

FOR GOD & COUNTRY

“Pilot”

Written by:

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TEASER

EXT. A FERTILE VALLEY - DAY

Across a vast sea of waist high grass, we hear the distant sounds of an APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

A wall-sized screen shows a live feed from a Reaper drone circling the valley at 20,000 ft. A geotag tells us we're looking down at the: *Kandahar River Basin, Afghanistan.*

We're zoomed in on a small farm. Only there are no animals on this farm. Or farmers. Just six men with AK-47s.

ANGLE ON - NOAH MORGENTHAU (34) as he tracks those men, now highlighted by red triangles.

NOAH (MIC)

We have eyes on all six tangos. No joy on the bomb maker. He must still be inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL FARM - CONTINUED

Those six men, now identifiable as TALIBAN FIGHTERS, are all FIXATED on the growing shape of a U.S. Army Blackhawk.

Their leader barks an order. His men spring to life. Two quickly pull the tarp off of a .50 Cal machine gun nest. The others load an RPG.

Soon, all six are ready to engage the oncoming helicopter. Smiles creep across their faces as they anticipate the triumph to come...

...Suddenly, a TEAM OF FIVE CAMOUFLAGED FIGURES pops up from the tall grass and shoots all six Taliban dead.

Job done, two of the team quickly disappear INTO THE BARN while their three teammates secure a perimeter.

Moments later, the pair who went into the barn come out, now dragging a flexicuffed TALIBAN BOMB MAKER through the dirt.

The team leader, MICHAEL DALTON (37), looks at the Bomb Maker as the helicopter kicks up dust, flaring to land.

DALTON

It doesn't matter where you hide.
If you hurt us, we will find you.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: **"FOR GOD AND COUNTRY"**

CUT TO:

EXT. A GREEN HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

Sunrise. Dew on green grass. The sign reads: *"Arlington National Cemetery. Our nation's most sacred ground."*

SUPER: **In January, ISA-Special Operations Group Unit 7 began its nine month deployment.**

This morning, a green awning is being set-up at a grave site.

SUPER: **During that time, they completed 23 missions**

Green felt is laid out around what will be the grave. Placed by uniformed soldiers with the most reverent care.

SUPER: **And suffered one casualty.**

As seen from a distance, friends and family have gathered around a coffin that's covered with a US flag. An honor guard of seven rifleman aims their rifles skyward. The fire once... Twice... Three times. Then there is silence.

SUPER: **This is the story of that year.**

CUT TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - SYRIA - DAY

Amidst a sprawl of humanity, there are three MEDICAL TENTS identified as part of an international aid organization.

SUPER: **U.N. refugee camp, north of Damascus, Syria.**SUPER: **Mission #1**

INT. SURGICAL TENT - DAY

DR. KIMBERLY WELLS, 29, American, is performing cataract surgery. It doesn't matter that her patient probably doesn't understand English, soothing words are still soothing words.

KIMBERLY WELLS

Almost done. Tomorrow, I'll see you in the recovery tent, and the best part is, you'll see me too.

Finished, Kimberly drops her surgical instruments into a stainless steel basin which is taken off for sterilizing, as this patient is wheeled away and a NEW PATIENT is wheeled into place. Kimberly unwraps a fresh set of instruments.

KIMBERLY WELLS

Hi. I'm Dr. Wells. I know this might seem scary. But the whole thing only takes ten minutes and I'm going to take good care of you.

INT. RECOVERY TENT - A SERIES OF SHOTS - LATER

Kimberly, done with surgeries for the day, watches a nurse remove the bandages from a 65 year-old Syrian woman's eyes. The Syrian woman blinks. A huge smile blooms on her face.

The bandages come off a Kurdish father, and he begins to laugh as he sees his adult son for the first time in years.

The bandages come off a 9 year-old girl, and her shrieks of joy tell the whole tent what it's like to see after years of darkness. She hurls herself into Kimberly's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. 1990S TOYOTA LAND CRUISER - DRIVING - NIGHT

Exhausted but exhilarated, Kimberly sits in the back seat, talking on her cell phone to her husband Josh...

KIMBERLY WELLS (PHONE)

Today, I had a man who saw his wife for the first time in twenty years. He cried so hard, I started to cry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MODEST HOME - MARYLAND

JOSH WELLS, savoring the call, still can't help but joke--

JOSH WELLS (PHONE)

Are you sure his were happy tears?

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

KIMBERLY WELLS (PHONE)

Ha ha. Seriously, this whole experience is amazing. Thank you for being so understanding.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MODEST HOME

A wry smile creeps across Josh's face.

JOSH WELLS (PHONE)

I'm not *that* understanding. In fact, I'm making a list of ways you're going to make it up to me when you get back.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Kimberly grins.

