beat. They all stand there, staring at the screen as if they are expecting something to happen. Of course, it does not.

TERESA (CONT'D)

That was awesome.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF GENOA - DAY

One of the oldest and busiest ports on the Mediterranean surrounded by a dense scrub of colorful buildings at the base of Apennine Mountains.

GENOA, ITALY

The port is bustling; the sound of ships coming in; heavy machinery; men working. Lots of yelling in Italian.

ANGLE ON: a white FIAT VAN pulls up behind a WAREHOUSE. A young ARAB MAN, 19 or so, dressed in neon green sneakers and a Real Madrid futbol jersey gets out of the passengers side. His name is JABIR. He walks up the loading dock to --

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jabir enters the cavernous warehouse. The space is divided in half by a big wall. This side is empty, but we hear VOICES, MEN yelling in ARABIC and ITALIAN -- the SOUND of MACHINERY -- GLASS CLINKING --

Jabir moves through a big rolling metal-door (half-open) separating the halves of the warehouse. Pallets and pallets of CRATES are stacked against the wall. Jabir conceals himself behind one and looks at --

The center of the warehouse where a FORKLIFT sets a big pallet of WOOD CRATES down -- SEVERAL ARAB MIGRANT WORKERS begin prying the lids off and removing cases of LEBANESE OLIVE OIL. They pass the cases down the line to another TWENTY MIGRANT WORKERS waiting to receive them. The Migrant Workers have an elaborate set up -- first the LEBANESE BOTTLES are emptied into a vat with a spigot -- empty dark green BOTTLES are placed under the spigot and filled with Lebanese oil -- they are wiped off -- capped -- and finally, new labels are put on the green bottles: ITALIAN EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL. The bottles of the phony Italian olive oil are then re-packaged into new crates. This is some kind of scam.

Jabir peaks his head out further, looking around -- TWO young ITALIAN MEN walk the premises with GUNS, keeping an eye on the Arabs, barking orders.

Jabir's eyes finally LAND ON: a MOROCCAN MIGRANT WORKER, 25, let's call him "NAJI," working with the others to off-load the cases of Lebanese olive oil.

Jabir gives a faint whistle to get Naji's attention. Naji sees him standing behind that pallets and nods surreptitiously. He peels off from the group, avoiding the gaze of the guards and makes his way over to Jabir.

JABIR
(whispers; Arabic)
Did it come?

NAJI
Follow me.

Jabir follows him behind a stack of crates against the far wall hidden from view of the rest of the warehouse. Naji grabs a wood crate with a specific MARKING on the side and pulls it off the pallet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Naji pries open the lid and lifts it -- brushes away packing straw to reveal -- SIX METAL CANNISTERS with HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL MARKINGS.

Jabir nods. He hands Naji a wad of Euros and picks up the crate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PORT OF GENOA - CONTINUOUS

Jabir exits the warehouse and walks down the empty loading dock where the Fiat van waits. He loads the crate with the mysterious cannisters into the van and gets in.

Jabir nods to the driver, an OLDER, SERIOUS-LOOKING ARAB MAN, and they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - GREER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Greer is packing up to go home for the night. His hard-line PHONE rings on his desk. He reaches for it, answers --

GREER

This is Greer.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY SANA'A, YEMEN - COS OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

CHIEF OF STATION: SANA'A, PETE CORTWRIGHT, 50, salty ops guy, a kindred spirit to Greer, sits behind his desk.

U.S. EMBASSY SANA'A, YEMEN - CIA ANNEX

Cortwright is surprised to hear Greer's voice on the other end of the phone.

CORTWRIGHT

Jim?

GREER

Pete?

CORTWRIGHT

I think my aide put me through to the wrong extension, I'm trying to get a hold of the T-FAD Group Chief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER
(beat; embarrassed)
You're talking to him.

CORTWRIGHT
Oh.

Awkward silence. Cortwright doesn't know what to say. Clearly, Greer's had a fall from grace.

GREER
What can I do for you?

CORTWRIGHT
I'm calling from the annex in Sana'a about this demarche you all sent. The Ambassador just dropped it on my desk.

Beat. If anger could be measured in MPH, Greer's just went from zero to sixty in 1.5 Seconds.

GREER
Can you kill it?

CORTWRIGHT
Afraid not. JSOC already deployed a team to sit on the bank. I just called to let you know. All we can do now is wait.

HOLD ON Greer. That motherfucker!

CUT TO:

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - SECONDS LATER

Greer yanks open his office door --

GREER
RYAN!!! My office!!! Now!!!

ANGLE ON: Jack in his cubicle. He knew this was coming.

A couple of cubicles over, Patrick and Tarek begin to hum "Taps" under their breath as Jack makes the "death march" to Greer's office.

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - GREER'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Jack enters. Greer is standing in front of his desk looking like a cornered animal.

GREER
Shut the door.

JACK
(faux innocent)
What's up?

GREER
I told you to stand the fuck down.

JACK
Whoa, wait a minute. I --

GREER
-- You went behind my back and
froze that account.

JACK
I didn't do anything -- that was
Treasury's call --

GREER
-- Bullshit. The ink on the
demarche may be theirs, but this
was your idea. Tell me I'm wrong.

Beat. Greer waits for an answer.

JACK
You're not wrong.
(beat)
I did what I believe needed to be
done.

GREER
Is that so? Lemme ask you
something, you've been doing this
how long?

JACK
(knows where this is
going)
Almost four years.

Greer claps sarcastically --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREER

"Almost four years." Holy shit.
That's... Wow.
(beat; his eyes turn
scary)
I've given fourteen years to this
job. So allow me to impart some
sage advice: you don't know shit.

CUT OUTSIDE TO:

THE BULLPEN

Layla, Patrick, Tarek, Allie, and the others watch through
the glass Jack gets reamed by Greer.

BACK TO:

JACK

...If you're worried about it
blowing back on you, it won't.
I'll take full responsibility.

GREER

Is that what you think? I'm trying
to protect my career? Look around:
that ship has sailed.

(then)

My decision not to pull the trigger
on your intel wasn't political. It
was strategic. Once "Suleiman," or
"Casper the Friendly Ghost" or
whoever is running this "cell" of
yours, sees somebody fucking with
their money, what do you think
they'll do? Go to the bank and ask
to speak with the manager?

