

**WITHOUT REMORSE**

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Based on the book *Without Remorse*  
By Tom Clancy

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OPEN ON:

UNDERWATER... looking up. It's murky. \*

Moving toward the surface, light from above kaleidoscopes...  
producing the faintest rainbow... \*

INT. ANCIENT STONE WATER TUNNEL -- LATE DAY. \*

Sunlight dances through a filthy grate down onto the water as  
squatting on a stone landing, a SYRIAN with an AK lights a  
cigarette. \*

Hard to guess his age -- decades of hardship and struggle  
have carved canyons in his face. Decades of hunger has  
stretched it thin. \*

ACROSS THE SCREEN WE READ -- \*

AUGUST 23RD, 2019. RAQQA, SYRIA. \*

The Syrian sucks in a deep drag as a nearby EXPLOSION quakes  
everything around him, sending trickles of dust down to the  
water. \*

Unfazed, he doesn't flinch. Continues smoking. \*

TIGHT ON THE SYRIAN -- \*

Another drag and he moves closer to the water, leaning over  
to pat off ash. He looks down as it hits the water... mixing  
with the dust, then freezes. \*

He stares at something beneath the water, but its cloudiness  
prevents him from making it out. Strains to see as SOMETHING  
moves toward the him and... \*

The BARREL of a submachine gun parts the water's surface  
pointing right at his face. \*

A MAN emerges. He wears a SCUBA MASK, A REBREATHER FILLS HIS  
MOUTH. \*

HIS HEAD AND BODY ARE COMPLETELY COVERED IN BLACK. In fact,  
with the exception of his shape, there is no proof this is a  
man at all. \*

Unafraid, the Syrian swipes his hand across his chest and the  
man responds with a thumbs up, prompting... \*

Five more armed wraiths to rise from the water. \*

INT. ANCIENT STONE WATER TUNNEL -- MOMENTS LATER. \*

Six US NAVY SEALS, no longer in their diving gear, shuttle behind the Syrian in a low-ceiling tunnel. \*

CAMERA FINDS THE FIRST SEAL as he moves, his M-4 strapped to his chest. Hard to guess his age as well -- body is fit, built like an athlete. \*

Skin free of wrinkles. But his eyes -- seems they lived for decades before him. His name is JOHN KELLY. Kelly's attention is focused ahead -- a doorway. \*

In a tight grouping, the SEALS check their weapons before pushing through the door into a... \*

INT. WIDER UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR -- CONT. \*

Empty. Very little light. The Syrian picks up the pace, jogging now. \*

He hear more EXPLOSIONS rattling above as debris crumbles around them. \*

Traversing a labyrinthine route, the Syrian leads them into a larger open space... \*

INT. UNDERGROUND CLINIC -- CONT. \*

A makeshift TRIAGE center of primarily children, many with traumatic combat injuries and no family or adult. Exhausted doctors scramble from patient to patient more for comfort than care. None even notice the SEALS enter. \*

Screams and crying echo off the walls as the team of soldiers maneuver through the pandemonium of small bodies. \*

Kelly eyes around... sickened, his legs continuing to move. Ahead of him, a YOUNG GIRL stares at them, all alone, her face inscrutable. She's seen horrors, imprinted on her eyes. \*

Syrian man is almost sprinting now, leading them toward a tight staircase and up into more chaos... \*

EXT. RAQQA -- CONT. \*

Rubble and debris from bombed out buildings litter the streets, blanketing some areas. It's an utter wasteland. \*

The SEALS emerge from the crumbling staircase to the rattle of more EXPLOSIONS. \*

Shuttling across a street, filled with scuttled cars, they quickly duck into a gutted storefront. \*

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING -- CONT. \*

Partially collapsed, this was an Internet Cafe. Now it's filled with CATTLE. \*

A HERDER eyes the SEALS enter... protectively watching over his merchandise. The bag of bones stands, pressing his tongue to the roof of his mouth and pulling it back, the suction making a popping sound. The popping urging cattle to move out of the way. \*

Wading through the livestock, the SEALS are led up more stairs past an apartment with no inner wall. Inside, Kelly sees a FAMILY WITH A SMALL CHILD eating a meal together... \*

They round a hallway corner, pushing into an EMPTY APARTMENT... then through a SPIDER-HOLE in a wall to find an... \*

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT -- CONT. \*

...taken over by FREE SYRIAN ARMY GUERRILLA FIGHTERS. The Syrian guide nods, departing as... \*

Across the room, CIA AGENT ROBERT RITTER (35) waits for the SEAL TEAM. There are slight differences in his dress, his weapon. \*

One of the SEALS, KAREN GREER (35), built like the men: thick shoulders, lean face, hard eyes, steps to Ritter, they nod, friendly. \*

GREER \*

Sun's going down. We should probably get to it. \*

Ritter pulls over a map on the floor. The other SEALS join Greer, kneel beside it. \*

RITTER \*

(points) \*

The prize is in a building 100 meters east. Eyes on the building, but no visual on the target. \*

ANOTHER NAVY SEAL, RYAN KING -- ROWDY (35), as his friends call him, leans on Kelly's shoulder. \*

ROWDY  
Thoughts? \*

Kelly points. \*

KELLY  
Approach is from the south. Expect eyes on us here... \*

Points to another structure. \*

KELLY (CONT'D)  
And here. \*

Ritter interrupts, taking back over. Protective. \*

RITTER  
Prepare for him to be anywhere in the building. Call sign 'Randy'. \*

ANOTHER SEAL, KEITH PEARSON (32), nods. \*

PEARSON  
You got it boss man. \*

RITTER  
If for some reason we don't locate him or we do and fail to extract... we call in an airstrike. \*

KELLY  
If we can't reach him we cook him? Isn't much of a rescue. \*

RITTER  
I'd want the same. \*

KELLY  
If it was you, I'd be fine with it. \*

Ritter stares daggers at Kelly, stands, grabs his rifle. \*

RITTER  
Randy was posing as an arms dealer. There are weapons in the building that can be traced back to us if they're not destroyed. Understood? \*

Kelly gives Ritter a 'fuck you' look. \*

RITTER (CONT'D) \*  
Let's move. \*

KELLY \*  
We don't work for you. \*

Ritter turns around. \*

RITTER \*  
What did you say? \*

Kelly stands. \*

KELLY \*  
He's your objective but it's our \*  
mission. I say when we move -- \*

GREER \*  
I say when we move. \*

She looks at Kelly. \*

GREER (CONT'D) \*  
And we move now, Senior Chief. \*

RITTER \*  
Ever since you assholes killed Bin \*  
Laden, you think you walk on \*  
fucking water. But your job's the \*  
same it's always been: pick up our \*  
drops and take out our fucking \*  
trash. \*

Ritter walks out. Greer turns to Kelly. \*

GREER \*  
This your mission now, Kelly? \*

KELLY \*  
Screw that guy. \*

GREER \*  
Not what I asked. \*

KELLY \*  
No ma'am. Not my mission. \*

She leans into him. \*

GREER \*  
We're a long way from home. I need \*  
you cool. \*

Kelly nods. \*

She walks out, the others behind her. \*

EXT. RAQQA -- NIGHT. \*

The herder guides his cattle toward a city square. AN ISIS FIGHTER looks down from a window in the target building, stares at the cattle. \*

WITH THE CATTLE --

The SEALS crouch down, moving through the cattle, NIGHT VISION GOGGLES strapped to their helmets. As the cattle pass the target building, the SEALS peel off and stack outside a doorway. Ritter is with them, in night vision also. \*

Pearson tests the door. It's locked. Rowdy places a charge and they back away a few steps. Kelly nods and Rowdy hits the clacker, blowing the door inward... \*

INT. TARGET BUILDING -- CONT. \*

Fast and fluid, the team is inside, moving in a unified ballet of gunfire and restraint. THE CIVILIAN PRESENCE IS HIGHER THAN ANY OF THEM WOULD LIKE. \*

Spinning off at corners... up stairwells and... through spider-holes, they clear EVERY ROOM OF EVERY APARTMENT, relentlessly seeking out the prize. \*

An ISIS FIGHTER runs from a door, shouting in ARABIC unarmed. Kelly puts a round into the man, silencing him. \*

Then, Kelly and Greer split off up a stairway and through a rusted metal door on the... \*

INT. SECOND FLOOR -- TARGET BUILDING -- CONT. \*

Traveling down the hallway, Greer edges open the first apartment doorway, no lock, and Kelly slips in... \*

...where THREE MEN JUMP UP FROM THE GROUND WHERE THEY SLEPT. Scramble for the AK 47s beside them. Kelly dumps a dozen rounds into the men... \*

When a man is shot he doesn't jerk as though stung by a bee, nor is he launched backwards in a heap. He simply stops being. It is more akin to unplugging a television -- the image simply ceases to exist... \*

This is what Kelly looks down on -- three men no longer existing. Boys would be more accurate -- having barely crested adolescence. Kelly stares at them -- all younger than him by a decade... \*

Greer searches the bathroom of the one room apartment, then returns, noticing Kelly's conscience-stricken gaze. Thrown by it, she gives a tiny whistle to him, which breaks him from his trance. \*

He nods, steps back out into the hall... \*

THROUGH KELLY'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES --

Bright green walls seem to bend over him as he moves down the hall. Slows as he comes to another apartment. Readies his rifle... \*

An ARMED RUSSIAN MAN steps from the door into the hallway -- a round is put into his skull before he has even cleared the threshold. Drops to the ground as TWO ISIS FIGHTERS EXTEND THEIR AK-47S AROUND THE THRESHOLDS OF DOORWAYS SIMULTANEOUSLY... \*

They fire blindly up and down the hallway. Ducking into a door, Kelly finds three women huddled, hiding. Lowers his weapon while... \*

Greer sends automatic fire back down the hall, causing the ISIS fighters to take cover. Kelly slips out behind her. \*

GREER  
Move. \*

KELLY  
Moving. \*

Kelly slingshots past her, firing all the while. Then drops to a knee and hammers rounds at both apartment openings as Greer rushes past him... \*

Kelly sling shots past her one more time, hurling his back against the wall beside the door jam. Pulls his pistol. \*

Greer exhales, and presses the button on her rifle's fore grip, sending a red laser dot down the hallway, hovering where the rifle barrel on the right side of the hall appeared.

ANOTHER ARMED RUSSIAN peers around the door jam. Kelly and Greer fire at the same time, unplugging him. Beside Kelly, waist high -- ANOTHER RIFLE BARREL peeks into the hallway. \*

Kelly grabs the barrel and yanks yet another RUSSIAN MAN. \*  
Greer punches a round into his face. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*  
What the hell is this? An ISIS base \*  
camp or Russian one? \*

Then, rifle fire blasts at the door beside him. Kelly pulls a \*  
grenade, tosses it in the apartment. \*

Then pulls another and tosses it through the open apartment \*  
door across the hall where the other ISIS fighter lay dead on \*  
the floor. Kelly rushes back and ducks... \*

The concussive thump of the grenades almost buckles the \*  
walls. Plumes of smoke erupt from both doorways. \*

Greer rushes up, rests her shoulders along the right wall, \*  
Kelly against the left. They nod, ready their rifles, and \*  
peer around their respective doorways... \*

WITH KELLY -- A LONE MAN LAYS SPRAWLED OUT ON THE FLOOR. Legs \*  
bent in directions legs aren't meant to go... \*

WITH GREER --

She peers in the apartment. We don't see what she sees, but \*  
what she sees takes her breath away. Kelly moves toward her. \*  
She spins, pushes a hand against his chest.

GREER  
Room's clear.

THROUGH KELLY AND GREER'S EARPIECES -- \*

ROWDY (ON RADIOS) \*  
Jackpot, cargo secure. \*

GREER \*  
We gotta go.

KELLY \*  
What is it?

GREER \*  
We gotta go... You don't want to \*  
see it, John. Trust me.

KELLY \*  
I have to. I'm the one that did it. \*

As Greer covers the hallway... \*

CAMERA FOLLOWS KELLY'S BOOTS as he steps to the threshold, looks in. CAMERA can just barely make out the bare feet of a WOMAN. \*

ANGLE ON --

KELLY'S FACE. We don't see what he sees. And we never will.

Judging from the look carved into Kelly's face -- that's a good thing... \*

THROUGH EAR PIECES --

RITTER (ON RADIOS) \*  
Exfil in 1 minute... \*

GREER  
We gotta go.

Kelly turns and moves down the hall, Greer right behind him -- the muffled sound of war echoing throughout the building... \*

EXT. TARGET BUILDING ROOF -- NIGHT. \*

Kelly and Greer emerge finding the rest of the team and Ritter as... \*

A BLACKHAWK hovers a foot off the surface of the roof. The entire SEAL TEAM boards. The hostage, RANDY, looking the worse for wear... \*

INT. BLACKHAWK -- CONT. \*

The bird rises. \*

Ritter buckles in, opposite Kelly... knees almost touching. \*

Ritter leans forward and shouts over the noise of the helo -- \*

RITTER \*  
Call in the airstrike! I marked it \*  
with an IR strobe! \*

Kelly stares at him, then lost in thoughts of who's below, turns away. \*

RITTER (CONT'D) \*  
Hey! You hear me?! \*

Kelly ignores him. \*

Livid, Ritter suddenly grabs Kelly's arm, pulling him in. \*

RITTER (CONT'D) \*  
 You're the goddamn combat \*  
 controller! \*

Kelly hurls a punch at Ritter, who hurls one back. Greer, \*  
 Rowdy, and the others separate them. \*

KELLY \*  
 THERE ARE FAMILIES IN THAT \*  
 BUILDING!! \*

RITTER \*  
 Not my problem! CALL IT IN! \*

Instead, Kelly sits back, taking earbuds from his pocket. \*  
 Puts them in and turns on his music. \*

Incensed, Ritter snatches Kelly's radio off his chest and \*  
 uses it to call in the strike himself. \*

We can barely hear Ritter's words as Kelly's eyes move over \*  
 to Randy. \*

KELLY \*  
 You worth it? \*

RANDY \*  
 Are you? \*

Kelly's music overtakes us as... \*

The helicopter banks away as heavy ordinance pounds the \*  
 structure. It, and all who are in it, are wiped from \*  
 existence. \*

Kelly lets his head fall back against the helicopter. His \*  
 eyes meet Rowdy's, who shakes his head. Kelly looks down on \*  
 what used to be a building. \*

KELLY \*  
 (To no one) \*  
 I don't know if I can do this \*  
 anymore... \*

INT. DR. EVELYN COURTNEY'S OFFICE -- PRESENT DAY. \*

SUPER: 'SIX MONTHS LATER' \*

A comfortable fabric sofa sits against a wall. Pastel greens \*  
 and blues is the decor -- colors that soothe. DR. EVELYN \*  
 COURTNEY (40), sits in a chair the color of cranberry. \*

Absolutely no thought has gone into her appearance, though it is not off-putting -- she simply dresses like a person who spends her days listening to others' misery -- no reason to get dressed up for that... \*

Across from her on the sofa sits Kelly and his wife PAM (32). Pam's worried eyes sit in a kind face. Her hands rest on her pregnant belly. Kelly sits just out of her reach, staring out the window... \*

SWALLOWS have made a nest in a tree outside the window. They flutter to it, do some quick construction with twigs, then disappear as quick as they came... \*

DR. COURTNEY  
Where are you, John? \*

KELLY  
I'm here. \*

DR. COURTNEY  
No... You're anywhere but here. \*

PAM  
Welcome to my world.

John looks at her -- stung. \*

PAM (CONT'D)  
It's not an insult. It's the truth. \*

Dr. Courtney's eyes shift to Pam.

DR. COURTNEY  
When are you due?

PAM  
Next month. The nineteenth.

DR. COURTNEY  
How's that make you feel, John?

Nothing.

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Lot of pressure, huh.

Nothing.

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
John.

Nothing. Courtney's eyes shift back to Pam.

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Can I have a word with your husband  
alone?

Pam stands, walks out of the room.

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Tell me when I'm wrong: you feel  
ashamed to feel good because of  
things you've done. And things  
you've witnessed. Talking about  
these things feels pointless  
because these things won't ever  
change. And so... You feel you  
don't deserve to be happy. Who  
knows, maybe you don't. Does Pam  
deserve to be happy?

\*

That gets his attention.

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Does your child?

