

mile 22

By

Graham Roland

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EXT. CITY - NIGHT

DRIFTING OVER a sprawling South East Asian METROPOLIS. Traffic. Smog. Funky. Alive. Dirty and DANGEROUS. It is FAMILIAR and ALIEN all at once. Like every city in the world, and yet we can't quite place it.

Keep DRIFTING, leaving the SKY SCRAPERS and the gridlocked FREEWAYS behind to a less-developed area. Graffiti'ed BUILDINGS. Stacks of TENEMENT HOUSING. LAUNDRY hanging from windows and fire escapes. An air of Third World poverty here. The glass facades of the sky scrapers are just miles away, but worlds apart from this place.

JUNKIES, DEALERS, PIMPS, HOOKERS, the POOR and DOWNTRODDEN dot the trash-strewn streets; LOST SOULS. They look up as --

TWO ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS rumble past. A SPECIAL FORCES INSIGNIA painted on the side of the truck: A SKULL with
CROSSED MACHINE GUNS.

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - NIGHT

A DOZEN INDONESIAN SPECIAL FORCES STATE POLICE OFFICERS (a hybrid between SPEC OPS SOLDIERS and SWAT) in BODY ARMOR sit against the walls of the APC, facing each other, LOADING WEAPONS, checking GEAR, putting on WAR PAINT.

Among them, LIEUTENANT YUDA, 30, stoic, leads through action not words, sits calmly. Almost meditative. He's rubbing something in his HAND --

A distinct-looking PINK ROCK on thin metal chain. He RUBS it like a CHARM.

Yuda sees one of the other SOLDIERS, JALAL, early 20s, green, watching him. Jalal looks NERVOUS. His hand is shaking. He grips the barrel of his AR-15 to steady it.

YUDA
(subtitled)
This your first one?

Jalal nods.

Yuda leans across the truck, holds out his necklace.

YUDA (CONT'D)
It's for protection. Go on.

Jalal reaches out and rubs the PINK ROCK with his finger.

YUDA (CONT'D)
*Now you have nothing to worry
 about.*

Jalal gives a small smile, calmed.

ULAR (O.S.)
Eyeballs!

The Soldiers turn in unison to --

CAPTAIN ULAR, 40, powerfully built, WAR PAINT streaked across a face that's scarred from battle. Pretty much the scariest person you've ever met. He passes out SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of two HARD-LOOKING INDONESIAN MEN. Gangster-types.

ULAR (CONT'D)
*Take a last look. These are our
 targets. They are to be taken
 alive. Anyone else is shooter's
 choice.*

The men smile at this, chomping at the bit.

ULAR (CONT'D)
*You're all familiar with the
 location -- It fronts as a
 whorehouse, but it's a stash for
 weapons and drugs. So be ready for
 anything.*

A SOLDIER with a COMM TECH holds up TWO FINGERS.

SOLDIER
Two minutes, Captain.

ULAR
 (his last piece of advice)
*Watch your high angles. And stay
 away from the walls. If the man in
 front of you goes down, keep
 moving. We'll call in medics once
 the building is secured. If you
 are the one who's hit...*
 (he grins)
Try to die slow.

The MEN laugh. It's interrupted by someone yelling at the back of the TRUCK -- They turn to see --

An adult COBRA being let loose from a nylon sack --

The soldiers pick up their boots as the SNAKE slithers across the steel floor of the truck. Then, someone takes out a MACHETE -- KACHAAK -- CUTS THE SNAKE'S HEAD OFF.

The soldiers begin passing the body around, DRINKING its blood. A pre-raid ritual. *These guys are fucking nuts.*

They pass the decapitated SNAKE to Yuda. He DRINKS the BLOOD.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The transport vehicles screech to a stop out front. DOORS FLY OPEN -- SOLDIERS out -- WEAPONS UP -- READY for anything.

They stack on a HEAVY WOOD DOOR -- Yuda GIVES a HAND SIGNAL -- a BREACHING TOOL is passed up and -- KRAASH -- the DOOR is KNOCKED off its hinges -- SOLDIERS pour in --

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GRAFFITI on the walls -- JUNKIES nodding off in DARK CORNERS -- a strung-out HOOKER serves her JOHN out in the open as --

The SOLDIERS crash through -- SCREAMING out COMMANDS -- SCATTERING the junkies and whores -- Yuda and the men don't even bother with the small-timers -- They're MOVING for --

THE STAIRS

QUICK CUTS: A WAVE of SOLDIERS steam roll up the stairs -- FANNING out -- everyone knows where they're going -- everyone has an objective -- DOORS being kicked in -- SCREAMING -- BAD GUYS getting rounded up and zip-tied --

WITH Yuda, taking a TEAM up another FLIGHT -- CLEARING the landing -- WEAPON UP -- LASER SIGHTS playing off the walls -- HAND SIGNALS ONLY -- NO NOISE -- They move down a hall to --

A LOCKED DOOR -- PFFTPFFTPFFTPFFT -- the DOOR is perforated with BULLET HOLES -- someone's SHOOTING on the other side --

Yuda TOSSES a FLASH-BANG into the room and they FLOOD into --

APARTMENT

Jalal, (the young soldier Yuda reassured in the A.P.C) is first in -- the SHOOTER'S ON the FLOOR, dazed -- BLOOD coming out of his ears -- Jalal kicks the gun away as -- *FWAPFWAPFWAP* -- the CLAP of automatic weapons FIRE from the corner -- Jalal spins a second too late, seeing a SECOND SHOOTER in the corner, but -- Yuda's there -- *BLAMBLAM* -- a DOUBLE TAP and the SECOND SHOOTER drops -- DEAD.

One of the other STATE POLICE enters, growls at Jalal --

HARD ASS OFFICER
Watch your corners, boot.

-- The CLOSET DOOR bursts open behind them -- a CHILD SPOTTER, 11 or 12, RUNS out, moving for a back exit --

An OFFICER raises his RIFLE to take the kid out -- Yuda PUSHES the barrel down -- backs him off with a LOOK --

Now, Yuda's MOVING, vaulting after the kid as he flees into a CONNECTED APARTMENT -- fuck, he's FAST, but Yuda's FASTER -- Yuda sweeps the kid off his feet -- zip-tying him as --

A GANGSTER with a GLOCK appears behind him -- RAISING his WEAPON -- Yuda spinning -- CLOSING distance -- *BWAPBWAPBWAP* -- a FLURRY of PUNCHES and the Gangster is in a heap on the floor before he even knows what happened -- Yuda sees ANOTHER GANGSTER FLEEING into another apartment --

WITH Yuda moving through a series of connected shithole apartments -- frenetic -- HANDHELD -- the Gangster (18, a kid really) running -- slamming doors -- Yuda hauling ass after him like a force of nature when -- **BLAMBLAM!** Yuda STOPS outside a DOORWAY. Someone's shooting.

Yuda RAISES his WEAPON -- KICKS open the DOOR --

INT. DARK APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Yuda enters, MUZZLE panning the shadows when -- a RED DOT sights in on his chest -- Yuda SWIVELS his weapon across the apartment to --

Ular,

Rifle up, his sights on Yuda. Ular lowers his weapon, grins.

Yuda's eyes flick to the teenage gangster, dead at Ular's feet, a DOUBLE TAP to the chest.

Ular turns, moves into a connected apartment.

CONNECTED APARTMENT

Yuda follows Ular in, sees TWO BAD GUYS (whom we recognize from the PHOTOS in the APC), beaten and zip-tied.

Nearby, TWO STATE POLICE kneel in front of an open SAFE, laughing, stuffing MONEY and DRUGS into a black duffel --

ULAR
(to the two police)
Save some for the evidence locker.

They begrudgingly put a couple of stacks back. One of them catches eyes with Yuda in the doorway -- TOSSES a STACK to Yuda -- DRUG MONEY.

Yuda feels Ular's stare, waiting for him to take the money. A pregnant beat. Yuda is no angel, but it's clear he's uncomfortable. But this is how it works in their city. This is the price of admission. So Yuda pockets the cash.

Ular's RADIO CRACKLES --

MAN'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
(subtitled)
Captain. We've got a problem. You better get up here.

Yuda and Ular trade a look.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Yuda follows Ular down the hall. Several of the badass STATE POLICE we just saw tear through the building, stand outside of an open DOOR, weapons slung, suddenly looking SHEEPISH.

A LIEUTENANT (30s), approaches, spooked --

LIEUTENANT
We didn't know he was here.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DARK in here. The only light comes from CANDLES spread out on the floor in some kind of bizarre RITUALISTIC GROUPING.

Yuda's POV: There is a DEAD SOLDIER in the doorway, THROAT slit, rifle by his side. Nearby, in the center of the room --

A YOUNG GIRL (16), Asian, naked, DEAD. Laid out on the FLOOR in a circle of CANDLES -- PICTOGRAMS have been DRAWN in BLOOD on the floor around her body.

A LONG INCISION has been made from her lower abdomen to her heart. Her ORGANS have been laid out around her on plates -- like OFFERINGS. Black Magic at its most sadistic and perverse. (It should feel like we've just entered another world -- Hell)

Yuda raises his RIFLE, pointing it across the room, because --

There, in the flickering candle light, a MAN (Indonesian), stands at the window, his back to us. Very still. Very quiet. He's stark NAKED, 30s, shaved head, his muscular BODY is covered in an elaborate network of TATTOOS (occult symbols, black magic shit).

The Naked Man turns around. He doesn't speak, just stares. He has BLOOD on his arms and CHEST. Something in his HAND...

A DAGGER. Its curved, ornate blade slick with viscera (it's called a KRIS in Indonesian culture).

Ular TENSES at the sight of him. He knows this man.

ULAR

(suddenly contrite)

You weren't supposed to be here.

(beat)

We have to take you downstairs. It has to look official. Once we're clear of the scene, we can let you go.

(beat, nervous)

It has to look official. You understand?

Yuda cuts Ular a look -- *WTF is he doing?*

Long, tense beat. Naked Man just staring. Then, finally, he SMILES. AMUSED by the whole thing. He raises his hand --

NAKED MAN

Okay. Arrest me.

The Naked Man flips the dagger over in his hand, holding out the hilt to them, surrendering.

Ular nods to Yuda, 'go 'head.' Yuda doesn't like this, but he slings his rifle, approaches with a pair of ZIP TIES.

We see the Naked Man clearly -- those TATOOS -- that FACE -- those COLD EYES -- he's fucking SCARY.

Yuda grabs one of the tattooed wrists, taking the KRIS...

Yuda's POV: on the man's hand there is a DISTINCT TATTOO between his thumb and index finger (NOTE: the symbol should further tie us into the world of Black Magic).

Yuda stares at the tattoo a beat, like he's seen it before.

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)

You don't like me.

(Yuda looks up)

Oh, the things you'd do, if only they'd let you. But you can't.

Yuda slams the Naked Man against the wall.

ULAR

Lieutenant!

NAKED MAN

(enjoying Yuda's anger)

I don't know who screamed louder?

The girl?

(nods to the dead soldier on the floor)

Or your friend?

ON Yuda, something SNAPS -- KRAACK -- Yuda slams his forearm across the Naked Man's temple, the Naked Man FIGHTS BACK, head butts Yuda as he -- GRABS the KRIS in Yuda's hand -- Yuda pulls back -- the BLADE cuts the air, missing Yuda's throat by millimeters, but slicing his jaw and -- BLAMBLAM --
No one even saw Yuda raise his weapon.

The Naked Man stumbles back. Shocked. He falls. DEAD.

Yuda stands there. Smoking rifle in his hand. He feels the eyes of Ular and the other soldiers on him. Turns...

ULAR

(freaked)

What the fuck did you do?

Yuda looks back at the dead Man on the floor.

EXT. C.I.A. HOUSING COMPOUND - NIGHT

A GATED COMMUNITY. Looks like any other upper class enclave except for the MARINES walking the fence line with RIFLES.

The SOUND of a BEEPING ALARM CLOCK takes us to --

INT. JETT'S TOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOONLIT. A beeping ALARM CLOCK on a DRESSER littered with prescription PILL BOTTLES (Ambien, muscle relaxers, pain killers). A GROAN. A HAND reaches into frame, shuts the alarm clock off. The KNUCKLES are BRUISED.

A SHAPE stirs, sitting up in bed. It's a WOMAN. Long blonde hair. Too dark to get a good look at her. She glances at the clock -- **2:45am.**

She swings her legs onto the floor --

INT. JETT'S TOWN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Spartan. The only evidence of a life are TWO FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on a desk. The first: a cute, snaggletoothed SIX YEAR-OLD BLONDE GIRL. The other: a YOUNG WOMAN (17 or 18), also BLONDE, wearing a martial arts gi and 4 oz GLOVES. SMILING through a CUT LIP, hand held aloft by a MAN that could be her FATHER.

Our WOMAN appears, mug of COFFEE in hand, trying to wake up as she walks across the empty apartment. Our first good look: She's the 30 year old version of the young woman in the photograph: still pretty, still fierce, but a little haunted. Eyes that have seen more of the world (good and bad) than most. She's wearing a faded USMC shirt and workout shorts.

This is JETT. She takes a seat at the desk. We see some paperwork -- several BOOKS on South East Asia -- a FOLDER with a C.I.A. SEAL on the front.

Jett checks her WATCH. It's time. She opens a MAC BOOK --

ON THE MONITOR, a SKYPE call CONNECTING. A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL'S FACE, 7, (the same one from the desktop PHOTO) fills the screen. This is INDIA. Jett's DAUGHTER.

Jett lights up. They both do.

JETT
Hi, bug! Happy Birthday

INDIA
MOMMY!!!

The CONNECTION is shitty, feels like they're on opposite sides of the world (and they are), but God, she's a sight for sore eyes.

JETT
 (can't hide her
 disappointment)
 I'm really sorry. I wanted to be
 there to give you your present, but
 I guess daddy told you, mommy's job
 is making her stay longer than she
 thought.

India NODS, disappointed, but used to it.

This isn't lost on Jett.

JETT (CONT'D)
 I'll send your present real soon, I
 promise.
 (beat, changes the
 subject)
 So, what are you going to do today?

INDIA
 Going to the mall.

JETT
 The mall?! That's fun. Is your
 dad going to buy you lots of
 presents?

INDIA
 No. Madison is.

That gets Jett's attention.

JETT
 Really?

INDIA
 She's taking me to get my ears
 pierced. Then we're gonna go
 shopping.

Jett's FISTS TIGHTEN, her BRUISED KNUCKLES turning white.

MADISON (26) appears over India's shoulder, leaning into
 frame. Cute, bubbly, pretty much everything Jett despises.
 A sparkling ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger.

MADISON
 (tentatively)
 Hey, Jett.

JETT
 (forces a smile)
 Hey, Madison.

MADISON

I hope that's okay. I just thought, you know, it's India's birthday, and she really wants to go.

INDIA

Pleeeeeease, mommy!

India's excitement only makes it worse.

JETT

(so not fine)

Yeah, it's fine. Of course. Whatever she wants.

INDIA

Mommy, look what Madison got me!

India holds up an Iphone to the SCREEN.

INDIA (CONT'D)

So I can take pictures and put 'em on Instagram.

MADISON

It's a site where you post photos from your--

JETT

(cutting her off)

-- Yeah, I know what it is.

(then)

Is Mark there? Can you put Mark on?

MADISON

... Sure, just a second.

(calling to the other room)

Mark?! Jett wants you!

Madison turns back to computer, awkwardly --

MADISON (CONT'D)

Good talking to you --

JETT

(clipped)

-- Yep. You, too.

INDIA

Bye, mommy.

JETT
(sweetly)
Bye, bug. Have a great birthday.
Get lots of presents, okay. I'll
talk to you tomorrow.

MARK, 30, clean-cut, plainly handsome enters frame,
whispering to Madison, "What does she want?" Madison shrugs.

Mark's FACE fills the screen. He SMILES innocently --

MARK
Hey? What's up?

JETT
Can you go to the laundry room,
please. Now.

WITH Jett, watching as Mark turns to Madison giving her a
'it's gonna be okay' smile. The FRAME SHAKES as he picks up
the LAP TOP, and walks through the kitchen and into the
LAUNDRY ROOM. Flicks on the light. Sets the computer down.
The CONNECTION sputters in and out.

MARK
Okay? What'd I do?

JETT
Fucking Instagram?!

MARK
What?

JETT
She's seven.

MARK
Don't you think you're
overreacting?

JETT
You have any ideas the kinda
perverts trolling around online,
and you're letting her put pictures
of herself out there for everyone
to see?! You don't just get to
decide shit like this without
talking to me.

MARK
And you don't get to leave me here
to raise our daughter, then bitch
about what a shitty job I'm doing.

Beat. They both sit there, stung, hurt. A lot of history here. Finally --

JETT

That's not fair. You know I'd be there if I could.

(then, what's really
killing her)

I wanted to be the one take her to get her ears pierced. That was supposed to be something for us.

MARK

I'm sorry. Madison's here.
You're not.

(then)

I gotta go, J. We'll talk later.

The CONNECTION drops. The screen goes black.

JETT

Mark? *Mark?!*

He's gone. Jett slams the laptop closed. Angry. Hurt.

EXT. CITY - PORTS - DAWN

SUN RISES over our city. Two SUV's drive down the highway.

INT. SUV - DAWN

A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of the Man Yuda killed, dressed in a suit, getting out of a Mercedes.

ULAR (O.S.)

(subtitled)

His name was Benci.

Yuda looks at the photo. He's in the backseat, still wearing his uniform, the cut on his cheek now BANDAGED. His superior officer, Ular, rides next to him. Two of his fellow OFFICERS are up front.

ULAR (CONT'D)

They called him the 'bad one.' He was into black magic. Ritualistic killings. Sadistic shit.

YUDA

And the girl in the apartment?

ULAR

*A prostitute, runaway. Someone
nobody would miss.*

Yuda bites his tongue. Doesn't like the fact that his boss is okay with this. Any of it.

The SUV approaches an ABANDONED BUILDING under construction.

Yuda's POV: Two MIDDLE-AGED MEN stand in front of the building, smoking cigarettes. One is wearing a finely tailored suit, and the other, a STATE POLICE DRESS UNIFORM with a chest full of ribbons.

YUDA

*(as they get closer)
Is that the Chief?*

ULAR

*(nods)
And District Attorney.*

Yuda looks at Ular, confused.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Yuda, Ular, and the other two spec ops officers exit the SUV.

YUDA

*(to Ular)
Captain, where are we? What's this
about?*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

*(approaches, gruff)
We're cleaning up your mess, hard
ass.*

CHIEF

Come on. They're waiting.

The Chief stamps out his cigarette, nods to --

A VAN pulling up behind the SUV. Two more OFFICERS get out. They open the back of the van and -- REMOVE a CORPSE sheathed in a black body bag (Benci's BODY).

The Chief motions Yuda and the others to follow him inside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAWN

No furniture. Construction materials everywhere. The Chief guides them to a SERVICE ELEVATOR, and they get in and push the button for the PENTHOUSE.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - PENTHOUSE - MORNING

ELEVATOR DOORS open. The Chief, District attorney, Ular, Yuda and the officers with Benci's BODY BAG step off.