(pauses for effect)

They'll cut bait. But if you
weren't such a hard-on and knew a
thing or two, you would have
waited, set up surveillance on the
account, and picked up the whole
goddamned network.

And this is the part where most people would just take the
ass chewing and back down, but Jack isn't most people --

JACK

How many people do you know who
will walk away from nine million
dollars?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

Whatever he is planning, this is how he's going to pay for it. This money is everything to him. He's not walking away.

Beat. Both men are entrenched in their positions.

GREER

Get out.

Jack exits. Gladly. Greer breaks something.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWDED CITY SQUARE - DAY

A giant street MARKET packed with LOCALS. It is surrounded by tightly packed brick buildings ornamented with arabesque engravings. An ancient and beautiful city. Take away the cars and Vespas and iPhones and Nikes and KFCs and this could be a thousand years ago.

Sana'a, Yemen "Salt Market"

The streets are ancient and beautiful, packed with LOCALS.

ANGLE ON: a SEDAN parked across from the market.

INT. SEDAN - BEGIN INTERCUT

POV: from across the street, a YEMENI MAN, 35, in a sharp suit, exits a big, upscale BANK talking on his iPhone.

REVEAL: a WHITE MAN sitting in a sedan across the street. He lowers a thin high-tech SCOPE. This is MATICE. He is late 30s, bearded. He wears a white *thwab* and a red-checkered *kaffiyeh* to hide his face.

Next to him is the DRIVER, a plain clothes YEMENI POLITICAL SECURITY OPERATION (PSO) CAPTAIN, 40s. A tricked-out M-4 lies in the seat between them.

MATICE

(into wrist mic; English)
Bank manager is on the move.

DROP BACK TO:

EXT. MARKET - WIDE POV - DAY

As seen through the cross-hairs or a sniper's SCOPE -- the Bank Manager enters city's famous "salt market."

SPEC OPS SNIPER (V.O.)
Copy. Got him.

REVEAL: a BEARDED AMERICAN SPEC OPS SNIPER and his SPOTTER positioned in the WINDOW of an APARTMENT overlooking the market. They are dressed in Yemeni-style clothes to help blend in.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

The Bank Manager walks through the crowded, noisy market that's selling everything from fresh produce to Red Army HAND GRENADES. He passes...

TWO plain clothes YEMENI PSO OFFICERS following him through the market.

The Bank Manager takes a seat at a table on the patio of an outdoor cafe. He takes out a kerchief and wipes sweat from his brow. His eyes scan the market. DROP BACK INTO --

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - INTERCUT

Matice keeps vigil on the Bank Manager while the Yemeni PSO Captain eases the sedan through the crowded market.

Matice's POV: a new-model MERCEDES pulls up to the edge of the cafe.

Matice raises his SCOPE to his eye: a tall LEBANESE MAN, early 40s, gets out of the driver's side. He has a faded SCAR along the curve of his right cheek. He moves to the Mercedes's passenger door, opening it for --

A THIN ARAB MAN with delicate features, wearing a suit. The two men leave the Mercedes parked at the edge of the market and walk to the cafe table and take a seat across from the Bank Manager.

MATICE
(into wrist mic)
Silver Mercedes -- north edge of market. Two military age males. Let's get audio on that table.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

A YOUNG YEMENI WOMAN, 25, in a hijab, dressed like a college student, enters the cafe's patio and takes a seat a few tables away. She takes out a NOTEBOOK and PEN.

CLOSE ON: she uncaps the end of the pen, revealing a tiny, tiny unidirectional MICROPHONE. She angles her hand toward the three men's table as she writes --

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Matice listens to the audio feed. It's buried under the noise from the market. The signal is bad.

BANK MANAGER (V.O.)
(static, cuts in and out)
-- I'm -- account -- you -- funds --

MATICE
(to PSO Captain)
Can't she get any closer?

PSO CAPTAIN
Not without blowing her cover.

DROP BACK INTO:

INT. APARTMENT - SNIPER'S SCOPE POV

The Thin Arab Man and his Bodyguard get up from the cafe table leaving the Bank Manager looking distraught.

SPEC OPS SNIPER
(into wrist mic)
They're oscar mike back to the car.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Matice and the PSO Captain watches the TWO MEN walk back across the market to the silver Mercedes.

YEMENI PSO CAPTAIN
What do you want to do?

Beat. ON Matice. It's a tough call. And it's his to make.

MATICE
We'll take them once they're out of the market.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PSO Captain gives an order in Arabic over his radio.

EXT. MARKET - AT THE EDGE OF THE CAFE PATIO - INTERCUT

One of the plainclothes Yemeni PSO officers walks by the silver Mercedes and deftly places a magnetized BOX under the wheel well. What is that? A bomb?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The Spec Ops Sniper and his Spotter break down their position -- an expert exfil, fast and clean --

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Matice and his Yemeni counterpart follow the Mercedes a few --

EXT. MARKET - DAY

A beat-up Toyota VAN picks up the two plainclothes Yemeni PSO Officers and the SPEC OPS Sniper team --

A SERIES OF SHOTS: cat and mouse through the narrow streets of Sana'a's "Old City" until --

-- The Mercedes pulls onto a DIRT ROAD with no other traffic, headed away from the city.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

CLOSE ON: Matice hits a BUTTON on a REMOTE device and --

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

-- The engine, electronics, everything goes dead. The Body Guard's eyes flick to the rearview mirror --

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

-- The Toyota van and the sedan box the Mercedes in -- DOORS OPENING -- Yemeni PSO Officers and American Spec Ops Soldiers jump out with guns, everyone yelling in Arabic --

YEMENI PSO OFFICER
Out of the car now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATICE
Get the fuck out!

The Mercedes doors open slowly and the Thin Arab Man gets out with his hands raised -- his Bodyguard does the same -- USE EMP to stop car

The mixed team of Americans and Yemenis descend on the two men, forcing them to the ground, zip-tying their wrists behind their backs -- BLACK BAGS are pulled over their heads -- PSO OFFICERS drag them to the van as -- Matice deactivates the EMP in the wheel well -- jumps in the Mercedes's driver seat -- and all three VEHICLES drive off in different directions.