KELLY  
A kid wasn't my idea --

\*

\*

DR. COURTNEY  
Doesn't matter who's idea it was.  
It is coming. And that child's  
relationship with you will shape  
the course of her life. So, I'll  
ask you again: what does your child  
deserve?

KELLY  
Not me.

\*

DR. COURTNEY  
Tough. She's stuck with you. Now  
answer the question.

John looks her dead in the eye.

\*

KELLY  
Not. Me.

\*

DR. COURTNEY  
Are you man enough to tell your  
wife that?

John just looks at her. Doesn't blink. Doesn't notice the  
tear running his cheek... Dr. Courtney stands, walks to the  
door. Opens it and ushers Pam back in the room. They sit.

\*

\*

DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Pam, your husband has something to  
tell you.

Pam looks in his eyes. And the tear running from it. She covers her mouth as he turns to her and exhales a decade of regrets... \*

INT. ROWDY'S HOUSE -- CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA -- DAY.

Rowdy sits at the breakfast table as a tornado of children swirl around him. They all scream and shout and argue and cry. Impossible to decipher what any one of them is saying.

From another room Rowdy's wife shouts something -- hard to make out that either. Pretty sure he heard the word 'trash'.

EXT. ROWDY'S HOUSE -- CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA -- DAY.

Rowdy walks two trash bags to the cans sitting alongside the curb. Steps into the street, pushes the trash can lid open, tosses them in. Stares at his house like a giant mousetrap.

Even out here, he can hear the dim sound of children screaming... \*

What he doesn't hear is the whine of an engine as a vehicle accelerates. Turns just in time to see --

A WHITE VAN hits him, going forty miles an hour. The van drags his body fifty meters, then stops. Idles for a moment as Rowdy lays lifeless in the street. Then races down the road and disappears... \*

INT. KELLY'S HONDA -- DAY.

Kelly drives. Pam sits silently in the passenger seat, eyes red and swollen from crying. Neither say a word... \*

INT. THE KELLY HOME -- LATER. \*

Door opens. Kelly and Pam walk in. Kelly walks to the kitchen, tosses his keys on the counter. Pam walks in, drops her purse on the kitchen table. Then cries. Kelly walks out of the room... \*

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER.

Pam sits on the couch. Looks at a photo of her and John. Prom night. She looks at his cheap tuxedo and corsage. Big smiles on both their faces... \*

PAM  
Do you remember this day?

ANGLE ON --

John, watching her from across the room. She holds up the photo. John nods. \*

PAM  
You were so skinny. So was I... \*

KELLY  
I like you the way you are...  
whatever that is. \*

She smiles.

PAM  
Liar.

KELLY  
Minus the basketball in your shirt. \*

PAM  
That basketball has a name. And I have to explain to her why you aren't --

KELLY  
I never said I wouldn't be here.

She looks at him.

PAM  
Baby, that's what leaving means. You have to decide if you're going to go face whatever demons followed you back here. Or if you're going to stay and figure out how to be a father. And if you want to be a husband -- \*

KELLY  
I want to be one you deserve.

PAM

You already are. I'm not having the re-up conversation again. Going back to the same places that have caused you so much pain isn't going to make you more deserving... There's two of you. I've never seen the man you described today and don't need to. I see the man that I've known most of my life and that I love...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kelly struggles against himself. Pulled in opposing directions.

\*  
\*

KELLY

It doesn't just turn off. I don't even know if I want it off. It's a part of me, like removing a body part...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PAM

As long as it's not your heart.

\*  
\*

Kelly stares at her warmly as she stands.

\*

PAM (CONT'D)

I've waited for you to come home from three different wars. What's one more... You have to decide which man you are...

\*  
\*

She walks past him, stopping as he responds, heartfelt...

\*

KELLY

The fact that you still want me after what I told you scares the shit outta me... but I'd rather this fight than somebody else's...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Eyes welling, Pam doesn't turn.

\*

PAM

Then pick me. Pick us.

\*  
\*

She walks up the stairs. Kelly stands frozen in the living room, listens to her feet patter down the hallway.

\*

Listens to the bedroom door close. Then no sound at all...

\*

EXT. CITY STREET -- ATLANTA -- EVENING.

Kelly's SEAL teammate Keith Pearson fights traffic toward his exit. \*

PEARSON  
MOVE. This fucking city... \*

His cell rings. Hits a button on the vehicle's steering wheel.

PEARSON (CONT'D) \*

Hey. \*

WOMAN'S VOICE \*

I just got a call from school. You were supposed to pick Rachel up from practice. \*

PEARSON \*

I'm on my way. I'm just stuck in this -- MOVE. Jesus. \*

WOMAN'S VOICE \*

Where are you coming from? \*

PEARSON \*

I was at MCP's with some of the boys. \*

He finally makes it to his exit. Speeds down to a street.

Turns right, and is surrounded by row after row of houses that all look the same... \*

WOMAN'S VOICE \*

How'd it go, earlier? \*

PEARSON \*

Got a second interview on Thursday. \*

WOMAN'S VOICE \*

That's good. \*

PEARSON \*

It's something... \*

A red light ahead. Car in front of him stops. So does Pearson. \*

ANGLE ON --

The vehicle ahead of him. Passenger door opens. A man steps out. Goes to the trunk. Opens it...

PEARSON

What the fuck is this guy doing.

The man at the trunk turns around holding an ASSAULT RIFLE.

Empties the magazine into Pearson's vehicle. A dozen bullets perforate his body. He slumps back, lifeless.

WOMAN'S VOICE

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

Beat.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Keith?

FROM A DISTANCE --

The vehicle ahead of Keith drives down the street, leaving Keith's vehicle in the center of the road...

INT. JOHN'S 'MAN CAVE' -- THE KELLY HOME -- NIGHT.

All the furniture unfit for the living room has been placed here. A television hangs on the wall. A GUN SAFE against another wall.

Resolute, Kelly lays back on a sofa typing a letter on his laptop. Resting on his legs, unplug, the COMPUTER SCREEN READS --

I am writing to inform you of my retirement from the military.

As he continues...

INT. BEDROOM -- THE KELLY HOME -- NIGHT.

Pam lays in bed, covers to her chin. She has fashioned pillows beneath the covers into the shape of the man who should be beside her. She hugs the pillows as if they were him...

EXT. THE KELLY HOME -- NIGHT. \*

Two vehicles pull to a stop. FOUR MEN step out. The vehicles drive off as the men walk across the quiet street toward the house... \*

Flipping all the breaker box switches and bypassing the security system, employing nightvision goggles... \*

INT. THE KELLY HOME -- MOMENT LATER. \*

The house is dark. Furniture casts strange shadows against the walls. Only light bleeds in through curtains on the windows. Shadows of furniture become something else as the shadows begin MOVING... \*

The SHADOWS creep up the stairs. Come to a hall. Creep down it like a rolling machine -- as they pass each door, a man in front checks it, SUPPRESSED PISTOL in hand as the others flow by... \*

Reaching the last closed door, a pause, listening. A gunman gives a thumbs up, turns the knob and two of the men push into the room... \*

SHADOW'S POV -- \*

CAMERA edging the door open. Guns first... \*

Pam and what the shape of a man lay beneath the covers. PISTOLS rise into frame. The SUPPRESSORS attached to their barrels swallows the guns' muzzle flashes. Eats the sound of the rounds hurled into the bodies beneath the sheets... \*

The men eye each other, nod. Then, one lifts his gun again, FIRING A SHOT INTO HIS PARTNER'S HEAD, dropping him also... \*

Planting his weapon by the bed, he notices the male shape under the covers is pillows as... \*

INT. BASEMENT -- THE KELLY HOME -- CONT. \*

In darkness, Kelly listens to music from his laptop through his earbuds. Changing songs, he notices his computer is at 3% power and attaches a cord that's already plugged into the wall. \*

Nothing happens. And... \*

Snapped to attention, Kelly removes his headphones. Listens for a moment, then leery goes to his gun safe. \*

Grabs a pistol, racks a round, checks the flashlight attached beneath the barrel... \*

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENT LATER. \*

The TWO OTHER MEN cover the entrances to the house, then one intentionally FIRES A HEADSHOT EXECUTING THE OTHER as... \*

Watching from the entryway, Kelly tries to diagnose what's happening. He doesn't get much time as the shooter turns and Kelly's flashlight floods him in white light. \*

He shields his eyes as Kelly notices he has TAPE OVER HIS EYEBROWS... dumping two rounds into the man, dropping him. But the echo of Kelly's pistol bounces through the house. \*

Kelly turns to the stairway quickly. Moves up it, spotting a light switch. Flips it on to level the playing field. Nothing happens. \*

Frustrated, Kelly comes around the upstairs corner slowly, bathes the hallway in light... \*

Steps into the hallway and finds himself 10 feet from the final gunmen -- both pointing pistols at each other. In less than 5 seconds Kelly and the gunman have emptied twenty rounds at each other. Neither is spared... \*

The gunman bleeds against the wall with his night vision goggles knocked off. On the floor, Kelly's flashlight illuminates the GUNMAN'S FACE as the man drags himself into Pam's bedroom closing the door behind him... \*

ANGLE ON --

KELLY. Laid out on his back. Staring at the ceiling. Blood pulsing from a half dozen holes in his torso and legs.

He jams another magazine in his pistol, racks the round.

Forces himself to his feet. Manages to walk the hallway, looks down at the blood -- in thick, shapeless puddles in the carpet, leading in the direction of his bedroom.

Reaches the door. Rests against the wall. Slides down to the ground. Holds the pistol tight to his chest, barrel pointed toward the room. Reaches up and grabs the door knob, twists, hurls the door open, then extends the pistol into the room.

All he sees is an open window and curtains weaving back and forth. And a lifeless man on the floor... \*

Kelly gets to his knees, crawls toward the bed... \*

CAMERA RETREATS DOWN THE HALL --

As Kelly finds the strength to rise above the bed frame... \*

KELLY  
NAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHH... \*

CAMERA RETREATS DOWN THE HALL as Kelly collapses to the carpet, the distant sound of SIRENS moving closer... \*

INT. SURVEILLANCE CTR. -- DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY -- DAY.

Not unlike Mission Control at NASA, rows of computers face a monitor the size of a MOVIE SCREEN. The monitor is sliced into grids -- a massive grid sits in the center where drone footage of a US MILITARY OPERATION IN AFGHANISTAN unfolds... \*

On smaller screens surrounding it are various NEWS REPORTS, SATELLITE FOOTAGE... CAMERA pushes in on one NEWS REPORT in particular -- A REPORTER stands in front of the Kelly house as police mill about behind them... \*

SCROLLING BENEATH THE IMAGE:

THIRD ON-LEAVE NAVY SEAL KILLED IN 24 HOURS... \*

A D.I.A. ANALYST, lets call her CORPORAL WRIGHTMAN (26), freezes the image on her computer, prints the image, stands and walks out of the room... \*

INT. HALLWAY -- D.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- MOMENT LATER.

Wrightman marches past soldiers in uniforms representing every branch of the armed forces as well as men and women dressed in suits, giving no hint of their affiliation... \*

She comes to a CONFERENCE ROOM. PUSHES THROUGH THE DOORS... \*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONT.

Greer -- now a full COMMANDER sits in a room filled with high level officers. Across from them sits a furious RITTER.

RITTER

Here's my concern, these SEALS were involved in drug smuggling or worse, weapons or god forbid INFORMATION, and you know what they know, Karen --

\*  
\*

GREER

So the CIA's position is it's the SEALS fault they were killed?

\*  
\*

Wrightman leans into Greer, shows her the image.

WRIGHTMAN

It's on the ABC affiliate now.

Greer grabs a remote turns on the TV on the wall...

\*

NEWS REPORTER

What we do know is three men and a woman are dead and one seriously wounded in what police are describing as a home invasion. Though police will not confirm, neighbors tell us homeowner John Kelly is a Navy SEAL, which would make him the third member of the Special Operations unit to be attacked in the last 24 hours. We have reached out to the US JOINT SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND who refused to confirm --

\*  
\*  
\*

Greer turns it off. Looks at Ritter.

GREER

This doesn't feel criminal to me.

RITTER

No. Looks like Kelly got a few of them.

She stands.

GREER

I'm going to the hospital.

Ritter stands as well.

RITTER

I'll reach out to DOJ. We need an ID on the assailants.

\*

They move to the door, Ritter stops her.

RITTER (CONT'D)

We don't want law enforcement running this. If Kelly talks, don't share what he says. I'll call you from the Coroner's office.

They push through the doors, and hurry different ways down the hall.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- MEDSTAR HOSPITAL -- D.C. -- DAY.

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON --

John Kelly's body, tubes run from his mouth. Blue surgical dressing covers his body, minus a hole in the center -- right over his torso. His body has been splayed open like a gutted deer. Surgeons huddle over him like birds of prey, soldering, suturing, and speaking in soft, subdued tones that betray the fact that a man's life is literally in their hands.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- MEDSTAR HOSPITAL -- DAY.

Greer sits waiting beside a small army of POLICE AND HOMICIDE DETECTIVES as they await an answer from the surgeons. \*

Her cellphone rings.

GREER

Hey.

RITTER (V.O.)

You have a burner?

GREER

Yeah.

RITTER (V.O.)

I'm texting you a number. Call me from it.

He hangs up. Greer pulls another cell from her pocket --

Still in the packaging -- yanks it out. Dials the number that just appeared on her iPhone. \*

RITTER (V.O.)

What's the word there?

GREER

Still in surgery. How 'bout you?

RITTER (V.O.)

The three Kelly killed have Russian  
Passports. Two of their VISAS are  
expired. I'd have JSOC get the rest  
of your team on a base. Families  
and all.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

I made that phone call on my way  
here.

\*  
\*  
\*

RITTER

You know, you don't need to camp  
out at the hospital, Kelly won't  
know anything that we don't  
already.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

He's my friend.

\*  
\*

RITTER (V.O.)

Suit yourself.

\*  
\*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MEDSTAR HOSPITAL -- NIGHT.

Kelly lays in a bed, tubes running to and from every orifice.  
Machines beep and whine to the rhythm of his heart.

\*

Greer sits in a chair, cup of coffee cradled between her  
legs. CAMERA creeps toward her as her eyes get heavy. Close  
for an instant, then snap open. Close again. Her head bobs,  
snapping her awake. She shakes herself awake. Eyes close  
again. Head bobs down toward her chest. Doesn't rise...

\*

CAMERA PUSHES TIGHT AGAINST HER FACE --

KELLY

Baby... baby...

\*

Greer's eyes ache open. The words are garbled, as if spoken  
with a garden hose thrust in his mouth. Greer looks in the  
direction of the sound.

Kelly stares at her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Baby.

She snaps to attention.

GREER

I'll get the doctor.

KELLY

Baby.

Greer stops. Looks into his eyes.

GREER

Let me get the doctor.

KELLY

Don't make a doctor tell me.

GREER

There's no baby, John.

Kelly closes his eyes.

ANGLE ON --

A HEART MONITOR MACHINE. The steady drone of his pulse at 58 BPM. It starts rising like a thermometer in a house fire. 64.

77. 81. 92. 112...

\*

GREER

I NEED A DOCTOR.

She rushes out of the room. Looks down the hall. Empty. Looks to her left and sees the CODE RED BUTTON in the wall. Punches it. LIGHTS begin strobing a hot white up and down the hall.

Over a loud speaker, we hear --

LOUD SPEAKER

Code red. Code red. ICU room 24.  
Code red. Code red...

\*

Doctors and nurses seem to appear from everywhere and descend on the room. CAMERA stays outside with Greer, who leans against the wall...

\*

NURSE

Pulse 154. BP 191 over 98.

DOCTOR

1000 micrograms Esmolol. I'm  
removing the breathing tube.

\*

Greer hears the sucking sound of the breathing tube pulled from his lungs...

\*

IN THE ROOM WITH KELLY --

As the tube is pulled from his mouth, he gags, dry heaves, and as the end of the tube crosses his lips -- a scream that echoes through the entire hospital trails behind the tube tip like a cape... \*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MEDSTAR HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kelly sleeps. He stirs awake, eyes falling on Greer sitting in the chair beside him.

GREER  
You need anything?

Kelly stares at the ceiling, lost in grief.

GREER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about... you know... \*

Kelly swallows his pain, redirecting the conversation. Not wanting to talk about his loss. His voice is raspy from the tubes that have been jammed in his throat.