KIMBERLY WELLS (PHONE)

Really? What's on this list?

JOSH WELLS (PHONE)

What's *not* on the list.

Kimberly laughs. So much so that she almost doesn't notice--

KIMBERLY WELLS

(to her driver)

--Wait. Wasn't that our turn?

Her DRIVER glances up at her in the rearview mirror, but doesn't say anything. We hear Josh - *Everything okay?*

KIMBERLY WELLS (PHONE)

Yeah, I'm just not sure where we are.

Her voice trails off as now her driver pulls over and stops. Without a word, he gets out and walks off into the night.

Shit.

Kimberly drops the phone and races to climb forward into the driver's seat. *Honey, what's going on?* She gets there only to find the keys are gone. SLAM! She's rammed from behind. Her forehead smashes into the windshield. *Kim...?*

Snapping to, Kimberly sees ARMED MEN pouring out of a vehicle in front of her. She locks the doors as the men surround her. They climb on the hood, on the roof. *KIM?!*

She screams as the windows are broken. Then the doors are yanked opened and Kimberly Wells is ripped out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S BEDROOM - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

It's 3 AM. Outside the bedroom window, a rolling green lawn leads to distant trees. In here, a phone RINGS off-screen. PATRICIA CAMPBELL, 45, wakes with practiced ease.

PATRICIA

It's the work phone.

INT. NOAH MORGENTHAU'S BEDROOM - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

A cell phone RINGS in a small apartment. NOAH MORGENTHAU (who we met in the opening) rolls left to his dresser. His girlfriend rolls right to hers. Whose phone is it?

NOAH

Mine.

INT. HANNAH ARCHER'S BEDROOM - DOWNTOWN DC - NIGHT

Unopened moving boxes dot the room. HANNAH ARCHER, 27, lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. When her phone RINGS, she sits up, and we see that her back is marred by a horrifying zigzagging knife-scar that runs from her neck to her waist.

EXT. / INT. PATRICIA'S CAMPBELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Patricia opens the door to see the BLACK SUBURBAN waiting for her. Her military escort holding it's back door open.

A BOY'S VOICE (FROM BEHIND)

Mom?

Patricia spins. Her 7 year-old son is standing there in superhero pajamas. Patricia bends down to him.

PATRICIA

Did I wake you sweetie?

JONAH CAMPBELL

You going to fight the bad guys?

PATRICIA

Yeah. I am.

JONAH CAMPBELL

Don't they ever sleep?

Patricia laughs. *From the mouths of babes.*

PATRICIA

No. That's why they're bad guys.
And why you -- are going back to
bed, right?

He nods and yawns as she kisses his forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (DIA) - NIGHT

A sleek building made of black glass and stainless steel.

SUPER: **Defense Intelligence Agency, Washington D.C.**

Noah, in his beat-up Ford Explorer, and Hannah, in her rental car, pull in at the same time. He gets out of his car and looks like a grad student TA with unruly hair. She gets out of hers and looks like a DA in a pressed business suit.

NOAH

Hannah. Do you live close by?

HANNAH

Renting downtown. Why?

NOAH

Because I live 10 minutes away and look like this and you live 20 minutes away and look like that.

HANNAH

I have a go bag.

NOAH

A go bag?

HANNAH

It's tradecraft--

NOAH

I know what a go bag is, I just didn't know they came with magic appearance kits. Besides, you're an analyst now, you don't need a go bag, you need comfortable clothes and good coffee machines.

The BLACK SUBURBAN pulls up. Patricia, who is their boss and the Deputy Director of the Agency, gets out of the back.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS WING - CORRIDOR - WALKING

The three of them have no time to waste.

PATRICIA

Noah, who took her?

NOAH

In that region, you're looking at at least a dozen clans who've engaged in kidnapping foreigners.

PATRICIA

You can't narrow that down? What did the husband say about the call?

HANNAH

Normal, until the end, when his wife realized something was off.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Her driver was a last minute sub,
we're trying to get an ID on him.

They PASS a glass-walled conference room where TV MONITORS show muted feeds from MSNBC, AL-JAZEERA, and the BBC. The BBC has a banner: "American Aide worker kidnapped in Syria."

PATRICIA

What else do we have?

Their SILENCE tells Patricia that the answer is -- nothing.

PATRICIA

Christ, the BBC has as much as we do,
maybe I should call them in.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

This is the space we saw in the opening; a high-tech hub for all the intelligence collected by the Armed Forces. 'OPS' is manned by shifts of 10 TECHNICIANS AND STAFF, half-military, half-civilian. All of them look up when the boss enters...

PATRICIA

The President wants to send a message that no attack on an American citizen will be tolerated. It's up to us to deliver that message for him.