The whole thing takes less than thirty seconds, and the road is deserted again. Quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Greer opens Jack's personnel file on his desktop. We see some of Jack's history before the Agency: his time on Wall Street -- the two years he spent working for OPERATION HOPE in third world countries -- a PHOTO of Jack as an Infantry Lieutenant in the Marine Corps -- a list of medals and citations -- then --

Greer's eyes land on a PHOTO of the WRECKAGE of a Black Hawk helicopter scattered across the Afghan woods. We see snatches of description. Among them, "16 KIA, 1 SURVIVOR" -- "Medical Discharge under honorable conditions --"

Off Greer, realizing there's more to Jack than he thought.

EXT. MUELLER FAMILY ESTATE - DAY

A giant, Colonial-style MANSION overlooking the Chesapeake. Jack's Saab drives up the long driveway and parks next to a line of cars. All of them a lot nicer than his. Jack kills the engine and gets out, looks up at the house. It's been a long time since he's been here, and he's not thrilled to be back.

EXT. MUELLER FAMILY ESTATE - LATER

Jack stands on the porch. The double doors open, and a MIDDLE-AGED AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN appears in the massive doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Hi, I'm Laura, the estate manager.
You must be Dr. Ryan. Please come
in. Mr. Mueller is expecting you.

Jack smiles politely and enters the giant foyer.

INT. MUELLER FAMILY ESTATE - LIBRARY - LATER

Laura shows Jack into the library. Dark wood. Antique furniture. Looks and feels like old money. Shelves of books stretch up to the thirty foot high ceiling. Most city libraries aren't this big and definitely not this extravagant.

LAURA

Mr. Mueller will be with you
shortly. Can I get you anything
while you wait? Water? Coffee?

JACK

I'm okay, thanks.

Laura leaves Jack alone. He walks past the antiques, the rare collection of Civil War-era pistols, and straight for -- the books. Jack traces his finger along the spines, reading the titles. He's like a kid in a candy store. He pulls a Dickens first edition from the shelf --

INT. CIA - VAULT BX49 - GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Greer sits behind his desk, still going over Jack's personnel file when his phone RINGS --

GREER

(into phone)
Greer.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY SANA'A, YEMEN - CIA ANNEX - INTERCUT

C.O.S. Cortwright sits behind his desk, phone to his ear.

CORTWRIGHT

Jim, it's Pete Cortwright again.
(beat)
You're not gonna believe this...

OFF Greer, listening, surprised by what he's being told.

INT. MUELLER FAMILY ESTATE - LIBRARY - DAY

Jack is still perusing the shelves of books. By now he has a good selection piled in his arms. Among them: the Dickens first edition, a pristine copy of T.E. Lawrence's letters --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
A little light reading?

Jack startles and drops all of his books -- they scatter across the wood floor.

JACK
Shit -- !

He looks up at a WOMAN, early 30s, dressed casually in jeans and a blouse, hair pulled back, little to no makeup, but there is a glow about her. A raw, whimsical beauty.

WOMAN
Oh my God, I'm sorry, I didn't --

JACK
-- No, it's fine --

Jack bends over to pick up the books --

WOMAN
-- Here, let me help you --

JACK
-- It's okay, really, I've got it --

She picks up one of Jack's book and hands it back to him, and now they're both face-to-face. Jack is taken aback by her beauty. Something about her eyes -- intense -- intelligent --

WOMAN
(off his staring)
Are you okay?

JACK
Huh? Oh, yeah... Sorry. I just, um... you surprised me is all.
(points to a book in her hand)
So... what do you got there?

She holds up her book. Jack reads the title --

JACK (CONT'D)
"Atlas of Human Intestinal Protozoa." Sounds...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
...Disgusting?

JACK
(laughs)
Yeah. A little bit.

Jack's PAGER goes off on his belt. He quickly silences it.

WOMAN
Are you a doctor?
(off his look)
I thought only doctors on-call
still carried those.

JACK
I'm not a doctor, but it is for
work.

WOMAN
Do you work in 1993?

Beat. No matter how many times Jack has to say his "legend" to a stranger -- he never gets used to lying.

JACK
No, for the State Department. I do
supply chain logistics. There's 24
times zones in the world, so I'm on
call 24/7. Anyway, it's not that
interesting. What do you do?

She reaches into her bag and pulls out her own clunky 1990s pager. Smiles.

Beat. Jack is thrown. Does she work for the CIA, too?

WOMAN
I'm a doctor.

JACK
Oh, right. That... makes sense.

WOMAN
Washington Memorial.
(raises her book)
Infectious diseases. What's your
excuse?
(off his look)
Your books...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I was just looking. There's some incredible books titles here. Look at this, it's a Dickens first edition --

She SMILES -- big. Worth waiting for.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

WOMAN

Nothing. You're like a kid in a toy store.

Jack's PAGER goes off again. Again, he silences it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

-- If you need to --

JACK

-- No, no. It's probably nothing.
(beat)
I'm Jack, by the way.

WOMAN

Cathy.

Beat. Jack looks at her, something clicks.

JACK

You're Cathy? Cathy Mueller?
Joe's daughter?

CATHY

Guilty.

JACK

I used to work for your dad.

Beat. Cathy expression changes.

CATHY

Oh.

JACK

Is something wrong?

CATHY

No, I'm just surprised. You don't seem the type.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK
What type is that?

CATHY
The type that would work for my
father.

Jack's phone goes off in his pocket. Jack digs it out,
annoyed, about to silence it --

CATHY (CONT'D)
I should let you take that --

JACK
-- Wait --

CATHY
It was nice meeting you, Jack.

JACK
Nice meeting you, too.

She's already walking away. Jack looks down at his ringing
phone, answers --

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello?

GREER (V.O.)
Ryan? It's Greer. I've been
calling your beeper --

JACK
Yeah, sorry, I'm -- what's up?

GREER (V.O.)
I'll explain when you get here.

JACK
Wait. What?

GREER
This line isn't secure. We need to
meet. Right away.

JACK
I'm on Gibson Island in the
Chesapeake. I can't just --

GREER (V.O.)
-- I've already sent someone to
pick you up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

Pick me up? How did you know where
I --
(CLICK -- the line goes
dead)
...was?

Jack hangs up, look at his phone. What the fuck?

JOE MUELLER

Jack!