KELLY  
You're a long way from home.

GREER  
D.C. is home now. I got assigned to be the spec ops liaison at the Pentagon. I've been busy while you've been on leave... \*

KELLY  
Retired. You were there when it all stopped mattering... \*

He points to his heart. \*

KELLY (CONT'D)  
In here. You watched me quit. \*

Kelly's words ache with self-reproach. \*

Greer leans in, treading softly but eager to get to the investigation. \*

GREER  
John... Did you overhear or see anything that could be helpful... \*

His voice is raspy from the tubes that have been jammed in his throat.

KELLY

They covered the hallway from the three greatest unknowns. Heads and hands were protected. Tape over their eyebrows. Suppressed pistols, Glockes -- retainer bags attached to catch shell casings.

\*

He looks her dead in the eye.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Like we would have done it... Pros.

\*

GREER

They were Russian.

Kelly takes that in.

KELLY

One got away. I'd bring photos of FSB who can speak some English the next time you come.

\*  
\*  
\*

Greer and Kelly meet eyes.

\*

KELLY (CONT'D)

Even better, their weapons would've come in through diplomatic pouches. Bet there's 24 hour surveillance on the Russian embassy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Greer nods.

\*

GREER

I'll see what I can dig up.

Kelly's attention is drawn to voices in the hallway.

\*

GREER (CONT'D)

Secretary of Defense is here to see you. You up for that?

\*

KELLY

If I wasn't, would it matter?

\*  
\*

Greer grins. Walks over. Opens the door.

\*

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE THOMAS CLAY (50s) waives off his aides as he enters.

\*  
\*

SECRETARY CLAY

I don't want any cameras in here. This is personal.

Clay approaches Kelly's bedside. Greer stands stiffly.

GREER

Sir.

Clay gives Kelly a warm look. \*

SECRETARY CLAY

I won't ask you how you're doing...  
but I do want to say how sorry I am  
about your wife. \*

Kelly mutes those words. Blank, he gives no response. \*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D) \*

You put up a hell of a fight. \*

KELLY

It wasn't enough.

SECRETARY CLAY \*

You were one of our golden boys in  
Afghanistan. I remember you.  
(then, grim) \*  
Your teammates... Did you hear? \*

KELLY \*

Rowdy and Pearson. I heard. \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*

We're concerned with why you were  
targeted. Any insight on that? \*

KELLY \*

No sir. \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*

Did anything stand out from your  
encounter? Their methods? Actions? \*

KELLY \*

They felt like military. \*

Clay nods as if Kelly has confirmed something for him. \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*

We're exploring whether this was a  
response to Syria six months ago. \*

This is news to Greer. She steps closer. \*

GREER

Sir, that op was deconflicted. It was concluded those men were mercenaries.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SECRETARY CLAY

I understand it was your team. But there's information that you don't know for good reason.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Greer stands down. Clay laments.

\*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

People think just because the water is calm, sharks aren't circling. But we all know better than that...

\*  
\*  
\*

Clay moves closer to Kelly.

\*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

We are tackling this on multiple levels to get to the root of what happened to you and your family. You deserve nothing less than justice...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Clay walks out with Greer. Off Kelly...

\*

INT. SHELTERING ARMS REHAB CENTER -- RICHMOND, VA -- DAY.

\*

Kelly sits on a bench watching men ravaged by war attempt to use hands like feet and feet like hands. Physical therapists assist men doing pull-ups, attempting to walk, attempting to lift a ball above their heads -- anything to return some use to their tattered bodies.

\*

SHERYL (32) walks to him.

\*

SHERYL

We're gonna take it easy today, right?

He looks at her, doesn't speak. Just stands. Follows her to a BOSU BALL.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

You know the drill: hands on the ball. Push ups to fifteen.

He looks down at the ball, places his feet on it, extends his body out.

SHERYL (CONT'D)  
Those aren't your hands.

He starts doing push ups. He grimaces with each compression of his muscles, and each extension...

\*

SHERYL (CONT'D)  
Hurts, don't it. Just because the wounds have healed doesn't mean the soft tissue is repaired it takes...

He cranks out one after the other, building in intensity.

Finding comfort in the pain. In the release of energy.

SHERYL (CONT'D)  
Okay, stop... Stop... John, stop before you find yourself back in surgery.

\*

He doesn't stop. Pushes himself harder. Faster. Hate and fury fueling him...

\*

EXT. SECURITY GATE CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE LICENSE PLATES FILL THE FRAME. Plates move forward, revealing an SUV. A car passes security and moves through. SUV pulls to the guard station...

\*

INT. SUV -- CONT.

Greer hands her credentials to the guard -- AN ARMED MARINE.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER'

\*

He looks at her credentials, then her.

GUARD  
Who you here to see?

GREER  
Classified.

GUARD  
Which building --

GREER  
Classified.

He looks at his computer, starts to punch keys --

GREER (CONT'D)  
Don't do that. Call it in.

He looks at her. Picks up the phone. Speaks into it.

GUARD  
I have a Navy Commander Karen  
Greer. Badge number one-five-niner-  
tango-tango-seven... Classified...  
Classified.

\*  
\*

Listens, then hangs up. Punches a button and a VISITOR  
STICKER is printed. Hands it to her...

\*

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Place the sticker over your right --

GREER  
I know the drill.

She peels off the sticker, slaps it beside the right lapel of  
her uniform. The reads --

VISITOR NAME -- \*\*\*\*\*

HOST NAME -- \*\*\*\*\*

MEET LOCATION - CLASSIFIED. HOST WILL CONTACT.

Gate opens. Greer drives through...

\*

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- MOMENT LATER.

Greer follows a young woman who walks with the speed of a  
gazelle. Her heels pound out a frantic rhythm on the marble  
floor. She comes to a room, slides a card. Soon as the door  
opens, MEN SHOUTING wafts out like an odor...

\*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- CONT.

Ritter sits across from F.B.I. AGENTS SCHULTZ(38) AND  
JARWIN(44). Schultz, face red with fury, bores into Ritter.

SCHULTZ  
You classify the physical evidence  
and when I show up to question the  
only eye witness in a triple  
homicide I find TWO OF YOUR FUCKING  
MONKEYS --

RITTER

My 'monkeys' didn't deny you anything. A congressional order that prevents the patient from speaking --

JARWIN

On what grounds.

RITTER

National security.

SCHULTZ

Based on what?

RITTER

Can't tell you that.

SCHULTZ

Then maybe I'll have you tell a FEDERAL JUDGE when I charge you with interfering...

Schultz spots Greer for the first time. Takes in her uniform.

SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

Oh, look. The Navy's here. And your name is?

GREER

Commander.

SCHULTZ

Commander? Commander what.  
Commander...

\*

He reads her nameless name tag.

SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

Commander Asterisk.

JARWIN

This is almost funny. What's not funny is a U.S. Attorney putting his proctoscope right up the ass of this thing.

GREER

U.S. Attorney won't do anything and  
neither will you or we will bring  
in JAG Corp and surround him with  
MPs while the Senate Oversight  
Committee puts a boot with your  
name on it against the FBI  
Director's throat. You can watch  
the whole thing on CSPAN.

\*

They both look at her.

GREER (CONT'D)

You're in a secure room at CIA  
Headquarters with a Senior Case  
Agent and a JSOC Commander.

She points to her shoulder.

GREER (CONT'D)

That's three stripes and a star,  
agent. You think this is us  
protecting our own? You think  
that's what let you in here? It's  
bigger than you.

SCHULTZ

Fuck does that mean?

GREER

It means stand down. Or we will sit  
you down. Understood?

They just look at her.

GREER (CONT'D)

Door's where it was the first time  
you walked through it.

They stand and walk out.

\*

RITTER

I'd almost forgotten why you're  
still single.

GREER

I'm single because I work sixteen  
hours a day. The kind of man who'll  
tolerate that is a real pussy... We  
can't hold up the evidence forever.

\*

RITTER

Nope.

\*

\*

GREER  
Anything from the DOD, NSA... your  
bosses?

RITTER  
Zero. Feels like a situation that  
warrants thinking outside the box.

GREER  
Care to put that in writing?

Ritter smiles.

RITTER  
Then it wouldn't be outside the  
box.

Ritter stands.

RITTER (CONT'D)  
Wanna do it now?

GREER  
Just me. If he sees you it won't  
feel as warm and fuzzy. I need the  
file.

Ritter pulls it from his briefcase and hands it to her.

RITTER  
Let me know what he says.

She turns and walks out...

INT. KELLY'S ROOM -- SHELTERING ARMS REHAB CENTER -- NIGHT.

Kelly sits in a chair across from his bed. Stares at nothing.

CAMERA peers into his eyes -- hard to tell what he's  
thinking. Hard to tell if he's thinking at all...

GREER (O.S.)  
Hey sailor.

His eyes shift to her in the doorway. She stands there, sad  
smile on her face.

GREER (CONT'D)  
How's rehab.

KELLY

Working three hours a day for six months so you can brush your own teeth. That's not a life... If it's that bad they should just... Leave us where we fall.

\*  
\*

GREER

I meant your rehab?

Looks at her. Returns the sad smile.

KELLY

You don't rehab from this... What's in the file?

\*

GREER

Everything.

KELLY

You really trusting the FBI with that?

\*  
\*

She walks in and sits beside him. Hands him the file.

\*

GREER

They haven't seen it.

Kelly flips through SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of the Russian Embassy and PHOTOS of known Russian FSB operators.

\*

GREER (CONT'D)

Ritter pulled some strings. Those are the ones who passed through the Russian Embassy that fit our profile. None match your three toe-tags.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kelly continues to peruse, going back to a zoomed-in photo of a face he recognized earlier. Fixes on it.

\*  
\*

KELLY

That's the one that got away. But you put him second in the stack so you already figured he was involved.

\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

That's the order they were in when Ritter gave them to me.

KELLY

Do you know who he is?

\*

GREER

No. He's not in the intelligence  
database.

\*  
\*

Kelly stares at the photo, removing it from the folder to  
keep... momentarily overtaken by the night of the murders.  
Images of Pam and his unborn child clouding his eyes.

\*  
\*  
\*

KELLY

Talking heads are on every station  
beating a war drum because of what  
happened.

\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

And Russia keeps denying it.

\*  
\*

KELLY

I lost everything.  
(dogged)  
You gonna get in my way on this?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Greer eyes Kelly. Avoids responding, concerned where it's  
heading.

\*  
\*

GREER

You should get some rest. I'll drop  
by again tomorrow.

\*  
\*

Kelly points to another face, barely visible in the photo.

KELLY

He have a name?

\*

GREER

John...

\*

Off Greer's reluctance...

\*

KELLY

You walked in here for me to  
positively identify the last  
gunman. Is that all I am now to  
you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

I'm here because I care.

\*  
\*

Maybe, but Greer knows that Kelly can see right through her.  
She looks at the face of the RUSSIAN in his 60s.

\*  
\*

GREER (CONT'D)

Andre Vasseliev, head of Russian  
Intelligence in the U.S.

\*

KELLY  
Anyone talk to him yet? \*

GREER  
He's a declared officer. We can't  
detain people with diplomatic  
immunity over photographs. And he  
refuses to answer any questions. \*

Kelly fixes on the photo. \*

GREER (CONT'D)  
Right now you just need to focus on  
getting better. \*

She stands. Walks toward the door.

KELLY  
You wanna know what I decided to do  
the night my wife died? \*

Greer stops and looks back. \*

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Retire. \*

Greer swallows that. Kelly feels like anything but retired.  
She exits. \*

Kelly looks out the window at the city, his thoughts drifting  
beyond the hospital walls. \*

DISSOLVE TO: \*

EXT. THE KELLY HOME -- NIGHT. \*

Kelly opens the door and ducks through the police tape... \*

INT. THE KELLY HOME -- CONT. \*

House is dark. Kelly doesn't turn on any lights. Walks to the  
basement door, goes through... \*

INT. BASEMENT -- THE KELLY HOME -- MOMENT LATER. \*

Kelly stands before his open gun safe. Jams a Glock and  
magazines in a duffle. Ammo. A ZT FOLDING KNIFE goes in his  
pocket. Flashlights. Jams a stack of money in one pocket,  
tosses the rest into the bag. Grabs tactical boots, clothes,  
anything that could be useful. Zips it up and walks out... \*

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENT LATER.

He walks through the living room, looks down at the police chalk in the outline of a man. Looks past it to a photo of him and Pam dressed for prom. Walks to it. Pulls it from the frame, puts it in his bag and walks out... \*

EXT. FLEA MARKET -- DAY. \*

POP UP TENTS of vendors selling vintage everything line the sidewalks while people move between them like cattle in a feed lot.

Kelly walks through row after row of 'vintage' clothing.

Essentially JC Penny's entire line from 1977... Bearded hipsters who look like starved lumberjacks pore through the clothing like treasure hunters. Kelly pulls things from racks paying no regard to size -- yanks a shitty trench coat, shitty pants, shitty sweater, shitty beanie, shitty shoes and gloves. \*

Walks to a CASHIER, dumps his gear in front of her. She begins folding.

KELLY

Don't fold it. Just put it in the bag. \*

She looks at him, starts cramming clothes in a bag.

GIRL

You got it mister.  
(to herself)  
whatever gets you off... \*

EXT. HIGH END RESTAURANT -- NIGHT. \*

A VALET steps into an AUDI. Pulls away from the stand as... \*

Kelly approaches carrying an 18-inch pry bar. Moving casually but with intensity, he RIPS OPEN THE LOCKBOX with the keys. \*

As a WEALTHY COUPLE approaches from the restaurant, Kelly scans the keys for something the right size, then seizes a SET with a Cadillac logo and continues walking... \*

WEALTHY MAN \*

Here's our ticket... \*

But gone... Kelly doesn't look back. \*

INT. LOW RENT MOTEL -- LATER. \*

Pay-by-the-hour. The room seems dwarfed, as if someone threw a Motel six in the dryer and shrunk it. \*

Kelly sits on the bed rubbing CAMOUFLAGE FACE PAINT all over the trench coat... \*

INT. BATHROOM -- LOW RENT MOTEL -- MOMENT LATER. \*

Kelly stands facing the bathtub, urinating into it.

ANGLE ON --

The bathtub. And all his flea market clothing... \*

INT. BEDROOM -- LOW RENT MOTEL -- LATER. \*

Sun has gone down. The eerie purple of night bleeds through the open window, and with it comes the wailing vomit of noise this city emits. \*

Kelly sits in his underwear holding a hair dryer to his soiled clothing, drying them.