(lets that sink in)

Until we get a team on the ground, our best bet is to work the ransom call when it comes in. Noah, Kimberly Wells. We may not know who has her, but we can still make them think they've grabbed a Rockefeller. Hannah, we need the name of that driver.

As Patricia turns for her office, Hannah looks at Noah.

HANNAH

Syria... That will be team 7 out of Incirlik?

NOAH

(nods)

Michael Dalton's team.

Hannah's expression betrays excitement.

NOAH

I take it you've heard of him.

HANNAH

I petitioned to be posted with him
three years in a row before I...

Noah nods, knows her past.

INT. DIA - DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Patricia sits at her desk. Her eyes drift to the wall. On it she has a framed drawing by her son Jonah and A PHOTO OF HER OLDER SON, STEVEN (21), WHO IS IN THE MARINES.

Underneath these picture is A SMALL PLAQUE with SEVEN STARS on it. Below each star is a DIFFERENT DATE. BUT NO NAME. They represent field personnel who've died working on missions Patricia assigned to them.

PATRICIA

(she picks up the phone)

I need ISA-Special Operations Group
unit 7. Commander Dalton.

CUT TO:

EXT. USAF BASE - TURKEY - DAY

Tucked among the maintenance hangars, is a one-story, secured, windowless building the size of a small soundstage.

DALTON (PRE-LAP)

(stern)

If you're not going to start
listening to me, we're going to
have a problem.

INT. ISA-SOG - FORWARD OPERATIONS BASE

SUPER: Special Operations Group. Incirlik, Turkey

In QUICK CUTS -- we see racks of rifles and racks of uniforms and clothing from around the world. There's an indoor shooting range and a green-screen space filled with movable flats (a Virtual Reality room). Night-vision goggles hang right alongside VR goggles.

DALTON (O.S.)

I can't have you ignoring orders.
Running around like you own the
place...

MICHAEL DALTON (we met before) looks disappointed.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Urinating wherever you feel like.

He's talking to a stray dog they've named PATTON. It seems Dalton, this legendary commander, has met his match.

DALTON (CONT'D)

You show up, follow me around, but you won't listen to me, is that it?
(beat, droll)
Maybe we should get married.

A *TONE* from off-screen. Dalton needs to get that.

DALTON

Patton -- stay.

Dalton walks off-screen. The dog... doesn't *stay*.

INT. ISA-SOG - COMMUNICATIONS ALCOVE - A LITTLE LATER

Patricia talks to Dalton - via secure video.

PATRICIA (ON-SCREEN)

I don't have to give you a primer on the politics of this one. You're going into a hostile nation in a state of civil war, so essentially behind enemy lines. And into a city where half the population will shoot you on sight if they figure out who you are. Anything you need, you have to bring. Any curve ball you get, you have to handle. There'll be no support on this one. No cavalry.

DALTON

(nods, gets it)
We are the cavalry.

He calmly enters a code on a keypad and presses ENTER.

EXT. GHETTO - OFF BASE - ADANA, TURKEY - DAY

A PAGER goes off in the middle of a soccer game being played by STREET KIDS and one 'big kid' named ANTHONY 'JUICE' CARTER (30s). Juice wheels to a stop and silences the page.

JUICE

Sorry guys. I'm out of here.

The street kids frown. One of them gives JUICE'S NEW SOCCER BALL back to the American. Juice doesn't take it.

JUICE

I'm gone. But the ball stays.

Off the Boys' smiles...

EXT. USAF BASE - OUTDOOR BOXING RING

JOSEPH J. MCGUIRE (36) is getting punched in the face. But he's dishing out more than he's getting. McGuire is enjoying a Mixed-Martial-Art sparing session when he HEARS his pager.

MCGUIRE
(raises his hands, annoyed)
Time.

He ducks out of the ring and snatches his pager off his chair, along with his t-shirt and a copy of Harry Potter.

INT. "ULU CAMI MOSQUE" - OFF BASE - ADANA, TURKEY

Amidst the hundreds of Muslims observing the late afternoon prayer, we find AMIR AL-RAISANI (27). His PAGER vibrates.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ISA-SOG - COMMUNICATIONS ALCOVE

Dalton is so focused on reading about Kimberly Wells that he's STARTLED when a pager goes off *right behind him*.

DALTON
Dammit, Jaz. You're like a ninja,
you know that?

JASMINE 'JAZ' ERVIN (28) the team's half-Pakastani, half-American sniper allows herself a thin smile.

JAZ
Yeah. And so should you by now.

Before Dalton can come up with a reply, a door opens and closes off-screen. McGuire enters, followed by Juice.

MCGUIRE
Where's Mosque boy?

Amir appears from behind them. If he heard or cares, you'd never know. His eyes fall on the image of Kimberly.

AMIR
Is she the Op?