Yuda looks around. Construction equipment every where. Exposed light fixtures and plumbing. Cement floors. They round a corner to see --

15 to 20 GANGSTERS, armed with GUNS, gathered around a long conference table. Like the man Yuda killed, the GANGSTERS look to be Indnosian, sporting many of the scary occult tattoos we saw on the Naked Man. They turn and rise when Yuda and the cops enter, REACHING for their GUNS.

AGUS, 30s, track suit, tattooed, a long braid of black hair, well-built, raises his hands, keeping his men calm as he approaches the Chief.

AGUS
You're late.

CHIEF
(re: the body bag)
Where do you want him?

Agus looks at the body bag. He waves his hand for them to follow him --

Two officers and a couple of Agus' men make their way into a back room.

Yuda's POV: through the open door where Yuda sees another MAN, Indonesian, 50s, walks out of the SHADOWS. He's thin, immaculately dressed, with long black hair and a face like alabaster, dark, cruel eyes. Picture Dracula in a \$3,000 Hugo Boss suit. If evil had a face, this would be it.

YUDA
(to Ular, quietly)
Holy shit. That's Iblis Gurret.

Through the open door, Yuda watches Gurret look down at the body bag as it's laid on a table and unzipped. Agus whispers something to him. Gurret looks back up at Yuda in the other room. Their eyes catch for a brief moment.

Then, Gurret walks away into another room, disappearing from sight, like he was never here at all.

ON Yuda, reeling; Ular and the bosses' involvement with this man his people is a GAME CHANGER for him. It's BAD.

YUDA (CONT'D)
(turns to Ular)
*I need to use the rest room. I'm
gonna be sick.*

A couple of the gangsters overhear this and smile. Amused.

Ular grabs Yuda's arm, stopping him.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Let him go.
(to Yuda)
*You've got sixty seconds. Pull
yourself together.*

Yuda moves off, down a hallway.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on him.

Ular follows Yuda.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Yuda enters and locks the door behind him. He goes to the sink, turns it on, as he reaches into his pocket for --

His CELL PHONE. Yuda DIALS. Waiting...

INT. PRIUS - DAY

MAYA, 29, Indonesian, beautiful, PREGNANT drives through a residential neighborhood. Maya's two children, PRABA (boy, 9), and ATI (girl, 7) are in the backseat fighting over a handheld video game. Maya digs in her purse for her ringing cell phone, trying to quiet the kids --

MAYA
(subtitled)
Praba, let her play with it!
(answers her phone)
Hey, baby...

INTERCUT WITH:

YUDA
Maya, where are you?

MAYA
*Picking the monsters up from
 school.*

Yuda hears KNOCKING on the locked bathroom door. Ular's VOICE outside, "Yuda, you okay?" Yuda goes to the toilet FLUSHES it twice as --

YUDA
 (hushed, into phone)
*Listen to me, I want you to take
 the kids and go to Eko's. Right
 now. Don't go home. Do you
 understand?*

MAYA
Yuda, you're scaring me--

YUDA
*-- Baby, there's no time. This is
 happening. This is real. Text me
 when you're out of the city and let
 me know you're safe. Just like we
 talked about. Do you remember what
 to do?*

Maya's eyes instinctively flick to the rearview, looking for tails, like Yuda taught her --

MAYA
... Yes, I remember...

Outside the door, Ular's KNOCKING is getting louder, his voice more insistent. Yuda FLUSHES the toilet again.

YUDA
 (into phone)
*You can do this. Wait for me at
 Eko's.*

MAYA
Yuda...
 (beat, reeling, her whole
 life upside down in
 seconds)
I love you.

YUDA
I love you, too.

Yuda hangs up --

INT. PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Ular stands outside the door, KNOCKING when the door opens and Yuda steps out, wiping his mouth. Ular grabs his arm.

ULAR

What the fuck's wrong with you --?

YUDA

Me?! That's fucking Iblis Gurret in there. He's a fucking butcher. And you're in bed with him--?

ULAR

You know the way this city works. We do what we have to. Like we've always done--

YUDA

-- They killed one of our own--

ULAR

-- And you killed one of theirs. That was Gurret's nephew you shot, you crazy fuck.

Beat. That LANDS on Yuda. Hard.

ULAR (CONT'D)

I arranged this to help you.

Ular pulls Yuda in closes, kisses his cheek.

ULAR (CONT'D)

Because we're brothers. Don't forget that.

Yuda pulls away and walks back toward the main room.

INT. PENTHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Chief, the District Attorney, the State Police, the 20 GANGSTERS, and Agus are waiting. The room is silent, tense.

The crowd parts as Yuda steps forward with Ular behind him.

AGUS

(subtitled)

Do you know who we are? What we are?

Yuda nods.

AGUS (CONT'D)

No. I don't think you do. Because if you did, you'd know what we're capable of. We have many friends in this city.

Yuda casts a glance at Ular and his superiors.

YUDA

(pointed)

Clearly.

Agus steps forward, doesn't like Yuda's brazenness one bit.

AGUS

Hey, cowok kuat, the only reason you're not dead, is because our mutual friends assured me that what you did was a 'mistake.'

Agus steps to Yuda, somewhere in between grief and rage.

Yuda's POV: he sees, on Agus' hand, the SAME TATOO SYMBOL he saw on the Naked Man's hand, in exactly the same spot. This tattoo means something to Yuda. What? We do not know. Yet.

AGUS (CONT'D)

I want to hear you say it, tell me you made a mistake. Tell me how fucking stupid you are. Get on your knees and say 'I'm fucking stupid' and ask for my forgiveness.

One of the gangsters tries to force Yuda to his knees, but Yuda doesn't budge -- KLICKKLICK -- Two Gangsters pull their GUNS -- the COPS TENSE -- feels like the air has been sucked out of the room --

But still? Yuda doesn't move -- just stands there under the agonizing weight of the stares of the 20 gangsters and his bosses -- Then --

DRIIING! The sound of a CHIMING PHONE explodes the tense silence like a BOMB -- EVERYONE STARTLES -- Except Yuda -- he calmly reaches for his pocket -- two of the gangsters grab him -- digging into his pocket -- pulling out his CELL PHONE.

They toss the phone to Agus, who looks at the call screen: a TEXT MESSAGE for Yuda from "MAYA." Agus reads it aloud --

AGUS (CONT'D)

"Praba found his jacket.."

Yuda exhales, relieved. This is clearly some "code" between them. His wife and children are safe.

AGUS (CONT'D)
(looks at the sender)
Who the fuck is Maya?

YUDA
My wife.

AGUS
She sounds like a good fuck.

The Gangsters LAUGH. Agus tosses the cell phone at Yuda.

AGUS (CONT'D)
Last chance, cowok kuat. Get on your knees, and beg for your shitty life, and Maya's shitty life, and your kid's shitty lives.

Tense beat. The room watches. Ular and the brass wait, praying that Yuda will relent. Finally --

YUDA
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

Ular SAGS. Yuda's blown it.

GUNS pulled -- GANGSTERS going nuts -- Ular and the COPS pulling their GUNS too -- CHAOS.

YUDA (CONT'D)
... You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be provided for you...

ULAR
Yuda! Shut the fuck up!

But Yuda's not listening, he stepping forward, toward Agus --

YUDA
Do you understand the rights I've just given you?

One of the Gangsters puts the muzzle of his gun against the back of Yuda's head -- he's gonna shoot him, right here, right now --

And Ular and the Cops? They're just gonna let it happen --

It happens FAST -- In the blink of an eye, Yuda's HEAD slips right -- his hands are up -- seizing the Gangster's wrist -- bringing his arm down across the blade of Yuda's shoulder and -- *CRUUUUNCH* -- Yuda SNAPS his arm -- he has the GUN now and he's leveling it at Agus -- *MOVING in close* --

Before anyone can stop him, Yuda has Agus by the neck -- a GUN pointed at his head -- using him as a human shield as he backs out of the room -- everyone going CRAZY -- POINTING THEIR GUNS -- SCREAMING --

YUDA (CONT'D)

Stay back!!! I'll kill him!!!

AGUS

You shoot me, cowok kuat, you die next.

Yuda pulls the hammer back.

YUDA

I'm good with that.

Agus gives his men a look like 'back off' and Yuda drags him toward the elevator at gunpoint --

ON Yuda as his eyes catch with Ular. These two have fought together, spilled blood together. But all of that is over now. They both know there's no going back from this.

Yuda hits the call button with his elbow -- the ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and he pulls Agus inside --

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Yuda hits the button for the lobby -- gun still trained on Agus. A TENSE wait as the elevator descends...

AGUS

You'll never make it out of the building.

YUDA

Shut up.

INT. PENTHOUSE - SAME

Gangsters and cops are going crazy -- rushing for the STAIRWELL to try and beat Yuda to the ground floor --

ULAR
 (into RADIO)
*Secure the perimeter -- All exits --
 Don't let anyone exit the premises--*

The Chief snatches the radio from Ular --

ULAR (CONT'D)
*-- This is the Chief -- if Lt. Yuda
 gets out of this building, all of
 you will answer to me --*

OUTSIDE --

The STATE POLICE left out front are rushing to secure the building's perimeter as --

STAIRWELL --

The GANGSTERS hustling down the stairs to intercept Yuda as --

BACK IN THE ELEVATOR --

Yuda watches the floors tick down one-by-one --

AGUS
*This isn't over. Something
 coming's for you. You'll get what
 you deserve.*

Yuda ignores him, hits the STOP BUTTON on the ELEVATOR -- getting off at the 2nd FLOOR --

Agus sees his chance -- going for Yuda's GUN -- KNOCKING it AWAY -- they have a QUICK exchange of BLOWS in the tight SPACE -- BWAPBWAPBWAP -- Agus can hold his own, but Yuda KNOCKS him back -- GETS the GUN -- points it -- Agus stares at him, wondering if Yuda's going to pull the trigger when --

DRIIIIING! The ELEVATOR doors open -- Yuda CRACKS Agus over the head with the pistol -- knocks him out cold and -- Yuda slips into the hall -- RUNNING toward --

EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

Yuda slips out of a 2nd story window and tumbles to the ground when -- *KA-CLICK*. Yuda looks up at --

Jalal, the Young Soldier from the opening raid (the one whose life Yuda saved) -- has his RIFLE trained on Yuda -- dead to rights -- we can HEAR men YELLING, getting closer, then --

Jalal lowers his weapon.

Yuda nods, and takes off RUNNING around the building as --

The BACK DOOR BURSTS OPEN and TWO STATE POLICE exit, guns up.

STATE POLICE OFFICER

Did he come this way?

Jalal shakes his head. They run off in the other direction.

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - CAFÉ - DAY

The tables are filled with WESTERN BUSINESSMEN, American CONTRACTORS and MILITARY-TYPES mixed in with WEALTHY ASIANS. Many of the WOMEN wear BURKAS.

FIND Jett, standing out with her long blonde hair, leather jacket, jeans, tank top. She sits at a corner table next to SILVA (40), clean-cut, barrel-chest, a face that's seen its share of fists smashing into it.

Jett sits silently while Silva talks to PERSON(S) UNSEEN.

SILVA

(charismatic, a guy's guy)

Bill Clinton, Michael Vick, Marion

Barry, the 2012 Red Sox. What do

they all have in common?

REVEAL: THREE MALE S. EAST ASIAN ARMY OFFICERS sit across the table, pissed. Two are beat-to-shit. Broken noses. Black eyes. One has his arm in a sling. The other's jaw is wired shut.

SILVA (CONT'D)

They all fucked up. And yet, they all were given a second chance to redeem themselves. Which they did.

Beat. The Officers look at one another, not getting the point of Silva's story.

SILVA (CONT'D)

In America, we believe in *second chances*.

Their SUPERIOR OFFICER, 40s, the only one unscathed, speaks for his two beaten comrades --

SUPERIOR OFFICER
 (accented English)
 This not America. Here, we believe
 in respect.
 (looks at Jett)
She should not be here after what
 she did. She should be sent home.

JETT
 Nothing would make me happier,
 believe me.

Silva cuts her a look. *Lemme handle this.*

SILVA
 The Agency considered that option,
 but I think you'd have to agree
 that, prior to this incident, the
 training my partner's helped
 provide your men, the intelligence
 she's gathered and shared with you
 is invaluable. Did she fuck up?
 Absolutely. Epic. One for the
 books.

(looks to Jett)
She knows that.
 (back to the soldiers)
 But we're handling her discipline
 internally. And, *respectfully*,
 let's not forget that there was
 some provocation on your end.

SUPERIOR OFFICER
 My men did nothing wrong.

JETT
 You mean, except for getting drunk
 on *arrak*, or whatever that shit is
 you people drink, and grabbing my
 ass.

(to the beat-up soldiers)
 How is *Hands-y*, by the way?

The Soldier with his JAW WIRED shut MUMBLES unintelligibly.

SUPERIOR OFFICER
 (translating)
 He's in hospital. You broke both
 his arms.

Jett tries to suppress her smile. Can't.

Silva sighs.

INT. LAND CRUISER - MOVING (SORT OF) - DAY

Stuck in traffic, inching through a CROWDED MARKET A plain-clothes MARINE (Vargas), 25, drives. Silva rides shotgun.

SILVA

We can get you some anger management. The Agency'll pay for it.

Jett, in back, stares out the window, homesick, pissed.

POV: several stands selling VOODOO DOLLS, spells, MASKS, other CREEPY BLACK MAGIC accoutrement.

A WITCH DOCTOR, looks 100 years old, stares at Jett from the shadows of his shop. *This feels like a different planet.*

SILVA (CONT'D)

You're welcome, by the way.

JETT

I'm supposed to thank you for spending another six months in this shithole?

SILVA

You keep yourself in check for six months, rebuild the relationships you pissed all over, then you leave with a clean service jacket. Maybe even a bump in pay grade. Like I said, *you're welcome.*

Jett rolls her eyes. *Whatever.*

SILVA (CONT'D)

You do know you're not in the Marine Corps anymore, right? You don't get points for trying to kick everyone's ass.

JETT

I'll kick your ass.

They catch eyes in the rearview.

SILVA

Hey. Know what the difference between a female Marine and a hockey player is?

(beat, wait for it)

A hockey player showers after three periods.

Jett laughs. Can't help it. Silva's more like an older brother than a boss. She flips him off.

EXT. EKO'S HOUSE - DUSK

A modest, but cared for HOUSE in a rough neighborhood.

A TAXI pulls up. Yuda gets out. Looks around. All is quiet. No one's followed him. He makes his way up the driveway.

EXT. EKO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DOG KENNELS - DUSK

A large KENNEL built against the back of the house. A half-dozen PIT BULLS are chained around their necks at opposite ends of the kennel so they can't tear each other apart.

EKO, 35, big, grew up in the streets and has never left, walks through a kennel, handing out scraps, petting the dogs. The dogs are badly scarred from FIGHTING, but they're like house cats around Eko.

Eko looks up to see Yuda entering the kennel. He puts the scraps down, greets him, as the PIT BULLS start BARKING --

EKO
(to his dogs)
Hush up!

The dogs quiet down.

EKO (CONT'D)
Been a long time, cuz.

Eko and Yuda embrace.

YUDA
Good to see you, Eko.

EKO
Maya's inside with Dita and the kids. Your babies are getting big.

YUDA
(pats Eko's stomach)
They're not the only ones.

EKO
Fuck off.

YUDA
Thank you for doing this.

EKO
*We're family. Besides, the last
 place anyone would look for a State
 Police is here. 'Less they're
 serving a warrant.*

Awkward beat. The men smile. They grew up together, but they've been on opposite sides of the law for a long time.

EKO (CONT'D)
 (beat, then)
*Is it true? What Maya said?
 You're really not a cop anymore?*

YUDA
I don't know what I am now.

EKO
*You're a husband, and a father.
 You don't a badge for that.*

Yuda smiles wanly. Appreciates that. After a beat --

YUDA
Is it still there?

EKO
Right where you left it.

CUT TO:

INT. EKO'S HOUSE - BACK FENCE - NIGHT (LATER)

HANDS lift a heavy stone PLANTER, exposing a metal grate over a HOLE in the ground. The HANDS pulls up the grate and we see a BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

Yuda brushes away the loose dirt, unzips the bag, revealing:

STACKS of CASH (about 80k) in FREEZER BAGS.

Yuda reaches into his POCKET for the stack of DIRTY MONEY Ular made him take during the raid.

Yuda drops it in, looks at the cash ruefully; a lifetime of regrets buried in this hole. Yuda digs beneath the stacks of cash, at the bottom of the duffel and finds --

A SILVER THUMB DRIVE in a zip lock bag.

Yuda considers the THUMB DRIVE. Whatever's on it is important. Part of his exit strategy. He sticks it back in the bag for safe keeping, zips it up, puts it in the hole as

ATI (O.S.)
You're late.

Yuda turns to see, Ati, his daughter standing behind him.

Yuda goes to her, smiles. The best part of his day.

YUDA
What are you doing out here?

He picks her up. She sees the cut on his face.

ATI
What happened?

YUDA
It's nothing.

Yuda reaches under his shirt for -- the PINK ROCK NECKLACE we saw him rubbing for 'luck' in the OPENING.

YUDA (CONT'D)
It kept me safe, just like you said.

ATI
I told you, it's magic.

YUDA
Then you should have it back.

He starts to take it off, but she stops him.

ATI
No, daddy. You keep it. You need it more.

Yuda gives her a small smile. If only she knew.

YUDA
Let's go see what's for supper.

EXT. NOODLE SHOP - NIGHT

Family-owned, tucked away in a funky part of the city.

INT. NOODLE SHOP - NIGHT

A BOX of EARRINGS. Not very expensive, but pretty.

Jett sits alone at the bar, looking at the earrings. A half-finished beer in front of her.

After a moment, she closes the box, reaches for a roll of WRAPPING PAPER and SCOTCH TAPE and begins clumsily WRAPPING the EARRINGS.

The BELL above the door CLANGS and Silva enters, sees Jett and approaches.

An INDONESIAN WAITRESS (20s) smiles from behind the bar.

SILVA
(points to Jett's beer)
Sama.

The Waitress nods, opens a beer, sets it on the bar.

SILVA (CONT'D)
Went by your place. Guard at the
gate said you never came home.

Silva takes a seat. Jett keeps trying to wrap her box of earrings, barely engaging him, not in the mood for company.

JETT
How'd you find me?

SILVA
You weren't at the gym. This is
the only other place I've seen you
go in six months.

JETT
It's like you work for the C.I.A.
or something.

SILVA
Hey. You wanna quit breaking my
balls already? What's going on
with you?

Beat. Jett looks up from wrapping the box of earrings.

JETT
Sorry. I just... I get like this
whenever I miss a birthday.

SILVA
(re: the box of earrings)
Your daughter...?

JETT
(nods)
She's seven today.

SILVA
That's brutal.

JETT
Yeah.

SILVA
No, I mean, your shitty wrap job.
It's like watching a caveman try to
make fire. Give it here, man
hands.