Jack turns to see JOE MUELLER, 70, a type-A master of his own universe kind of guy. Jack extends his hand, but Joe waves it away and pulls Jack into an awkward hug --

JOE MUELLER (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure you were going to
come. Have a seat, sit.
(nods to a sitting area)
You still a scotch man?

Joe moves to a bar cart before Jack answers.

JACK

...Sure.

Joe pours a couple of scotches and hands one to Jack. He raises his glass --

JOE MUELLER

To new beginnings.

Jack smiles, polite, but the jury's still out on that. At least for him. They sip their scotch and take seats across from each other in front of a huge fire place.

JOE MUELLER (CONT'D)

So? How have you been?

JACK

I can't complain.

JOE MUELLER

(points to Jack's left
hand)
Still haven't sold your soul to the
devil, I see.

JACK

No. I'm single.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOE MUELLER

That surprises me you haven't married. It really does. You always seemed... suited to it. More than myself anyway.

JACK

Joe, I don't mean to be rude, but I know you didn't call me up out of the blue after five years just have a drink.

JOE MUELLER

You're right.

(a beat)

I want you to come back and work for me.

JACK

(getting up)

I knew it, I knew it --

JOE

(reaching to stop him from going)

-- Hey, hey, will you just listen for thirty seconds. Please. You drove all the way out here, at least hear me out.

JACK

It's not going to make a difference.

JOE

So what's the harm in finishing your drink? C'mon. Sit down.

Jack sits back down.

JOE MUELLER

It's going to be different this time.

JACK

I've heard that before.

JOE

I mean it, Jack. Things are different now. I'm different.

(beat)

I'm getting older, and I'm not going to be around forever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JOE (CONT'D)

It's time I started thinking about... passing the torch, so to speak.

JACK

You? Pass the torch?

JOE

Why is that so hard to believe?

JACK

What about Cooper?

JOE MUELLER

Cooper's blood. But he doesn't have the gift. Not like you. When you left, we weren't even out of the recession. And we still made money together. This is an exciting time, Jack. Alternative energy. Solar technology. Autonomous driving. These things are the new internet. I'm managing a new fund, and the investors are aggressive. Come help me run it. As a partner. Everything down the middle, fifty-fifty. And when I do step down... you'll be in a prime position to take over.

JACK

Joe, I'm flattered, but I left Wall Street for a reason.

JOE MUELLER

To go work for the State Department doing logistics, flying soccer balls and bags of rice to Africa?

JACK

I like what I do.

(then)

Thanks for the drink.

Jack finishes his scotch and gets up to leave --

JOE MUELLER

Jack?

(Jack turns)

I'm trying to be magnanimous here, but if you want to poke the bear...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JOE MUELLER (CONT'D)

let me remind you, there are a few things I know about your past that... Well, let's just say your employers at the State Department might frown upon.

Beat. Jack meets his gaze. He's not angry at the man. He's sad for him. He hasn't changed at all.

JACK

Good-bye, Joe.

Joe watches him go; not a man accustomed to the word "no."

EXT. MUELLER FAMILY ESTATE - DAY

Jack walks down the porch steps toward his car and sees --

On the lawn, eight to ten DINNER GUESTS and their KIDS; mostly family. Servants set an outdoor table for dinner.

ANGLE ON: Cathy's nine year-old NIECE is giving her a Pokemon Go tutorial on her iPhone.

CATHY'S NIECE

(showing her iPhone)

You see? There's two Krabbies over by the water, and it says there's a Squirtle nearby, and if you just wait long enough, Pikachu will show up.

Jack approaches from the gravel driveway.

JACK

Hi, can I talk to you for a second?

CATHY

Sophie. Why don't you go show your cousins how to play.

(the girl runs off; she turns to Jack)

Are you staying for dinner?

JACK

I don't think your father would like that very much.

(beat)

Listen, I worked for your dad a long time ago. And I quit. I'm not "that" guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

So what kind of guy are you?

JACK

I'm fourth generation Irish-American, son of a Baltimore cop, lapsed Catholic, I'm a mid-level government bureaucrat, I live in a one bedroom apartment in Alexandria. I can tell you the lineups, wins and losses and batting averages of every Orioles's team since 1982. I DVR "Jeopardy." And I ride my bike to work.

(beat; off her look)

How am I doing so far? Am I winning you over?

CATHY

Why do you care what I think?

JACK

Because... I'd like to take you out for dinner sometime.

Beat. Cathy's brow creases in confusion, alarm --

CATHY

...What the hell?

JACK

(thinking he's blown it)

A simple "no" would've sufficed, you don't have to --

Jack trails off. She's no longer even looking at him. She's looking past him, over his shoulder. Jack turns --

FWOMPFWOMPFWOMP -- the staccato THRUM of a Coast Guard Jay Hawk HH-60 descending over the water, flying toward them.

Behind them, Joe comes down the porch steps, joining Cathy, the Mueller clan, and a handful of servants, watching the Jay Hawk HH-60 touches down on the front lawn.

A RESCUE DIVER jumps out of the open bay and runs toward them.

RESCUE DIVER

Who's Ryan?!

Jack raises his hand. Everyone turns to look at him. Including Cathy. Government bureaucrat, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RESCUE DIVER(CONT'D)
 Sir, I am Petty Officer Second
 Class Dillard! I will be your
 rescue diver today!

Cathy looks at Jack -- "Rescue Diver"? Petty Officer Dillard
 pulls a LIFE VEST over Jack's head.

RESCUE DIVER (CONT'D)
 In the event of a water landing,
 you will activate your life vest by
 pulling on this tab here! A signal
 beacon will alert me to your
 location! I will secure you until
 we are rescued! If I am unable to
 do so or I am dead, do not try to
 swim to shore! Stay where you are
 and someone will find you! Do you
 understand?!

Jack manages a dazed nod as a COAST GUARD OFFICER runs across
 the grass toward him --

COAST GUARD OFFICER
 Sir, I need your keys!

JACK
 My keys?! What for?!

COAST GUARD OFFICER
 I have orders to drive your car
 back to your apartment!

Jack fishes his keys out of his pocket and hands them over.
 Petty Officer Dillard grabs Jack's arm and pulls him toward
 the helo.

JACK
 Wait!!!

Jack pulls away, moves back toward Cathy --

RESCUE DIVER
 Sir, we have to go!