DALTON
(nods)
This is a personnel recovery of Dr. Kimberly Wells. Kidnapped by some as yet unknown assholes while doing volunteer work in Damascus. Intel is thin, so expect this to get ugly, but the bottom line is we've
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

got people running around thinking
it's okay to take Americans
hostage, and we need to show them
how dearly wrong they are about
that.

INT. ISA-SOG - GEAR LOCKERS - CONTINUED

Each Operator takes equipment *unique* to their role. JUICE'S pack is devoted to cutting edge communications equipment. DALTON takes a mix of handguns, a rifle, and explosives. MCGUIRE has weapons and medical gear. JAZ and AMIR pack less firepower than their teammates(though Jaz takes her beloved sniper rifle) so they have room for Arabic clothing.

MCGUIRE

When are people gonna learn it's
pointless to try to help these
savages?

JAZ

She wasn't helping savages, she was
helping victims.

It's now we see the crucifix Juice wears at all times.

JUICE

God gives us two hands for a
reason, brother. One for ourselves
- and one to lift others.

McGuire reaches towards the rifle rack.

MCGUIRE

Yeah, well, I've got better uses
for mine.

CUT TO:

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - WASHINGTON

We're CLOSE on Kimberly's Facebook page - it's up on one of the large screens. A nice shot of her and Josh skiing in Vermont is PHOTOSHOPPED/TRANSFORMED into one of them skiing in Saint Moritz... Her list of INSTAGRAM followers suddenly increases to include CEOs and their wives... Kimberly and Josh's bank balances soar... Brokerage accounts appear... Her parents' simple farm in Ohio becomes a riverfront mansion... Josh goes from being a Professor at Georgetown to being a visiting Professor on loan from his hedge fund...

We MOVE through the digital reprogramming of their lives... Intercutting the changes with SHOTS OF NOAH, hovering over a team of Techs, directing their work.

It's amazing and cool and scary to see how wide their reach is. Finally, NOAH is satisfied. He catches HANNAH looking over from where her team is searching through CELL TOWER DATA.

NOAH

(explains to Hannah)

The richer the victim, the better they treat them and the longer they're willing to negotiate.

Hannah nods - a lesson learned. Patrica crosses to Noah.

PATRICIA

Do you have a script ready for the husband to read on the ransom call?

(off his nod)

Good. Because he's upstairs.

Noah walks off. We HOLD ON HANNAH to see what she's doing:

She's got a trail of CELL TOWER PINGS marked on a map in RED. These were from Kimberly Wells's phone. She's checking that trail against trails of cell tower pings from EVERY DRIVER connected to the charity. We see their picture, their cell number, and their phone's ping trail. She does them one-at-a-time. Looking for the driver whose trail matches Kimberly's.

BEGIN SEQUENCE:

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

Noah sits across from Josh Wells, who is a wreck. Noah is great with people, which is he why he's the one up here.

JOSH WELLS

It's the strangest thing. One minute I have to convince myself this is real. The next it hits me so hard I can't breathe.

Off Noah's understanding nod we CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - SYRIA

KIMBERLY. Blindfolded, nauseous, drenched in sweat. Having been kept on the move for hours.

JOSH WELLS (PRE-LAP)

I keep thinking about her...

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

Josh hangs on by a thread.

JOSH WELLS

I told her not to go. But I didn't insist. I should have insisted.

NOAH

My girlfriend is a doctor. ER attending. Helping is who they are. It's why we love them.

(beat)

Josh. This is not your fault.

Off Josh's pale expression we CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - SYRIA

Kimberly, who has been fighting her stomach. And losing.

KIMBERLY WELLS

I'm going to be sick.

She doesn't even know if anyone is listening to her.

KIMBERLY WELLS

Please. Really. I'm going to be sick. I swear...

She feels an ABRUPT DECELERATION. The car STOPS. The door OPENS and she's '*helped outside...*'

EXT. ROAD - SYRIA - CONTINUED

Tossed onto her knees, Kimberly throws up bile.

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

While 5,000 miles away, her husband hunches over, dry crying.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

HANNAH and her team of three Techs continue their methodical search for the trail of *pings* that will match Kimberly's.

NOAH (PRE-LAP)

We have the best people in the world on this.

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

These aren't just words to Noah. He truly believes them.

NOAH

I can't go into details, but they are brilliant and dedicated--

JOSH WELLS

--And if I'm lucky they'll get her back alive.

(off Noah's look)

Look, I know the odds. Don't worry about my feelings, just tell me what I need to do.

Off Noah's nods we CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD - SYRIA - CONTINUED

Kimberly, still on her knees, coughing. Her BLINDFOLD slips off her eyes. She looks up and sees horror:

THREE ARMED MILITANTS. Dressed in black clothes and military fatigues. Faces hidden under balaclavas.

