

The Extraction

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BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose: "It is impossible to tell how complex systems emerge from unrelated, random decisions and activities - but they do." (Kuzma Alatyrtsev, Russian physicist, 1957)

FADE IN

EXT. FRANKFURTER KREUZ HIGHWAY (GERMANY) - DAY

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK.

SUPERIMPOSE: "A6 AUTOBAHN TO FRANKFURT AIRPORT, GERMANY"

CHASE TRAVERS, a stocky 30-year-old man, short in stature with good sized arms and wearing Air Force short sleeve blues uniform with master sergeant stripes, shifts into high gear as he weaves his red sports car in and out of the morning traffic.

CHASE (V.O.)

Meaningless decisions. You make a million of 'em everyday. Get up, stay in bed, eat, go hungry, talk, be silent.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM (GERMANY) - DAY

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK...

BESART, an early 20s, poorly shaven, skinny, sickly looking Albanian male wearing a dirty T-shirt and underwear stares hauntingly in the mirror.

CHASE (V.O.)

We just go about our day on autopilot. No rhyme, no reason...

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER FRANKFURT AIRPORT (GERMANY) - DAY

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK...

Jet airliner lowers wheels for landing.

INT. JET AIRLINER - DAY

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK...

Trish TRAVERS, a pretty young mother, and her five-year-old daughter, LINSEY TRAVERS, point out the airliner window as the plane lands.

CHASE (V.O.)
Just holding our breath, waiting
for it to all make sense, even if
its only for a moment.

Montage - Chase, Besart, Trish and Linsey all heading to the airport.

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK...

-- Besart in shabby long coat rides city bus.

-- Trish and Linsey go through customs.

-- Chase drives his Audi towards airport parking.

CHASE (V.O.)
Random moments collecting until a
critical mass emerges and then...
shit just happens.

INT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT - DAY

Chase walks through the airport, coming into contact with three young Air Force AIRMEN in uniform.

AIRMAN 1
(nervously)
Sergeant Travers! We were just...
uh...

CHASE
(gives a nod)
At ease Airman, I'm not your
keeper. Linsey and Trish are flying
in from the states today. It's been
almost a year...

AIRMAN 2
Oh... congratulations... we're just
here picking up some new meat.

Chase with a quizzical look.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

It takes three of you?

AIRMAN 3

(shrugs)

Excuse to... to get to the city.

Chase pats the Airman on the back with a laugh.

CHASE

I hear ya. Gentlemen, it's a good day.

Chase leaves the Airmen with a smile passing by an airport gift shop a small teddy bear catches his eye. He turns into the gift shop.

CHASE (V.O.)

Meaningless decisions, laying the foundation for damaging consequences.

INT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT/BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

Airmen 1 and 2 talk to two NEW AIRMEN while Airman 3 talks to Trish who holds a tired Linsey and points out her bags to Airman 3. With dead eyes, pale face, and sweaty brow, Besart approaches the group of Airmen. Besart walks up to Airman 1 and Airman 2 and shows them his half smoked unlit cigarette.

BESART

(Albanian accent)

Please, please, you give light?

AIRMAN 1

What? Sir, you can't smoke in here.

BESART

You American? Have light?

Besart's face is drawn, sweat beads from his flushed complexion. Airman 2 turns noticing him.

AIRMAN 2

Whoa, buddy! You okay? You don't look too good...

INT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT/GIFT SHOP - DAY

Steady back beat percussion pulse: TICK, TICK, TICK,
TICKETY, TICK...

Chase pays for a small bear wearing lederhosen. The change
hits the drawer and the JINGLE is heard until.

SILENCE.

Chase looks away from the counter towards the baggage
carousel. Chase's BREATHING fills the background.

INT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT/BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

BANG. Airman 1's eyes grow wide as Besart shoots him point
blank. Chase's BREATHING and HEARTBEAT fill the background.

INTERCUT WITH CHASE TIME LAPSE

-- Chase dashes out of the gift shop, clutching the bear in
his left hand.

-- Besart shoots Airman 2 as the crowd tries to disperse.

-- Chase fights his way through a large crowd moving in the
opposite direction. His beret falls and hits the ground.

-- Airman 3 tries to shield Trish and Linsey; Linsey reaches
out and mouths "Daddy!"

-- Chase swims through the opposing crowd and crowd members
erupt in a splash as if made of water as Chase bats them out
of his way.

-- Besart drops his gun and opens up his coat to reveal a
bomb strapped to his chest; he looks upward.

KA-BOOM. Besart explodes with lethal blow back. Chase
instinctively raises his bear-clutching left hand to shield
his face from the blast.

FLASH TO BLACK.

CHASE (V.O.)

Why here, why now, why am I still
here?

EXT. DESERT LAUGHLIN NV - DAY

Trophy trucks WHIZ past a crashed truck. Chase sits on the ground with his back against the tire on the drivers side. His NAVIGATOR swiftly moves around the truck, throws his helmet off violently to the ground.

CHASE (V.O.)

Moments that drive you straight to the bottom of a bottle. You get comfortable there; stop searching for the answer.

Chase removes his helmet exposing the hardship over the years, a slight beard and longer hair. While the Navigator continues to yell unintelligible, Chase pulls out a flask and takes a swig.

From Chase POV his navigator punches him square in the face.

FLASH TO BLACK.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR FORCE BASE - TURKEY - HANGER

In a dim lit hanger, an older, more haggard version of Chase awakes with a start in a crude military cot sweating profusely and breathing heavily.

CHASE (V.O.)

Just when you think you've hit rock-bottom, you get a lifeline. It's all pretend, all theater.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

All essential personnel please report to hanger B.

Chase sits up, revealing scars from the explosion on his arm, neck and chest. He wipes his face and buries his head in his hands. A loud, persistent BUZZING sound distorts the voice from the intercom. His eyes are glossy and bloodshot. He reaches for a pill bottle on the bedside table and shakes a few into his mouth.

From the back of the room ALEJANDRO, a short Latino wearing Air Force ABU, appears talking at Chase in the doorway. Through the BUZZING his dialogue is unclear but his actions suggest that he is not happy.

Chase stands and rubs his head. Alejandro gives him a look of exasperation and tosses him a banana. Chase catches it against his chest, sloppily tears it open and takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

Chase follows Alejandro down a corridor pulling an olive colored t-shirt over his head. He offers Alejandro a bite of the banana. Alejandro frowns and continues to speak, his voice still drowned out by the buzzing.

Alejandro turns to face Chase as they come to a stop in front of a closed door. He puts a hand on Chase's shoulder and leans in close. His voice breaching over the buzzing.

ALEJANDRO

Hey, did you hear me, gilipollas? I can't keep covering for you.

CHASE (V.O.)

That second chance your gonna screw up because its who you've evolved into.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

GENERAL WALKER, an imposing figure in his class A uniform, sits silently and awkwardly with other high ranking military and board members of the company Molecular Black, waiting.

VANCE ROTHFELD, a well groomed, wealthy mid 50's male leads a procession of well-dressed business men and women into the room and gestures for them to seats around the perimeter of the room.

They all sit.

VANCE

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. You are about to witness a fundamental change in modern warfare. As you know, Molecular Black has been working on a new power system for military vehicles, and I am pleased to announce a breakthrough of epic proportions. Mitchell, would you please begin the presentation.

MITCH, an intelligent-looking younger man, glasses, bearded, an engineer, makes a few swipes on his tablet. As the lights dim the Molecular Black logo appears, followed by a rapid display of images showing the evolution of military technology.

NARRATOR

(Australian female voice)

Throughout the course of human history, the rise and fall of great
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
civilizations has been driven by
military might defined by the
advance of technology.

The imagery on the screen changes to mirror the narration.

NARRATOR
Today, the United States controls
the most advanced and highly
mechanized fighting force in the
world dominating in any theater.
Dominance comes at a price.
American military forces go through
an astounding 145 million barrels
of oil per year. 101 million are
refined into jet fuel. Huge,
cumbersome reserves are stored
throughout the U.S. and abroad, and
just keeping American forces mobile
is becoming more and more difficult
and costly.

Images of jet planes leaving huge contrails, navel vessels
and tanks spewing exhaust.

NARRATOR
In order to maintain our military
dominance, we need an alternative
to our dependence on
petroleum-based fuels. That
alternative has arrived.

MOLECULAR BLACK logo fades in, followed by animation of the
MB-14 VARMINT cruising through the desert.

General Walker rolls his eyes.

EXT. DESERT TESTING FACILITY - DAY

Chase and Alejandro enter the Command Center, several large
monitors take up a wall, positioned to look like a window
displaying the completion of the power source. The screen
changes to show the VARMINT sitting several feet beneath the
ground. Several machines with long arms sit dormant around
it.

Chase face glows.

ALEJANDRO
Careful Romeo, she's more of a
monster.

(CONTINUED)

Chase cracks a wryly smile.

CHASE
Hello Mary Shelley.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

The voice now changes to a low pitched male.

NARRATOR
A new era is approaching, propelled
not by fossil fuels, but by the
same energy that fuels the sun.

The animation of the MB-14 gets larger, zooming in on the engine. A small particle that revolves around a figure-eight tube housed in the rear. Up close it twinkles like the sun contained in a small vacuum tube.

NARRATOR
Under the leadership of billionaire
entrepreneur Vance Rothfeld,
Molecular Black began researching a
source of energy that has eluded
scientists, until now. Using a
patented three tiered system,
hydrogen is compressed and
contained.

A large underground facility the size of a football stadium contains hydrogen and is slowly compressing.

NARRATOR
The process is repeated until the
compression is so dense, that
something magical occurs.

The final containment unit has a small window that emits a blinding light. Inside atoms fuse to form hydrogen then helium and a microscopic sun emerging.

NARRATOR
Cold Fusion.

DR. KETTERING with a few black coats sit at computer terminals overlooking the process of energizing the VARMINT.

KETTERING
Commence magnetic induction.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Huh?

Alejandro gives him a questioning look.

ALEJANDRO

You've been here for three days.
Haven't you paid attention to
anything?

Chase shrugs.

ALEJANDRO

Its miles down so if the transfer
goes wrong, the explosion will be
contained and we don't die.

BLACK COAT

Commencing in 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1..

The machine arms begin to move inside a core.

They begin resonating sound and return levitating a small
round object that glows bright blue trying to escape its
grasp. It moves until just over the VARMINT and places the
object inside the magnetic fusion chamber. A blinding light
fills the screen.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

IMPOSE - MOLECULAR BLACK HEAD QUARTERS, NEVADA

Walker sits watching the video fidgeting tapping his pen
nervously on the desk. Vance looks over with a scowl as
Walker gives a smirk and folds his hands.

VANCE IN VIDEO

Four levels of magnetic containment
keep the cells stable, reliable,
and safe.

Four hollow metallic balls stacked like Russian Matryoshka
dolls spin opposite of each other at 45° X, Y.

NARRATOR

To test this revolutionary power
source, we have created a ground
based vehicle which uses a single
hydrogen fusion cell as its only
source of power.

ANGLE OF CAR

(CONTINUED)

VANCE IN VIDEO

At Molecular Black we have a saying
- "Bonding our Future", I introduce
project VARMINT

Text under Vance. (*Variable Armored Rover Migrated Into Nuclear Technology*).

NARRATOR

The VARMINT is the most
technologically advanced military
research vehicle on the planet, and
it is completely powered by a
fusion cell that is no larger than
a cup of coffee.

On cue, Mitch holds up his coffee cup. The people in the room begin to murmur excitedly.

Video fades to the Molecular Black logo as the lights in the conference room rise. Murmurs and applause are heard from the people at the conference table.

VANCE

My friends, let me introduce Major
General Wayne Walker of the United
States Air Force, our military
liaison with this project. General
Walker?

Walker rises and moves to the front of the room.

WALKER

The United States Air Force is
working with Molecular Black at
their test facility in Syria to
work out the last few bugs in the
VARMINT. The possibilities
presented by this new technology
will revolutionize how the modern
military engages threats around the
globe. Within the next few years,
Molecular Black technology will be
found in vehicles in all branches
of the United States military. In
addition to the cost savings in our
main battle units, the efficiency
of this technology will
exponentially increase our quick
strike and small-scale skirmish
capabilities.

Walker picks up a model of the VARMINT and holds it up in front of the group.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the future of the United States Armed Forces.

A large procession of CLAPPING commences.

VANCE

Thank you, General. Now, if you will all join me in the hallway, we'll begin our tour of the research facility, where we will show you where the magic happens.

All the members get up and file to the door. Vance motions toward General Walker.

VANCE

General, a moment please.

General Walker approaches Vance.

WALKER

My endorsement wasn't strong enough?

VANCE

It was perfect, the private sector is going to be very good to you in a few years. I hear we have a new test junkie.

Walker is perturbed by the comment.

WALKER

Yes, Chase Travers he's --

VANCE

I know all about Mr. Travers, General, that's why we are having this conversation. Are you confident he's the right man for the job?

Walker's countenance changes as Vance displays his deviant smile.

WALKER

Travers was one of the best Combat Controllers the Air Force has ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

VANCE
WAS one of the best.

Walker raises an eyebrow.

WALKER
And he's a... damn fine driver.

Vance opens a folder from the Veteran Affairs flipping through pages of it.

VANCE
(reading from paper)
Master Sergeant Travers suffers from acute PTSD, which was brought about by the tragic death of his wife and daughter. Symptoms of depression, including suicidal ideation, are triggered by his excessive alcohol consumption.

Vance closes the folder.

VANCE
I have billions of dollars invested in this project, I would hate to throw it all away because you're getting sentimental about a boozed-up chum.

Vance gives Walker a pointed look. Walker returns the glare, then shakes his head with a small nervous laugh. He grabs the file from Vance and files through finding Travers recipient of the Air Force Cross.

Walker slaps the folder in front of Vance who maintains a curious smile.

WALKER
September 2009, Afghanistan, then Staff Sergeant Travers suffered a sucking chest wound, was stabbed with a needle by a field medic to keep him breathing all the while he continued fighting, calling in air strikes saving 30 U.S. and Afghan service members.

Vance returns his stern, commanding presence.

VANCE
And received the Air Force Cross, yes, very admirable, your point?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Listen, Vance, Air Force test pilots are the biggest adrenaline junkies around, but they weren't exactly lining up to strap themselves to a rolling bomb. Travers isn't your best option, hes your only option.

Walker grabs the file and prepares to leave. As he turns to walk away Vance addresses him.

VANCE

General, Kaycee Houston is opposed to the continued funding of this project.

Walker stops turning his attention with a scowl.

VANCE

Her position is that Molecular Black should turn over its research for development in the civilian sector. Her altruism is admirable, to be sure, but compare how rogue nations adapt current civil nuclear technology for military purposes. Something this powerful needs to remain in the fewest possible hands. Given your past, I was hoping you might be able to convince her to change her mind.

Walker looks dumbfounded.

WALKER

I wasn't aware you were so familiar with my personal life.

VANCE

It's my business to know who I am involved with.

Walker looks the other way trying to evade the conversation.

WALKER

Well.. We are not exactly on speaking terms.

VANCE

For the sake of the project, yes? May I also ask that I retain your services here for the rest of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VANCE (cont'd)
week while we present the material
to potential investors.

WALKER
So the rumors are true... things
are tight.