JACK
 Washington Memorial -- infectious
 diseases, right?! I know how to
 find you!!!

Before she can respond, Jack is hustled away toward the helo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cathy's older brother, COOPER, 39, a younger, more obnoxious version of his father, steps between Cathy and Joe --

COOPER
Who is that guy?

OFF Cathy, watching the helo lift off, wondering just that. She allows herself a small, private smile. Joe catches it.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Greer walks toward a Gulfstream jet idling on the tarmac with a duffel in his hand. He turns as --

The Jay Hawk touches down and Jack jumps out, runs across the tarmac toward Greer.

GREER
How was your ride?!

JACK
Terrifying!

GREER
Don't like flying, huh? I must have missed that in your file.

The corners of Greer's mouth curl up into a shit-eating grin.

JACK
What the hell is going on?

GREER
That account you froze? JSOC and Yemeni PSO picked up the guy who it belongs to. In Sana'a.

JACK
Did they get a name?

GREER
You can ask them when we get there.

JACK
What? No, no, no, you don't understand -- I can't go to Yemen.

GREER
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Because I'm an analyst! Because
this isn't what I do! I write
reports --

GREER

-- Well, this should make a doozy.
(off Jack's hesitation)
Look. They need someone on deck to
make sure they're asking the right
questions, and you know more about
this shit than anyone. It's purely
advisory.
(then)
Besides, you got this train moving.
Now you're on it, like it or not.

Greer holds out his hand, *after you*. Jack walks up the
stairway to the plane's hatch. It feels like he's walking
the plank. As the Gulfstream's hatch CLOSES --

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A manicured, well-lit courtyard. Hani's children: Zara,
Ruma, and Samir set the table for dinner.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hani walks down the hall carrying a plate of food. She stops
in an open doorway --

Inside, Dudayev, the strikingly blonde man who was dropped
off at her home earlier is changing his shirt. His torso is
a network of scar tissue. Burns. Battle wounds.

Hani averts her eyes, embarrassed at having walked in on him
undressing.

HANI

*I'm sorry, I... I brought you
dinner.*

Dudayev turns, buttoning up a fresh shirt, replies in
flawless Arabic --

DUDAYEV

Thank you, Sayyidah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hani sets the plate on a table near the door, her eyes still pointed at the floor.

HANI

Do you know how long you'll be staying?

DUDAYEV

Not long. Once the others arrive it will only be a few more days, and then we'll be gone.

HANI

*(trying to hide her alarm)
Others?*

Dudayev approaches and stands right in front of her until she lifts her head and meets his blue eyes.

DUDAYEV

Your husband is a great man, Sayyidah. Shaykh Suleiman is going to change the world.

Dudayev picks up the plate of food from the table.

DUDAYEV (CONT'D)

Thank you for dinner.

Hani exits into the hallway, and stops, seized by a sudden sense of DREAD. Whatever her husband has brought this man here for, she knows in her heart it cannot be good.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A team of NAVY SEALs sits against the bulkhead holding AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, faces covered in war paint, moving their heads to the MUSIC (from an IPHONE hooked up to the helo's P.A.). Outside the open bay door, the Sarawat Mountains streak by, so close you could reach out and touch them.

Sarawat Mountains, Yemen

We PAN DOWN the row of SEALs, each one looks more fierce than the next, until we finally STOP ON...

Jack in his blazer and khakis, riding out a teeth-chattering wave of turbulence. He looks green, literally and figuratively. Greer sits calmly in the seat next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAVY SEAL
(yelling over the MUSIC
and the ROTORS)
Dude?! You're not gonna puke are
you?!

JACK
I don't think so!

NAVY SEAL
Let me know! I wanna take a
picture!

He pantomimes taking a photo with an imaginary camera.

NAVY SEAL (CONT'D)
So you guys are CIA, huh?!

GREER
(nods)
We're just hitching a ride!

NAVY SEAL
Cool! Where ya headed?!

GREER
FOB Cobalt! You?!

NAVY SEAL
Hadhramaut Valley! We're gonna go
kill some people!
(then, to Jack)
What about you?! What do you do?!

JACK
I'm an analyst!

NAVY SEAL
No shit?! What do you analyze?!

JACK
Global markets! Financial
aberrations! Stuff like that!

NAVY SEAL
Got any tips?!

JACK
Tips?!

NAVY SEAL
You know, stocks and shit! I'm
looking to expand my portfolio!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jack looks at Greer, unsure if the SEAL is serious or having fun at his expense. The Black Hawk dives into a sharp descent and Jack grabs the edge of his jump seat.

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE "COBALT" - NIGHT

A chain link fence topped with spirals of razor wire surrounds a remote forward operating base. A mixture of armed AMERICAN and YEMENI SOLDIERS walk the perimeter.

FORWARD OPERATING BASE COBALT

The BLACK HAWK touches down. Jack and Greer jump off and run across the LZ, shielding their eyes against the rotor wash.

INT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE FACILITY - HOLDING AREA - LATER

Matice, now dressed in jeans and a faded Grateful Dead T-shirt, leads Jack and Greer down a long hallway with prison cells on either side. The Yemeni PSO COMMANDER and two of his MEN follow them down the hall.

MATICE

This guy must be somebody special
if they sent y'all all the way here
from Langley.

Matice looks to Greer and Jack, fishing for confirmation. Which he doesn't get it.

MATICE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was surprised to get the
call. This is one of our slower
times of the year. Ramadan and
all. Here we are.

They arrive at a METAL DOOR with an ARMY M.P. posted outside. Matice nods and the MP unlocks the door. The men are assaulted by a Toby Keith song as soon as the door opens --

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

No windows. Walls covered in foam to trap sound inside. The Thin Man (OMAR RAHBINI) and his Bodyguard are strung up on opposite sides of the room in stress positions. Bright LIGHTS shine down on both men. They are covered in sweat.

MATICE

(yells over the MUSIC)
Y'all like that Toby Keith?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matice moves to an iPhone on a table by the door and turns off the MUSIC.

MATICE (CONT'D)

I'm a George Strait man myself.
"Amarillo Morning," "All my Exes
Live in Texas." But to each his
own.

Jack notices that both men look a little beaten. Clearly, the rules that govern his world don't apply here.

JACK

What happened to them?