Fear hits Kimberly so hard that she actually gags.

HANNAH (PRE-LAP)

Got him!

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Hannah's excitement is palpable. She turns to one of her Techs--

HANNAH

Put that up on the large screen.

A flurry of keystrokes and, on the large screen, we now see a green ping trail that overlaps Kimberly's red one. Patricia joins the group as they stare at a PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DRIVER--

HANNAH

Nassim Taub. He's the mystery driver.

PATRICIA

Where's he now?

Hannah runs the phone's IMEI to see where it currently is.

HANNAH

The phone's off.

(an idea)

But, if he made any calls around the time Wells was taken, we should be able to pinpoint where the abduction took place.

Hannah hits a few keys. Finds a qualifying call and...

HANNAH

There...

What once were large over-lapping circles of *ping radii* that covered the city, now shrink to a TARGET A FEW BLOCKS WIDE.

SUDDENLY, all the positive energy seems to drain from the room. Replaced by TENSION as Hannah looks at Patricia.

EXT. ROAD - SYRIA - CONTINUED

TIGHT ON KIMBERLY as the militants begin YELLING at her. The blindfold goes back on and she's dragged back into the car.

PATRICIA (PRE-LAP)

There's not going to be a ransom call.

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - MORNING

These are the words Noah hears as he holds the PHONE and looks over to where *Josh is now studying his script*.

PATRICIA (PHONE - CONT'D)

Wells was driven to the Al-Nusrah controlled part of the city. Al-Nusrah doesn't ransom Americans, they cut off their heads. Give the husband your best pep talk and then get back down here, because his wife's lifespan just shrunk from weeks to days.

Noah hangs up. And as he looks at Josh we--

END TEASER

ACT I

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia is addressing the room, but we favor Noah, who is still trying to shake the sick feeling in his stomach.

HANNAH

What did you tell her husband?

NOAH

That we had a solid lead.

HANNAH

Well that's true.

Noah looks at her. She really means it.

NOAH

Wow, you're good at compartmentalizing.

We pick up PATRICIA'S SPEECH to the group.

PATRICIA

We're all familiar with the Al-Nusrah Front's work including...

Photograph - what's left of the lobby of a hotel.

PATRICIA

The bombing in Istanbul...

Photograph - the remains of an outdoor market.

PATRICIA

And the coordinated attacks on the Fedura Market which killed 87 civilians including 14 children.

Photograph - a man. Arab. Charismatic. BAHKIR BAGHDADI.

PATRICIA

Two weeks ago, we dropped a JDAM on a meeting of ANF principals, killing their leader Bahkir Baghdadi. We think Wells was kidnapped in retaliation. We expect them to execute her, very publicly, sometime in the next 72 hours if custom holds.

(looks at the room)

Go through every e-mail, every text, every phone call to and from

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

all ANF's known associates. A pretty American whose head they're going to cut off? They have to be bragging about that to someone.

Orders given, most of the staff heads off to chase down leads. A handful remain to OVERSEE WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

PATRICIA

Noah, where's Dalton's team?

NOAH

In position around the driver's home.

Patricia looks up at the TACTICAL WALL. Among the SCREENS, we see a REAPER DRONE FEED of a residential neighborhood, with the PDT's (Personal Data Transponders) of all five of the Operators digitally projected on it.

DALTON (SPEAKER)

That's 10 minutes, no contact.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAY

DALTON, dressed to blend in, sits at an outdoor table that gives him good views down streets in all four directions. Including the street the driver lives on.

SUPER: **Damascus, Syria**

DALTON (MIC - CONT'D)

Juice, one more sweep, then we go in.

Like his entire team, Dalton speaks and listens via a micro receiver/transmitter that looks like an innocent birthmark on the right side of his neck, attached behind his ear.

EXT. ROOFTOP - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUED

JUICE AND MCGUIRE look down on the area. McGuire through the scope on his rifle. Juice using a parabolic mic/video camera that allows him to eavesdrop on anyone he points it at...

He moves it from two guys down the street... To a window where a woman copes with a baby. There's nothing suspicious.

JUICE (MIC)

All clear, Top.

DALTON (RADIO)

Jaz, you're up.

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUED

JAZ, dressed as an ARAB WOMAN, turns a corner and begins walking down the street. She passes by Dalton and keeps going. He scans for any signs of anyone watching her.

DALTON (RADIO)

Stay sharp. Remember, we don't know who to watch out for - so watch out for everyone.

Jaz's eyes flick left - straight - right. Not too fast so as to look nervous. Not too slow so as to look obvious.

The STREETS are crowded. People always looking at one another. *Calling this tense is putting it nicely.*

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

We see now that, besides the drone feed, the Analysts have VISUALS from POV CAMS on Juice's device and Dalton's collar.