VANCE
Lets just keep it that our position
could always be improved.

WALKER
Understood.

Walker walks toward the door where Mitch is waiting for him.

WALKER
Mitchell, appears I'm going to be
grounded for a few days. I'd like
you to get back to the facility.

MITCH
Yes sir. Is everything alright?

Walker is distant and concerned.

WALKER
Get Travers up to speed.

Walker walks off as Mitch's head follows him.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR BASE LAB - DAY

IMPOSE - MOLECULAR BLACK TESTING FACILITY, TURKEY

Mitch rushes into the lab with a pile of papers, trips
dropping blueprints to the floor. Ali rushes in and helps
him pick them up.

ALEJANDRO
Good trip?

MITCH
No, Did I miss anything noteworthy?

Ali looks back at the VARMINT on the glass monitor.

ALEJANDRO
24 hours she's still holding the
transfer.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

How is Travers fitting in?

Ali raises eyebrows as he hands Mitch the last of his papers.

ALEJANDRO

N'yeah, Not worth noting.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR BASE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Alejandro and Mitch walk into the briefing room. Chase is passed out snoring with his head back as the latest VARMINT familiarization briefing plays on a small projector.

Alejandro walks in and kicks the chair out from underneath him.

CHASE

What the --

Chase jumps up, fist clenched and spots Mitch.

ALEJANDRO

Pay attention! This is some dangerous hardware.

Chase relaxes and walks toward the door.

MITCH

That's all good but you really need to --

Chase passes by bumping shoulders with Mitch on his way out.

MITCH

Understand... Yeah, hey nice to meet you too.

EXT. HANGER

The VARMINT is ready, Chase, Alejandro, Mitch and multiple CREW MEMBERS stand around the outside of a modern hanger. Chase and Alejandro both carrying gear bags. Yellow warning lights flash and a deep BEEP is heard. The VARMINT rises from the elevator floor.

CHASE

Listen guys, sorry for.. just..

Both men look at him not really grasping what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Look, I'm a hands on learner, think you can just give me the quick rundown? I mean, we have Mr. Wizard, you turn wrenches and I turn wheels, right?

Mitch motions his hand toward the VARMINT. Alejandro shakes his head.

INT. HANGER

Mitch opens the hatch to the VARMINT.

MITCH

I would like to say its not rocket science, but it is. You don't need to understand what makes this baby tick, but you should have an understanding of what we are trying to achieve.

Chase looks inside and pears around.

CHASE

No windows?

Mitch is annoyed.

MITCH

Get in.

Chase enters the driver side, Mitch goes around entering the passenger side, Alejandro stands in hatch entrance looking in.

MITCH

The VARMINT is more of a test buggy, the plan is to get this thing in the air.

Chase laughs at the acronym.

CHASE

VARMINT?

MITCH

I didn't name it just pay attention.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Yeah okay, sorry.

MITCH

The Varm.. This vehicle is equipped the with more technology than you would see on a strike fighter, while the intention is not a ground vehicle the approach allows our engineers to route power and test the fuel cells at a higher capacity than that to which they will be subjected in the field thus we keep it ground based.

CHASE

Streamline the process. Sure.

The VARMINT screen lights up showing the front screen and side screens, cycling through infrared, night vision, thermal, and blue haze (blue haze is particle vision).

MITCH

Correct. A 360 degree display provides real-time analysis of the surrounding while completely shielding the cockpit.

The guns flip up and begin rotating around.

MITCH

The MB-14 is equipped with two L-134 laser mini guns that can be rotated 270 degrees. The L-134s can be manually controlled by the pilot or the gunner.

MITCH

To show you the rest, we gotta go live.

EXT. HANGER - EVENING

From deep in the hanger a GRUMBLING is heard. The VARMINT rockets out of the hanger into the desert.

INT. MONITORING LAB - EVENING

Mitch sits behind an array of computer screens remotely monitoring the interior of the VARMINT and informational attributes. He can see Ali and Chase from a camera view and speaks to them through a headset.

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - EVENING

SHAKING

CHASE

Rides like a buckboard!

INT. MONITORING LAB - EVENING

MITCH

It's the wheels, turn the knob on the throttle, prototype electromagnetic levitation can be tricky, use it to expand and contract to match terrain.

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - EVENING

Chase pulls his hands away looking at the yoke in confusion. Ali reaches over and pulls a lever causing the vehicle to smooth out.

Ali shakes his head.

MITCH

See that dune? Head up it and change the traction to compensate. Once on top engage the targets.

EXT. DESERT TESTING GROUND - EVENING

The VARMINT approaches a steep, sandy grade, as it climbs the tires begin to slip, Chase activates the lever causing the tires to expand and claws emerge from the gaps. It races up the hill without missing a beat.

The VARMINT crest the hill catching air. As it tops out, Alejandro deploys the guns and they gracefully lands bowing the suspension. Alejandro engages the targets destroying and melting the targets.

A POP is heard.

(CONTINUED)

Alejandro's nose crinkles as whips of smoke passes by.

ALEJANDRO
I smell death!

INT. MONITORING LAB - EVENING

MITCH
What do you smell?

Mitch looks up at a different monitor. The heat signature is immense.

MITCH
Oh boy! Ali emergency shut off!

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - EVENING

Alejandro reaches forward and pulls the emergency cut-off switch. The cabin fills with white steam.

EXT. DESERT TESTING GROUND - EVENING

Mitch launches two HOU that are built into the VARMINT and sees the fusion containment glowing red hot arcing electricity surrounding.

MITCH
Better tread easy and get it back
to the lab.

CHASE
That wasn't normal?

INT. MONITORING LAB - EVENING

Mitch scratches his head. Dr. Kettering appears behind him attentive to the screen.

MITCH
I'm gonna have to find a way to
discharge the overloads safely.

Mitch stares at Kettering waiting for his response to his suggestion.

MITCH
Doctor Kettering?

(CONTINUED)

KETTERING

Get me that data.

Kettering walks away.

INT. KAYCEE HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

U.S. Congresswoman KAYCEE HOUSTON sits at her desk, across from her sits WINSTON BURGESS III, her chief of staff. Two other advisers stand awkwardly behind him.

WINSTON

What in God's name are you thinking? I've been working on the hill since before you were born but I don't think I've ever seen a decision quite this stupid! Not only are you stepping on some pretty damned important toes with this little diplomacy act, you're also talking about going into a war zone. One of the most dangerous places on the planet.. On a whim.

KAYCEE

A whim? Somebody needs to find out what's going on over there, and it certainly isn't going to be that incompetent useless Secretary of State.

WINSTON

This is not your job, Kaycee, and frankly it isn't your area either. Vice President Millhouse called my office this afternoon to reiterate the administration's opposition to this trip. He made himself very clear. If you want the president's support on anything from here on in, you'll cancel this trip.

KAYCEE

I'm not going pushed around by the bullies in the White House, Winnie. Not today, not ever. People are oppressed by this civil war and we need to lend our aid, no one else seems to know or care about their culture. I'm tired of the same old routine, something needs to be done.

(CONTINUED)

Winston firmly puts his point into context.

WINSTON

Your putting the Speakership in jeopardy.

Kaycee reflects for a moment, coming to the only conclusion embedded by her past.

KAYCEE

Winston, sometimes doing the wrong thing is the right thing to do.

EXT. DESERT TESTING GROUND - DAY

The VARMINT catches air from a sand dune and lands hard on the ground. Alejandro has a tablet computer plugged into the VARMINT and is purposely placing overloads into system.

ALEJANDRO

LOG: Starting thermal induction spike. Give it some.

Chase punches the pedal, the vehicle accelerates unbelievably fast until the readings on the laptop show stress indicators in the transfer where too much power is available for it to handle.

The vehicle shimmies hard.

ALEJANDRO

Woah!

CHASE

Not good.

Chase pulls his foot off the pedal and it still continues to accelerate.

ALEJANDRO

Ease up!

CHASE

I'm trying!

Chase continually mashes the pedal like its stuck, the VARMINT starts to wobble, sputter and swerve out of control, recovers, and BLOWS out a rather large fireball from the back.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
(headset)
Shutting down!

As Alejandro shuts the VARMINT down via the tablet, Chase pulls the new button next to the emergency cut-off switch. It gives an increasing humming noise as the car spins to a stop.

ALEJANDRO
No.. No.. not that!

Alejandro frantically mashes code into the tablet as steam fills the cockpit.

The door opens with a hiss of steam spilling out of the interior as both men tumble out.

ALEJANDRO
AGAIN! Hot-Hot-Hot!

Alejandro hears the humming noise. He immediately gets to his feet and runs back to the VARMINT. He frantically tries to open the hatch that closed as the winding continues. Ali, unsuccessful fumbling with the hatch, sprints away from the VARMINT.

CHASE
(Yelling after him, confused)
Where are you going?

ALEJANDRO
Get to some cover!

Both men dive taking cover near a rock. The VARMINT extrudes an impervious sound like an overcharged battery ready to explode. The noise is overbearing both men hold their ears. The VARMINT discharges a small scale EMP releasing the overcharged energy in the system lighting nearby cactus on fire.

The helmets emit a high pitched TONE as both pull them off and toss them to the ground.

ALEJANDRO
Son-of-a-!

CHASE
What the hell was that?!

Alejandro returns to the VARMINT and pulls a small, smoking box-like object from a panel in the nose of the vehicle. Alejandro shakes the box in Chase face.

ALEJANDRO

Fried!

Alejandro drop-kicks the small box.

CHASE

You know, they might want to get data from that.

Alejandro gives Chase a dirty look then shoves him.

ALEJANDRO

Mitch's fail safe system! The one you use only as a last resort!

CHASE

How the hell was I supposed to know?!

Chase shoves him back, they begin to tussle.

ALEJANDRO

The procedure.. you slept through it! You could of got us killed you.. you - hombre estúpido!

A transport plane passes by overhead. Walker looks down at the smoking vehicle and the two men tussling on the ground. Walker presides with a large sigh.

INT. GENERAL WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

General walker sits on the corner of his desk catching up on activity reports. There is a knock on the door.

WALKER

Come in.

Chase enters the room and stands at attention in front of the General's desk.

WALKER

Relax Travers, you're not in the military anymore.

CHASE

Old habits die hard sir.

WALKER

Yeah, well apparently so do the new ones.

(CONTINUED)

Walker throws a file on the desk and leans back in his chair.

WALKER

PTSD. Alcoholism. Suicidal thoughts? Travers, I like you, but you're starting to raise eyebrows in certain circles. You need to pull your act together.

Walker pauses giving Chase a questioning look.

WALKER

Are you really suicidal?

Chase shrugs and looks away.

CHASE

Sometimes, when I drink too much...

WALKER

So, every night then, from what I'm hearing. Chase, this has got to stop.

Chase rolls his eyes, catching Walker's stern glare.

CHASE

There is no problem.

Chase stares off into the distance. He looks at the photographs on the wall of Walker in his flying days.

WALKER

Look, you can do whatever it is you like once your off my base. Until then I want you squared away and sober. Do you realize that one mistake and --

Chase snaps back to Walker.

CHASE

I got it.

WALKER

I don't think you do! Alejandro says you have a lack of awareness surrounding this project.

CHASE

Then kick my ass out!

WALKER

You've got a problem, but --

Chase gets all crazy looking.

CHASE

Yeah, yeah, but there isn't anyone else crazy enough to puppeteer your death machine, yeah I get it. Jesus, when did you turn into such a politician.

Chase turns to leave the office.

WALKER

Travers!

He pauses at the door.

WALKER

Your right, I need you, the project needs you, I am trying to help you.

Chase leaves the door frame then sticks his head back in.

CHASE

(smirking))

Happens, I NEED a shot of whiskey.

Chase exits the office. Walker stares after him.

WALKER

Travers!

INT. INCIRLIK AIR FORCE BASE HANGER - DAY

General Walker chases after Chase into the hanger where the road dusted VARMINT sits. Mitch is arguing with Kettering.

KETTERING

It's not the shifting system!

Mitch holds the most recent data flapping it at Kettering.

MITCH

Yes, it is! Ali says the systems only cut out when he's punching it or decelerating quickly. Right now they only have one gear, go.

Mitch shoves his data into Kettering's hands. Walker stares at the two, Chase turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Looks like you got bigger problems.

Walker gives Chase a pointed look then focuses back on Mitch.

WALKER

Were not done.

Kettering shakes his head with a sour face handing Mitch back his documents.

KETTERING

That doesn't mean a gearbox is the answer. This is a very complex system, it isn't a pick-up truck. Not everything can be solved with your duct tape and WD-40 approach.

MITCH

Duct tape and WD-40 is saving your ass.

Kettering gives Mitch a dirty look.

KETTERING

I'm still lead engineer. The transfer system stays. I'll tweak some of the input parameters to give more control to the driver, but he's going to have to learn that controlling the VARMINT is a little different than driving a baja truck.

Chase snickers, leans against a refrigerator, opens it grabs an apple, crosses his arms and watches the conversation in amusement. He tosses one to Walker who flinches as he catches it.

MITCH

That's bullshit and you know it. Instead of pulling rank on me, why don't you pull your head out your ass look at the data you so preach to want all the time and LISTEN TO IT!

General Walker makes his presence known.

WALKER

Cease fire you two. What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

KETTERING

Nothing, General, just a spirited discussion.

MITCH

No, this is important.

(composes himself)

General, the VARMINT lacks the ability to fluctuate its power. It's a ground based platform, not a fighter, and we need to control its flow. I think the power distribution system is what's keeping us from getting any useful data because of the overloads.

WALKER

You think?

MITCH

(holding up data)

Yeah, its pretty clear.

KETTERING

This is pointless. The solution is not a transmission. We're way over budget already and we can't afford to throw money at hunches!

(he turns to Walker)

We have suffered too many budget cuts.

WALKER

And more to come I'm afraid.

Kettering smirks as Mitch deflates during an awkward silence. Chase bites into the apple loud enough to grab everyone's attention.

CHASE

He's right.

KETTERING

What?

CHASE

I'm with Mitchell on this one. In racing, shifting is everything. Without a good transmission all that power your little atoms make doesn't count for shit. The system you've got now can't handle all of the peripherals and still keep that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHASE (cont'd)
can moving forward. You need something to maintain discipline to all that power.

KETTERING
Great. The drunk has engineering suggestions? This isn't a race car, it's the apex of modern military technology. Why did I even bother with four years of grad school? I could have just guzzled beer and punched rednecks in the tooth.

Chase gives a wide smile and runs his finger across his teeth, showing he has all his.

CHASE
This ride might be a wonder of the world, but it isn't going to do much good if it stalls, sputters and blows a fire ball every time you step on the gas.

KETTERING
Maybe if you drove with a little more subtlety, you'd find the system works just fine.

CHASE
Have you ever been in combat, doctor?
(Waiting for a response)
Didn't think so. Subtlety goes out the hatch when you're being shot at. I might be an idiot, yeah so be it, but if you want this thing to work in the field, you've got to make it idiot-proof. The easiest way to keep constant power is to put in a traditional tried-and-true transmission. You've got enough new technology in here already, heck, you literally reinvented the wheel for this project, which while you're at it needs to go, that Knight Rider thing --

KETTERING
Oh, now wait a min --

CHASE

There's no shame in integrating a little "old" engineering if it gets the job done. Basic round steering wheels have never changed because - well, because they work.