Silva takes the box and starts wrapping the earrings for her.

SILVA (CONT'D)
I know you miss her. I know how
that gets.

Beat. She looks at him, raw, what's really weighing on her.

JETT
I used to tell myself, 'it's just
one birthday... one anniversary...
I'll make it up.' But, it never is
just one, is it?
(beat, off his silence)
At some point, I have to look in
the mirror, ask myself, *Why am I*
really here?

SILVA
'Cause you're needed. 'Cause
you're great at what you do.

JETT
It's just everything else I suck
at.

Beat. Silva looks up; where's she going with this...?

JETT (CONT'D)
I keep blaming the job, but I chose
this. Over and over again. Maybe
I even beat the shit out of those
two officers, because the
deployment was up, and I needed
something to keep me here...

SILVA
C'mon. That's bullshit. You know
that's bullshit.

JETT

Do I? Maybe staying here, for me,
it's better than going home and
realizing I'm as bad at being a mom
as I was a wife.

A long beat. Silva looks at her, sees a FAMILIAR pain in
her; a pain he knows all too well. Finally...

SILVA

When Cathy passed, I was on a
convoy from the Green Zone to BIAP,
trying to catch a flight home, so I
could be with her for her last
round of chemo. She'd taken a turn
for the worse, but didn't want to
call me while I was overseas.
Thought it'd be a distraction. You
believe that? It fucked with me
for a long time.

JETT

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

SILVA

'S okay. I like talking about her.
Even the bad parts. Probably why I
still wear this.

Silva holds up his hand -- a thin gold wedding band around
his finger; same place it's been since he was 19.

SILVA (CONT'D)

(beat, his point:)

You do what you have to do. What
you were built to do. It doesn't
mean you're not a good mom. Or a
good person. It just means you
work for the fucking C.I.A.

Silva hands her the box of earrings. Perfectly wrapped.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Get some rest.

(stands to go, gives her a
fist bump)

You complete me.

Jett manages a small smile, watches him leave. She wants to
believe he's right, but she's not so sure.

INT. EKO'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Yuda lies awake in bed. Maya asleep next to him, her arm draped over his chest. Yuda stares at the ceiling. His NOSTRILS FLARE, catching a WHIFF of something strange. He SNIFFS the air. Now he's UP, lifting his wife's arm, gently sliding out of bed --

INT. EKO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yuda walks by a bedroom, peeks in.

His son, Praba, asleep on the bed next to Eko's SON. TV on.

Yuda walks to the end of the hall and checks in on Ati, who is also sleeping peacefully on a fold out.

Yuda moves toward the stairs, past a closed bedroom door. The sound of Eko's SNORING is heard through the door.

INT. EKO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Yuda enters the kitchen, barefoot, sweats and a t-shirt. Whatever he SMELLS is coming from in here. He hears something HISSING. Turns to the STOVE where --

The BURNERS ARE ON, but the pilot light is out. They're just hissing GAS into the air (the source of the smell). Yuda turns off the burners, looks around the dark kitchen, his 'spidey sense' tingling. He moves to the window --

Yuda's POV: In the backyard, the PIT BULLS are sleeping in the kennel. *Huh. Nothing unusual there.*

Yuda turns, about to walk back upstairs when something OCCURS to him. He stops, turns back to the stove and leans down and OPENS the OVEN --

Yuda's POV: A LARGE, HOMEMADE BOMB with a REMOTE DETONATOR.

Oh. Fuck.

Yuda TURNS, RUNNING out of the kitchen, headed back upstairs for his family when -- **THWACK!!!** Yuda's KNOCKED off his feet as he crosses through the entry way from the kitchen to the living room --

He looks up, dazed -- a MAN in a BLACK BALACLAVA hovers over him with a LONG, CURVED DAGGER (like the *kris* we saw the Naked Man holding in opening).

He BRINGS it down HARD about to fucking chop Yuda's head off, but -- Yuda ROLLS away -- on his FEET -- **BWAPBWAPBWAP** -- They're TRADING PUNCHES and KICKS -- moving around the living room -- the MAN slashing with the BLADE -- Yuda DODGING -- SCREAMING upstairs --

YUDA

Eko!!! Maya!!! Get the kids! Get out!

UPSTAIRS -- Eko's comes out of his room, GUN in hand. He sees Yuda FIGHTING with the masked man downstairs --

EKO

Yuda!!!

Eko moves to help, but before he can -- Two MORE MEN in BALACLAVAS explode out of the DARKNESS -- knocking his gun away -- Eko FIGHTS THEM off -- he's not as skilled as Yuda, but he can hold his own. As he FIGHTS --

Eko's WIFE enters the hall, screaming, trying to help her husband, hitting one of the attackers in the back -- Eko's SON appears in the hall, moves to help his father as --

Maya is awake too, seeing the struggle in the hallway -- RUNNING down the hall to get her children.

MAYA

Praba! Ati!

BACK ON Yuda, FIGHTING downstairs, grabbing WEAPONS of OPPORTUNITY -- a LAMP -- a CHAIR -- anything he can use to DEFEND himself -- they go to the ground, maneuvering for a kill shot -- Yuda flips him -- HOLDS dead weight -- a sickening CRUNCH -- the Man goes LIMP. Neck BROKEN. Yuda's MOVING for the stairs -- taking them to at a time --

YUDA

Maya!!!

INT. EKO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Yuda is met on the landing by more men in Balaclavas -- KNIVES CUTTING the air -- Yuda evading -- CLOSE QUARTERS -- Yuda and Eko fight side-by-side -- one of the Balaclava men kills Eko's SON and Eko's wife -- Eko goes ballistic -- trying to kill everyone in the hallway -- just fucking losing it -- Yuda trying to help him -- but Eko's killed, too -- STABBED through the throat -- it's SHOCKING -- Brutal --

Yuda's the only one left standing, trying to get to his own wife and kids at the other end of the hall -- taking out one masked attacker after the other -- finally he's TUMBLING through an OPEN door into a BEDROOM -- his bare foot SLIPS on the wood floor -- something WET beneath him --

BLOOD. Yuda feels it -- SEES it -- eyes FLICKING to -- His pregnant WIFE and 9 year old SON -- DEAD on the FLOOR. Their throats slit. Yuda, SCREAMING as -- TWO more MASKED MEN enter -- Yuda turning on them, BEATING the living SHIT out of them -- PRIMAL -- SCARY -- he KICKS one of the MEN in the chest -- KNOCKING him BACK against the wall -- Yuda has the KNIFE now -- Chopping one DOWN -- then the other --

ATI (O.S.)

DADDY!!!

HIS DAUGHTER'S VOICE. Yuda fights his way into the hall--

YUDA

Ati!!!

Yuda's POV: Ati is crouched, scared, at the other end of the hall. Between father and daughter are more MASKED MEN. Yuda tries to fight his way through them, trying to get to her --

YUDA (CONT'D)

ATI!!!

FWUMP! Yuda's hit from behind -- FIGHTS off one Balaclava as the other advances, slashing his BLADE -- Yuda evading -- GRABBING onto the other Balaclava, using him as a shield as all three MEN -- They CRASH through a GLASS WINDOW and --

EXT. EKO'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Yuda and the two Balaclava MEN tumble out of the SECOND STORY WINDOW in a hail of GLASS -- HIT the GROUND hard -- WITH Yuda, coming to, groggy, hurt, SOMETHING his PULLING violently at his LEG -- Yuda looks down, a PIT BULL has clamped on to his sweats -- he KICKS it loose, gets to his feet, realizing where he's at --

THE DOG KENNELS

The PIT BULLS are going crazy, pulling on their leashes as --

The Balaclava Men are up and the FIGHT is on again -- Yuda FIGHTS off the MEN while trying to keep from being torn to bits by the PIT BULLS on their chain leashes -- Yuda kills one of the Balaclava Men himself -- the other has his throat torn out by the PIT BULLS --

Yuda stumbles out of the kennel, moving toward the house. He has to get to his daughter. That's all that matters.

YUDA

ATI?!!!

FWOOOOM!!!! The HOUSE EXPLODES in a FIERY BALL of glass and wood -- Yuda is THROWN back across the lawn --

Yuda shields his eyes against the blast, devastated, screaming at the BURNING HOUSE -- CRYING as the bodies of his family BURN inside.

CUT TO:

INT. JETT'S TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Jett enters. She moves to a glass bowl on a small table in the foyer and drops her keys in, some loose change, she takes the WRAPPED BOX OF EARRINGS from her pocket, looks at them a moment, about to set them down when -- her PHONE RINGS in her pocket. She ANSWERS --

JETT

Silva, what's up?

(listens, then)

Yeah, alright, I'm on my way.

Jett hangs up the phone, disconcerted. She puts her phone and the earrings back in her pocket. Grabs her keys.

EXT. U.S EMBASSY - NIGHT

Well-lit. Spirals of RAZOR WIRE on the fence. MARINES on guard.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - C.I.A. OFFICES - NIGHT

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and Jett and Silva exit the elevator, being led down a long hallway by PORTER, 50, the SECTION CHIEF, perpetually haggard, sad eyes that have seen things he'd like to forget, is catching them up to speed --

PORTER

He came in an hour ago. Walked right up to the gate. We had to i.d. him off his prints.

He hands Silva a printout with Yuda's PHOTO, NAME, BIO. Silva hands it to Jett.

PORTER (CONT'D)
He's State Police. Says someone
killed his family. Now, they're
trying to kill him.

SILVA
And we're supposed to protect him?
What about the State Police?

PORTER
He says they're in on it.

SILVA
The plot thickens.

PORTER
That's just the beginning. He
claims he has information about a
high-level conspiracy between his
department and organized crime.

JETT
Every fucking cop in this city is
corrupt. We should punt this guy.

PORTER
Aren't you supposed to be on
probation?

Silva shoots a look at Jett -- *cool it*.

They arrive at a pane of two-way glass that looks into a
brightly lit room with a cement floor and walls.

POV: Inside the room, Yuda is shackled to a metal table,
wearing a red prisoner's jump suit. He looks so lost in
grief that he seems catatonic. A MARINE stands guard.

SILVA
Respectfully, sir, this isn't
terrorism. What's it got to do
with us?

Porter hesitates, knows more than he's saying, then --

PORTER
There's something else you need to
see.

INT. C.I.A. OFFICES - LATER

A cramped room, cluttered with boxes of files, maps, hard
drives. GEAR CABLED throughout the room.

This is what it looks like when all of the espionage money has gone to the Middle East. Porter's section gets the leftovers; fighting a war with limited people and resources.

Jett, Silva, and Porter hover over an AIDE's (25) shoulder in front of a government encrypted laptop --

PORTER

He only had two things on his person. This...

Porter holds an evidence bag with Yuda's PINK ROCK NECKLACE.

PORTER (CONT'D)

And this.

Porter holds up the SILVER THUMB DRIVE we saw in Yuda's burn bag. The Aide who plugs it into his lap top.

ON the monitor, a VIDEO. HANDHELD. Looks like the kind of video cops take to document a crime scene -- the person taking the video is unseen, but several INDONESIAN STATE POLICE (some of them we recognize from Yuda's unit) move through the bowels of a DESERTED CARGO SHIP. There is BLOOD on the walls. Melted Candles. A lot of BLACK MAGIC SYMBOLS drawn on the walls and floor (just like we saw in the apartment in the opening raid).

The CAMERA FOCUSES on one symbol, more prominent than the others, DRAWN in BLOOD on the floor of the cargo hold --

The SAME SYMBOL Yuda saw on the Naked Man and Agus' tatoos.

PORTER (CONT'D)

We're checking on the symbology, but it looks like black magic. Real hard core shit.

THE VIDEO: Unseen CAMERA MAN moves through the cargo hold, filming a State Police officer emptying a GARBAGE BAG he found in a shipping container. The bag is filled with BLOOD CLOTHES, and THREE I.D.'s.

CAMERA ZOOMS on the three I.D.'s to see that they are C.I.A. CREDENTIALS. Two MEN and a WOMAN.

The VIDEO FREEZES.

SILVA

(shocked)

Is this--? Have we verified *this*?

PORTER

The clothes match what they were
last seen in. I.D.'s are legit.
It's real.

Beat. Jett and Silva trade a holy shit look.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Oldham's drawing blood. We're
gonna hook him up to Poly. I want
you to go in.

(turns to Jett)

Both of you.

INT. C.I.A. OFFICES - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Yuda, shackled to the metal table. ELECTRODES on his
fingers, temples, chest. He's been hooked up to a C.I.A.
POLYGRAPH on steroids. CABLES run from the polygraph to --

Behind the two-way glass, OLDHAM (40s), shirtsleeves, thick
glasses, pours over monitors and LED screens, all of it
devoted to every nuance of Yuda's BIOLOGY and NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Porter and a few TECHS on lap tops are here too, monitoring.

Back in the interrogation room, Jett and Silva sit across
from Yuda. Silva has a lap top open in front of him.

SILVA

Where'd you get that video?

Yuda is silent.

Jett studies him; his face a road map of anguish and grief.

SILVA (CONT'D)

(snaps his fingers)

You came to us, remember? You
wanted us to see that video.
Where'd you get it?

Finally, Yuda looks up, speaks in accented English --

YUDA

It was evidence. I took it.

Jett lays out FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS. The first three are AGENCY
PHOTOS of the AGENTS whose i.d.'s we saw in the video. The
fourth is a PHOTO of their CORPSES washed up on a beach,
MUTILATED, chests BROKEN OPEN, SKIN REMOVED.

Jett waits for a reaction from Yuda. There isn't one.

JETT

Six months ago, three agents washed up on the coast. Forensics determined they'd been skinned alive. Then had their organs removed. We never found the people responsible. You know how this looks? You walking in here with that video?

SILVA

It *looks* like you had something to do with their deaths.

Beat. Jett and Silva wait. Finally --

YUDA

We got a call about an abandoned ship in the harbor. I documented the scene. Then I gave the evidence to my superiors.

SILVA

So why didn't we hear about it?

YUDA

They did nothing with it. When I asked why, I was told to keep my mouth shut.

SILVA

So the State Police didn't want us to see that video.

Yuda nods.

YUDA

But I made a copy.
(beat, his voice catches)
In case they threatened my family.

ON Jett, studying Yuda closely, her POV --

QUICK, CLOSE POPS: Yuda's HANDS -- the tiny MUSCLES around his EYES -- the corners of his MOUTH -- the beads of sweat on his FOREHEAD -- it all means something to her.

JETT

You told the guards at the gate, the State Police are involved with the people who killed your family. Do you think it's the same people who murdered our colleagues?

Yuda nods. That LANDS. On both sides of the glass.

SILVA
If you want our help, you're gonna
have to give us a name.

YUDA
(beat, then)
Iblis Gurret.

Jett and Silva trade a look. They know that name.

SILVA
How do you know it was Gurret?

YUDA
I know. I saw him. Yesterday. It
was Gurret's people.

On the other side of the glass, Porter and the Aides are losing their shit. Oldham is looking at the readouts from Yuda's poly, could he be telling the truth? -- Aide's are whispering back and forth -- "*Is it possible?*" "*Gurret's a ghost -- Can't be. He's full of shit, right?*"

On Silva's lap top, a GRAINY SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of IBLIS GURRET appears in an IM. He flips it around to show Yuda.

SILVA
Where did you see him?

YUDA
It doesn't matter. He's gone now.
But I can give you the people who
know where he is. I can give you
the State Police who are working
for him. I can give you everything
you need to take down Gurret and
his organization.
(beat)
But I want something first.

SILVA
What?

YUDA
Asylum. Get me out of the country,
then I talk. This is their city.
I don't trust anyone in it.
Including you.

Beat. Silva considers Yuda's play, then looks to Jett. It's her turn. Jett goes to work. This is what she does.

JETT
Where did you see Gurret?

YUDA
I told you, it doesn't matter, he's
not there now.

JETT
It matters. Answer the question.

YUDA
(sighs, frustrated)
An abandoned building by the ports.

POP TO -- Oldham watching the NEEDLE on Yuda's poly in the
other room. It's steady.

JETT
What color were the walls?

YUDA
(shrugs)
White...

JETT
--And the floor, what was it?
(off his look)
Was it tile? Hardwood? Carpet?

YUDA
Cement--

JETT
--How many people were in the room?

YUDA
(shrugs)
15... 20 maybe--?

JETT
When's your wife's birthday?

Yuda, thrown.

YUDA
What--?

JETT
Your wife, when's her birthday?

YUDA
(getting emotional)
... August 25th--

BEHIND THE GLASS, Oldham watches the readouts on Yuda's POLY.

OLDHAM
(enjoying this)
I love watching her work.

AIDE
What's she doing?

OLDHAM
Getting him to answer questions we
can verify as true. The more
emotional he gets, the more he's
liable to fuck up.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM, Jett pulls out Yuda's PINK
ROCK NECKLACE from her pocket. Sets it on the table.

Yuda's heart almost stops.

JETT
Who gave you this necklace?

YUDA
... My daughter.

Jett points to Gurret's photo on Silva's laptop.

JETT
Did you see this man yesterday?

YUDA
Yes --

JETT
-- Is there a conspiracy between
Iblis Gurret and high-ranking
members of your Department?

YUDA
Yes--

JETT
--What's your daughter's name?

Beat. Yuda, shaking with grief and rage. Fists clenched.

JETT (CONT'D)
What's your daughter's name?

YUDA
Ati...

JETT
Are you lying about anything you've
said in this room?

YUDA
No--

JETT
(shows him the necklace
again)
Who gave you this necklace?

YUDA
(tears falling now)
... Ati --

JETT
(shows him the lap top
again)
Did you see this man yesterday?

YUDA
Yes --

JETT
Are you able and willing to provide
information to help the U.S.
Government apprehend him?

YUDA
Yes.

Yuda stares at Jett, tears streaming down his cheeks.

SILENCE on both sides of the glass.

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - NIGHT

Straight up prehistoric. No sign of civilization except...

A VAN in a clearing, headlights cut the FOG, illuminating...

Agus (a cut over his eye where Yuda hit him) and FIVE OR SIX
SCARY-LOOKING MEN with GUNS. They're circled around THREE
MEN on their knees, hands tied behind their backs, BLACK
HOODS over their heads.

They turn as a pair of HEADLIGHTS approach.

An armored MERCEDES comes to a stop. The back door OPENS and
pair of very expensive ITALIAN LOAFERS step out of the car,
onto the muddy ground.

They belong to -- Ibils Gurret. He carries an expensive BRIEFCASE. He looks out of place in the middle of the jungle.

The PASSENGER DOOR OPENS and someone else gets out -- ULAR. Dressed in his uniform, looking somber, maybe a bit afraid, as they make their way toward Agus and the others.

Gurret nods and the scary-looking men pull the bags off of their captives' heads: THREE STATE POLICE OFFICERS that were with Yuda in the opening. His comrades. They are beat-up, scared. They squint at bright headlights, see Gurret standing over them. And Ular next to him. The men are confused, scared. They look to Ular, pleading with their eyes, but Ular is in no position to help them. He stands there, silent and ashamed.

Gurret hands his briefcase to Ular, making him hold it while he opens the locks and REMOVES a long, curved KRIS KNIFE. It looks very old, and very sinister.

Gurret holds the KRIS up, the BLADE glints in the headlights. Gurret moves to the first captive (RAMA), holds the kris up.

GURRET

You were his friend. You know this man. Tell me where he is.

RAMA

I don't know. I swear.

Beat. Gurret pats his shoulder, reassuringly.

GURRET

It's okay. I believe you.

Gurret nods to his men. They SEIZE Rama's arms, holding him still as Gurret begins DIGGING into the soft flesh of his stomach with *curved blade of the KRIS KNIFE* -- RAMA's SCREAMS turn to CONVULSIONS as Gurret reaches up through his abdominal cavity and pulls out his HEART. Still beating...

The other captives avert their eyes, terrified.

Ular can't watch either. He looks away.

Gurret's Bodyguard holds out a tupperware container. Gurret drops the man's heart in. PLOP.

Gurret kneels in front of the next captive (TEDJO) --

GURRET (CONT'D)

Can you tell me where he went?

TEDJO
 (looks at Ular for help)
Captain....?

But Ular drops his eyes. Unable to help.

TEDJO (CONT'D)
 (to Gurret)
Please... Please...

GURRET
I'll take that as a 'no.'

Gurret slits the man's throat. He falls over, dead.

Gurret moves to the third and final captive (HALIM) who is, understandably, pissing himself right about now.

GURRET (CONT'D)
You can save yourself. Just tell me where he is.

HALIM
I....

Just then, Agus's PHONE RINGS. He answers, listens, nods. Then he hangs up and moves to Gurret. WHISPERS --

AGUS
He's at the U.S. Embassy.

Beat. Gurret takes the news in. The implications of it.

AGUS (CONT'D)
 (re: Halim)
What do you wanna do with him?

Halim looks up, hopeful. They have what they want. Maybe they'll let him go.

Gurret considers Halim, then PLUNGES his KRIS into Halim's THROAT. He slumps over, choking on his own blood.

Gurret turns to Ular, hands him the Kris.

GURRET
Cut out their hearts.

Ular looks at the bloody kris, rattled, then his dead men.

INT. C.I.A. OFFICES - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

A spartan conference room. American flag in the corner.
VIDEO SCREEN on one wall. C.I.A. SEAL on the other.

Jett, Silva, Porter, and a handful of other AGENTS and plain clothes MARINES sit around a long table. Everyone's dressed as if they've been woken in the middle of the night, sipping coffee to wake up.

ON the WALL SCREEN: a grainy SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Gurret (looks to be several years old).

SILVA

Iblis Gurret. A.K.A. "The Demon."
He came from Banyuwagi sometime during the mid '90's, an area where *Black Magic* is as prevalent as Sunday mass in South Boston. He has a penchant for taking the hearts of people who cross him.

GRUESOME CRIME SCENE PHOTOS flit by on the VIDEO SCREEN -- CORPSES with SKIN MISSING, CHESTS ripped OPEN and EMPTY, placed in horrific, ritualistic displays.

PORTER

Gurret holds a majority stake in the narcotics and weapons trafficking in the city. *If* he's behind the attempt on our source's life, he has the reach and the resources to make good on it.
(looking around the room)
So what are we going to do about it?

Awkward silence. No one wants to speak first. Finally, GALAVIZ, 30s, shaved head, senior agent, weighs in --

GALAVIZ

Guy's a dirty cop; he's been sitting on evidence for *months*. Who's to say he isn't playing us?

OLDHAM

The results from his poly.

GALAVIZ

He wouldn't be the first guy to beat a lie detector.

SILVA

You weren't in there. If this
guy's lying, he's the fucking
Houdini of liars.

Silva looks to Jett across the table for back up.

JETT

His response pattern, vitals, body
language, it all scans. Whether or
not he's a dirty cop, or was once
working for Gurrett, who can say?
But he's telling the truth about
what he knows.

They take that in. Jett's opinion on this counts for a lot.

Porter looks around the table. Silence. It's settled.

PORTER

Let's talk exfil.

SILVA

State Department's willing to pony
up a C-130 and a military escort
out of the country, but we'd be
escorting him to the airfield.

VARGAS, 29, a plain clothes Marine, addresses the room. As
he does, we'll begin an INTERCUT of IMAGES of the convoy
being prepped to depart as our people run through the brief:

VARGAS

Sun's gonna be up soon. We'll be
in rush hour traffic. So we'll
need to travel light. Two convoys.
One will be a decoy, the other will
be carrying our package. One scout
and one escort vehicle per convoy.

**POP TO -- IMAGES of FOUR LAND CRUISERS with BLACKED OUT
WINDOWS being staged and prepped in an under ground GARAGE
beneath the embassy...**

SILVA

Security is paramount. Plain
clothes Marines for P.S.D. No less
than 300 rounds per shooter.

**POP TO -- PLAIN CLOTHES MARINES and C.I.A. AGENTS loading
WEAPONS, adjusting sights, checking actions...**

SILVA (CONT'D)

The package will be in my truck.
Along with Jett and Vargas. Just
because he passed a poly doesn't
mean we let our guard down. We
don't know this guy from Adam.

POP TO -- Yuda, in 3-point shackles. Silva is giving him one last body check -- spreading his fingers, making him lift his tongue, checking his hair, ears, etc.

SILVA (CONT'D)

So while he's in our custody, he's
as dangerous as the people who are
supposedly trying to kill him.

POP TO -- Yuda is led to the waiting convoy at gunpoint. Jett puts him in the back of the Land Cruiser. Silva locks his shackles to a D-RING in the floorboard.

JETT

Every State Police we come across
is a potential threat. As luck
would have it, they control the
airports in the city. Which means,
if they get wind we're coming, it's
likely our boy will never make it
on the plane. So...

Jett points a remote at the VIDEO SCREEN -- a SATELLITE MAP
of the JUNGLE appears. She points out a barely visible SCAR
in the JUNGLE canopy.

JETT (CONT'D)

This is our best bet. A 1,500
meter airstrip in the jungle,
outside of city limits. Used to be
a military base, but it shut down
last year. Sat imagery shows the
runway's still good to go.

PORTER

Checkpoints will be assigned every
five miles along your route. I
want radio checks at every one of
'em. Checkpoints: "Sound Garden,"
"Pearl Jam," "Alice in Chains", and
your final checkpoint, checkpoint
"Nirvana." When you reach
"Nirvana" you will call God. "God"
is Andersen AFB. Andersen will
have air on standby in your A.O.

(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)

On your order, and your order only,
the bird will touch down, meet you
at the airfield, and you will
complete the hand off.

**POP TO -- Silva stands near the waiting convoy, plugs a
number for "ANDERSEN AFB" into his sat phone.**

PORTER (CONT'D)

For op-sec, we're keeping this
internal. Once we leave the motor
pool, there's no air support. No
react force. We're on our own.

(beat)

From our location to the airfield,
it's exactly 22 miles. Questions?

(there are none)

Let's get it done.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAWN

Jett, wearing a kevlar vest and side arm, stands in the motor
pool. In the b/g, we see the FOUR LAND CRUISERS staged and
ready to move out.

JETT

It's me. I need to talk to India.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark (Jett's ex-husband) sits up in bed, phone to his ear.

MARK

Jett? It's the middle of the--

JETT

-- Wake her up, Mark.

Mark hears the urgency in her voice.

MARK

Yeah, okay.

Mark walks out of the bedroom into the hall. Madison rolls
over behind him, groggy, wondering what's going on.

ON Jett, looking at the waiting convoy when she hears her
DAUGHTER'S VOICE on the other end of the line.

INDIA
(sleepy)
... Mommy?

JETT
Hey, baby! I'm sorry to wake you.
I wanted to tell you that I got
your birthday present. You're
gonna get it real soon, okay.

In Jett's hand, we see the wrapped BOX of EARRINGS.

INDIA
You promise?

JETT
I promise.
(beat, their routine)
Who am I?

INDIA
My mommy and my best friend.

JETT
What can we talk about?

INDIA
Anything and everything.

JETT
That's right. I love you.

INDIA
I love you too, mommy.

JETT
Get some sleep, bug. I'll call you
tomorrow.

Jett hangs up, stands there for a moment, looks at the box of earrings, pockets them, getting herself together, then she walks toward the waiting convoy.

INT. SILVA AND JETT'S LAND CRUISER - SECONDS LATER

Vargas, the driver, tapes a small PHOTO of a BABY BOY to the dash. He kisses his THUMB and presses it to the PHOTO.

Silva futzes with a GPS on the dash. He plugs in the convoy's route. We see -- **"22 MILES TO FINAL DESTINATION."**

The back door opens and Jett gets in. She nods to Silva.

SILVA
(their schtick)
Ready to clock some overtime?

JETT
Beach house isn't gonna pay for
itself.

Jett slams the magazine home in her M-4, racks the slide.

Silva keys the handset on a dash-mount encrypted RADIO --

SILVA
(into radio)
We're stepping.

Vargas hits the gas and the Land Cruiser lurches forward as --

In the backseat, Jett meets eyes with Yuda. Yuda turns away,
looks out the window.

EXT. U.S EMBASSY - MORNING

A POV SHOT (through a TELEPHOTO LENS) -- the SHUTTER CLICKS
as: the front gate opens and FOUR LAND CRUISES exit through
the serpentine blast barriers. The two separate convoys fan
out in different directions, melting into the city traffic.
The CAMERA SNAPS PHOTOS of Silva, riding shotgun, Yuda in
back, Vargas driving, Jett in back next to Yuda...

REVEAL: the SHADOW of a MAN parked across the street, just
his profile. He LOWERS an EXPENSIVE DIGITAL CAMERA with
telephoto lens, and we see, on his HAND, that same creepy
BLACK MAGIC TATTOO that we saw on Agus and the Man Yuda
killed. Off the TATTOO --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

CLOSE: SAME TATTOO on another HAND, this one thin, manicured,
almost effete, the FINGER NAILS are too long for a man. The
HANDS unwrap something from BLOODY CLOTH... a HUMAN HEART.

WIDEN: Gurret stands in a windowless room, unwrapping the
heart, two more fresh hearts are on a counter top. It's DARK
in here, no sense of where we're at. Feels subterranean.
Cold. Scary. SHELVES everywhere -- on the SHELVES, glass
containers with small, gray, shriveled up objects inside. It
takes a second to REGISTER what the objects are...

HUMAN HEARTS, preserved, like trophies. DOZENS of them.

GURRET

(rapt, talking to someone
UNSEEN)

*People think that the heart is
God's domain, but beside this
beautiful truth, lies another
reality, the heart is also the
abode of wickedness. So, removing
it is like removing a malignancy.
A cancer. It's almost a service.*

REVEAL: The POLICE CHIEF and the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, very
fucking uneasy as they watch Gurret clean the heart.

They trade a look: *Um. Did that make any sense? Nope.
Okay. Let's agree -- this guy's fucking crazy.*

Agus enters, wary. Even he hates being down here.

AGUS

Boss?

He holds up a SMART PHONE with the PHOTOS we just saw taken
outside the embassy: Yuda in the back of the land cruiser.

AGUS (CONT'D)

*They're transporting him out of the
country. To testify.*

And if we're wondering how they know all this? We should be.

GURRET

(considers the photo,
then)

*Guns will not suffice for them.
Their deaths must serve as an
example to anyone who would speak
out against me.*

Agus nods, can't get out of here fast enough.

Off Gurret, carefully washing the human heart, preparing it
to be locked in this room forever.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOVING (BARELY) - DAY

The two LAND CRUISERS inch through traffic. This part of the
world isn't exactly known for its infrastructure.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Vargas HONKS the horn in frustration. Sighs.

Silva checks the GPS on the dash: **"17 MILES to FINAL DESTINATION."**

SILVA
(keys the RADIO)
Ghost 1, this is Ghost 2. Passing
checkpoint "Sound Garden." How
copy? Over.

The RADIO CRACKLES:

PORTER'S VOICE
Solid copy. Passing check point
Sound Garden.

Silva sets the radio down.

SILVA
At this pace, we'll be there by
dark.

VARGAS
Copy that, sir.
(honks the horn again)

YUDA
This is a bad plan.

Silva and Jett look at Yuda, shackled in the backseat.

YUDA (CONT'D)
Is it yours?

SILVA
(patronizing)
We know what we're doing. We're
the C.I.A. Not the State Police.

YUDA
I can tell. So can everyone else.
(beat, off Silva's look)
Two up-armored land cruisers with
blacked out windows and run flat
tires. If you are trying to hide,
you're doing a poor job of it.

Jett and Silva trade a look in the rearview. Point taken.

They HEAR something. Sounds like... the whine of ENGINES.

SILVA
The hell's that?

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A few hundred meters behind them, FOUR MOTORCYCLES (MOTOCROSS STYLE ROAD BIKES), with TWO MEN in BLACK MOTORCYCLE HELMETS with TINTED VISORS on each bike, weave in and out of the gridlocked traffic, making their way toward --

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

The sound of the ENGINES, getting closer.

Jett's POV: through the back window, she sees the MOTORCYCLES approaching.

JETT

We've got company. 500 meters back. Closing.

SILVA

(to Vargas, re: the traffic)

Get to the shoulder. Get us out of this.

VARGAS

Copy that.

As Vargas steers --

SILVA

(raising the land cruiser in front of them)

Scout vehicle, we've got vehicles coming up on our six. We're exiting onto the interchange. Weapons condition one.

In the backseat, Jett turns to Yuda.

JETT

Get down.

Yuda doesn't move. Jett levels her M-4 at him --

JETT (CONT'D)

Get the fuck down. Now.

Yuda crouches down in the seat as --

INTERCUT:

OUR TWO LAND CRUISERS,

Picking up speed, maneuvering through traffic, clipping cars on the freeway, headed for an interchange --

THE FOUR MOTORCYCLES,

Weaving between cars, in some cases jumping right over them, closing distance...

INT. LAND CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

Jett and the others, bracing for contact.

JETT

How the fuck did they find us?

SILVA

(keys his radio)

Ghost One. This is Ghost Two.
I've got men on motorcycles
approaching our position. How
copy? Over.

PORTER'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over Radio)

Are they a threat? Over.

Silva's POV: TWO MOTORCYCLES ROAR up on either side of them -- the MEN on the back of bikes, unsling AR-15's and pour a hail of BULLETS into the land cruiser. PINGING off the armored doors, and SPIDER-WEBBING the bullet-proof glass.

SILVA

(into radio)

That's a big affirm.

EXT. OVERPASS - SAME

Another MOTORCYCLE with two more BAD GUYS skreeches to a stop on an overpass, looking down on the FREEWAY where our two LAND CRUISERS are being pursued.

The TWO BAD GUYS dismount the bike and quickly begin setting up an AT-4 ROCKET LAUNCHER.

The bad guys sight in on the LEAD LAND CRUISER as it approaches. They FIRE...

A ROCKET spirals out of the AT-4 in a hiss of white smoke...

TRACK with it as it slams into the hood of the lead land cruiser sending it arcing up into the air in a FIREBALL.

INT. TRAIL LAND CRUISER - SAME

Jett, Silva, Yuda, Vargas all REACT as the land cruiser in front of them is TOSSED up into the air by the BLAST.

Vargas cuts the wheel trying to avoid the wreck, but momentum of the vehicle pitches it forward on its front wheel as it clips another car and FLIPS OVER...

We're INSIDE the land cruiser as it TUMBLES end-over-end, slamming off other vehicles and finally coming to a rest against the guardrail.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN -- A HIGH-PITCHED RINGING IS THE ONLY SOUND, AND SOMETHING ELSE, GRADUALLY BUILDING. IS IT... LAUGHTER?

We emerge from the BLACKNESS into a DREAMY, BLOWN-OUT SHOT -- we're in a BEDROOM -- UNDER BLANKETS -- BRIGHT SUNLIGHT filters through -- a LITTLE GIRL'S FACE fills FRAME -- it's Jett's DAUGHTER -- LAUGHING --

INDIA (V.O.)
Wake up, mommy.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OVERTURNED LAND CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Jett. UPSIDE down, still buckled into her seat belt. She BLINKS, coming to. All sound is MUFFLED, like we're under water. They only thin we hear is the RINGING in Jett's ears.

Jett assesses herself. She's banged up, but otherwise okay.

Next to her, Yuda is coming to, still locked in his shackles.

Up front, Silva appears to be in shock, trying to work the radio, BLOOD running down his face.

Next to him, Vargas is SCREAMING (though it's drowned out by our RINGING EARS), BLEEDING badly from a WOUND in his leg.

INT. DECOY CONVOY - DAY

Another part of the city. Porter, in the decoy convoy, trying to raise Silva's convoy on the radio --

PORTER
 (into Radio)
 Ghost Two? Radio Check. Over.
 (static)
 Agent Silva, come in. Over.
 (nothing, turns to driver)
 Turn around. Get us to their position.

As Silva's convoy makes a hasty U-Turn in traffic --

INT. OVERTURNED LAND CRUISER - DAY

BACK ON Jett, MOVEMENT outside her spider-webbed WINDOW --

The MOTORCYCLE MEN are attaching something to her DOOR -- the REV of an ENGINE and -- *SCHHHRIIIKT* -- Jett's door is YANKED of its hinges by a tow chain attached to a motorcycle --

HANDS reaching in -- RIPPING Jett from the back of vehicle -- her HANDS reaching for her M-4, FINGERS grabbing it as --

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jett is PULLED out of the land cruiser by TWO MOTORCYCLE MEN. No time to even think, because -- *KA-CHIING!* -- a BLADE is coming down right at Jett's head -- she's ROLLING away -- *PFFTPFFTPFFT* -- squeezing off three rounds, DROPPING one of her attackers, MOVING on instinct as -- she's HIT from behind -- M-4 goes skidding across the pavement -- Jett FIGHTING off one man, then another. The fight is fast, ferocious, intensely violent.

INT. OVERTURNED LAND CRUISER - SAME

The interior FILLS with SMOKE from a growing ENGINE FIRE.

Yuda pulls on his restraints, shackles cut into his wrists as HANDS reach into the grab him -- Yuda FIGHTS -- breaks one of the motorcycle men's NECKS with one quick motion as MORE hands reaching in --

Silva gets his bearings, looking for his gun, can't find it --

Vargas in bad shape --

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME

CARS SWERVE, HONK, some of them coming close enough to Jett to RIPPLE her CLOTHES as she FIGHTS off her attackers, she takes one man down, sees another trying to crawl inside the land cruiser and get to her comrades and to Yuda -- she RUNS, grabs his legs -- PULLS him out -- FIGHTS -- then -- PFFTPFFT -- Jett is hurled back by a GUNSHOT to the CHEST --

Jett, on her back, wind knocked out, gasping, pulling open her kevlar vest -- revealing TWO SLUGS caught in the chest plate, but they didn't get through -- she's looking up, seeing one of the MOTORCYCLE MEN moving in for the KILL but --

PFFTPFFTPFFT -- He's THROWN backwards by --

Silva, out of the land cruiser. He has Jett's M-4, he's SHOOTING, moving to Jett, pulling her to her feet as --

ANGLE ON

A BLACK SUV skids to a STOP -- Agus arriving with more MEN.

GUNFIRE.

Silva drags Jett behind the overturned land cruiser. Chaos.

Jett catches her breath, looks at Silva, BLOOD all over his face, acting on adrenalin. FIRING.

They're pinned down. Jett scanning the freeway, looking for an egress as --

INT. OVERTURNED LAND CRUISER - SAME

Yuda and Vargas still trapped -- the FIRE is spreading --

EXT. OVERTURNED LAND CRUISER - SAME

Jett and Silva crouched behind the land cruiser, BULLETS pinging off the chassis.

JETT
We gotta move!

SILVA
I'm open to suggestions!

Jett's POV: a cluster of ABANDONED vehicles, caught in their wreck, left sitting on the freeway during the FIRE FIGHT.

JETT
(points to the vehicles)
I'm pushing right! Cover me!

SILVA
(fires a burst)
Go!

Silva lays down cover fire and Jett runs toward the abandoned vehicles.

JETT

Going through vehicles for KEYS left behind --

SILVA

Smashing ripping the crumpled sheet of bullet-proof glass from the passenger window -- REACHING in for Vargas -- pulling him out -- he's bad shape --

JETT

Found what she's looking for -- she's behind the wheel of a TAHOE -- throwing it in GEAR -- accelerating --

Jett plows the Tahoe into Agus' SUV -- KRAAASH -- Taking out a few of Agus' MEN, scattering them like bowling pins -- she REVERSES, putting the Tahoe between the bad guys and Silva and the others at the overturned land cruiser

SILVA

Using the Tahoe for cover -- SHOOTING -- loading Vargas into the backseat --

YUDA

Catching eyes with Silva. There is a beat. *Is Silva going to leave him here to die?*

JETT

Leaning across the seat,

JETT
(WTF are you waiting for?)
Get him out!

SILVA

Moving to the overturned land cruiser, RAISING his RIFLE, pointing it at Yuda -- *Is he going to shoot him?!*

PFFT. He shoots through the chain on Yuda's shackles. Yuda scrambles out, Silva pushes him into the TAHOE and --

JETT

Jett accelerating, DRIVING OFF, WINDOWS being SHOT out behind her, clipping cars, sending them spinning as they make their escape onto an adjoining interchange.

AGUS

Watching the TAHOE drive off, pissed.

CUT TO:

INT. TAHOE - DAY

Jett drives. Yuda shotgun, still handcuffed. Silva in back with Vargas, who moans in pain. BLOOD everywhere. Everyone is in SHOCK; adrenalin pumping. Silva fumbles with the magazine in his M-4, checking it: 4 rounds left.

SILVA

(looking to YUDA)

Fuck! What the fuck?! They knew exactly where we were. They even knew which convoy to hit. *WHAT THE FUCK?!*

Yuda is silent.

Silva raises his M-4, points it at Yuda's head --

SILVA (CONT'D)

You set us up--

JETT

Silva--

SILVA

He set us up -- He told them how to find us -- I should put a bullet in his fucking head --

JETT

-- He didn't tell 'em shit -- they were trying to kill him, too --

(turning)

Calm the fuck down.

Silva stares at Yuda. Yuda stares back. Unafraid. It's BROKEN by -- Vargas reaches up, grabbing Silva's arm.

VARGAS

Silva... I'm not doing so good,
man.

Silva lowers his M-4. Pressure drop.

SILVA

You're doing fine. You hear me?
You're doing fine.

Silva takes off his belt, tying it around Vargas leg as he reaches into a pocket on his kevlar. It's EMPTY.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Fuck. I lost the sat phone.
(to Jett)
You have your phone?

Jett reaches into her cargo pocket, holds up her BUSTED CELL PHONE. *More good news.*

Silva SLAMS his fist against the seat.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

YUDA

We need to get off the street.

SILVA

Really? Ya think?!

Vargas, white as a sheet, COUGHING blood --

VARGAS

Don't lemme die... I have a little
boy...

SILVA

You're not gonna die. You're a
fucking Marine. You're good. You
hear me? You're gonna make it.

Silva catches eyes with Jett in the rearview. His look tells her he's not so sure.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

AFTERMATH. Dead bodies, spent brass, wrecked cars.

UNIFORMED MARINES somberly remove the BODIES of their fallen comrades from the smoldering hulk of the scout land cruiser.

Porter and what's left of his section walk through the carnage, M-4's slung across their shoulders. Porter bends down, picks up one of the ornately carved *KRIS KNIVES*. He turns it over in his hand. The strangeness of it.

One of his agents, Galaviz, approaches

GALAVIZ

No traffic cams in the area. If there are any eyewitnesses they're too scared to come forward.

Porter nods. Figured as much. He's looking at SOMETHING...

A DEAD MOTORCYCLE ASSASSIN on the pavement. The VISOR of his helmet is SHATTERED and BLOODY from a GUNSHOT to the face.

Porter kneels, pulls off the helmet, the guy's head comes apart at his feet.

PORTER

Christ.

Porter looks at the G.S.W., the cracked helmet. Thinks.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Five-five-six didn't do this. This was larger caliber. Seven-six-two maybe.

GALAVIZ

Sir?

PORTER

Powder burns on the helmet and face indicate close range. He was executed.

(turns)

Our people didn't kill him. They did.

GALAVIZ

Why would they shoot one of their own?

Porter looks at the body. The leg is twisted grotesquely.

PORTER

(piecing it out)

Broken leg. He couldn't fight. They didn't want to be slowed down. So they killed him. Keep him from talking.

Beat. They both consider that. Then, DELICATELY --

GALAVIZ

Sir. State Department wants to know if we're looking at a hostage situation.

Porter looks over the carnage; the spent shells; the bodies.

PORTER

This look like they were talking hostages to you?
(more faith, than fact)
They are in the wind. And they are hurt. Start checking local hospitals.

Porter turns back to look at the DEAD MAN on the ground, the freaky tattoos, the way they just executed him. An enemy unlike any he's ever seen.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A large HOSPITAL in the middle of our city.

EXT. HOSPITAL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

The Tahoe screeches to a halt outside of a service entrance at the back of the hospital. DOORS flying open. Jett and Silva pulls Vargas from the back. He's a BLOODY MESS.

Yuda gets out, still handcuffed, looking around.

SILVA

Let's go.

Silva points his M-4 at Yuda, waves him to the door --

INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER

A FEMALE NURSE, 30, walks down the hallway, reading over a medical chart when --

A HAND reaches out from a supply closet and PULLS her inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

It's Silva. The Nurse sees the GUN in his hand, sees Jett and Yuda covered in blood, and Vargas on the floor, bloody and semi-conscious. She starts to scream, but Silva covers her MOUTH with his hand.

SILVA

Shh. I'm not gonna hurt you.

The Nurse stops fighting. Her eyes flicking back and forth from Silva to the others, wondering what they want with her.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Do you speak English?

The Nurse nods.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Our friend is hurt. He needs help.
I'm gonna take my hand away now.
Don't scream. All we want is your
help.

Silva pulls his hand away. She looks at him, terrified.

NURSE

... I'll call a doctor.

SILVA

No one can know we're here. You
have to help him. Can you do that?

NURSE

Not here. I need supplies.

JETT

Where?

NURSE

The trauma ward. Upstairs.

Jett and Silva exchange a look. No choice. Silva turns back to the Nurse, and nods.

INT. HOSPITAL - UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN revealing Jett, Silva, Yuda, Vargas (now on a stretcher) and our female Nurse. They exit, pushing Vargas on a gurney --

Jett peaks around the corner, sees a couple of DOCTORS passing at the other end of the hall.

She holds up her hand, waiting for them to pass, then motions everyone to follow and they move around the corner.

INT. HOSPITAL - UPPER FLOOR - SURGERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The doors bang open as Jett and Silva and Yuda wheel Vargas' gurney in. The Nurse trailing behind them --

Silva locks the door behind them, points his M-4 at Yuda --

SILVA

Get the fuck down. On your knees.
Right there. Don't fucking move.

Yuda gets on his knees in the corner of the surgery room.

SILVA (CONT'D)

(turns to Nurse)
I need a phone.

NURSE

On the wall.

Silva moves for the phone as --

Jett helps the Nurse heft Vargas onto the surgery table.

JETT

How can I help?

NURSE

(gestures to a medical
cabinet)
Left-hand cabinet. Top shelf. I
need compress bandages, and a
suture kit.

The Nurse starts cutting away Vargas' clothes with a pair of scissors as -- BLOOD shoots up -- she applies pressure as --

Jett moves to a cabinet, tears it open.

SILVA

(into phone)
This is Agent Silva. Stand by to
authenticate: Tango-Lima-Sierra-one-
eight-one-seven -- Put me through
to Sec Chief Porter --

Suddenly, Vargas starts seizing on the table.

NURSE

He's going into shock...

Jett moves to help hold him down while Nurse goes to work, giving him an INJECTION. After a moment, he stops convulsing.

SILVA
(on the phone)
Hello? Hello?

Silva taps the phone's cradle, trying to get a dial tone.

SILVA (CONT'D)
Hello?!
(looks to Jett)
It's dead.

THE LIGHTS FLICKER OFF. THEN ON AGAIN. DIMMER THIS TIME.

NURSE
That's the back up generator...

YUDA
They're here.

They all look at Yuda, on his knees.

Jett looks at Silva. No way. *Right?*

JETT
How could they--?

Before she can even finish the thought,

A RINGING PHONE explodes the quiet room like a bomb.

They all look around. *Where's it coming from?*

Jett's POV: Vargas's JACKET, crumpled up on a chair.

Jett goes to it, fishes out a FLIP PHONE from the pocket. Cracked during the crash, but still RINGING.

Jett looks and Silva, answers...

JETT (CONT'D)
Hello?

The sound of BREATHING on the other end. Then -- *CLICK*. The line goes dead.

Silva moves to Vargas on the table.

SILVA
Why do you have that phone, Vargas?

Vargas looks up at him, eyes glassy and vacant from shock and the drugs he's been given.

VARGAS
... Silva...

SILVA
Why is that phone in your pocket,
Sergeant?

Vargas looks up, eyes wet, vacant. He's out of it, going into SHOCK --

VARGAS
Are you mad at me, bro?

JETT
What did you do?

Vargas stares up at them, pupils pinned, dazed...

VARGAS
Did I let you down...? I didn't
mean to...

NURSE
His pressure's dropping.

Vargas begins to cry...

VARGAS
You tell my boy... I'm gonna be
home for his play... You tell him,
okay...

Vargas grabs Silva's hand. He holds it limply. Silva looks at his dying comrade, CONFLICTED by having to listen to Vargas' last words.

Vargas stares off, smiling like he sees someone he LOVES.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
... Gabriel...

Vargas exhales and goes still. The EKG next to the gurney FLAT LINES. Silva lets go of his hand, swallows hard.

The Nurse moves into begin compressions, but Silva stops her.

SILVA
He's gone.

JETT
Silva.

Jett has the flip phone open, going through a string of text messages. They look like directions.

JETT (CONT'D)
It's our route... all the way from
the embassy to the ambush site...

She holds up the flip phone. Silva sees the final message:
"HOSPITAL."

It might as well read: "They're fucked." They look at each other. Pregnant beat.

Yuda, still on his knees, silent until now, holds up his shackled wrists.

YUDA
Trust me, you're going to need
these hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

DING! The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and Agus steps off with SIX of his MEN armed with KRIS KNIVES and other WEAPONS (no guns).

At the other end of the hall, TEN MORE MEN come up from the stairwell. Cutting off both exits.

DOCTORS and HOSPITAL STAFF see the Agus and the armed men and begin clearing patients off the floor, trying to get as far away as possible from whatever is about to happen.

ON Agus, as he walks he takes out his cell phone, DIALS --

After a MOMENT, there is a RINGING from further up the hall.

Agus and his men stop in front of the SURGERY ROOM DOOR.

Agus tries the knob. LOCKED. He motions to one of his men and -- SMAAASH -- He kicks the door in and --

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ROOM is EMPTY. Only Vargas' body remains on the exam table, now covered in a SHEET.

The FLIP PHONE is ringing on a chair.

Agus and his men step inside, fanning out.

One of the GANGSTERS approaches the exam table, lifting the corner of the sheet as --

Agus' POV: a tiny DROP of BLOOD on the tile floor leading to--

The CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR.

Agus snaps his fingers, getting the attention of his men -- he points at the BATHROOM DOOR --

The MEN raise their weapons, moving quietly to the DOOR as --

ON the EXAM TABLE, the sheet MOVES. WTF? And now the BODY is sitting up! Because --

It's NOT Vargas. It's YUDA! He's slipping off the table, DRIVING a SCALPEL into one of the GANGSTERS' THROATS -- BRIGHT RED BLOOD sprays up in the air -- the man falls back, gurgling --

Agus and the others TURN as --

The BATHROOM door is kicked open behind them and Silva and Jett are coming out -- Silva SHOOTING -- Jett FIGHTING --

Silva's gun is KNOCKED AWAY quickly and now all three of them are FIGHTING in the close-quarters surgery room -- a FRENZY of slashing *BLADES* and FISTS and FEET and VIOLENCE --

Our Nurse cowers in the bathroom watching as --

Our HEROES FIGHT for their lives -- grabbing WEAPONS of opportunity in the small surgery room -- A SCALPEL -- an I.V. STAND -- a WHEEL CHAIR -- *whatever they can use to inflict pain* -- If we thought the fight on the freeway was vicious, this one is WORSE. Bone-crushing, CONCUSSIVE blows being traded in this tiny space. Feels like wave after wave of bad guys flooding the room, but somehow, Silva, Jett, and Yuda make it out, and into --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The FIGHT spills out into the hallway -- our HEROES get SEPARATED in the melee.

JETT and SILVA

Working together to defend themselves from the onslaught.

Silva's fighting style is less polished than Jett's. He's more brute force.

As they FIGHT, we'll take full advantage of the space and all of the instruments and things you'd find in a hospital. During the FIGHT, Jett needs to get SLASHED in the side with one of the KRIS KNIVES (this will pay off later).

Meanwhile...

YUDA

Gets pushed into another ROOM off the hallway -- FIGHTING of Agus and a couple of other attackers -- Yuda kills one, then the other, until it is only he and Agus, squaring off --

Agus SLASHING his MACHETE -- Yuda evading -- flipping back over a surgery table -- grabbing a pair of EKG PADDLES -- CHARGING THEM -- *FWOOMP* -- SHOCKING Agus -- sending him arcing back across the room -- Yuda going for the machete -- Agus recovering -- FOUR HANDS -- one MACHETE -- Yuda's there first -- they FIGHT some more until, finally, Yuda gets the upper hand and STABS Agus in the chest with an I.V. Stand, leaving him for dead. (Agus should be our first real bad ass and he should be a difficult kill).

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Yuda joins Jett and Silva at the ELEVATOR. They FIGHT their way inside. DOORS CLOSING as...

BAD GUYS, seeing them descending, rushing down to intercept them -- VAULTING down the stairs -- FUCK, THEY'RE FAST!

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - SAME

Jett, Silva, and Yuda in the elevator, BLOODY, winded. An agonizing wait as it descends floor by floor. MUZAK (or some really poppy, emo SONG like "Out of Touch" by 'Hall & Oates' plays over the hospital's P.A. SYSTEM as they ride the elevator down when...

The ELEVATOR suddenly stops on one of the floors. Someone's hit the call button. They brace themselves as the doors open 3 or 4 BAD GUYS FLOOD the elevator with KRIS KNIVES -- the DOORS close and they FIGHT again.

This happens a couple of more times. Between FIGHTS, they have to listen to "Hall and Oates" (or MUZAK) playing through the tinny elevator speakers as they catch their breath...

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The ELEVATOR DOORS open, revealing Jett, Yuda, and Silva exit the hospital elevator, bloody and beaten, standing amidst a pile of MANGLED BAD GUYS' BODIES.

They exit the elevator and steal an AMBULANCE and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH RISE - GURRET'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE: a BLACK, SHRIVELED UP HEART encased in glass.

WIDEN: The Chief is looking at the heart in its case on the desk, wondering like us, whose it is. We'll never know.

Gurret sits on the other side of the desk, a CELL PHONE to his ear. He seems DISPLEASED by what he's being told. He hangs up. Looks across the desk at --

The State Police Chief and the District Attorney (who took Yuda to meet with Agus earlier) sit across the table.

CHIEF

(subtitled)

A BOLO is out to every unit in the city.

GURRET

And our man on the inside?

The Chief and the D.A. look at each other. It's clear this is no longer an option.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We should start looking at contingencies.

Beat. Gurret considers this, then nods to his BODY GUARDS.

The Body Guards open the door and bring Ular into the room. He stands, in uniform, before Gurret and his superiors. A soldier waiting for orders.

GURRET

*This man was your responsibility.
We are in this mess, because you
couldn't control him.*

ULAR

*I can still make it right. This is
my city. Let me find him for you.*

CHIEF

Finding him isn't the issue.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

*We need one of our own out in front
of this. To control the outcome.
Do you understand?*

ULAR

Yes, sir.

Gurret rises, moves to an ornate WOODEN BOX on a shelf. He opens the box, removes the KRIS KNIFE.

GURRET

Bring me their hearts.

Ular nods, takes the KRIS from Gurret's thin hand.

EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Some place secluded, but VISUALLY cool. The stolen AMBULANCE is parked under an overpass, hidden from aerial surveillance.

INT. AMBULANCE - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Yuda is in the passenger seat, turning the knobs on a BROAD BAND RADIO. Broken CHATTER in INDONESIAN on the POLICE FREQUENCY. Silva sits next to him, pressing a wad of gauze to a cut on the bridge of his nose.

YUDA

(translating)

The ambulance's plates and our
description is out to every cop in
the city.

SILVA

Fuck me.

Silva turns, moving into the back of the ambulance where --

Jett is going through the medical supplies on the shelves. She FINDS a BANDAGE, tears it open as Silva lays out their predicament:

SILVA (CONT'D)

Our transpo is cooked, we've got no
weapons, and no comms. Remind me
why I took this job again.

JETT

A shitty pension and like four and
a half vacation days.

SILVA

Oh, right.

Jett lifts her jacket, revealing a GASH in her OBLIQUE. She
presses the BANDAGE over it. Winces.

SILVA (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods.

JETT

We need to get to a phone. Have
Porter bring us in.

SILVA

Porter's compromised.

Jett looks up. *What the fuck does that mean?*

SILVA (CONT'D)

If they had Vargas, we can only
assume they have others. Going
back to the embassy isn't an
option.

Beat. That sinks in. They're on their own.

JETT

What then?

Silva SPITS, thinks. No good options here. Finally...

SILVA

We keep going.

JETT

To the airfield?

Silva nods.

JETT (CONT'D)

Did you hit your fucking head back
there? For all we know, Vargas
told them about the airfield before
we left the embassy.