There's one more POV - it's from SOMEONE walking about 40 feet behind Jaz. Following her. This POV belongs to...

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUED

...AMIR, who is acting as 'sweeper' -- making sure no bad surprises are coming from behind.

EXT. DRIVER'S HOME - CONTINUED

Jaz knocks on the front door of the driver's home. *'Nasim?'*

EXT. ALLEY ALONGSIDE DRIVER'S HOME - CONTINUED

Amir slips down a narrow passage between buildings. He climbs over a low brick wall...

EXT. DRIVER'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUED

And lands in the patch of dirt that is the driver's backyard. He looks in the home - it's all shadows and silhouettes.

FROM THE ROOF - CONTINUED

Juice and McGuire can see that some PEOPLE ON THE STREET are starting to notice Jaz's unanswered knocking.

MCGUIRE (MIC)

You're attracting eyes, Danger Girl.

AT THE CAFÉ - CONTINUED

Dalton eyeballs the people who are watching Jaz, his hand never too far from the pistol tucked in his jacket.

DALTON (MIC)
If it's open, go in. Otherwise,
walk...

EXT. DRIVER'S HOME - CONTINUED

Jaz tries the door and finds it unlocked...

JAZ (MIC)
I'm in...

EXT. DRIVER'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUED

Amir finishes picking the lock on the back door...

AMIR (MIC)
I'm in...

ON JAZ - INSIDE THE SMALL HOME

It's a maze of tiny rooms and doorways. A nightmare.

ON AMIR - INSIDE THE SMALL HOME

His pistol drawn, he moves quietly.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

AMIR'S POV CAM -- Makes for very tense viewing. Around a corner, we see movement. Tiny specs. *What are those?*

INT. DRIVER'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Flies. Flies buzzing around THE BODIES OF THE DRIVER, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR SON. Amir lowers his gun as Jaz joins him.

JAZ (MIC)
Top, we've got three KIAs.
Including the driver.

Shit. This was *not* what they were hoping for.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia and Hannah both remain fairly stoic considering their only lead doesn't have a pulse. Noah wears his heart on his sleeve, and doesn't try to hide his disappointment.

NOAH
So much for our one lead.

DALTON (RADIO)

We'll do a quick SSE, see if we can find something.

PATRICIA (MIC)

Stay safe.

The phone next to Noah rings. He answers it.

NOAH (PHONE)

Ops.

(listens)

I'll be right there.

Patricia shoots Noah a look. But he just walks out...

CUT TO:

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - NIGHT

Noah finds Josh Wells perched uncomfortably in an office chair. *He hasn't left.*

NOAH

Josh. I told you, you can't stay here. Not to mention this could take weeks to play out--

JOSH WELLS

--This may not make sense to you, but being here, where I know things are happening, is fifty times better than being home without her. I know there's no ransom call coming, I know there's nothing I can do, but she's my wife. If you want me to leave you're gonna have to kick me out.

CUT TO:

INT. DRIVER'S HOME - A LITTLE LATER

Dalton and Amir are doing the SSE (Sensitive Site Exploitation). Jaz has watch out a window to the front, McGuire keeps an eye on the backyard.

INT. DRIVER'S HOME - MOVING FROM ROOM TO ROOM

Dalton is fast but methodical. Checking desks, drawers.

DALTON (MIC)

Whoever did this covered their tracks well...

He goes through the kid's things, staying professional. A cartoon-themed cell phone charger leads to... *nothing*.

DALTON (MIC - CONT'D)
Even the kid's phone is gone.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

The Analysts watch the search through Dalton and Amir's POV cams. They're hoping to catch some kind of break.

DALTON (MIC)
Heading to the kitchen.

....Reports Dalton, as Amir has the delicate task of checking through THE POCKETS OF THE DEAD.

INT. DRIVER'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Amir finishes checking. He knows he can't give them a proper Muslim blessing. So he reaches down and closes their eyes.

PATRICIA (PRE-LAP)
Dalton's new guy has a soft side...

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Noah glances over at his boss.

NOAH
Amir? He spent six years as a lone wolf penetration agent in ISIS--

PATRICIA
--And retained his humanity. That's not easy. I wasn't criticizing him, Noah. I'm just trying to get to know him. Because the better we know them - the better we can protect them.

DALTON (SPEAKER)
Got a phone number.

INT. DRIVER'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUED

Dalton is looking at a STRING OF DIGITS jotted down on a wall calendar that's hung up in the kitchen next to the land line.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Hannah runs the digits and likes what she sees.

HANNAH
It's a prepaid phone.