Chase pats Mitch on the back.

MITCH

You'll see I'm telling you! A colleague of mine is working on the next generation of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle. I had him work a hypothetical for me and I think we can incorporate a transmission without significantly altering anything else in the drive mechanism. Just take a look at these schematics...

Mitch hands Kettering a sheaf of documents. Kettering glances through them quickly.

WALKER

Look, I can appreciate the pressure this team is under.

Kettering sighs. Walker faces him.

WALKER

Its your show Doctor.

KETTERING

Alright fine, if we can add a shifting system without compromising any of the functionality we'll give it a shot.

Chase makes a mock steering wheel and turns it.

CHASE

(whispering)
Wheel...

Walker motions to both Mitch and Kettering.

WALKER

Mitch, talk to your guy on the BFV project and see if we can get him transferred to the team. An extra set of eyes might be just what we need. Doctor, please analyze the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WALKER (cont'd)
mission recorder Alejandro brought
back. I want you to focus on the
cloaking problem. That feature
alone could sell this concept - if
you could get it working
properly...

Chase walks toward the corridor. Walker eyes his move.

WALKER
I'm not through with you Travers.

Chase gives a 'whatever wave' while continuing to walk
forward and throws the apple core into a trashcan causing a
loud BANG. Kettering and Walker stand side by side watching
Chase walk off.

KETTERING
Sad. I have an easier time
understanding complex quantum
physics than I do human
deficiencies.

WALKER
Is that a physics term, stubborn
bastard?

Kettering looks over to Walker and huffs.

KETTERING
You'd have made a great physicist.

EXT. HOTEL STREET (SADHA, LIBYA)

A small crowd of PROTESTERS walk down the street CHANTING
and CLAPPING. An official car with three SUV escorts pulls
up to the hotel.

SUPERIMPOSE: "UNDISCLOSED LOCATION. SABHA, LIBYA."

Kaycee Houston wearing a black business skirt-suit with
white blouse steps out of the car and is moved toward the
door by watchful secret service agents.

Approaching the hotel she sees a small group of wounded
refugees huddled in a nearby doorway. She makes eye contact
with a young boy who has a blood soaked bandage wrapped
around his head.

She pauses for a moment, concern showing on her face, before
being hustled into the lobby of the hotel by her secret
service escort.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MOHY, and older Libyan man in military garb, steps way from the balcony where he had been watching the street.

Mohy crosses the room to the door. He passes by Kaycee who sits in the opulent hotel suite with ADAMA and a Libyan SAID. LIBYAN FACTION GUARDS stand around the room, heavily armed.

Kaycee's ASSISTANT sets up a video camera taping her and Adama. Mohy stands at the door, giving the windows a constant, uneasy scan.

ADAMA

(Arabic to staff)

Is it customary for the American Speaker of House to make diplomatic visits?

Kaycee interrupts.

KAYCEE

(Arabic)

Not traditionally, but I feel you need the support of someone who understands your people.

Adama turns to her smiles and nods giddily.

KAYCEE

(Arabic)

Before it gets out of hand.

He motions for her to sit with him. Kaycee sits.

ADAMA

Please, proceed.

KAYCEE

(English)

And in this case I think it is appropriate. The United States supports the Libyan peoples' right to freedom. As a representative of the American people I want to be able to give you the best possible first hand information.

ADAMA

The forces of the dictatorship are driving us back from the capitol. Without foreign support we cannot

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA (cont'd)
keep up this fight much longer. I
question American motives and if
your colleagues share your thoughts
on giving us the support we need?

Mohy spies a large group of his troops making way toward the
hotel.

KAYCEE
You can appreciate our caution in
this situation. I sympathize with
your efforts, but it is my job to
protect American interests.

ADAMA
Of course, we welcome --

Mohy retains his glare out the window narrowing his eyes.

MOHY
(Arabic subtitled)
We do not need the spider's house!

Kaycee and Adama are taken aback by Mohy's outburst.

KAYCEE
What?

ADAMA
(Arabic, subtitled)
(to Mohy)
Silence! How dare you speak, dog!
(English to Kaycee, with a
smile)
My apologizes. We rely on the
passion of our leaders, not on
their discipline.

KAYCEE
What did he mean - spider's house?

Mohy and Adama exchange a cold stare as Mohy strategically
moves away from the window.

ADAMA
(with a forced smile,
acknowledging Kaycee's Arabic)
A parable in the Quran. Those who
take guardians other than Allah are
like the spider's house made of web
- frail and weak. Many believe that
a partnership with any Western
country betrays Islam.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

Yet, as you said, without foreign
help...

The room RATTLES from an outside EXPLOSION that sends glass and debris flying across the room. The Libyan Faction Guards rush to surround and protect Adama.

Kaycee's Assistant scrambles over to a stunned Kaycee and shields her with his body.

Mohy stands behind the surrounded Adama as the guards move backwards as one unit to get Adama safely to the door.

Insistent BANGING and SHOUTING on the door from SECRET SERVICE AGENTS on the other side. Mohy stops, causing the whole protective team to halt. Adama turns to Mohy.

ADAMA

(Arabic, subtitled)

What are you doing, fool? Get me
out of here!

CRASH! Secret Service Agents burst through the door with guns drawn. Assistant drags Kaycee with him and they dash out the open door.

BANG! Mohy shoots Adama in the face. The Secret Service agents respond to the gunfire by shooting at the guards.

Mohy turns and FIRES at the Secret Service Agents who retreat to the hallway, where they find other Libyan Faction Guards loyal to Mohy. The escort is severely outmanned and outgunned.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Libyan Faction Guards loyal to Adama storm down the hallway as the Secret Service Agents scramble out of Adama's hotel room to escape the GUN FIRE.

Assistant leads a terrified Kaycee down the hallway.

MAIDS duck behind their carts and SCREAM as the gunfight spills into the hallway. Kaycee tries to stop Assistant as they pass the elevator. She frantically mashes the button.

ASSISTANT

No! Stairs!

Assistant pulls her towards a nearby stairwell exit.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kaycee and Assistant SLAM the door open and enter the stairwell stopping.

ARMED MEN are running up the stairs SHOUTING.

ASSISTANT
Shit! Back-Back!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Assistant and Kaycee return to the hallway and bolt to the elevators. Bullets ZING and CRACK. Several Maids fall victim to the spray of bullets. Assistant and Kaycee reach the elevators as the elevator door opens with a DING. Assistant shoves Kaycee into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kaycee stumbles and falls into the elevator from the shove.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The back of Assistant's head evaporates into red mist.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

KAYCEE
Ahhh!!

Assistant falls dead at her feet as Kaycee tries to get up and regain her footing. Assistant's body blocks the elevator doors from closing as the chaos of the battle outside the elevator RAGES on - SHOTS now PINGING inside the elevator.

Screaming and crying, Kaycee pulls Assistant further into the elevator allowing the doors to close. Just before it closes a rifle barrel JAMS between the doors. The doors reopen. SAID glares at Kaycee with menace.

EXT. DESERT TESTING GROUND - MORNING

Chase takes the VARMINT through its paces with Alejandro riding shotgun and Mitch in a jump seat behind them. The seat is designed to turn around and seal the occupant inside. Mitch has a tablet device with him that he plucks away on. He taps Chase on the shoulder giving him a thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

Good whenever.

Mitch preforms a father, son, holy spirit as the seat spins sealing him inside with the sound of air sucking out. Chase punches through gears on the vehicle.

The digital speedometer quickly BEEPS at the 230 mph reading and climbing. Chase snaps the shifter into 4th gear.

CHASE

Holy, we are balls deep son!

The vehicle starts to shimmy and warning lights SOUND out all over the control panels. Suddenly they lose visual on the screens in front.

CHASE

What the... Now what?

MITCH

Another black out?

ALEJANDRO

Confirmed, visual lost.

Chase lets up on the throttle unable to see where he is going. The VARMINT slows down and the screen clips back in.

ALEJANDRO

I'd feel a lot better about the whole situation if we had some real, honest-to-goodness windows.

The car winds down to a stop, Mitch turns to join them. He puts a high-tech looking meter on two electrical contacts.

MITCH

That's the culprit. There is a residual charge from the vacuum seals that is interfering with the main power output. We could override the seal, but I don't think you'd like the result. Take a look at this. Along with your new manual shifter and steering wheel, we had to add this meter here...

Mitch leans forward removing his headset to point at meter.

MITCH

Gauges the volatility of the power supply. Green is good. Yellow meh, Red is bad.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Bad? Like how bad?

MITCH

Hmm, about like a conventional nuke. Hence the fail system I put in place to discharge energy if the system gets overloaded. Not the most practical system but works until we can get the circuitry in place.

Chase has a puzzling concerned look.

CHASE

So... what happens if I crash?

MITCH

Well - in theory, the core is stabilized, if it opens or cracks then it should evaporate without incident.

CHASE

"In theory" and "should" don't belong in the same sentence. Mitch, you fill me with confidence.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - NIGHT

MONTAGE - DESERT CHASE

-- Kaycee is bound, blindfolded, and gagged in the back of Mohy's vehicle.

-- Mohy's convoy of LOYALIST are set upon by OPPOSING FORCES.

-- Fire fight though the desert; pursuing vehicles break off once Mohy's men start using RPG's.

INT. MOHY'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Kaycee SOBS quietly, still bound, blindfolded, and gagged in the back of the vehicle. The fire fight is over; all that's left is the routine HUM of vehicles crossing the desert.

EXT. FORTRESS OF GHAT, GHAT LIBYA - NIGHT

Historical fortress of Ghat sitting on top of hill around the city of Ghat has been turned into Mohy's base of operations. Mohy's convoy of vehicles pulls up to guarded security entrance to compound. They are waved in.

SUPERIMPOSE: "FORTRESS OF GHAT, GHAT LIBYA."

INT. FORTRESS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

A Loyalist escorts Kaycee, still bound, blindfolded, and gagged, down a dimly lit hallway.

INT. FORTRESS/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Open storage area - Loyalist escorts Kaycee, skirting the wall of the area and arriving at a holding room door with a sliding peephole.

INT. FORTRESS/HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Loyalist puts Kaycee into the holding room.

Kaycee moves her head carefully from side to side, trying to take in sounds. She takes a SHARP BREATH as, from behind, Loyalist puts a large knife blade to her throat.

The knife gently traces across Kaycee's throat to her shoulder, down her arm, and between her bound hands. With a quick JERK, the knife SNAPS the hand bindings.

Kaycee GASPS, but holds still. The door SLAMS shut.

Kaycee frantically removes her gag and blindfold. She looks about the sparse room that contains a naked bulb glowing from the ceiling, a cot, and a hole in the floor with toilet paper on a stool beside it.

The night sky barely peeks through a barred window with dirty glass on the outside of the bars. Kaycee turns her attention to the door. She attempts to open the sliding peephole cover from the inside, but can't.

She notices light coming from the gap between the door and the floor. Getting down on the ground, she peers through the gap into the warehouse. All she sees is darkness and curls up on the ground and sobs.

INT. INCIRLIK AIRBASE - KETTERING'S OFFICE - DAY

Kettering enters his office locking the door. He brings up a video chat screen.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

On a large screen Kettering is displayed while Vance is preoccupied going through mail.

VANCE

Doctor?

KETTERING

Mr. Rothfeld, I need to talk to you about the fusion power cells. They aren't stable.

VANCE

I thought we solved that?

KETTERING

We thought so too, we can't figure out what is wrong with them. For now we are blaming it on the seals, but the seals are fine. The power supply itself has some fundamental flaw. We're going to need more time to --

Vance annoyingly looks up at the screen.

VANCE

Dr. Kettering, when have you ever lacked the resources you need.

KETTERING

Uhm. Never but --

VANCE

Then keep this talk about "fundamental flaws" to yourself.

KETTERING

There is something else you need to know. The first two incidents --

Vance still preoccupied.

VANCE

Yes, with two of the FIRST generation prototypes. Explosions
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VANCE (cont'd)
that were in isolated vaults and
contained. And?

KETTERING
But it appears the rate of decay in
the fuel cells is much higher than
we had anticipated, higher than the
first test model.

Agitated, Vance again looks up from the mail.

VANCE
What is it you're trying to say?

KETTERING
Well... I've adapted our computer
models with the increased decay,
and with our current testing
parameters, the stress on the fuel
cells could potentially cause fatal
instabilities in a matter of weeks.
A repeat event...

Vance puts another pop up screen of the interior of the
VARMINT with Chase and Alejandro.

VANCE
The first test model was found to
have a cracked seal. While I share
your concerns, I have personally
gone over all the data Doctor and
it seems to me that this is an
issue of probability and not fact
am I correct?

KETTERING
I suppose, I.. I just don't know.
Routing energy of this magnitude is
overwhelming to figure out.

VANCE
Now doctor, you are being over
cautious and careful. Something
that my company values and
appreciates in its employees. We
have captured a lightning bolt in a
bottle, they are bound to be
challenges.

Vance closes the chat window.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, SENATOR ROBERT JAMES, and CIA Director, DAVID, watch the grim images unfolding on a monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

The camera image shakes from the EXPLODING windows as Assistant rushes towards Kaycee and Libyan Faction Guards to protect Adama. The mounted camera wobbles and falls. Sideways view of feet scrambling, BANG, Adama falls dead, door opens, Secret Service rush in, and Kaycee and Assistant rush out, BAM-BAM-BAM, fire fight begins. Mohy stands over Adama's lifeless body.

MOHY

(arabic)

So each We punished for his sin; of
them was he on whom We sent down a
violent storm, and of them was he
whom the rumbling overtook, and of
them was he whom We made to be
swallowed up by the earth.

Mohy turns and sees the video camera. He picks it up and turns it so that he is staring into the lens. Abrupt image as he throws the video camera to the ground.

Image FIZZLES out.

President CLICKS off monitor with a remote control.

PRESIDENT

Who else has a copy of this tape?

VICE PRESIDENT

Sir, I warned her not to go.

PRESIDENT

Who else has a copy of the damn
tape?!

VICE PRESIDENT

We do the CIA and Homeland
Security. The Secret Service backup
detail was on the scene within 15
minutes. They sent the camera
straight to CIA for analysis...
Listen, I threatened her. Her, uh,
career, I mean... The bitch just
blew me off.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

Stop with the duck-and-cover routine, make a useful contribution to this meeting. Who was the militant who smashed the camera? What was he talking about?

DAVID

We don't have an ID yet, Mr. President, my men are working on it. Since Libya destabilized, new factions are turning up daily. We're having trouble keeping track of all of the players. As for the Arabic, our translators tell me its a passage from the Quran, referring to purity of vision, of cause. We know there is some dissension in their ranks about asking us for help. The hard-liners think it shows weakness.

PRESIDENT

So they would rather lose a war on their own than win it with allies? Shit, if we had allies who were willing to fight I'd never send our troops into harm's way.

DAVID

And what of the Speaker?

PRESIDENT

(sigh)

Houston is a loose cannon. I should just leave her there. Have we been contacted with any demands?

DAVID

None.

PRESIDENT

Any intel on her current location?

DAVID

Satellite imagery shows a convoy heading southwest from the meeting location. They appear to be heading toward Ghat.