He stands, walks to the window. Looks out, sees -- planters filled with the skeletal remains of flowers. He pulls one and brings it inside. He stares himself in the mirror as he rubs the potting soil in his face... \*

We see the PROM PHOTO propped up near him... \*

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY -- NIGHT. \*

A heavy man who looks nothing like a diplomat emerges from the building. This is ANDRE VASELIEV(60). \*

He approaches a MERCEDES 560S where TWO RUSSIAN BODYGUARDS wait, one of them holding the door open. Diplomatic plates. \*

EXT. WISCONSIN AVENUE -- NIGHT. \*

A homeless man huddles in a doorway across the street, a ways down from the embassy... \*

PUSH IN ON THE MAN -- \*

Kelly, knees to his chest. An empty styrofoam cup next to him, stuffed with a few bills. \*

Kelly stands as... \*

The Mercedes exits the HEAVY STEEL GATES of the embassy and turns onto Wisconsin Ave. \*

Kelly walks ten yards to the stolen CADILLAC ESCALADE, climbs in and follows... \*

INT. MERCEDES -- GEORGETOWN -- NIGHT. \*

Andre scrolls on his cellphone as they travel along a narrow street, pausing at a stop sign. \*

EXT. MERCEDES -- GEORGETOWN -- NIGHT. \*

Andre's driver starts to pull forward as the LARGE ESCALADE comes barreling at 60 miles-per hour. Angles its way, hammering the rear of the of the Mercedes driving it up onto the sidewalk pinned between parked cars... \*

INSIDE THE MERCEDES -- \*

Whiplashed, Andre is thrown across the seat. Hard. But not as hard as he is smacked into the other door when the Mercedes slams into an elm tree. The impact shatters our senses... \*

The Mercedes horn blares as Andre struggles to remain conscious. Blood plumes from a cut on his forehead. He slumps to the floorboard and the world goes black... \*

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET -- NIGHT. \*

Dull shouting echos inside the Mercedes. Andre shakes himself awake, peers up and looks out the side window, sees -- \*

Kelly placing a charge against the bulletproof glass of the windshield, detonator in his hand. \*

Andre looks to his dazed driver, who fights with his seat belt. Fights to get his pistol from its holster as Kelly clears. Still gaining his bearings, the other bodyguard tries to get out too late. Andre ducks as -- \*

BOOM!! The windshield shatters, spilling the bodyguards out to the ground where Kelly thumps rounds into one, then circles the car doing the same to the other. \*

I/E. MERCEDES -- GEORGETOWN -- NIGHT. \*

With his rear doors locked, Andre looks up, rubbernecking as Kelly walks back to the Escalade, returning with a gas can. \*

Seeing the can, Andre panics and opening his door, makes a run for it, but doesn't get far, stumbling to the grass and sidewalk. \*

Straddling Andre, Kelly sloshes gas all over him. Terrified, Andre recoils, screaming. \*

ANDRE  
Help!! What do you want?!! \*

Kelly kneels, leaning close... \*

KELLY  
I want to know who killed my wife. \*

ONLOOKERS watch at a distance. Andre looks, sensing hope and Kelly flicks on his lighter. \*

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Pay attention. This is what we're doing right now. Who is this man? \*

Kelly unfolds the photo of the fourth gunman from the file. \*

ANDRE  
He was there. \*

KELLY  
Oh, so you know all about it. I want his name. \*

Andre looks him in the eye. \*

ANDRE  
I don't talk, you kill me. I say anything more... They kill everyone... \*

KELLY  
They'll kill everyone anyway. You know that. \*

Kelly lowers the lighter toward Andre. \*



KELLY (CONT'D)  
I'M UNARMED...

POLICE OFFICERS  
On your knees!! Hands behind your  
head!!

Kelly obliges, and is cuffed and taken away.

INT. D.C. CENTRAL DETENTION FACILITY -- VISITOR ROOM -- DAY

Kelly wears a neon orange jumpsuit as he speaks with Greer  
who's still trying to process the depth of trouble that he's  
in and her culpability in that.

GREER  
How are you holding up?

KELLY  
How you would expect.

Kelly studies her.

GREER  
What are your lawyers saying?

He ignores the question.

KELLY  
Stop looking guilty.

GREER  
I tee'd you up. I should have  
thought through all of this more.

KELLY  
Kill a hundred men without asking  
why and they pin a medal on you.  
Kill one who wanted to die and they  
throw you in jail.

GREER  
There's a difference between  
killing and murder.

KELLY  
Is there?

GREER  
Legally, yes. Don't pretend your  
not fucked. It's patronizing.

This lands on Kelly. He finally answers her question.

KELLY

There's no death penalty in D.C. so I've got nothing to lose rolling the dice with a jury. They want me to tell the world how my wife was killed by Russian Intelligence and no one seems to want to do anything about it.

GREER

Is that what you want?

KELLY

What I want.. I'm not gonna find in court. If I have to figure a way out of here to get it.. so be it.

Greer takes Kelly in, winded. Talking about him...

GREER

Where's the guy from Syria that I thought had it all wrong -- but now I wish I had back?

Kelly answers earnestly.

KELLY

He's still fighting to hold on. Tell Secretary Clay I need to see him.

Greer's eyes say that's not going to happen.

GREER

I don't think he can, John. There's nothing he can do for you in this situation.

KELLY

Tell him the fourth gunman's name is Viktor Rykov. That Vasiliev gave me his phone number.

(beat)

And tell him that isn't all I know.

Kelly presses his hand against the window between them, revealing a PHONE NUMBER written on it.

Still processing, Greer snaps a cellphone photo of the number.

INT. D.C. CENTRAL DETENTION FACILITY -- HOLDING CELL -- DAY. \*

Kelly sits alone against a wall, appraising the guards, security cameras and fifty other men in the space. \*

THREE LATINO GANG MEMBERS, all in their 20s, walk to him. Kelly looks at them -- tattoos on their necks and arms. \*

LATINO GANGSTER #1 \*

You ain't allowed right here. \*

Chocolate city over there. \*

The gangster points to an area with ALL BLACKS. Kelly glances over, amused at the name and stands to move. \*

LATINO GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D) \*

(but offended) \*

You think that shit's funny? \*

KELLY \*

Nope. \*

Kelly starts to walk... \*

LATINO GANGSTER #1 \*

For we bounce yo'fucken head off the wall. \*

Kelly stops... Considers. Keeps walking. \*

Gangster #1 catches a glance from his homeboy and decides to back up his threat. He rushes Kelly from behind, taking a swing. *Bad idea...* \*

Without looking, Kelly dodges and thrusts his palm into the man's chin, knocking him backward. Kelly turns and is on the other two men in an instant. His fighting style... brutal and efficient, punishing them with merciless blows. \*

ALARMS SOUND. Every inmate hits the ground and places their hands behind their heads. Every inmate but Kelly, who is so lost in his own pain, he doesn't hear it. Or doesn't care. Keeps pummeling the men. \*

Cell doors open and HALF A DOZEN GUARDS rush in behind a shield, firing TAZER DARTS into Kelly's chest. Kelly's body contorts and convulses as guards descend on him, swinging their clubs into his head and body... \*

INT. D.C. CENTRAL DETENTION FACILITY -- HALLWAY -- DAY. \*

FOUR U.S. MARSHALS in green jackets follow TWO PRISON GUARDS down a long corridor that leads to the SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CENTER. One of the guards hands a plastic bag full of items to a Marshal. \*

PRISON GUARD  
Personal belongings. \*

Two other guards sit at a control booth looking at video feeds inside cells. The doors to each cell are solid steel with tiny slits for light. Looks like a hexagonal room of closets.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)  
Six-three-five-nine-seven-four.

CONTROL GUARD  
Seven-R.

PRISON GUARD  
Open it.

CONTROL GUARD  
Order?

A prison Guard hands a file to the control guard, who signs the form, then stands and walks with the guards to seven-R.

CONTROL GUARD (CONT'D)  
Open seven-R.

INT. D.C. CENTRAL DETENTION FACILITY -- KELLY'S CELL -- DAY. \*

CAMERA SITS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. The steel door creaks its way open revealing John Kelly -- mouth guard strapped over his face. Chains around his stomach tether his arms to his sides.

Hand cuffs bind his wrists. More chains bind his ankles.

CONTROL GUARD  
Stand up, turn around and face the wall. \*

The face guard is removed, revealing Kelly's battered face. His eyes are more filled with rage than ever -- if that's possible.

CONTROL GUARD (CONT'D)  
Turn around.

Kelly faces them. The US Attorneys take in his beaten face.

US MARSHAL  
What happened to him?

CONTROL GUARD  
Beat the shit out of some inmates.

US ATTORNEY  
Who beat the shit out of him?

CONTROL GUARD  
We don't tell you how to do your  
job, don't tell us how to do ours.  
Hands stay cuffed until he's  
processed out.

Control guard looks into Kelly's angry eyes.

CONTROL GUARD (CONT'D)  
You're one lucky sonofabitch. We  
were just getting sta--

\*

Kelly slams his forehead into the control guard's nose,  
shattering it. Prison guards rush him as the Marshals jump  
between them.

US MARSHAL  
GET BACK!!!! He is our property and  
YOU WILL STAND DOWN. Now lead us  
out of here.

They walk Kelly past the control guard, blood pluming from  
his nose. Kelly leans into him as he passes --

KELLY  
You're wrong about me. I'm the  
opposite of lucky.

They walk out...

EXT. D.C. CENTRAL DETENTION FACILITY -- DAY.

\*

Kelly takes in THREE SUBURBANS WITH GOVERNMENT PLATES as he  
is led toward them...

\*

KELLY  
You know you've really fucked shit  
up when they send the motorcade.

US MARSHAL  
Buddy, they're gonna write songs  
about how bad you fucked up.

Kelly is put in back of the middle SUV...

\*

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C./VIRGINIA -- DAY. \*

The caravan of Suburbans snakes through DC heading west,  
passing the "WELCOME TO VIRGINIA" sign on the Woodrow Wilson  
bridge, then through some woods and into the BOWMAN  
DISTILLERY COMPLEX. \*

INT. SUBURBAN -- BOWMAN DISTILLERY COMPLEX -- DAY. \*

Kelly watches as the Suburbans circle around the distillery  
to a row of warehouses. A WORKER in weathered gear stands  
outside a steel gate. \*

The Suburbans slow as they approach. The worker and lead  
driver exchange code words and the gate is opened. \*

The first and third Suburbans split off and park outside on  
security detail as Kelly's vehicle enters a warehouse... \*

INT. WAREHOUSE -- BOWMAN DISTILLERY COMPLEX -- DAY \*

The warehouse door closes as Kelly watches the "Marshals"  
strip off their green jackets and toss them to a driver who  
stuffs them in a bag. \*

To the side, he sees Secretary Clay, Greer, Ritter and CIA  
DIRECTOR DILLARD in a prefab conference area. \*

Diagnosing the group, Kelly is led out in chains to a chair  
across from Clay. Clay stares at him a long moment... \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*

Why. \*

KELLY \*

Not that hard to figure out, is it? \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*

Revenge, sure. Or whatever you want  
to call it. \*

Clay leans forward. \*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D) \*

You know you didn't get that. You  
aren't that naive, are you? Vasiliev  
didn't kill your wife. \*

KELLY \*

A decision did. \*

Clay nods as he digests that. Kelly is smart. \*

SECRETARY CLAY  
Make this worth my while.

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD  
Viktor Rykov has been a priority  
person of interest for us since the  
beginning.

KELLY  
(to Greer)  
And you didn't bother telling me?

Greer didn't know, swallows her anger. Ritter jumps in...

RITTER  
We thought you might do something  
impulsive.

Kelly casts a glance at Ritter, eerily unflappable.

KELLY  
Who is he?

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD  
He answers to the Kremlin.

Kelly is realizing the scope of this. Remains, undaunted.

KELLY  
Is the number still active?

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD  
We don't know if it's Viktor's  
number at all.

GREER  
It's active.

Greer catches looks for speaking out of turn. Clay is ready  
to move on.

SECRETARY CLAY  
I wish you hadn't done what you  
did, John. They'll drive you back.

Kelly leans forward.

KELLY  
I want to be part of the team that  
responds.

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD  
There is no response team.

KELLY

You're figuring that out now. The makeup of this group screams military action. I bet you've traced the number I gave her. I bet you know it's Viktor. Know his location. I bet you've got eyes and ears on him. And know he won't be there forever.

Clay leans back. The look on his face says Kelly isn't wrong.

SECRETARY CLAY

...We've got it from here, John.

KELLY

There's something else I didn't tell you.

Clay stares. Patience wearing thin.

KELLY (CONT'D)

In private.

Clay studies Kelly. Pushes back from the table. The armed men who brought Kelly step forward. Clay waves them off.

Clay and Kelly step outside of the conference area... out of everyone's earshot. They speak in low tones.

KELLY (CONT'D)

At my house, I only popped one of the Russians. The other two were deliberately killed by their teammates.

Clay tries to understand this.

SECRETARY CLAY

You're saying they were assassinated by their own.

KELLY

(nods)

Like it was part of the op... Like someone wanted Russian soldiers to be found there.

Clay considers the implications of this for a long moment.

SECRETARY CLAY

Don't share this with anyone until I figure out what it means.

(MORE)

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

And I want you to be my eyes and  
ears on what we're cooking up. I'll  
deal with the legal side of things.

\*  
\*  
\*

Kelly nods, galvanized and they walk back to the table.

\*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

John's on the team.

\*  
\*

This floors everyone. Greer grins to herself as...

\*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

Now let's get back to it.

\*  
\*

Clay and Kelly sit as everyone adjusts.

\*

RITTER

That must've been some secret.

\*  
\*

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD

As of this morning, we've traced  
Viktor's phone to a building in  
Murmansk. Ritter and Greer will be  
on the ground with the team.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RITTER

So that you understand where we  
are, if the attacks on you and your  
fellow SEALs had been carried out  
over a period of weeks, we wouldn't  
be here. Given the fact all three  
were within hours of each other, in  
three different states... which  
means three different teams with  
oversight and communication...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Clay gets to the point.

\*

SECRETARY CLAY

It was a military assault. On US  
soil. Which warrants a response.

\*  
\*  
\*

Kelly chews on this.

\*

EXT. HARVEY POINT BASE -- RESTRICTED LIVING AREA -- NIGHT.

\*

SUPER: 'HARVEY POINT DEFENSE TESTING FACILITY'

\*

A remote wooded section of a secretive base. Enormous signs  
announcing the area is restricted to approved personnel line  
chain link fences that border a guard gate.

\*

SEAL TEAM SIX HOPEFULS stand guard.

Beyond them is a series of low brutalist military buildings tucked between oaks and poplar trees.

CAMERA creeps toward one -- no address, just the number 8 and the letter D stamped on the side of the house... \*

INT. BEDROOM -- HOUSING UNIT 8-D -- CONT.

Kelly stares at a bed. Another one behind him. Two nightstands. Nothing else. In front of the bed is every possible combination of tactical pant, shirt, boots, socks, gloves, jackets, caps, you name it... \*

Kelly pulls on a pair of tactical pants and t-shirt. Tries a pair of boots. Don't fit. Tosses them aside and tries another. Better... \*

Hears THE FRONT DOOR OPEN. CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS TOWARD HIM. A MAN APPEARS IN THE HALL -- He's in his 30s. Thick, red beard.

Thicker shoulders. Sad, wild eyes. His name is HATCHET (36). \*

He looks at Kelly.

HATCHET

That bunk taken?

KELLY

Other two rooms aren't taken.

HATCHET

They will be.

He tosses a massive duffle on the bed behind Kelly. Walks in, offers his hand --

HATCHET (CONT'D)

Hatchet.

KELLY

That your first name? \*

HATCHET

It's my only name. Agency wants code names on this. You got one? \*

Kelly thinks about this before answering, cutting the thumb and index finger off a pair of tactical gloves. \*

KELLY

Nope. \*

HATCHET

Guess it wouldn't do you much good.  
Sorry about your wife, man...

\*  
\*

Kelly looks at that. Almost forgot he was famous now.

HATCHET (CONT'D)

That shit in Georgetown. They  
sanction you to do that?

\*

Kelly just looks at him.

HATCHET (CONT'D)

Good for you. I'd have done the  
same thing.

Door opens again. More boots. Two men stop at the doorway,  
look inside...

\*

These men are versions of Hatchet -- built like athletes. The  
handsome faces of their youth are now battered and sun-  
beaten. One of the men wears a ball-cap backward. His name is  
"DALLAS" (35). The other man has a thick, dark beard.  
"THUNDER" (40, built like a sledgehammer).

\*  
\*  
\*

Dallas clocks Kelly immediately. Zero tact. Means well.

\*

DALLAS

You're the SEAL from the news. What  
the fuck are you doing here?

\*

Door opens again. More boots. Ritter appears.

RITTER

Living room.

Ritter walks out. One by one, the men follow...

\*

INT. LIVING ROOM -- HOUSING UNIT 8-D -- CONT.

\*

Kelly, Hatchet, Dallas and Thunder file into the room to find  
Ritter and Greer. Greer spreads out a satellite photo that  
covers the entire coffee table.

\*

The target apartment building is shaded red. Ritter hands  
FILES to each of the men.

RITTER

Target is the top photo in the  
file. Target building is shaded  
red. It's all in the mission brief.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALLAS

No bullshit, is this an exercise or an op?

\*  
\*

Thunder points at Kelly.

THUNDER

One look at him and you know it ain't an exercise.

GREER

With regards to the building, we are getting schematics of the structure.

HATCHET

You got a head count of his detail?

GREER

Working on it.

RITTER

The objective is to secure the target and transport him out of country.

\*  
\*  
\*

Thunder flips through his brief.

THUNDER

We're flying civilian?

\*  
\*

Kelly chimes in.

KELLY

Backstopping an unplanned flight over Russia takes time.