PATRICIA

Run a PRISM on that number. Noah,
go over every contact she pulls up.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND - DAMASCUS

Kimberly, still blindfolded and now bound at the wrists, is alone in a cell. Half-asleep, half-awake. *THUNK*. Her door opens. TWO MEN step in, yelling in Arabic. As they yank her to her feet. We go into--

--HER BLINDFOLDED POV. Now we HEAR A WOMAN'S VOICE. Her Arabic is commanding. But to Kimberly, a woman means hope...

KIMBERLY WELLS

Do you speak English!? Please...

SUDDENLY, KIMBERLY'S BLINDFOLD is removed. And a PEN LIGHT is shined in her eyes. Fighting to see, Kimberly catches a glimpse of the WOMAN. All in black, including a balaclava. Next to her is AN OLDER MAN. He's the one with the pen light. He flicks it off.

KIMBERLY WELLS

A doctor... You're a doctor?

The Woman cocks a .45 and puts it to Kimberly's temple.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

Do not talk.

Kimberly goes silent. But her body trembles involuntarily. The older man then checks Kimberly's fingers and wrists. Looking for injuries. Satisfied, he NODS to the Woman.

The Woman lowers her gun, pulls Kimberly's blindfold back up, and leads the others out of the cell.

CUT TO:

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

On an array of screens, Noah and Hannah are running a 'PRISM' on the phone number Dalton found. A 'PRISM' allows them to see *all* the phone numbers that ever called (or received a call) from the originating number. From there, they can check the ID's of all these incoming or outgoing callers.

Sure enough, one of those callers jumps out at Noah when Noah sees the PHOTO that goes with the identity.

NOAH

That's Abu Al-Akmuti!

The name on the record is different.

NOAH

He's using an alias, but that's Akmuti for sure.

PATRICIA

(sees the photo, nods)
Bingo.

Hannah looks at Noah. Who?

NOAH

Abu Al-Akmuti. One of Baghdadi's top lieutenants - brother of Baghdadi's wife. If Akmuti was talking to the driver, it means Akmuti was in on it, and could lead us straight to Kimberly.

EXT. ROOFTOP - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Dalton's team have reunited with Juice. They take this moment to wolf down Powerbars and catch up on hydration. They're also looking at AN IMAGE OF AKMUTI that's displayed on the flexible LCD SCREEN embedded in Juice's backpack.

MCGUIRE

So now, instead of looking for a blonde-haired American, they want us to hunt a tango in a sea of tangos. How is that easier?

Akmuti's picture is replaced by A REAL-TIME IMAGE OF A DRONE FEED. Abu Al-Akmuti is being tracked by his phone's IEMI.

HANNAH (RADIO)

Because we've got eyes on him right now.

JAZ

(droll, to McGuire)
That good enough for ya?

DALTON (MIC)

Do you want us to take him, or see where he leads?

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia looks to Noah and Hannah for their opinions.

NOAH

I say we pick him up. We don't have a lot of time.

HANNAH

No. Hardcases like Akmuti don't talk when they're grabbed. If you pick him up, he'll be useless.

PATRICIA (MIC)

Dalton, let's see where he goes.

BEGIN SEQUENCE

EXT. STREET - DAMASCUS - DAY

ABU AL-AKMUTI, an intense coiled spring of a man, is talking fast on his phone as he walks down the street.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Drone's POV - Dalton's team is all around Akmuti. AMIR is ahead of him. JAZ is walking parallel across the street. DALTON is behind him, and JUICE AND MCGUIRE are each one block over - on either side - walking at about Akmuti's pace.

EXT. STREET - DAMASCUS - DAY

Amir walks past us. A beat later, here comes Akmuti. Careful eyes will see Jaz across the street.

Akmuti finishes his call, hangs up, and turns RIGHT.

NOAH (PRE-LAP)

He's turned east...

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

A Tech anticipates the Analysts' needs and ZOOMS THE VIEW OUT so they can see where Akmuti's new direction will take him. It's towards an area that looks *obscured* somehow...

NOAH (MIC)

(concerned)

Ops, you'll have to tighten up.
He's heading into the one of the covered markets.

DALTON (RADIO)

Amir, Jaz, front and follow.

As both Amir and Jaz acknowledge the orders, we stay with the Analysts, who now watch powerlessly as, one by one, all the figures disappear from their DRONE FEED... And are lost.

NOAH (MIC)

Please confirm contact.

Silence. It lasts seconds. It feels like hours.

EXT/INT. SOUQ - DAMASCUS - DAY

"Souqs" are outdoor markets that are either covered by awnings or, sometimes, by actual buildings. This one is a SEA OF VENDORS and PEOPLE with AWNINGS crowding out the sky.

AMIR is lingering at one stand, until he sees Akmuti coming.

AMIR (MIC)
Contact. I've got the front.

Amir resumes walking ahead of Akmuti.