SILVA

Then why not wait and ambush us
there? In the jungle.

(MORE)

SILVA (CONT'D)

With no around.

(beat, good point)

Even *if* they knew, it's the last place they'd expect us to go. Now, that Vargas is dead, they probably think we're heading for the embassy.

More good points. She's hedging.

Silva takes out his NOTEBOOK, holds it up.

SILVA (CONT'D)

I still have the number to Andersen. We control the air. If we control the air, we control the mission.

Beat.

JETT

You're serious?

SILVA

Assume they have Porter. Assume they have everyone. It's you, me, and fucking Jet Li up there. We get a new ride, we get a phone, and we get to the airfield. We assess the situation, and if it's clear, we call in air, and get him on that plane. Getting rid of him is the only way we take the bulls eye of our backs.

(beat)

Let's finish the mission.

Jett can't believe what she's hearing, but he's not wrong. She takes reaches into a pouch on her kevlar, pulls out a POCKET GPS -- fires it up. Beat. Then:

JETT

16 miles to go.

SILVA

Copy that.

JETT

We'd need guns.

Beat. Silva thinks. Not easy to come by given their predicament.

YUDA

I know where to get guns.

They look to Yuda at the front of the ambulance.

YUDA (CONT'D)

It's not far. And we won't have to worry about cops there.

(off their hesitance)

I've had plenty of chances to run, or kill you. I'm still here.

Beat. Jett gives Silva a look. *He has a point.*

SILVA

Fuck.

A beat. Finally, Silva nods begrudgingly. Turns to Jett --

SILVA (CONT'D)

First thing's first, we can't cross the street in this. I saw a rest stop back up the road. I'll get us some temporary transpo. Stay with him. Get yourself patched up. We step when I get back.

Silva gives Yuda a look, and exits the ambulance.

Jett lifts up her bandage, looks at her wound. It's BAD.

YUDA

Let me see.

JETT

I'll be fine 'til we get to the airfield.

Yuda moves into the backseat.

YUDA

I was a medic. In the Army. Let me see.

Beat, then Jett pulls the bandage away, shows him her wound.

YUDA (CONT'D)

You need stitches. And an antibiotic. Sit.

Jett hesitates, doesn't like people taking care of her, but after a moment, she takes off her jacket --

The smashed BOX of EARRINGS she bought for her daughter falls out of her pocket.

Yuda clocks them.

Jett puts the earrings back in her pocket.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - BACK OF AMBULANCE - DUSK

Yuda stands at the back of the ambulance stitching up Jett's wound. She winces uncomfortably.

YUDA
Hold still.

Yuda threads the NEEDLE through her skin. Jett makes small talk to distract herself from the pain.

JETT
Where'd you learn to fight like that?

YUDA
My father taught me.

JETT
No shit? Mine too.
(beat)
Was your dad a cop?

YUDA
(shakes his head 'no')
He was a priest.

Jett looks back at him, surprised.

JETT
That's a badass priest. What'd he think of your career choice?

YUDA
He died before I joined the Academy. Never met my wife. Or his grand children.
(beat, voice catches)
Maybe they're all together now.

Yuda ties off the last stitch, buries his emotion.

Jett checks his work. Not bad.

JETT

I'm sorry. About your family.

Yuda fills a syringe with antibiotic, jabs it into Jett's arm, depresses the plunger.

YUDA

You didn't seem sorry at the embassy.

JETT

I was interrogating you.

YUDA

I've interrogated a lot of people.
I've never done what you did to me.

JETT

Emotion makes it harder for people to conceal a lie. They give up their 'tells' when they're upset.

YUDA

I had nothing to do with what happened to your people. I'm not a murderer.

Beat. Something that has weighed on Yuda for a long time.

YUDA (CONT'D)

But I wasn't a good cop either. I looked the other way for a long time. I think that's why all this is happening. This is my punishment. Everyone I love is gone, and I have nothing left of them. Not even a picture.

Yuda turns away, not wanting to let her see his grief.

Interrupted by HEADLIGHTS. Silva arriving in a an old TRUCK.

Jett pulls on her jacket and steps out of the back of the ambulance. She stops, reaches into her cargo pocket for -- a *PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG (something inside - we don't see it)*.

She TOSSES it to Yuda.

JETT

Forgot I had it.

Yuda watches her walk away, then looks down at the PINK ROCK NECKLACE his daughter gave him sealed in the evidence bag.

INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

A BODY BAG is zipped up over Vargas's pale face.

TWO UNIFORMED MARINES wheel him out on a gurney as --

Nearby, Porter stands with a TERP (interpreter, male 30s, Indonesian) and two STATE POLICE OFFICERS. In the b/g we see more STATE POLICE, taking statements, carting out bodies. The aftermath of the fight at the hospital.

PORTER

What does he mean there's no
footage?

The Terp translates. The State Police Official answers in Indonesian. The Terp tells Porter what he said:

TERP

He says the power outage knocked
out all the cameras.

PORTER

Isn't that fucking convenient.

The Terp translates. The State Police look insulted, pissed.

PORTER (CONT'D)

You put out a description of two of
my agents, and the vehicle they
left here in. So you must have saw
them somehow.

The Terp translates. The State Police official answers.

TERP

(translates)

He says their description was based
on 'eye witness--'

PORTER

--Oh, bullshit. He's lying --
(to the State Police)
You're lying, asshole--!

The State Police Official yells at Porter in Indonesian.

TERP

(translating)

He says your agents are wanted for
questioning--

PORTER

-- Questioning for *what?!*

TERP

(translating)

For what happened here, and for the fire fight on the freeway.

(beat, translating)

He says, you need to leave, this is a State Police investigation. The C.I.A. has no authority here--

But Porter is already walking down the hall, leaving the two State Police yelling after them in Indonesian.

PORTER

Cocksuckers.

Galaviz meets him and they walk and talk.

GALAVIZ

Okay, they come here, because of Vargas, because they need medical. That makes sense. But they've been in the wind for over three hours. In all that time, they don't make contact?

PORTER

(ahead of him)

Their convoy, which only we knew about, was blown to shit. Would you call?

GALAVIZ

(beat, it dawns on him)

We're compromised.

Porter nods.

An AIDE steps off the elevator, looking for Porter --

AIDE

Sir? I need to show you something.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - I.C.U. - MOMENTS LATER

Porter and Galaviz follow the Aide in. They see AGUS, unconscious in a hospital bed, hooked up to machines.

Aide shows Porter an Ipad with a group of MUG SHOT type photos (sort of like a C.I.A. Most wanted list), at the top we see Gurret, and in the second row, a AGUS'S MUG SHOT.

AIDE

He's one of Gurret's lieutenants.

PORTER
(jackpot)
Jesus.

AIDE
He's been unconscious since they
found him. His buddies probably
thought he was dead.

GALAVIZ
A lieutenant? Guy like that
probably knows a thing or two.

PORTER
Go find Oldham. You tell no one
else about this. Understood?

The Aide nods, heads out.

Porter looks at Agus, unconscious, his wheels turning...

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

A PIT BULL, mangy, starving, missing an eye from fighting,
runs his muzzle along the trash strewn perimeter of a HOUSING
PROJECT, looking for food.

WIDENING to see... HULKS of BURNED OUT VEHICLES, GANG BANGERS
and DEALERS work the corners; as desperate and dangerous as
the starving dogs that hunt for food here. The worst ghetto
you can imagine.

SILVA (V.O.)
No fucking way.

INT. FOUR RUNNER - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL: Silva, Jett, and Yuda parked across the street in the
FOUR RUNNER. Silva and Jett are looking at the HOUSING
PROJECT like it's a war zone. And it is.

SILVA
I've seen better neighborhoods in
Baghdad.

YUDA
I can get everything we need. But
I have to go in there to do it.
(then)
Stay in the car if you want.

Yuda opens his door and gets out --

Silva gets out too, moving to intercept him --

SILVA

Stop. You go in there, I got no assurance you'll come back out.

Silva steps in front of him.

SILVA (CONT'D)

It ain't happening, pal.

Stand off. Jett steps between them, keeping the peace.

JETT

I thought you two were done with this shit.

(to Silva)

We agreed to trust him.

SILVA

No. I agreed to entertain his idea, now I'm here, and I'm saying fuck this. Look at this place, we walk in there, we have no idea what could be waiting for us. No. We'll figure something else out.

JETT

What? If you've got a better move, I'm willing to listen. What I'm not willing to do is stand out here, unarmed, in the open, waiting for someone to come and kill us. And rip our fucking hearts out, and send us home wrapped in a flag. *Are you?*

Beat. Silva holds her look, can't believe she's going against him. Finally, he steps aside, letting Yuda pass.

SILVA

(quietly, to Jett)

You better be right about him.

They follow Yuda into --

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Yuda leads Jett and Silva through a DARK corridor into the housing project -- SHADOWS. GRAFFITI on the walls, piss, used condoms, and needles on the floor.

TWO CHILD SPOTTERS posted at the end of the corridor start making WHISTLING NOISES, like birds --

SILVA
What are they doing?

YUDA
Letting 'em know we're coming.

Jett and Silva exchange a look.

JETT
How do you know about this place?

YUDA
I grew up here.

Jett and Silva trade a look, surprised by that.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

They emerge from the corridor into a courtyard surrounded by TIERS of project apartments, several stories high. Laundry hangs from the rafters. The TENANTS are a motley mix of junkies, dealers, gangsters, and good people unlucky enough to be born into poverty. They crowd the landings to get a look at the strangers coming into the courtyard below.

Jett, Silva, and Yuda stand in the center of the courtyard, looking up at the forlorn, hostile FACES above them.

Out of the shadows, GANGSTERS with GUNS, MACHETES, BATS, BUTCHER KNIVES, other weapons, flood the courtyard, yelling in Indonesian -- "*Get down!*" "*Hands up, motherfuckers!*" "*The fuck you doing here?!*"

Yuda raises his hands. Silva looks at Jett, pissed. *They're fucked.*

The CROWD of GANGSTERS parts and JOKO, a wiry Indonesian man, 30s, wearing a Lebron James jersey, chrome 9mm stuffed into the waistband of his sweat pants, walks straight up to Yuda.

JOKO
(accented English)
The fuck you doing here? You gonna arrest us, Lieutenant.

LAUGHTER ripples up the tiers.

YUDA
Eko's dead. His wife and son, too.

JOKO
No shit. Word is the pigs killed
'em. Your people.

SHOTS of the Gangsters around the courtyard, nodding, angry.
Eko's death hangs over them all. He was respected here.

YUDA
They aren't my people. Not
anymore.

JOKO
(re: Jett and Silva)
Who are these *bules*?

YUDA
They're with me.

JOKO
Once upon a time that might have
meant something. Now? It don't
mean shit.

YUDA
The people who killed Eko killed my
wife and my children. Now they're
trying to kill me.

JOKO
So?

Clearly, no love lost here.

YUDA
I need a car. And guns.

Joko LAUGHS. More LAUGHTER through the courtyard.

JOKO
So that's how it is? You only come
home to ask for help?

YUDA
I'm not "asking" for anything. I
can pay.

Jett and Silva look at one another -- *He can?*

JOKO
Anything I want from you, I'll
take, Lieutenant.

Joko pulls his 9mm, points it at Yuda's head, draws the
hammer back.

JETT
It's okay. We'll go.

JOKO
(turns to Jett, looks her
up and down)
No. They can go. You? You can
stay.

LAUGHTER, CAT CALLS on the tiers. This is going bad. Fast.

YUDA
Eighty thousand dollars. It's
yours. For a car, three guns, and
a cell phone. You kill me, or hurt
my friends, you'll never see a
dime.

JOKO
I don't need your money, bitch.

YUDA
Really? Then why are you living
here?
(beat)
You can make eighty grand tonight.
Or go back to selling quarters to
junkies. What's it gonna be?

Beat. Joko looks around at the faces of the other gangsters.
He doesn't want to seem weak, but he's not stupid either.

JOKO
Where's the money?

YUDA
First, I want your word: if I honor
my end of the deal, you honor
yours.

Yuda holds out his HAND. Joko looks at it; a man's word
counts for a lot here. And that's what Yuda's banking on.

Finally, Joko NODS and clasps Yuda's HAND -- a FAMILIAR
HANDSHAKE PROMISE that goes back to when they were kids.

Yuda waves to a CHILD SPOTTER.

YUDA (CONT'D)
Kid. Come here.

The KID looks at Joko for permission. Joko nods and the kid
approaches. Jett and Silva watch as Yuda whispers in the
kid's ear. Then:

YUDA (CONT'D)
 You understand?
 (the kid nods)
Go.

The kid runs out of the courtyard. Yuda turns to Joko.

YUDA (CONT'D)
 When he gets back, you get your
 money, and I get a car, and three
 guns with a hundred rounds each.

Joko looks at Yuda, scoffs. He always had balls.

JOKO
 If he's not back in fifteen
 minutes, or you're one dollar
 short, I'll kill you both.
 (turns to Jett)
 But you? We'll have some fun with
 you first.

Jett drills him with a look that's more brave than she feels
 right about now.

EXT. STATE POLICE HQ - ROOFTOP MOTOR POOL - DUSK

PHOTOS of JETT and SILVA (pulled from the hospital
 surveillance cameras) being passed around.

Ular stands with his UNIT (MEN recognize from the opening),
 body armor, rifles, full mags, locked, cocked, and ready to
 rock. Jalal, the rookie, is among them.

LIEUTENANT
You said they're C.I.A?

Ular nods.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Why are we fucking with the C.I.A?

ULAR
*They're trying to get him out of
 the country. So he can testify.
 We've all done things none us want
 to explain.*
 (looks at the faces of his
 men)
*We're a unit. We rise together.
 We fall together. Are we clear?*

The men exchange looks. Most of them are ready; they'd do anything for Ular. But a few, Jalal especially, seem uncertain.

MEN (IN UNISON)
Yes, Captain.

ULAR
I want to take away every hole these rats have. Reach out to your street contacts; every low life gang banger, dealer, and pimp in this city. Let 'em know there's a \$100,000 cash for anyone who brings me these three.
 (then)
The same goes for all of you.

The men smile, nod, like the sound of that.

ULAR (CONT'D)
Let's get ready.

Ular's lieutenant removes a NYLON sack from his truck and a MACHETE. He OPENS the sack and an ADULT COBRA SNAKE slithers out -- *Ka-chaak!* He CHOPS its head off, DRINKS the blood, passing it around to the men as --

JALAL
 (speaking up, nervous)
Captain?
 (everyone turns)
What happened to Lieutenant Tedjo? And Rama? Halim? Why aren't they here?

Ular TENSES, doesn't like being questioned by his rookie, but some of the other men have been wondering the same thing.

ULAR
They're dead, Jalal. Yuda betrayed them. Like he betrayed all of us.

The MEN take this in. It makes them more angry. Determined.

Ular moves in, grabbing the back of Jalal's neck, pulling him in close. Tender. Fatherly.

ULAR (CONT'D)
Stick with your brothers. We take care of each other. And we kill anyone who hurts us.

Ular offers the decapitated SNAKE to Jalal: a test of allegiance. After a beat, Jalal takes it -- DRINKS the BLOOD. The men slap him on the back, psyching themselves up.

EXT. EKO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

STATE POLICE TAPE surrounds a pile of smoldering RUBBLE. Our Kid from the housing project slips under the yellow tape and looks around at what's left of Eko's house.

Our Kid moves through the rubble toward what was once the backyard. He looks around, sees --

The STONE PLANTER that we saw Yuda hide his burn bag under.

The Kid goes to it, pushing on it with all his might. It slides away, revealing --

Yuda's BURN BAG, tucked safely in its hiding place.

Our Kid pulls the BAG out. Unzips it. Sees the stacks of CASH. More money than he's ever seen in his life. He looks over his shoulder to make sure no one is around, then ZIPS up the bag, slings it over his shoulder and RUNS off.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Yuda, Jett, and Silva still waiting at gunpoint. One of the GANG BANGERS, big, is staring at Jett.

GANG BANGER

Hey?

(off Jett's silence)

Girl? You got a boyfriend? I could be your boyfriend.

The gang banger reaches out and touches Jett's cheek -- her HAND snaps up -- LIGHTENING QUICK -- she PUNCHES him in the THROAT -- he stumbles back -- COUGHING --

SILVA

Bad move, bro. *Bad move.*

The gang banger holds his throat, looks at Jett. Backs off.

Joko checks his watch, impatient as --

A SKINNY GANG BANGER enters the courtyard. Machete in his hand. He eye fucks Yuda, Jett, and Silva as he passes, moving for Joko. Skinny Gang Banger leans in close, WHISPERS something in Joko's ear. Joko nods, turns to Yuda --

JOKO
Word on the street is there's a
price on your heads.

Yuda, Jett, Silva trade a look. This isn't good.

JOKO (CONT'D)
And wouldn't you know it? It's a
hundred grand. More than what
you're offering.

YUDA
We made a deal.

Joko takes the MACHETE from his comrade and approaches Yuda,
holding up the BLADE, testing its sharpness with his thumb.

JOKO
Yes, we did, but it's good to have
options in the marketplace. You
see, no matter what? I'm getting
paid tonight.

Beat. The MOMENT is broken by --

Our KID, entering the courtyard with Yuda's DUFFEL BAG.

JOKO (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Just in time.

The kid hands the money to Joko, backs away.

JOKO (CONT'D)
(passes it off to his men)
Count it.

YUDA
Wait.

Yuda approaches, reaches in the bag, peels off a FEW BILLS
from a brick of cash, and approaches our kid.

YUDA (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Kid. You did good.
(hands him the money)
To go with the ones in your pocket.

The Kid looks down. Busted. But he takes the money. Then:

KID

I was there, last night, when the Polisi pulled the bodies from the house. All five of 'em. Sorry about your family.

The Kid turns to go, but Yuda grabs his arm.

YUDA

Five?

(the kid nods)

No, that's not right. There were six.

KID

I only counted five.

The kid pulls away.

Yuda lets him go, troubled. *He must be mistaken. Right?*

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT NEAR GHETTO - NIGHT

A stream of dirty BLACK WATER cuts through the ghetto (this area should tie into the bad neighborhood and where we saw Eko's house - it's not more than a mile or so away).

A ELDERLY INDONESIAN WOMAN, 60s, carries a basket of wet laundry up the riverbank. She HEARS something -- faint, but it's there. Sounds like *crying*. The Elderly Woman looks around, eyes LANDING ON --

A DRAIN PIPE cut into the side of the embankment.

The Elderly Woman sets her laundry basket down and approaches cautiously. *Is it a wild animal? A junkie?* She kneels --

Her POV: a CHILD'S FACE, streaked with MUD looks up at her, scooting back into the pipe, CRYING.

It's ATI. Yuda's daughter. She's filthy, afraid, shivering. But she's ALIVE.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

Yuda stands with Jett over the hood of an old TACOMA (faded paint, no rims, but good condition). They are loading and checking the actions on TWO AK-47's and a GLOCK 9mm.

In the b/g, we see Joko and his friends laughing as they count Yuda's money and talk about how to spend it.