\*  
\*  
\*

RITTER

The route from DC to India is already cleared to go directly over the target.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HATCHET

There's nowhere else to take this guy, we gotta do it in a city with no air support and no chalk holding the perimeter?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREER

The target's phone went cold this morning but he's still occupying the building. We lose him if he moves. This is a go mission. And it's a now mission.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THUNDER \*  
Now, as in -- \*

GREER \*  
We are wheels up at oh-six hundred. \*

Beat. \*

HATCHET \*  
Maybe want to let us simulate this \*  
a few times? \*

GREER \*  
In a perfect world. \*

RITTER \*  
And we all know it isn't. \*

DALLAS \*  
What's our exfil? \*

RITTER \*  
Read your mission brief, gentlemen. \*

They look over their files, shake their heads. All but Kelly, \*  
who hasn't even opened his... \*

GREER \*  
We'll re-brief and gear up once \*  
we're all aboard the plane. \*

KNOCK AT THE DOOR. A young GREEN BERET carries three pizza \*  
boxes in. Sets them on the table. Makes a point of not \*  
looking at anybody. Walks out... \*

RITTER \*  
See you over there at the safe- \*  
house. \*

KELLY \*  
You're not traveling with us? \*

RITTER \*  
That a problem? \*

KELLY \*  
I guess we'll find out. \*

RITTER \*  
Eat up. It's a long flight... \*

Ritter and Greer walk out. Dallas looks at Kelly.

DALLAS

That's the only question you asked:  
whether that guy's coming with us.  
Not 'how do we get out' like  
everyone else... Care to explain  
that?

\*  
\*

KELLY

I don't give a shit how we get out.  
I'm here to finish what I started.

\*  
\*

Kelly walks out of the room. Dallas chews that...

\*

DALLAS

Doesn't give a shit. How we get  
home. Doesn't care...

\*

THUNDER

That's what he said.

\*

EXT. HOUSING UNIT 8-D -- NIGHT.

\*

Kelly leans against the cinderblock structure, staring out  
into the night. Greer joins him.

\*  
\*

GREER

You ready to share the fancy secret  
that got you out of prison?

\*  
\*  
\*

Kelly considers.

\*

KELLY

Part of the op that killed Pam was  
to leave behind Russians as  
evidence. The headshot downstairs.  
Friendly fire. I watched it happen.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Greer stares at him, lost.

\*

GREER

Why would Russia want to be linked  
to a potential act of war?

\*  
\*  
\*

KELLY

Trying to figure that out myself.

\*  
\*

Greer muses, not sure of anything.

\*

GREER

You have no business being here.

\*  
\*

KELLY

I have more business than anybody.

\*  
\*

GREER

More motivation, maybe. Who are you kidding -- you think there's justice at the end of this? You gonna attack the Kremlin, John? That your plan?

KELLY

Just following the chain as far as I can.

GREER

You can't kill enough people to get justice. You know that. Especially when the person you really blame is you?

KELLY

I can try.

Greer just stares at him.

GREER

There gonna blame me if we don't bring you home.

Kelly trades a smirk with her.

KELLY

I guess I should promise to go back to jail.

GREER

I'm not going to chase you.

Kelly nods, appreciative.

EXT. FOREST MEADOW -- DAY.

It is a pastel world. Greens look teal, reds look pink. It is a soft world. A muted world... A world where sight and sound aren't aligned. A breeze shakes branches and leaves flutter, but the sound comes after...

PAM'S FACE fills the frame. Looks down on us. Whatever has faded everything in this place -- Pam has eluded it. Her skin glistens, her eyes are sharp and focused. She closes them and exhales. Falls over us...

ANOTHER ANGLE --

She lays on Kelly, presses into him. Hard to tell where Pam ends and he begins. Their lips meet, gentle. Slow. Then their heads jerk with pleasure and she collapses into him... \*

Kelly stares at the sky. His body relaxed. His mind -- his soul, at peace. He stares at the faded blue sky. Sees something -- a tiny black spec. Looks like a pin prick in the atmosphere. And it's growing... \*

The black of space eats at the pale blue sky like an acid.

The world turns dark. Cold. Breeze becomes wind... \*

Wind blows the pastel from this place -- leaving a world the color of mud and ash. Pam looks into Kelly's eyes... \*

PAM

What is it?

Pam is sucked from his arms and hurled skyward until she disappears into the dark. Once gone, we hear her scream. A scream that doesn't fade... \*

INT. BEDROOM -- HOUSING UNIT 8-R -- NIGHT.

Kelly explodes from the nightmare, drenched in sweat. Sucking for air... \*

HATCHET

Night terror.

Kelly looks across the room at Hatchet's silhouette.

HATCHET (CONT'D)

I hate night terrors... \*

Kelly collapses back in the bed. Dares to ask --

KELLY

Why do you have them?

Hatchet chuckles.

HATCHET

It's a pretty long list of reasons why I have 'em. I guess it's the same for you.

KELLY

Used to be... Now it's just the one reason. \*

Hatchet nods in understanding.

HATCHET  
Done trying to sleep?

KELLY  
I think that one did it for me,  
yeah.

HATCHET  
Up for a walk?

KELLY  
Can't hurt.

EXT. HARVEY POINT BASE -- RESTRICTED LIVING AREA -- NIGHT.

Kelly and Hatchet walk beneath the massive hickory and oak trees that bend and twist over a pathway like giant, moss covered snakes...

HATCHET  
...We used to run these ops when I was in CAG. We called 'em goat missions. Ever hear of them?

Kelly shakes his head.

HATCHET (CONT'D)  
We'd go out in a Humvee and try to get ambushed, just fucking drive around a hot area trying to draw fire. And when we did... We would rain fucking hell on 'em.

KELLY  
That's some fucked up army shit right there. No, we never did that. Why you call it a goat mission?

HATCHET  
That's how they hunt wolves in Afghanistan. Tie a goat to a tree, and wait for the wolves to come.

Hatchet looks at Kelly.

HATCHET (CONT'D)  
Kinda what this deal feels like. Feels like we're a goat being tied to a tree... In what world do they send four of us on a capture mission? No exfil, no over watch.

(MORE)

## HATCHET (CONT'D)

I'm starting to think there's no  
one to snatch...

\*

## KELLY

There's someone. I put a bullet in  
him already and he put a couple in  
me.

\*

\*

\*

Doesn't make Hatchet feel any better.

\*

## HATCHET

This ain't the way to do it.

## KELLY

They pull you from S.A.D.?

\*

## HATCHET

Those guys are fucking cooked, bro.  
Not my speed. I was contracting in  
Yemen.

\*

Kelly nods, sensing a kindred spirit as they look to the  
horizon and the first hint of sunlight peeking over.

\*

EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES AIRPORT -- DAY.

\*

A Lyft pulls up outside departures. Kelly steps out, wearing  
shades and street clothes, carrying nothing.

INT. WASHINGTON DULLES AIRPORT -- DAY.

\*

Kelly inches forward in the security line with the other team  
members spaced out behind him.

\*

\*

INT. GATE -- WASHINGTON DULLES AIRPORT -- DAY.

\*

The team waits to board a United Airlines flight for 'DELHI,  
INDIA'. No one else is waiting as they shuffle on.

\*

\*

INT. BOEING 777 -- LATE DAY.

\*

The shades all drawn, the plane is dark inside, and mostly  
empty. Only our team, a palette's worth of weaponry and the  
two pilots are aboard...

\*

\*

\*

Hatchet, Thunder, Dallas and Kelly do what experienced  
operators do on planes -- they sleep. Hatchet lays in the  
aisle of economy class, using his ruck for a pillow.

\*

\*

\*

Only Greer is awake, poring over Intel on a tablet. She glances at a TV displaying their flight progress -- passing over Norway arcing toward Russia.

Greer's attention turns to Kelly, sitting upright in the adjacent aisle seat. Though his eyes are closed, his jaw is clinched, tense.

Greer notices Kelly rubbing his wedding ring at his fingertips anxiously.

Then... DING...

PILOT (ON P.A.)  
This is the Captain. Thirty minutes  
to DZ. Prepare for drop.

The lights in the cabin all come on and the team stirs awake.

EXT. BOEING 777 -- DUSK.

The sun dips below the horizon over the Barents Sea. Icebergs drifting in the water below.

INT. BOEING 777 -- DUSK.

The team is staged with drysuits, parachutes and gear to jump at the rear exit.

PILOT (ON P.A.)  
One minute to DZ. Standby for  
depressurization.

Kelly hand signals and the team slips on their oxygen masks. Hissing fills the cabin as the air is sucked out.

Greer holds a box with a red light while Kelly stands by the door, preparing to open it. It's the calm before the gun of an Olympic sprint.

Then, the red light turns green. Kelly holds both hands over his ears... a final check. Receiving thumbs up from the rest, he preps to open the door only to have the LIGHT SWITCH BACK TO RED as...

INSIDE THE COCKPIT --

SENSORS BLARE and LIGHTS FLASH. The pilots track a fast moving object on their radar.

IN THE BACK OF THE PLANE --

PILOT (ON P.A.) \*  
SAM INCOMING. BRACE FOR EVASIVE \*  
MANEUVER. \*

The engine whines as the plane suddenly dives, throwing the \*  
operators off their feet. \*

Struggling to regain his footing, Kelly rips off his mask and \*  
eyes out the window of the door. \*

HIS POV - The CONTRAIL OF A SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE arching \*  
toward them. \*

Stunned, Kelly turns. \*

KELLY \*  
Contrail! \*

DALLAS \*  
What?! \*

Greer moves to a window, peers out. \*

GREER \*  
What the fuck?! \*

Kelly rapidly pops the emergency exit open in desperation, \*  
flooding the cabin with the ROAR of wind. \*

KELLY \*  
THEY'RE TRYING TO BRING US DOWN!! \*

PILOT (ON P.A.) \*  
IMPACT IN FIFTEEN SECONDS. \*

Then, hauling a DRINK CART toward the exit, Kelly screams... \*

KELLY \*  
PUSH IT OUT!!! \*

Hatchet and Dallas help as Kelly pulls the pin of a grenade, \*  
jamming it down into an empty drink slot as the CART TUMBLES \*  
FROM THE PLANE... \*

EXT. BOEING 777 -- DUSK. \*

...FALLING THROUGH THE AIR THE CART EXPLODES... INTO A CLOUD \*  
OF ALUMINUM CAN DEBRIS... \*

Diverted into the chaff field... the MISSILE DETONATES -- \*  
HURLING SHRAPNEL into the tail and engine of the plane -- \*

FLAMES BURST from the engine -- \*

INT. BOEING 777 -- DUSK. \*

Pushed back by the flames, the operators find cover, gripping seats to keep their balance. \*

IN THE COCKPIT -- \*

The pilots work quickly. \*

CO-PILOT  
Killing the engines. Purging fuel. \*

BACK WITH THE TEAM -- \*

We hear the engines sputter out and the FIRE DIES. The plane begins a steep descent arcing toward the earth and... \*

Thunder moves for the exit. \*

THUNDER  
We gotta ditch! \*

KELLY  
No jump! No jump! \*

Thunder can't hear Kelly over the HOWLING AIR. He keeps moving, but just as he reaches the door, Greer grabs him. \*

GREER  
We're going too fast now! Zero probability of survival! \*

Thunder considers Greer, knows she's right. \*

THUNDER  
Fuck! \*

KELLY  
Tail's gonna hit first!! We need to move up! Our only shot is to ride out the crash! \*

They maneuver toward first class, all but Kelly buckling up. \*

GREER  
Get life jackets on! \*

Kelly approaches the cockpit... \*

IN THE COCKPIT -- \*

...wedging inside the door. \*

KELLY \*

Where are we going down?! \*

PILOT \*

In the water! Get in a seat! And \*

brace for hard impact! \*

IN FIRST CLASS -- \*

Kelly takes a seat beside Greer. She closes her eyes, trying \*

to numb her nerves. He follows suit. This is it... \*

IN THE COCKPIT -- \*

The ocean rises quickly as the pilot wrestles with the yoke. \*

PILOT \*

BRACE! BRACE! BRACE! \*

Then... with the ocean racing at him, he heaves up the nose \*

with both hands... \*

EXT. BOEING 777 -- NIGHT. \*

The tail-rudder activates as the plane pulls up, slowing the \*

speed of its descent... \*

The tail hits and the fuselage screams across the water... \*

skimming violently... \*

But dragging just below the surface, the stabilizer snaps and \*

the plane's nose dives forward hard into the sea... \*

INT. COCKPIT -- BOEING 777 -- NIGHT. \*

The ocean goes from below us to right in our faces as... \*

...WATER SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS, erasing the pilots on \*

impact. \*

IN FIRST CLASS -- \*

Bracing, the TEAM IS SAVAGELY SLAMMED into the back of the \*

seats in front of them and thrashed in every direction as the \*

PLANE BREAKS APART on contact and... WATER GEYSERS IN. \*



The fuselage yawns, pitching and sinking. There's almost no air pocket left. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*

Go. I'll be right behind you. \*

Hatchet nods, sinking down to escape out the door as Kelly removes his life vest and dives down into the black water. \*

INT. UNDERWATER -- BOEING 777 -- NIGHT. \*

Using the faint emergency lighting, Kelly locates a large black bag with an outboard motor attached. He yanks on it but it won't budge, wedged in the narrow aisle. \*

Kelly wrenches and struggles to free the bag as the fuselage COMPLETELY FILLS WITH WATER and the plane begins its SLOW DECENT to the bottom of the ocean. \*

EXT. SURFACE -- NIGHT. \*

Greer floats in her vest, scanning the surface as Dallas and Thunder gather the floating gear. \*

The BOAT LIGHTS are closer and appear to be moving fast. Hatchet emerges, gasping for air. \*

GREER \*

Where's John? Ships are coming! \*

HATCHET \*

He stayed in the plane. \*

Hatchet's look isn't all that optimistic as the airliner is disappearing beneath the sea. \*

I/E. UNDERWATER -- BOEING 777 -- NIGHT. \*

Hellbent, Kelly finally tugs the black bag loose and guides it through the rear door, pulling its ripcord... \*

BOOOOF!!! The bag bursts off as a pressurized air tank inflates the ZODIAC BOAT PACKED INSIDE. \*

EXT. SURFACE -- NIGHT. \*

The boat lights are closing in as the team drifts surrounded by flotsam -- then suddenly the zodiac bursts through the surface -- \*

Kelly follows a moment later, treading water. \*

GREER \*  
We have to move! \*

She points to the lights. \*

Dallas and Thunder wrangle the zodiac as Greer and Kelly swim \*  
that way. Boarding quickly, they fire the engine, zipping \*  
away just in time. Greer shares a look with Kelly, both of \*  
them grateful as... \*

Arriving at the CRASH SITE, Russian military boats, search \*  
the jetsam with floodlights... one ship, spotting the FADING \*  
WAKE of the zodiac... but the craft is gone. \*

EXT. ARCTIC SEA -- NIGHT. \*

The team skims along the sea in the zodiac. Ahead are city \*  
lights. Kelly brings the boat to a stop about 500 meters from \*  
shore and kills the motor. \*

One by one, the team rolls into the water with their gear, \*  
vanishing. Last out, Kelly drives a knife into the craft, \*  
sinking it, then pulls on his mask disappearing also. \*

INT. PENTAGON -- DAY. \*

An AIDE hustles down a corridor to Secretary Clay's office. \*

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE -- CONT. \*

The aide pushes in to find Clay on the phone at his desk. \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*  
There's no appetite for it. The \*  
perception of progress is more \*  
important than whatever progress we \*  
make -- how have you not learned \*  
that. \*

Off the aides look, Clay pauses. \*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D) \*  
I need to call you back. \*

He hangs up. \*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D) \*  
What is it? \*

AIDE \*  
A passenger plane was just shot \*  
down by Russia. \*

They both know what plane she's talking about. \*

SECRETARY CLAY \*  
Are we sure? \*

She nods. \*

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D) \*  
Survivors? \*

AIDE \*  
No word yet. \*

Off Clay, processing. \*

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- NIGHT. \*

Crumbling from the Soviet era. Regrouping, the team is happy \*  
to be dry in street clothes. They've built a fire. \*

Gear and weapons are laid out on the floor. It's not \*  
everything but it's something. \*

Greer picks up a radio. \*

THUNDER \*  
Don't turn that on. \*

GREER \*  
We need to let Ritter know we're \*  
alive. \*

DALLAS \*  
Someone sold us out. \*

THUNDER \*  
The one thing we've got going for \*  
us is they think we're dead. We \*  
gotta stay dark. Ditch anything \*  
with an on-off switch. \*