PRESIDENT

Okay. Do we have any assets down there?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

There is a special forces team on standby in Jordan. Limited intel on the ground, I do have a man inside, but this incident has caused major disruption with the U.S. Army African Command. Algeria, Niger and Chad have indicated to the embassies that they are not going to permit U.S. Forces on their soil in fear of growing destabilization, so our rescue op becomes highly improbable.

PRESIDENT

You've got be kidding me?

DAVID

Worse. If this gets out China and Russia are certain to posture. Even Israel is going to wash it's hands on this.

JAMES

Mr. President if I could interject?

PRESIDENT

What is it James?

JAMES

Lets think for a minute. If they wanted Houston dead, she would be dead. The group responsible doesn't appear intent on harming her. It's almost if she was a victim of circumstance. We could use this incident to unify support from the UN.

PRESIDENT

The UN, they view her as a dumb politician meddling in affairs that shouldn't concern our side of the world. We need to set up an operation to get her out of there.

JAMES

We will need better intelligence for that.

DAVID

And were on it.

ON THE MONITOR

(CONTINUED)

Image freezes on a clear shot of Mohy with Kaycee in the background being bound.

PRESIDENT

People, I need facts and I need them yesterday.

INT. FORTRESS/MOHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Loyalists roughly escort a resisting Kaycee into the room and sit her down in the chair that faces Mohy's desk. Mohy signals for the Loyalists to leave, they exit closing the door behind them.

KAYCEE

This is outrageous! How dare --

Mohy back hands her across the face.

Kaycee is taken aback.

MOHY

In Islam if a woman speaks to a man out of turn, she is beaten.

Kaycee averts her eyes from Mohy and quiets her tone.

KAYCEE

You're wrong. In Islam men and women are created from a single soul.

Mohy narrows his eyes.

MOHY

You. Speak to me of Islam. What do you know about it? Only the poisoned lies your American Muslims tell you.

Kaycee shifts her weight in the chair.

KAYCEE

What do you want?

MOHY

You're not here to negotiate. The only business you are fit for is that of a whore. I don't want anything from you. You should feel fortunate to be alive.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

What do you mean?

MOHY

Adama kept things to himself. We realized how much of an influential figure you are and altered our plan. You are worth much more alive to us than our message would have been.

KAYCEE

Now, see here - my country does not negotiate with terrorists!

MOHY

(offended)

Terrorist?

Mohy motions to one of his guards, who takes Kaycee by the arm and leads her out of the room.

INT. FORTRESS/HALLWAY - DAY

The guard leads Kaycee away from Mohy's office, stopping outside of the door to the storeroom that has been her prison.

GUARD

We are not terrorists. We only want our freedom.

KAYCEE

I'm sorry, I understand but if my country thinks I'm dead --

GUARD

I'm sorry. There is nothing I can do.

The guard unlocks the door and guides Kaycee into the storeroom, locking the door behind her.

INT. SENATOR JAMES' OUTER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

James walks in laughing with two female INTERNS in their early 20s.

INTERN

That's amazing, Senator.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Wait till you hear who was actually
in the next room the whole time --

James' SECRETARY stands up from her desk as they enter.

SECRETARY

(sharply)

Sir.

JAMES

(irritated)

Yes? What is it?

Secretary glances at the inner office door.

SECRETARY

You have an unscheduled visitor.

JAMES

(mouthing words)

Vance?

Secretary nods. James becomes uneasy.

JAMES

You'll have to excuse me. I'll
catch up with you... and you, after
my committee meeting.

INT. SENATOR JAMES INNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Vance is seated in James' chair, looking serious as he gazes
out the window.

JAMES

What in the hell are you doing
here? You can't be seen here! I
have a committee meeting in an
hour. In twenty minutes the
corridor outside is going to be
crawling with reporters aching for
a scandal.

James nervously pours himself a straight drink from a
decanter. Vance turns towards James.

VANCE

A scandal? Tell me something,
Senator, which shade of twenty were
those two girls you were about to
bring in here?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I get whomever they assign, just like everyone else.

Vance gets up and approaches James as he tries to steady his hand bringing the drink to his lips.

VANCE

Hmmm.. Everyone else doesn't impregnate their interns.

James spills his drink bringing it to his lips and looks at Vance.

VANCE

I hate repeating myself, but it appears you need a little reminder.

James cowers under Vance commanding presence.

VANCE

In the age of the internet and global communication, hiding a mistress and illegitimate children from your wife and the public isn't as cheap as it used to be. So when you've been bought and paid for, you don't argue you follow instructions.

James squirms.

JAMES

Look, I meant to call you. I'm having some trouble securing your funding. Frankly, the changes you want made to your contract are causing dissent.

VANCE

It's not unreasonable.

JAMES

You are asking for money I cant commit, especially with this project showing any lack of tangible progress.

James tries to take another drink, Vance reaches out, grabs James hand with the glass and escorts it down to set the drink on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

I need you clearheaded for this conversation. You aren't the only politician on the hill who's for sale. I helped you because I consider you a friend and a worthy ally.

JAMES

I don't know what you expect me to do. I'm simply not in a position to help you!

Vance grins. He takes James drink and pours it carefully back into the decanter as James retreats to his desk chair.

VANCE

You're the chair of the armed services committee and the president of the senate. You can think of something.

Vance takes a seat; composed and dignified. James begins to sweat.

JAMES

Well... I might have a way to sway public opinion back toward military expenditure.

VANCE

I'm listening.

JAMES

You heard about Kaycee Houston's fact finding trip, right?

Vance nods.

JAMES

Well, officially she's extended her trip to continue her meetings with Libyan opposition... but the truth is.

James pauses conflicted.

VANCE

Robert. You've got a schedule to keep.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I just got briefed this morning,
maybe ten people in Washington
know.

VANCE

If ten people in Washington know
I'll see it in the Post tomorrow.
What's your big secret?

JAMES

(abruptly)

Houston's been abducted by a rogue
faction.

Vance pauses. James is relieved to have spilled his secret.

VANCE

Now, that IS news and I was
starting to think your usefulness
had run its course.

James gets up from his desk chair with a pained look.

JAMES

I need to get ready for my
committee meeting.

VANCE

Sit down.

James freezes, studying the serious look on Vance commanding
face. James slowly sits back down.

JAMES

What, do you want to start a war?

VANCE

(thinking)

No, but the tension of war is what
keeps nations striving to pull
ahead of one another. Is there a
plan? Rescue attempt or
negotiation?

JAMES

Its complicated.

VANCE

I see.

Vance sits deep in thought.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

What?

VANCE

In the meantime Leak what you have to the press and stall any rescue attempts.

Vance stands, buttons his jacket making his way to the exit.

JAMES

A leak will trace back to me.

VANCE

Yes, it will and it won't matter. Keep yourself available. Who would have imagined that a useless politician would go out and do something... so constructive.

Vance leaves the room.

INT. VARMINT - MORNING

Chase is in the driver's seat with Alejandro riding shotgun. They are passing through an area where a large blast occurred.

Centered is a skeletal remains of a shell that resembles the VARMINT. On the exterior the tag bleeds MB - 13 is visibly outlined where it was painted on.

They speak through the headset.

CHASE

What the hell is that?

ALEJANDRO

That's just an outer shell. I told you we tested the compound thoroughly.

CHASE

Looks like a bomb went off.

Alejandro shakes off the comment.

ALEJANDRO

Probably did. We go for live fire exercise?

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Live fire? As in...

ALEJANDRO

First the fail-safe now the live fire? I warned you not to sleep through the morning briefings!

Chase points his finger out toward the desert.

CHASE

You point, I go, okay?

ALEJANDRO

Okay fine, tiro caliente, it's your ass.

Alejandro switches radio channels.

ALEJANDRO

Live fire is a go.. I repeat live fire is a go.

EXT. AIR SPACE - MORNING

F-16 fighter SHRIEKS though the sky and FIRES off two air-to-surface missiles.

INT. VARMINT - MORNING

The HUD tracks the missiles approaching the VARMINT, filling the reverse-angle screen. Chase fumbles to engage the VARMINT.

CHASE

Your serious?!

Calm and collected Alejandro points up the hill.

EXT. SAUDI ARABIAN DESERT TEST AREA - MORNING

The VARMINT veers toward a steep grade, the tires of the VARMINT spin for traction, Chase pulls on the new wheel that now has what looks like two curved motorcycle throttles in the 10 and 2 position. He snaps the locks and pulls back on them with haptic feedback as the tires start to expand out to create an independent track system for each tire.

The VARMINT plows up the rocky incline with unexplainable speed as the air-to-surface missiles IMPACT on the spot the VARMINT occupied only seconds before.

INT. VARMINT - MORNING

ALEJANDRO
He's coming around for another
shot.

Alejandro points to the top of the dune that will expose
them.

CHASE
Are you crazy!?

ALEJANDRO
Do it or we're toast!

EXT. AIR SPACE - MORNING

F-16 pulls a sharp banking maneuver and lines up for another
strike.

EXT. TEST AREA

The VARMINT catches some air as it crests the top of the
incline and spins out, stopping dead still.

INT. VARMINT - MORNING

Alejandro's finger flips a few switches. The rear vents
close.

ALEJANDRO
Back up slowly about fifty feet.

Chase nervously mashes the throttle, but the car only creeps
backwards at a slow pace with no sound.

CHASE
She's stalling!

ALEJANDRO
No, she's hiding her signature.

INT. F-16 MOVING - MORNING

F-16 PILOT looks around and taps on his equipment.

F-16 PILOT
(into radio)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

F-16 PILOT (cont'd)
Tiger Lily to Chief Big Panther, be
advised Lost Boys are...
off-screen. Over.

CONTROL TOWER (O.S.)
(through radio)
10-4, Tiger Lily. Adjust fire to
last probable location. Over.

F-16 PILOT
(into radio)
Copy.

EXT. TEST AREA - DAY

A mirage image of the VARMINT struggles to maintain as it
fizzles from a heat-warp cloaking image to the full reveal
and back to the mirage cloaked version. The F-16 ROARS over
the hilltop where the VARMINT sits.

In the sky above, the F-16 loops back around in the distance
and darts straight for the hilltop, firing off two more
air-to-surface missiles and pulls into a hard ascend. The
missiles head for a direct hit when they suddenly are pushed
out of the way from a magnetic field and EXPLODE on the
hilltop. Debris, dirt, and smoke billow and settle. Silence.

INT. VARMINT - MORNING

CHASE
No way he didn't have us zeroed
in.

Alejandro kisses his thumb.

ALEJANDRO
Anything but a direct hit and we're
still breathing.

CHASE
(laughing)
Your a crazy bastard.

ALEJANDRO
Si loco! Let's go take a look at
the damage.

Chase motions to open the hatch and Ali halts him as alarms
begin to sound.

(CONTINUED)

ALEJANDRO

No-No-No Not here. Better take it
back to HQ and let someone else
check it out.

EXT. BASE

The Varmint returns to base finding men dressed in black radiation suits. They corral the VARMINT into a large tank for decontamination. Chase and Ali sit inside unable to exit until the process is complete.

CHASE

This thing's hot, isn't it?

ALEJANDRO

Something like that.

Ali ignores his comment responding despondently and changes the subject by picking up the stuffed teddy bear.

ALEJANDRO

I have to ask, what's with the
stuffed animal?

Chase snaps the bear from him and puts it back.

CHASE

It's personal.

ALEJANDRO

Todos tenemos problemas amigo.

CHASE

Dude, I don't speak Spanish okay?

ALEJANDRO

We all have our problems friend.

Ali leans back and closes his eyes. Chase sits awkwardly in the vehicle.

CHASE

This take a while?

ALEJANDRO

A few hours.

Chase grits his teeth. After a short pause.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE
It was a gift.

ALEJANDRO
What's a gift?

CHASE
The bear. It was a gift to my
daughter she uh...

Ali sits up and listens.

ALEJANDRO
It's okay man, I know. I have
family too.

Ali shows Chase a picture of his daughter.

CHASE
She's adorable, and you volunteered
for this why?

A subtle glow comes over Ali's face. He takes the picture
back admiring his little girl.

ALEJANDRO
Inez, she is all that I have.

Chase turns his head appears feeling sorry for himself.

Ali turns looking at Chase, realizing the insensitivity.

Alejandro punches up briefing data on the VARMINT.

ALEJANDRO
We got some time to kill.

Alejandro hands him the tablet.

ALEJANDRO
It would be good, no? You know some
ins and outs?

Chase takes the tablet.

EXT. HANGER - EVENING

Time has passed, Ali and Chase have exited the vehicle and
are walking toward the hangar. Yellow warning lights and a
series of honks are heard. Inez runs toward Ali. She is
balled and thin.

(CONTINUED)

INEZ

Daddy!

ALEJANDRO

Baby!

She rushes into Ali's arms, he picks her up and spins her around. Chase comes into view mouth gaped as Ali takes a knee and holds his daughters arms.

ALEJANDRO

What are you doing here?

INEZ

General Walker said I could visit with you.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, that's a nice surprise! How about you go to the mess hall and I'll meet you there in a few, okay?

INEZ

Okay, Daddy, whats a mess hall?

Ali laughs.

ALEJANDRO

The place we eat.

INEZ

Okay.

Inez runs off as Ali stands staring at her skip away.

CHASE

I'm sorry for being an ass man, I didn't know.

ALEJANDRO

It's okay, not your fault. No one would insure her, the high risk payment on this project is the only way to continue to pay for her treatment and give her a chance. Just a few more weeks and I am gonna hang this up.

CHASE

And should this project get you killed?

(CONTINUED)

ALEJANDRO

Ah, we can hope so, the death benefit would make sure she is taken care of.

CHASE

You really are crazy.

Ali slaps Chase in the chest.

ALEJANDRO

We a pair of crazy.

INT. SENATOR JAMES OFFICE - AFTERNOON

James and his advisers watch T.V. as the story of Kaycee's abduction breaks. James looks apprehensive.

TV NEWSCASTER

According to our sources, Rep. Houston was meeting with Adama Almortafi, a former Colonel in the Libyan army who had emerged as the leader of the Libyan insurgency movement. The subject of these discussions is unclear.

James shakes his head and glances toward the ceiling.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR BASE - DAY

Chase and Alejandro walk through the hall toward the debriefing room. Chase pats him on the shoulder as they share a laugh.

Chase and Alejandro stop just inside the doorway. There is an obvious tension in the air as Mitch and Kettering watch the television screen in the corner of the same newscast.

REPORTER

What we do know is that sometime during the meeting Almortafi was assassinated, the victim of an apparent coup.

INT. FORTRESS/MOHY'S OFFICE - DAY

The same cable news broadcast is fading in and out on an old television set in Mohy's office.

He is watching with an impassive expression on his face. Said, stands slightly behind his chair, regarding the broadcast with a sneer.

REPORTER

The status of Rep. Houston is unknown, but the bodies of her Secret Service detail were found in the hotel and it is presumed she has been taken prisoner.

Mohy closes his eyes and exhales.

MOHY

We are compromised. We will get nothing in trade other than a blemished mark on our cause. The American needs to vanish and we wash our hands of it.

Said frowns.

SAID

No - you are soft! I agree any point in holding her is lost, we revert our plan and make an example of her, teaching Americans not to meddle in our affairs.

MOHY

Hmmm..