Beat. Matice looks at Greer -- is this guy for real?

MATICE

Uh, they fell.

Matice plunges his hand into a bucket of ice and pulls out a cold can of FANTA. He offers it to Jack --

MATICE (CONT'D)

Fanta?

Jack shakes his head. Fuck no. Matice shrugs, opens his Fanta.

Jack turns to Greer, whispers:

JACK

(re: the beaten men)
Aren't you going to say something?

GREER

Their country. Their rules.

Their look holds. Jack can't believe Greer is turning a blind eye to this.

MATICE

(re: the Thin Man)
This one here's your honcho -- Omar
Rahbini. He's Saudi.
(tosses Greer a Saudi
passport)
Says he's a lawyer in Yemen on
business.

Jack nods to the Bodyguard on the other side of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
What about him?

MATICE
Bodyguard. Only form of ID was a
Yemeni driver's license. Soufan
somethin' or other.

GREER
(re: Rahbini)
You said he had a phone on him?

Matice nods to the Yemeni PSO Captain, and he produces a CELL
PHONE, hands it to Greer -- who hands it to Jack. Jack looks
at the call screen -- checks the number.

JACK
It's the same number the transfers
were made from.

ANGLE ON: the Bodyguard looks up from across the room -- as
if he understood what Jack said. It's a small moment, but
Jack registers it.

MATICE
Ding! Ding! Ding! We have a
winner.
(re: Rahbini; Arabic)
*Cut him down. Let's put him in the
big room.*

The Yemeni PSO Officers move to unhook Rahbini from his
restraints.

MATICE (CONT'D)
(turns back to Rahbini)
Let's go, counselor, time for your
day in court.

As Rahbini is pulled out of the room by the PSO Officers,
Jack catches eyes one last time with the Bodyguard, then
follows the others out of the room.

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matice leads Jack and Greer down the hall. The PSO Officers
drag Rahbini behind them.

Waiting at the door of a second interrogation room is a very
small Yemeni Man with John Lennon glasses. He is holding a
violin case in one hand. He never smiles or gets upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATICE

(re: the small Yemeni Man)

This is Alex. He handles interrogations for the PSO. If y'all are okay with it, I thought we'd let them run point.

GREER

That's fine.

An MP unlocks the door and everyone files in. Jack starts to follow, but Matice holds up his hand, stopping him.

MATICE

Maybe it's better if you stay out here. If we have any questions or need clarity on something, we'll ask.

Jack looks to Greer, who offers a shrug but nothing more.

The DOOR closes in Jack's face. An MP sets out a folding chair in the hallway for Jack to sit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE FACILITY - HALLWAY - LATER

Jack sits outside the room listening to Rahbini's muffled screams echo through the empty corridor. Ten showers couldn't wash away the disgust he feels right now. His eyes flick down the hall to the METAL DOOR of the other interrogation room -- where Rahbini's Bodyguard is being held.

Beat. Jack gets an idea, turns to the MP guarding the door.

JACK

Got anything to eat?

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - LATER

A paper PLATE of LAMB AND RICE is set on a metal table in front of --

Rahbini's Bodyguard. He is shackled to a metal table in the smaller interrogation room. His eyes tick down to the food in front of him. He is STARVING, but he doesn't touch the food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
You speak English?

Beat. Nothing. Just those eyes, dark and intense, staring.

JACK (CONT'D)
Earlier, when I mentioned the money transfers, you looked up. You understood what I said. So I'm just going to assume you understand me now.

Jack looks down at the man's Yemeni Driver's license: KHALID SOUFAN.

JACK (CONT'D)
Soufan? That's Lebanese, isn't it?

Beat. The Bodyguard, whom we'll call "Khalid," says nothing.

Jack thinks. Then he reaches across the table and lifts up the paper plate, peeling an extra plate from the bottom.

JACK (CONT'D)
Go on. It's not poison. *Uqsimu billah.*

Khalid watches as Jack scoops half of the lamb and rice onto the second plate. Jack eats with his hands, using the flat bread to scoop up the food, the way Lebanese people do.

They hear Rahbini's muffled SCREAM through the wall. Jack stops eating. Catches eyes with Khalid. Beat, then:

JACK (CONT'D)
It's not right, what they're doing to him.

Beat. Their look holds, then -- Khalid reaches up with shackled hands and begin to eat. A little at first, then ravenously.

After a moment, Jack picks up his fork and joins him. Off this small but important breakthrough --

EXT. FOB COBALT - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS approaching: THREE TOYOTA TRUCKS with mounted machine GUNS bounce up the dirt road toward the base.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE: A U.S. ARMY SOLDIER and two YEMENI SOLDIERS are on post at the base's front gate. They step out of the guard shack.

POV: the lead truck flashes its lights -- a BROWN-FACED MAN in a keffiyeh stands in the bed waving a WHITE CLOTH.

The American and Yemeni Soldiers trade a look: *what's this all about?*

CUT TO:

EXT. FOB COBALT - MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The trucks stop in front of the base. REBEL FIGHTERS BEGIN DISMOUNTING slowly, weapons slung. No sudden moves. Their leader holds his hand over his heart, greeting the approaching American and Yemeni Soldiers --

REBEL LEADER
Assalamualaikum.

U.S. SOLDIER
(butchers the
pronunciation)
Mualaikumwasalam.

There is a familiarity here. The soldiers seem to know the rebels and are not threatened by them.

REBEL LEADER
(heavy accent)
We have three more for you, my
friend.

He gestures over his shoulder to a truck bed -- cumbersome shapes covered by a BLUE TARP.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF PICK UP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The tarpaulin is pulled back, revealing -- three MANGLED CORPSES. The one on top is nearly decapitated by shrapnel. It's a gruesome sight even for men accustomed to combat.

The Rebel Leader speaks Arabic; the Yemeni Soldier translates for his American superior --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YEMENI SOLDIER

He says they were killed in a drone strike.

REBEL LEADER

(smiles; accented English)
You cross off your list. We make deal, yes?

U.S. SOLDIER

(considers this, then)
Okay, Monty Hall. How much?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOB COBALT - MAIN GATE - LATER

CLOSE: an open palm as five crisp one hundred dollar BILLS are placed in it.

WIDEN: the Rebel Leader takes the cash from the Soldier, puts his hand over his heart.