Yuda is quiet, still thinking about what the kid said, mind swimming with the possibility his daughter could be alive.

Jett finishes loading the GLOCK, stuffs the extra mags into her cargo pockets as --

Silva approaches from around the corner of the building.

JETT
Where were you?

SILVA
Getting gas. Fuckers left us with
a quarter tank.

Silva sets a FUEL CAN in the bed of the Tacoma.

SILVA (CONT'D)
You ready?

Jett nods and they start loading up, moving for the cab of the truck. Yuda stays put.

IN THE TACOMA --

Jett gets behind the wheel, starts the truck. She looks at the FUEL GAUGE. It reads FULL.

JETT
I thought you said there was only a
quarter tank.

Silva looks at the gauge.

SILVA
Huh. Gauge must be broken. Piece
'a shit.
(leans out of the truck)
Hey. Come on. We're stepping.

YUDA
No.

Silva and Jett look at one another, *SAY WHAT?* They get out.

YUDA (CONT'D)
I can't go.

SILVA
What do you mean you can't go?

YUDA
My daughter... she might still be
alive.

JETT

You said your daughter died in the fire.

Yuda looks at her, clinging to the possibility...

YUDA

I didn't see her body. What if I was wrong?

Beat. Silva looks at Jett. Un-fucking-believable.

YUDA (CONT'D)

The kid said there were only five bodies--

SILVA

--Oh, the kid said?! Well, then it must be fucking true.

(steps forward)

Asshole. We've lost five men.

Five. We've been chased, shot at, blown up, stabbed, and I swear to God, I think one of my balls has been kicked up into my body. All of this, we've endured for you.

(serious as fuck)

So you're getting in that truck, and we're going to the airfield, and getting your ass on that plane.

Silva raises his AK.

SILVA (CONT'D)

Or I will shoot you myself and end this right here.

JETT

Silva--

SILVA

--Get in that fucking truck --

Yuda standing there.

Joko and his men looking over at the commotion --

JETT

(to Yuda, imploring)

I have a daughter. I know what we're asking you to do, but if she is alive, the safest thing for her right now is to be as far away from you as possible.

Yuda wants to believe that, but how can he just leave...?

JETT (CONT'D)
I'll find her. And I'll bring her
to you. You have my word.

Yuda and Jett. A MOMENT here. Broken by --

JOKO
Is there a problem?

SILVA
No. No problem. We were just
leaving.

JOKO
Then go. Before I change my mind.

They're interrupted by -- the SOUND of ENGINES in the
DISTANCE. Approaching. They all turn to see --

A STATE POLICE SUV and TWO ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS
rounding the corner, driving toward them.

SILVA
(turning to Joko)
Motherfuckers. You sold us out.

JOKO
Fuck you, *bule*. You really think
we'd call the pigs. *Here?*

SILVA
For a fucking reward you would!

Now, Joko's pals are coming -- GUNS going up -- Silva with
his gun -- YELLING -- the State Police VEHICLES getting
closer -- CHAOS --

JOKO
You calling me a liar, *bule*?
(beat, stare down)
You got what you came for. Get the
fuck outta here before you get us
all killed.

Jett watches Joko arguing with Silva. CLOSE CUTS: Joko's
eyes, the muscles around his mouth, the veins in his temple
(just like she was watching Yuda in the interrogation room).

Jett seems troubled by something, but whatever it is, there's
no time, because --

JETT

Silva-- we gotta go-- Now!

Jett pulls him away and they start moving to the truck.

JETT (CONT'D)

(to Yuda)

Come on!

ON Yuda, looking at the STATE POLICE APC's right on top of them. SPEC OPS INSIGNIA on the vehicles. It's Ular and his men. Yuda's former comrades. He jumps in the truck.

Joko and the gang bangers flee into the housing project as --

Jett throwing the Tacoma in gear, accelerating, cutting the wheel down an alley way, trying to make an escape, but more STATE POLICE VEHICLES appear at the other end of the alley. FUCK! She throws it reverse -- More STATE POLICE vehicles -- they're BOXED in --

Jett looks around for an exit, thinks quickly, and cuts the wheel again, driving in reverse through a narrow corridor (not meant for cars), back into the HOUSING PROJECT -- STATE POLICE VEHICLES GIVING CHASE --

-- Ular, in his SUV, on the radio --

ULAR

*They went into the housing project!
Secure the perimeter!*

-- BACK ON Jett and co., emerging from the narrow corridor into --

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Joko and the gang bangers, seeing the Tacoma crash through the courtyard, REACTING. *WHAT THE FUCK?!!*

-- Jett, Silva, Yuda spilling out of the Tacoma -- looking for a way out, but --

-- STATE POLICE flooding the COURTYARD from every direction, FIRING --

-- Jett and Silva, looking around, realizing there is no way out, but UP --

-- Jett, Silva, Yuda hitting the stairwells -- no real plan other than staying alive for another second --

-- Ular and his men in PURSUIT --

-- Joko and his men ENTERING THE FIGHT -- taking on the State Police and --

-- Jett, Yuda, Silva fight their way from one floor to the next, UP, UP, UP, --

-- STATE POLICE on their asses as --

-- GANG BANGERS and SCUM BAGS come out of the woodwork, FIGHTING to defend their turf from the intruders -- a frenetic BATTLE ROYALE -- the biggest, most violent FIGHT in our film so far -- as our people make their from up the tiers of the housing project -- getting separated, coming back together -- FIGHTING -- RUNNING -- FIGHTING SOME MORE --

-- Silva loses his gun early, and gets his HANDS on an ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT -- bashing motherfuckers' heads in as --

-- Jett and Yuda using martial arts to FEND off one attacker after another as they keep moving, FINALLY, taking us to --

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jett, Silva, and Yuda emerge onto the roof. Silva sticks his METAL BASEBALL BAT (now matted with BLOOD and HAIR) through the door's handles, locking it from the outside as --

BEHIND THEM, IN THE STAIRWELL --

Ular and his men hit the door -- POUNDING on it, trying to get to our people on the roof --

ON THE ROOF --

Jett, Silva, Yuda at the lip of the roof, looking down --

A TEN-STORY DROP (at least). There is another ROOFTOP, about 20 feet down and 30 feet across. But if you're a hair short, you'll be splattered all over the pavement below.

Behind them, the DOOR is giving way.

JETT
We can make it.

SILVA
(no fucking way)
To that?!

She starts backing up to get a running start --

SILVA (CONT'D)

Jett --

But she's RUNNING and LEAPING OFF the edge of the roof --
legs pinwheeling as --

-- Jett LANDS on the opposite roof, tumbles, looks back at --

Silva and Yuda, they look back at the door (Ular and his men
are almost through) then at Jett.

SILVA (CONT'D)

(psyching himself up)

She made it. And she's a chick.
Fuck it.

Silva backs up, goes for it --

-- HITS the lip of the other roof -- he's SHORT -- HANDS
scrambling for purchase -- SLIPPING -- Jett has him -- PULLS
him over as --

-- Yuda lands hard next to her --

-- And they're off, RUNNING again as --

-- the DOOR BURSTS OPEN -- and Ular and his men emerge, see
Jett fleeing --

-- Ular on his radio shouting at his men -- giving orders --

-- He forces them to give chase -- a FEW MAKE the jump -- a
FEW DON'T as --

-- Jett, Silva, and Yuda JUMP from ROOF TOP to ROOF TOP --
shimming down FIRE ESCAPES -- gradually making their way back
to street level --

-- STATE POLICE trying to keep up --

-- They land on the roof of a dilapidated HOUSE -- CRASH
THROUGH as --

-- STATE POLICE are there to meet them -- they FIGHT their
way out, into --

An ALLEY --

-- Around one corner, then another, a CAR FULL of GURRET'S
MEN SHOWING UP with KRIS KNIVES and other WEAPONS --

-- Our people RUN/FIGHT/GET CHASED through the NARROW STREETS
of the GHETTO, until they slip down an alley and see,

A TRAIN STATION, all lit up, beckoning them like a distant oasis. They make a run for the TRAIN STATION --

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

CROWDED with COMMUTERS. SEVERAL TRAINS wait to depart. A MAN dressed as a CLOWN performs on the platform for change.

FIND Jett, Silva, and Yuda, head down, winded, doing a poor job of blending in on the CROWDED PLATFORM.

SILVA
(re: the waiting trains)
Which one do we take?

Jett looks over her shoulder, sees

A knot of STATE POLICE OFFICERS entering the station, closing off the platform from both ends.

JETT
Which ever one leaves first.

They hustle down the platform, between the waiting trains --

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

GERMAN SHEPHERDS running their muzzles along the platform, in between the trains.

STATE POLICE OFFICERS yelling in Indonesian.

Ular on his RADIO, directing his men --

TRACK with Ular and SIX of HIS MEN walking between two TRAINS, German Shepherds smelling the platform, one of the trains -- BARKS --

TILT UP TO: Jett, Silva, and Yuda lying on their back on top of the TRAIN CAR, sweating bullets. Jett has her GLOCK in her hand, she slowly, quiiiiiietly COCKS the hammer back as --

Ular and his men FILE onto the TRAIN --

Jett looks at Silva and Yuda and they quietly slip off the roof of the car, and toward another platform, picking their way between the trains, avoiding the State Police Officers --

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Jett, Silva, and Yuda board the train amidst concerned stares from the COMMUTERS in the car. They take seats at the back of the car, keeping an eye out the window for Ular and his men.

The wait is AGONIZING. (INTERCUT W/ Ular and his officers searching the platform and tracks).

A little GIRL, 7 or 8, looks at Jett, all beat up. She seems frightened by her. Jett SMILES, trying to reassure her. The Little Girl smiles back. Her mother sees this, pulls up, and they go sit another car.

Finally, the DOORS CLOSE and the TRAIN begins to pull away from the station.

Jett looks at Silva, relieved. They fucking made it.

Her relief, however, is SHORT-LIVED, because --

A COMMOTION from the other car, people YELLING, DOGS BARKING.

They look through the car DOORS to see -- Ular and his men, making their way through the cars, looking for them. FUCK!

Our people scramble out of the car -- Ular and the State Police on their asses -- the TRAIN is CROWDED, preventing Ular and his men from getting a clean shot.

Silva, Jett, Yuda hole up in the last car and make a stand.

A FIGHT inside the TRAIN CAR ensues -- COMMUTERS in the way (maybe the little girl who Jett smiled at and her mom) -- GERMAN SHEPHERDS in play as well --

The FIGHT could spill up to the roof of the train if that isn't too "Butch and Sundance."

In the end, Jett, Yuda, and Silva, with their backs against the wall, decide their best recourse is a suicidal jump off the moving train --

As Ular and his men watch, enraged and incredulous,

They JUMP and hit ground hard --

EXT. RAVINE BELOW TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

TUMBLING ass over tea-kettle down a rocky embankment and come to a stop at the bottom of a ravine overgrown with vegetation. As the DUST SETTLES --

SILVA
(groans)
That sucked.

Silva gathers himself, turns to Jett --

SILVA (CONT'D)
You okay?

JETT
(sits up, spits blood)
I think my teeth are loose.
(wiggles her teeth)
Yep. Definitely loose. You?

SILVA
Fucking fantastic. Thinking about
hitting up the spa. Getting a
massage. Maybe a facial.

Silva wipes BLOOD from his a CUT over his eye.

JETT
(re: his swollen face)
Yeah, I was just thinking you look
like shit.

SILVA
(to Yuda)
What about you, man? You up for a
spa day?

Yuda pulls a BROKEN piece of a KRIS BLADE from his SHOULDER --
SCHLIKT. He looks at Silva, doesn't get the joke.

SILVA (CONT'D)
Never mind.

Silva gets to his feet and sees Jett's GLOCK lying in the
dirt and moves to pick it up, but before he gets there --

Jett's HAND scoops it up. She shoves it in her waistband,
and moves up to the embankment for a better vantage point.

Jett's POV: a HARBOR in the distance. SEVERAL FISHING BOATS
moored for the night.

Jett takes out her pocket GPS. It's smashed up good. But it
works. Barely. She looks at the GPS, then at the harbor.

JETT
I have an idea.

INT. HOSPITAL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and a MALE NURSE, 20s, Indonesian, steps off, pushing an unconscious PATIENT on a gurney.

It's AGUS.

The Male Nurse pushes Agus's gurney down the hall until he comes to a service entrance, looks around. Coast is clear. He OPENS the door, revealing...

Porter and Galaviz waiting in an alley behind the hospital.

Porter hands the Male Nurse a wad of CASH and they take Agus's gurney --

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Porter and Galaviz open the van's rear doors and push Agus's GURNEY into the back as --

Oldham and the Terp receive it, pulling into the van -- all kinds of TECH and strange MEDICAL EQUIPMENT in here -- the WINDOWS are PAINTED BLACK. Galaviz shuts the door. Oldham goes to work, slipping an I.V. needle into Agus' arm.

OLDHAM

How long's he been unconscious.

GALAVIZ

An hour, two. Don't know for sure. Doctor's sedated him. Swelling in his brain.

Oldham preps a SYRINGE with a VERY LONG NEEDLE.

OLDHAM

This will either wake him up. Or kill him.

Oldham looks to Porter for the 'okay.' Porter nods. Oldham jabs the SYRINGE into Agus's CHEST.

Agus sits up with JOLT! Gasps, eyes wild. Sees...

Galaviz with his GUN pointed at him. And...

PORTER

Rise and shine, motherfucker. Time to talk.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

In the distance, we see a STATE POLICE HELICOPTER doing fly by's over the train tracks and the surrounding jungle.

REVEAL: Yuda, looking back at the HELO in the distance, making his way down the docks.

Jett and Silva a few paces ahead. Jett has her GPS out:

JETT

The airfield's 13 miles north from the harbor. By boat that's thirty, forty minutes tops.

(beat)

Once we make land, it's less than a mile hike inland.

Silva looks at her GPS, warming to the idea --

SILVA

We can use the jungle as cover.

Jett nods. Silva hands her the GPS back as they arrive at an old FISHING TRAWLER with an outboard motor.

JETT

This should work.

She comes aboard, turns back to Silva --

JETT (CONT'D)

Cast us off.

SILVA

What?

JETT

Untie the fucking boat.

Silva leans down, starts untying the boat's mooring as --

Yuda comes aboard and joins Jett at the bow, as she rummages through the boat's cabinets -- FISHING GEAR -- TACKLE -- a FIRST AID KIT -- she TOSSES that to Yuda -- a FLASHLIGHT -- TK-CLICK -- it works.

Jett plays the beam of the flashlight across the pilot's controls -- gauges -- she sees the CHOKE and the THROTTLE and fires up the ENGINE and lowers the prop on the outboard --

Jett guides the vessel away from the dock as --

Silva moves to the bow, pulling something from his POCKET.

A PREPAID CELL PHONE. It's cracked, but still works.

JETT (CONT'D)
Where'd you get a phone?

SILVA
(turns)
At the housing project. Bought it
off one of the kids.

JETT
When?

SILVA
When I went to get gas. We gotta
call in the plane, remember?

Beat. Jett holds his look. This makes sense, but there's
something strange about his omission. She buries it, nods.

JETT
Right.

SILVA
(re: the phone)
It's a piece of shit. Can't get a
single fucking bar.

Silva paces, trying to get a signal on the phone.

Jett, watching him.

YUDA
You okay?

Jett shakes off what's bothering her, and nods. As...

The boat motors out into the harbor, toward open waters...

INT. BLACKED OUT VAN - NIGHT

CLOSE: An I.V. DRIP. DRIP DRIP DRIP. TILT DOWN TO --

Oldham adjust the drip on Agus's I.V.

Agus is awake, shackled to the gurney. Murderous black eyes
staring at...

Porter Galaviz, and Terp are gathered over Agus's gurney.

PORTER
Ask him if how he knew about our
convoy?

The Terp translates. Agus answers, eyes fixed on Porter.

TERP
(translating)
He says, even if he knew, he won't
tell you. He's not scared of you.
All you can do is kill him. Gurret
will take his soul.

Beat. Porter and the Agents trade looks, wondering what the fuck that means.

Porter nods to Galaviz and his junior agent produces a manila envelope, opens it.

Inside, a SINGLE PHOTOGRAPH. Porter shows the PHOTO to Agus. We don't see what it's a photo of, but... Agus does. His EYES soften; begin to well.

PORTER
He may not care about himself, but
he cares about someone.

The Terp translates the message.

PORTER (CONT'D)
I have men outside her house. It's
just one phone call from me. Do
you understand?

The Terp Translates. Agus NODS. The hard ass gangster suddenly contrite. Ready to talk.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Ask him how he and his men were
able to ambush my convoy? Who gave
them the location?

The Terp translates. Agus answers.

TERP
(translating)
He says Gurret had someone in the
C.I.A. Someone who fed him
information.

Porter and Galaviz trade a look. Exactly what they were afraid of.

PORTER
Who?

Terp translates. Agus answers.

TERP

(translating)

He doesn't know his name. He's only met him a couple of times. But, Gurret has been paying him for months, maybe longer. He's been helping Gurret smuggle weapons into the country, keeping the C.I.A. focused on fundamentalist groups. Gurret's rivals. He's been protecting him.

PORTER

Protecting him how?

Terp translates. Agus answers.

TERP

(translating)

The three agents who washed on the beach -- it was your man who gave them to Gurret. They were getting too close.

Beat. That LANDS on Porter and the other agents.

Galaviz holds up another PHOTO -- this one we see, it's a PHOTO of Vargas.

GALAVIZ

Was it him?

Terp translates. Agus looks at Vargas' photo. Then:

AGUS

(broken English)

Not him.

Off Porter, a terrible realization coming over him...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Our FISHING TRAWLER cuts a thin wake through the DARK WATERS.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Jett stands at the boat's controls, troubled. In the absence of adrenalin and fighting for her life, she's had time to think, and something is weighing on her.

Jett's POV: Silva stands at the bow, still trying to get reception on the PREPAID CELL PHONE.

JETT
(to Yuda)
Take over for a minute.

Yuda moves to take over the wheel.

FOLLOW Jett to the BOW of the boat.

JETT (CONT'D)
Still can't get a signal?

Silva puts the phone away. Turns to Jett.

SILVA
No. Probably have to wait 'til we
can find some high ground.

A beat. Something odd in her silence.

SILVA (CONT'D)
You okay?

She nods.

JETT
Fine.

Beat. He knows her better than that.

SILVA
What?

JETT
He wasn't lying.

SILVA
Who?

JETT
The guy at the housing project. He
didn't turn us in.

SILVA
So it was one of his asshole
buddies, looking to collect the
price on our head.

JETT
Right... That makes sense.

Beat. Something about the way she's looking at him.

SILVA
But not to you?

She doesn't answer.

Beat. He realizes...

SILVA (CONT'D)
What are you saying, Jett?
(beat, off her silence)
You think I'm lying? You believe
that piece of shit over me?

JETT
I believe what I saw.

SILVA
You know, it is possible for your
little magic trick to be wrong.

Jett is silent.

