

PATRIOT DOWN

by
Ian Stone

11671 Dona Alicia Place,
Studio City, CA 91604
323 447 7009
Imstone@mac.com

EXT. KISINGHALI TOWNSHIP - EASTERN CONGO - DAWN

The first tendrils of the dawn touch the sky. A flock of birds takes to the air in the distance. A millisecond later, the cause of their flight -

BOOM! The shock-wave of an EXPLOSION.

The birds dart in another direction as STACCATO MACHINE-GUNFIRE rips the air.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

A FATHER'S HAND shakes a SLUMBERING BOY (10) to life. Large, bright eyes set in a round, black face gaze back, instantly alert. His name is BENOÎT (pronounced Benwa).

The father, RENÉE (40's), a wiry, energetic man, hurriedly tosses clothes at the boy.

RENÉE
(French - subtitled)
Get dressed. Hurry!

BENOÎT
What is it?

RENÉE
Interahamwe. Hurry!

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - KINGHALI - EASTERN CONGO - MOMENTS LATER

Benoît hurries from the house, ushered by his mother, MICHELE (40), her face haunted by Africa's conflicts, and his sister, SYLVIE (22), whose dark eyes brim with spirit and defiance, in spite of her circumstances.

Clutching what belongings they can, they clamber into an OLD TOYOTA COROLLA. Renée tries the ignition - WHIR... WHIR... CLICK. Dead. Cursing, he pops the hood -

PAUL
(French - subtitled)
Bloody car! Always the same.
Benoît!

Renée and Benoît hop out. Renée raises the hood while Benoît delves into the recesses of the engine with his small hands, finding the starter-motor, connecting a pair of loose wires and VROOM! The engine comes to life.

I/E. RENÉE'S TOYOTA - KINGHALI STREETS - DRIVING

Rounding a corner, they see -

MILITIAMEN swarm a car, smashing the windows. Inside another FAMILY huddles in terror, waiting for the windows to give way.

In the gutter dead bodies lie by the dozen. Sylvie grabs her brother and pulls his face to her.

SYLVIE
Don't look.

Renée slows for a ROADBLOCK ahead. Michele glances down at his hand - it's TREMBLING.

RENÉE
Whatever happens, keep the engine running.

A MILITIAMAN, not a day over fourteen, approaches the car.

MILITIAMAN
What is your name and occupation?

RENÉE
Renée Abidal. I'm a journalist.
(presenting his press card)

MILITIAMAN
Who do you write for?

RENÉE
I'm freelance.

MILITIAMAN
Out.

Renée hesitates.

MILITIAMAN (CONT'D)
Now. Out! Out!

Renée pulls Michele close -

RENÉE
(whispered)
The children--

He's PULLED from the car by MORE MILITIAMEN, DRAGGED to the side of the road -

The children SCREAM for their father -

Michele, the horror of what's about to happen already written on her face, slips into the driver's seat -

TAK! TAK! TAK! Renée is executed. Why? Maybe his nose was too broad. Or his name belonged to a rival tribe. Welcome to the Eastern Congo.

Michele RAMS her foot on the ACCELERATOR. The Toyota SURGES forward, SLAMMING THROUGH THE BARRIER -

TAK! TAK! TAK! Bullets rip into the car as it recedes -

Michele's HIT - loses control - CAREENS INTO A BUILDING.

Sylvie and Benoît leap from the car. Sylvie grabs her mother, stumbling with her - CRASHING to the ground - Benoît drags them to their feet - they RUN towards -

AN ALLEY - down the alley - across a GULLY - GUNFIRE close behind - they run on into -

THICK BUSH

A BLUR OF IMAGES - plunging, frantically, deeper into TROPICAL RAINFOREST - the GUNFIRE RECEDING -

They run on... through DENSE JUNGLE - stumbling - falling repeatedly - and getting up again and running... running...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY - MARYLAND - WINTER - DAWN

A different forest - DECIDUOUS FOREST of North America. A thick BLANKET OF SNOW on the ground.

A BLUR OF IMAGES - a MAN (40's), athletic, with a determined set, runs through the woods.

TWO MORE MEN, pursuers, wearing holstered side-arms, equally athletic, struggle to keep pace with their quarry.

The man in the lead pushes harder. The pursuers exchange a glance... a silent groan. An enigma -

INTERCUT WITH:

A SERIES OF RAPID-FIRE TV & RADIO NEWS CLIPS:

SUMMER - A POLITICAL RALLY - JOHN CAMPBELL (45), the runner from the woods, election candidate, mobbed by SUPPORTERS...

NEWSCASTER A
... with recounts in four states and
Supreme Court intervention looming...

ANOTHER RALLY - Campbell, dynamic, at a podium, exhorts supporters...

NEWSCASTER B
... unprecedented national crisis,
with no resolution expected soon...

TELEVISED AUDITORIUM - Campbell and his OPPONENT (60's)
debate, bitterly...

NEWSCASTER C
... most hotly contested election
in living memory...

Campbell, at the head of a MARCH OF AGITATED PROTESTERS...

NEWSCASTER A
... the issue of the war...

Campbell's opponent at a POLITICAL RALLY of his own...

NEWSCASTER D
... splitting the country. It
remains to be seen if a deeply
divided nation will heal after...

Campbell, jostled and heckled by opposition supporters...

NEWSCASTER B
... The Supreme Court ruling that
the Ohio recount stands...

RIOTERS IN THE STREETS of an American city - CARS AFLAME,
SMASHED SHOP WINDOWS, RIOT POLICE CHARGE - scenes reminiscent
of the LA riots...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY - MARYLAND - DAWN

Winter again - Campbell, running in the woods, gritted teeth,
pushes harder.

INT. BATHROOM - NO INDICATION OF TIME

Campbell, wearing a suit, looks at himself in the mirror.

CAMPBELL
My fellow Americans... there's been
a... mistake... of sorts, I think.
I started speaking... and now here
we are... no going back...

A KNOCK at the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
John? We should go.

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL - DAY

Snow blankets Washington. A SEA OF FACES waits, expectantly. The great and the glorious mingle with the humble and the ordinary. Faces turned to the approach from Pennsylvania Avenue -

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF STROBE LIGHTS, police outriders, herald the appearance of a convoy of blacked out, armored vehicles - the PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)

A sight for sore eyes if ever I saw one: the President-elect's motorcade coming into view. The out-going President now, officially, the longest serving President after FDR: eight years and eleven months.

Amongst the humanity, a child on his father's shoulders holds a placard aloft - "All I want for Xmas is a President!"

HIGH IN THE PRESS GALLERY

PUNDITS and PRODUCERS huddle over an impressive array of MONITORS, MIXERS etc. WOLF BLITZER turns to ANDERSON COOPER.

WOLF BLITZER

Anderson, the most bitterly contested election in the nation's history behind us... the scenes of the summer and the fall... I've been to several inaugurations, but never felt anything like this.

ANDERSON COOPER

I agree. Unlike any other, Wolf. The gathering storm. Change is coming to America. It's in the air. And many don't like it. But it's coming. It's palpable.

FOOT OF THE STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Flanked by Secret Service, JOHN CAMPBELL, President-elect, emerges from the "Beast" - the President's armor-plated limousine. The door is held by ADAM COOPER (30's), PPD Leader, ever alert, one of the pursuers from the woods.

AGENT COOPER

(discreetly into mic)

"Patriot" has landed. Moving to the steps-- Hold one.

Cooper watches his commander-in-chief veer from his carefully MARKED PATH to the Capitol steps, turning his back on the array of press cameras and reporters, and walking to the opposite side of the road.

AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
Moving to the public gallery...

Grasping palms reach from the human wall of the public.
Campbell smiles easily as he presses the flesh.

IN THE PRESS GALLERY

Our pundits relish the President-elect's antics -

WOLF BLITZER
Didn't take long. Not officially in
the job and already moving off base.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS

Campbell comes to rest at a wheelchair-bound, much-decorated VETERAN (80's). He talks easily with him. We never hear his words, but we feel his warmth.

His wife, ELENA (40's), elegant, natural beauty, joins him.
He extends his hand to hers and grips it.

ELENA
The mics are over there.
(nods to the press)

CAMPBELL
I know.
(diligently avoiding them)

She smiles ... and together they turn to walk to the steps.

Suddenly, a FIGURE RUSHES from the crowds - a LATINO BOY (5),
running for Campbell.

The SECRET SERVICE CLOSE FAST as -

Another FIGURE rushes forward, a LATINO MAN (20's) -

LATINO MAN
Martín! No!

In the blink of an eye the young boy has grabbed Campbell's sleeve and the man (his father) is TACKLED and smashed to the floor by secret service agents, WEAPONS DRAWN.

Campbell, composed, shields the boy from the closing agents.

CAMPBELL
It's OK. It's OK.

AGENT #1
(frisking the father)
He's clear!

LATINO MAN
(prostrate)
He's my son... my son...

AGENT COOPER
Stand down! Stand down!

The agents relax, marginally.

Campbell kneels to comfort the boy, now traumatized by the spectre of his father pressed into the tarmac by half-a-dozen secret service agents.

CAMPBELL
Easy. Easy. Martin?

The boy looks at Campbell, his face CRUMPLING, then at his father, then at his MOTHER (20's) and BROTHER (7) at the barriers. Campbell takes it all in.

CAMPBELL
That your big brother?

The boy, tears flowing, nods.

CAMPBELL
He put you up to this?
(the boy nods again)
How much?

The boy raises five fingers.

CAMPBELL
Five dollars?
(laughs)
You need a raise! A stunt like that's worth a lot more than five dollars - you were almost a memory, amigo. Are you scared?

The boy nods again.

CAMPBELL
I'm not surprised. You scared a lot of other people. But don't worry, they scare easy.

A glimpse of a smile from Martin. Campbell nods to the Veteran in the wheelchair.

CAMPBELL

See that man over there? Stormed a bunker on Iwo Jima. Took out a machine-gun nest single-handedly. All he got was a medal and a piece of lead lodged in his leg to prove it. You don't realize it, but what you just did was probably just as dangerous.

(studies him)

I think maybe you're the kind of young man our country needs. We just have to find the right challenge for you.

(smiles)

Come.

He lifts the boy and walks over to where his father is still held down.

CAMPBELL

Thanks, guys. You can let him up.

Campbell holds out his hand and helps the father to his feet and places his child in his arms.

CAMPBELL

Better?

The boy nods.

CAMPBELL

Can you keep a secret?

The boy nods. Campbell looks up to the PODIUM, and the burden with it, that waits.

CAMPBELL

I'm a little scared too.

With that he walks back to his wife and together they begin to climb the steps to the podium.

IN THE PRESS GALLERY

Our pundits themselves a little shaken by the events -

WOLF BLITZER

Fifty bucks Sean Hannity interviews that kid tonight.

AT THE PODIUM

The CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES proffers a Bible. Campbell places his left hand on it and raises his right...

INT. WEST FRONT, US CAPITOL - NIGHT

Pomp and circumstance. The Inaugural Ball - at Christmas. Campbell dances with Elena. All eyes are on them.

Campbell's Chief-of-Staff, ALEXANDER LANDAU (40's), nervous energy, prematurely gray, sidles up to the Vice-President, CHARLES RICHARDS (60's), a taciturn character, experience etched on his face.

LANDAU
Haven't had a chance to
congratulate you, Mr. Vice-
President.

RICHARDS
Thank you, Alex. Is he actually
President? I mean, legally...
Justice Fuegos fluffing the oath...

LANDAU
I think the people have had it with
lawyers, don't you?
(innocently)
Might've been you otherwise.

Richards manages a wry smile.

RICHARDS
You'd wish that on me?

Their gaze returns to the new President and First Lady.

ELENA
(whispering)
Good speech.

CAMPBELL
You think?

ELENA
I preferred the other one.

He looks at her quizzically.

ELENA
You know, the one you were
practising in the bathroom.

CAMPBELL
Saving it for State of the Nation.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Campbell sits, looking tired, on the foot of the bed. Elena emerges from the bathroom. They look at each other.

ELENA
Is it time?

He nods.

CAMPBELL
Ten till two.

She comes over to him. He stands. They hold each other, pressing their faces deep into each other, inhaling...

First one, then the other starts to LAUGH...

CAMPBELL
What?

ELENA
What?

More laughter. She kisses him gently on the cheek. They gaze at each other, a little stupefied...

ELENA
What's so funny, Mr. President?

CAMPBELL
Are we gonna pull this off?

ELENA
No doubt in my mind.

CAMPBELL
Why not?

ELENA
Because I know you.

CAMPBELL
Oh? Who am I?

A beat.

ELENA
Come.

She leads him out...

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - PRIVATE WING

Elena quietly opens a door, Campbell close behind. They peer into darkness.

GIRL'S VOICE
Can you turn on the light, Mom?

ELENA

It's two in the morning. You should be asleep.

GIRL'S VOICE

Are you kidding me? We're in the freakin' White House! How am I supposed to sleep?

Elena flicks on the light. Mother and father gaze at their daughter, LILY (10), wide awake in bed.

CAMPBELL

(amused)

Lil, you have to get some sleep.

LILY

You should've thought of that before you took the job.

Laughing, he sits on her bed and holds her hand. Elena stays at the door.

LILY

Dad, men with guns follow us everywhere. I don't like it.

CAMPBELL

Try to forget about them.

LILY

Is there one outside?

CAMPBELL

Downstairs.

LILY

I'm not stupid, you know. They're there because they're afraid someone's going to try to kill you.

CAMPBELL

They're paid to be afraid. So we don't have to be.

LILY

I don't care how much they're paid, I'm still afraid.

CAMPBELL

Leave the worrying to the grown-ups. As long as those guys are with us, we're safe.

LILY

Reagan got shot. Kennedy got shot.

CAMPBELL
You're missing a couple more there.

A silence.

LILY
(a statement)
You're going away.

Campbell looks surprised.

LILY
The shoes. You wear those shoes
when you fly.

Campbell smiles and nods, busted.

CAMPBELL
Yeah. Just for a couple of days.

LILY
Dad! No. It's Christmas!

CAMPBELL
I'm sorry, baby. Some things are
too important to avoid.

LILY
What things?

CAMPBELL
Can't say, sweetheart.

LILY
Great. Another perk of the job. Can
you at least tell me where?

Campbell shakes his head.

CAMPBELL
I love you, sweetheart, now go to
sleep.

He kisses her gently on the forehead and heads to the door,
switching out the light.

LILY
Dad...

CAMPBELL
Yes?

LILY
I love you, too.

He smiles at her and leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - PRIVATE WING

Elena waits for him.

ELENA
Busted?

CAMPBELL
Busted. The shoes. Has her mother's
intuition.

Smiling, she straightens his tie.

ELENA
Be careful. Come back safe.
Promise?

CAMPBELL
Promise. I'm not the pilot this
time.

She frowns.

ELENA
Not funny.

She hugs him and kisses him.

ELENA
Merry Christmas. Go.

She lets go. He walks away down the staircase.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Campbell enters, closing the door behind him. He takes a moment to look around and quietly contemplate where he's landed.

There's a tap at the door. Landau, Chief of Staff, enters.

CAMPBELL
Time?

LANDAU
Time.

INT. "TODAY" SET - NBC STUDIOS - DAY

MATT LAUER, his usual chipper self. The studio decked out with the standard OTT Christmas garb.

MATT LAUER

We wake this Christmas morning to
amazing images of our new
President, his first day in the
job, in ... Baghdad.

CUT TO:

TV IMAGES -

Campbell, with the troops in Iraq, serving turkey.

MATT LAUER (V.O.)

President Campbell sending a clear
message in choosing to spend his
first Christmas in office with the
troops. The President, of course,
famously shot down over Iraq in the
first Gulf War, during his own time
in the Navy, spent the day on a
morale-boosting mission, joking
about his stay as a guest of Saddam
Hussein in '91.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - WHITE HOUSE PRIVATE QUARTERS - MORNING

Lily at the table, FROZEN, cereal inches from her open mouth,
stares at the images on the TV.

LILY

(not happy)

Mom! He's in Iraq!

ELENA

(entering the room)

Calm down. No he isn't.

Lily points to the TV -

LILY

Lookit! He's in a freakin' war
zone! On Christmas Day!

ELENA

Baghdad is nine hours ahead. He's
already left. Hours ago.

LILY

How do you know?

ELENA

He called me. From Air Force One.
He'll be home for dinner. "Mission
accomplished."

Lily calms a little, but the relief brings hot tears.

LILY

He's in so much trouble when he
gets back.

Her mother hugs her and smiles.

ELENA

I know, sweetie. From you and me
both.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AIRFORCE ONE - AIRBORNE - LATER

Campbell, Landau and advisors pore over documents and charts.
State of the art comms and live video-conferencing links us
with the cabinet room at the White House - more aids and
advisors - no rest for the wicked - welcome to government.

LANDAU

Chinese intelligence are behind the
stories. They make the Russians
look like the villains and the
region slips a little closer to
their grasp.

A telephone flashes. An AID answers.

CAMPBELL

Who is it?

AID

Mr. Landau, it's your son.

Landau glances at his watch.

LANDAU

I'll call back.

CAMPBELL

Take it.

LANDAU

Mr. President, we have some ground
to cover--

CAMPBELL

Take it.

(glancing at his own watch)
It's eight o'clock stateside.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
He's probably heading out to go
sledding with his buddies. His
father's on Air Force One. Have you
any idea how high his stock's about to
rise? Take the call. Make him proud.

Landau hesitates.

CAMPBELL
Take the call. That's an order.

Grateful, Landau does so.

CAMPBELL
Where are we?

The aid makes a call to the cockpit.

AID
Congo/Sudan border, sir.

Campbell peers out the window.

CAMPBELL
We'll reconvene in one hour.

He rises and heads for the door.

INT. CORRIDOR TO PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS

Campbell passes agent Cooper.

CAMPBELL
Coop, wake me in an hour.

AGENT COOPER
Will do, sir.

INT. PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE QUARTERS

Campbell flops onto the bed. He closes his eyes. Sleep at last.

INT. PRESS CABIN

A quiet moment. WE MOVE through the cabin. Half-a-dozen
journalists/cameramen doze or play cards - minimal.

MOVING through the STAFF CABIN the story is the same -
essential staff only on this trip. It's Christmas.

INT. COMMS DECK

EIGHT COMMS OFFICERS manage a daunting array of screens, panels, computers, etc. All quiet. Suddenly -

An ALARM sounds. Warning lights FLASH. More ALARMS. The Comms team pounce -

COMMS OFFICER #1
Unidentified radar tracking
signature coordinates Tango Uniform
three five seven eight one eight.