REBEL LEADER

God be with you, my friend.

U.S. SOLDIER

Yeah, okay.

He turns to the Yemeni Soldiers, now joined by two more of their comrades --

U.S. SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Put these ol' boys in the cooler 'til Doc can ID 'em.

The Yemeni Soldiers load the corpses (still covered in tarpaulin) onto a pallet cart as --

The U.S. Soldier turns back to the Rebels, watching them depart in a cloud of dust --

CUT TO:

INT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE FACILITY - STORAGE ROOM - LATER

A heavy metal door swings open -- LIGHT from the hallway floods the room -- the Yemeni working party parks the bodies unceremoniously and exit. We hear the lock turn over again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Linger on the CORPSES -- PUSHING IN ON the tarpaulin covering the bodies as it begins to STIR and --

One of the "corpses" SITS UP! WTF?! An Arab MAN, 30s, covered in blood. He peels off a PROSTHETIC head wound, and we realize he was playing possum this whole time, hiding among the other two dead bodies to gain access to the base!!!

MEET ALI. Ali turns -- rips open the shirt of one of the badly mangled bodies he came in with, revealing -- FRESH STITCHES going up the corpse's abdomen -- he tears open the stitches with his fingers -- reaching into the hollowed out abdominal cavity, removing -- an M-4 MACHINE GUN and silencer wrapped in plastic -- ASSEMBLES it in seconds.

Now he's moving with his RIFLE -- exiting the storage room -- into the hallway of the detainee facility. To where? We do not know. Yet.

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - LATER

In the center of the room, Rahbini is shackled to a metal chair. The little Yemeni Interrogator sits across from him asking questions. The PSO Captain and his Officers stand on either side of Rahbini taking turns hitting him and dousing him with water to keep him from passing out.

YEMENI INTERROGATOR

*Where did the money in the account
come from? Who's financing you?*

After a beat, Rahbini's eyes tilt up, he groans:

RAHBINI

...Suleiman...

Greer looks up -- that gets his attention.

GREER

*What did he say?
(in Arabic)
Who is Suleiman?*

RAHBINI

*...He is the true Mahdi... He is
the spark that will set the world
on fire... And when the Great War
comes, he would unite all Muslims
against the West...*

OFF Greer. Disconcerted. Could Jack have been right?

INT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Khalid scrapes up the last of his lamb and rice with a piece of pita, finishes his meal.

KHALID
Are you CIA?

Beat. Jack doesn't answer.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Do you do this often? Kidnap
innocent people off the street and
interrogate them?

JACK
You're my first, actually. How am
I doing?

Beat. Khalid grins despite himself. This is Jack's chance:

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm an analyst.

KHALID
What does that mean?

JACK
It means I work behind a desk.

KHALID
So what are you doing here?

JACK
I'm starting to wonder that myself.

Beat. Jack stands moves to the ice chest on the floor grabs two cans of Fanta, places one in front of Khalid.

JACK (CONT'D)
How about you, Khalid? What do you
do?

KHALID
I'm a bodyguard.

Jack points to the faded scar on Khalid's cheek.

JACK
Is that how you got that scar?
Being a bodyguard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

It's an old wound. From when I was a boy.

JACK

In Lebanon?

Beat. Khalid is done divulging information to this stranger.

KHALID

Why am I here? What does the CIA want with me?

Jack's eyes tilt down to Khalid's hands -- his fingernails are manicured. Khalid catches Jack looking and puts them in his lap.

JACK

The other man, how do you know him?

KHALID

I told you, I'm a bodyguard. He is my client.

JACK

You work for him a lot?

KHALID

First time. He came to Sana'a on business. A mutual acquaintance introduced us.

JACK

What do you know about him?

KHALID

I know he pays well.

Beat. Jack considers his next move, decides on:

JACK

What about "Suleiman"? What can you tell me about him?

A micro-beat -- Khalid's expression registers surprise; it's almost imperceptible, but Jack catches it.

KHALID

I'm afraid you'll have to be more specific. It is a common name where I come from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OFF Jack. Something about this guy makes the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

INT. FOB COBALT - OUTSIDE MAIN GATE - NIGHT

The U.S. and Yemeni SOLDIERS we met earlier stand in the guard shack when --

Their POV: the flat bed truck the three dead bodies came in on is driving back toward the GUARD SHACK. Headlights on.

U.S. SOLDIER

Now what?

But the truck isn't slowing down... The Soldier's FACE falls, *oh no* -- SOLDIERS fire at the approaching truck from the GUARD TOWERS, but it rams into the Guard SHACK -- and EXPLODES -- a massive FIREBALL swallows up the SOLDIERS -- the guard shack -- blowing them away like dried leaves -- the METAL GATE KNOCKED off its hinges -- TUMBLING through the FOB -- taking out more SOLDIERS as --

INT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room SHUDDERS. Jack STARTLES, but Khalid doesn't flinch.

INT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits, turns to look down the hall as Matice, Greer, and the Yemeni PSO Officers exit the big interrogation room.

GREER

(to Jack)

Stay here.

Greer follows Matice down the hall. Jack looks at the Young MP guarding the door. He looks as nervous as Jack does. Jack goes back inside the interrogation room.

EXT. FOB COBALT - NIGHT

A GIANT, FLAMING HOLE where the front gate used to be -- SOLDIERS (American and Yemeni) run around in the dark, shouting orders in a mixture of English and Arabic -- CHAOS.

ANGLE ON: An RPG whistles out of the TREE LINE -- TSSSSSS!!!

The GUARD TOWER EXPLODES into slivers of flaming wood --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: the HILLS surrounding the FOB -- from the tree line, FIGHTERS -- DOZENS OF THEM -- RUNNING out of the tree line toward the FOB -- WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM?!

REBEL FIGHTERS with GUNS pour through the hole in the gate -- catching the AMERICAN and YEMENI SOLDIERS guarding the base by surprise -- they have every inch of the base scouted -- they KNOW exactly where they are going --

ANGLE ON: FIGHTERS spray the BASE'S TWIN GENERATORS with their AKs, plunging the base into DARKNESS --

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - T-SHAPED CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ali stands in shadow, back to the wall as a wave of SOLDIERS run by followed by Greer and Matice. He waits until they are gone, then he rounds the corner, rifle up --

EXT. HILLS AROUND FOB COBALT - NIGHT

Waves of YEMENI FIGHTERS -- they're EVERYWHERE -- sweeping through like locusts, shooting -- killing -- the American and Yemeni SOLDIERS are outnumbered -- they don't stand a chance.