SAID

We take her out in the courtyard at noon and separate her head from her body!

Mohy narrows his eyes and stares hard at his subordinate.

MOHY

Insanity. We do not need America's friendship, but we do not want her as an enemy. We've seen our brethren make that mistake in the past. They may be infidels, but they can destroy us before we get the chance to fight.

(CONTINUED)

SAID

As you say, they are infidels.
Allah will protect us. They will
not risk war for this female.

MOHY

You do not know them! She was
chosen by their people to be one of
their leaders. They are foolish to
give so much power to a woman, but
they gave it to her nevertheless,
and they will not look kindly on us
taking her life.

SAID

Before you decide, think of the
loyalty that has supported us! The
men that have died to help us with
a cause we all believe!

Mohy pounds his fist on the desk.

MOHY

I have made my decision!

Said looks at Mohy as if he is going to continue the
argument.

SAID

Then be at peace with you brother.

Said turns and walks away.

INT. DRYCLEANERS - AFTERNOON

James walks up to the counter and digs out his claim
ticket.

A JINGLE is heard from the door opening sounding off the
bell attached. James turns and sees Vance, he stares at him
with a tired glance. Vance nods to the Asian clerk who bows
and exits to the back. James watches the clerk exit.

JAMES

I'm not even going to ask.

VANCE

Now Senator, there is nowhere you
can hide that I cannot find you,
nothing you can do that I won't
hear about.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

From that you already know I've been named the head of a Congressional task force charged with finding a solution, diplomatic or otherwise.

Vance pumps his hand.

VANCE

Indeed. You did very well, Senator. Nothing like the abduction of a public figure to pump up the public sentiment for defense spending.

JAMES

Because of your plan to leak this, they want to move forward with the operative on the ground familiar with the faction who claims he can negotiate us out of this mess.

VANCE

Precisely.

Vance holds out his hand with a deviant grin, James gives him a flash drive.

JAMES

The contact and details, I don't even want to know why you need it but --

VANCE

Then don't ask. You may want to come up with something soon, Walker is chomping at the bit to get his god daughter back. Something about making up for all of the years they have been estranged. He really is a weak man.

JAMES

(suspicious)

You don't think he's going to do anything crazy, do you?

James wipes his sweaty brow.

VANCE

Walker is a disciplined man, but anyone that is pushed to the brink of hopelessness responds in -unpredictable ways.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Jesus, look I've convinced the cabinet to resume fact finding and surveillance like you asked. The committee wants to move with agent. What more can I do?

VANCE

Your priority is to deal with Walker. I'm glad to hear of a diplomatic solution with the operative, however we don't Walker fowling things up. Convince the cabinet that Walker needs to be suspended from command and do not let them know of his relationship with Houston.

JAMES

And just how do I do that?

Vance places his condescending hand on the James shoulder.

VANCE

I really need to explain this? Create a problem that only you can provide the solution.

INT. VANCE'S LIMO - EVENING

Vance enters his limo from the Dry Cleaners. He immediately engages an embedded computer and a Skype-like interface emerges.

General Walker's image appears.

VANCE

Sorry I am late General.

WALKER

(on screen)

Vance, Tell me you have some progress to report.

Vance plugs the drive in and begins sifting over the data.

VANCE

Afraid not, General. There is a Congressional committee, but you know how slowly they move. I just spoke to Senator James, tried to use my influence to move things

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VANCE (cont'd)
further along, but he seems set on caution. The White House is waiting for more intelligence for fear the public backlash that could result from an attack on Libya. Not to mention other nations prepping to the catalyst to start a major war.

WALKER
Nobody is doing anything!?

VANCE
Of course they are, understand the sensitivity surrounding the matter and that we can't expect any official action to take place for at least two weeks. I even offered the use of the VARMINT for a rescue mission. It appears they are using Houston to further an agenda or bargain for military wares.

WALKER
But the VARMINT isn't a mission deployment asset.

VANCE
The VARMINT may be the only vehicle in the world capable of the type of extraction it would take to get her out of there. What intelligence we do have suggest she is too deep to send in rescue copters, hundreds of miles of sand to deal with, a lack of cooperation from surrounding allies and the whats scary is the latest, talk of a public execution... you get the picture General.

WALKER
Vance, please, you.. you have to convince them.

VANCE
I'm trying, Wayne, but I don't think there is anything else I can do. I will forward you the latest intelligence from the White House, but Sen. James wants to relieve you of your duties until this incident becomes last weeks news, so your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VANCE (cont'd)
involvement in this process might
be short-lived.

WALKER
Well, if official channels...

A glow comes over Vance, its what he wants to hear.

VANCE
General, be careful.

Vance moves a contact file over to Walker's image. It adds a contact to his file playing into his hand.

WALKER
What is this?

VANCE
The latest intelligence, this man
may or may not have information
vital to Houston. Do what you will
but I can't protect you if you do
anything rash.

Walker sees the file of the CIA contact.

WALKER
Understood. Now, if you'll excuse
me...

VANCE
Wayne, try and keep things
together. You know I'm on your
side.

General Walkers image exits. Vance settles back with a satisfied smile warming his face.

INT. MOHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mohy sits at his desk, lost in thought. He comes to a silent decision and rouses himself from his reverie. He has a resolved look as he picks up a sacrificial knife glaring at its perfect reflection.

A courier burst into the room sweating and holds out a message. Mohy snaps the message and slaps the courier.

MOHY
Out with you dog!

Mohy reads the message.

(CONTINUED)

MESSAGE: *Old friend, the sandstorm approaches once again and I think we can help each other through it. Can we meet later tonight? I was thinking that place where we were first introduced say around 2:00, thank you my friend. P.S. - Leave the wife and kids at home, okay?*

Mohy crumbles the note and takes a small revolver from the top drawer of his desk and slips it into the pocket of his jacket, straightens up his desk, and leaves the office.

EXT. INCIRLIK AIR FORCE FENCE AREA - DAY

Chase waits in civilian clothing by the fence. A boy on a bike comes to the fence and passes a brown bag through.

CHASE
Good job, here kid.

Chase throws him some cash.

CHASE
Get out of here, see you Friday.

INT. GENERAL WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Pictures of Kaycee at various ages - alone, with Walker and with Kaycee's mother LINDA together with Walker. The last picture is old and worn with faded bloody fingerprints on the edges - it is of Linda holding an infant Kaycee.

General Walker squeezes his eyes shut, holding something back. He opens his eyes and takes a drink of his whiskey.

He slams his fist on the desk.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR FORCE BASE - LATER

Walker staggers around looking for Chase, he instead finds Alejandro lying on a bunk, staring at the ceiling. Alejandro stands quickly.

WALKER
Where is he.

ALEJANDRO
(uncomfortably)
I don't know, sir.

Walker glares at Alejandro, who wilts under his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

ALEJANDRO

You might want to try the hanger.

INT. INCIRLIK AIR FORCE BASE HANGER

Walker enters the hanger and sees Chase. Chase pulls up the bottle to offer some to Walker. Walker smacks the bottle out of his hand smashing it on the ground.

WALKER

What in hell are you doing?! Are you purposely trying to throw everything away?

CHASE

What is your problem?

Walker pushes Chase backwards in the chest.

WALKER

What's my problem? I take you - a washed out drunk - and give you a chance, an opportunity to do something with your life.

CHASE

Its called bullshit.

WALKER

I call it honorable. You said you could control this, that it wouldn't be an problem.

Chase pushes Walker back.

CHASE

It only seems to be your problem!

They begin to tussle and end up on the ground. Walker gets him in a headlock. They both get worn out and lay on the ground exhausted.

Walker starts to break down. Chase doesn't know what to do. He just stares helplessly at the older man. Walker pulls himself together and looks at Chase.

WALKER

What would you have done to save your family.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Don't bring my family into this.
(after a pause)
Anything... Everything.

WALKER

My family is in danger.

Chase gives him a puzzled look. Walker fights to find the words.

WALKER

Kaycee.. Kacyee is like, she is my daughter. I've looked at every option. Stands to reason that if I act, I need your help to get her out.

CHASE

(nervous snicker)
Sure, because SEALs aren't qualified for a rescue mission.

WALKER

There is no mission. Washington is content to leave her over there to rot and the latest is an execution.

CHASE

I think you got the wrong idea.

Chase starts to walk out.

WALKER

Kaycee was eight years old when I took over as the father figure in her life.

Chase stops, annoyed that he is perplexed into listening.

WALKER

Back in Vietnam, Jack Houston was my navigator in a Northrup F-5. About 20 miles south of the DMZ, we were shot down and captured. Placed into POW camps. Young, ignorant, I pushed too hard, ignoring no-fly zones, thought that I could get out of any situation, became careless and reckless. Sound familiar?

Chase turns toward Walker. He can see the pain in his face.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

We spent a year and a half in that hole and every day I would look at Jack, both legs broken, and feel responsible for him missing his wife and his little girl. So I came up with an escape plan.

Walker pauses, unable to continue for a few moments

WALKER (CONT'D)

Jack was killed during the attempt. A few months later, the war was over and I was set free. I got us into that situation, I got Jack killed because of my recklessness. Had I only waited another few months we would have been free and you and I wouldn't be having this conversation. I needed to make up for those mistakes.

Chase moves to Walker and helps him to his feet.

WALKER

That guilt, that insurmountable guilt. I will never forget the look on that little girl's face when I told her that her daddy wasn't coming home.

Chase stares at the ground as he aids Walker to his rack.

WALKER

She cried and fell into my arms, I knew... I knew then. I raised her to be the best. My life had become about her success.

(another pause)

We've lost touch over the years. This is not how I want her to check out... When I'm an old man, waking up drenched in my own sweat, dreaming of the terrible things I've done... I don't want one of those terrible things to be that I didn't burn down heaven and hell to make Jack's little girl safe. You of all people should understand that, Chase. You of all people.

Chase sets Walker in the bed looks about the room. Several photographs of Walker, Chase at various times and

(CONTINUED)

deployments. Chase focuses on a photo of himself, new looking, standing with Walker, dressed in full ABU with the patch 'CCT' clearly exposed on his armband portraying a glowing smile. Chase shakes his head in pain, and leaves the room.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The dingy cafe is mostly deserted except for a few old men who sit alone or in pairs at the small tables, smoking and drinking from small cups.

Mohy enters the cafe and slides into a chair opposite a MAN of indeterminate age and ethnicity. Years spent in the harsh desert have turned his skin a rough, dark brown, but bright shrewd eyes peer out from under his heavy brow. He removes his white hat and places it on the table.

MAN

Would have never guessed we'd be doing business again. Abdul, right?

MOHY

It's as good a name as any.

MAN

Okay, Abdul then, I've heard some rumors. Rumors that your group has an item in its possession of great value to the American people.

MOHY

I do not know what you speak.

They exchange a locked stare. Mohy loses the stare down and looks down to the table.

MAN

Okay, Abdul, your a smart man, right? And for some reason I've always liked you, that's why I have offered to help get you out of this little mess. Believe me I have no intentions of putting the screws to you if I don't have to. You have something and as always, we will make an exchange, so lets set the record straight.

Mohy's eyes look up joining the Man.

(CONTINUED)

MOHY

Obtaining this item was a mistake.

MAN

This... item, just to clarify, wouldn't by any chance stand about 5'6", have long brown hair, great set of legs would it?

Mohy does not answer. The man studies his face carefully.

MAN

It would be wise to deliver your package. The south entrance of the marketplace, tomorrow evening at eight.

The Man stands putting his hat on.

MAN

Come alone if you please.

MOHY

And what then?

MAN

Then you and your cause get to continue playing revolutionist without any, how do I put this, harsh inference.

The man tips his hat.

MAN

As-salamu alaykum.

INT. GENERAL WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walker, torn and battered from lack of sleep shows hope in his face. He sits behind the desk looking at aerial reconnaissance photos of the region and the orders relieving him of command.

A figure enters the door frame. Chase stands in full ABU at attention. His hair is cut, he is cleaned up, no scruff. Walker stands.

CHASE

All I have to do is drive?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

That's all I'm asking.

Chase, with serious composure salutes.

CHASE

I'm not proud of this but, let's
get your daughter back.

Walker approaches Chase like a son and gives him a consoling hug.

EXT. INCIRLIK BASE OUTSIDE HANGER - DAY

Chase and Alejandro wear the compression shirts with electric leads on them. They continue to gear up.

The Hanger opens. Walker and Mitch are outside next to a C-130 with the cargo door open facing the runway.

INT. INCIRLIK BASE HANGER - DAY

General Walker, dressed in his ABU, enters the hanger and looks to two of the black coat engineers. The two of them return a look of understanding and exit the room. Walker walks to a dirty table in a dim lit room throwing down a map of Northern Africa. It shows 'Libya' in both Arabic and English text.

WALKER

Gentlemen what we are about to do
is not authorized by our
government.

CHASE

Just by the rogue General that's
going to put us all in jail.

WALKER

Decisive conviction is what writes
history, Travers.

Chase motions that it was just a joke.

WALKER

Ali you okay with this?

ALEJANDRO

Just peachy, sir.

Walker points to the map. His finger lands on Sallum.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

You'll be landing near here.

Walker's finger follows southwest stopping north of Ghat.

WALKER

Get southwest to Sabha to the rendezvous point, the coordinates are in the VARMINT's main computer. Just follow the arrows on your screen. Cloak the vehicle and wait. A CIA contact will meet you there with Kaycee. Put her in the compression chamber and get the hell out of there.

Walker points to the flats just south of Ajdibaya.

WALKER

Boost your ass 600 miles northeast, just south of Ajdibaya for pickup on the ravine flats. I'll be waiting for you there.

Alejandro studies the map inquisitively.

ALEJANDRO

Surt looks closer and more accessible, sir? More of a straight shot using this road system.

WALKER

Thought of that, but Ajdibaya is as close as I get without refueling, and that's still cutting it close. Besides, you'll want to stay off the main roads. They aren't safe.

CHASE

How will we know this CIA contact?

WALKER

You won't, he doesn't know he is circumventing orders.

CHASE

So...

WALKER

In short, he'll know you.

Kettering bursts into the room. He is clearly upset.

(CONTINUED)

KETTERING

You can't do this!

WALKER

(icily)

I'm going to ask you to turn around and leave this hanger.

KETTERING

I can't let you do this, General.

Walker grabs Kettering escorting him away.

WALKER

I'm not giving you a choice. We are on a military base surrounded by men under my command. There is nothing going to stop me.

KETTERING

You don't understand. The VARMINT isn't mission capable! There is a fatal flaw in the power cells that is going to cause them to fail under prolonged usage.

Walker lets up.

MITCH

What the hell? I didn't hear about any fatal flaw...

KETTERING

You aren't the head engineer, Mitch. The guys in the lab have been working around the clock to find the problem. We were trying to drag out the short area testing for as long as possible to give them some time to work, but the test unit isn't going to survive prolonged stress. If you take this thing out into the desert to rescue Rep. Houston, it's going to fail.

CHASE

Fail.

KETTERING

Like boom.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE
(To Mitch stern)
So much for evaporating.

MITCH
(confused)
What about the fail safe?

KETTERING
It was exceptional engineering on your part, but never intended to maintain anything outside of testing. You may get lucky discharging it once or twice, but the seals just wont hold.