More alarms and lights -

COMMS OFFICER #2
Roger. Source identified - SA 21
"Growler"--

COMMS OFFICER #1
Jesus Christ!
(into comms)
PAN! PAN! PAN! Flight Deck come
hard right one zero five. Radar
missile guidance system detected -
SA 21.

COMMS OFFICER #2
We are target locked - sixty-five
miles bearing zero six three -

Another alarm -

COMMS OFFICER #3
Launch detected! One... two...
three... Three launches confirmed.
Estimated sixty five seconds out!

INT. COCKPIT -

The captain adjusts throttle, pushes the yoke forward and right aggressively -

CAPTAIN
Roger that. Brace for evasive
action. Task Force Zulu Seven Two,
this is Air Force One declaring and
emergency. We are under attack.
Incoming SA 21 missiles...

The plane pitches forward and rolls right sharply -

INT. PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE QUARTERS

Campbell thrown from the bed -

INT. STAFF CABIN -

White House staff and advisors thrown about violently -

INT. SECRET SERVICE CABIN -

Cooper scrambles to his feet - runs forward through the chaos and panic gripping the plane.

INT. COMMS DECK -

COMMS OFFICER #1
Standby countermeasures...

COMMS OFFICER #3
Missiles at forty three seconds to impact. Three more launches... four, five, six...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - THICK JUNGLE

On a mud track, bordered by impenetrable bush, an SA-21 MOBILE MISSILE LAUNCHER launches three more surface-to-air missiles into the night sky.

As TWO RUSSIAN MERCENARIES prepare to launch more an AFRICAN MILITIAMAN, PHILIPPE GRISE (30's), a nasty cheloid scar across his throat, WAVES them off. His men call him "THE CORPORAL." A diamond glints in a tooth as he speaks.

GRISE
Attendez!

He turns to his own men, INTERAHAMWE MILITIA, dozens of them.

GRISE
(French - subtitled)
Load up!

He returns his attention to the SMALL RADAR TRACKING SCREEN - SIX BLIPS close on a LARGER BLIP - Air Force One.

INT. PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - AIR FORCE ONE

Cooper crashes into the room, grabbing Campbell, helping him to his feet -

COOPER
Sir, we're under attack! We need to make it to your office.

CAMPBELL
Attack?! From what?!

COOPER
Incoming SAMs. Six of them. SA-21's.

Staggering towards the door -

INT. COMMS DECK -

COMMS OFFICER #2
Heat seeking systems activated. We
are a lock on heat.

COMMS OFFICER #1
Launch!

COMMS OFFICER #4
Countermeasures deployed!

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - STEEP DIVE -

CHAFF and FLARES explode from pods embedded in the fuselage -

The plane rolls violently left -

One, two, three HEAT SEEKING MISSILES twist in the air,
fooled by the countermeasures, locking and closing on the
flares - EXPLODING -

INT. CORRIDOR - PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS - AIR FORCE ONE -

The explosion outside rocks the plane - Cooper and Campbell
thrown off their feet -

A SECOND SECRET SERVICE AGENT crashes into the narrow gangway.
He and Cooper manhandle Campbell to the President's Office -

CAMPBELL
Why the office?

COOPER
Protocol, sir. Safest place...
reinforced against impacts...

INT. COCKPIT -

The pilot and copilot work seamlessly together, pushing the
plane beyond the limits of the envelope -

CAPTAIN
Task Force Zulu Seven Two, Air Force
One under attack! I repeat: Air
Force One under attack! Second wave
of incoming SA 21 SAMs detected!

CUT TO:

A FLURRY OF IMAGES -

Aviators scramble to the flight deck on aircraft carriers.
Air traffic controllers issue launch instructions. Throttles
rammed full-forward. Navy fighters scream into the air -

INT. COMMS DECK - AIR FORCE ONE -

COMMS OFFICER #3
Incoming three, four, five...
twenty-five seconds to impact...

COMMS OFFICER #2
Heat seeking systems active. We are
a lock...

COMMS OFFICER #1
Launch countermeasures.

COMMS OFFICER #4
Deployed!

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - STEEP DIVE -

More chaff and flares deployed -

Three more incoming missiles - ONE, TWO twist violently -
fooled by countermeasures - EXPLOSIONS rock the plane -

But the THIRD twists back on itself, FOLLOWING THE STRICKEN
PLANE -

INT. COMMS DECK -

Alarms reach a fever pitch -

COMMS OFFICER #2
Countermeasures fail! Brace for
impact!

INT. COCKPIT -

The pilot, grimly determined, rips the yoke violently left -

CAPTAIN
BRACE! BRACE! BRACE!

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - AIR FORCE ONE -

Cooper and his colleague have Campbell strapped into his chair -

COOPER
(to his colleague)
Out!
(as he straps himself into
the only other chair)

A confused look.

COOPER
Protocol. OUT!

The secret service agent staggers out -

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - STEEP DIVE -

The SAM closing -

A last violent, evasive roll by Air Force One -

The missile closes on it's prey - hits a horizontal stabilizer and BOOM!

INT. COCKPIT -

The pilot fights for control.

COPILOT
Starboard horizontal stabilizer
out.

I/E. AIR FORCE ONE -

The plane starts a lazy, spiralling roll downwards -

Bodies fly like children's dolls about the cabin -

The pilots fight for control -

CAPTAIN
May Day! May Day! May Day! We're
hit! Repeat Air Force One is hit!
Loss of starboard horizontal
stabilizer.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Full systems failure imminent. We
are going down. I say again: we are
going down.

Campbell and Cooper brace for impact -

EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE EASTERN CONGO -

Air Force One in a slow spiral descent, flames engulfing the
tail section -

INT. COCKPIT -

The pilot and copilot wrestle with the controls to the last -

CAPTAIN
Full port rudder! Full port roll!

EXT. TROPICAL RAINFOREST -

Triple canopy rainforest. Thick, impenetrable jungle.
Mountainous terrain.

Air Force One levels her wings just before IMPACT and -

A FIREBALL engulfs the plane as she slams into the forest,
breaking up, the scream of tearing metal and crunching wood -

Tumbling, cart-wheeling, exploding -

Gradually coming to a stop. Wreckage strewn over the better
part of a mile.

An eerie silence engulfs the jungle.

INT. COMMAND OPS CENTER - USS NIMITZ - SOMEWHERE OFF AFRICA

A terrifying silence hangs over the room. At length -

RADAR OPERATOR
Lost contact, Sir.

NIMITZ COMMS OFFICER
Air Force One, Task Force Zulu
Seven Two Command, do you copy?
Report position. Report status.

No answer.

NIMITZ COMMS OFFICER
Air Force One, do you copy?

No answer.

EXT. AFRICAN ATLANTIC COAST -

A flight of eight USN FA-18 Hornets thunder overhead - sonic boom shaking homes beneath -

NIMITZ COMMS OFFICER (V.O.)
Task Force Zulu Seven Two Command
reports Patriot is down. I say
again: Patriot is down.

EXT. JUNGLE - SOMEWHERE IN THE EASTERN CONGO

CLOSE on a tiny, RED FLASHING LIGHT - a TRANSPONDER in Campbell's flight jacket. He's coming around - excruciating pain - separated right shoulder - nasty gash on the forehead - becoming aware of his predicament -

A scene of total devastation - Cooper badly wounded - still strapped in his chair. Campbell pulls the release in his seat belt and -

CRASH! - falls eight feet, into ripped metal, gashing his injured shoulder deeply - arrrgh! - blinding pain - slipping in and out of consciousness.

Recovering slowly, he stumbles to Cooper, releasing his belt. Cooper slumps forward. Campbell struggles to support him - he's alive - breathing -

Campbell staggers from the wreckage with Cooper. He lays him on the forest floor. Cooper starts to come round - shivering - shock setting in. Looking down, Campbell sees why - he's bleeding badly from shrapnel embedded in his side.

Campbell takes off his flight jacket, slipping it onto Cooper.

Campbell staggers back through the fuselage - what's left of it - pieces strewn over hundreds of yards -

He spots Landau and makes his way over to him. No pulse. The story is the same the whole way through - everyone DEAD.

He stumbles back to Cooper. Cooper's coming round now.

COOPER
Mr. President -

CAMPBELL
They're gone, Coop. All of them, I
think.

COOPER
 (nodding, he knew as much)
 The comms deck -

With a superhuman effort Cooper staggers to his feet -

CAMPBELL
 (rushing to his aid)
 Whoa! Easy!

Cooper, shrugs off his help and staggers forwards -

COOPER
 Comms deck... S.O.S. call...
 protocol...

Supporting each other, the pair lurch towards the nose section of the plane, fighting through the thick bush.

Reaching the smoldering wreckage of the Comms Deck, Cooper slumps to the ground as Campbell crawls inside. Then -

CRASHING SOUNDS come from the forest. APPROACHING SHOUTS in a foreign tongue -

Campbell starts to emerge from the twisted metal that was the Comms Deck -

COOPER
 Stay where you are, Mr. President.

Cooper draws his side-arm as -

A growing band of INTERAHAMWE REBEL MILITIA, led by Grise, emerges from the bush.

GRISE
 (French - subtitled)
 (nodding to Cooper)
 That one. See to him.

A MILITIAMAN moves forward. Cooper raises his side-arm.

COOPER
 Stay back. Who are you?

The militiaman holds short.

GRISE
 (English - French accent)
 His name is Jonty. Who are you?

A beat. Campbell, unseen by the rebels, watches and listens.

COOPER
 I need a satellite phone. Do you
 have a satellite phone?

GRISE
Are you asking for help? You have a
funny way of doing it.
(nods to Cooper's weapon)

COOPER
Niceties come later. Right now I
need a phone.

Grise nods to another MILITIAMAN #2. The man steps forward
retrieving a SATELLITE PHONE from his webbing. Cooper takes
it. The militiaman studies his jacket - Campbell's jacket -
the president's seal.

MILITIAMAN #2
Monsieur le President?

Cooper offers no answer. He powers up the phone. The
militiaman steps back -

A subtle nod from Grise -

WHOOSH! Cooper is engulfed in FLAME! Another MILITIAMAN #3
steps forward POURING fire from a FLAMETHROWER.

Cooper flails, writhes, IMMOLATED -

Campbell jumps back, an involuntary SCREAM escapes his lips -

Grise' head snaps in that direction -

GRISE
(French - subtitled)
Quick! Another!

Campbell scrambles back into the wreckage of the Comms Deck,
crawling deeper - to the cockpit - over the dead pilot -

Militiaman #3 with the flamethrower appears in the opening
behind him -

Campbell hits the EMERGENCY HATCH by the pilot - EXPLOSIVE
BOLTS FIRE - he DIVES FORWARD as -

WHOOSH! The cockpit is ENGULFED IN FLAME -

Campbell CRASHES twelve feet to the ground - rolling -
scrambling towards the treeline -

Militiamen OPEN FIRE - bullets crack past his ear as he dives
into the bush - rebels in pursuit.

Campbell, badly hurt, staggers, plunges deeper into the
jungle - falling - tumbling down a STEEP EMBANKMENT -

Rebels, led by militiaman #1, Jonty, appear at the top of the
embankment - raking the forest with machine-gun fire.

Campbell crawls behind a fallen tree - temporary respite - and he knows it.

The rebels begin to advance.

Campbell knows he must move - he's up - running blindly - sharp leaves lacerate his face and arms - more gunfire rakes the forest - running... stumbling... running...

At times he thinks he's lost them. But no, they're there, CLOSE BEHIND. Running on, he dives over a large flat ROCK -

The rock has a deep, low RECESS beneath it - the rebels are closing - desperate, he crawls inside.

Rebels swarm over the rock.

Campbell crawls deeper into the darkness - a vicious HISS! A MAMBA strikes - Campbell leaps backwards - the mamba's strike hits the heel of his shoe - he KICKS at it -

The mamba darts out from the beneath the rock - a rebel screams - AIEEGH! As the mamba STRIKES him - pumping venom into his leg.

Panic ensues. As others beat the snake to death, the stricken man writhes in agony on the ground - his minutes are numbered.

Deeper into the forest, an ANIMAL BOLTS -

The rebels hear it - see the disturbed undergrowth - their quarry - and the pursuit is back on -

Beneath the rock Campbell crawls deeper into the darkness as the rebels recede, abandoning their colleague - disarming him before they go.

From his recess Campbell's eyes meet with those of the poisoned rebel - paralysis already setting in - the man struggles to breathe as his lungs fill with fluid - he tries to call out - his life ebbs away before Campbell's eyes.

AT THE CRASH SITE -

Under Grise's orders, the rebels meticulously pick up their shell casings while six rebels with flame throwers incinerate the entire site - bodies, wreckage - everything.

The rebels who chased Campbell emerge from the bush. One look tells Grise the news is not good.

GRISE
You lost him.
(a statement)

JONTY/MILITIAMAN #1
He won't last long.

Grise unholsters his side-arm and shoots Jonty dead on the spot. He stoops to casually pick up the spent casing.

He nods to militiaman #3 - JONTY IS INCINERATED with the rest.

Grise glances at his watch, then at the sky, as if expecting company.

GRISE
Alonsi! Time's up. Move out!

The troop starts to move out, disappearing back into the jungle, leaving a scene of total devastation behind them.

AT THE ROCK - LATER

Campbell, in agony, emerges from hiding, crawling over the dead, poisoned rebel. He looks around for bearings. Thick, impenetrable jungle on all sides. He tries to look upwards, for the sun. Impossible - triple canopy forest. He's hopelessly lost, maybe just a few hundred yards from the crash-site. He picks up a familiar landmark and limps into the undergrowth in that direction and we -

CRANE UP through the forest, above the trees. He's moving in the wrong direction.

PASSAGE OF TIME

Campbell staggers, stumbles, drags himself through the forest - hopelessly lost now - deeper and deeper into the unknown - he collapses on the forest floor - struggling to focus -

The THUNDER of USN FA-18 Hornets screaming low overhead.

PILOT'S COMM (V.O.)
Zulu Seven Two Command, Viking leader, crash site located. Extensive fire damage, wreckage extends over several hundred meters, aircraft looks to have broken up on impact. No signs of life.

TASK FORCE ZULU COMMAND (V.O.)
Roger, Viking lead. Tiger Three extraction team inbound. ETA two hours. Hold position. In-flight fuel tankers ETA thirty minutes.

Campbell slips into unconsciousness...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CRASH SITE/JUNGLE - SUNSET

Helicopter rotors strobe in the setting sun. FOUR USMC CH-53E SUPER STALLION HELICOPTERS hover just above the tree canopy. MARINES fast-rope down lines into the jungle.

MAJOR KEVIN COLLINS USMC (45), Tiger 3 Extraction Team leader, touches down at ground zero and takes off his gloves.

MARINES swarm over the wreckage. Collins pulls out a small TRANSPONDER RECEIVER and tracks the signal to -

The INCINERATED BODY OF COOPER, wearing the president's flight jacket, the tiny flashing transponder visible.

The color drains from Collins' face. He looks down at his hand - it's SHAKING.

INT. EAST WING - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We follow a SECRET SERVICE AGENT down a corridor. He comes to a door, knocks and opens before waiting for a reply -

ELENA CAMPBELL looks up from her desk, surprised.

VICE PRESIDENT RICHARDS steps past the SS Agent into the room, his face ashen -

RICHARDS
Elena...

She reads him in flash -

ELENA
No. Please, God, no...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

A CACOPHONY of generators. FLOODLIGHTS illuminate an eerie scene of scorched, twisted metal. The crash-site swarms with US MILITARY PERSONNEL. Every shred of evidence is being meticulously mapped, bagged etc.

In the background - detonation cord EXPLOSIONS and the CRASHING of FELLED TREES as a landing-zone starts to emerge. A constant coming and going of Marine helicopters.

Maj. Collins talks on a SATELLITE PHONE amongst the BODY BAGS laid out in a neat line.

COLLINS
(drained, emotional)
Sir, the body count matches the
flight report, we have no survivors
at the scene. The impact was
catastrophic and the ensuing fire
has... well, you can imagine...

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CRISIS ROOM - DAY

Maps, satellite photos and LIVE-IMAGES from the crash site
flash across large, flat screens arrayed around the room.
Computers churn out volumes of classified information.

At an austere conference table, Vice President Richards
stands, numb, with the Joint Chiefs, CIA, NSA members etc.

RICHARDS
Jesus Christ! This isn't happening.

COLLINS
I'm sorry, Mr. Vice President. This
appears to be a zero survivability
situation.

Richards looks to his advisors, seemingly lost -

RICHARDS
Who?

ANDREW REID (50), CIA Director, steps forward from the
shadows.

REID
Sir, there are at least twelve
distinct rebel militia groups
operating in the area. There's been
a running civil war for the last
fifteen years - five million dead -
millions more displaced. Six or
seven of them could be responsible.
The weaponry's Russian-made.
Moscow's terrified this could come
back to them.

RICHARDS
Are they involved?

REID

Very doubtful, sir. The weaponry will have originated from one of the former Soviet republics - but with the lax controls in place it'll be near impossible to know exactly which one furnished the missiles - and they likely had no idea of the intended target.

(beat)

Mr. Vice President, we need to go to the country with this.

Richards looks across the room to where Elena sits, perfectly still, on her own. Their eyes meet, brimming with tears.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - LATER

Vice President Richards addresses a stunned room, and the nation. Elena, dignified, stands next to him.

RICHARDS

... there is now, in that foreign earth, a richer earth concealed, earth consecrated by blood born of these shores...

I/E. VARIOUS -

Montage: TV sets around the world bring the news to stunned viewers -

RICHARDS

... and I pledge on behalf of my fellow Americans that that blood shed will not go unavenged. To the perpetrators, we will hunt you down, to the ends of the very earth if necessary, and we will bring you to justice.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - EASTERN CONGO - NIGHT

Grise watches as the unused Russian 9M96/4 MISSILES (six of them) are transferred from the SA-21 Growler Mobile Launch Transporter to a LOGGING TRUCK and covered with TARPAULIN.

Then the SA-21 transporter is driven into a deep, FRESHLY-DUG TRENCH. The driver climbs out of the trench and -

BULLDOZERS roar into action - covering the trench - BURYING THE SA-21 TRANSPORTER.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

DARKNESS. A chilling CLICK! FADE UP ON BLURRED IMAGES:

Out of focus - the muzzle of a GUN - AK 47 - in the hands of a BOY - BENOÎT - the Congolese boy from the opening sequence. The barrel is levelled at -

CAMPBELL - eyes slowly focusing on his apparent captor. From the pain etched on his face we might imagine this end a welcome mercy. But Benoît lowers the rifle and walks away.

It takes Campbell a moment to recover. The boy is receding down a narrow jungle path. A quick mental calculation from Campbell - his options are slim -

CAMPBELL

Hey!

Benoît ignores him and keeps retreating.

CAMPBELL

Hey! Come back!

Summoning his remaining reserves Campbell crawls after him - but he's already disappeared round a bend. Campbell grits his teeth and crawls on.

FURTHER ALONG THE PATH

Campbell rounds a bend to see Benoît, perched on the root of an enormous tree, SMOKING. He watches Campbell approach, implacable.

As Campbell nears, Benoît abruptly rises and retreats further along the path, disappearing again into the jungle.

CAMPBELL

Hey! Wait!

No response.

CAMPBELL

(incredulous, muttered)
Son of a bitch!

Doggedly, Campbell pursues him.

FURTHER STILL

Campbell crests a small rise to see -

Benoît sitting on a ROCK midstream of a small BROOK, waiting.

Campbell crawls forward, collapsing on the bank of the brook, exhausted. The boy looks on, impassive.

CAMPBELL
Who... who are you?

No answer.

CAMPBELL
I need help. A phone? You
understand English?

He puts his hand to his ear to mimic a phone. No response.

Eventually, Benoît rises to leave.

CAMPBELL
Wait!

He tries to struggle to his feet, failing, collapsing in agony, spent.

Benoît looks at him, studying him.

CAMPBELL
(bitter, barely a whisper)
Go on, then. Go, you wretched
little bastard.

Curiously, the faintest of smiles touches Benoît's lips.

CAMPBELL
You like that? This funny to you?

Benoît moves to Campbell... and starts helping him to his feet. Campbell stares at the boy, confused as hell, but help is help. He accepts it - if begrudgingly.

FURTHER ALONG THE PATH

Campbell hobbles, supported by the boy. The going is slow. Benoît stops to rest, lowering Campbell to the floor. He offers Campbell water. Campbell takes it, bemused. At length -

CAMPBELL
Thank you.

He drinks.

BENOÎT
(French - subtitled)
We rest here till dark.

CAMPBELL
Français? Tu parle Français?

BENOÎT
Or English, if you prefer.

Campbell eyes him - an enigma. At length -

CAMPBELL
You mind telling me where we're
going? Is there a telephone? I need
a telephone.

BENOÎT
No telephone.

CAMPBELL
Where are you taking me?

Benoît offers no answer. He draws a machete and starts to cut low branches from trees. Campbell watches, exhausted, but intrigued.

Next, Benoît uses vines to bind the pieces of wood together - building something. Campbell's eyes close. Sleep at last.

LATER - NIGHT

Campbell wakes fleetingly from a fevered sleep. He sees the boy close by, tending a FIRE.

Benoît glances at him, approaches. Without speaking he tends the wound on Campbell's shoulder - primitive bandages made from the fronds of a palm and a mud poultice.

Campbell winces... and slips into unconsciousness again.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAWN

OPEN CLOSE ON BENOÎT'S FACE - sweating, gritted teeth. Widen to show Benoît dragging the unconscious Campbell on a makeshift HURDLE (the construction of the previous night) along the muddy path.

EXT. JUNGLE - VARIOUS - PASSAGE OF TIME

MONTAGE: Campbell slips in and out of consciousness as Benoît drags him on the hurdle across brooks/lowers him down steep inclines/through elephant grass etc - the kid's stamina is unbelievable - forged in the killing fields of the Congo.

At times Campbell, racked by fever, simply stares numbly at this miraculous kid expending phenomenal effort to save him.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER AND SOFT RHYTHMIC SPLASHING:

Campbell opens his eyes -

EXT. CONGO RIVER - PREDAWN

The broad Congo snakes through lush, tropical jungle. Hugging the bank, Benoît paddles a DUG-OUT CANOE with Campbell on the floor. Campbell slips into unconsciousness again.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN:

BENOÎT (V.O.)
(French - subtitled)
Is he dead?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
No.

BENOÎT (V.O.)
(French - subtitled)
He looks dead.

INT. SMALL STORES ROOM - MAKESHIFT CLINIC - NIGHT

Campbell, unconscious, fevered, lies on a stained mattress. SYLVIE, Benoît's sister, mops his brow with a cloth she dips in cool water. They're cramped into a tiny stores room, the shelves pathetically bare of medicines.

SYLVIE
(French - subtitled)
His skin is like fire!

Sylvie adjusts the kerosene lamp and starts to change the dressing on his shoulder.

Pain rouses Campbell, semi-conscious now. He recoils. She places an arm on his bare chest.

SYLVIE
(accented English)
Rest easy. Lie still.

He quietens, lapsing back into unconsciousness. Sylvie leaves her hand on his chest.

SYLVIE
(French - subtitled)
Mon Dieu! Benoît, you know who this is?!

He shakes his head. She glances at a CLOCK on the wall - two minutes past three.

SYLVIE
(French - subtitled)
Pass me the radio.

He gets up and passes her a WIND-UP RADIO. She skims the dial through a couple of stations - a thin voice cuts in and out -

BBC WORLD SERVICE (V.O.)
(Queen's English)
... presumed amongst the dead.
Forensic investigators will start the task of identifying the dead at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington DC once the remains have been returned to the United States. President Campbell is survived by his wife, Elena, and daughter, Lily...

She switches it off. Benoît's eyes are wide. Sylvie grabs him by the shoulders and stares at him gravely.

SYLVIE
(French - subtitled)
Benoît, if the Interahamwe know we have him, they will come, they will kill him and they will kill us. No one must know. Come.

She leads him out of the room and closes the door. We hear the LOCK turn. CLOSE on Campbell, unconscious in the bed.

EXT. CLINIC - REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

In the mire that passes for a road between tents in the sprawling refugee camp, Sylvie kneels next to Benoît.

SYLVIE
(French - subtitled)
Benoît, you must go to the airfield at Beninge. They have a two-way radio.

(MORE)

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
 They can call the flying doctor,
 the English one, Dr Miller. Tell
 him there is a sick *white* man here.
 Then they will come.

BENOÎT
 (French - subtitled)
 Beninge! It's three days walk from
 here!

SYLVIE
 You must do it. This man can change
 everything here. If he lives.

Benoît looks at his sister, less than convinced.

SYLVIE
 You will leave in the morning.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - DAY

The level of operations has upped since we last saw it.
 Chinook helicopters fly in and out continuously. The place
 swarms with troops and technicians. An airstrip under
 construction is already clearly taking shape.

Maj. Collins watches as BODY BAGS are loaded onto a Chinook.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - TIME OF DAY INDISCERNIBLE

An austere room. Stark light. Striking green eyes, a picture
 of concentration, gaze out from behind a surgical mask.
 COMMANDER SALLY FONTAINE USN NCIS (35), alone, scalpel in
 hand, goes about the gruesome business of an autopsy. A
 microphone hangs from the ceiling.

FONTAINE
 (into the mic)
 Water in the lungs. Cause of death:
 drowning. Abdominal contusions--

A RED LIGHT FLASHES on the wall above a telephone. Sally sees
 it, but chooses to ignore it.

FONTAINE
 ...consistent with sustained
 assault.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
 Commander Fontaine, we have a call
 on line one for you.

Irritated, she glances at the phone. The red light flashes insistently. Looking left, we see through a LARGE PLATE GLASS WINDOW into an adjoining -

BIOCHEMISTRY LAB, where a JUNIOR NAVAL LIEUTENANT (20's) leans over the intercom mic, looking back at her, suitably apologetic.

FONTAINE
Tell me this can't wait, Chris...

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT
(into intercom)
From the Vice President.

Curious... but unimpressed. Vice president of what?

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT
(interpreting her look)
Of the United States.

That got her attention.

EXT. SECURITY CHECK - WEST GATE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Sally Fontaine, in the uniform of a USN Commander, checks in at the gate, shows ID to SECURITY.

INT. WEST GATE GUARD HOUSE - WHITE HOUSE

Sally walks through a metal detector.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Sally stands opposite Vice President Richards. He signs papers handed to him by an AID at a hectic rate as he talks.

RICHARDS
Needless to say, Sally, this is of the utmost sensitivity. That's why I picked you.

FONTAINE
Thank you, sir.

RICHARDS
Don't thank me. It's a thankless task. But of the highest service to your country. I regard every one of those men and women as one of my own family now. We all do. It's personal. We want no hitches, no slip-ups, no embarrassments. The country won't stand for it.

(MORE)

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

And rightly so. I want the work completed thoroughly, and I want every one of those men and women returned to their families for burial in three days. The country needs closure. The President's state funeral will be Friday.

FONTAINE

With respect, sir, we haven't received any of the bodies yet, much less confirmed the President is among them.

RICHARDS

Commander, one of the reasons I chose you is because your father died in my arms in Vietnam. I never met a finer American. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I know you'll do your duty to the utmost. And I know you'll give your country the closure it needs. The bodies arrive at Andrews in twenty four hours.

A beat.

RICHARDS

You're dismissed, Commander.

FONTAINE

Thank you, sir.

Fontaine turns on her heel and leaves.

INT. SMALL ROOM - MAKESHIFT CLINIC - DAY

Campbell, sleeping, fever gone, slowly comes round. He takes in his environs. The tiny stores room, stained mattress, empty shelves. He tries to get up - painful. He sits. He can move no further, he's HAND-CUFFED to the bed.

Undeterred, he drags the bed to a small, high, barred window and peers out at -

HELL ON EARTH - LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP - fifty thousand people pressed together in unspeakable squalor.

The LOCK turns. Sylvie enters, closing the door behind her.

Campbell stares at his unlikely captor. She can't suppress a smile. She nods to the cuffs.

SYLVIE
(accented English)
I'm sorry. I did it for your
safety.

She comes forward to unlock them.

CAMPBELL
For my safety?

SYLVIE
I know who you are.

CAMPBELL
You have me at a disadvantage then.

SYLVIE
My name is Sylvie Poirot. This is
the Llongwe refugee camp. I'm sure
you've heard of it.

CAMPBELL
Actually... no.

Sylvie nods, disappointed, not surprised.

SYLVIE
A hundred thousand displaced
people. Africans to be sure. People
none-the-less.

Campbell nods curtly - she'll not get the rise she wants.

CAMPBELL
(to the point)
I need a phone. Is there a phone?

Sylvie shakes her head.

SYLVIE
You're a long way from civilization
just now.

CAMPBELL
I need to get out of here.

SYLVIE
That's a common enough reaction.

Campbell's not in the mood.

CAMPBELL
Listen! I was in a plane crash...

Sylvie nods to the radio.

SYLVIE

I know. The whole world knows. They think you're dead. You're safe as long as it stays that way.

Campbell takes this in.

CAMPBELL

Safe from who?

SYLVIE

There are so many different groups we've lost count. All equally murderous. Today it's the Interahamwe. Tomorrow...

CAMPBELL

I need to get back to the crash site. US forces will be there. They can get me out safely. How far is it?

SYLVIE

Too far for you in your state.

CAMPBELL

I'll be the judge of that. How far is it? How did I get here? The boy...

SYLVIE

My brother, Benoît. Can't keep himself out of trouble. He dragged you here. If the Interahamwe find out we'll all be killed. That's why you're... in here.

(gestures to the tiny cramped room.)

I'm sorry.

CAMPBELL

The sooner I leave the safer you'll be. I need to get to the crash site.

He moves towards the door -

SYLVIE

Don't!

He hesitates.

SYLVIE

If anyone sees you, they will come. I have a plan. My brother has gone for help. The flying doctor, an Englishman. He will arrive tomorrow. He will fly you out in his plane. It is safer.

(MORE)

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
But you must stay out of sight till
then. For all our sakes.

Campbell studies her. He can trust her.

CAMPBELL
How long have I been out?

SYLVIE
Two days.

A fleeting grimace - he didn't expect that.

LATER - NIGHT

The air is stifling. Campbell, unable to sleep, rises and tries the door - locked. No bother - he takes a knife from a tray of food by the bed and jimmies the lock.

CASUALTY WARD -

The place is deathly quiet as Campbell emerges into -

The most rudimentary, and pathetic, attempt at healthcare imaginable. Patients on death's door litter the place - on beds, benches, the floor - wherever space can be found.

He finds the office. It's a shambles. Whoever works here is overwhelmed. He searches for a phone, a radio. Nothing.

EXT. LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP -

A ghostly moon rises over the most wretched excuse for humanity - thousands upon thousands of blue UN issued tents, pressed together in unspeakable squalor. A dense mist, like a hundred thousand souls trying to escape their misery, hangs in the air. And John Campbell, 46th President of the United States, walks among them, unseen in the dead of the night.

MEANWHILE:

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Elena and Lily lie in bed holding each other, eyes red, their tears exhausted, but sleep will not come.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - DAWN

Benoît walks with purpose. Suddenly he stops. The sound of GROWLING ENGINES. He PLUNGES into the forest as -

TWO PICK-UPS, loaded with INTERAHAMWE TROOPS, round the corner.

Benoît waits till they've gone before re-emerging.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - DAWN

A C-130 transporter lands on the packed earth strip. Another already stands on the apron. All under the watchful direction of Maj. Collins.

INT. CAMPBELL'S "CELL" - MAKESHIFT CLINIC - DAWN

Campbell, in agony, forces himself to do sit-ups on the floor, willing himself back to health.

Sylvie enters with a tray of food, careful as always to close and lock the door behind.

Campbell, hungry, tucks into the food. Sylvie hands him a map.

SYLVIE
I've marked where we are... and
where I think the crash site is.
I'm not sure though. Avoid this
area - it is the Interhamwe camp -
the rebels...

Campbell mouths his gratitude round a mouthful of bread and studies the map.

Sylvie goes to leave -

CAMPBELL
Wait.
(beat)
How long have you been here? In the
camp?

SYLVIE
A year and a month.

CAMPBELL
What brought you here?

SYLVIE
The Interahamwe brought us here.
After they killed our family.

She says it simply, it just hangs in the air. And she leaves.

EXT. BENINGE AIRFIELD - DAY

Benoît runs across the red dirt strip towards a group of shacks on the far side of the runway. One shack flies the FLAG of THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS from a RADIO MAST.

Benoît rushes into the shack and starts to talk to the RADIO OPERATOR inside. The words are lost beneath the ROAR of the twin props of an old DAKOTA taxiing on the runway.

The radio operator picks up the mic and starts to transmit.

EXT. INTERAHAMWE REBEL CAMP - SAME

A REBEL MILITIAMAN carrying a UHF SCANNER runs across the camp towards -

GRISE'S TENT - where "the Corporal" lies in a hammock flicking through a copy of VOGUE.

The militiaman runs up to him -

MILITIAMAN
(French - subtitled)
Sir, you must hear this!

Turning up the scanner volume -

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(English accent)
... a white man, you say?

BENINGE RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Yes, a white man. At Llongwe
refugee camp. The clinic. Badly
injured. Over.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
We'll have to take on more fuel.
We'll be there in... about two
hours.

Grise is UP and SHOUTING ORDERS -

GRISE
(French - subtitled)
The bastard's holed up at Llongwe
clinic! Come on! Move!

He KICKS life into a couple LOUNGING REBELS as OTHERS run for the PICK-UP TRUCKS.

EXT. BENINGE AIRFIELD - LATER

A CESSNA 172 with RED CROSS MARKINGS touches down. Benoît runs out to meet it, climbing aboard - just a moment's pause to take on the passenger, and it accelerates down the runway - airborne again and climbing away.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - SAME

THREE REBEL PICK-UPS, loaded with MILITIA ARMED TO THE TEETH race along the track. Grise rides shotgun in the first, chewing on a cigar.

EXT. AIRSTRIPE/LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

The Cessna 172 touches down. Benoît emerges with the "English Doctor", ROBERT HOOD (45), an underweight, grizzled man with dark shadows beneath his eyes.

Following Benoît, he hurries towards the clinic. The pilot keeps the prop running.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC

Sylvie greets them as they hurry through the mud.

DR HOOD
(urgent, to business)
Who is he? What are his injuries?

Sylvie glances at her brother - so proud of him.

SYLVIE
He's an American - separated
shoulder, lacerations to the head
and shoulder -

Hood looks at her, a little shocked.

DR HOOD
Blimey, what the hell happened?

He hurries in, not waiting for her answer.

INT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC

As Sylvie unlocks the medicine store room, Dr Hood gives her a bemused look. She leads him in -

INT. SMALL STORES ROOM

Campbell sits on the bed, relaxed, composed, ready to go. The good doctor gets straight to work, checking the dressing, examining his patient, barely stopping to look him in the eye -

DR HOOD
She's done a remarkable job. I
won't ask what you're doing here.
How'd it happen?

CAMPBELL
Plane crash.

DR HOOD
What are you, another bloody
mercenary?

CAMPBELL
Of sorts.

The good doctor stops abruptly... the penny's dropped.

DR HOOD
(softly)
Jesus Christ!

He looks at Sylvie. She nods. He looks back at Campbell he
nods. Stunned silence. Then -

CAMPBELL
John Campbell. Pleased to meet you.

Suddenly -

KABOOM! A distant explosion -

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD/LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP -

A PLUME OF DIRT rises over the runway -

The INTERAHAMWE PICK-UPS race across the open ground towards
the Red Cross plane. A rebel with an RPG LAUNCHER takes aim -

BOOM! The plane is destroyed in a BALL OF FIRE - the pilot
with it.

The pick-ups race through the tented city towards the clinic.

INT. SMALL STORES ROOM - MAKESHIFT CLINIC -

From the small window Campbell can see them approaching. He
moves for the door -

SYLVIE

No! Wait.

She moves to the SHELVING UNIT, throws her weight at it -

SYLVIE

Help me.

Campbell and Hood follow suit - shoving it - exposing LOOSE FLOORBOARDS - Sylvie's on her knees - ripping up the boards - revealing a DARK HOLE BENEATH -

SYLVIE

Go! In!

The ROAR of the approaching Interahamwe pick-ups and GUNFIRE -

Campbell jumps down first - helping Benoît - Sylvie tosses a FLASHLIGHT from the shelf to him -

A SMALL CRAWL SPACE - the floor littered with opened and discarded UNHCR RX boxes - Campbell looks up at her, quizzically -

SYLVIE

When... if the supplies get through, we hide them here... from the rebels... morphine, dilaudid, percocet... it's no different here to anywhere else.

The rebels can be heard entering the building, CRASHING, FIRING indiscriminately -

Campbell holds his good hand out to help her down - suddenly her face crumples - she mouths the words "I'm sorry" - takes a last look at her brother and SLAMS the boards back down -

CRASH! Dr Hood and Sylvie SLAM the shelving unit back into place as the door to the supplies room FLIES off it's hinges.

IN THE CRAWL SPACE - Campbell kills the flashlight.

IN THE ROOM - Grise enters with his goons -

GRISE

(French - subtitled)

Where is he?

SYLVIE

Who?

GRISE

We heard the radio despatch. The white man: where is he?

DR HOOD
That would be me.

Grise laughs. Dr Hood is bold enough manage a chuckle himself.

IN THE CRAWL SPACE - Benoît tugs at Campbell's sleeve -
leading him towards a small CHINK OF LIGHT -

IN THE ROOM -

GRISE
Let me see if I can help focus your
mind on the question.

BANG! Shoots Dr Hood. Dead.

GRISE
Now, ma cherie, where's the white
man?

Sylvie trembles as Grise runs the barrel of his gun across
her cheek. But she won't answer.

GRISE
Last chance...

A REBEL MILITIAMAN #5 steps forward, slides the bolt of his
AK 47 and places the muzzle at Sylvie's temple.

Grise runs the barrel of his side-arm down her cheek, neck,
the contours of her breast and presses it into her crotch.
His face is millimeters from hers. Abruptly -

GRISE
Put her in the car.

IN THE CRAWL SPACE - Campbell and Benoît reach the light -
they emerge beneath -

EXT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - FRONT STEPS -

As Rebel Militiaman #5 emerges from the door, the barrel of
his AK 47 at Sylvie's back -

CRUNCH! Campbell's good elbow SMASHES into his nose - blood
erupts - he drops the rifle - Benoît grabs it - Campbell
grabs Sylvie and -

They run for the rebels' PICK-UP TRUCK - clambering in -

More militiamen emerge from the clinic and OPEN FIRE -

Campbell FLOORS the accelerator - wheels spinning - they're
away - racing through the MUD TRACKS of the camp - moving
fast - gunfire receding - they approach an INTERSECTION and -

CRASH! - blind-sided - they're T-BONED -

A TOYOTA TUNDRA with cattle bars - SLAMS into them - DRIVING them sideways - onto two wheels - CRASHING back down - and -

SMASH! A DAIHATSU RAMS them from the other side - SPINNING them around -

REBELS OPEN UP with AK 47s -

IN THE PICK-UP - ear-splitting noise - a HAIL of bullets - Sylvie SCREAMS - Campbell, momentarily stunned, finds reverse -

CAMPBELL
Get down! Get down!

Wheels spinning - REVERSING - down the mud track -

The Tundra and Daihatsu spin around, chasing after them -

Campbell swings into a side track - accelerates - weaving through terror-struck refugees and their tents - suddenly -

BOOM! - deafening - a SHOTGUN SALVO smashes the window - a glance sideways -

A NISSAN TRUCK emerges from the maze of tents. MORE REBELS. BOOM! A second volley rips through the door - the gunman racks the shotgun for a third -

Campbell swings RIGHT. They run parallel to a STEEP INCLINE strewn with refuse - the CAMP'S GARBAGE DUMP.

Campbell scans ahead - a TOYOTA TACOMA - MORE REBELS taking up position - blocking them. The Nissan behind RAMS them - no way out - closing fast on the Tacoma -

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Hold on!

He SWINGS LEFT - off the road - AIRBORNE for an instant and -

SMASH! The Nissan RIPS into the Tacoma with devastating force.

MEANWHILE - CRUNCH! Campbell's pick-up crashes to earth - barrelling down the incline - out of control - garbage flying everywhere - SLIDING - TIPPING - nearly ROLLING - SLAMMING back onto four wheels and - CRASH! They land on a LOWER track.

A stunned Campbell looks up - takes stock - no time as -

The Tundra, still in pursuit, barrels down the hill -

Campbell throws the battered pick-up down another track - REFUGEES scamper for their lives. Suddenly -

THE DAIHATSU appears ahead of them, skidding to a stop, blocking the path, gunmen taking aim -

Campbell HITS the brakes. Backs up fast. Lead PUMMELS the pick-up - the radiator HIT - pouring steam -

The TUNDRA SKIDS into position behind them, blocking the escape - gunmen FIRING -

Campbell reverses - high-speed - into a wall of lead -

CRASH! He SLAMS into the flat-bed of the Tundra - RAMMING it across the track - rebels flying - breaking through - the Daihatsu in pursuit -

Campbell swings into another narrow track between the tents -

SHIT! DEAD END! The track ends at a high chain-link fence with razor-wire atop. No time for the faint-hearted, the pick-up BLASTS through the fence into -

A DRY RIVERBED -

IN THE PICK-UP - the steering wheel VIBRATING violently - the vehicle barreling wildly -

Behind, the Tundra and Daihatsu follow suit, gaining - pulling level on either side - Campbell's foot to the floor - engine red-lining -

The Tundra draws level - Campbell glances across and finds an RPG LAUNCHER pointing right at him! Millisecond beat. He BRAKES HARD -

The RPG FIRES - streaks over the hood and SLAMS into the DAIHATSU on the other side -

BLINDING FIREBALL. Campbell fights for control - swerves around the back of the Tundra - the driver's eyes follow Campbell through the REAR-VIEW MIRROR -

AIEEGHH! His passenger SCREAMS - eyes front - too late - MASSIVE BOULDER in the river bed - CRASH! With devastating force the Tundra SLAMS full speed into the boulder.

The pick-up rolls to a stop. Campbell gets out, opens the rear door - Sylvie's been hit.

SYLVIE

Leave me.

CAMPBELL

No way.

He grabs her - no time to waste - lifting her onto his good shoulder and making for the tree-line.

CAMPBELL
(to Benoît)
Come on!

They run for the cover of the forest as rebel soldiers stream down the far river bank, FIRING wildly.

EXT. JUNGLE -

Pressed low to the ground, covered in undergrowth, they watch, in silence, a group of rebel militia pass close by.

Campbell turns to Sylvie. The wound's bad, a gut-shot, she knows this better than anyone. Tears stream down Benoît's face. She strokes his cheek.

SYLVIE
(her color draining)
Don't cry, Benoît. You must get to
the camp at Malkansa... Achilles is
there... He will take care of you.

Benoît shakes his head. He won't leave his sister.

SYLVIE
You must go, Benoît. I love you...
(to Campbell)
Promise me...

She's ebbing fast.

CAMPBELL
No you don't... don't die on me...

SYLVIE
(barely a whisper)
Promise... me...

It's the bitterest of moments - a sister slips away in front of her young brother's eyes - Campbell painfully aware - she gave her life for his - he's overwhelmed -

CAMPBELL
He's coming with me. I swear to you
now, we will make it out of here.

Sylvie manages a faint smile and the breath goes out of her. Benoît cries softly as he cradles her. Campbell looks on, helpless, consumed by anguish.

EXT. JUNGLE - TROPICAL DOWNPOUR - NIGHT

The rain pours down. Campbell and Benoît kneel in mud beside a fresh grave.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

FULL MILITARY HONORS. A C-17 GLOBEMASTER stands on the tarmac, it's cargo bay open. Men and women from all the services escort coffins draped in the Stars and Stripes across the apron to a large hangar as the mourning FAMILIES look on.

Commander Sally Fontaine, eyes front, salutes as the procession of coffins passes. Her eyes wander and find -

ELENA AND LILY, weeping, amongst the bereaved families, welcoming home their lost men.

EXT. JUNGLE - TROPICAL DOWNPOUR - LATER

Campbell and Benoît huddle together for shelter under palm fronds. Benoît shivers uncontrollably. Campbell draws him close and puts his arm round him to try and warm him.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - DAWN

A young XO, LT. MATT GORDON (28), runs up to Maj. Collins.

LT. GORDON

Sir, I think you should take a look at this.

He hands him a communiqué. Collins reads it.

LT. GORDON

Seems to have been a series of running skirmishes involving a local militia group at a refugee camp thirty clicks from here. Reports say an English doctor with UNHCR was killed and another foreign male, injured, managed to escape.

COLLINS

Round up first squad. Let's get ourselves a little posse and check this out.

I/E. FLIGHT OF MARINE HELICOPTERS - FLYING LOW - LATER

Three helicopters - ONE CH-46 SEA KNIGHT and TWO AH-1 COBRAS skim the tree tops. Maj. Collins scans the triple canopy forest below - the depths impenetrable to sight.

EXT. JUNGLE - SAME

Campbell looks up too late as the helicopters ROAR overhead. He WAVES and SHOUTS - but he knows it's a lost cause - they'll never be seen.

He looks down at the MAP Sylvie gave him - the crash site location marked - and presses on into the forest. Benoît follows by his side.

EXT. AIRFIELD/LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP -

The Sea Knight lands just yards from the burned out Red Cross Cessna 172. The Cobras patrol above providing air-cover. Maj. Collins and his men jump down and head into the refugee camp.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC/LLONGWE REFUGEE CAMP -

The Marines are mobbed by children as they make their way through the muddy tracks. They can't help but be moved by the scale of the tragedy, but their focus on their mission is clear.

MOMENTS LATER -

MOS - from a distance - Maj. Collins interviews an ORDERLY from the clinic.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Campbell and Benoît climb a steep jungle path. The going is hard. Benoît leads, a determined look on his face. He pauses to wait for Campbell to catch up. As he draws near -

BENOÎT

Are you going to kill them?

Campbell pushes on -

CAMPBELL

Who?

BENOÎT

You know. The men who killed my sister. If you don't I will.

He holds up his AK-47 to make the point.

CAMPBELL

It's a little more complicated than that.

BENOÎT
In America, maybe. Not here.
(beat)
I know where their camp is.

Campbell stops and looks at the boy.

CAMPBELL
And what do you suggest? We walk
in, you and me, and kill them all?

BENOÎT
(points skyward)
You can get your soldiers to do it.

CAMPBELL
(a flicker of amusement)
We'll see.

They march on.

BENOÎT
Is it true the American president
must be born in America?

CAMPBELL
Yes.

BENOÎT
You don't look American.

CAMPBELL
Oh? How do Americans look?

BENOÎT
Fat.

Campbell laughs.

CAMPBELL
I'll take that as a compliment.

BENOÎT
Why? It wasn't meant as one.

CAMPBELL
Quite a diplomat, aren't you?

BENOÎT
I don't know. What is a "diplomat"?

CAMPBELL
A man who prefers talking to
fighting.

Benoît looks sceptical.

BENOÎT
We don't have these people in
Africa.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CRISIS ROOM - DAY

Vice President Richards and various advisors briefed by Maj.
Collins via satellite teleconferencing -

COLLINS
... the man seen escaping from the
clinic fits Patriot's description
well...

RICHARDS
Three days ago you told me were
looking at a zero survivability
scenario.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

INT. COMMAND TENT - GROUND ZERO/JUNGLE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Maj. Collins speaks into a sophisticated teleconferencing
console in the now fully tricked out command tent - arrays of
flat screens, comms eqpt etc.

COLLINS
Sir, Patriot's carbonfiber
monocoque was intact-

RICHARDS
What mono... what're you talking
about?

GENERAL HARRIS USAF
(interjecting)
Mr. Vice President, the Presidential
Office on board Air Force One is
constructed within a reinforced
carbonfiber monocoque designed to
withstand catastrophic impacts--

RICHARDS
What about the fire?

COLLINS
Could've swept through the wreckage
after Patriot escaped... it's a
very small chance--

RICHARDS
And the body... the body in the
president's jacket?

CDR SALLY FONTAINE USN
The DNA polymerase chain reaction
requires another twenty-four hours
incubation before we can start gel-
electrophoresis. We should have a
fingerprint twelve hours after that.

RICHARDS
Collins, you have thirty-six hours
to get to the bottom of this. Then
you pull out. That's an order.
(looks dead at his Joint
Chiefs)
We cannot have any Americans on the
ground in your area after thirty-
six hours have elapsed.

A beat.

COLLINS
Yes, sir, Mr. Vice-President.

Richards hits a button and the screen goes blank. Collins is
out of the loop.

RICHARDS
Tommy?

CHAIRMAN OF JOINT CHIEFS
Sir, preparations will be complete
within twenty-four hours. At that
point we'll be ready to raise the
entire country to dust.

The room is silent. Then -

RICHARDS
Jeff?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Sir, legal grounds are watertight.
Domestic and international law give
you full grounds for a declaration
of war.

RICHARDS
Thirty-six hours, gentlemen.

The meeting breaks up. Sally Fontaine looks unsettled.

INT. PORTRAIT GALLERY - WHITE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sally looks at the famous portraits of the Presidents. Her
eyes come to rest on the face of John Campbell.

Suddenly she's aware of eyes on her. Turning she sees -

LILY CAMPBELL, standing alone, on the stairs.

An awkward beat. Lily, her grief never private. Sally, acutely aware of her intrusion.

Awkwardly, Sally makes to approach her. Lily turns and climbs the stairs. Sally is left standing alone, staring after her.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - DAY

From the riverbank Campbell watches Benoît search the crevices in rocks beneath the rapids, groping blindly, his arm buried up to his shoulder.

Benoît dives beneath the surface for what feels an eternity.

Suddenly he breaks the surface -

BENOÎT
Voilà! J'ai lui pris!
[Got him!]

A HUGE CRAYFISH flaps in his hand.

Campbell applauds.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATER

Beside a CAMPFIRE Campbell and Benoît devour freshly cooked crayfish. We see for the first time a pair of NASTY SCARS on Benoît's shirtless back, not lost on Campbell. He recognizes them as bullet wounds and knows better than to ask.

CAMPBELL
How'd you like to make a million dollars?

Benoît looks at him, interest piqued.

CAMPBELL
When we get to America, we'll sign you up for "Survivor."

BENOÎT
What's that?

CAMPBELL
A TV show. Never mind. You're over-qualified. I'll find something more useful for you to do.

BENOÎT
I want to be a journalist. On TV.

CAMPBELL
I said "something more useful..."

He regrets it as soon as he's said it - as a glimpse of youthful insecurity flashes over Benoît's eyes.

CAMPBELL
Cheap joke. And a bad one. You'd make an excellent journalist. God knows you've a story to tell.

BENOÎT
(no hubris)
I do.

A beat. Campbell studies the young warrior.

CAMPBELL
Tell me about your parents.

BENOÎT
My mother was a school teacher. My father was a journalist.

Ungh. Double whammy. Campbell winces again at his bad joke.

BENOÎT
The Interahamwe did not like the stories he wrote. We lived in Kisingali. They dragged him from the car at a road block and shot him.

Campbell nods grimly. One thing he's learning *not* to do is to patronize this boy.

CAMPBELL
(nods to the scars)
That where you picked those up?

Benoît nods simply.

CAMPBELL
What happened to your mother?

BENOÎT
She died of cholera... in the first camp we lived at, Burulingi.

CAMPBELL
Sylvie raised you since then?

Benoît nods again, falling silent. Campbell looks at the boy - all five feet and ten years of him.

CAMPBELL
You want to tell the world about what happened here?

BENOÎT

When I was a child I thought this was
the world. Now I am a man, I know
more. Yes, I want the world to know.

A beat. Campbell considers what he's about to say.

CAMPBELL

The world already knows.

Benoît stares at him - they do?

CAMPBELL

They choose to look the other way.

Benoît soaks this up... then digs at the fire, a little too
spiritedly. He's ashamed - it's a brutal realization to a ten
year old man - he means nothing to the men beyond his borders -
the ones who run the world. A thought comes to him. He stops
and looks over at him.

BENOÎT

And you? Do you look the other way?

Campbell weighs this. He look down at the map, spread out on
the ground, the jungle crash site clearly marked by Sylvie.

CAMPBELL

Right now, I only want to get home
to my daughter and my wife.

Benoît nods simply. Tears brim, he looks away.

Campbell studies Benoît. ON CAMPBELL - is it regret... or
anger simmering inside?

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - NIGHT

Campbell sits on a large, flat boulder beside a campfire,
cradling the sleeping Benoît in his arms, to keep him warm,
as he himself shivers in the cold, damp night.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Campbell follows Benoît up the narrow path through the dense
jungle. Abruptly, Benoît stops, eyes fixed on the horizon.
Campbell catches up. He follows his gaze -

AN UNINTERRUPTED VIEW of the mighty Congo - the surface
shimmering, reflecting the African sun.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

The path is downhill now. Benoît leads the way. Abruptly, he STOPS, signaling for silence.

The NOISE of approaching men. Benoît and Campbell slip into the thick bush for cover.

MOMENTS LATER - a column of Interahamwe militia file past.

Benoît and Campbell press themselves into the damp ground, not daring to breathe till the column recedes.

When it's safe again, they re-emerge from the bush as -

A STRAGGLER rounds the corner. TAK! TAK! TAK! He opens fire -

Campbell and Benoît dive back into the bush, running, tumbling head-over-heel, scrambling - soon they're separated - SHOUTS of pursuers close behind - more GUNFIRE RAKES the bush -

WITH CAMPBELL -

CAMPBELL
Benoît! Benoît!

No answer. Only gunfire. He plunges deeper into the jungle. He falls - TUMBLING DOWN the steep mountainside -

THUMPING into something hard - UUGGHH! - a FELLED TREE. In agony - cracked ribs - he crawls into a recess, pressing himself beneath a rotting log -

INTERAHAMWE FEET rush past - never seeing him. His head slumps to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JUNGLE - BENEATH THE LOG - NIGHT

Campbell comes round. Slowly, painfully, he emerges from beneath the log. He looks about in the blackness.

CAMPBELL
(gently)
Benoît? Benoît?

He searches for him - but no joy.

He stumbles into a SMALL CLEARING. Full moon overhead. He pulls out the map and studies it in the dim light - the CRASH-SITE, clearly marked - freedom so close now... and not far away, the INTERHAMWE CAMP.

He calculates. His mind set, he moves out.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

A bizarre sight - FLOODLIGHTS bathe the jungle in light. SPARKS fly as STEEL-WORKERS and ENGINEERS dismantle the wreckage of Air Force One, and piece by piece the entire plane is packed onto USAF C-130 transporters on the runway - all under the watchful eye of Maj. Collins and the US Marines.

A mind-blowing challenge - well on the way to completion.

EXT. INTERAHAMWE REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

Battered and bleeding, Benoît lies, crouched, hands and feet bound, in front of Grise and his brutal henchmen.

GRISE
(French - subtitled)
Repeat after me, "I am a worthless
Tutsi dog."

Gentle laughter from his goons. But Benoît is silent. Grise slaps him.

GRISE
Where is he?

Benoît tries to mumble something. Grise leans closer.

GRISE
What?

Benoît spits blood in his face. A rebel goes to smash his head with a rifle butt. Grise stops him.

MAN'S VOICE
(thick Russian accent)
You're wasting our time.

In the shadows, sits a large, white man, SERGEI ZHIRKOV (45). With a double-chin, he looks soft and well-fed. But his eyes are cruel. Misjudge this man at your peril.

ZHIRKOV
Kill him and be done with it. We're
running out of time.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - PROMONTORY OVERLOOKING CAMP -

Campbell, pressed close to the earth, watches the action play out below.

BACK IN THE CAMP - Grise KICKS Benoît in the belly.

CAMPBELL RECOILS, involuntarily. Unarmed, what can he do? But he MUST act. He crawls forward - towards to perimeter -

Suddenly, Campbell feels the cold steel of the MUZZLE of an AK-47 pressed to the back of his neck - CLICK!

CAMPBELL
Don't shoot. It's me you want.

MILITIAMAN/GUARD
(French - subtitled)
Get up!

Slowly, Campbell complies. A SHOVE from the rebel tells him to descend towards the camp.

MILITIAMAN/GUARD
Slow.

As they descend the hill the GROWL of an engine grows -

Away to the left, the shadow of a LOGGING TRUCK, no headlights, looms out of the darkness on the mud track leading to the rebel encampment. The DRIVER, one of the Russian mercenaries, hasn't seen them.

Campbell, at gunpoint, and his captor emerge from the forest onto the track. Suddenly, Campbell STUMBLES, going down -

A SHARP PROD from the rifle. Campbell, expecting it, GRABS the muzzle, PULLING, jamming his THUMB BEHIND THE TRIGGER - the rebel squeezes - no give - Campbell grimaces - ROLLING - UGHH! - his THUMB BREAKS - but he has the rebel under him - pressing the barrel across his throat - CRUSHING the larynx - the rebel CHOKING as the life goes out of him.

Campbell DRAGS the dead rebel into the undergrowth just as the logging truck rounds the bend - passing close -

Now is the moment! Campbell slinks out of the bush - CROUCHED LOW - CLOSE behind the slow-moving truck -

ON THE DRIVER - THUMP! He glances in his MIRROR - nothing -

The truck pulls up to the CHECK-POINT at the camp entrance. The driver signals to the GUARD ON DUTY for SILENCE. He gets out, slides the bolt on his GLOCK G18 and motions the guard to follow suit -

They EDGE to the rear - peering into the flat-bed - a BLUE TARPULIN covers the contents. The driver signals the guard to draw back the tarpaulin as he trains his gun on it -

The guard YANKS the tarpaulin - SIX SA-21 SAMS - no Campbell.

The driver takes a moment to reassure himself - looks around the perimeter - nothing.

At length, he walks back to the cab of the truck - climbing in. We JIB DOWN to see -

CAMPBELL, CLINGING to the chassis beneath the truck.

The engine starts and the truck drives through the gate.

MOMENTS LATER -

A SECLUDED AREA between the tents - the driver pulls back the tarpaulin.

THUMP! He goes down - Campbell REVEALED behind him - the stock of the AK-47 held high from the blow.

Campbell examines the Russian writing on the SAMs - a mental note taken.

MOMENTS LATER -

Crouching low, Campbell SLINKS in the shadows from tent to tent. He sees -

The Russian, Zhirkov, walking away from where Grise continues to torment Benoît. He heads into a tent -

Campbell crosses to the tent - hiding behind it. He listens -

INT. ZHIRKOV'S TENT - INTERAHAMWE CAMP -

Zhirkov, on a satellite phone -

ZHIRKOV
(thick Russian accent)
We have corroboration. Target is
still alive.
(beat)
SA-21's did their job. Rest is not
my responsibility. Completion
payment for mission is not
negotiable.
(beat)
If you want to negotiate additional
services... I am open to
discussions.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

EXT. ZHIRKOV'S TENT -

Campbell listens - and moves silently round to the front of the tent - he sees -

Benoît's limp body in the dust - eyes glazed and unfocussed -
Grise and his rebels standing over him - discussing his fate -

It's a sledgehammer in Campbell's gut - the anger rising - he
moves into -

INT. ZHIRKOV'S TENT -

Zhirkov's jaw drops mid-conversation - stunned disbelief as
he stares at his quarry - an AK-47 levelled at him.

Campbell looks cold, like he'll tear the man limb from limb.

Campbell moves forward silently, pressing the muzzle of the
AK-47 to Zhirkov's forehead.

Zhirkov drops the phone to the floor - CLOSE ON THE PHONE -
STILL CONNECTED - phone NUMBER DISPLAYED - + 345 949 7129 -
the LOW BATTERY light flashes.

CAMPBELL
Who are you?

ZHIRKOV
What does it matter? I have more
names than Czar... so many I forget
my own. My name is irrelevant.

CAMPBELL
Don't fuck with me!

Zhirkov calculates.

ZHIRKOV
For purposes of this conversation,
you call me Zhirkov.

CAMPBELL
Who paid you?

ZHIRKOV
(glimmer of a smile)
I don't know.

CAMPBELL
I told you, don't fuck with me!

ZHIRKOV
If you pay someone to assassinate
president of most powerful country
in world, you reveal your name?

True enough.

CAMPBELL
Get down.

Zhirkov does as he says - lies on the floor - Campbell's knee in his back. Campbell lifts up the phone - listens - BREATHING.

CAMPBELL
Who is this?

No answer.

CAMPBELL
Listen carefully...
(glancing at the number
displayed on the phone)
We will hunt you. We will find you.
And we will bring you to justice.

CLICK! The line goes dead.

Campbell pockets the phone. He places the muzzle of the AK-47 at the back of Zhirkov's neck -

CAMPBELL
(hatred visible)
A lot of good people... fathers,
mothers... sons... died on that
plane. If it was me you wanted, I
wasn't hard to find.

ZHIRKOV
You shoot me now, you'll be dead in
less than fifteen seconds. Look
outside... over three hundred of
them out there.
(beat)
I can get you out. Alive.

CAMPBELL
Yeah? Will you refund the money to
your employers?

Campbell raises the stock of the gun, preparing to crush the assassin's neck - and holds for a moment -

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER -

Campbell sneaks out of the tent leaving Zhirkov, BOUND AND GAGGED with tape. He carries with him a KEROSENE LAMP.

BEHIND THE TENTS - FUEL DEPOT -

Campbell sets the wick of the kerosene lamp to it's highest setting and TOSSES it -

Into the CAMP'S FUEL SUPPLY - DOZENS OF DRUMS of diesel, gasoline etc. - and runs for cover -

KABOOM! A series of ever bigger EXPLOSIONS - a HUGE FIREBALL -
Grise and the rebels run for cover -

Campbell makes his move - running into the open - stooping to collect the small broken body that is Benoît - and running for the perimeter -

Grise spots him - OPENS FIRE - others join him -

A withering volley of GUNFIRE - the brush lit up by TRACERS - shredding the dense bush around them.

Campbell, carrying Benoît, races blindly, deeper into the bush. Behind them, the SOUND of pursuers - hot on their tail.

The brush grows more dense. In the pitch black Campbell fights his way forward, hands and face cut and bleeding.

He runs till he can run no further. He stumbles, falls. They lie there, winded - VOICES APPROACH -

Rebels' boots pass inches from their faces - pressed deep into the mud.

Benoît comes round, WHIMPERING in pain. Campbell covers his mouth to stifle the cries.

He pulls out the sat-phone - display flashes "BATTERY LOW".

CAMPBELL

Shit!

He thinks - trying to recall a number. He dials -

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

INT. KITCHEN - WHITE HOUSE PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE on a CELL PHONE, in a handbag, VIBRATING - unnoticed - an eternity - goes to message -

ELENA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hi, I can't get to the phone right
now... etc

Elena sits at her desk nearby, writing - none-the-wiser -

EXT. JUNGLE FLOOR -

It's all Campbell can do to stop himself from crying out in frustration -

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Another cell-phone VIBRATES, on a desk. Lily lies on her bed, earphones on, listening to music and reading, unaware of the call. An eternity -

Suddenly, she looks up, sees her flashing phone - moves towards it - answers it -

LILY
Hello?

EXT. JUNGLE FLOOR -

THUMP! A foot lands inches from Campbell's face! He barely breathes -

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Lily listens to the breathing -

LILY
(softly)
Hello?

ON CAMPBELL - rebels just feet away - daren't say a word -

ON LILY -

LILY
Daddy?

Tears well in the girl's eyes.

LILY
Daddy, is that you?

CAMPBELL's eyes well...

The phone flashes - "NO POWER" and DIES...

In despair, Campbell presses his head into the dirt.

INT. KITCHEN - WHITE HOUSE PRIVATE QUARTERS

Lily runs into the kitchen, face streaked with tears -

LILY
(urgent)
Mommy, I think he's alive...

Elena looks at her daughter - SHOCKED...

CUT TO:

INT. BIOCHEMISTRY LABORATORY - DAY

A dazzling array of COMPUTERS and state-of-the-art CHEMICAL ANALYSIS EQUIPMENT - electrophoresis plates - genetic mapping images on light-boxes - gas chromatography machines - centrifuges etc.

Alongside them - personnel files of White House staffers, Air Force One crew etc flash on computer screens - all operated by TECHNICIANS in white biological contamination suits.

Cdr Sally Fontaine pores over results - a final FILE DOWNLOADING on her lap-top computer - it FLASHES -

"TOP SECRET - LEVEL 1 CLEARANCE"

She types in a password -

Genetic mapping imagery flashes up - the computer crunches through possible matches - a match is found -

"MATCH CONFIRMED"

A file flashes up -

A photo of JOHN CAMPBELL - "PATRIOT."

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Elena and Lily hurry towards a CLOSED DOOR. A secret service agent opens it as they approach - they enter -

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

Richards stands at his desk reviewing a file. He looks up as Elena and Lily burst in.

ELENA
(breathless)
Charles... we got a call from a
satellite phone... I think he's
alive...

Richards looks at her in silence for a moment. Then slowly walks round the desk to hold her arm.

For the first time we notice Sally Fontaine in the room.

RICHARDS

(sober)

Elena, this is Commander Sally Fontaine. She's running the forensic team tasked with identifying everyone who perished in the crash.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Elena, we have certain proof now... genetic fingerprinting... John was amongst the dead.

ELENA

No... please, no...

Lily starts to cry inconsolably. Mother and daughter hold each other, grief overwhelming them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THICK JUNGLE - TROPICAL DOWNPOUR - NIGHT

Beneath an outcrop, Campbell cradles Benoît's little body, protecting it as best he can from the rain. Benoît murmurs softly, in and out of consciousness.

Campbell takes the satellite phone from his pocket and slips the SIM CARD out - looks at it closely - and pockets it.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

A tense, hurried gathering of cabinet members and the Joint Chiefs. The Attorney General is there. So is Elena, looking numb. The room is sombre. The Chief Justice of the US Supreme Court holds a Bible as Richards swears the oath -

RICHARDS

I, Charles James Richards, do solemnly swear to uphold the office of the President of the United States etc...

INT. CNN SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A stunned, pale Wolf Blitzer reports -

WOLF BLITZER

... confirmation, based on genetic fingerprinting, that means 100% certainty, was released by the White House fifteen minutes ago. President John Campbell is dead. Charles Richards has been sworn in as the forty-seventh president...

I/E. MONTAGE - AROUND THE WORLD

Viewers gather in living rooms, bars, electronics equipment stores, Times Square, Piccadilly Circus, Shanghai Streets etc to receive the stunning news...

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - DAY

Campbell, Benoît on his back, limps down a muddy jungle track, map in hand, grim determination etched on his face.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - DAY

THE WRECKAGE HAS BEEN CLEARED - an amazing feat of engineering - every scrap of Air Force One - removed.

Maj. Collins watches the last C-130 Transporter trundle down the runway and lift off. A handful of helicopters remain.

Satisfied, he crosses to the command tent, itself in an advanced state of deconstruction. Lt. Gordon hurries over, satellite phone in hand.

LT. GORDON

Sir, Brigadier General Lasko on the horn.

(hands him the phone)

COLLINS

Major Collins here.

(beat)

Roger that, sir. We are secure.

Send it.

(a longer pause)

(sober)

Yes, sir. I understand, sir.

Collins is grim. Lt. Gordon looks at his superior officer.

LT. GORDON

Sir?

COLLINS
It's confirmed. Patriot's dead.
Break it down. We're out of here in
two hours.

They knew this was coming, but Gordon still looks like he's
been hit in the gut.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - DAY

Campbell, at the limits of human endurance, carrying Benoît
on his back, limps on. The going is as hard as it gets.

CAMPBELL
Hang in there, Little Lion. Less
than two clicks to go.

Benoît offers a glimpse of a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Lily stares at her cell phone -

Recent Calls: + 1 345 949 7129

She hits REDIAL. We get the sense she's done this several
times already.

RECORDING (V.O.)
The number you are dialing cannot
be reached. Please try again later.

CUT TO:

THE SUN OVER AFRICA -

... arcs through sky... beating down mercilessly...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - DAY

Campbell with Benoît on his back.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE - DAY

The Marines breaking down the command tent.

TRANSITION OF TIME:

THE SUN OVER AFRICA -

... the shadows are lengthening...

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON CAMPBELL, the distant SOUND of HELICOPTER ROTORS, presses on with renewed determination...

GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE

The last equipment being loaded into CH-53 SUPER STALLION HELICOPTERS. Lt. Gordon comes up to Maj. Collins with a MAP -

LT. GORDON

Hey, sir, we're getting more reports of rebel activity near Molimba, twenty five clicks east. Looks like they took out an entire rebel camp. Someone's seriously fucking pissed off, sir.

Collins looks at the map -

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK

With Campbell and Benoît. The SOUND OF THE HELICOPTERS clearly audible now.

CAMPBELL

Hear that, Benny? That's the sound of freedom.

So close now, we can taste it -

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE

Collins heads to the choppers with Gordon -

COLLINS

Tell the pilot to check it out on the way out.

Lt. Gordon nods and runs forward to tell the pilot.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK

With Campbell and Benoît. We catch GLIMPSES of the clearing ahead through the thick bush - the helicopters, the Marines.

CAMPBELL
We made it. We've made it! Benny,
you little beauty, we've made it!

Campbell breaks into a run.

The WHINE of the choppers rising in pitch -

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE

Collins clambers aboard and gives the pilot the thumbs up and points skyward.

COLLINS
(shouting)
Take her up.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK

Campbell, hobbling as best he can, Benoît laughing on his back -

The WHINE of the choppers at fever pitch -

Suddenly, it dawns on Campbell -

CAMPBELL
No...
(shouting)
No. No! Wait!

Scrambling desperately now -

EXT. GROUND ZERO - JUNGLE CRASH SITE

COLLINS, on the chopper, scans the tree-line. The pilot SHOUTS to him. Collins can't hear, looks up, reaches for a HEADSET as -

CAMPBELL AND BENOÎT burst through the tree-line - running - stumbling - falling as -

THE CHOPPERS lift off - airborne - climbing -

CAMPBELL, staggering to his feet - UNSEEN -

CAMPBELL
 (shouting, lost in noise)
 We're here! We're here! You sons-of-
 bitches, we're here!

COLLINS scans the tree-line - surely he'll see them -

CAMPBELL AND BENOÎT - hidden in the choppers' blind spot,
 helpless -

The choppers disappear over the canopy of the forest.

Campbell slumps to his knees, next to Benoît, unable to
 speak, unable to look him in the eye.

PULL BACK - we see the vastness of the surrounding forest -
 and two ever more isolated figures, diminishing in size in
 the clearing that was Ground Zero.

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. CH-53 SUPER STALLION HELICOPTER - FLYING LOW - LATER

Collins and Gordon look out over the triple canopy skimming
 beneath them - ahead we glimpse a pall of BLACK SMOKE.

PILOT'S COMM (V.O.)
 There it is, sir. Eleven o'clock,
 'bout a thousand meters out.

We fly low over the STILL BURNING REBEL CAMP - now deserted.

LT. GORDON
 'the fuck happened here?

Collins looks out, pensive.

COLLINS
 (into comms)
 Where's the Llongwe refugee camp
 from here?

PILOT'S COMM (V.O.)
 Another thirty clicks or so on the
 same bearing.

Collins studies the map - the refugee camp, rebel camp and
 ground zero line up almost perfectly. Coincidence?

EXT. GROUND ZERO - DESERTED - DUSK

One of those stunning African sunsets.

Campbell searches through abandoned supplies. He finds water, military rations etc. He makes his way to Benoît, lying in the shade. Gently, he helps him take some water.

Another battle for survival has now begun - the battle where morale is the deciding factor between life and death. Campbell knows it. Benoît has a sense of it.

CAMPBELL
Don't look so glum, little one. Only
eight hundred miles to Nairobi.

Benoît manages a smile.

CAMPBELL
That's what I'm talking about.
(matter of fact)
You're a born fighter if ever I met
one, Benny.

We glimpse a little of the fire returning to Benoît's eyes. Campbell washes a wound on Benoît's shoulder. He winces.

CAMPBELL
(matter of fact)
I promised your sister we'd get you
out of here. And we will. Stick
with me, OK?

Benoît nods decisively. He struggles to sit up.

CAMPBELL
Easy, Little Lion. One step at a
time.

BENOÎT
Nairobi is too far.

CAMPBELL
(amused, but elated by
Benoît's spirit)
You think?

Benoît nods.

BENOÎT
The airfield at Beninge. There is a
plane there. A big one.

Campbell looks at the little fighter - a little amazed.

CAMPBELL
A big one, eh? Think you know how
to fly it?

Shakes his head, disappointed.

CAMPBELL
Good thing I do. Show me.

He hands Benoît the map. Benoît points to the airfield at Beninge.

CAMPBELL
You know, Benny, you're one
indominatable little son-of-a...
son-of-a... a...
(beat, laughs)
... aren't you?