GREER \*  
You're wrong about Ritter and even \*  
if you're right we need that safe \*  
house. I'm not even sure they think \*  
were dead. Those boats got pretty \*  
close. They could be looking for \*  
us. \*

THUNDER \*  
It was a fucking PLANE CRASH -- \*

GREER \*  
And here we are arguing about it. \*

Kelly stares at Greer. He needs to know which side she's on. \*

KELLY \*  
If Ritter's bad as soon as we walk \*  
in that safe house we're exposed. \*  
(eyes Greer) \*  
Are you prepared for what that \*  
means? \*

Greer considers a moment, nods. \*

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- MURMANSK -- MORNING. \*

A barebones apartment. Ritter watches a breaking news story \*  
on Russian State Television. \*

FOUR RUSSIAN MEN (tattooed, hardened) watch with him. Their \*  
leader, ARTEM (30S), rubs his face, distraught as... \*

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) \*  
(in Russian) \*  
United Airlines 1217 lost contact \*  
shortly after seven last night... \*

Then... \*

KELLY (O.S.) \*  
Turn around slowly. \*

Ritter and the men oblige, finding our team of operators \*  
pointing weapons. \*

RITTER \*  
Thank god... \*

KELLY \*  
(all-business) \*  
Search it. \*

Hatchet and Thunder move through the apartment, clearing the \*  
rooms. Greer and Dallas stay with Kelly. \*

RITTER \*  
What's happening here, Greer? \*

GREER \*  
Quiet. \*

The operators return. \*

HATCHET \*

Clear. \*

Kelly doesn't flinch, staring at Ritter. \*

RITTER \*

Maybe you can put the guns down and  
tell me what's going on. \*

KELLY \*

Maybe you can tell us what's going  
on? I want every name who knew we  
were on that plane. \*

RITTER \*

It's a short list. Let me contact  
the Agency. \*

GREER \*

Bad idea. \*

KELLY \*

I'll ask one more time. \*

Ritter hesitates and Kelly beelines across the room,  
slamming Ritter against the wall... hand on his throat. \*

Wheezing, Ritter struggles to breathe and speak. \*

RITTER \*

...m-my only contact is a name I  
can't say. \*

Kelly increases the pressure. \*

KELLY \*

These men just survived a plane  
crash. I trust them more than you. \*

Ritter's eyes point toward the Russians. Kelly picks up on it. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*

(to Hatchet, Dallas,  
Thunder/re: Russians) \*

Kill them. \*

Ritter panics. \*

RITTER \*

No! No! No! They work for us! \*

THUNDER

Bullshit! More like you work for them.

ARTEM

We are here to help.

DALLAS

Shut up!

Kelly points his gun at Artem while still holding Ritter by the throat.

RITTER

Dillard, alright! That's my contact. I'm sure he can fix this.

HATCHET

The Director of the CIA.

Ritter expects Kelly to let go. He doesn't.

KELLY

Who ran the advance team?

RITTER

M-Me. There's no one else.

Kelly doesn't like this, turns to Greer.

KELLY

What reason did they give for wanting you here?

Greer, all of a sudden, questioning everything.

GREER

I had a personal stake. I was in Syria. It was my team.

RITTER

W-WE were in Syria. I-It was our op.

KELLY

(back to Ritter)

What's the real play here? What's the op! Who's the REAL target!

More pressure on Ritter's throat. He's running out of air.

RITTER \*  
...V-Viktor is the target! ...We \*  
just don't have official \*  
authorization... \*

Finally, Kelly releases his grip. Ritter gasps for air, \*  
staring back at him. \*

RITTER (CONT'D) \*  
If it goes sideways, it didn't \*  
happen. No cavalry is coming. \*  
We're on our own... understand? \*  
Dillard, Clay and us... that's it. \*

Kelly steps back and Greer lowers her gun. \*

GREER \*  
Russia shot us down, Robert. \*

Ritter had no idea. Guttled, he struggles to process this. The \*  
other guns lower as well. \*

GREER (CONT'D) \*  
They knew we were on board. \*

DALLAS \*  
(sarcastic) \*  
Who could've told them that. \*

RITTER \*  
Jesus, if it was me why bother \*  
coming. \*

Ritter paces, working things through in his head. \*

RITTER (CONT'D) \*  
Viktor is still there. He hasn't \*  
moved. Why shoot you down? \*

HATCHET \*  
He was our goat. Bait. \*

RITTER \*  
Did you hear me? He's still there. \*  
He hasn't moved. \*

KELLY \*  
They're not sure we're dead. \*

Kelly, in motion. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*  
We're not safe here. Get everything \*  
we need and let's move. \*



ARTEM

A base three miles away. Why they aren't keeping him there, we don't know.

Artem looks at them.

ARTEM (CONT'D)

You must do it quiet. We cannot offer support if you encounter a large force. We have families.

KELLY

We won't ask.

They ride. Nothing to see and nothing to do but wait until they reach their destination...

EXT. CITY STREET -- MURMANSK -- EVENING.

The van pulls to a building and disappears into a parking garage...

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- MOMENT LATER.

The van pulls in front of a freight elevator, stops. Driver looks back.

DRIVER

Out here.

Kelly and Ritter swing open the rear doors and leap out, the others behind.

A MAN stands at the open freight elevator, waves them over, they rush inside. Elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONT.

No sound. Just their breathing. Rifles and assault vests and night vision goggles stand in stark contrast to the 1940s elevator with doors that must be manually closed. Sweat drips from the men's faces. Can almost hear their heartbeats.

Elevator stops. The man cranks the door open.

MAN

To the left.

They move out from the door, rifles at the ready -- unsure what awaits them.

ANOTHER MAN stands at the end of a hallway, holding a rifle. He waves them over. They rush to the door, move inside... \*

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING -- MURMANSK -- CONT. \*

They walk in to find SPOTTING SCOPES set up near a window, men looking through them.

A Russian asset, OLEKSIY (33), turns to them. \*

OLEKSIY

Haven't seen anyone in the kitchen but the target today. He is sitting at the table. \*

GREER \*

How about bodyguards? \*

OLEKSIY \*

Two. They are in the living room to the left. \*

KELLY \*

Front door opens to the living room? \*

Oleksiy nods. \*

HATCHET \*

That's not great. \*

KELLY \*

Is there another way in? \*

OLEKSIY

There is small bathroom and storage room in back of apartment. Door leads to fire escape. Puts you in the hall, but it's narrow. Communists built these skinny. Someone shoots down the hall, they hit everyone.

Greer shews that. \*

GREER \*

We come in through the fire escape, hold in the storage area. One man moves and clears, we leap frog behind.

THUNDER

Who clears?

KELLY

I'll clear.

Ritter draws a breath to object, Kelly looks at the others.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Anyone got a problem with that?

HATCHET

I sure as fuck don't.

DALLAS

Works for me.

THUNDER

You want it you got it.

Kelly looks at Ritter, who steps close.

RITTER

The goal is getting home with him  
and finding out what happened here.

\*

\*

KELLY

That's your goal.

\*

RITTER

Needs to be your goal too. John...

\*

\*

Kelly looks at him.

KELLY

How can it be my goal? I don't have  
a home.

\*

Kelly looks out the window toward the street -- watches cars  
roll past, people wander up and down the sidewalk. Looks back  
at Oleksiy.

\*

KELLY (CONT'D)

When do the streets quiet down?

OLEKSIY

The bar on the corner closes at 11.  
An hour after that, there's no one.

Kelly walks back from the window as CAMERA pushes in on it.

Looks down on the street...

\*

HIGH SPEED VIDEO OF THE STREET --

The world rushes past on fast forward. People whip past in blurs. Car headlights look like shooting stars as they blast through frame.

The later it gets, the less blurs. The fewer flashes of light blazing past. Before long, there is only the light at the bar's entrance. CAMERA SLOWS TO REAL TIME.

Kelly mans the spotting scope in the dark as the rest of the team catches some much-needed shuteye. Greer joins him.

GREER

In Syria, you lost sight of why we were fighting. Look at me. This is not a revenge mission --

KELLY

They're all revenge missions. I just ran out of reasons before. That won't happen again...

He looks down at the street.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Somewhere there's a man who made a decision. He doesn't know me, doesn't know my wife, doesn't even know her name.

He looks Greer dead in the eye.

KELLY (CONT'D)

But he will. And with his last breath he will say it, I swear to fucking god, he will say her name.

Kelly is so filled with pain he sweats it from his pores.

Greer stares into eyes that barely resemble those of the man she spent most of her adult life with.

GREER

The person you're looking for is the leader of a nation. He's a king, John. We're pawns. Pawns don't kill kings. They don't even get to meet them. Viktor isn't a king. He's you on the other side.

Kelly turns to Greer, unnerved at the possibility she might be right.

GREER (CONT'D)

You're not the only one who's been  
chewed up and used here. I hope you  
remember that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Across the street, the lone bar light goes out. The shadow of  
a man walks down the street, his feet on concrete the only  
sound...

\*  
\*  
\*

KELLY

It's time.

\*  
\*

Greer's eyes linger on him.

\*

INT. STAIRWELL -- OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT.

Kelly, Ritter, Hatchet, Dallas, and Thunder move up a steep  
staircase to a door. Open it and push through...

\*

EXT. ROOF -- OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT.

Kelly and the team step onto the roof, walk to the edge --  
the apartment building is three feet shorter and four feet  
away.

\*

FROM THE STREET --

CAMERA looks up from the narrow alley separating the  
buildings. Kelly and the men are almost indistinguishable  
from the night as they leap from one building to another.

EXT. ROOF -- APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENT LATER.

CAMERA rushes behind Kelly as he moves across the roof, comes  
to the edge and looks down. He readies his rifle in one hand,  
grabs the fire escape with the other, begins climbing down.

He climbs to the third floor, swings onto a tiny balcony.

Looks around, looks through the window panes in the  
apartment's back door -- nothing.

Looks up and motions to Ritter. The team silently descends  
the stairs to him. Kelly pulls a lock kit from his pocket --  
picks the lock and swings the door open SLOWLY...

\*  
\*

INT. APARTMENT -- CONT.

To the left is a tiny room with a sink and toilet. IN front of them, a small utility room -- shelves and a washer/dryer.

Nothing else.

Kelly peers around the doorway, looks down the hall. Through his NIGHT VISION GOGGLES we see --

A narrow hallway with multiple doorways on it's right side.

Kelly holds a fist up to Ritter. Points to himself, then makes a walking motion with his fingers, points at Ritter, then opens his palm as if to say 'stay here'. Ritter nods... \*

Kelly moves around the corner, slinks down the hall, rifle to his shoulder. Comes to the first door -- it's open. No lights on, but through NV Goggles, Kelly can see a bed, which has been made. Keeps going... \*

Comes to another door -- it too is open. He peers in: another bed, which has been made. No evidence anyone has ever been in this apartment except to furnish it.

Keeps moving, SLOWLY peers around a doorway into the living room: couches and two chairs. Nothing else. No paintings on the wall, no books on shelves. Nothing... \*

He slinks through the living room toward the kitchen... \*

As he nears the kitchen, he sees the shrouded image of a man seated at the kitchen table. Creeps closer. Holds him in the illuminated reticle of his reflex sight. The man sips from a coffee cup and stares straight ahead... \*

Kelly recognizes the man's profile, the gunman who escaped from his home -- VIKTOR RYKOV. Then Viktor speaks in English with a thick Russian accent. \*

VIKTOR \*

You and I are cheaters of death. In  
combat. In your home. Even in the  
sea. \*

Hearing Viktor knows about the flight almost sucks the air from his lungs. \*

Kelly moves into the kitchen, sweeps the room with his rifle, but it's just he and Viktor in the room. \*

KELLY \*

Did you kill my wife? \*

VIKTOR \*  
Did I pull the trigger. \*

KELLY \*  
You know the answer I'm looking \*  
for... a name. \*

VIKTOR \*  
I don't have the name you need. \*  
Only my commander in the Kremlin. \*

Kelly slowly backs away. Nothing about this is right. \*

KELLY \*  
That's good enough. \*

VIKTOR \*  
I'm having trouble hearing you. Can \*  
you come closer. \*

Instead, Kelly shoots him through the shoulder. Viktor \*  
tumbles over with his chair to the floor, spinning with a gun \*  
in his other hand, firing. \*

Kelly spins clear, seeing RED LASER SIGHTS on a lampshade, \*  
then the world explodes in gunfire... \*

Bullets hammer through the door, the window, the wall -- \*  
sending shrapnel in every direction... \*

INT. STORAGE AREA -- CONT. \*

Ritter, Hatchet, Dallas, and Thunder, drop to their knees at \*  
the sound of gunfire... \*

RITTER \*  
Shit... Ambush... \*

Ritter looks back at Thunder as he stands, sees RED LASER \*  
SIGHTS drift over his chest, then their world explodes into \*  
gunfire as well... \*

Thunder's body is perforated by rifle rounds. He drops to the \*  
ground as if he was unplugged... \*

Ritter grabs his body and pulls him into the hallway as \*  
Hatchet and Dallas belly crawl behind... \*

ANGLE ON -- \*

Kelly, low, scrambling between pieces of furniture for cover, \*  
in a close quarters firefight with Viktor... \*

Bullets rip through the walls and windows, riddling the world around them as they target at each other with procession in a deadly ballet... \*

Taking shelter behind a sofa, Kelly peeks out. Bleeding badly on the floor of the kitchen doorway, Viktor calls to him. \*

VIKTOR  
Maybe we won't make it this time. \*

KELLY  
You chose death the day you took life outside of this from me. \*

VIKTOR  
I didn't take it. The men who put us in this room together did. This is a victory for them. They would call us patriots. \*

The bullets have lulled. Kelly lays flat, peering under the sofa to get a better view of Viktor. \*

Only to spot... C-4 ridged under the furniture and near the hallway entrance. He's not meant to get out of here alive. \*

KELLY  
I don't feel like a patriot. Do you? \*

Viktor labors, bracing himself on the wall to get to his feet. \*

VIKTOR  
They can't let you live. \*

Viktor fires shots at Kelly who crouches, coiled. Empty, Viktor changes mags and Kelly bolts out, firing through the doorframe, running straight for him... \*

Hit, Viktor stumbles back as Kelly grabs his torso, spinning him around, using him as a human shield as... \*

The explosives detonate, launching Kelly and Viktor backward into some cupboards, splintering them to pieces as smoke, debris, and drywall blasts onto them... \*

ANGLE ON -- \*

Kelly, with Viktor laid face down on top of him in the kitchen. Kelly looks up at a world moving in slow motion. A world with no sound but the ringing in his ears... \*

Still breathing, barely, Viktor tries to whisper something. \*  
But expires before he can and Kelly rolls him off... \*

Staying low, Kelly shuttles through the living room to the \*  
hallway where Ritter makes wild gestures for him to stay \*  
down... \*

Ritter reaches Kelly. His eyes are wide, pupils dilated by  
the sudden surge of adrenaline. All he can manage to say is --

RITTER  
We need an out. \*

They look at the front door.

KELLY  
That isn't it.

Kelly looks up at a table leg sticking through the drywall  
above him like a spear. Grabs the leg and yanks down with all  
his might, tearing a deep gash in the drywall.

Hatchet, Dallas, and Ritter begin tearing at the drywall,  
pulling it down in chunks until they are staring at the  
studs.

Kelly runs at the drywall attached to the opposite side of  
the wall frame, puts his shoulder into it like a linebacker,  
and falling into the adjacent apartment.

The apartment is completely empty -- no furniture. Nothing.

He scrambles to his feet as Ritter, Hatchet, and Dallas hurry  
behind... \*

The faint sound of SIRENS penetrates the night.

Kelly, Ritter, Hatchet, and Dallas move to the apartment's \*  
front door. They all suck heavy breaths. Kelly places a \*  
finger to his mouth. Slowly rises to the front door's \*  
peephole, looks out... \*

Sees A RUSSIAN SPECIAL FORCES OPERATOR leaning against the  
far wall, his rifle trained on the other apartment's door.

Then Kelly's view is blocked by a man's head as he moves in  
front of it... \*

Kelly backs up, points at the door. Raises his rifle. The  
others do the same... \*

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -- CONT.