Chase glances around the room. Walker is crestfallen, his only hope faded away. Chase turns to Kettering, who looks sick after his confession.

CHASE
Well, do you have any better options?

KETTERING
No. I don't.

Kettering shares a glare with Walker.

KETTERING
I'm sorry General.

Kettering leaves the room, Chase picks up the large map and studies it.

CHASE
We wouldn't be out any longer than a routine training mission.

Alejandro looks over his shoulder with him.

ALEJANDRO
About half the time, maybe. Your call.

Chase peels the Mission Patch off from his shoulder.

CHASE
I guess this means new mission perimeters, sir?

A glow comes over Walker who peels his patch off.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

We don't have much time. Team, you'll be dropped from thirty-thousand feet to avoid enemy detection.

CHASE

Woah! Hang-on, we are going to HALO drop a ten-thousand pound vehicle? Is that even possible?

MITCH

According to my calculations, you might be in for a little bit of a jolt, but you should get through it alright.

Chase slaps Mitch in the back of the head.

CHASE

There you go with should again?

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN SKIES - EARLY MORNING

The C-130 travels through a rising dawn sky. Travers and Ali begin to strap themselves into the VARMINT. Mitch hands Chase a KSG Shotgun that he secures in its riding place. Ali opts for a Tavor TAR-21.

WALKER (V.O.)

4 minutes to deploy.

They put on the helmets and snap the lids down. Chase looks at his right chest seeing a place for a tube to fit. He snaps the tube into his helmet as Mitch continues to secure the tubes into his back. Mitch shakes on the tube to get Chase attention.

MITCH

Its a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, combined effect with the compression of the suit, it should keep you from passing out during the drop.

CHASE

Seriously, can you stop saying *should*, just for the next few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER (O.S.)
12 hours from touch down. No time
to joy ride.

Warning lights flare, the VARMINT slowly slides toward the back of the opening cargo door.

Chase turns to Alejandro.

CHASE
Hey man, sorry about all the shit I
put you through. No hard feelings,
right?

They fist pound.

ALEJANDRO
Al perro que duerme, no lo
despiertes.

CHASE
(laughing)
Okay, whatever that means.

Ali reaches down and puts a pack in his rear storage. Ali senses Chase observing him.

ALEJANDRO
Always have a plan B. I don't trust
this monster.

CHASE
Listen, I uh... When we get back,
I'm gonna give you my share for the
last few weeks.

ALEJANDRO
No senior, I cannot --

CHASE
No, it is man, let me do something
right. I haven't been much help
around here and this makes it feel
right. I know that if I can help
get you back with your family...

Chase is at a loss for words.

CHASE
...Something I can do that makes me
feel good that isn't comprised of a
flammable liquid in glass jar.

Before he can respond both men are thrust forward.

(CONTINUED)

The rear cargo door opens. From thirty-thousand feet the car is shot out of the back of the plane, starting its HALO decent. On screen is a timer, 43 seconds. The car continues to fall, preparing for a low altitude chute deployment.

WALKER

Good luck, gentlemen.

Blips and Blobs react to the changes in velocity.

The fall is rough and choppy. Ice crystals begin to form around the vehicle. A meter on screen indicates the altimeter. Within 1000 feet the chutes deploy. Four chutes, two main, two stabilizing, come from out of the package on top of the car. The rear stabilizing chute tangles with the right side making the car shift to the driver side down. Chase is slammed against the door, he is pinned.

Chaos ensues.

CHASE

Ali! This don't feel right!

ALEJANDRO

Shit, hang on!

Ali is able to unstrap his safety belt and reach across Chase to activate the thrust, it slows the vehicle pace letting out a flame.

A drunk faction soldier is urinating in the desert. He looks to the sky and sees the bright flash turn to a blue ember falling to the ground.

FACTION SOLDIER 1

(Arabic)

Yarl, you see that?

The other soldiers heckle him getting back to their card game. Faction Solider 1 grabs his AK-47 and walks toward the direction of the object.

Ali rolls the belt around his leg. He pops the hatch and pulls the knife on his left shoulder. Hanging out of the vehicle he cuts free the tangled stabilizing chute. When it frees the car shifts violently, loosening the belt sucking Ali out of the car.

The car falls to the ground and off position with 3 out of the 4 chutes working. The car spins round and round without the second stabilizing chute.

The hood impacts the ground causing damage to the underneath and to the M-134 mini gun motors. The hatch remains open.

(CONTINUED)

Chase has the wind knocked out of him. He stumbles out of the vehicle, falls to his knees and throws the helmet from his head.

CHASE
(Cough)
Shit!

Ali's wrangled body lies off in the distance in the sand. Chase sits staring at his friend who is obviously dead.

Staring at his lifeless body, suddenly - a barrage of SHOTS ring out from an AK-47.

Bullets are hitting the car, grazing over Chase's head and enter the VARMINT striking the navigation component, the communication panel and hitting the hydraulic hose controlling the containment seat. A bullet hits the VARMINT and ricochets close to Chase's cheek.

CHASE
Ah!

Chase lets out another cry of pain as he dives in and shuts the hatch. The Faction Soldier runs to the vehicle. He orbits around the vehicle with AK ready.

Chase powers up and sees the soldier walking around the vehicle waiting until he gets to the back. The engine whines emitting intense heat, toasting the Faction Soldier and takes off out of view.

The other Faction Soldiers run up to see the charred remains, bearing a look of awe and fright.

INT. LIBYIAN JAIL - EARLY MORNING

The sun is beginning to rise. A GUARD enters Kaycee's cell and kneels down next to her.

He gives her an evil smile as he leers at her breasts. He puts his face close to hers and she turns away.

KAYCEE
Where is the other Guard?

GUARD
Relieved, makes too nice. American woman lack discipline.

He begins to unbutton the top of Kaycee's shirt as she struggles to push him away.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

In Islam, a woman is slave to a mans desire.

The Guard's eyes shift, he feels a presence. Suddenly the Guard turns standing face to face with Mohy who holds a black burqa. Mohy looks at the least displeased. The guard snaps to attention. Mohy dresses him down in Arabic.

Mohy throws the burqa to Kaycee, the Guards head turns, Mohy seizes the opportunity, picks up the guard's rifle and smashes the butt into his face. His limp body crumples to the ground.

MOHY

Come with me.

Kaycee doesn't move as Mohy heads toward the door. She grabs the burqa and pulls it close like a blanket.

KAYCEE

Where are you taking me?

Mohy turns with a hopeless blank expression.

MOHY

(Arabic)

Home.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

Vance sits in his office and smiles nervously to himself while speaking with Dr. Kettering who has taken refuge in the rear fuselage.

VANCE

Thank you, Doctor, for updating me.

Vance watches an updated core simulation. The end of the simulation displays an approximation of 11 hours until the core destabilizes.

KETTERING

We can't continue this. There is no scenario where this doesn't end well.

Vance face shows concern weighing out his plan.

VANCE

The tracking system is still in place, You can be assured that we will do the right thing.

(CONTINUED)

Vance hangs up the phone as the simulation repeats the end of the latest decay predictions.

Vance sighs nervously.

He looks at his watch and checks it against the clock on the wall. Does some mental calculations. Sits back and takes a sip of tea. Vance punches up a screen of the Varmint's location on a map on his laptop. He watches a live shaky and loose feed of Chase inside in real time.

He then hesitantly selects 'terminate tracking', the screen shows a warning and "are you sure?". Vance finger nervously hovers over the confirmation, sweat teetering on his brow, he selects it slamming his finger down, disabling the tracking device and the signal is lost on his computer.

INT. C-130

Walker's plane is on its way to the rendezvous point.

MITCH

Sir, the VARMINT... it just went offline.

Walker turns and leans near the monitors with a look of fear. Kettering enters the room with a look of guilt observing the exchange.

WALKER

Don't tell me...

MITCH

No it's still ticking, we just can't communicate or lock onto it.

WALKER

Can you get it back?

Mitch swiftly types on a keyboard. With no success he holds his hands up defeated.

WALKER

Break Coms. Get him on the radio.

Mitch tries to get a message out.

MITCH

Travers you copy?

BEAT. Mitch has no idea what the mission is or call signs.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

Uh.. Goose 1 to.. Travers you there?

It fails.

MITCH

We are blind! It's like the transceiver was turned off.

Walker lifts himself up from the console. He looks at Kettering who turns away like a scolded puppy.

WALKER

Something you'd like to share Doctor?

EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

Chase gets out of the vehicle and examines the damage. Bullet holes pepper the interior. Chase tries to call up the navigation system as the screen flickers with a message displaying "TRACKING DISABLED - CONNECTION LOST".

CHASE

Shit.

He reaches into the VARMINT and pulls something off the floor. It is one of Alejandro's boot.

In frustration he walks outside of the vehicle and throws the boot. He watches it hit the sand and puff up debris.

Chase makes a survival compass using sticks and the sun to find North. He waits a few minutes for the position of the sun to shift and makes another crude measurement.

He leans against the vehicle for a few second, defeated, before pulling himself together. He starts to get angry, kicking the tires of the VARMINT.

With some time to kill he enters the vehicle and sits looking around. He plays with some of the features seeing what works and what doesn't. He activates the guns, which pop up, he tries to rotate them around to target a cactus.

The 'H' motors are burnt out when the car hit the ground during its landing. The overhead map screen shows a large 'ERROR' in red. He looks around the small panels in the rear, a tight space. He finds a medical kit, the stowed away Tavor TAR-21, and then spies Ali's bag.

(CONTINUED)

He shakes his head to break the spell and he gets back to the bag, where he finds a set of maps of the area that Ali had as a backup.

CHASE

Ali your a genius!

He runs out of the vehicle kneeling next to his compass. He is able to find north.

Studying the maps he finds reference points to mountains and gets a rough idea of his location. The map has the rendezvous point tagged. Chase leaves hastily in the direction of the way point.

INT. MOLECULAR BLACK HQ - DAY

Vance nervously taps his pen, rolls his neck, picks up the phone, and dials.

VANCE

(with false urgency)

This is Vance Rothfeld. I need to speak with the Senator right away. I understand, this IS urgent.

He waits to be patched through, after a very brief pause.

JAMES

I don't have time for social calls.

VANCE

Senator. I wish that it were, I've just been informed that Gen. Walker has stolen the VARMINT prototype and is flying toward Libya.

He pauses to wait for a reply.

JAMES

What? Well, sounds like an internal problem.

VANCE

No, Senator, this is your problem. The General is the government liaison for this project. I warned you this might happen. He works for you, not me.

He listens again, a smile playing on his lips.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Well can't you track it? Remote
detonate it? Something?

VANCE

The tracking device was disabled.
Destroying it is no option even if
I could.

A long pause.

JAMES

What the hell are we going to do?

VANCE

We, there is no we, I am informing
you that this is now your
problem. I take no responsibility
for such unprofessional conduct.

James hangs up the phone with a ghost look across his face.

EXT. AJDABIYA - DAY

Mohy waits in the market, scanning the crowd. Kaycee,
wearing the burqa that can't hide the fear in her eyes,
stands next to him. Mohy is gripping her arm tightly. The
CIA man is suddenly beside him. Mohy looks relieved and
eases up on Kaycee's arm.

KAYCEE

Who are you?

MAN

Just be friendly. Come.

She pauses, not convinced or willing to move forward with
his assistance. The man tucks her arm bending her wrist in
an arm bar and forces her forward.

MAN

Now, if you don't mind, you have a
date with some fancy hardware.

There is a sudden commotion on the other side of the market.
Soldiers appear, jostling through the crowd. They are led by
Said and a soldier with a freshly battered face.

MOHY

You must leave. Now!

(CONTINUED)

MAN

What is this Abdul?

Mohy tries to turn and blend into the crowd, but Said sees him and points. The soldiers fan out after him. Mohy pulls the gun from his pocket and fires into the air. People scream and run around the market, panicking.

Mohy turns to run and finds himself face to face with Said. He lifts his gun but the younger man is quicker, shooting him in the chest with his sidearm, he then moves to his neck and fires and then into his forehead.

As Mohy staggers to the ground, Said catches sight of Kaycee, whose hair is spilling from her burqa. He raises his gun and fires, hitting the CIA man. He goes down with Kaycee.

MAN

Get outside the walls to the west.

KAYCEE

West?!

He pulls out a gun and pushes her in the direction.

MAN

That way, just go!

Kaycee runs past him out of the market as the gunfight continues.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AJDABIYA - DAY

The VARMINT jumps over a small dune landing on the outside of the city.

INT. VARMINT - DAY

The inside is going crazy with warning lights and signals. Chase punches at the controls in frustration.

CHASE

Piece of crap!

EXT. AJDABIYA - DAY

The Man takes down a few of the soldiers but ends up taking two more bullets himself. He runs out of ammo as Said walks up and stands over him with a look of sheer contempt. Said points his gun at the CIA man's head and fires.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AJDABIYA - DAY

Kaycee turns looking back at the city as the echos of the final gunshots die away. She struggles through the sand toward the edge of the ruins as Mohy's men reach the edge of the city.

She jumps and stumbles over the burqa and sand as the VARMINT flicker trying to maintain its cloak twenty yards away.

INT. VARMINT - DAY

The warning gauge BLIPS rapidly waiting for action. He mashes the discharge button and we hear the charge winding up. Chase looks out and sees Houston approaching the vehicle. Realizing that she is now in danger he opens the hatch jumps out spotting the faction men who are now running toward them.

Kaycee doesn't notice Chase as she is focused on the men chasing behind her. Chase startles Kaycee as he grabs and lifts her into the containment unit as she kicks and screams. It closes on her, the VARMINT discharges large arcs electrocuting the approaching soldiers and knocking out half of the cities power. Chase slips into the driver's seat and speeds away from the city.

EXT. AJDABIYA OUTSKIRTS

The VARMINT travels through the desert. In the containment area Houston continually kicks the back and screams.

CHASE

Quiet back there!

Annoyed, Chase stops the car, exits and tries to open the containment area. It's locked shut unable to open from the damage. Kaycee continues to yell in panic.

CHASE

Just relax, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

Chase cuts the hydraulic hoses to release pressure, ruining the containment area. It's dark. Chase peers his head in and is kicked in the face. Houston exits and starts to run, stumbling through the desert.

Chase falls back holding his nose, composes himself and runs after Houston, tackling her to the ground softly and turning her over. She starts swinging at him but he holds her back.

CHASE

Stop! Stop it!

Kaycee gets her foot around and kicks Chase in the face. He falls backward grabbing his jaw. Kaycee jumps up and begins running away from him. Chase rolls around on his hands and knees watching her run and shakes his head.

CHASE

General Walker sent me!

Kaycee stops running and turns to Chase, panting and out of breath.

EXT. DESERTED AREA NORTHEAST OF AJDABIYA

Chase sits in the car looking at maps trying to figure out where they are. He looks over to Houston who has removed the burqa and is sitting in the tattered remains of the skirt and blouse she was wearing at the meeting. She looks miserable examining the dirt and grime on her body. Chase also admires her physique then snaps his head out of it as she looks over, feeling his gaze.

Chase gets back to the map, Houston moves toward the other side of the vehicle. The door is open and Chase's leg hangs out.

KAYCEE

What are you doing?

CHASE

Trying to figure out where the hell we are.

Houston grabs the map from his hands.

KAYCEE

These are topographic maps.

CHASE

(sarcastic)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Chase snaps the maps back.

CHASE

Let me guess, Ol' Walker made you
an expert on map reading?

KAYCEE

Wayne? No Wayne was overly
passionate about my education and
being successful.

Chase chews on a pen.

CHASE

I've heard a lot of descriptions of
Walker but thats new.

Houston turns to Chase.

KAYCEE

How would you describe him?

Chase responds without missing a beat.

CHASE

A tight ass, hard nosed,
controlling, type A... neat freak.

Kaycee cracks a smile.

KAYCEE

Really? How do you two know each
other?

Kaycee moves away disinterested in Chase answer, reflecting
her past.

CHASE

(wryly)

Well, I guess you could say
Walker's... well... a friend.

KAYCEE

I haven't spoken to Walker in
years. We don't really see eye to
eye on a lot of things.

Chase adjust his foot receiving a shock.

CHASE

Ouch! Maybe it's his way of saying
sorry for something.

Kaycee looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

I don't know, get in, we need to keep moving.

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - DAY

Kaycee now composed looks about the cabin of the VARMINT curiously as Chase carefully maneuvers the vehicle.

KAYCEE

What is this thing?

CHASE

What? The VARMINT?

KAYCEE

VARMINT?

CHASE

Yeah.. Stands for.. something.

KAYCEE

Okay?

There is an awkward silence.

CHASE

It's a black-ops project from a private company. Molecular Black?

Kaycee's expression changes from inquisitive to pissed.

KAYCEE

Vance Rothfeld?

CHASE

Yeah that's the guy, you know him?

KAYCEE

I know his concerns are profit margin over the safety of the products he produces.

VARMINT WARNING

Systems heating level at failing conditions.

KAYCEE

What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Means... the systems heating level
is at.. failing conditions.

Chase shrugs.

KAYCEE

Oh, great, it's breaking down?

CHASE

More like explode.

KAYCEE

Wait... What?

CHASE

Have I mentioned that this is a
roving nuke? Maybe what the N in
Varmint means, nuke.

Kaycee stares at Chase with wide eyes.

CHASE

(Sarcastic)

I didn't see a lot of extra nuclear
coolant in the back, so I need to
tread lightly.

KAYCEE

This is one of the experimental
vehicles that blew up in the
Desert! Why is another one still
active, we shut that program
down. it was too dangerous, having
small nuclear powered vehicles all
over the world is ludicrous!

Kaycee now looks frightened.

CHASE

Just change the name and your back
in business, I guess. I was never
told of one that actually touched
off.

Chase thinks for a moment.

CHASE

That outer shell. Dammit Ali!
Ballistics test my ass!

Chase peers forward. Kaycee snaps back from her nervous
thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

You don't seem to know much and
who's Ali?

Chase ignores her comment as they both look forward.

CHASE

There we go.

The VARMINT approaches a small oasis in the desert. He submerges the vehicle which floats causing steam to rise instantly.

Chase pops the hatch and looks around. The VARMINT is halfway submerged and sailing forward.

CHASE

Nothing but an ocean of sand.

Kacyee's head pops out of the hatch.

KAYCEE

Are you going to fill me in on
whats going on?

Chase looks at Kaycee.

INT. VANCE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Vance sits in bed, wearing a lavish robe, playing a silly game on a tablet. Walker is ringing through for a video chat.

Vance smirks annoyed and answers the chat request. The connection is choppy.

WALKER

You used me?

Vance frowns and minimizes the window to the corner still in view while he continues his game.

VANCE

General? How good to hear from you.
You sound displeased?

WALKER

What are you not telling me?!

VANCE

(preoccupied)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VANCE (cont'd)

General, I can assure you that I have no idea what you are referring to.

WALKER

You wanted this, that's why you 'slipped' me that file. Like you were doing ME some sort of favor.

VANCE

Oh yes, there is that.

A pause. Walker is taken aback that it was so easy for him to confess.

WALKER

Just like that? Do you even have a conscience? What are you keeping from me Vance?!

VANCE

I have nothing to confess, let me ask you something Wayne --

Walker is infuriated.

WALKER

This isn't over!

VANCE

No Wayne, it is over. All the pieces are set into motion. Just think about it, you steal my companies experimental vehicle to use in an unauthorized rescue attempt on your estranged god daughter. You are to blame if she is killed and then my most ruthless political adversary is now dead. If she survives, with the use of MY equipment, then her voice, the loudest opposition to my continued military contracts is silenced. That, General, is my winning proposition.

INT. C-130

Walker takes his fist and mashes the screen causing it to splinter around Vance face.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - DAY

Chase watches the desert nervously as Kaycee, now standing on the hood, kneels reaching into the water and washes some more of the grime of her imprisonment off her arms, face, and hands. She is clearly agitated.

KAYCEE

I cant believe this. This is the best they can do? I mean I get captured and roughed around and then get picked up by you and roughed around and then --

Chase grabs Kaycee and pulls her back up top.

KAYCEE

Wha! I didn't mean...

CHASE

We got company.

Kaycee scans the horizon, which appears empty.

KAYCEE

What, I don't see anything.

CHASE

(pointing)

See that cloud of dust. That's somebody following us.

They climb back into the vehicle the VARMINT accelerates quickly as the wheels turn to paddles and ride the surface of the water pulling away.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - DAWN

Off in the distance are several billows of black smoke.

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - DAWN

KAYCEE

Is that smoke?

Chase makes adjustments to the monitor to zoom in.

CHASE

A civilian village. It's taken some cross-fire.

KAYCEE

We should see if anyone needs help.

CHASE

Ah, no.

KAYCEE

Ah, yes.

CHASE

As educated as you play yourself out to be your going to have to trust me on this one.

Kaycee is taken aback, then plays along.

KAYCEE

So educate me then with your infinite wisdom.

CHASE

These people... they hold true to traditions that have lasted thousands of years. Tell me, what makes us so arrogant that we are going to just swoop in with western culture and convert them.

Kaycee ponders this for a moment.

KAYCEE

If there's population, there's communication.

CHASE

Exactly, too much exposure. We don't know if they are hostile or friendly. Messages can go both ways. Just check the map and see if there's a way around.

Not getting her way she tries a different angle.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

Pull over.

CHASE

Are you serious? How can you even think of helping after what they did to you?

KAYCEE

They didn't do anything to me. These are just people trying to get by in a world crumbling around them. Now, pull over.

Chase sneers, shakes his head no, not convinced and continues on route.

KAYCEE

Technically, I am your boss.

CHASE

Not going to work, I'm not in the military anymore - and you're gonna get us killed.

KAYCEE

You may have left the military, but the military never leaves you. Am I wrong?

Chase ignores her request.

KAYCEE

Fine.

Kaycee opens the hatch while they are moving.

CHASE

Woah! What the...

Chase grabs her by the back of the skirt and pulls her back inside. Kaycee is slung back inside giving him a menacing look.

CHASE

What is wrong with you. Alright, just stay inside until I say its safe. Jesus your stubborn!

KAYCEE

You have no idea.

Chase grits his teeth and pulls a hard left, heading towards the encampment.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The VARMINT pulls up and TRIBESMEN approach cautiously. Kaycee eagerly jumps out of the VARMINT. Chase exits cautiously annoyed as Kaycee approaches the Tribesmen who start SHOUTING in Arabic, pointing to the damage and wounded laying in a row under a makeshift tent by a well.

Chase moves close behind Kaycee. He whispers in her ear.

CHASE

This is a bad idea. We better high-tail it.

KAYCEE

No, wait - pull out the supplies - we don't need them.

Chase tucks his sidearm in the rear of her skirt and starts to retreat to the VARMINT. Kaycee pulls the gun out of the small of her back, holding it as if diseased and hidden from view of the villagers.

KAYCEE

(Whisper)

What am I supposed to do with this?

Chase closely watches the growing crowd.

CHASE

Point it at any bad guys and apply as needed.

KAYCEE

But I'm on the gun control committee.

CHASE

And I'm on the not getting shot or captured committee.

Kaycee drops the sidearm hitting the desert floor. Chase holds up his hands to signal calm and patience as he opens the side door of the VARMINT and reaches into the jump seat area for supplies. Chase sees the KSG and reaches in touching it. He has a change of plan and turns to see a villager curiously watching him. He shields the view of the shotgun and closes the hatch.

Kaycee makes her way to the tent, where the tribal women tend to the wounded. Chase, still annoyed, bends over surreptitiously picking up his pistol, shakes the sand out of it and holsters it.

(CONTINUED)

LATER

Chase disrobed of the top of his compression suit, hands out medical and food supplies. He looks over at Kaycee.

She listens patiently to the women, giving understanding nods and occasional replies in Arabic.

LATER

Chase pours water over his face and body. Kaycee walks up to him with a smile and several laughing children at her heel.

CHASE

Look it's Florence Nightingale.

KAYCEE

Reminds me of when I was in the Peace Corps.

CHASE

You... Peace Corps?

KAYCEE

Surprised? Not all politicians are fake and superficial, you know.

CHASE

Maybe you really are Florence Nightingale. You want the good news or bad?

KAYCEE

Hrmph.. Always lead with the bad.

CHASE

The village has no power, no communication, zip.

KAYCEE

Good?

CHASE

One of the men showed me a shortcut through an old diamond mine about 4 miles north. We just need to get the message to Walker.

Chase dashes toward the center of town and stops.

KAYCEE

And how do you propose we do that?

(CONTINUED)

Chase eyes billowing black smoke coming from the center of the small village.

CHASE
I got a plan.

EXT. VILLAGE - EVENING

In the middle of the village is a disabled tank that still smolders from the recent incident. Chase climbs on top and pulls on the lid that won't budge.

KAYCEE
So what's your big plan?

CHASE
(struggling)
Since the speed option is off the table and half of our capabilities are fried, we're going to have to improvise.

Chase pops the tank lid open and is thrown back. The inside stinks of rotting and burnt flesh. Chase jumps inside. Kaycee follows up to the edge of the hole and stops once she hits the smell and slowly covers her nose and mouth.

CHASE
Oh god! Just... stay up there, if I can get the radio working, we can get that message to Walker. Then we might just stand a chance.

INT. C-130

Walker slams Kettering against the wall.

MITCH
Hey, take it easy on him General!

WALKER
It was you!

KETTERING
No.. I didn't know.

Walker shoves him harder into the wall.

KETTERING
Look, all I know is that I reported the flaw to him. It is his
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KETTERING (cont'd)
equipment, then we went dark.
Believe me or not, all I want is
this project to succeed I could
give two shits about Vance agenda.

Walker releases him.

WALKER
I hope I can believe you.

KETTERING
You can trust me but when we get
the VARMINT back its not safe.

WALKER
What do you suggest?

Kettering looks at Mitch.

MITCH
We can set an interrupt to retard
the division process and
hopefully... Hopefully it holds
until we can get it out to the
ocean and dump it.

WALKER
Easy enough. Done.

Walker makes his way to the cockpit.

KETTERING
General. That means one of us needs
to remain inside, with the
interrupt device.

WALKER
What do you mean?

KETTERING
We cant risk it going off
prematurely. Someone has to go with
it.

EXT. VILLAGE - EVENING

Kaycee sits under a cloth lean-to, heating survival rations
in a pot of water on a solar cooker. Chase exits the
VARMINT.

Kaycee motions for Chase to join her under the lean-to. She
smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

Hows it going?

CHASE

Should be.. never mind, I can get it working.

KAYCEE

Hungry? I made dinner. First time I've cooked in years.

Chase sits down and takes the offered plate. He puts a bite in his mouth and grimaces.

CHASE

Wow, I never would have guessed.

Kaycee laughs and slaps him gently on the arm.

CHASE

Its bad, but I'm hungry.

Chase garbles the food down.

KAYCEE

So, tell me about you.

CHASE

There isn't much to tell.

KAYCEE

Humor me.

CHASE

We really should get moving.

Chase shakes his head, stands up and moves toward some equipment, he would rather avoid this conversation, keeping busy while he speaks.

CHASE

I got recruited to test drive that piece of shit, a medical discharge after the explosion, bore witness to my wife and daughter murdered from twenty feet away and started drinking.

Chase pours some water out of a canteen, drinks, offers some to Kaycee.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

After the Air Force I hit the circuit. Kept my mind at bay.

KAYCEE

You were in Walkers unit?

CHASE

I wanted to be a pilot, but they wouldn't let me. Disqualified because of four inch scar from an appendectomy as a kid. I probably could have handled it but it would have looked bad if I had died in flight because of a medical condition, and they didn't want to take the risk. Yeah so I suppose I was pushed into Walker's CCT unit since I already signed on the dotted line.

Chase pauses and shakes his head with a little laugh.

CHASE

There was some news of me getting canned on the circuit after some legal issues and they needed somebody to test this vehicle.

Chase pauses.

CHASE

Then threats of war, a stolen contraption and a kidnapped Congresswoman and now I believe were up to speed.

KAYCEE

Why would Walker risk it?

CHASE

Not sure. Sometimes... Walker had this saying, sometimes doing the wrong thing is the right thing to do; and to be honest, I know he can be an ass but I'd follow that man into anything.

Kaycee studies his face with a new appreciation.

KAYCEE

I can see what Walker saw in you.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Yeah, well, I gotta go screw with that radio some more, then we move.

INT. C130 - DAY

MITCH

General - Chase is breaking comm blackout! He's using the faction's frequency.

INT. FORTRESS COMM - DAY

At the same time, A Faction Soldier is listening to the head set and begins taking notes.

INT. C130 - DAY

General Walker grabs the headset from Mitch.

WALKER

The signal is garbled. Clean it up and play it back.

Mitch plays back the signal several times and adjust settings to help clear it up.

General Walker strains to hear. A series of tones are heard that is not typical Morse code language but a coded message. Walker uses the numbers and locates his position. Walker's finger slides across the map.

WALKER

Outside Al Birkah...

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

Kaycee lifts her head off a cot and looks around, Chase is gone. She is momentarily seized by panic, but she hears him complaining outside and children mocking him and laughing. Kaycee sticks her head out of the lean-to.

Chase is working the radio that is smoldering. He pulls the unit out and smells it.

KAYCEE

That's not good.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Nope radios done, I got a message out, hopefully they get it. At least the wheels still turn but with no navigation, we're driving blind.

Kaycee holds up a map and compass from the survival pack.

KAYCEE

Hello... remember?

CHASE

Yeah, well, it's hard to read a map dodging incoming fire.

KAYCEE

How about I navigate and you drive?

CHASE

Gonna have to do.

Chase stands and points to the coordinates that he relayed.

CHASE

This is our destination. At high noon we need to be --

Chase notices some movement on the hill. He snatches a pair of binoculars one of the children is toying with and scrambles up an embankment scanning the hills.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT/PLATEAU - DAY

Said stands on top of an armored vehicle looking into the village below through binoculars. He looks again then sees a twinkling.

Chase and Said are locked in a stare at each other.

SAID

Search the village!

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

Chase jumps down, suddenly serious. He runs over to Kaycee and grabs her arm forcefully.

CHASE

Tell the villagers to get inside. We need to move. Now!

(CONTINUED)

Chase grabs a bag and tosses it at her as he picks things up.

KAYCEE
What's going on?

CHASE
There are on to us.

Kaycee has a hurried conversation in Arabic with one of the children, and they run back to the village.

Said is accompanied by a large battalion of armored vehicles and soldiers. A scout group is already at the entrance of the village, consisting of a small truckload of soldiers who exit and take foot by two's scouring the village.

Chase spies various other vehicles on the way in and grabs Houston by the arm shuffling her toward the VARMINT. Chase pushes her through the driver side door over to the passenger side and they both quickly strap in.

The air compression raps around their bodies conforming to the seat belt. Chase turns the vehicle to whisper mode. Lights out, a simple low whine is heard in the interior, a light comes on illuminating the car in red. The outside air flaps close. Chase dumps the car in reverse and slides back toward an alley way to hide.

The HOU (Hovering Observation Unit), lift from the shell, locating movement panning around to get a 360 degree view. The view comes up as small PIP windows on the windshield in colored infrared.

Chase observes two soldiers walking up the road toward the alley. He stops his slow crawl and cloaks the vehicle out. The two soldiers approach the intersection, one of the soldiers looks right at the vehicle, Kaycee gasp, and passes by.

Chase silently pulls the vehicle out toward the next alley. They sit as another group passes by. After they pass he watches them on monitor 2 walking up a ways and slowly creeps out.

Chase maneuvers the vehicle stopping to use the cloaking mechanism while parked to evade detection. The suspenseful cat and mouse game continues through alley ways until they eventually exit.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - DAY

The VARMINT plows into a tunnel the village spoke of through a large mountain. Chase points to the hidden tunnel entrance. They drive through the long tunnel. Chase has a hard time seeing with night vision and changes the to particle view. He then stops just in time before falling into a deep underground river. The upper levels have collapsed.

CHASE

You gotta be shitting me!

KAYCEE

We can't get through?

Chase exits the vehicle, Kaycee follows. Light streams through to an exit distant on the other side of the mountain where train tracks exit out and then down into the depth below.

Looking down a monster sink hole had formed inside the mine inline with the train tracks.

CHASE

This baby's deep. Listen.

KAYCEE

Sounds like static.

CHASE

Its running water. Dammit, so close. Were gonna have to back track and find another way around.

Chase looks to the other side and sighs.

They retreat back.

INT. VARMINT (MOVING) - MORNING

As the VARMINT exits the cave an explosion rocks the outside of the vehicle. A Mig-29 flies over them. The pilot reports the location to other units and preforms a hard vertical. Pilot comments that he is low on armament.

CHASE

What the --

Chase immediately pulls the vehicle toward a canyon dodging gun fire. His head jockeys for position keeping the MIG located.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Give it up already!

-- They sit hiding between the canyon beds. The MIG fires its last rockets toward the canyon walls. Chase dumps the vehicle in gear and manages to barely escape the rock debris caving in.

-- The MIG turns hard, coming back at them. Heading toward a large grade, Chase deploys the guns. They cant move but he J-Turns the vehicle so they are driving backwards, again the vehicle's wheels and steering reverse and the display mirrored to the illusion that he is driving forward.

-- The MIG is flying very low to line up its guns. The VARMINT gains incredible speed flying up a large hill airborne through the air, he waits until the guns are level with the MIG. Chase fires peppering the MIG. The MIG explodes just prior to colliding the VARMINT. Debris and fire engulf the VARMINT.

-- The VARMINT lands on the ground traveling backwards with a large metal piece from the MIG lodged into vent. They cannot slow down or stop with the vents forced open and are still traveling over 200 mph. As he tries to slow the open vents force the vehicle to overheat.

CHASE

We got problems.

KAYCEE

What do you mean?

Chase pulls the wheel in an angle to make the vehicle create a large circular pattern.

Chase grabs Kaycee's hand and puts it on the wheel.

CHASE

Hold!

Chase climbs out onto the exterior of the vehicle.

KAYCEE

Where are you going?

CHASE

(pointedly)

Do not move.

Chase daringly climbs over the top. Reaching the back he holds the wing and begins kicking at the debris. His foot slips almost falling off. Chase frantically kicks lodging the piece loose.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Brake!

Kaycee nervously puts her foot on the brake causing the VARMINT to skid. When it stops it flings Chase off to the dirt softly.

Kaycee pops her head out.

KAYCEE

Are you okay?

Chase dust himself off.

CHASE

No... (sigh) physically.

Chase looks up and through Kaycee. He sees a dust trail of Faction vehicles coming right for them.

CHASE

This is getting old!

He runs into the VARMINT.

INT. VARMINT - DAY

CHASE

Keep your fingers crossed.

Chase puts the vehicle in stealth mode. The indicator flashes with a warning. Chase puts his vehicle over the button to discharge it then changes his mind.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - DAY

The vehicle moves back slowly and clips out in adaptive camouflage mode.

KAYCEE

(nervously)

What?

Chase checks the monitors.

As if it does any good, Chase motions for her to be quiet. They sit silent as vehicles pass, until the rear monitor shows a tank on a collision course. Chase punches the throttle weaving in and out of tanks and fire using both front and back wheels to turn in and out of tight spots.

(CONTINUED)

Said who is in the lead looks back at the commotion and instead of taking chances orders them to fire in the area, hitting their own vehicles. When the shell hits, a large explosion engulfs, whipping around a fireball until the VARMINT exits engulfed in flames. Inside Kaycee and Chase ears are bleeding from the percussion.

-- The canons take aim as he pushes the VARMINT to its limit and boost the vehicle. It hits incredible speed knocking both of them back into the seats.

-- VARMINT eludes armored vehicles and back into the desert mountains. The Faction follows.

INT. VARMINT - DAY

The VARMINT slides to a stop at the top of a ravine stretching across their paths. Chase eyes a rise and quickly calculates a speed of over 300 mph will be needed to jump the ravine with the distance to the other side and his takeoff angle.

CHASE

Hold on.

Kaycee and Chase share a glance.

Chase dumps the vehicle in reverse and heads toward the onslaught faction bearing down on their position. The rear monitors change until he J-Turns seamlessly. Chase hands her the teddy bear to Kaycee.

CHASE

Bite down on this as hard as you can!

Like a pilot in a full G turn - Chase pumps his jaw hard to push blood up into his brain. His lower compression suit restricts the blood in his legs as he boosts toward the grade, G-Force pushes the blood toward the top of head.

Kaycee tries to maintain but untrained passes out. Shells explode around them. Chase face beat red, his eyes bulging, he nearly passes out just before hitting the grade. A shell fired by a faction tank gets a lucky strike underneath of the vault point sending them end over end.

-- VARMINT jumps the ravine end over end and lands hard tossing violently until coming to rest on its side.

(CONTINUED)

-- Kaycee knocked unconscious from the pressure and impact. Chase pops the hatch door, climbs over Kaycee and falls hard to the ground. Choking and gagging, he throws up and gets up to quickly assess the damage to the VARMINT, which now lays up on its side.

-- Armored vehicles set up on the far side of the ravine, close enough to pose a threat to the airstrip where the C-130 is prepping to land. The side of the plane gets riddled with small rounds as it makes its turn to land.

-- Chase sees them setting to take aim at him. He rocks the VARMINT back and forth to get it back on its wheels. Houston wakes from her unconscious state and unbuckles falling into the drive area grabbing the wheel throttling the tire claws as the vehicle begins to turn over. The tires graze by Chase stomach enough to dig causing an evisceration.

INT. VARMINT - DAY

The volatility gauge flashes rapidly.

EXT. LIBYAN DESERT - DAY

Said stands on an armored vehicle looking across the ravine though binoculars seeing the dust from impact.

SAID

(Arabic, subtitled)

Everything on the dust whirl!

Chase is severely lacerated his innards begin to extrude from his body from the deep cut across his stomach. Houston exits the car, rushing to his side. She tumbles to her knees next to a screaming Chase, her hand trembles across his face.

Overhead General Walker and the C-130 pass overhead landing a few thousand feet away. Houston grabs Chase under the arm struggling to limp him to the VARMINT.

CHASE (V.O.)

It's easy to see the connections.
How each chance encounter, each
turn in the road, as random as they
are, seem to weave themselves
together perfectly.

Kaycee places Chase into the passenger side of the VARMINT and drives it like a learning teenager toward the C-130. She drives up the ramp, crashing into several things and stops

(CONTINUED)

inside. Houston exits the vehicle, then helps Chase out sitting him down. Walker is looking back as she approaches the cockpit.

WALKER

What happened? Where's Travers?

KAYCEE

He's hurt!

Walker rushes to Chase. He looks at his wound, tears his sleeve off and pushes it down on the wound.

WALKER

Keep pressure on it.

The General looks out back of the cargo bay and sees a large group of vehicle's approaching. Kettering is nervously fumbling and finally unstraps from the co-pilot seat and rushes toward the VARMINT.

Walker snaps the rear gate and runs back to the cockpit, shoves throttle forward, turning the plane around for its departure, then stops the throttle looking forward in horror.

Houston is thrown back as she tries to tend to Chase. Chase catches her arm. She regains her stance and begins working him trying to stabilize his wound. The Faction is coming closer. Mortar shells hit in the vicinity.

WALKER

I need someone up here now!

General Walker hits the throttle forward again. The momentum throws Kaycee back again.

Kettering sits in the passenger seat of the VARMINT trying to diagnose. He notices that the core is continuing to divide without any input.

KETTERING

Mitch! We need that interrupt in there!

Mitch runs toward Kettering with the interrupt device that looks like a battery charger on steroids. Kettering exits the VARMINT toward an equipment cabinet standing next to the plane wall as a mortar strikes close to the plane blasting a hole in the wall killing Kettering and sending Mitch flying back unconscious. Chase and Kaycee's heads turn from the blast shielded by the VARMINT from the other side.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Now Dammit! I need someone!

CHASE

Go! Just go.

Houston hesitantly leaves his side, runs to the cockpit and jumps in the co-pilot seat, straps in and grabs the control. She looks out the window as the Faction is closing in on them.

KAYCEE

Oh God!

The large explosion has taken out the right side jet assist motor. General Walker shuts the engine down to cut the flames. The plane winds to a stop.

WALKER

They are closing the gap fast! We can't lift off this close without the jet assist!

Chase, holding his stomach, slides with all his strength up to Mitch. Mitch is injured and shakes his head in defeat holding up the damaged device.

WALKER

Alright, when I tell you to pull, you need to pull hard.

Houston nods rapidly, Walker throws the throttle forward.

ANGLE ON CHASE

KAYCEE (V.O.)

As complex as things can be, for a moment, just a moment. I was given that glimpse. Like being in a dream and in that dream you have everything figured out only to wake up confused at what it was you had thought so clearly.

The plane moves in the direction of the Faction that is bearing down on them. With only one engine they cannot get up to speed to take off.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRSTRIP MOUNTAIN- DAY

The rear cargo bay door opens and the VARMINT rolls out in reverse. MITCH stands in the cargo bay hold watching the VARMINT spin around. MITCH hits the cargo bay door button.

WALKER
(to himself)
We can't make this.

An alarm chimes. Looking down it is the rear cargo bay door open. The C-130 continues on.

The VARMINT suddenly dashes around picking up speed toward the C-130 and nuzzles up to rear. Inside Mitch falls from the impact. Chase has to extend the tires to get the nose in the right position to push it to takeoff speed.

The VARMINT is not tall enough to nose in. Chase hits the boost and the CLAWS. The CLAWS extend digging into the ground lifting it and begin to deteriorate from the pressure and weight. Pieces fly all over.

The VARMINT spins off from the C-130, it attained enough speed as it lifts just over the incoming battalion vehicles. Chase spins out in the middle of a group of battalion vehicles.

The C-130's landing gear strikes a tank and breaks off. Everything comes to a pause as the dust whirls around the ground vehicles. All sit watching the plane slowly gain lift.

While the Faction is occupied with the fly over. Chase limps the VARMINT away. Said takes notice. He pounds the hood of the pickup.

SAID
Turn around! Turn around, go go!

Weaving back and forth FIRING the machine gun, pelting the VARMINT piercing holes through its armor. The tires begin to completely tear away, one last ditch effort Chase steers toward the train tracks leading into the mine. Before Said can demolish the VARMINT its wheels disintegrate, the VARMINT bounces on the surface then attaches itself magnetically to the old tracks.

With immense speed, the VARMINT heads for the front entrance to the mine.

(CONTINUED)

From inside light can be seen emitting in where the rounds have penetrated. The VARMINT loses the tracks on and off crashing and banging into the side of the walls as it descends down the mine splashing into a underground river.

Sinking to the bottom filling up with water through the puncture holes. Chase struggles on the inside trying to keep his head above water as water floods the inside. There is no escape, he succumbs, his head goes underwater watching the warning meter at going ballistic. He mashes the discharge button, which does nothing continually pounded on it. He accepts his fate and sits in the shell as it sinks into a dark void.

KAYCEE (V.O.)

Cherish that moment. That moment
that defines you.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRSTRIP MOUNTAIN- DAY

Said continues to fire into the tunnel until he runs dry of ammo. He pounds the vehicle with his fist and turns to see the plane escaping. He turns the 20mm lining up a shot on the C-130.

He quickly orders a soldier to load it who hesitates and fumbles with the belt. Said pushes him out of the way and loads the gun himself.

Turns the barrel to the sky lining up his shot.

A muted EXPLOSION is heard from deep inside the mine

SUDDENLY - the ground starts to shake.

Faction soldiers scatter as the ground shake becomes more violent and the mountain begins to sink. The destruction becomes unearthing and swallows the soldiers around them.

The C-130 flies off into the distance past the village. Kaycee fixated with her eyes out the window and hands over her mouth in horror.

Kaycee looks about the cabin of the C-130. She notices Walker and his persistent demeanor as the planes shaking from the blast comes to ease. She puts her hand over his shaking hand on the throttle. Walker lets out a deep breath of relief.

The C-130 flies through the sky.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE (V.O)

An FEC audit of Senator James' campaign contributions picked up several irregularities which traced back to Vance Rothfeld and Molecular Black. The VARMINT program was shut down after an inquiry. Molecular Black was found to have stolen several patents through the use of Senator James and had been awarded erroneous contracts.

I bore witness to Chase sacrifice. He could have refused. It was a decision no doubt made by his conviction, he gave his life not only to save me but I believe more so he did it for the people in that village.

That moment... I realized that sacrifice has been made countless times, by countless men and women. Even by my captor who chose to let me go and face his demise from his own people because of his conviction. So it is what we stand for...

Our world is amazing but not without cruelty, understanding sacrifice for others is an element... that makes our humanity worth fighting for...

END.

OMIT SCENE ---

Under this final speech James' office and the Molecular Black facility are raided by authorities.

Walker, Mitch and Kaycee stands in at Chase and Alejandro's funeral. Her face presides with pain as a ranking AF member presents Inez with a flag of her father, the girl has no hair and is sickly looking and alone.

KAYCEE (V.O)

Kaycee approaches Inez who is seated Indian style of the ground crying, she looks up at her with confusion in her young mind. Kaycee kneels down and takes Inez by the hand.

(CONTINUED)

KAYCEE

It's going to be okay sweetie.

She stands and walks away, holding Inez by the hand.

KAYCEE (V.O)

...and a better world for those of
us that stand up to make a
difference.

END.