Benoît looks quizzical. Campbell takes some abandoned webbing and rigs a rudimentary carrier.

CAMPBELL
It's a good thing. Trust me.

He lifts Benoît onto his back, strapping him in, rations and water strapped to his front.

CAMPBELL
Buckle up.

And they move out, the map in Campbell's hand.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - EVENING

Campbell, hikes on, a pronounced limp with Benoît on his back. Benoît is starting to recover well.

BENOÎT
How did you learn to fly?

CAMPBELL
In the Navy. Long time ago.

BENOÎT
Top Gun!

CAMPBELL
(smiling)
Exactly right. Top Gun. How'd you know?

BENOÎT
Did you have a name? Maverick?

A beat.

CAMPBELL
(reflective)
I had a name. "Patriot." But I
wasn't Top Gun. In fact... I got
shot down.

BENOÎT
Perhaps the plane at Berninge is a
bad idea.

CAMPBELL
You comfortable enough there?
Perhaps it's time to walk, eh?

Benoît smiles, holds his tongue.

CAMPBELL
Yeah, thought as much.

BENOÎT
What does "Patriot" mean?

CAMPBELL
It means a man who loves his
country.
(beat)
Maybe even enough to die for it.

Benoît thinks about this.

BENOÎT
This is you? Why should a man die
for his country?

CAMPBELL
He shouldn't.
(beat)
If he's dead set on it, he should
do it for something more important
than geography.

Young though he is, Benoît knows this is a glimpse into the
inner workings of Campbell.

BENOÎT
What, then?

CAMPBELL
Stick with me and we'll try not to
find out.

Benoît looks at his friend, thoughtfully. They march on down
the track.

EXT. MANGOTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

From the shadows, Campbell and Benoît stand just beyond the
tree-line, scoping out what was once a RURAL TUTSI VILLAGE.

It's a ghostly sight - abandoned farm equipment and long
decomposed bodies (little more than skeletons now) litter the
streets. Most of the buildings are burned out. Nothing moves.

Campbell lays Benoît on the ground and breaks cover, cautiously moving forward.

Each corner brings new horrors, the skulls of the village's one-time inhabitants mouth silent, eternal screams.

INT. MANGOTE HUT

Campbell stands in the door and peers into the gloom. Steeling himself, he moves inside. The family lie where they were murdered on the packed earth floor.

Campbell looks about for anything useful. In what must have served as a makeshift kitchen he finds a battered WIND-UP RADIO. He cranks the wind - STATIC. Then, slowly, a thin voice comes in - MILEY CYRUS - "See You Again."

The irony of the song and the setting isn't lost on him.

He glances about - sees a RUSTY KITCHEN KNIFE on the floor. He takes it and tucks it into his belt.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

Campbell and Benoît lean against a large mahogany tree, eating military rations and listening to the thin sounds of the music on the radio. Campbell studies the map as he sharpens and cleans the blade of the kitchen knife on a flat stone. Benoît's recovery is going well. He's able to sit up and move about for himself.

BENOÎT

You didn't have to leave me outside the village. I've seen it all before, you know.

CAMPBELL

I know.

BENOÎT

So?

CAMPBELL

Not on my watch you didn't.

A glimmer of understanding in Benoît's eyes. A childhood lost.

Benoît leans forward to change the radio station - skipping through channels - we catch a few indistinct words from a sober announcer -

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... procession makes it's way...
[static]... Lincoln Memorial...
[more static]...

Abruptly Campbell leans forward -

CAMPBELL

Go back!

Benoît tunes the dial -

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)

... deeply moving. The riderless horse, signifying the fallen Commander-in-Chief, follows the coffin draped in the flag.

Campbell is rigid.

BENOÎT

What is...

CAMPBELL

(interrupting)

Shh!

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)

Mrs. Campbell and the President's daughter, Lily, just eleven years old, who watches from the steps with what I can only describe as incredible poise and dignity for one so young...

Campbell's face almost crumples as he pictures them.

Benoît, not understanding, is transfixed. Campbell's eyes find his.

CAMPBELL

It's my funeral.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF THE CAPITOL - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The nation gathered in mourning - the pomp and circumstance that befits the fallen leader of the free world - and shining like a beacon in that sea, we find the tear streaked face of a courageous eleven year old girl, Lily Campbell, daughter of the 46th President of the United States.

RETURN TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

CLOSE on the face of John Campbell. We shudder to imagine the dark thoughts behind those eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAWN

As the first tendrils of the dawn touch the sky, we find our heroes, Campbell and Benoît, walking in silence on the track.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lily, still in the black dress she wore to the funeral, lies on her bed staring at her mobile phone - again -

Recent Calls: + 1 345 949 7129.

Abruptly, she gets up and goes to her computer, typing -
GOOGLE SEARCH - "GENETIC FINGERPRINTING".

She chooses a page and starts to read.

INT. SALLY FONTAINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sally lies on her bed, staring at the ceiling. Sleep won't come. A PHONE RINGS. She looks at it. Then at the clock - 10:15pm. She tries to ignore it. No good. She reaches for it.

SALLY FONTAINE

Hello?

(a beat, caught off-guard)

No... I... I mean, yes.

(beat)

Now?

(looking at the clock again)

Where?

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Sally climbs the steps to the colonnades. The place is empty but for a PAIR OF MEN IN DARK SUITS. She nods to them and heads inside. There she finds LILY, at the foot of the statue.

LILY

He's not dead, you know.

Sally remains silent.

LILY
Your science isn't fool-proof.

SALLY FONTAINE
Does your mother know where you
are?

ELENA (O.C.)
She does.

Sally turns to see ELENA in the shadows.

ELENA
Well? Can your science be fooled?

FONTAINE
I don't think so.

ELENA
Two days ago, we each received
calls from the same number on our
private cell phones. Not many
people have our numbers. The caller
didn't speak. He couldn't. The
number checked out as a satellite
phone registered in the Cayman
Islands.

Elena hands her a piece of PAPER with the number on it.

ELENA
Records show the call was made from
Africa. The eastern Congo.
(beat)
He's out there, Commander Fontaine.
Somewhere. Trying to get back to us.

Sally stares at Elena's moist eyes, unable to break her gaze.

EXT. BANKS OF THE CONGO - DAY

Campbell and Benoît look out over the mighty Congo from the
security of the tree-line.

The river's in spate from the recent rains - a raging torrent
of brown water - impassable.

Looking away to their right we see -

THE MAPUTOLESE BRIDGE - an ironwork, arched bridge, a relic
from the Belgian colonial times.

The approach to the bridge is guarded by a CHECKPOINT manned
by HALF-A-DOZEN INTERAHAMWE REBELS.

Campbell glances at the map and puts it away.

CAMPBELL
This is it, kiddo. Let's go.

They move out, hugging the tree-line for cover.

EXT. MAPUTOLESE BRIDGE/CONGO RIVER - LATER

Six Interahamwe rebels guard the bridge, more concerned with their DOMINO GAME than security of the bridge. We CRANE DOWN from the domino game -

And FIND Campbell and Benoît AMONGST THE STEEL GIRDERS of the bridge, precariously edging their way over, beneath the roadway. Below them, a two hundred foot drop into the raging rapids of one of the world's mightiest rivers in full spate.

Progress is hair-raising - precarious purchase afforded by ledges just inches wide. Benoît SLIPS - teetering inches from death - Campbell GRABS him - securing him.

Shaken, Campbell takes a moment to steady him - silent reassurance. He mouths "You ready?". Benoît nods. They move out again.

ATOP THE BRIDGE a rebel drains a beer bottle and tosses it over the edge - falling, falling - into the rapids below.

BRIDGE GUARD #1
(French - subtitled)
I need to piss.

BRIDGE GUARD #2
Then piss and shut up about it.

BRIDGE GUARD #3
He can't. He's caught a dose from a
Tusti whore.

The group laugh openly at their stricken colleague.

BRIDGE GUARD #1
If I caught it I caught it from
your sister.

More laughter - that morphs into a menacing silence. Guard #3 looks ready to kill for the comment.

Guard #1 gets up and goes to the edge of the bridge to relieve himself. It's clearly not comfortable for him. He looks down to check his stream and suddenly, away to the left, catches a GLIMPSE of -

BENOÎT below, disappearing behind a steel girder.

The guard abandons the attempt to piss. He leans out over the rail and shoulders his AK-47. There it is again -

CAMPBELL, this time, slips into the open, skirting round one of the girders.

TAK! TAK! TAK! The guard OPENS FIRE.

The granite column next to Campbell EXPLODES IN DUST as he disappears behind it.

BRIDGE GUARD #1
Alonsi! Alonsi!

His colleagues jump into action - taking up positions on the rail, rifles at the ready.

BRIDGE GUARD #2
What is it?

BRIDGE GUARD #1
Campbell and the boy!

Campbell steals a look from behind the stone pillar - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The pillars ERUPTS in dust again, bullets RICOCHET wildly among the girders.

He presses himself back against the pillar.

CAMPBELL
Christ! We're sitting ducks.

Above, guard #1 ISSUES INSTRUCTIONS - despatching some gunmen to take up positions on the river bank to pick them off.

Another glance from Campbell. Another volley of GUNFIRE, pinning them down. He looks about for options.

CAMPBELL
Here.

He lifts Benoît up to a ledge above them.

CAMPBELL
Cross over.

He signals Benoît to cross over to the down-river side of the bridge. He moves to follow when -

ANOTHER VOLLEY OF FIRE - from the river bank - the stone-work explodes - his hand-hold disintegrates - he's FALLING -

CLANG! THUD! He bounces off one girder, hits another! ARGHH! He WRENCHES HIS ANKLE - caught in a v-shaped joint in the metalwork - ARRESTING HIS FALL - DANGLING now - INVERTED.

BULLETS scream about him, RICOCHETING off the girders. He drags himself up finding temporary refuge behind a girder.

He checks his breast pocket - FUCK! - the SIM card from the satellite phone is GONE. He looks about, frantically -

THERE IT IS! Beneath him in the open on a ledge.

It holds the clue to his would-be assassins - so close and yet so far. It's suicide. He'll be ripped to shreds. But he has to have it.

He braces himself - a coiled spring - leaps into the open - scrambling across the girder - MORE GUNFIRE - closing - he grabs the SIM card - scrambles behind another pillar.

ON THE RIVER BANK rebels move into position. Their quarry will soon be covered from all angles. Campbell knows it.

He glances down at the RAGING WATERS beneath - suicide. He looks up at Benoît - FIFTY FEET AWAY. Then again out at the river bank where the rebels are looming into line-of-sight. The ROAR of the river is tremendous!

CAMPBELL
(shouting)
Benoît! We have to jump.

Benoît shakes his head - NO!

CAMPBELL
(shouting)
We've got no choice. In a few seconds they're gonna have a clear shot at us. Then they'll pick us off easy.

BENOÎT
(shouting)
I can't swim!

Christ! It's desperate. Campbell looks at the rapids below.

BENOÎT
(again)
I can't swim!

CAMPBELL
(fateful smile)
(muttered to himself)
"The fall'll probably kill you."

Not helpful for Benoît. Bad joke.

CAMPBELL
(shouting)
We have no choice! Now jump!

Benoît shakes his head again - NO!

CAMPBELL
(shouting)
Jump into the goddamned water,
Benoît, or I'll come up there and
throw you in myself!

Benoît looks at him - terrified.

CAMPBELL
(softer)
Do it, Benny. It's our only chance.

CRACK! The masonry above Campbell's head ERUPTS from an incoming round. And -

BENOÎT JUMPS!

CAMPBELL shoves the SIM card in his mouth and LEAPS -

They plummet two hundred feet into the monstrous rapids... and disappear.

We wait. And wait. They're gone.

Incredibly, Benoît's head pops up from the roiling water. Followed by Campbell.

Campbell sees Benoît struggle. Benoît goes under again. Campbell swims frantically towards him.

As he pops up again, Campbell grabs him. The water about them ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE. But the current is fast pulling them beyond the range of the small-arms fire.

Campbell, holding Benoît up, fights desperately to keep them above water.

The situation looks hopeless, but Campbell WILL NOT DIE. He fights with everything he has left, kicking, flailing -

WHAM! They SLAM into a ROCK midstream. Temporary purchase. But they're swept off it -

The current pulls them UNDER again - down - raking them over the ROCKS ON THE RIVER BED - and -

SPITTING them out again - a LAST EFFORT - Campbell KICKS for the far side - into CALMER WATERS - still a long way to go - but the rapids are receding as Campbell gains strength.

MOMENTS LATER -

Campbell, exhausted, drags himself and Benoît onto the soft, mud bank on the far side and collapses.

But they have no time to recover. The rebels, reinforcements arriving, are making their way over the bridge, down to the river bank - still several hundred yards away.

Campbell retrieves the SIM card from his mouth and puts it back in his pocket.

CAMPBELL
Let's go, Superman.

And he's helping Benoît up, and they're heading for the tree-line - disappearing into the bush again.

INT. BIOCHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

The clock on the wall reads 3:15AM. Sally Fontaine looks over reports and test results. Something doesn't add up. She looks again at the report in her hand - a list of the passengers of Air Force One - every name has the same result - "MATCH CONFIRMED" - except one:

"Adam Cooper, USSS - PPD Lead Agent - NO MATCH FOUND"

Sally stares at it, she can't let it go.

She calls up a file on her computer - CLASSIFIED - TOP SECRET. She types a PASSWORD -

JOHN CAMPBELL's file comes up. She taps another key and stares at a GEL ELECTROPHORESIS PLATE marked: "SAMPLE KK3".

The sequence of genetic markers match up nicely - a green tag flashes - "MATCH CONFIRMED - DECEASED".

She goes to a glass-fronted refrigerator and examines the samples - CLEARLY MARKED VIALS containing crimson liquid - BLOOD. On closer examination one vial stands out - it has slightly more blood - it's marked "SAMPLE NO KK3".

HOLD ON Sally, perturbed.

EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

The National Naval Medical Hospital. Sally Fontaine shows her ID to the GUARDS at the gate. The barrier raises and she drives in.

INT. SECURITY DESK - 8TH FLOOR PATHOLOGY LABS

The place is deserted. Sally signs in at the desk. The lone MARINE GUARD on duty checks his watch - 3:50AM. He glances at her, suspicions aroused. He's about to speak -

FONTAINE
 (preempting him)
 Just check the access, corporal.

He checks her ID and clearance on his computer. CLEARED.
 Surprised, he issues a PASS and hands it to her.

MARINE GUARD
 Haematology is at the end of the
 third corridor on the left, Ma'am.

FONTAINE
 Who's the command duty officer
 tonight?

MARINE GUARD
 Lieutenant Carmichael, Ma'am.

FONTAINE
 Get him.

Chastened, he picks up the phone.

INT. CORRIDOR - 8TH FLOOR PATHOLOGY LABS

Lt. Carmichael USM (20's) punches an access code into a box
 on a door. The light flashes GREEN. He opens it and leads
 Sally Fontaine into a state-of-the-art biochemistry lab.

They cross the room to a SEALED REFRIGERATOR DOOR.

LT. CARMICHAEL
 (pausing)
 Ma'am, this is highly irregular--

FONTAINE
 Lieutenant, you're under the direct
 order from a superior officer with
 pre-cleared access. Open the door.

LT. CARMICHAEL
 Yes, Ma'am.

He types in a security access code and opens the door. Sally
 peers into the a large refrigerated room with BANKS OF GLASS
 FRONTED REFRIGERATORS.

CDR SALLY FONTAINE USN
 Wait here.

She moves into the refrigerated room. She moves to a
 refrigerator clearly marked POTUS - JOHN CAMPBELL. She checks
 the INVENTORY on the clipboard she holds in her hand.

"POTUS - HG ON HAND - 10PTS"

Various drawers - one marked "HAEMOGLOBIN". She opens it. Counts the PACKETS within - NINE - Jesus Christ! Her hand TREMBLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - CONGO - DAY

Campbell and Benoît run, hell-for-leather, through the forest. The distant shouts of their pursuers echo through the trees. Daylight ahead and they burst into -

EXT. SLASH AND BURN DEFORESTED LAND

A swathe of DEFORESTED LAND. Beyond that a SMALL FARMING VILLAGE. There's a LAND-ROVER parked alongside the HUTS. No time to waste, Campbell and Benoît charge onto the open land as fast as they can, towards the village and the Land-Rover.

Running, Campbell notices a strange site - a VILLAGER on the far side WAVES at him. Undeterred, they run on.

The villager's waves become FRANTIC - something's up.

Campbell looks about as he runs -

A CARCASS of a buffalo, it's HINDQUARTERS BLOWN AWAY -

CAMPBELL

Stop!

He stops running abruptly - already a hundred yards in. Benoît does likewise.

CAMPBELL

Freeze! Don't move an inch!

Campbell looks about -

Here and there, the tell-tale signs of PLASTIC DISCS protruding from the rain-soaked mud -

CAMPBELL

Minefield!

And they're stranded in the middle of it!

Campbell looks up at the villager - still another hundred yards away - they stare at each other - helpless.

Behind them, the SOUNDS OF THEIR PURSUERS can be heard in the forest. No option - only one way forward.

Campbell carefully flattens himself against the ground. He takes the KITCHEN KNIFE from his belt and begins to gingerly delve into the earth, searching for mines.

CAMPBELL

Stay exactly behind me. Follow my path, OK?

Benoît nods, flattening himself behind Campbell.

They begin to inch forward slowly - painfully slowly. Campbell finds a MINE, buried just beneath the surface - carefully they skirt around it.

Behind them, the REBELS emerge from the forest. They haven't seen them yet. They advance into the open - heading for the village -

BOOM! A rebel's TOSSED thirty feet through the air. AIEEGHH! The stricken man cries out. BOOM! Another blown to bits almost immediately - instant death this time.

The rebels freeze. As more emerge from the forest they hold short of the minefield.

An argument quickly breaks out between the rebels trapped in the minefield and their comrades behind.

Campbell and Benoît press on with grim determination - still unseen. The tension is paralysing - five yards becomes ten, ten becomes twenty.

A rebel spots them - takes aim -

CRACK! KABOOM! The earth EXPLODES ten yards in front of them as a mine goes up. Campbell dives for the crater and pulls Benoît in after him.

Safe for the moment they take stock. Campbell peers back at the rebels from the lip of the crater. Twenty yards back he spots a mine protruding from the earth. He grabs a ROCK.

He looks towards the village - just fifty yards to go.