ANGLE ON: a STEEL DOOR in the ground covered with cammo netting -- it's PUSHED OPEN from below -- Matice emerges from the base's underground tunnel followed by Greer and a handful of SOLDIERS --

At the fence-line, FIGHTERS throw blankets over the razor wire and scale the fence, dropping into the FOB --

Greer SHOOTS two FIGHTERS with a BURST from his M-4 -- they go limp -- bodies getting tangled in the razor wire --

As Greer and Matice trade FIRE with the overwhelming force --

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Young MP stands his post outside the interrogation room door as the sounds of the firefight echo through the dark corridor -- a faint WHISTLE gets his attention. He turns --

Ali emerges from the shadows at the end of the hall, RIFLE UP.

ALI

Drop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Young MP drops his sidearm to the floor as Ali approaches, nods to the locked interrogation room door.

ALI (CONT'D)

Open it.

The Young MP fumbles with a ring of KEYS, finds the one he's after -- unlocks the door -- and pulls it open --

Ali's POV: Rahbini, beaten, zip-tied to his chair. Rahbini looks up, meets his eyes, he SMILES. He's been saved.

Ali RAISES his rifle -- THWIP -- one shot in the forehead -- Rahbini topples back in his chair -- dead.

The Young MP looks at Ali. CONFUSED. If Ali isn't here to rescue Rahbini, then who is he...? It is now clear: Rahbini was nothing more than a decoy. The real prize is down the hall. With Jack.

ALI (CONT'D)

Where is he?

INT. DETAINEE FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - SAME

Khalid sits, shackled hands resting on the metal table, staring straight ahead.

RACK FOCUS TO -- Jack standing near the door, straining to listen to what is happening outside --

CLOSE ON: the DOOR KNOB -- the sound of a KEY being slid into the lock -- the tumblers CLICK and the KNOB begins to TURN --

Jack presses his body against the wall behind the door -- ready for a fight when -- the door swings open and --

The Young MP take a step in. Jack exhales. Thank God --

-- THWIP! The Young MP's HEAD explodes -- spraying BLOOD all over Jack's face -- HOLY FUCK -- Jack FREEZES -- the SHOCK of it -- then instinctively -- his body SNAPS into ACTION -- he SLAMS his weight against the back of the door -- PINNING Ali in the DOORWAY -- Ali's ARM sticks his RIFLE into the ROOM -- Jack CHOPS at Ali's arm and -- the GUN clatters to the floor, Jack kicks it away, right at --

Khalid. Oh, no. He lunges for the gun, but his SHACKLES are just a few inches too SHORT -- he can't reach it --

BACK ON -- Ali pushes through the door and falls into the ROOM -- Jack is on him -- they FIGHT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's not a choreographed Hollywood fight. It's a messy, violent fight between two men trying to kill each other in a small room. Anything goes. Eye-gouging. Biting.

Jack is slammed down on the metal table by Ali -- Khalid gives up trying to get to the rifle on the floor and throws his shackles around Jack's throat -- CHOKING HIM -- Jack gets a hand between the chain and his throat, with the other hand he tries to hold onto Ali, who is trying to scramble away and grab the RIFLE on the floor -- Jack forces his head up and back, slamming into Khalid's nose --

Jack rolls off the table and lands next to the dead MP's body -- he looks around -- THERE! -- a GRENADE POUCH attached to the dead MP's flak jacket -- Jack reaches for it as --

On the other side of the table, Ali grabs the GUN, SPINS --

Jack stands across the table from him holding the GRENADE in one hand and the pin in the other -- holding the grenade's spoon down with his thumb --

KHALID

(pushes Ali's arm down)

No!!!

JACK

Shoot me, I drop this, and we all die.

Tense beat. Jack and Khalid lock eyes.

KHALID

I thought you were an analyst.

JACK

I thought you were a bodyguard.

ALI

(re: Jack, in Arabic)

He's bluffing.

JACK

(in Arabic)

No. *I'm not.*

KHALID

Move to the door. Go.

ON Jack holding the grenade, eyes locked on Khalid as they move for the door. He REALIZES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

It's you... You're Suleiman.

"Khalid," aka Suleiman, does not answer, but the look in his eyes is enough to tell us Jack is right. They EXIT the room.

Jack exhales. Shoves the pin back into the grenade. He reaches over and checks the Young MP's vitals. He's dead.

EXT. FOB COBALT - SAME

Greer and Matice are still fighting, dangerously close to being overrun by vastly superior numbers when, inexplicably, the REBEL ARMY begins to retreat. Firing as they run toward a convoy of TRUCKS that have pulled in to evacuate them.

Greer and Matice look at each other... WHAT THE FUCK?

ANGLE ON: "Khalid" (whom from now on will be referred to as Suleiman) and Ali exit the D-FAC and run to the TRUCKS --

FLASH TO:

EXT. BEKAA VALLEY - DAY - FLASHBACK (1983)

CLOSE: eleven-year-old Suleiman's eyes flutter open... His right cheek is flayed open. There is BLOOD coming out of both ears. Sound is muffled by the RINGING in his ears.

YOUNG ALI

Suleiman?! Suleiman?! Wake up!

Suleiman's little brother, Ali, kneels over him. His little arm is bent at an awkward angle -- obviously BROKEN. He tries to shake his brother awake with his good arm.

Suleiman sits up, coughs, waving at a cloud of dust so thick it has swallowed up the whole world. He gets to his feet, looks back at his house, but there is only a scorched impact crater. His home is gone. His family are dead. He turns to the valley below. It's DECIMATED. FIRES burn everywhere.

Young Suleiman takes Young Ali's hand, and they RUN as more BOMBS fall around them.

BACK TO:

EXT. FOB COBALT - DETAINEE FACILITY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Suleiman and Ali, now all grown up, run to a convoy of waiting trucks --

ANGLE ON: Jack exits the D-FAC in time to see the convoy speed off into the night. He catches eyes with Greer. They watch the tail lights of Suleiman's army disappear into the mountains.

What monster have they just unleashed on the world?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE