

FIRE TEAM

by

David Daitch
&
Katie Johnson

ACT ONE

EXT. CARTAGENA - COLUMBIA - DUSK

The HEADLIGHTS of a black SUV cut the otherwise dark night. As it rumbles down the crudely paved road, we see its distinctive US DIPLOMATIC PLATES.

INT. SUV - BACK SEAT - CONTINUOUS

KYLE EMERSON (25) sits next to his sister JENNY (16). They're clean cut kids, both deeply engrossed in their phones.

JENNY
Indefatigable?

KYLE
For the win. Thanks for playing
'fat.'

On the screens: they're playing WORDS WITH FRIENDS.

JENNY
(playful)
This is why you're single.

The car slows to a STOP. The kids look confused as the DRIVER rolls down the partition.

DRIVER
Road block. Shouldn't take long.

EXT. CARTAGENA - COLUMBIA - ROAD BLOCK

The SVU idles as two ARMED MEN approach the driver's side window. The Driver flashes his government ID.

DRIVER
(Spanish)
What's this about?

BANG! A bullet hits the Driver squarely in the head. Jenny SCREAMS. Men yell. Car doors fly open.

KYLE
Don't touch my sister!

CRACK! Kyle's nose is broken by one of the men. A BLACK BAG over his head as they drag him into the night.

JENNY
HELP!

Jenny's scream echoes over as we transition to find --

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NAVY YARD - MUSEUM SHIP - EVENING

A retired SHIP OF WAR that's become the premiere PARTY SPACE for Washington's military/intelligence elite.

We push in, following a STRING QUARTET's sound to the ship's FANTAIL. BLACK TIE GUESTS mingle under a white canopy and soft lighting. And there we find CIA DIRECTOR ADMIRAL RICHARD BENSON (54), the only person not having fun.

He's a Mandy Patinkin type in Naval uniform. Holding two champagne flutes, he weaves through the thick crowd trying to get back to --

EXT. MUSEUM SHIP - FANTAIL - RAILING - MOMENTS LATER

CHERIE BENSON (26) standing a few feet away absentmindedly tapping on the ship's railing. Richard hands Cherie her Champagne flute.

RICHARD

To you finally paying your old man a visit.

They clink. She continues seamlessly.

CHERIE

For the record, I barely see mom and Carl either. And they're around the corner.

RICHARD

They live in Napa, seventy two minutes if you time the ferry right. And I know how often you go up there. I have a whole department devoted to monitoring your social media.

CHERIE

I want so badly to believe you're joking.

She levels him with a look. An Emma Watson type, Cherie really is the thinking man's ingenue.

We drop slowly from the railing, pushing down the ship's giant ANCHOR CHAIN to --

EXT. UNDERWATER - SHIP'S HULL - CONTINUOUS

A DIVER wearing a SNIPER RIFLE on his back pulls himself up the anchor chain heading for the surface.

EXT. WATERLINE - SHIP'S HULL - MOMENTS LATER

The Diver breaks the surface, climbing the side of the ship to reach the old radars 2 decks above the party.

SNIPER POV: Cherie and Richard. Laughing, smiling, drinking champagne.

Steadying the rifle, the diver sets up his first shot --

LIAM (O.S.)
Downward angle. You'll lose accuracy
with the bipod.

Behind him, in a tux that would make James Bond jealous, is LIAM CLARK (37). Part Marcus Luttrell, part Mark Wahlberg playing Marcus Luttrell. He seems larger than life because he is.

The Diver jumps to his feet, knife in hand. Quick thrust at Liam: deflected, arm lock, knife falls and the diver's on the ground. A quick blow to the head, and he's unconscious.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Target neutralized.

Liam zip-ties the hands of our would-be assassin.

EXT. MUSEUM SHIP - FANTAIL - RAILING

Richard and Cherie are as we left them. They aren't speaking, but seem to be enjoying themselves. Richard taps the railing. They laugh.

CHERIE
Nice try, but I'm not telling you
his name.

LIAM (O.S.)
Director Benson!

They look up to see Liam, now flanked by the two Eastern European beauties NINA and LIZA, one on each arm.

RICHARD
Liam Clark! Sorry for having to put
you to work tonight.

LIAM
Happy to help. Keeps things
interesting.

RICHARD
This is my daughter, Cherie, visiting
us from Stanford Law.

LIAM
Charmed.

CHERIE
I'm sure.

ALLISON COOPER (50s), Richard's all-knowing aide, pulls his arm.

ALLISON
Excuse me, Admiral. We have
situation.

Richard cuts his eyes at Liam and Cherie, they know the drill.
As he steps out of earshot, Cherie fires off a text to MOM.

CHERIE
(as she types)
That's three times he's been pulled
away since I got here. Mom used to
count too... Our little joke.

LIAM
That's not entirely fair.

CHERIE
I got in this morning. It's Saturday.

LIAM
Damn. Glad those days are behind
me.

CHERIE
You were CIA?

LIAM
The only thing worse than a three
letter word is a four letter word.

CHERIE
SEAL?

Liam's a bit taken back. Most girls don't get that one.

CHERIE (CONT'D)
Of course you were. And you don't
miss it?

LIAM
...I'm better suited to other things.

CHERIE
(Eyeing his dates)
Clearly.

LIAM
Friends of the Georgian ambassador.

CHERIE
How American to be in bed with our
allies.

Richard returns, visibly worried.

RICHARD

Liam, I need you. More instability
in Colombia, you're going back early.

LIAM

(excusing himself)

Ladies.

Cherie watches the men take off into the crowd until her social grace forces her attention back to the Georgian women before her. They stare. She stares back.

CHERIE

So... How do you know Mr. Clark?

NINA

(strong accent)

He good party.

For Cherie, the night just got longer...

INT. MUSEUM SHIP - OFFICERS' MESS - MOMENTS LATER

A makeshift briefing room. Hectic, still being set up. COLONEL ROCKY MORRISON (40s), a career intelligence officer, runs the show.

Richard and Liam enter taking their seats at the old wooden table like generations of naval officers before them.

RICHARD

Catch me up.

ROCKY

Kidnapping of US Ambassador's son Kyle Emerson, went down two hours ago on Calle 31, just outside the Cartagena city limits. Suspects brandishing assault rifles staged a fake roadblock. The sister reported they broke Kyle's nose before dragging him away.

LIAM

Standard procedure.

INT. MUSEUM SHIP - HALLWAY

Cherie wanders the empty corridors. Making her way to the end of the hall, VOICES filter in from one CRACKED DOOR.

LIAM (O.S.)

Injure him in front of family and you know they'll do whatever it takes to free him.

ROCKY (O.S.)
Gentlemen, they've posted a hostage
tape. Backdoored off a Russian
server.

Cherie softly taps the door, nudging it open. She freezes,
waiting for someone to stop her...

INT. MUSEUM SHIP - OFFICER'S MESS - CONTINUOUS

All eyes are on the TV at the front of the room.

On a monitor: Kyle, bruised face, looks directly into the
camera. He appears more dazed than scared.

KYLE (ON T.V.)
My name is Kyle Emerson, and I'm a
United States citizen. For years,
my country has oppressed --

The video continues, as Cherie slips unseen into the back of
the room.

RICHARD
Can we trace the IP address this was
sent from?

ROCKY
Cyber's working on it now.

KYLE (ON T.V.)
-- For the profit of the largest
corporations. If the CIA does not
immediately cease illegal manipulation
of this free and democratic state, I
will be the first of many Americans
to die.

SMACK! One of the guards hits Kyle.

KYLE (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)
Please, get me home to Bletchley.

Every head turns to Richard.

RICHARD
Reach out to the press pool, I'll
start taking interviews tomorrow.
Liam, how soon can you be ready to
leave?

LIAM
I'm good now, admiral.

Liam checks his watch while Allison types at a laptop.

ALLISON

There's an open seat on United 771
departing in an hour.
(click)
You're on it.

LIAM

Gents, Mrs. Cooper, it's been fun.

As Liam gets up to leave, Cherie slips into the hall.

INT. MUSEUM SHIP - CORRIDOR

Liam enters, in a rush.

CHERIE (O.S.)

That was a message --

LIAM

Don't sneak up on guys like me. You
know better.

CHERIE

He was talking about Bletch-

LIAM

I know, Bletchley, Milton Keynes, 50
miles out of London. His dad's last
job was deputy chief of mission in
the UK, and our embassy keeps a house
there. You shouldn't have been in
that briefing.

He keeps walking. She stays close on his heels.

CHERIE

It's a good thing I was. Kyle and I
went to school together when my father
was the defense attaché in Bogota.

LIAM

Cute, but irrelevant.

CHERIE

I know Kyle, how he thinks. "Get me
home to Bletchley." That was a
message, a code or something.

Liam stops.

LIAM

Cherie, trust me, I'm not new to
this. Kyle has less of a clue where
he is than we do. Now if you'll
excuse me, I have to go save your
little classmate.

CHERIE

Who I know better than you do. I can help.

LIAM

Help? You want to join a hostage recovery mission in *Columbia* because you knew this guy a decade ago? No one's that altruistic.

They lock eyes. She's got to give him something better.

CHERIE

We're together.

LIAM

That makes more sense.

CHERIE

On and off since high school but we got more serious when he started at Berkeley. Nobody knows. Not even our parents.

LIAM

Smart.

They hold each other's gaze. Did that work?

LIAM (CONT'D)

You're still not coming with me. If you really love your boyfriend the best thing you can do for him is to let me do my job.

With that he takes off down the hallway, this time she doesn't follow. She just watches him go...

INT. 747 - INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS CLASS - LATER

Liam rushes in, phone to ear, now out of his tux and in a simple fitted dress shirt and slacks. He's the last one on the packed flight.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

... Weather in Cartagena is sunny, high of about 80 degrees. We'll have you underway shortly so sit back, relax and enjoy your flight.

Phone still to ear, he shoves his bag in the overhead bin.

LIAM (ON PHONE)

Yeah, just under six hours. I'll call you when I'm on the ground.

As he sits down--

REVEAL: Cherie, making herself at home in the seat next to him.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Oh for God's sake...

CHERIE

What? You needed half the CIA and I called the Mileage Plus Gold Line: same results. And that elderly gentleman now two rows over was kind enough to switch seats so I could sit with my boyfriend.

LIAM

I'm your boyfriend too? How many boyfriends do you have?

CHERIE

As many as I need.

LIAM

You're going to be a liability.

CHERIE

I know you've been out of the teams for a while but they've all started deploying with female cultural specialists. Admiral Leary said they're one of the teams' best assets.

LIAM

I don't need a translator.

CHERIE

No, you need a diplomat. I don't scare women and children. You do.

A stewardess stops at their seats.

STEWARDESS

Can I get you two anything to drink?

CHERIE

Vodka tonic for him. I'll have a champagne.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - WASHINGTON DC - NEXT MORNING

Richard - phone to ear - paces the clean, hardwood halls of his colonial style home.

RICHARD (ON PHONE)

Team's assembling now. We'll get him back.

He passes framed photos of Cherie's childhood and going through college. There all warm looking memories, many including his EX-WIFE VALERIE, a rosy cheeked maternal type. The ghost of his former family still lives here.

GEOFF (O.S. ON PHONE)

When? And what else will they do to him? I've seen the video. What the hell is the CIA doing here?

RICHARD

I'm sorry sir, but you don't have a need to know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY CARTAGENA - AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE

AMBASSADOR GEOFF EMERSON tries to keep his calm. His wife HELEN (40s) is hysterical, as other family members try to console her. There's also a lot of SECURITY running around the place.

GEOFF

I'm the United States ambassador.

RICHARD

And I'm giving you plausible deniability.

GEOFF

From whom? The Columbian government and opposition both know you're meddling in their internal affairs.

RICHARD

I'm protecting you from our government. Soon enough, you'll be up for another diplomatic posting. You can't lie to the Senate about what you don't know.

(beat)

Trust me, everything that can be done is being done.

GEOFF

If you had a child here --

RICHARD

I still wouldn't jeopardize United States' interests.

GEOFF

At least talk to them.

RICHARD

Mr. Ambassador you know we don't negotiate with terrorists.

GEOFF

Bullshit! I've seen cartel members meet with your local station chief.

Geoff's focus is pulled as a DIPLOMATIC SECURITY (DS) AGENT rushes in.

DS AGENT

Ambassador, we have a situation.

GEOFF

About my son?

DS AGENT

An unmarked package was just dropped off with the Marines outside the front gate.

He shows a small box with a note taped to the side. Slowly, Geoff opens it: A FINGER, on a bed of ice. He goes white.

GEOFF

Oh my god...

Off Geoff, in over his head--

INT. TAXI - CARTAGENA

Cherie and Liam sit in the back of a local taxi. Liam stares out the window... his silence speaks volumes.

CHERIE

And I thought the "silent treatment" was only a play for high maintenance women.

LIAM

Sexist.

CHERIE

He speaks! Oh, speak again bright angel.

LIAM

If you're going to try and sound smart by quoting Shakespeare conversationally, don't use *Romeo and Juliet*. It's self defeating.

CHERIE

I wasn't trying to sound smart, I was baiting you to keep talking.

LIAM

The lady doth protest too much.

CHERIE

Hamlet? Now who's self defeating?
(as the car slows)
U.S. Embassy? We're already questioning Kyle's family?

LIAM

No, we're parting ways... And do not say anything involving the words "sweet" or "sorrow."

The car stops in front of a large GATED COMPOUND.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(to driver)

Un momento.

He opens the door. Cherie's eyes narrow.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY CARTAGENA - FRONT GATES - CONTINUOUS

Liam approaches the MARINE GUARD (20s) and shows his ID.

LIAM

Hey man, Lieutenant Commander Liam Clark, USNR, I need a favor --

As the Marine steps away from the gate, Cherie carefully steps OVER THE LINE designating the embassy grounds. As with all US Embassies, she is technically on American soil.

CHERIE

(Spanish with subtitles)

I've always dreamed I would someday make it to America!

MARINE

I'm sorry sir, but you know we're not authorized to --

LIAM

She's a U.S. citizen, her father is-

CHERIE
(Still in Spanish)
When can we go to Disneyland?

LIAM
(to the Marine Guard)
Hang on.

Liam takes Cherie by the arm, leading her out of earshot.

LIAM (CONT'D)
This isn't cute. Now cut it out and
get yourself back to the states.

CHERIE
Not a chance.

LIAM
Fine. Do what you want. But this is
as far as you go with me.

CHERIE
Oh, great plan. You know as well as
I do I'm not actually going back.
When the cartels release my ransom
tape, I'll make sure to mention you
abandoning me in a country famous
for kidnapping women into the sex
trade. My father will love that.

The stare at each other.

LIAM
Back in the cab.

Liam trudges off, Cherie follows him with a slight bounce in
her step.

LIAM (CONT'D)
He's going to have my head for this.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard, now fresh and in uniform, at the door greeting
SENATOR DIANA VALINTEN (47). Young and inexperienced by US
Senate standards, she's undoubtedly the smartest person in
the chamber. Think of her as a hotter Hillary Clinton.

DIANA
Admiral Benson, thank you for making
the time to see me.

RICHARD
Richard, please. Always a pleasure
Senator Valentin. What can I do for
you?

He motions for her to sit down.

DIANA

Half the world just saw a hostage
video claiming you're election
rigging. Why do you think I'm here?

RICHARD

Colonel Morrison makes good coffee.

DIANA

What the hell are you doing in
Colombia?

RICHARD

Right now, rescuing the ambassador's
son. We have an off book fire team
down there led by a former Navy SEAL,
Liam Clark --

DIANA

That's not what I'm asking... Liam
Clark?

RICHARD

Yes. Do you know him?

DIANA

(yes)

No. Richard, obvious hostage recovery
aside, I know you spend seventeen
million dollars a year in Colombia
alone. My question is, on what?

RICHARD

I'm sorry senator, but that's above
your clearance.

A long beat.

DIANA

Then I guess there's nothing more
for me to ask. Thank you for your
time, director.

RICHARD

And yours, senator.

She exits. He waits a beat for her to clear the hall. Once
he's sure she's gone --

He walks to the other side of his office, and opens a door
to the library.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that ambassador,
where were we?

We follow Richard into the library, finding --

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S LIBRARY

COLOMBIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE US, MACROS CALERO (40s), seated at the coffee table. American educated, scared shitless, and on Richard's payroll.

CALERO

My cabinet is worried that if the opposition's kidnapped the son of a US diplomat, they aren't safe either. So far seventeen ministers have asked me to evacuate their families.

RICHARD

17 families. That's a lot of movements. You'll have to be patient.

CALERO

Patient? Sir, why do you think we let you send troops into our country, edit our press statements, let your big companies move in tax free...? Since we agreed to this arrangement, my country's not refused a single request. We let you do this because you promised us security.

RICHARD

That's funny. I thought you did it because we kept you in power.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - CARTAGENA

The cab pulls away, leaving Liam and Cherie on the doorstep of a modern style GLASS PALACE.

CHERIE

Nice place.

LIAM

It's why I freelance.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find GRANT WARNER (35) in his swim trunks, sprawled out on the designer couch watching sports on a giant flat screen. A pile a man-mess surrounds him.

Under any other circumstances Grant would be the hottest guy in the room. Next to Liam, he plays second fiddle.

GRANT

The mighty warrior returns!

Seeing Cherie, he hops off the couch.

GRANT (CONT'D)

And who might you be?

LIAM

Slow down. Cherie is Admiral Benson's daughter. By no choice of mine she's here to 'help' with the recovery of Kyle Emerson, her secret boyfriend. Which I need to get started on now. Cherie, this is Grant. If you need anything, he's no help.

And off he goes. Grant and Cherie just watch.

CHERIE

Is he always like this?

GRANT

No. Sometimes he's a pain in the ass.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Richard at his desk, across from Rocky.

ROCKY

Columbians want more assistance, sir. Standard requests, but starting to sound more and more desperate.

RICHARD

We already diverted \$9 million of foreign assistance money, and the senate's ban on military exports has my hands tied for at least another year.

ROCKY

An unarmed Colombian military will give the country's urban centers over to cartels. We've already lost countrysides to them.

RICHARD

Try telling Congress that. I've been doing it for years and all I've got to show for it is high blood pressure medication.

ROCKY

We do have one other option sir. After Libya fell, our guys recovered some large weapons caches. They're now consolidated under guard, just outside of Tripoli.

RICHARD

You know, with Libya becoming more stable, and severe budget pressure from the hill, now might be a good time to ease up on security...

A KNOCK on the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Enter.

Richard dismisses Rocky with a wave as Allison enters, large folder in hand.

ALLISON

First report's in on the sniper from last night. Nineteen known aliases, criminal records in half the EU member states, and passports from the other half.

(a beat)

Had on him a Zastava M76 rifle, Glock 34, KA-BAR, two burner phones and, um --

RICHARD

Yes?

ALLISON

This.

He hands him a photo: it's a long lens shot of CHERIE.

EXT. CALLE 31 - A LITTLE LATER

Liam/Grant/Cherie stand on the road. Local police giving Liam space, diverting traffic.

GRANT

Nothing on this side.

LIAM

We're not going to find anything here. Whoever's responsible has friends in high places.

CHERIE

Clearly, they're a cartel in Columbia.

GRANT

You think they scrubbed the site?

LIAM

They did one better. Look around. We're standing the only freshly paved highway in Colombia. Hours after it was a crime scene.

And we see it. About a hundred feet of FRESH ASPHALT, surrounded by a highway worn from decades of overuse.

GRANT

So we know about as much as Kyle does.

LIAM

Which is nothing at all.

Cherie's zoned out, wheels turning, starring deep into the looming MOUNTAINS.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Wow, no retort?

CHERIE

It was a code. When Kyle said Bletchley, he was referring to the where they broke the Enigma code during the war. Home to Bletchley meant the distance from his home to Bletchley.

LIAM

Deputy Chief of Mission lives just at the embassy compound in central London, roughly 50 miles southeast of Bletchley Park. 50 miles northwest of here puts us in the Gulf of Mexico.

CHERIE

Right. But his family owns a summer home in Bidford, same distance, but to the west. That's the home he's talking about.

Cherie looks back up into the mountains. Off Liam...

INT. HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - PRESS ROOM

Flash bulbs POP. REPORTERS take notes. Diana is holding a press conference.

DIANA

And lastly, let me assure you all that we are doing everything we can to recover Kyle Emerson.

REPORTER

But what about his claim that Columbia is a US puppet government?

DIANA

I've already met with the House and Senate leadership, as well as the intelligence community, and am very pleased with their levels of transparency. Especially CIA Director Admiral Richard Benson, who kindly agreeing to speak with my committee tomorrow, allowing us to avoid the formal subpoena process --

PUNCH OUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard watches this on TV.

RICHARD
Goddamnit.

He clicks the TV off. Fucked.

EXT. RURAL AREA - COLUMBIA - DUSK

Cherie/Grant/Liam hike up an small peak.

The view is breathtaking in the sunset.

LIAM
I'm only doing this to prove a point.
We can't keep chasing every hunch
you have like Nancy Drew.

CHERIE
Kyle's a smart guy, and from a family
of diplomats and cryptologists. He
was going with what he had.

Grant scans the horizon with military grade BINOCULARS.

GRANT
Liam, you're gonna want to see this.

He hands over the binoculars.

LIAM
(looking)
What the hell...?

CHERIE
What's happening?

GRANT
That camp wasn't there a week ago.

CHERIE
So... I was right?

LIAM
Only one road in, we'll need air
support.

GRANT
What are the odds Eliana is sober
enough for something this last minute?

LIAM
Slim, as always.

CHERIE

(sotto)

I was right.

Cherie turns for validation, only to see both the guys walking down the mountain.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

(running to catch up)

You're welcome!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Perpetually sleep deprived, Richard is changing into his SERVICE DRESS UNIFORM.

His SKYPE rings.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Liam sits at the bar with a coffee and extensive hand written notes.

LIAM

Good morning Admiral.

RICHARD

Good timing. I'm just leaving for the Select Intelligence Committee.

LIAM

Then I'll make it quick. We've located the victim in a compound 40 miles from here. Only 1 road up there, so we want to go in by air tonight.

RICHARD

You have top cover from this end. Send me the coordinates, I'll make sure local area radars are powered off.

Behind Liam, Cherie crosses, still in her robe going for the fresh coffee.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Who was that?

Now out of the screen's frame, Cherie pours herself a cup.

LIAM

Nothing sir.

Liam motions her to leave. Of course, she does not.

RICHARD

Liam, your recreational habits aren't my business but operational security is. Before you tell me she doesn't even speak English --

CHERIE

Dad, stop. It's me.

She steps in view of the laptop camera.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

And I didn't sleep with him, I'm
here to help the team.

A million thoughts race across Richard's face, all coming
together in one word.

RICHARD

No.

LIAM

With respect sir, Cherie found a
hidden message in the ransom tape.
If she wasn't here, we'd still be
looking for him.

It's hard to tell who's more shocked to hear this: Cherie or
Richard. A long beat --

RICHARD

Liam, get her back to DC.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Tears pour down Cherie's cheeks as she looks out on the
spectacular jungle view. She mindlessly taps the balcony
railing rhythmically.

LIAM (O.S.)

Left your coffee.

He steps onto the balcony, handing her a cup.

CHERIE

All you've done is try to get rid of
me. Why come to my defense?

She continues tapping on the cup.

LIAM

Because you wouldn't go... And don't
quote me on this but, you're not
half bad to have around. You're the
only civilian I know who fidgets in
Morse Code.

She stops tapping her cup: caught and impressed. He gives
her a smile, just for a moment.

CHERIE

Old habit. Dad taught me when I was
a kid. We used to talk around mom
all the time. It was something only
we could understand.

LIAM

And a way for the two of you to understand each other?

CHERIE

Something like that.

LIAM

I can't blame you for wanting to save the person you love. If I were you I would have done the exact same thing.

(thinks)

I might have punched me on more than one occasion.

CHERIE

I still might, so watch out.

LIAM

(leveling)

Am I that bad?

CHERIE

Sometimes. Mostly when you have the whole "ladies man" two-super-model-at-once, always right, super soldier thing going on.

Liam laughs, she nailed his persona. Staring out into the jungle...

LIAM

Back when I just graduated BUDS, I went to a local bar with a Frogman buddy named The Man Whore - who, before you get judgey, was on the Bin Laden raid. At the bar Man Whore and I met these two hot girls who asked what we did. Proudly, we told them we were Navy SEALS. Which was only marginally true: We had graduated BUDS, but we didn't have our Tridents yet. They looked up and down said "You're too small to be SEALS." Then walked off. I decided then and there that I'd just tell girls I drove that machine on the Coronado Bridge that moved the lanes from one side to the other.

CHERIE

How long until you started saying you were a SEAL?

LIAM

Never. It was a great lesson. I have more fake professions than you can imagine.

CHERIE

And I called you out within thirty second of knowing you.

LIAM

Which is why you're not going back to DC.

The intimate beat holds a little too long for either's comfort.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Kyle's a lucky guy.

INT. SENATE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE - HEARING ROOM

In a closed session with Richard, a dozen SENATORS and just a couple STAFF. The room has that museum at night feeling.

RICHARD

In addition to the election which is now 27 days away, we are closely monitoring the situation involving the kidnapping of the U.S. Ambassador's son Kyle Emerson and a rescue is currently being planned.

DIANA

You've seen the video, Admiral. I think this committee has a right to know if those accusations are true.

RICHARD

With respect senator, it does not.

DIANA

Might I remind you, that failure to answer a question after being subpoenaed to testify can lead to you being held in contempt of congress.

RICHARD

You may, but I wasn't formally subpoenaed ma'am. And every news network in the country knows that.

DIANA

Very well. Admiral, thank you for your time. This concludes the closed door session of your testimony.

(to an aide)

Please invite the press in.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

(to Richard)

We will now take a ten minute recess
before we begin our public line of
questioning.

Punch in on Richard. This just got worse.

INT. SENATE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE - HALLWAY

Richard catches up to Diana. They both know she has him by
the balls.

RICHARD

What the hell are you doing opening
up an intelligence committee meeting
to the public?

DIANA

Allowing the people to see their
government in action. You're so
adamant about us not knowing more
than the general population, so rather
than keeping congress ignorant, let's
just catch the public up to speed.

RICHARD

Senator, you're quest to ruin my
career is now jeopardizing national
security.

DIANA

So find me another career to ruin.
After the Emerson boy is freed, you
can have Liam Clark testify...

RICHARD

Liam Clark is one of nations top
assets in South America. Why would
you want him martyred?

DIANA

I hardly think martyr is the word.
It has a certain, blameless,
implication to it. Don't you think?

Off Richard. What does she know?

EXT. CHESTY'S BAR - CARTAGENA - THAT AFTERNOON

Liam/Cherie/Grant walk up the squeaky plank steps under the
red neon sign reading: CHESTY'S.

INT. CHESTY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Stepping inside they are greeted by CHESTY himself, A
snarling BULLDOG.

LIAM
Chesty, hey boy! That's a good boy!

Chesty nips at Liam's hand.

ELIANA (O.S.)
Don't patronize him. You know better.

Reveal: ELIANA WATSON (30) A Latin-American girl, she's got the Colombian good looks and US Marine bad temper.

LIAM
Eliana... Gorgeous as always.

ELIANA
Flattery will only get you free booze
and I know that's not why you're
here.

GRANT
That's why I'm here.

ELIANA
No shit, River-Rat.

Eliana motions them all to a rickey table, exposing her distinctive EGA wrist tattoo. (Eagle Global & Anchor, the symbol of the Marine Corps.)

ELIANA (CONT'D)
(to bartender, in
Spanish)
A round for my friends.
(noticing Cherie)
Who the hell are you?

CHERIE
Cherie --

ELIANA
Kitty?

LIAM
She's helping me.

ELIANA
Mm. I bet she is.

Cherie looks offended, Liam shows a hint of blushing.

LIAM
You heard about the ambassador's
kid? They need our help.

ELIANA
Let me stop you right there. What
do I always say about flying?

LIAM

Only when you're sober.

ELIANA

And when am I sober?

LIAM / GRANT

One weekend a month, two weeks a year.

ELIANA

Sorry, Squeal, no dice on this one.

CHERIE

Hang on. You're saying you won't fly to save a life because... That would require you to stop drinking?

ELIANA

Why is Kitty talking?

LIAM

She kind of has a point. Do you need an intervention?

ELIANA

No, and no. I'm a Marine for God's sake. We drink and beat shit up.

LIAM

You also leave no man behind...

Liam and Eliana have a wordless conversation. There's a history here, one that makes Cherie uneasy.

ELIANA

(yelling to the kitchen)

Somebody get me a water!

(to Liam)

Tell Benson my rate just doubled.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OUTER OFFICE

Richard enters, walking towards his office when he is intercepted by Allison, folder of papers in hand.

ALLISON

Movement order, two from Ostravia to Gitmo.

RICHARD

Thanks.

As he signs them and gives them back --

ALLISON

How did the hearing go?

RICHARD

They tried to move the goal posts on me. And Senator Valentin seems to have something against Liam Clark.

ALLISON

She's always been critical of our off book missions.

RICHARD

But not like this. Let's find out what she's hiding.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - GROUNDS - LATER

Rotor wash overwhelms Liam/Cherie/Grant and the lush landscaping as Eliana puts down her MH-6 LITTLE BIRD in the middle of Liam's back yard.

LIAM

That's our ride. MH-6 light attack helicopter. Call sign Killer Egg.

Eliana hops out of the cockpit as Liam/Grant/Cherie approach with WEAPONS to load.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Fair warning, the cabin normally seats two, but with a lengthy mission like this, we swap out the second seat for an auxiliary fuel tank.

CHERIE

Meaning ... ?

Eliana smiles and hands Cherie a harness.

ELIANA

You ride on the skid.

Off Cherie, realizing what she's gotten herself into --

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard at his computer, interrupted by his CELL. Caller ID: VAL.

RICHARD

(answering)

You never call this number.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NAPA VINEYARD

California living suits Richard's ex-wife. Her life is now sunny and stress free.

VALERIE

Cherie's not answering. I'm worried.

RICHARD

She's in Annapolis with her girlfriends. Let her be.

VALERIE

Richard. She's supposed to be seeing her father for the week.

RICHARD

She's 26, Val. I can't very well hold her prisoner.

VALERIE

No, but you can make her want to stay by spending time with her. Let me guess, the world's on fire this week and only you can put it out?

RICHARD

You know me well.

On cue, his office line RINGS.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Valerie, I'm so sorry but I have to take this call.

VALERIE

Of course you do.

RICHARD

I'll call you right back and we can --

VALERIE

Don't bother. If you're going to reach out to a woman in your life, make it your daughter. That relationship might still be salvageable.

With that she hangs up.

RICHARD

(sotto)

Love you.

A beat. He hangs up too, and picks up the desk phone.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

This is Benson.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - GROUNDS - THAT EVENING

As the helo takes off, we stay close on Cherie's boots leaving the ground...

CHERIE

(sotto)

*Locum praesta, et ego commovebo caelum,
et terram, et staret.*

LIAM

The Iliad?

CHERIE

Latin calms me.

She clings to the skid, trying not to freak out.

LIAM

You got this.

CHERIE

Do I?

LIAM

You do.

And with that all other sounds fade under the HELO'S ROAR
as Eliana hits the throttle and away they go...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. COLOMBIAN EMBASSY - WASHINGTON DC - EVENING

Richard walks up the large front steps. A Colombian MARINE salutes as he enters.

INT. COLOMBIAN EMBASSY - AMBASSADORS LIBRARY

Richard sits across from Calero, who pours a drink.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Calero serves it anyway.

CALERO

You have news for me?

RICHARD

In an hour, there will be a fault in the air search radar covering the Bolívar, Córdoba and Atlántico Departments. Once down, a Bombardier Global Express will land at the abandoned airfield at Planeta Rica with instructions to pick up any members of your extended family.

A sigh of relief for Calero.

CALERO

I don't even know how to thank you.

RICHARD

The radar has to stay down all night.

Calero's relief morphs to panic, his usual state. Of course, this was going to come with a price.

CALERO

We'd have to ground dozens of flights, stranding thousands of passengers. I'm sorry Richard, my government can't risk that embarrassment.

RICHARD

You know, even at 600 miles an hour, it's still over five hours to DC. It would be a shame if the jet with your family on it experienced engine problems and had to turn around.

CALERO

Even if I could do it, how would I justify a system outage for so long?

(MORE)

CALERO (CONT'D)

I'd need help from the Transportation
Minister, who will want to get his
family to safety with mine.

Richard downs the rest of his drink.

RICHARD

Plane seats 15. Be as generous as
you like.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - COLOMBIA

Close-up on a RADAR screen, a dozen or so planes in the air.
And the picture goes blank.

AIR CONTROLER

(Spanish)

We've lost picture.

INT. COLUMBIAN MOUNTAINS - HELICOPTER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eliana looks at her control console and grins.

ELIANA

(into headset)

Looks like your friend did his job.
Every RADAR in the whole country
just went dark. Hang tight --

With that she banks HARD RIGHT, away from the typical air
routes and up towards the cartel camp.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard returns, ready for another long night. Allison's
been waiting in the reception area.

RICHARD

You know just because I don't have a
family to go home to doesn't mean
you need to neglect yours.

ALLISON

You're my eleventh director. In 35
years, I hope my husband's figured
it out.

(then)

We pulled everything we could on
Senator Valentin. It's clean.

(off Richard's surprise)

So we started poking around Liam's
records. We found something
interesting.

He hands Richard a folder.

RICHARD
Naval Academy?

ALLISON
The Academy Commandant recommended
him for court martial two weeks into
his senior year.

RICHARD
For what?

ALLISON
That's the thing. Charge was Conduct
Unbecoming, but no specific cause.

RICHARD
How did he get out of it?

ALLISON
Vice President Edward Valentin made
the whole thing disappear. Even had
his charge sheet sealed.

RICHARD
Have Cyber hack the academy's
database.

ALLISON
We did. The folder on Liam Clark
came up empty. Even in their backups.

INT. VALENTIN BROWNSTONE - SAME

The tasteful place is packed with DC ELITE enjoying hors
d'oeuvres and an open bar. Diana moves expertly through her
guests. She stops at BOB CALDWELL (50s) a Wall Street fat
cat type.

DIANA
Bob, thank you again for your generous
donation. Also your understanding
and discretion regarding the need to
post date.

CALDWELL
I never did like red tape Diana.
Wouldn't have made my first million
if I didn't cross it every chance I
got.

DIANA
Careful, an attitude like that could
land your candidate in the White
House.

CALDWELL
I look forward to your announcement.

She continues into her mingling guests, but is sideswiped by husband, FORMER VICE PRESIDENT EDWARD VALENTIN (70s). He's got all of Joe Biden's lesser qualities, minus the endearing ones.

EDWARD

Heard your committee hearing was a circus today.

DIANA

It was a closed session. How'd you find out this time?

EDWARD

19th hole.

They step out of their guests earshot.

DIANA

Not the 100 Club again? I'm impressed.

EDWARD

Same group. Better weather.
(between bites)

Also heard you traded Richard Benson's skin to get Liam Clark on the stand. What's your game? Discredit him before he can ruin your run at the oval?

Diana takes a long sip from her wine.

DIANA

He was just a kid, Edward.

EDWARD

And if it wasn't for me, he would be a rent-a-cop somewhere with a criminal record and dishonorable discharge.

DIANA

Don't sound so selfless. You did all that to save your own reputation.

EDWARD

Our reputation, dear. I was cleaning up your mess. Or has that selective memory of yours forgotten your youthful days as my scandalous trophy wife? ... Senator, we're waiting for your response.

DIANA

If you're going to insult me with titles, practice Madam President.

She turns on her heel back into the crowd.

EXT. JUNGLE - A LITTLE LATER

Liam and Grant FAST ROPE down from the helo like the pros they are. Cherie's the last to go.

We stay with her as she takes a deep breath and then LET'S GO. She speeds down the rope, hitting the ground successfully but buckling under her own weight.

LIAM

Bend your knees when you land.

CHERIE

Thanks, coach.

GRANT

Still, not half bad for loosing your FR-card.

CHERIE

Huh?

GRANT

FR. Fast Rope. Like V-card, but for combat fast roping.

LIAM

(aside to Grant)

Really?

As they take off into the thick under brush --

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them hit jungle edge. Now almost completely camouflaged, they really do look menacing.

Liam notices a SENTRY a few feet in front of them. Signals to Grant --

Who sneaks towards the sentry. 30 feet. 20 feet. 10 feet --

SFX: TEXT MESSAGE!

Oh. Shit. Liam's about to call Eliana to get them the fuck out of here when --

The guard pulls out his phone, smiles, and begins to reply. Grant approaches from behind and silently PUTS HIM ON THE GROUND.

LIAM

Go time.

On his signal they move in.

INT. WASHINGTON DC - EQUINOX - 2AM

Diana, hair back, ear buds in, on an ELLIPTICAL MACHINE in the otherwise deserted gym.

Her eyes dart off to the MOVEMENT in the mirrors: Richard (still in the same uniform) makes his way to her.

RICHARD

Where are the other health nuts?

DIANA

They don't show up til 5.

She pops out an ear bud, we hear **Mozart's symphony No 40**.

RICHARD

2 A.M. Your day's starting, mine's just ending.

DIANA

Richard, are you here to work out?

RICHARD

In ninety minutes, 2 planes will land at Andrews. One has ambassador Emerson and his family. The other has the families of Colombian officials we assess to be in danger.

DIANA

You can wait for a plane anywhere in the city. Why here?

RICHARD

I needed to speak to you in private.

Before she can respond --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And we both know there's none of that at either of our offices. After your little stunt with the hearing I had my guys do some digging into your file. Power playing me to hang Liam out to dry is a specific and risky move. There's got to be a good reason...

DIANA

You wasted their time. My record's clean.

RICHARD

I know. That's why I had them look into Liam's.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We found a gap in his records from the end of his junior year at the Naval Academy until he reported to BUDs. The only thing there shows the Academy Commandant recommended him for court martial two weeks into his senior year.

DIANA

I don't see what it has to do with me.

RICHARD

The changes were dropped due to personal intervention from then Vice President Edward Valentin. Had the whole thing disappear. Even had Liam's charge sheet sealed. But you knew that already, didn't you?

Her eyes betray her: yes.

DIANA

He was one of a half dozen or so with us when we sailed from from Ko Samui to Rayong. It was our seven year anniversary trip.

RICHARD

...I need to know what happened there.

DIANA

I can't tell you that.

RICHARD

Then find someone else to be your committee fall guy. Because it won't be me, and it sure as hell won't be Liam Clark.

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the sounds of goats, cows, sheep and chickens.

CHERIE

Are we in the right place?

LIAM

Yeah, real farms don't need guards with automatic weapons.

(then)

Cover your ears --

BANG! Small, bright explosions light up the far end of camp. Lots of commotion, anybody who was asleep isn't anymore.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT

Eliana watches from a distance on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES as everybody scurries towards the explosions, a homemade REMOTE DETONATION DEVICE on her lap.

IN THE CARTEL CAMP

Our team's made it outside a barn. Cherie at the door, Liam and Grant ready to rush in.

LIAM

Now.

Cherie opens the door and Liam tosses in a FLASH BANG GRENADE as --

INT. BARN - SAME

The door bursts open as a flash bang goes off. Just ONE GUARD, quickly taken down by Liam. All three rush inside to see the rest of the structure is empty.

GRANT

Where to now?

LIAM

If they kept a guard posted inside here, there's something they're trying to protect.

Cherie notices A BIT OF LIGHT coming from a grate in the floor.

CHERIE

Guys, look...

They notice. It's covering a tunnel. Liam nods to Grant. This isn't the first time they've done this. As Liam removes the grate, Grant tosses in another FLASH BANG. And they're down inside --

INT. HIDDEN TUNNEL

REVEAL: KYLE EMERSON - alive, but in pretty bad shape. Probably hasn't been out of the tunnel in days. He holds a crudely bandaged finger: SEEPING BLOOD AND PUSS. Cherie rushes to him.

CHERIE

Kyle!

KYLE

Cherie Benson?

CHERIE

No time to explain. We're getting you out.

(MORE)

CHERIE (CONT'D)
(re: his hand)
What happened?

KYLE
They cut... Cherie, they took off my --

CHERIE
Shh, it's okay. Just rest. Liam!
Get over here...

On cue, Liam gets to work with some very crude first aid.

LIAM
Infected. Smell that? If we didn't
have a reason to get you out quickly
before, we have one now. Let's move.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

And they're out of the tunnel. To make the extraction point
in time they will need to RUN --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT

ELIANA
(headset)
Hey guys, you've got company. Two
of 'em, about to enter.

Liam and Grant draw their weapons. Then Liam pulls a RIFLE
off his back and hands it to Cherie.

LIAM
Hardest to miss with. Just like
Duck Hunt.

They brace themselves for whatever's going to happen next.

Except it doesn't.

CARTEL LEADER (O.S.)
American military, can you hear me?

LIAM
We're not American military. What do
you want?

CARTEL LEADER (O.S.)
A trade.

Liam looks at Grant and Cherie. This isn't good.

LIAM
(quietly on headset)
Can you get a clean shot?

IN THE HELICOPTER:

Eliana is looking, but there's too many other structures.

ELIANA

(headset)

Not without spraying in your
direction.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BARN - SIMULTANEOUS

Now FIVE ARMED CARTEL MEMBERS point AK-47s at the door.
More are showing up.

CARTEL LEADER

We want you to leave without anymore
bloodshed. We will hold our fire
for your team to get out, but the
ambassador's son must stay.

LIAM

You know, I'd be inclined to agree
if you didn't cut off his finger.

CARTEL LEADER

That is not your concern. We have
all the time in the world to wait
you out, and I know your helicopter
must be running low on fuel by now.

This is bad. A few concerned looks followed by--

CARTEL LEADER (CONT'D)

Fine. Your choice.

A burst of GUNFIRE into the building. Grant throws Kyle
down, covering him. Liam does the same for Cherie.

CHERIE

Wait!

LIAM

(Whisper)

What are you doing?

CHERIE

(Whisper)

Saving us all.

(yelling)

I propose a different trade. Kyle
for me.

This makes the Cartel Leader laugh.

CARTEL LEADER

And with whom do I have the pleasure
of speaking?

CHERIE

Cherie Benson. You don't know me,
but you probably know of my father.
Admiral Richard Benson. Director of
the CIA.

CARTEL LEADER

I'm sorry, my dear but I'm a patron
of brothels not a supplier. Women
are useless hostages. Too breakable.

CHERIE

So are men. If you've been wondering
what that unusual smell's been, Kyle
has Gangrene from the finger you cut
off. If not treated properly he'll
be dead in a matter of days. And
then what will you have? Nothing.

The Cartel Leader thinks on this.

ELIANA (O.S.)

(in Liam's headset)

Liam, what's going on down there?

CHERIE

(headset)

We're coming out.

CARTEL LEADER

You seem to have your little mind
quiet made up, Miss Benson.

CHERIE

It's a good trade, sir. No one needs
to get hurt here.

The loud THUMP of Eliana's helo comes echoing through the
metal walls.

CARTEL LEADER

I believe your transportation has
arrived, Americans.

With a nod from the Leader, Cartel thugs rush Cherie firmly
taking hold of each arm. In her last precious seconds, she
turns to Liam.

LIAM

You don't have to be the hero.

CHERIE

I'm not. You are. You're going to
get me out of this mess.

With that they drag her off towards the same hole in which Kyle was just held prisoner.

Her brave face now gone, she's white with terror. Just a scared girl... And it's his personal failure. Liam's face turns to stone, he'll beat himself up over this later.

LIAM

Move.

They exit towards the waiting helo.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Liam secures a fading Kyle in the cargo area.

LIAM

I swear to you we'll get her back safely.

KYLE

What was she even doing here?

LIAM

She loves you.

Kyle looks honestly confused.

LIAM (CONT'D)

She's your girlfriend...

KYLE

Girlfriend? What..? No, it was never like that between us. I haven't seen her since high school.

Off Liam. A thousand questions --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Close on a FLAT SCREEN at the front of the room. Pulling back slowly, we see all the CIA AGENTS taking notes.

CHERIE (ON SCREEN)

For over one hundred years, forces of United States imperialism have pillaged this beautiful country. Now, they are attempting to rig the upcoming presidential election.

We punch in on Richard. Watching in understated horror.

CHERIE (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

If you want to see me alive again, you will immediately cease providing financial support to the political campaigns of your puppets, and remove any and all military forces illegally occupying this peaceful country.

RICHARD

Turn that damned thing off.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - RICHARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Richard paces on the phone. Angry does even begin to describe him.

RICHARD

How the hell did this happen?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - OFFICE

Liam in his office, on a headset already drawing up extraction plans.

LIAM

I take full responsibility.

RICHARD (ON PHONE)

No shit you do.

LIAM

We're going back out tonight.

RICHARD

No you're not. Your mission was to rescue Kyle Emerson. You did it, but from this moment forward, you need to stand down.

LIAM

Cherie is part of my team. I don't leave my people behind.

RICHARD

You're no longer a SEAL, Liam. And right now, I need to get a real special ops unit on this.

That stung.

LIAM

Sir... I thought the geopolitical situation on the ground --

RICHARD

That situation has changed.

CLICK. Richard hangs up leaving Liam stunned.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Mrs. Cooper, can you get me on the rotator to Fort Bragg.

EXT. JOINT SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND - ESTABLISHING

A concrete building with more security than Langley. This is where the United States manages SEAL Team Six, Delta Force, etc. If it's possible to be above the law on a military base, these guys are.

HANK (O.S.)

Admiral Benson. How's the view from Langley these days?

INT. JSOC - COMMANDER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

There's a formal handshake, but not a lot of love lost between Richard and GENERAL HANK KIRK (50s), the only 3 Star who still wears camo to the office.

RICHARD

Cloudy.

HANK

That's a shame. But can't say I didn't warn you about working for civilians.

RICHARD

Our commander in chief is a civilian. That's what we all do.

HANK

You think we work for him.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

So... to what do we owe this rare honor of the CIA director slumming in North Carolina?

RICHARD

I need you to rescue one of my operatives from a hostage situation in Columbia.

HANK

A hostage rescue? I thought when you lost someone at the CIA, you simply denied ever knowing them.

RICHARD

Not this time.

HANK

Because it's your daughter.

RICHARD

You have a detachment in the area. I provide them satellite imagery.

HANK

So just because you gave me a few photos, I'm supposed to give you my Delta Force platoon?

RICHARD

That would be illegal, especially given my relation to the victim.

(a beat)

I am legally required to provide you with as much imagery as you ask for. And your team is legally, albeit covertly, operating within Colombian borders.

HANK

Where are you going with this?

RICHARD

I am also legally required to inform the Select Committee on Intelligence each unit that utilizes our services. Which they will naturally illegally leak, because that's what they do.

(another beat)

General, do you really want me doing what I'm legally required to do?

Off Richard, checkmate --

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - GRANT'S ROOM

Liam barges in to find Grant on his bed, gaming console in hand. Only on his flat screen there's hundreds of CLASSIFIED DOCUMENT WINDOWS. Grant's a hacker.

LIAM

I need good news.

GRANT

Kyle was telling the truth. Ran a trace on their cell phones. He and Cherie haven't been within 10 miles of each other since high school.

LIAM

It makes no sense. Why risk her own life for a virtual stranger?

GRANT

Thrill seeker? Bored American?

LIAM

She wasn't bored. She's a Stanford Law... Stanford. Damn it.

GRANT

You lost me.

LIAM

The Hoover Institute. Pull up their clandestine roster.

Grant starts hacking away. Liam stares down the TV. Sure enough Cherie's GOVERNMENT ID/HEADSHOT flashes on the screen.

LIAM (CONT'D)

She wanted me to underestimate her. Cherie Benson, what do you really do?

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - COLOMBIA

Cherie's POV: blurry, dark, sideways... she's waking up on the dirty floor. CLINK. The door opens revealing ANTONIO (40s). Well dressed, educated, he is unlike the cartel members we've seen before.

ANTONIO

(Spanish)

Privacy, please.

The GUARDS leave.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Sorry for the pomp and circumstance.

CHERIE

Laid it on thick, you think?

He unties her, and produces WATER from his bag.

ANTONIO

You have to understand most of the men here are mercenaries, the rest are cartel, there are not many political activists. Working with Americans is an executable offense.

CHERIE

Then let's work quickly. This isn't exactly a vacation for me either.

She pulls a USB DRIVE from her pocket.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

Bank records of every money transfer between US and Columbian officials.

ANTONIO

You are an angel for my people.

CHERIE

Not all Americans are like my father.

SFX: VOICES and FOOTSTEPS outside the door.

ANTONIO

Apologies again. We'll get you to the extraction point soon.

The cell door opens revealing an ARMED GUARD.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Prepare the hostage for transportation.

The guard goes behind Cherie and SHOOTS ANTONIO. He slumps. This was not the plan.

CHERIE

(Spanish)

Why would you do that?!

GUARD

(broken English)

Don't defile my language with your American tongue. Your country has already done enough damage to mine.

CHERIE

I'm trying to help you.

GUARD

And you will. We are a poor country,
and we know your father has millions
of dollars at his disposal. We want
money. And for every day that we
don't get paid, we will break one of
your bones.

With that he's out. Cherie leans back against the wall.

CHERIE

Come on Liam...

EXT. THE FOUR SEASONS DC - POOLSIDE BAR

Geoff Emerson relaxes with drink and the Washington Post
while his family plays in the pool.

DIANA (O.S.)

I'll have what he's having.

Geoff looks up to see Diana pulled up a chair at his table.

GEOFF

Senator Valentin.

DIANA

Ambassador. Welcome back. I'm so
sorry for the ordeal you and your
family have been through.

The WAITER brings her drink, she holds it up to Geoff.

GEOFF

Thank you.

He raises his glass following suit, not sure where she's
going with this.

DIANA

Which makes this next part really
hard.

She tosses back whatever was in the glass.

GEOFF

I'm sorry?

DIANA

Ambassador, I need you to publicly
take responsibility for our scandal
in Colombia.

GEOFF

Are you crazy? That's career suicide.
Not to mention, I'm the guy who tried
to stop that from happening.

DIANA

I know. It's a lie. But what's in these photos in not.

She slides him a MANILA ENVELOPE. He opens it: long lens photos of Geoff exiting a COLUMBIAN BROTHEL.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I have the ones from inside as well, but I'm hoping there's no need to drag those out in public.

GEOFF

...This is blackmail. ...

JENNY (O.S.)

Daddy, watch me!

Geoff and Diana look up to see his daughter, Jenny, do a cannonball into the water.

GEOFF

Why are you protecting Benson? He's the one that ought to swing for this.

DIANA

Your career is over now, ambassador. The question is, do you want to end it manipulating a nation in order to save Americans, or do you want to end it as a pervert who enjoys ...
(shows another photo)
... This?

She gets up from the table, taking back her envelope.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Enjoy your vacation.

Off Geoff, totally fucked --

INT. HIDDEN TUNNEL

Liam's boots hit the ground. Grant and Eliana right behind. Grant kicks in the door. Liam and Eliana rush the room. Empty. Fucking empty.

MUSIC OUT. This isn't cool any more. It just sucks...

LIAM

They moved her.

GRANT

So ... Now what?

LIAM

We see what she left us.

ELIANA
You're joking, right?

Liam's not listening anymore. He's combing the room for clues... for anything.

LIAM
She speaks Spanish, would have overheard everything they said. Just a question of how to communicate to people you knew weren't going to be here for a while...

GRANT
How is that even possible?

Liam's studying something in the dirty floor. It looks like RANDOM SCRATCHES. From a struggle? From bored digging? Liam snaps a picture of it with his phone.

FLASH BANG!

DELTA FORCE LEADER (O.S.)
Everybody on the ground, now!

And the Special Forces guys rush in, with what now looks like a lot of overkill.

DELTA FORCE LEADER (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see them!

LIAM
You can stop being an ass Rannick, it's just me.

The smoke from the flash bang clears leaving Liam standing face to face with Delta Force Leader, DON RANNICK (30).

RANNICK
Froggles? What are you doing here?

ELIANA
Froggles? Finally. I knew you had an embarrassing call sign.

GRANT
Yeah, he's had that since BUDS.

ELIANA
Grant knew?

GRANT
You didn't know?

RANNICK
Team Froggles, shut it. Looks like you missed your hostage.

LIAM

So did you. But I know where they're taking her.

He points the marks in the dirt. Everyone else is confused.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Morse Code. Seven Eight E. Area just south of the 78 terminus at Magangue is a hotbed for cartel activity. That's where she is.

Off Liam, back in the game --

EXT. PATROL BOAT - MOVING FAST

A RIVERINE PATROL CRAFT. Grant driving, measuring distances on GPS with radar overlay. Liam and Eliana is FROGMAN GEAR.

ELIANA

And we're doing this because of some scratches in the dirt. Brilliant.

GRANT

I think Morse Code was really smart.

ELIANA

Great. Kitty can be a feminist crusader circa 1880.

LIAM

Nothing impresses you.

ELIANA

Nothing you do.

Grant signals to Liam - something moving ahead. He nods. Air on, masks on, and they're in the water.

EXT. SENTRY BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Not really threatening, more like a derelict fishing boat pressed into guard duty by the cartel.

Liam's hand barely leaves the water as he TOSSES A SMALL ROCK.

It lands a few feet on the other side of the boat and makes just enough noise for the TWO SENTRIES to take notice.

As they do, Liam and Eliana, armed with knives, are up and on them from behind. It's over before it happened.

BELOW THE WATER

Their BODIES SINK, throats cut.

Liam attaches a small LIMPET MINE to the hull of the fishing boat and SETS THE TIMER.

EXT. TREE LINE - HIDDEN CARTEL CAMP

A few scattered structures, ARMED MEN, and as luck would have it: THREE CARS, about to head into the wilderness.

Rannick waits, rifle at the ready. A few other DELTA FORCE OPERATORS are barely visible. All well camouflaged.

RANNICK

(into Comms)

Looks like they're moving her.
There's a convoy gearing up.

INTERCUT WITH LIAM AND ELIANA - out of the water, on the ground in the tree line.

ELIANA

You think they're moving her again?

LIAM

If they are, she'll be in the second or third vehicle, and if they aren't, this distraction is just what we'll need to get in unnoticed.

MUSIC UP: **The Kongo's "Come With Me Now"** gives us a few opening notes to get adjusted and then...

ON RANNICK

As he signals and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE and the music comes in at full blast, just like the bullets flying past.

The first vehicle comes to a grinding halt, REAR ENDED by the second.

Delta Force is good at what it does. Each shot expertly placed. Nobody flinches as the cartel members start to return fire. More armed GUARDS run towards the action.

RANNICK

Liam, get 'em off my ass.

LIAM

Only cause you asked so nicely.

Liam squeezes the trigger on a REMOTE DETONATOR and - BOOM! That boat he put the mine on goes up in a burst of flames.

A good number of the guards run towards it.

RANNICK

Nice.

ON THE THIRD CAR

As it turns around, and heads to the river. Inside, we catch the briefest GLIMPSE OF CHERIE.

WITH LIAM AND ELIANA

As they run towards the river.

LIAM
(into comms)
Grant, pull back a bit, they're heading towards you.

And if it couldn't get more complicated for Liam --

RICHARD (O.S.)
(in comms)
Liam, what the hell are you doing in my operation?

And we --

ADD TO INTERCUT:

INT. GOVERNMENT PLANE - SOMEWHERE OVER SOUTH AMERICA

Richard sits on a secure "STE" phone.

LIAM
Admiral Benson? Um... Sir... How are you on this channel?

RICHARD
I'm director of the CIA, I can get on any damned channel I want.

LIAM
With all due respect sir, I'm a little busy right now.

RICHARD
(into comms)
That's why I'm calling you. Pull out. I've got another team on it. You're done.

And Liam and Eliana reached the patrol boat and jump in.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(into comms)
Liam, do you read me?

LIAM
(into comms, to Richard)
Loud and clear sir.

RANNICK

(into Comms)

Hey guys, I hate to break up your little chat, but it looks like they're loading Cherie onto a boat.

LIAM

(to Grant)

Go, go, go!

ON RANNICK

Taking fire. Lots of it. Still, none of his men have moved.

RICHARD

(into comms)

Rannick is that you?

RANNICK

(into comms)

No sir. Lieutenant Rannick values his job too much than to be caught working for someone the director personally fired from the mission.

And he signals to his men, they start to pull back.

EXT. RIVER - OVERHEAD VIEW

We see the Riverine Patrol Boat round a bend, barely a quarter mile behind the fleeing FISHING BOAT.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - MOVING FAST

Liam tries to stabilize a SNIPER RIFLE on the bow of the boat.

It's a rough ride at 30 knots, and patrol boats weren't designed to mount precision weapons like this. But, it's Liam, so he manages to succeed.

EXT. CARTEL FISHING BOAT - MOVING

Cherie's being held at gunpoint by a GUNMAN. Another CARTEL MEMBER's driving, a third stands guard with a weapon at the ready.

The patrol boat is closing the gap fast.

ON THE PATROL BOAT

GUNFIRE RAINS DOWN - Everybody ducks. A bullet rips a HOLE in the boat's collar, just inches from Eliana's face.

ELIANA

I thought these things were bulletproof.

GRANT

Ours are. SEALS remove the kavlar
to save weight.

Eliana glares at Liam as he gets back to his rifle. Counting
seconds between waves, he steadies and -- TAKES A SHOT --

ON THE FISHING BOAT

The GUNMAN is down. Seconds later, the DRIVER is too.
Another CARTEL MEMBER quickly stands BEHIND CHERIE. Weapon
drawn.

CARTEL MEMBER

I have the hostage.

LIAM

I see that.

BANG! He fires one clean shot INTO CHERIE'S SHOULDER. She
goes into shock, The Cartel member takes a second to react.
A second is all Liam needs. CRACK! FOURTH SHOT. Delivered
right in between his eyes.

Cherie slumps, clutching her shoulder.

The patrol boat now just a couple feet behind, behind the
now DRIVER-LESS fishing boat. It swerves about as Grant
closes the gap.

LIAM JUMPS OVER. Cherie reaches up to him but -- he rushes
past her. He pulls the throttle back full and pilots it to
the middle of the river. And the MUSIC FADES OUT as everyone
realizes the crisis is actually over.

Now, Liam goes to Cherie - applying pressure to her wound.

CHERIE

You shot me.

LIAM

Shoot the hostage. It's in the book.

CHERIE

You never do anything by the book.

LIAM

And you don't go to law school.

CHERIE

I'm surprised it took you so long...

LIAM

What do you do at Hoover?

CHERIE

Classified.

This might have been a kiss but - Eliana jumps over to them.

ELIANA
What's the damage?

LIAM
Minimal. Clean shot.

ELIANA
Let's get her over. Sorry, Kitty,
this is going to hurt like a bitch.

Eliana and Liam get Cherie to her feet and back over to the Patrol Boat. Cherie winces, but puts on a brave face.

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE

The team pulls up in Eliana's jeep. They are laughing and happy until they see--

Richard standing at the front door.

He locks eyes with Liam. This isn't going to be pretty. And then he sees... Cherie. Arm in a sling.

CHERIE
Dad?

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE - CHERIE'S ROOM

Richard enters to find Cherie curled up on her bed in her pjs, hair still damp from the shower.

RICHARD
I know you're exhausted.

CHERIE
I'm fine.

RICHARD
You were held hostage for over 48
hours.

CHERIE
I know. I was there. I don't need a
lecture. I just need to rest, okay?

He takes a seat at the foot of the bed. She recoils her feet, not wanting any contact.

RICHARD
Please, come home.

CHERIE
No.

RICHARD

This life, it's - it's not for you.
I've spent my entire career making
sure you had a better world than --

CHERIE

So did Kyle's family. And look where
it got him.

RICHARD

You got shot.

CHERIE

I made a difference.

This hangs between them.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

You know that feeling. I see how
much your job means to you.

Checkmate. She went in for the kill.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of staying here.

RICHARD

Cherie... I don't want to lose you.

CHERIE

Then let me go. Otherwise, I promise
you will.

Richard looks deep into her eyes and knows she's right.

EXT. CHESTY'S BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Crickets. Dog barking. Bar life.

INT. CHESTY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Liam and Cherie haunt the back of the bar.

CHERIE

Dad wanted me to stay out of
government, go to grad school, and
get a corporate job. I can't blame
him. But I've always been interested
in global force structure and Hoover
welcomed my life experience.

LIAM

So you picked Stanford as your cover.

CHERIE

Kissing cousins.

LIAM

There are some things you just can't
teach people. You either have it or
you don't.

(then)

You know, I could always use a good
"culturalal specialist".

CHERIE

I thought you didn't need one of
those.

LIAM

All the teams have them now.

CHERIE

So you just want what they have?

LIAM

I want the best.

He looks down at her, pointedly.

LIAM (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The question hangs there. Should she answer his text or
subtext? ... And, too late. Richard enters. Moment = gone.

He walks to Liam, all business, and hands him an envelope.

RICHARD

The president of Columbia's been
shot.

This sobers up everyone in earshot.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The Vice President's been taken to a
secure location, details in the file.

LIAM

I'm not a bodyguard, Richard.

RICHARD

I know. I need you to kill him.

MUSIC UP: **"Come With Me Now"** roars in and we go off Liam and
Cherie --

SMASH TO:

BLACK.

END OF EPISODE