A DOZEN RUSSIAN SPECIAL FORCES OPERATORS train rifles on the apartment door -- the wrong apartment door, at the moment.

RIFLE ROUNDS penetrate wood and drywall as Kelly and the team shoot through the walls and doors into them. Russian operators duck, fire into the wrong apartment door, fire into walls, fire everywhere as bullets penetrate the walls and punch into them. It is madness... \*

Kelly pushes open the door and hurls a grenade. Then another, then another... \*

Russian operators shout and hurry back down the staircase as they explode... \*

Kelly and the team rush out, peer down the staircase and fire into the men at the bottom as they race from view. Then drop more grenades down on them.

Kelly grabs an AK-47 and Magazine pouch from a dead operator, the others do the same. They change mags in their 'shortys'.

Greer looks out a window, noticing something on the side of the building -- the exit to a parking garage. \*

GREER

Parking garage, south side. Bogeys at the three and nine. Looks like the least resistance.

KELLY

Roger. Move. \*

Kelly, Ritter, Hatchet, and Dallas hurl SMOKE GRENADES INTO THE FIRST FLOOR FOYER. In an instant, the foyer is filled with PURPLE SMOKE... \*

They move down the staircase. Through the smoke toward a door marked exit... A voice echoes through a loud speaker... \*

LOUD SPEAKER

The building is surrounded. There is no escape. We have reached out to your embassy. A state department official is on their way here now. We urge you to disarm and move toward the exit with your hands visible... \*

DALLAS

How do they know to speak ENGLISH?? \*

HATCHET

Doesn't matter.

RITTER

The fuck it doesn't.

Greer looks at Kelly. \*

GREER \*

What happened in the kitchen.

KELLY \*

This happened. They want this... \*

Ritter stops in his tracks as the full level of betrayal comes clear to him... \*

They reach the end of the stairwell. Come to a single door. \*

Kelly looks at Hatchet and Dallas as he pulls on his NV GOGGLES. Raises his shorty, points to the suppressor, then places a finger to his lips. Points to Hatchet, then points to the ground... \*

Points to Dallas, makes an arcing motion with his hand.

Points at Ritter, points up at the sky, then points at Hatchet... They all nod. \*

Kelly puts a foot against the door, just beneath the handle.

Grips the handle with his hand and SLOWLY turns the nob.

Kelly sucks in a breath then kicks the door open with all his might... \*

Hatchet, laying on his belly, peers through the reflex sight of his rifle.

THROUGH HATCHET'S NV GOGGLES --

Two Russian soldiers glow a hot white against the green world of night vision.

He dumps rounds into both men, then rounds hammer into the doorway -- and any hope of doing this quietly fades away... \*

Ritter peers around the corner above Hatchet, and pounds rounds into the vehicles soldiers hide behind as Kelly uses his rifle barrel to hold open the door and give them cover.

Kelly nods to Dallas who rushes out wide, firing in the opposite direction... \*

Dallas rushes to the safety of a cement support beam as Kelly spins around the door, buries his face behind his rifle sight and walks toward Russian soldiers...

\*

Dallas keeps them pinned down with rifle fire. Ritter does the same going the opposite direction -- advancing on the enemy as they are pinned down by Hatchet's covering fire...

\*

WITH KELLY --

Rifle goes where his eye looks, and right now it's looking at a group of men hiding behind the hood of a vehicle. He ducks low and tosses a grenade like a bowling ball underneath the vehicle... The Russian soldiers, stand, firing in Kelly's direction as Kelly and Dallas pump rounds into them...

\*

\*

The grenade detonates. Rather than exploding, the world fills with green smoke that spreads through the garage like an odor.

Kelly pushes through the smoke, comes upon another soldier -- and thumps rounds into him. There is a fury to the precision of his movements. He moves without hesitation. The moment a target is presented -- he fires until the target is eliminated. It is wildly impersonal. And very effective...

\*

\*

\*

Once they clear the garage, they move toward the small windows that are eye-level with the street. Hatchet creeps toward one, pulls a mirror from his kit, holds it out toward the window...

\*

IN THE MIRROR --

He sees FEET running from one side of the road to the other.

Sees a vehicle parked in the center of the road. Angles the mirror up and sees the .50 Machine gun mounted on top of it.

Hatchet's face falls...

\*

He looks back at the rest of the team, shakes his head. Then mouths the word 'armor'.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT.

CAMERA looks down from the top of the armored personnel carrier onto the parking garage door -- a series of metal bars welded into a frame...

\*

Another armored personnel carrier pulls up beside it...

\*

Across the street from the parking garage is a large patch of grass outlined with shrubbery. Two trees tower over the lawn.

Two park benches sit beneath them.

Soldiers run toward the trees. Take cover behind them...

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT.

The team has taken a tactical position in the center of the garage. They are drenched with sweat. They change magazines. Check their boot laces. Ready themselves for the hell that is coming...

They hear the RUMBLE of fighter jets passing overhead.

GREER

Air support. This just keeps getting better.

HATCHET

If anyone's got a plan... I'm all ears.

KELLY

I have a plan.

RITTER

Am I going to like it?

KELLY

Not if you think I'm going home with you.

INT. HALLWAY FROM GARAGE -- LATER.

Kelly peers into the hallway, rifle to his shoulder. Moves up the stairwell, slow. Silent... Sweat drips from him like a faucet...

EXT. ROOF -- APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAWN.

The hallway door creaks open. Slow. So slow, that unless one is staring right at it, they'd never notice...

Kelly crawls out just as slow. Looks to the building across from him -- sees the sniper team, their focus on the parking garage entrance. Crawls like a snake toward the edge of the building, looks down and sees the ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS AND THE COLLECTION OF MILITARY AND KGB VEHICLES PARKED BEHIND THEM...

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- WHITE HOUSE -- DAY.

Clay, Dillard, Wilson, the Chief of Staff, NSA Director, \*  
hell, everybody, PRESIDENT included, sit motionless as they \*  
watch the surveillance feed. Seething, the President points -- \*

PRESIDENT

Who is that man there, on the roof? \*

SECRETARY CLAY

Unclear, sir. \*

Fed up, the President eyes around. \*

PRESIDENT

Does anybody in this room know \*  
anything? American soldiers have \*  
been in a firefight for SIX FUCKING \*  
HOURS with the Russian military in \*  
the middle of Murmansk! What am I \*  
looking at here?! \*

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD

They're not officially soldiers, \*  
Mister President. They're private \*  
contractors. \*

PRESIDENT

Working for who? You?! \*

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD

We haven't been able to confirm who \*  
they're working for yet. Or obtain \*  
positive identifications. \*

PRESIDENT

(doesn't buy it) \*  
Well, don't I feel like the dumbest \*  
person in the room. \*

GENERAL WILSON

Mister President, we have another \*  
fire mission request, sir. \*

PRESIDENT

Tom? \*

Clay takes in the President. Responds calmly. \*

SECRETARY CLAY

If you launch missiles into Russia \*  
you will start a WORLD WAR... Sir. \*

(MORE)

## SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

My recommendation is to publicly  
 disavow any connection to this and  
 wash your hands of it. But not let  
 them off the hook by any means. I  
 would retaliate strategically...  
 further undermine their image and  
 influence in the world. Return to a  
 time of severe embargoes. Crippling  
 sanctions. We could work with our  
 allies to destabilize nations  
 Russia has invested in. And our  
 support in proxy conflicts like  
 Georgia and Crimea would be  
 welcomed with open arms...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The entire room stares at Clay.

\*

## SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

But you know all that, sir.

\*  
\*

EXT. ROOF -- APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAWN.

\*

The first hint of day kisses the horizon. Above, the black of  
 night gives way to the lavender of morning. A lone star is  
 visible -- the rest have retreated with the dark.

Kelly stares at the star.

## KELLY

It wasn't you I was leaving. It was  
 me I was trying to leave. I know  
 that doesn't make sense to you...  
 But I'm leaving now. And if there's  
 a heaven and I somehow find my way  
 into it...

\*  
\*  
\*

He sucks back emotion with a deep breath.

## KELLY (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding...

\*

He rolls over, looks at the row of GRENADES he has lined up  
 against the lip of the wall. Closes his eyes.

## KELLY (CONT'D)

I love you. I always loved you.

Pulls the pin and hurls the grenade at the armored personnel  
 carrier. Then another. And another. Then he grabs his shorty,  
 shoulders it, and starts dumping rounds into the sniper team  
 on the opposite rooftop.

EXT. STREET -- MURMANSK -- DAWN. \*

Soldiers look up at the roof as the crackle of rifle fire ruins the quiet of dawn. They can barely make out the grenades falling toward them.

They explode as they hit the road, some just before -- showering the men in shrapnel. The world around the soldiers erupts in swirls of dark smoke and debris. \*

One Armored Personnel carrier takes a grenade right on the gun turret, dropping into the APC itself -- the vehicle seems to stretch with the detonation.

The blast lifts the vehicle off the ground a foot, then drops it back down.

ANGLE ON --

THE PARKING GARAGE, as a VAN races from the garage entrance at 30 miles per-hour... \*

INT. VAN -- CONT. \*

Ritter drives, Greer to his right. Hatchet and Dallas are in the back. \*

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see the LITTLE PARK coming toward us -- fast. Russian soldiers step from trees and fire in their direction as Ritter, Greer, Hatchet, and Dallas fire back -- through the glass and out the sliding side door -- \*

BACK ON THE ROOF --

Kelly rains bullets down on the soldiers emerging from the shrubbery as the van literally drives right over them and toward the street adjacent to it... \*

Kelly runs with all his might to the other end of the roof, hurls grenade after grenade down on the soldiers moving up the street. Tosses one that hits pavement, bounces just as a Humvee pulls up and detonates as it slaps the windshield... \*

From this vantage point, it is shooting fish in a barrel. He fires ahead of the van, clearing their path from above... \*

The van -- with rifle rounds pounding into it and pouring from it, rounds the corner and disappears from view, Kelly crawls back from the lip of the roof, turns, and rises... \*

THUNK. THUNK. THUNK.

Three rounds punch into his trauma plate, knocking him backward. He raises his rifle and fires into three men who emerge from the stairwell.

Pulls a grenade and hurls it into the open door. Then hurls another. Hears the concussive blast, then the telltale screams of agony that always follow... \*

Kelly looks around -- frantic for a new way off this roof, spots the roof they jumped from last night. Runs for it.

Never gonna make the roof -- it's four feet up, but he can make the fire escape balcony one floor below it.

Slings his rifle and runs as hard as he can, leaps from the building... \*

In truth, Kelly overestimates the force it takes to leap the short distance from roof to balcony. He hits the balcony with force, smashing through the window and landing inside the apartment in a heap.

Dazed. Cut. He shakes the dizzy from his head. Feels the shadow over him. Looks up... \*

The Russian Soldier can't be nineteen. He holds his rifle to the side -- as stunned Kelly is laying in front of him -- as Kelly is to look up at the soldier. \*

They both stare at each other, frozen.

The boy moves to swing his rifle barrel and Kelly kicks his legs out from under him. The kid hits with a thud. Kelly hammers his elbow into the boy's face, knocking him senseless. Kelly is on top of him in an instant. Takes the boy's rifle. Thunders a punch into his face.

KELLY

Don't come after me.

Thunders down another punch.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'll kill you.

Another punch.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'll kill you.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

I no... Come after. \*

Kelly stands. Shoulders the boy's rifle and clips the boy's handheld SATELLITE RADIO onto his belt...

KELLY

I hope not.

Turns and moves to an open door, peers around it -- no one.

Moves down the hall, comes to a stairwell. Opens the door, peers down -- clear... Rushes down the stairwell...

INT. VAN -- CONT.

Ritter drives eighty miles an hour down an empty road.

DALLAS

WE'RE CLEAR BEHIND.

Ritter jerks the wheel left. Drives down an empty street.

HATCHET

We gotta dump this thing.

RITTER

Later.

Ritter keeps driving as Hatchet looks at Dallas, sitting against the side of the van.

And the blood pooling beneath him.

DALLAS

What.

HATCHET

Nuthin'.

Dallas lays his head back against the van. Sucks heavy breaths.

DALLAS

Where to now?

RITTER

Get to the harbor. There's E&E packs at the dead drop.

Greer stares out her window, troubled by something. Ritter glances over. Isn't that confident about the E&E packs but...

RITTER (CONT'D)

You hear that. Clean passports and cash.

DALLAS  
No plane tickets?

\*  
\*

Ritter and Greer hear something in Dallas' voice.

\*

RITTER  
We good back there?

\*

HATCHET  
We're good.

ANGLE ON --

Hatchet. He looks at Dallas looking at the blood seeping from him. Hatchet scoots beside him.

HATCHET  
Hey, brother. You married?

Dallas nods.

HATCHET (CONT'D)  
Kids?

DALLAS  
Yeah, fuck...

\*

HATCHET  
Anything you want me to tell 'em?

DALLAS  
Tell 'em I'm sorry.

HATCHET  
Got nuthin' to be sorry for. I  
can't tell them that.

DALLAS  
I don't know, man... Tell them I  
love them.

\*

HATCHET  
I'll tell them that.

Greer glances back. Their situation is fucked. She looks to Ritter.

\*  
\*

GREER  
(re: Kelly)  
We shouldn't have left him.

\*  
\*  
\*

RITTER \*  
You know it's the reason we're \*  
still breathing. \*

GREER \*  
Doesn't matter. \*

RITTER \*  
He's the only one who can decide \*  
whether it's worth it to keep going \*  
or not. Not our place. \*

Greer stares at him. \*

GREER \*  
We can decide what's worth it to \*  
us. \*

Ritter looks at her. \*

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING. \*

Kelly peers out the door of the stairwell to the ground \*  
level. He slinks out, rifle at the ready...

Peers around a corner and can see through the front doors:

A WALL OF MILITARY VEHICLES.

Kelly hurries back down the hall, opening doors as he goes, \*  
looking for any way out of here -- but there is nothing. The \*  
hallway is broken by six steps. He trots down them and keeps \*  
moving. Opens another door -- an office. Starts to close the \*  
door, then pushes it open again...

It is the security office for the building... a row of \*  
monitors sit on a table, a chair in front of it. None of the \*  
monitors are on. Kelly sits at the table, starts turning on \*  
computers and monitors...

As each screen comes to life, the gravity of his situation \*  
becomes clear -- he is completely surrounded. HUNDREDS of \*  
soldiers patrol the street. A TACTICAL UNIT OF TWO DOZEN MEN \*  
WITH BULLET PROOF SHIELDS MOVES ON THE FRONT DOOR, THEN \*  
DISAPPEARS INSIDE...

There is no escape. There is no hope. \*

KELLY \*  
Fuck...

Kelly punches one of the monitors, shattering it. Then laughs at the lunacy of his situation.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't know why I give a shit. I  
ain't got nothing to live for...

\*  
\*

He sits there watching the troops mass against him. Hears thuds and thunks inside the building...

\*

KELLY (CONT'D)

FUCK IT... Y'all want some? Ya'll  
can have some...

\*  
\*

Kelly stands, walks out of the room...

\*

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENT LATER.

Russian Special Forces Operators peer around the corner, leap frog their way down the long hall toward the next corner.

Kelly walks around the corner with such purpose, such speed, they don't have time to react as he dumps 30 rounds into them. Without slowing down he pulls a grenade and hurls it at the far wall -- it hits and ricochets out of sight. Then a wall of smoke and noise moves toward him like a wave...

\*

Kelly walks through it, stepping over the bodies of Russian Operators. Raises his rifle and fires at the next corner -- even though there is no visible target. Doesn't stop until the magazine is empty, then lets that rifle drop to the ground and continues with his shorty.

\*

Hurls another grenade around the next corner...

\*

EXT. BUILDING -- CONT.

The sound of rifle fire and explosions pulse from the building. Soldiers shout and reposition and prepare for what's coming. Then silence...

\*

Rifle rounds shatter the glass front of the building and pound into the vehicles. Men dive for cover as the .50 Cal of an armored personnel carrier starts hammering rounds into the building.

INT. BUILDING -- MURMANSK -- CONT.

\*

Kelly tucks himself beneath the steps leading to the foyer.

He peers out over the last steps as he hammers rounds out into the street, then ducks as rounds destroy the world around him.