Yuda looks up from the other end of the boat.

SILVA (CONT'D)
Fuck you. I'm not playing your
game.

Beat. She's looking at him now. Really looking.

SILVA (CONT'D)
Stop fucking looking at me like
that!

He paces, agitated. Angry.

SILVA (CONT'D)
You're wrong. And you're outta
line--

JETT
Am I? This whole thing; the
airfield; the convoy -- it was all
your idea.

SILVA
Shut your mouth --

JETT
-- You could have planted the phone
on Vargas. When you went for gas -
gas we didn't need - you could have
called them then.

Yuda is standing now, takes a step forward. Just in case.

SILVA

I looked out for you when no one else did. So show me some fucking respect!

JETT

Is that what this is about? Respect? One shithole station after the next, nothing but a shitty pension and a dead wife to show for it.

SILVA

Don't you fucking talk about her!

Jett's calm, watching his reactions, studying them.

JETT

Maybe the C.I.A. should have shown you some respect, too.

Beat. Silva looks wounded. He moves in close, almost a whisper --

SILVA

I'm gonna ask you once, and only once, and I want you to answer carefully: Is that what you really think of me?

JETT

Tell me I'm wrong, Silva. Please.

Long beat. They look at each other. A heart breaking moment. She's not wrong. And they both know it.

Behind him, Yuda is inching closer --

Jett looks at Silva, coiled. His eyes flick down to --

The 9mm in Jett's waistband --

She REACHES for it first -- MISTAKE -- Silva head butts her -- PULLS the PISTOL -- TURNING -- FIRING --

BLAM! BLAM! Yuda is HIT HIGH -- and PITCHED OVERBOARD by the force of the ROUNDS as --

-- Jett hits Silva from behind -- the GUN goes skittering -- they FIGHT -- it's NOT like the other FIGHTS -- it's INTIMATE, partly because of the cramped quarters of the quarter deck, but mostly because this is her PARTNER, her MENTOR. As they FIGHT --

-- Yuda, in the water, his hands have caught the end of the mooring rope and he's being DRAGGED, trying to pull himself back to the trawler with his one good arm as --

ON THE BOAT -- the FIGHT is MESSY, brutal -- Jett going for the gun -- Silva there, too -- FOUR HANDS -- ONE GUN -- scrambling for it -- FINGERS DANCING around the GRIP until--

Silva gets there first -- spinning -- FIRING -- BLAM! Jett is pitched back across the quarter deck -- gasping -- She puts her hand to her SHOULDER -- BLOOD. And here's --

Silva, over her with the gun. He hates what he has to do.

SILVA

It wasn't supposed to be this way.
You think I wanted this? No one
was supposed to get hurt. They
were gonna hit us, take him... and
go. That was it.

Jett is trying to catch her breath, and crawl away, but he STEPS on her wounded shoulder with his boot, pinning her.

She looks up at him, wounded (and not just physically) --

JETT

... Why?

SILVA

Why? Why do you think? All we've
sacrificed. And for what? I
didn't even get to say goodbye to
my wife. My wife.

(beat)

You think Porter, or any of those
bureaucrat fucks give a shit and
shake about us? Please. We're as
replaceable as the assholes they
stuck us here to hunt down. The
question isn't why. It's *why not*?

Beat. Silva DARKENS.

SILVA (CONT'D)

You know wanna know the saddest
part, you're just like me. You
woulda kept at this shit for years.
You were never going home to your
daughter. At least this way,
she'll grow up missing you,
thinking you're a hero. Instead of
resenting the fact that you were
never there at all.

(MORE)

SILVA (CONT'D)
 (beat, means this)
 I'm sorry, Jett.

Silva raises the gun. Jett closes her eyes. Thinks of her daughter one last time. And --

CLICK. A dry fire. CLICK. CLICKCLICK. The gun is EMPTY.

Jett sweeps Silva's legs out from under him -- rolls away -- looking for a weapon, but -- Silva's UP -- tackling her -- and they go to the GROUND -- rolling around the quarter deck -- smashing the boat up -- Silva on top -- holding DEAD WEIGHT -- his big HANDS on Jett's THROAT -- CHOKING her to DEATH -- she's turning PURPLE -- the life draining out of her as --

CLOSE -- Jett's FINGERS, splayed, grasping over the contents of an overturned tackle box, FINDING -- A FILLETING KNIFE --

SCKLIKT! She jabs it into Silva's chest. He looks down. Shocked. BLOOD BLOOMS across his shirt. The KNIFE HILT of juts out of his chest. He stumbles back, hits the deck.

Jett sits up, grabbing her throat, gasping for air. Then, from behind, a COMMOTION. She turns --

Yuda, bleeding, soaking wet, is trying to pull himself up the back of the boat.

Jett goes to him, pulls him on board. He's in BAD SHAPE.

Jett looks around, finds the FIRST AID KIT scattered about the quarter deck. Starts packing his TWO GUN SHOT WOUNDS (one in his side, the other in his shoulder) with GAUZE.

JETT
 Look at me. You're gonna make it.
 You have to make it. For Ati.

Yuda nods, weak.

Jett moves over Silva, tears in her eyes. Despite everything it's painful to watch him die.

JETT (CONT'D)
 Did you tell them? About the
 airfield?

Silva just stares at her, struggling for his last breaths. The HILT of the knife is buried so close to his heart that it QUIVERS with every wan beat... getting weaker and weaker.

JETT (CONT'D)
 Don't fuck with me, Silva. You owe
 me that much. Did you tell them?

Silva exhales. The knife HILT goes still. He's GONE.

EXT. A SHACK - NIGHT

Primitive. Third world. No running water. No sewage.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Ati, Yuda's daughter, sits on a pillow on the floor, wrapped in a blanket. The Old Woman who found Ati in the drainage pipe sets a cup of BROTH in front of the scared little girl.

HEADLIGHTS swing across the house. The sound of car doors slamming.

STAY ON Ati as the Old Woman goes to the door, opens it. VOICES outside, speaking in Indonesian. The Old Woman steps aside, letting them in --

REVEAL: Ular and one of his lieutenants.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(subtitled)

*She won't speak. I didn't know who
else to call.*

Ular steps forward, kneels in front of Ati, smiles, but not with his eyes.

ULAR

*Hello, little one. I'm a friend of
your dad's.*

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

Silva's CORPSE. Jett is going through his pockets, looking for -- the PREPAID CELL PHONE and his NOTEBOOK. She stuffs them in her cargo pocket. Feels around, remembering...

Jett PULLS out the SMASHED BOX of EARRINGS. Looks at them a beat. Interrupted by --

Yuda COUGHS behind her. Pale. Weak. He's bandaged up okay, but he's on fumes. They both are.

Jett rises, grabs a RUSTY MACHETE from the boat, and they swing their legs overboard --

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Jett and Yuda jump off the trawler and wade to shore. Get CHECKS her GPS -- 1 MILE TO FINAL DESTINATION.

As they head into the jungle --

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

RAIN POURS over a MOONLIT RUNWAY. Cracked tarmac. Overgrown with weeds and vegetation. Several HANGERS, boarded up, long since abandoned on the perimeter. Coast is clear.

Jett and Yuda standing on hill, looking down at the runway.

Jett has a small SCOPE, from her M-4 out, scanning the treeline, making sure they're alone.

JETT

Looks good.

(then)

How you doing?

Yuda spits blood, nods.

JETT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make the call. Hang tight. It'll be over soon.

YUDA

And Ati--?

JETT

I promised you I'd find her. I will.

(re: his wound)

Keep pressure on it.

Yuda slumps back against a tree, takes out the PINK ROCK NECKLACE his daughter gave him, rubbing like we saw him doing in the opening...

Jett has the PREPAID CELL out. Two SIGNAL bars. She takes out Silva's note book, DIALING the NUMBER for Andersen A.F.B.

Agonizing wait... Then, it RINGS....

JETT (CONT'D)

C'mon, fucking pick up...

Finally, a VOICE, AMERICAN MALE, broken, distant --

VOICE OVER PHONE (V.O.)
 Andersen -- C.O.C. -- Staff
 Sergeant Butler speaking --

JETT
 -- This is Ghost One calling -- can
 you hear me--? Okay, I'm here --
 we're here -- we're at checkpoint
 Nirvana -- awaiting exfil --

VOICE OVER RADIO
 Copy that. Do you have eyes on the
 airfield?

JETT
 Yes. You're good to go. We have
 wounded -- we need immediate
 medical --

VOICE OVER RADIO
 Roger. We have a medic on board.
 Hang tight. Air is on station.
 Fifteen minutes out.

JETT
 Roger. Standing by.

She hangs up, looks at Yuda. Who looks like he's about to
 pass out. She moves to him.

JETT (CONT'D)
 Air's on its way. Fifteen minutes.

YUDA
 (after a beat...)
 Tell me about your daughter.

JETT
 (surprised by the
 questions)
 Um... she's... She's the beautiful
 thing in the world.
 (beat, smiles)
 She's smart. Lot smarter than I
 was. She's got a good dad. And a
 good step mom.

YUDA
 A good mom, too.

She smiles.

JETT
 That remains to be seen.

Yuda's EYES. WIDENING, looking at something with ALARM...

Jett turns, follows his gaze to --

THREE BLACK SUBURBANS rolling up the tarmac.

JETT (CONT'D)
 ... No... No... No...
 (looks to the sky; to God;
 to the universe)
 You gotta be fucking kidding me?!

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

The SUBURBANS stop. BODY GUARDS (GURRET'S MEN) get out with SUB MACHINE GUNS, scanning the treeline. They nod back to the middle Suburban and --

Gurret steps out, approaches the treeline, starts to CLAP.

GURRET
 (accented English)
 I'm very impressed. Are you there,
 Yuda? Are your friends there?

INTERCUT WITH:

JETT AND YUDA

Crouched in the treeline --

GURRET
 We found your boat. Too bad about
 Agent Silva, but... at least he
 didn't die in vain...

Gurret turns back to the SUV, nods. After a moment, the door opens and Ular steps out, pulling --

Ati from the backseat.

ON YUDA

His heart STOPS. His worst nightmare.

GURRET
 You have 30 seconds, Yuda.

Gurret removes his long, scary-looking *Kris* blade from a scabbard under his jacket --

GURRET (CONT'D)

And then I will cut your daughter's heart out while she watches. And trust me, I've learned how to take my time.

IN THE TREELINE

Yuda's up, moving on instinct toward the tarmac. Jett pulls him back --

JETT

If you walk out there, she's dead anyway. You think he'll let her live?

YUDA

Let go of me --

JETT

--He'll kill her, then he'll kill you -- and it was all for nothing --

YUDA

You said you have a daughter?

(she nods)

What would you do? She's all I have left, if she is going to die, then I will die with her.

Jett lets go of his arm. Knows there's nothing she can say to stop him.

YUDA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JETT

For what? I didn't save you. I didn't save your daughter.

YUDA

You tried.

Beat. HOLD ON their look. Two warriors saying goodbye.

Yuda turns and staggers out of the treeline.

Jett, watching him go...

TARMAC

Ular, Gurret, and the Body Guards watch Yuda stagger toward them from the jungle.

Ati sees her dad approaching, bloody, beaten, shot. She begins to CRY, wrenching away from Ular --

Yuda scoops her up --

ATI
(subtitled)
Daddy what's happening?

YUDA
It's okay. Daddy's here. We're together. We're together.

ON JETT IN THE TREELINE

She has the PREPAID CELL PHONE to her ear, looking up --

JETT
(into phone)
Put me through to the flight crew!
Now goddammit!!!

TARMAC

Yuda holds his daughter as he's ushered forward at gunpoint.

GURRET
(to Yuda, whispers)
Do as I say, and I'll make sure she goes quick. You, however, will not be so lucky.

Ular opens the door, catching eyes with Yuda. Yuda would kill him right now if he could. But he can't. He gets inside the Suburban as --

Gurret turns back to his Guards, nods.

KAKAKAKAKAKAKA -- the Guards strafe the treeline --

TREELINE

Jett lies on her stomach -- tracer rounds zipping over her head -- CHOPPING DOWN the jungle on top of her head -- a BULLET SNAPS the mud by her hand -- hitting her -- another one gets her boot -- Finally --

TARMAC

The Guards magazines run dry and they turn back toward their convoy, leaving the smoldering treeline behind them.

TREELINE

Jett on her hands and knees, bloody, reaching for -- the PREPAID PHONE in the mud nearby -- it's SHATTERED, a BULLET HOLE through it. FUCK! *Whatever message she wanted to send, it's not clear if it got through.*

Jett turns back to the tarmac, sees the convoy of Suburbans getting ready to depart.

LEAD SUBURBAN

Makes a U-TURN, leading the other two Suburbans back toward the airfield's exit, but as they come about, the DRIVER hits the brake, because, there, standing in the pouring rain is,

Jett, machete in hand, alone in the center of the tarmac.

The Guards look at one another. *Is she fucking crazy?*

YUDA'S SUBURBAN

Yuda is sitting between Ular and another Guard, at gunpoint. He has Ati in his lap. Everyone is wondering why they've stopped.

TARMAC

Jett watches as a couple of guys with MACHINE GUNS get out of lead SUV to shoot her when --

A HIGH PITCHED SCREECHING SOUND.

The Guards look up at the sky as --

BOOM! BOOM! The lead SUV and the TRAIL SUV EXPLODE in two FIREBALLS!

Death from above.

CUT TO:

INT. C-130 - NIGHT

PILOT'S VIEW FINDER -- GRAINY NIGHT VISION AERIAL of WEAPONS DELIVERY SYSTEM -- two of the three trucks glowing, ON FIRE.

FACELESS PILOT
Effects on target. Standing by for
B.D.A.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Stunned body guards, looking at the flaming hulks of the two SUV's as -- Jett swoops in, chopping them down with the rusty machete as --

INT. 2ND SUV - SAME

Everyone REACTS as the SUV's to the front and back of them, go up in FLAMES. Yuda seizes the opportunity -- slips his arm around the DRIVER's NECK -- SNAP! --

Ular GRABS Yuda -- STRUGGLING in the cramped car -- Gurret holding his KRIS -- trying to impale Yuda while --

Ati SCREAMS -- BITES Ular's leg --

Yuda kicks Gurret back -- head butts Ular -- GRABBING Ati --

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

And they're RUNNING from the SUV -- meeting Jett on the tarmac -- the three of them RUN toward the JUNGLE --

Ular, Gurret, and a few of Gurret's men (four or five) getting their bearings -- grabbing weapons for the kill as --

EXT. AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

ROWS and ROWS of decommissioned AIRCRAFT and HELICOPTERS, rusted and overgrown with vegetation, just left here in the jungle after the airfield shut down.

Jett, Yuda, and Ati make their way through the aircraft cemetery --

Ular, Gurret, and the others fanning out, looking for them.

EXT. AIRFIELD - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

LAND CRUISERS screeching to a halt in front of a STATE POLICE ROAD BLOCK. THREE OFFICERS man it.

Porter, Galaviz, and other Agents get out. Porter marches up the OFFICER IN CHARGE --

PORTER
(re: the road block)
Get the fuck outta my way!

STATE POLICE LIEUTENANT
(broken English)
This is a State Police Operation!

Porter turns back to his troops --

PORTER
Fuck this. Back in the trucks.
They don't wanna move, we'll go
through 'em --

The Lieutenant RAISES his RIFLE --

STATE POLICE LIEUTENANT
This is State Police oper--

KRUNCH! Porter grabs the barrel of his RIFLE and SMASHES the stock back into his face -- BLOOD like a faucet --

PORTER
Arrest me, asshole.

Galaviz and the other Agents move in and strip weapons from the other two State Police -- zip tie them as --

EXT. AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Jett and Yuda split up. Jett tries to lead Ular and the others away from Yuda and the others.

INT. DECOMMISSIONED AIRPLANE - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Yuda and Ati hide inside the cargo hold. Ular, and his men right outside. The RAIN is drumming off the steel fuselage. Ati is crying. Yuda is trying to quiet her.

OUTSIDE --

Ular and two GUARDS stop. Ular nods to the plane --

NEAR THE TREELINE --

Jett turns, they're not following her. Shit. She goes back to help Yuda and his daughter as --

THWACK! She's KNOCKED off her feet by a BIG BODY GUARD -- LANDS hard in the MUD -- as she HOISTED UP --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DECOMMISSIONED AIRPLANE - CARGO HOLD - SAME

Yuda FIGHTS with Ular while trying to protect his daughter. This should be one of the best, most VIOLENT fights in the film between two very skilled martial artists -- as they trade blows in the cargo hold -- Yuda must defend his daughter, as well as himself --

EXT. TREELINE - SAME

Jett takes on TWO of Gurret's BODY GUARDS, it's MUDDY, brutal. Jett's FINAL FIGHT of FILM needs to push her to the edge of her physical capabilities -- She needs to be physically breaking down -- her FACE is being PUSHED into the MUD, she's being suffocated, and when she's about to give up she HEARS -- her DAUGHTER'S VOICE AGAIN. That LAUGH.

QUICK, IMPRESSIONISTIC POPS: her daughter's EYES, her DAUGHTER'S SNAGGLE-TOOTH SMILE -- that FACE, looking up at her --

BACK ON --

Jett pushes herself to keep going and KILLS the two GUARDS.

BACK WITH YUDA IN THE CARGO HOLD --

Yuda finally kills Ular, but he turns to see --

Gurret, holding his daughter.

The FINAL fight will be some combo of Jett and Yuda taking out Gurret as --

Porter and his AGENTS sweep through, taking Gurret and his men into custody --

EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - NIGHT

Jett sees the AC-130 has landed on the tarmac, its massive CARGO BAY DOOR lowering --

JETT
(to Yuda)
Come on!

Yuda sweeps Ati up in his arms and the three of them run toward the waiting AC-130.

BOTTOM OF CARGO RAMP

TWO MARINES coming down the RAMP with M-4's, yelling over the engines.

MARINE
Stand fast! Authenticate yourself!

Beat. Jett caught short. Oh fuck. She digs in her cargo pocket for Silva's NOTEBOOK -- flips through -- reads:

JETT
Tango-Lima-Sierra-one-eight-one-seven. Requesting permission to come aboard with two packs.
(looks to Yuda)
All friendly.

MARINE
(waving them on)
Welcome aboard, ma'am.

The Marines shepherd Yuda and Ati up the ramp as --

Jett turns back, catches eyes with --

Porter at the edge of the tarmac. A last look between them. He knows she's going. So do we.

CLOSE: Jett's FOOT steps onto the cargo ramp.

INT. C-130 - NIGHT

Jett and Yuda are brought on board by the FLIGHT CREW. MEDICS begin looking them over, taking care of them.

Yuda holds his daughter's hand. Shares a look with Jett.

Jett pulls out the smashed BOX OF EARRINGS for her daughter and sets them on her knee, looks at them as the plane begins to taxi out onto the runway.

ON Jett, her eyes flick to the window, as the plane accelerates. After a few moments, the ground drops out of the window, leaving the airfield, and the blackness of the jungle behind.

She's going home.

CUT TO BLACK.