CAMPBELL

When I tell you, follow me. Fast!

He TOSSES the rock. KABOOM! The mine behind GOES UP - a TOWERING PALL OF SMOKE AND DUST hangs in the air -

CAMPBELL

GO!

Campbell scrambles out of the crater, Benoît close behind, temporarily screened by the smoke and dirt.

Working as fast as he can Campbell clears their path - he has seconds - their screen, the plume of earth is vanishing - five yards to the BUFFALO CARCASS - a calculated risk -

CRACK! CRACK! Shots pepper the earth nearby again -

CAMPBELL

Run!

They scramble forward diving over the buffalo, sliding down into another crater. Respite again.

Campbell peers out again - just twenty yards to the village now - SO CLOSE -

He looks back, picks out another EXPOSED MINE, picks another rock and tosses it. Miss. Tries again -

KABOOM! Another shower of smoke and dirt -

They plunge forward again under the screen - ten yards - five yards - so close - CLICK!

Campbell looks round in HORROR - Benoît's elbow TREMBLES - a MINE protruding from the earth beneath it - PRIMED.

Campbell looks at Benoît, helplessly. The screen of dirt and smoke is clearing. He looks to the edge of the minefield and the shelter of the village - SO CLOSE NOW.

He looks back at Benoît. There's nothing he can do. They both know it. Despising himself, he turns and scrambles for the edge of the minefield - leaving the boy.

CRACK! CRACK! The earth kicks up around him as he dives forward, finding shelter behind an abandoned TRACTOR. He looks across to the LAND ROVER, protected from sight between the huts. If he can make it there he's away.

His eyes fall on a discarded builders' BREEZE BLOCK. He looks at it long and hard. He takes a breath and runs for it. He grabs it and -

STARTS CRAWLING BACK INTO THE MINEFIELD!

Crack! Crack! Bullets kick up around him. He presses on, grimly, towards Benoît.

KABOOM! Another mine goes up. Another screen -

He reaches the trembling Benoît.

CAMPBELL

Easy, Benny, I'm not going anywhere without you.

He digs around the mine beneath Benoît's elbow, exposing it. They don't have long before the plume of smoke and dust clears -

He slides the KNIFE beneath Benoît's elbow, taking the strain of the dead man's trigger with his arms -

CAMPBELL

The block...

Benoît understands. He slides over, grabs the block and places it over the blade of the knife - taking the strain of the trigger. Slowly, Campbell releases the knife - holding his breath -

The rock holds. The dust is clearing. They run for the shelter of the village - more SHOTS kick up dirt as they scramble to safety.

Safe within the shelter of the huts now, they look around for signs of life. The VILLAGERS cower behind CLOSED DOORS.

Campbell runs for the Land Rover - NO KEYS. He look around desperately for the owner -

CAMPBELL

Help! Help! We need help!

No response the villagers cower in their huts.

CAMPBELL

Somebody?

He needn't bother - Benoît, a survivor of innumerable talents, SMASHES the ignition block off the steering column and HOT-WIRES THE CAR!

Campbell looks at him in wonderment.

CAMPBELL

Where the hell d'you learn that?

BENOÎT

Long story.

Campbell climbs in, takes the wheel and they accelerate away.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - USS WASP - AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP - DAY

LIVE-FIRE TRAINING EXERCISES off the stern of the ship. Maj. Collins lets rip a burst from his M4 Carbine. A MARINE NCO taps him on the shoulder.

COLLINS

What's up?

MARINE NCO
 Call from the Pentagon in the
 L.F.O.C., sir. Commander Fontaine,
 NCIS, sir.

Collins nods, clears his weapon and heads to the COC.

INT. LANDING FORCE OPS CENTER - USS WASP

A hive of activity as the commanding officers and XO's prepare for war. Collins picks up a head-set attached to his lap-top computer.

COLLINS
 Collins here.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

INT. CDR FONTAINE'S OFFICE - PENTAGON - DAWN

Sally at her desk, lap-top images familiar to us now:
 Patriot's file, electrophoresis images etc -

FONTAINE
 Are you sipranet encrypted?

Collins glances at his screen.

COLLINS
 Yes, Ma'am, I am.

FONTAINE
 You filed a report... incident
 involving a man fitting Patriot's
 description... Llongwe refugee camp.

COLLINS
 Yes, Ma'am.

FONTAINE
 It's gone. Erased. Check it.

Puzzled, Collins does: signs into a restricted database,
 types in a password etc and calls up the report - it's gone -
 "FILE DELETED" flashes up in red.

FONTAINE
 Something else is missing. We keep
 an emergency supply of the
 President's blood at the Naval
 Hospital here in D.C. One pint is
 unaccounted for.

COLLINS
 Ma'am, I don't under--

FONTAINE

Don't talk, just listen. The genetic fingerprinting tests we carried out at Andrews... the bodies from ground zero... I think they've been compromised.

(beat)

I don't think Patriot was with them.

Collins is very still.

FONTAINE

He's out there, Major. I don't know where the conspiracy starts and stops... the flight plan for Air Force One... the blood... the report... But he's out there, I'm sure of that.

COLLINS

I can request clearance--

FONTAINE

No. Anything through normal procedural channels will be flagged. It won't happen. Whatever we do has to be off the radar or it'll be shot down.

Collins looks about him at his colleagues preparing for war.

INT. CAPTAIN WALSH'S STATE ROOM - USS WASP - LATER

CAPTAIN WALSH USN (50's), a weathered face from which brilliant, blue eyes shine out, sits opposite Collins, who stands at attention.

CAPTAIN WALSH

Major Collins, your request for a recce mission into the eastern DCR is denied. That sector's closed now... and you know it.

He looks at his officer.

CAPTAIN WALSH

You want to tell me what's really going on? You forget something at the LZ?

COLLINS

Yes, sir. Our count shows a SINGARS radio missing with the fill.

CAPTAIN WALSH
 Jesus Christ!
 (stunned)
 So the enemy could be sitting there
 listening to all our battle plans.

COLLINS
 Quite possibly, sir.

Walsh glances at the clock on the wall.

CAPTAIN WALSH
 You got six hours, Major. Shortly
 thereafter your military career is
 very likely over. Permission to
 enter eastern DCR granted. Go.

COLLINS
 (no hint of emotion)
 Sir.

Salutes and leaves.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - USS WASP - AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP - DAY

A CH-53E SUPER STALLION helicopter lifts off.

Captain Walsh watches from the BRIDGE. His eyes tell us
 there's more than anger beneath, some complement of a
 father's regret.

CH-53E SUPER STALLION - FLYING - DAY

Collins looks at his men, EIGHT HAND-PICKED MARINES. They
 look back at him, all unflinching. Collins takes out a map
 and lays it on the aircraft floor. The men lean in.

COLLINS
 (pointing)
 The reports of skirmishes come from
 here and here. Llongwe refugee
 camp... the Interahamwe rebel
 camp... LZ ground zero.
 (beat)
 If he's alive, he's heading here.

Collins points to a DISUSED AIRFIELD marked on the map.

COLLINS
 If I'm wrong, you can kiss your
 pensions goodbye.

The men look back, unflinching.

MARINE #1
 (grinning)
 Semper fi.

MARINE #2
 Ooh-rah!

A chorus of "Ooh-rah!"

A look from Collins tells us he knows he's amongst extraordinary men. He gets up and heads towards the cockpit. He squeezes in next to the pilot.

COLLINS
 Change of plan...

He points to the disused airfield on the map.

MATCH CUT TO:

A SIMILAR MAP - this one in the hands of Grise. He points to the SAME AIRFIELD.

EXT. MAPUTOLESE BRIDGE/CONGO RIVER - SAME

A COLUMN OF INTERAHAMWE REBELS in an assortment of vehicles at the check-point.

GRISE
 (French - subtitled)
 This is where they're running,
 Beninge. The old airfield.

Grise looks up, casts his eyes out over the raging river.

GRISE
 (disbelief)
 He swam there?

Bridge Guard #1 nods. Grise shakes his head in disbelief.

GRISE
 One of you will die today: the
 President or you.

He climbs into the lead vehicle and the column pulls out.

I/E. LAND ROVER - EASTERN CONGO - DRIVING - DAY

A muddy track cuts across a scarred landscape. An enormous DISUSED COPPER MINE, like a gaping canker on the earth's surface, visible in the valley beneath.

Benoît tunes the radio as Campbell drives. He flicks through stations - finds the BBC World Service.

BBC RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ... tensions continue to escalate as
 US military presence in the region
 multiplies. The Chinese ambassador
 to the United Nations, Deng Lei
 Xiang, accused the United States of
 using the incident as a pretext to
 advance plans to effectively take
 over the Democratic Republic of the
 Congo in the same manner as Iraq,
 and thereby secure access to the
 regions undisputed mineral wealth...

BENOÎT
 What are they saying?

CAMPBELL
 They're saying: "How did *our*
 tungsten end up under *your* soil?"

BENOÎT
 What's tungsten?

CAMPBELL
 A metal. We want it, you got it.
 Lots of it.

BENOÎT
 It's ours. It belongs to DRC.

Campbell raises an eyebrow.

CAMPBELL
 You might think, right?

BENOÎT
 (emphatic)
 Yes.

CAMPBELL
 Well try telling that to the most
 powerful military machine the world
 has ever known.

Benoît looks quizzical.

CAMPBELL
 They're going to invade, Benoît.
 They have the perfect excuse. Like
 I said, you got the tungsten. We
 want it.

BENOÎT
 You can't just take it!

Campbell raises an eyebrow.

CAMPBELL

Well, when we get out of here,
maybe you can make your case to
some people who can do something
about it.

Benoît looks at him, earnestly - no idea what he's talking
about.

BENOÎT

You can do something about it.

CAMPBELL

Really? Me? Why not you?

BENOÎT

You are president. Not me.

CAMPBELL

At the moment I'm president of a
Land Rover. Not even American-made.

BENOÎT

I will get you out of here. *Then*
you will help me change things.

CAMPBELL

(sceptical)

You're gonna get me out of here?

Benoît nods decisively. Campbell looks suspicious.

CAMPBELL

You promise?

BENOÎT

I promise.
(himself becoming
suspicious)
You promise?

CAMPBELL

Well, if you put it like that...
OK, I promise. I'll help you... *if*
you get me out of here.

Benoît nods, the deal is done. He looks out the window,
trying to mask his new-found ego, which is proving acutely
embarrassing. Campbell eyes the boy, a little pride reflected
in his own eyes.

Campbell drives as fast as he can along the perilous road.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUDDY TRACK - SOME MILES BACK - EASTERN CONGO

The Interhamwe rebel column in pursuit.

INT. OVAL OFFICE ANTE ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Sally Fontaine sits outside the Oval Office, waiting, tense.

SECRETARY

The President will see you now,
Commander.

Sally follows the secretary into the Oval Office.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -

President Richards greets her warmly.

RICHARDS

Sally, what can I do for you?

FONTAINE

Sir, I feel my job is unfinished.
Agent Cooper's body--

RICHARDS

(interrupting)

Sally. It's a miracle all the others
were identified. Agent Cooper
could've been ejected at any time in
the crash. Trust me, you've done
your country a remarkable service.

FONTAINE

All the same, sir, I'd like to
reopen--

RICHARDS

Under no circumstances, Commander.
The nation needs to heal... move
on. It's done.

A beat. She has her answer.

FONTAINE

Yes, sir.

INT. OVAL OFFICE ANTE ROOM -

As Sally leaves she places a BOX on the secretary's desk.

FONTAINE

Could you see Mrs. Campbell gets
this, please?

SECRETARY
Of course.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ELENA'S PRIVATE OFFICE - EAST WING - LATER

Elena looks at the same wrapped box on her desk. She unwraps it. It's a SMALL POTTED PLANT. The label declares it to be SWEET GALE. She look across at Lily, bemused.

ELENA
"Sweet Gale?"

Lily jumps on the computer and Googles it.

LILY
It's a Scottish flower. The
insignia of the Clan Campbell.

Elena turns it slowly in her hand revealing -
A SMALL WHITE BLOSSOM.

ELENA
It's in bloom. It's flowering!

They look at each other. They know instantly what it signifies. CAMPBELL IS ALIVE. They hold each other in a fierce embrace.

EXT. BENINGE VILLAGE - EASTERN CONGO - DAY

Campbell and Benoît race along a dusty track, through a small VILLAGE of mud huts with thatched roofs. Goats and dogs scatter. The residents stare out at them, ghosts from the civil war.

Campbell and Benoît look back uneasily.

EXT. PERIMETER - BENINGE DISUSED AIRFIELD - LATER

The Land Rover pulls up at the GATE - CHAINED SHUT. A sign declares:

"PRIVATE PROPERTY - RTZ (GB) - KEEP OUT - DÉFENSE D'ENTRER - PROPRIÉTÉ PRIVÉE"

Campbell reverses a ways, then puts the Land Rover in gear, ACCELERATES and RAMS the gate, tearing it off it's hinges.

MOMENTS LATER -

The Land Rover pulls up at a large aircraft hangar. Campbell and Benoît step out. They make their way over to the hangar.

An OLD SECURITY GUARD (60's) shuffles out of the adjoining AVIATION BUILDING.

OLD SECURITY GUARD
Fermé! Pas de trespass!

BENOÎT
He says--

CAMPBELL
I know. Tell him if he doesn't want
to be barbecued alive by the
Interahamwe, he better help us.

Benoît translates as Campbell moves towards the hangar,
trying the door.

OLD SECURITY GUARD
Défense d'entrer! C'est propriété
privée du gouvernement d' Angleterre.

CAMPBELL
Angleterre? Don't worry. We're good
friends of the Angles. They won't
mind if we borrow their stuff. They
still owe us for the stuff we gave
them in World War Two.

He FORCES the door and peers into the GLOOM. There she is -

INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR

An old DOUGLAS C-47 DAKOTA (twin engine). Campbell grins.

CAMPBELL
There's our ride, Benny.

He throws his weight into pushing back the hangar doors.
Benoît joins him as the old security guard scurries away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENINGE ROAD - EASTERN CONGO - SAME

Grise, at the head of the Interahamwe column, racing towards
the airfield.

INT. CH-53E SUPER STALLION - FLYING - SAME

The Marines in the Super Stallion. The crew chief moves towards Collins.

CREW CHIEF
Five minutes out, sir. Reports of a column of skinnies inbound for Beninge now.

COLLINS
ETA on the skinnies?

CREW CHIEF
Any moment now.

COLLINS
Lock n' load, Marine.
(nods to the minigun)
We'll likely be throwing everything we have at 'em when we arrive.

CREW CHIEF
Sir?

COLLINS
There's an American on the ground at Beninge. We're going to get him.

CREW CHIEF
(grinning)
Ooh-rah!

He slides back the bay door and racks the minigun.

COLLINS
(to his men)
Saddle up!

The men lock and load.

INT. C-47 DAKOTA COCKPIT - HANGAR - BENINGE AIRFIELD - DAY
Campbell in the pilot's seat - tries the ignition - no joy.

CAMPBELL
Dead as a dodo.

BENOÎT
A what?

Benoît sits in the copilot's seat next to him.

CAMPBELL
Never mind. Time for your first flight lesson, Benny.

Benoît looks a little nervous, but hides it well, he thinks.

CAMPBELL
Put your feet on the pedals...

Benoît can barely reach.

CAMPBELL
Press on the tops. See? That's the
brakes. Do not take the pressure
off till I get back in, OK?

BENOÎT
(alarmed)
Where are you going?

CAMPBELL
Outside. To start the engines. Just
do like I say... keep your feet on
the brakes... nothing'll happen, OK?

Benoît nods.

CAMPBELL
Gimme your hand. Here, this is the
throttle... left... and right.
(places his hands on the
levers)
When I drop my hand, push forward
like this... give it some gas.
Don't worry about the noise, just
keep the pressure on the pedals.

With a reassuring look Campbell is up and gone.

INT. HANGAR - BENINGE AIRFIELD - SAME

Campbell finishes coiling a LENGTH OF ROPE round the PROP BOSS (the fixture at the front of the propeller) and jumps down from the wing. He ATTACHES the end of the coil to the TOW-HITCH of the land rover.

[Note: this is a real, though long-forgotten, technique. The bush pilots of yesteryear knew a prop engine with a dead battery could be started in this way. Today's aircraft mechanics with all mod cons at their disposal would probably not think of this. Simple and ingenious.]

Campbell gives a thumbs up to Benoît and hops into the Land Rover - ARM RAISED out the window. He FLOORS THE GAS - the Land Rover SURGES forward - the coiled rope SPINNING THE PROP.

CHUNG! CHUNG! The Props sweep round - Campbell drops his arm -

IN THE COCKPIT - Benoît sees the signal, pushes the throttles forward and -

THE ENGINE CATCHES! Briefly, to be sure, then DIES. There's life in the old bird. Campbell shows no disappointment, only grim determination, as he clambers onto the wing.

EXT. BENINGE VILLAGE - SAME

The Interahamwe column races through the village - now DESERTED. Word is out amongst the locals - trouble is here.

INT. HANGAR - BENINGE AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Land Rover SURGES forward again - the rope SNAPS taut - the prop SPINS -

CHUNG! CHUNG! SPLUTTER... VROOM!

The noise rises to a DEAFENING CRESCENDO!

Campbell WHOOPS for joy!

IN THE COCKPIT - Benoît's feet slip off the brakes.

The plane LURCHES FORWARD - ACCELERATING - through the bay doors -

CAMPBELL ducks the spinning prop and sprints towards the open CARGO DOOR of the plane -

CAMPBELL
The brakes! Benoît! The goddamned
brakes!

Too late - the plane lumbers towards an old, ABANDONED FUEL TRUCK on the apron - PROP PLOUGHS INTO IT -

Campbell dives for cover.

THUMP! THUMP! SCREECH! The engine DIES - NO EXPLOSION. The prop MANGLED.

INT. C-47 DAKOTA COCKPIT - BENINGE AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell slumps into the seat next to Benoît, who looks decidedly crestfallen.

A beat.

CAMPBELL
Could've been worse.

Benoît looks up gingerly.

CAMPBELL
The tanker might've had fuel in it.

BENOÎT
What now?

Campbell points out the opposite window to the one remaining good engine.

CAMPBELL
Keep your feet on the brakes.

With that he sets the throttles and heads back out.

EXT. APRON - BENINGE AIRFIELD - DAY

Campbell and Benoît go through the drill one more time - on the PORT ENGINE this time. The engine FAILS TO START - but once again the noises tell us there's life in the old bird.