The volume of fire is constant. He slinks down another step as an RPG ROUND screams past his head, then explodes in the rear of the foyer... \*

He retreats behind a wall, starts hammering rounds in the Russians' direction, but the next round fired at him is a 105mm tank round -- it explodes behind him, then fills the world with a plume of smoke that hits him like a hammer.

Kelly disappears from our view... \*

As the smoke billows out, Kelly stands -- dazed, blood running from his nose and his left ear. He looks out toward the street. Raises his rifle -- but the barrel has literally been blown off. All he holds is a trigger guard and a fore grip. \*

He drops the rifle and pulls his pistol. Rests against the wall. Shuts his eyes tight... \*

KELLY

You won't feel it. You'll never know it happened... Just walk out there. She's waiting for you. Just walk. Just walk... \*

Kelly turns the corner and steps into the foyer. Raises his pistol and starts moving toward the army awaiting him.

Bullets hammer the world around him... \*

He looks out where a glass used to be, sees the line of armored personnel carriers. Then, hesitates, sitting down on the floor... \*

KELLY (CONT'D)

Can't let them win... \*

Kelly thinks, turns on SATELLITE RADIO he took from the young soldier and, unforgiving, begins speaking in Russian... \*

KELLY (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Requesting air support. Designating target vehicles with red smoke. \*

RUSSIAN PILOT (SUBTITLE) (ON RADIO)

(in Russian)

Copy red smoke. ETA, 2 minutes. \*

Climbing back to his feet, Kelly grabs two smoke grenades, yanks the pins, with all his strength, hurls them out the front... \*

... as he takes cover, the grenades WAFT TWO GIANT TORRENTS OF RED CLOUD over the personnel carriers. \*

Then, Kelly watches as they all disappear in an eruption of smoldering debris. A shock wave pushes toward him, shattering every pane of glass that managed to survive the gunfight. Kelly drops to the ground as the shock destroys everything in its path... \*

INT. BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER. \*

Kelly moves quickly down a hallway, his ears ringing. He pushes through a door... \*

EXT. SOUTH EAST SIDE OF BUILDING -- CONT.

A dirty, brown cloud hangs over the building. An AIR RAID SIREN is the only sound. A dirty, brown hugs the street --

Kelly can't see 10 feet in front of him. Keeps running anyway.

Runs past a soldier who walks the opposite direction, carrying his own arm. Keeps running... \*

Hears the thunder of jet fighters behind him. \*

Finds a way to run faster... \*

Sees SOMETHING in the smoke. Moving fast. TWO VEHICLES. They stop. One right in front of him so close he almost runs into it. The back door of a SEDAN OPENS... \*

ARTEM \*

Get in.

Kelly glances toward the second vehicle... seeing the shot-to-shit van. Ritter behind the wheel. Greer and Hatchet hopping out, covering the area with weapons. \*

Kelly clambers inside and Artem closes the door. And both vehicles race into the cloud of smoke that blankets the street... \*



KELLY

Where are you when you're not?

PAM

That's the question, isn't it. You don't get that answer yet.

INT. SEDAN -- DAY.

Artem shoves Kelly awake. Kelly stares at him like a stranger.

ARTEM

We're here.

Kelly sits up, looks out the window -- sees the harbor.

ARTEM (CONT'D)

Slip 142. Down the plank on the left.

KELLY

They make it?

Artem points to the van, parked. Kelly opens the sedan door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ARTEM

Return the favor someday.

KELLY

When you need me I'll come back.

ARTEM

Not just you. The whole fucking bunch of you.

KELLY

I can only promise me, buddy.

Kelly steps out...

INT. VAN -- DAY.

Ritter looks back.

RITTER

Let's go.

Freezes when he sees Dallas, his dead body leaned against Hatchet. Hatchet looks at Ritter. \*

HATCHET \*

This fucking business, huh? \*

RITTER \*

Let's go. \*

EXT. HARBOR -- CONT. \*

Greer steps from the van as Kelly approaches. Takes a good look around while Hatchet and Ritter climb out. \*

KELLY \*

Where's Dallas? \*

GREER \*

Inside. \*

KELLY \*

He okay? \*

RITTER \*

No. He's not okay. \*

Hatcher looks at Kelly. \*

HATCHET \*

He's gone, brother. \*

Ritter and Hatchet carry Dallas from the van ahead... \*

EXT. HARBOR -- CONT. \*

Behind them, Kelly walks next to Greer, gripping their weapons. \*

They come to a FISHING YACHT. A DECK HAND spots them, calls out. \*

DECK HAND

Here.

Ritter and Hatchet take Dallas below as Kelly and Greer climb aboard. Deck hand wastes no time untying them from the dock. \*

Walking to the stern of the ship, Greer and Kelly sit. \*

The ship begins moving out of the marina... and Ritter and Hatchet join them. \*

Ritter looks at Kelly. \*

RITTER \*  
I was wrong about you. \*

KELLY \*  
I was wrong about you too. \*

Kelly stares out over the sea. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*  
Dillard or Clay? \*

RITTER \*  
I have no idea. \*

They all consider. Finally, Greer looks over. \*

GREER \*  
It's the first person to approach \*  
you who betrays you. Every time. \*

KELLY \*  
The first person you've never met \*  
or just the first person? \*

GREER \*  
First new person. After your house \*  
was attacked, who was the first new \*  
person to approach you about it? \*

Kelly looks to the sky as he thinks about that. His eyes \*  
darkening as he remembers. \*

GREER (CONT'D) \*  
He was the first person to approach \*  
me too. \*

RITTER \*  
Add me to that list. \*

They stare at the ocean. \*

GREER \*  
Kings and pawns. \*

EXT. BROWNSTONE -- GEORGETOWN -- DAYS LATER. \*

CNN plays on the tv in a living room. A NEWS ANCHOR sits at a  
table with other talking heads as they banter back and forth.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

We're a long way from the Kumbaya Summit between Secretary Clay and Russia's Ministry of Defense. Russia is blaming the US for the airstrike in Murmansk.

CNN ANALYST (ON TV)

And the US is blaming Russia for the commercial flight that went down in the Barents Sea. Neither have proof.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Then there's the mercenary who was killed in Murmansk with past ties to the CIA.

POLITICAL ANALYST (ON TV)

The White House denies any connection. But the fact remains, relations between the two nations haven't been this strained since the cold war.

Dillard turns it off. Downs his drink, looks at Clay, who sits on the sofa beside him, pleased with himself.

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD

You wanted the brink of war, you got it.

SECRETARY CLAY

Have you found them?

CIA DIRECTOR DILLARD

Not the most important one. The others trickled in on their own --

Then... Dillard's eyes begin droop closed and he slowly slumps over, unconscious, dropping his glass.

KELLY (O.S.)

Don't worry. He'll wake up once we're gone.

Clay wheels around to find Kelly marching toward him...

KELLY (CONT'D)

Gotta be careful how I do you. Bet the coroner's gonna go over your ass with a fine toothed comb.

SECRETARY CLAY

The -- now YOU WAIT --

Kelly spins Clay by his shoulders, wraps an arm beneath his chin, sends a short, open-palmed punch into his liver as Kelly drags him backward. The weight of Clay's body is compressed into the fulcrum of Kelly's arm, cutting the blood supply of both carotid arteries, rendering him unconscious in a matter of seconds...

Kelly hoists the body up, places the pistol in Clay's hand, then points the pistol at Dillard's lifeless body. Uses Clay's finger to pull the trigger, punching a bullet into Dillard's chest.

Kelly drops the pistol on the ground, hoists Clay over his shoulder, and carries him out of the room...

INT. MERCEDES -- EVENING.

Kelly drives through Washington D.C.

Beside him is Secretary Clay. The seat has been reclined like a bed. Clay's eyes ache open. He looks up at Kelly.

KELLY

I'd like to know why... I think my wife and child earned that. Why kill them? Why kill my team? Why try and kill me?

SECRETARY CLAY

You won't understand.

KELLY

Viktor understood. I'd like a little of what he got sold...

SECRETARY CLAY

I never met him in my life.

KELLY

You know where I'm driving? This is the way home, isn't it?

Clay looks at the GPS on the Mercedes's screen -- with a small home icon illuminated on the map.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I suggest you tell me before we get there. Because if you haven't...

Kelly looks at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill your whole fucking family.

SECRETARY CLAY

You're so righteous... You're a bullet looking for a target.

\*  
\*  
\*

KELLY

The best you've ever seen and you're gonna get to see it in about...

\*  
\*

Kelly looks at the map on the screen.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Forty-five minutes.

SECRETARY CLAY

How old are you, thirty-five? Maybe? You don't remember a time when this nation was unified. When we had one enemy. And the enemy wasn't us... The enemy was the Soviet Union. Our fear of them galvanized this nation's resolve. It unified our people. We had a sense of purpose, and fifty years without a major recession. You benefit today from the innovations of that era -- when the shadow of the Soviet Union motivated us to be the best this nation has ever been. Who is our enemy now? Terrorists? We got bored of fighting terrorists a decade ago. You can't fight an idea. The only thing worth fighting for is survival. The existence of our way of life. EVERY ISSUE that is tearing this nation apart existed then: climate change, income inequality, racism, sexism, drugs, healthcare -- these aren't issues your 'woke' fucking generation unearthed. They existed then and we implemented more solutions THREE DECADES AGO than we do today. Our government is paralyzed. Because half this nation thinks the other half is its enemy.

\*  
  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

SECRETARY CLAY (CONT'D)

So, we decided to give the illusion of a real enemy with the power to threaten the freedom your generation takes for granted, when you aren't snapping pictures of yourselves with your fucking phones.

KELLY

Not much of an illusion now.

SECRETARY CLAY

Please. It worked. Just enough to escalate the situation to a level of our choosing. You just wouldn't die.

KELLY

I'm funny like that. You're funny too. The type of person that likes to hear himself talk...

Kelly peels back his shirt, revealing a microphone.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, somebody's listening. Just not me. I don't care... I wake up in the morning now searching for a reason to NOT DO SHIT LIKE THIS --

Kelly presses his pistol into Clay's side.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You didn't have the right to kill that part from me.

SECRETARY CLAY

Yes I did. I was elected to protect this nation's--

Kelly hits Clay in the mouth with the pistol so hard it shatters teeth.

KELLY

My bad.

SECRETARY CLAY

How many lives have you taken, soldier. Who gave you the right?

The road bends and the Mercedes motors onto a bridge over the frozen Potomac River.

KELLY  
As good a place as any.

\*  
\*

Clay looks at Kelly as...

\*

KELLY (CONT'D)  
My wife's name was Pam. You're  
gonna say it to me before you die.

And with that, Kelly rolls down the rear windows and yanks the steering wheel hard to the right, sending the Mercedes off the bridge. Clay looks at Kelly, then curls in his seat and screams as they burst through the guard rail and fall toward the frozen river.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The hood collapses back toward the windshield on impact as the Mercedes smashes through the ice.

\*  
\*

Water fans out over the hood as AIR BAGS EXPLODE INTO THEM.

\*

Icy water floods into the vehicle and drags it down like an anchor...

\*  
\*

The hood hits the bottom, then the back end floats down as well...

\*  
\*

Water rushes up over their chests. Pushes up to their faces then over them in an instant...

\*  
\*

Horror fills Clay's face. He reaches for his seat belt.

Kelly's hand stops him. Clay struggles against him but it's no use. Clay looks at Kelly with pleading eyes...

\*  
\*

Kelly looks at him and mouths --

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Say her name.

SECRETARY CLAY  
Pam.

\*

Air bubbles rush from his mouth as he speaks. Again, Kelly mouths the words --

KELLY  
Say her name.

SECRETARY CLAY  
PAAAAMMMMMMM. PAM. PAM. PAAAAMMMMM.

\*

Clay used the last of his oxygen and he knows it. Kelly lets go of his hand and Clay unbuckles the seat belt.

Grabs the door handle, struggles against the weight of the water as he pushes against it... \*

His lungs burn. He looks back at Kelly. Seems almost boyish in this moment -- as if facing death has stripped the years from him, back to a time when he could still be called innocent. \*

He looks Kelly in the eye then opens his mouth and water rushes in. He convulses as he gags the water in and out, then no movement at all. His body slumps lifeless, arms floating out in front of him... \*

Kelly rests his head against the seat. Closes his eyes. Tries to find his center. Readies himself for death... \*

THERE IS A POUNDING AT THE WINDOW... \*

Kelly opens his eyes, looks left -- \*

GREER floats outside the window in a wet suit and SEAL re-breather. She holds up a re-breather for him. Kelly closes his eyes again. She yanks on the door handle -- it's locked.

Knocks frantically again... \*

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER -- MOMENT LATER. \*

The ice drifts and creaks. Seems it goes on forever. \*

Greer breaks the surface, looks around, sees --

RITTER AND HATCHET waiting on the ice, concealed beneath the bridge. \*

GREER  
I NEED SOMETHING TO BREAK THE  
WINDSHIELD!!!

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER -- CONT. \*

CAMERA LOOKS UP. FADING SUNLIGHT dances on the water, creating a rainbow of light that pierces below like tiny darts... \*

ANGLE ON --

Kelly, still sitting in the Mercedes, staring up at the rainbow that cuts through the water and ice above him. \*

He wants to weep. Wants to sleep. And for the first time in months, he wants to live...

\*

Along the ceiling of the vehicle, a bubble of air seems to dance in place like a giant, colorless bean. Kelly's mouth enters frame, his lips press against the air pocket. He sucks it into his lungs...

\*

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER -- MOMENT LATER.

\*

Hatchet and Ritter look around, find nothing. Ritter slides her his Glock across the ice.

\*

\*

RITTER  
JUST SHOOT IT.

As she prepares to dive, Kelly surfaces. She looks at him, wants to cry in relief. Slaps water at him instead...

\*

GREER  
YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

KELLY  
Needed a minute.

She swims closer to him.

GREER  
Why'd you change your mind?

KELLY  
Saw a rainbow. Under the ice. A  
fucking... rainbow. She told me I'd  
see her again. I think... Maybe I  
did.

\*

\*

\*

Ritter and Hatchet walk over. Greer and Kelly swim to the edge of the break. Ritter pulls Greer out. Hatchet offers Kelly a hand. Pulls him up.

\*

\*

HATCHET  
Went how you wanted?

KELLY  
He said her name. That's all I  
wanted.

\*

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- WHITE HOUSE -- A WEEK LATER.

\*

ANGLE ON --

THE PRESIDENT. He sits across from his Chief of Staff, HELEN \*  
GUTIERREZ (45). \*

PRESIDENT  
Why I'm the first President to  
think of it, I'll never know.

GUTIERREZ \*  
Well, Mister President, maybe  
you're the first to need it.

PRESIDENT  
They all needed it. Keep going  
through it in my head -- can't come  
up with a way it's illegal.

GUTIERREZ \*  
Have you consulted the DOJ, sir? \*

PRESIDENT  
I'm not consulting anyone. I'm  
Commander in Chief of the Army. To \*  
have my own squad to deploy without  
delegating the order falls within  
my rights.

GUTIERREZ \*  
According to military law, it does,  
sir.

PRESIDENT  
He understands the commitment --  
and what he's giving up to run this  
team?

GUTIERREZ \*  
Sir, I think he's out of things to  
give up.

PRESIDENT  
Is there a code name for them? \*

GUTIERREZ \*  
He suggested Rainbow, sir.

PRESIDENT  
Rainbow. Why Rainbow?

GUTIERREZ \*  
Said it's personal. \*

PRESIDENT  
Fair enough. I'd like to meet him. \*

GUTIERREZ \*  
We can arrange that. \*

PRESIDENT  
What's his name now?

GUTIERREZ \*  
Kept his first name, sir. Last name  
is Clark.

PRESIDENT \*  
John Clark... Sounds pretty  
anonymous.

GUTIERREZ \*  
That's the idea. \*

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON JOHN KELLY'S IMAGE FROZEN ON A TABLET \*  
SCREEN.

EXT. FORT BRAGG -- J.S.O.C. RESTRICTED LIVING AREA -- DAY.

JOHN KELLY in a jeep with Greer driving, riding past \*  
restricted housing. Down a road. Past rifle ranges and  
obstacle courses. Comes to a 18 foot tall electrified fence,  
and a sign that reads --

THIS AREA RESTRICTED TO MEMBERS OF RAINBOW SIX.

THE END.