EXT. BENINGE AIRFIELD - APPROACH ROAD - SAME

Grise looks ahead. He sees the smashed gate to the airfield five hundred yards ahead.

EXT. APRON - BENINGE AIRFIELD - SAME

Last time - Campbell coils the rope round the prop boss. A GROWLING NOISE - VEHICLES APPROACHING. He looks up -

GRISE AND THE INTERHAMWE column blast through gates - approaching fast -

CAMPBELL glances back at Benoît in the cockpit - out of time. He scrambles towards the Land Rover one last time -

He runs to the Land Rover - hits the gas and -

THWUMP! THWUMP! CHUG! CHUG! VROOOOM! The engine comes life, purring like a dream.

BENOÎT keeps his feet pressed hard on the brakes.

RATATATATT! THE INTERAHMWE COLUMN fans out - a REBEL WITH AN RPG takes aim and -

BRRRPPP! Suddenly, HE'S CUT TO PIECES by -

CREW CHIEF at the MINIGUN on the SEA STALLION thundering in over the tree-line.

CAMPBELL looks up - sees them -

COLLINS and his Marines open up with everything they have -
THE INTERAHAMWE COLUMN scatters -

THE SEA STALLION swoops in low. Collins and his Marines hit the ground running, GUNS BLAZING -

COLLINS
Let's have a defensive perimeter!
Gordon, left flank. O'Holleran,
right. Go! Go!

THE MARINES spread out, laying down WITHERING COVER FIRE on the rebels -

MORE REBEL VEHICLES arrive in a second wave - the odds worsening -

The Marines engage.

Collins runs towards Campbell.

COLLINS
Mr. President!

CAMPBELL
What took you guys so long?

Collins signals towards the Sea Stallion.

CAMPBELL
No! There's a boy on the plane! I'm
not leaving without him!

And Campbell's running to the Dakota.

Collins looks up at Benoît in the cockpit of the Dakota. His face says it all. "What the fuck?!" And he follows his President.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

INT. COCKPIT - SEA STALLION - HOVERING AT SIX FEET

The pilot and copilot are the epitome of calm under heavy incoming fire from the rebels.

SEA STALLION PILOT
(on comms)
Tiger Three, Super Six One, is that
who I think it is?

COLLINS
Affirmative, Six One. It's Patriot.
We got him. Standby for one more
and we'll evac.

SEA STALLION PILOT
 Roger that, Tiger Three. We're
 taking heavy fire. We need to get
 going...

COLLINS
 You want to tell him?

CAMPBELL climbs into the Dakota, making his way towards
 Benoît.

ON THE SEA STALLION -

SEA STALLION PILOT
 Incoming RPG! Eleven o'clock!

THE CREW CHIEF picks it up - LETS RIP WITH THE MINI-GUN -
 RPG EXPLODES harmlessly mid-air.

CREW CHIEF
 Reloading! What're we waiting for?

The crew chief RELOADS as fast as he can -

SEA STALLION PILOT
 One more to come.

SEA STALLION COPILOT
 RPG! Nine o'clock.

CREW CHIEF
 Shit! I'm out!

SEA STALLION PILOT
 Hang on! We're gonna take this one!

In an act of incredible courage the pilot manoeuvres the
 helicopter into the path of the RPG to protect the Dakota.

BLAM! The RPG slams into the tail rotor. The Sea Stallion
 starts to SPIN out of control.

SEA STALLION PILOT
 (calm)
 Six One going down.

IMPACT! The Sea Stallion goes down, flips sideways, rotors
 smashing into the tarmac. BIG EXPLOSION! Everything enveloped
 in a ball of fire!

MAD CHEERS from the rebels. Emboldened they STORM FORWARD -

THE MARINES lay down more fire.

ON THE DAKOTA - Campbell winces.

CAMPBELL
Reinforcements?

Collins shakes his head, unholstering his SIDE-ARM.

COLLINS
We're it, sir. At this point you're
officially dead and buried. Brass
don't believe you're alive. No more
cavalry. Just us.

CAMPBELL
Get your men over here. We'll fly
this bucket out.

Campbell shakes his head.

COLLINS
We'll hold 'em, sir, as long as we
can. Good luck.

He hands Campbell his side-arm and heads for the door.

CAMPBELL
Wait!

Collins turns. Campbell glances at his name tags.

CAMPBELL
Collins...
(beat)
Get your men over here. That's an
order. This is our way out.

COLLINS
Negative, sir. We can maybe hold
'em from our positions long enough
for you to get off the ground. But
we can't leave those positions.

CAMPBELL
Major, I'm giving you a direct
order.

COLLINS
Respectfully, sir, there's no
fucking way I'm leaving my
positions until you're off the
ground.

With that Collins jumps down and hurries to join his men.

Speechless, Campbell watches him go, then heads for the
pilot's seat.

COLLINS hits the ground with his men. They lay down covering fire with everything they have. Each man shouts out "Loading" as another magazine runs dry.

COLLINS
(to Gordon)
This is it, Gordo.

LT. GORDON
I know it, sir.

THE REBELS are growing in confidence as more reinforcements keep arriving, creeping ever nearer.

CAMPBELL, teeth gritted, taxis the plane onto the runway, Benoît beside him -

A MARINE is HIT. Killed outright. Another Marine grabs his weapon and ammo and continues to return fire -

Collins glances over his shoulder at -

THE DAKOTA, taxiing onto the runway, approaching -

CAMPBELL SHOUTS to him from the window, waving him over.

CAMPBELL
Collins! Get your men over here!

His voice is lost in the noise. But the Marines know what he's saying. Collins shakes his head "no" and continues firing on the approaching rebels. His Marines follow suit.

BLAM! BLAM! Small arms fire pierces the skin of the plane. Campbell is HIT in the leg. He CRIES OUT -

THE DAKOTA VEERS WILDLY off the runway.

CAMPBELL grits his teeth and regains control.

One last look at the Marines, now being over-run by insurmountable numbers, situation helpless -

CAMPBELL RAMS the throttle forward - the one good engine powering them down the runway - the other feathered for minimum resistance -

MORE SMALL ARMS FIRE pierces the cockpit -

THE PLANE approaches "V2", take-off speed -

CAMPBELL pulls back on the yoke - the plane bucking and vibrating wildly - she's not responding - the FOREST LOOMS AHEAD - a WALL OF TREES -

A REBEL LAUNCHES an RPG - streaking towards the plane - on target till -

At last she LIFTS OFF - RPG STREAKING millimeters beneath -
undercarriage CLIPPING the tall forest trees -

And she's airborne, climbing, climbing to safety.

CAMPBELL looks back as the rebels over-run the Marines - it
happened so fast - they came out of nowhere - saved his life -
and gave their own.

ON THE RUNWAY, Grise glares after him.

EXT. C-47 DAKOTA - EASTERN CONGO - FLYING LOW - DAY

The Dakota flies low over the triple canopy jungle.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - USS WASP - AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP - DAY

Captain Walsh observes preparations on the flight deck. A
NAVY PETTY OFFICER (20) runs up to him.

NAVY NCO

Sir, comms officer on the flight
bridge requesting you, sir.

CAPTAIN WALSH

What is it, Petty? Cut to it.

NAVY NCO

Super six one down in country, sir.

CAPTAIN WALSH

Shit! God-damn-- Where?
(moving fast to the
bridge)

NAVY NCO

(hurries to keep pace)
Place called Beninge, 'bout fifteen
clicks north of the ground zero LZ.

CAPTAIN WALSH

What the fuck was he doing there?
Status report.

NAVY NCO

No contact, sir, but we have an
unidentified aircraft squawking
emergency frequency seven seven
zero zero outbound.

CAPTAIN

Civilian? Radio contact?

NAVY NCO
Yes, sir. Civilian frequency, sir.
No contact. Comms O's trying to
raise him now.

INT. FLIGHT BRIDGE - USS WASP - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet urgency grips the room as Walsh enters. The COMMS
OFFICER (20's) still trying to raise the unidentified aircraft -

COMMS OFFICER
Unidentified aircraft outbound
Beninge, please identify yourself.

No answer - just static.

CAPTAIN WALSH
What frequency you using?

COMMS OFFICER
Tried everything, sir. No response.

CAPTAIN WALSH
Try the transponder frequency. His
comms may be down. If he's got
audio on the transponder he may
hear us.

The comms officer switches frequency - 7700 MHz.

COMMS OFFICER
Unidentified aircraft outbound
Beninge, please identify yourself.

A moment's silence. Then it comes -

MAN'S VOICE
(barely reading, much
static)
This is United States Air Force
One.

CUT TO:

INT. C-47 DAKOTA - EASTERN CONGO - FLYING LOW - SAME

Campbell and Benoît -

CAMPBELL
(into comms)
I say again: this is United States
Air Force One, requesting DF stear
to nearest friendly airfield.

INT. FLIGHT BRIDGE - USS WASP - SAME

The incredulous comms officer looks up at his captain.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT (30's) runs down the corridor towards a CLOSED DOOR - OPENS IT -

ELENA CAMPBELL looks up, surprised--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Ma'am, they've found him! Your
husband. The President. He's alive!

A wave of emotions flooding over her face -

LILY runs in, she's just heard too.

LILY
(barely able to speak)
Mom...

They hold each other tight and rock gently, sobbing--

CUT TO:

EXT. NAIROBI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The C-47 Dakota touches down, a flight of USN F-18's escorting her all the way in.

MOMENTS LATER -

Marines from the Nairobi US embassy MSG force the door and flood into the Dakota, scrambling to the cockpit where the injured Campbell and Benoît sit.

MARINE CAPTAIN
(grinning from ear to ear)
Mr. President, sir, welcome to
Nairobi.

CAMPBELL
Thank you, Captain. I'd like you to
see to my copilot first.

Benoît beams at him.

MARINE CAPTAIN
Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir.

Campbell beams back.

EXT. ANDREWS AIRFORCE BASE - WASHINGTON - WINTER - DAY

SNOW blankets the base. A USMC C-17 GLOBEMASTER flanked by USAF F-15s touches down.

MOMENTS LATER -

The C-17 Globemaster taxis to a stop on the apron. A high level greeting party awaits - generals, politicians etc. The rear ramp opens and -

John Campbell, on crutches, emerges with Benoît.

Unable to hold back, Lily breaks ranks, followed by Elena, running to Campbell, embracing him tightly, holding him, crying.

CAMPBELL
Happy New Year.

The group stays like this for some moments, Campbell holding his family to him as tightly as humanly possible. Eventually -

CAMPBELL
There's someone I want you to meet.

He looks over to BENOÎT.

CAMPBELL
This is Benoît. Without him I
wouldn't be here today.

They look at him, this little outsider, unsure what to do or say. Then Lily walks over and embraces him.

LILY
(holding him)
Thank you.

We HOLD on that moment. Then Campbell's eyes fall on a GROUP OF PEOPLE waiting towards the rear of the plane. Families - missing fathers and sons. His eyes wander to the FIFTEEN FLAG DRAPED COFFINS waiting in the hold of the C-17 - Collins and his Marines.

Campbell gets up and shuffles over to them on his crutches. Tear-stained eyes gaze back at him.

Elena watches, tears streaming down her own cheeks. It could have been her in their place.

CAMPBELL
Mrs. Collins?

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (30's), eyes brimming, turns to him. Dignity personified. He holds her as the flood gates break and she sobs into his chest.

SERGEANT AT ARMS (O.S./PRELAP)
Mr. Speaker, the President of the
United States.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - US CONGRESS - DAY

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE as Campbell, still using a WALKING STICK, makes his way to the Speaker's podium. Campbell acknowledges the support from all sides. It takes a long time to die down.

CAMPBELL
Mr. Speaker, I'd like to thank both
Houses for their warm welcome. A
truly American homecoming.

More thunderous applause.

CAMPBELL
And I ask you to extend that
welcome to a guest I've invited
here today.

WE TRACK, following behind a DIMINUTIVE FIGURE, as he walks into the chamber. CONGRESSMEN and SENATORS crane their necks to watch. The room falls quiet. All eyes on BENOÎT.

CAMPBELL
(descending to the floor)
Put simply, this young man is the
main reason your President stands
before you today.

Campbell looks Benoît in the eye.

CAMPBELL
He saved my life. But I think he
has much more to offer than that.

A beat.

CAMPBELL
He comes from a place called the
Democratic Republic of Congo. Where
democracy is still a dream. Where
people are held hostage to the
dream. In his short life he's
witnessed horrors I hope most of us
will never see in our lifetimes. In
many ways, he's older than any of
us in this room.
(looking to the Speaker)
(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
 Mr. Speaker, with your permission,
 my friend has a few words he'd like
 to address to this house.

A beat. At length, bemused, the Speaker nods accession.

Benoît hesitates. Campbell nods encouragement. Benoît climbs
 to the podium and finds himself facing the most powerful body
 of men and women in the world.

BENOÎT
 My name is Benoît Abidal. I am ten
 years old. I am the last of my
 family. My father and sister were
 killed in front of my eyes. My
 mother died in my arms. I want to
 tell you why.

He holds up the SIM CARD (the one Campbell took from
 Zhirkov's phone at the rebel camp).

BENOÎT
 My family died for this. It is
 called a "SIM card", and it goes in
 your mobile phone. It is made with
 Tungsten, Titanium and Tantalum,
 semi-conductor metals. They come
 from the ground beneath my country.
 Millions of my people have died for
 them. You need them for your cell
 phones, TV's, video games. The
 things you cannot live without. For
 my people, they mean only death.

The house is silent. Campbell steps in.

CAMPBELL
 Conflict minerals. The lifeblood of
 the rebels who terrorize Central
 Africa. Fueling the greatest
 humanitarian disaster since World
 War Two. Five million dead.
 Millions more displaced. We all
 remember Rwanda. And for what? For
 this!
 (holding the chip aloft)
 For computers... phones... iPods...
 Our computers, our phones, our
 iPods. Africans have died in their
 millions for these things. Things
 we want. Things we want badly.
 Things for which they die.

The silence is deafening.

CAMPBELL

We can be the first generation that says "No." No to the wanton pillaging and destruction of human life for our luxuries. No to the rape of mothers and their daughters in their homes. No to the millions of displaced people living in squalor and disease.

The lesson of the 21st century is that we all share a common destiny and we're more closely intertwined as a species than ever before. But that closeness has brought about new dangers. Dangers that cannot be confined within the borders of a single country. As we speak, computers being made in California, cell phones being made in China are fueling the demand for metals in Africa -- allowing strong men and tyrants to visit violence on innocent human beings on an unprecedented scale. The genocide of the Congo shames the conscience of us all.

(beat)

No more.

The room is hushed. Campbell glares out at them.

CAMPBELL

What do you want, Benoît? What did you come here to say?

A beat.

BENOÎT

I want to live.

CAMPBELL

Say it again. Louder.

BENOÎT

I want to live! I want to be free!

The words hang in the air.

CAMPBELL

To live free from tyranny. To live free from terror. Like us.

The room is silent.

CAMPBELL

This has happened on our watch. We have brought great shame on this great country. No more. It stops here. It stops now.

The men of Washington are stunned. The applause starts with an African-American LAW-MAKER... and spreads... growing to a huge, thunderous ovation.

Even so, Campbell asks for quiet.

CAMPBELL

But it pains me to tell you, my fellow Americans, that there are traitors amongst us. In this very room.

Campbell holds up the SIM card again.

CAMPBELL

The satellite phone this came from belonged to the man who provided the weaponry to shoot down Air Force One.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR/CAFE - BANGKOK - DAY

Zhirkov enjoys a cup of coffee and a quiet read of the paper when -

A DOZEN MILITARY AND POLICE SUV'S converge, brakes screeching. SWAT TEAMS and COMMANDOS tumble out, descending on him...

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - US CONGRESS

On Campbell -

CAMPBELL

He's ... helping us with inquiries. Inquiries that led us, through banks and law firms in the Cayman Islands, to companies... in California, ironically, interested in tungsten. And tantalum and titanium. Those conflict minerals again.

He turns to face -

VICE PRESIDENT RICHARDS.

CAMPBELL
(to Richards)
The call to greatness is strong,
Charles. But there are no short
cuts.

Richards stares at him, mouth agape. Campbell holds up the
SIM card.

CAMPBELL
It's all here, Charles.

CAMPBELL
It all leads back to tungsten,
doesn't it? The tungsten in the
Congo. The tungsten your old
company, RME, mines in Brazil. The
same tungsten that's on this chip
that holds the data of all the calls
made by and to Zhirkov. And those
calls lead to none other than RME,
your old company... and to you.

RICHARDS
That's preposterous.

CAMPBELL
In fact it's not. It's all right
here. The very object of your greed
is the object of your demise.

RICHARDS
Mr. President... John...

CAMPBELL
Save it for the trial.

And FBI AGENT steps forward.

FBI AGENT
Charles Richards, you have the
right to--

CAMPBELL
He knows his rights, Pete. He's a
lawyer, for chrissake.

Agents lift Richards to his feet and escort him out. Campbell
watches him go.

The room is stunned.

CAMPBELL
(walking to the podium)
Today, with the New Year, we make a
pledge to the people of Africa.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VARIOUS - ENORMOUS REFUGEE CAMPS - DARFUR/SUDAN/RWANDA/
CONGO/ZIMBABWE/SOUTH AFRICA/ZAMBIA ETC - DAY

CAMPBELL
The home of poverty and of neglect
and of brutality and of war.

Tents and make-shift shacks sprawl in enormous camps,
suffering and disease as far as the eye can see, across
various deforested, desolate landscapes of Africa.

CAMPBELL
Where a disaster of Biblical
proportions has unfolded before our
averted eyes.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RAINFORESTS OF THE CONGO - DAY

A DOZEN US MARINE ATTACK HELICOPTERS in tight formation,
skimming the tree-tops.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
You are no longer alone. The people
of the United States of America
will stand with you now.

The attack helicopters come over the tree-line to face the
rebel Interahamwe camp and an astonished GRISE with his rebels.

THE MISSILES FLY...

RETURN TO:

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - US CONGRESS

Campbell at the podium with Benoît.

CAMPBELL
We will help you to harvest your
resources, to rid yourselves of
tyranny, to prosper and to be free.

In the public gallery, Elena and Lily stand, clapping
enthusiastically, and with them Cdr. Sally Fontaine. The
applause grows to a THUNDEROUS OVATION.

Campbell, catches their eye, as he and Benoît take the
applause.

-- THE END --