EXT/INT. SOUQ - DAMASCUS - CONTINUED

Jaz is following from behind. But suddenly she finds herself the center of attention of AN AGGRESSIVE YOUNG ARAB MAN. Jaz, in perfect Arabic, rebuffs the Man, but she's making enough of a scene that she can't risk being spotted...

JAZ (MIC)
Breaking contact.

She slows down and peels away. Dalton comes by a beat later.

DALTON (MIC)
I've got the follow.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

You can feel the sighs of relief as the Analysts see AMIR, then AKMUTI, then DALTON come out the far side of the Souq.

NOAH (MIC)
Okay, we've got him again.

Akmuti hustles across a busy intersection. Dalton follows...

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAMASCUS - DAY

...But suddenly, Dalton has to stop short because TWO CARS NEARLY COLLIDE in front of him. There's a terrible screech of brakes. Followed by HORNS AND SWEARING.

Akmuti, drawn by the sounds of the near-accident, turns to see what happened. And he spots Dalton. Akmuti stares.

Dalton is so good that he lets his eyes pass over Akmuti, as if Akmuti was no one to him. He sells it, and sells it...

But Akmuti bolts.

DALTON (MIC)
He made me.

EXT. STREETS - DAMASCUS - CONTINUED

Akmuti runs fast. Dalton on him. Akmuti pulls out his...

DALTON (MIC)
Phone.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

That's not what they wanted to hear.

PATRICIA
If he warns the other kidnapppers,
she's dead. Block the call.

NOAH
That'll take a few seconds...

EXT. STREETS - DAMASCUS - CONTINUED

ON AKMUTI - as he runs - checking over his shoulder.

His call starts to go through...

Someone answers. Akmuti begins to speak when--

BOOM -- he's TACKLED by McGuire, who comes out of nowhere.
And, in a violent blur, disappears Akmuti into a building.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's impossible to tell what has happened.

PATRICIA (MIC)
Ops, status.
(no answer)
Dalton, what the hell happened--

DALTON (RADIO)
--Change of plans.

INT. BUILDING - DAMASCUS - CONTINUED

Dalton is looking at McGuire and Juice, who have zip-tied
Akmuti's hands and feet, and gagged his mouth.

JUICE
Sorry, Top. It was our only move.

DALTON (MIC)
We've got a hostage of our own.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND - DAMASCUS - AFTERNOON

An aerial view of a building right in the heart of the city.

INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND

Kimberly Wells sitting. Alone. Blindfolded. Hands tied. A PRE-LAP ROAR from an airport takes us BACK IN TIME TO--

INT. BWI AIRPORT - GATE 47 - JETWAY - (FLASHBACK)

Kimberly, in line to board her flight. She's pretty far down the jetway. Just about to where it bends towards the plane. She glances back and sees Josh waving. She smiles, waves.

BACK TO -- INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND - DAMASCUS

The silence here underscores how alone Kimberly is.

INT. BWI AIRPORT - GATE 47 - JETWAY - (FLASHBACK)

Working her way forward, Kimberly exhales. Nervous. She glances back again. And Josh is *still* there. She laughs and waves him away. *Go already.* He nods like he will.

The line moves in front of her. And now she's around the bend. She can't see him anymore.

She's hit with the urge to have one last wave and smile. So she puts down her carry-on and steps out of line. But then - she thinks the better of it. *I'll see him when I get back.*

BACK TO -- INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND - DAMASCUS

From underneath Kimberly's blindfold, tears fall.

CUT TO:

INT. AKMUTI'S CELL - FAR SIDE OF THE CITY

McGuire sits watch over Akmuti in a bomb-damaged 2nd floor room of an abandoned building. Outside, they can hear the Muezzins singing the call to prayer across the city.

EXT. ROOF OF THAT ABANDONED BUILDING - SAME

Amir takes his prayer rug from his pack and lays it on the roof. While Amir prays, Dalton is a few paces off, using a headset to speak securely to DC.

DALTON (HEADSET)

I know this isn't where we wanted to be. But like it or not we've got Akmuti. Now, Amir says he can pull this off, and he's the one putting himself in danger.

INTERCUT - INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Noah looks at Patricia. Even though he's personally invested in finding Kimberly, he thinks this is--

NOAH

Too risky.

Patricia is inclined to agree. Hannah refrains from comment.

PATRICIA (MIC)

(skeptical)

Dalton, he'd have to sell it in hours, not days--

DALTON (SPEAKER)

What's our alternative? Bring Akmuti to a CIA safe house and hope they break him? That won't work.

EXT. ROOF OF THAT ABANDONED BUILDING - DAMASCUS

DALTON (HEADSET - CONT'D)

The only way Akmuti gives up Wells' location is if he doesn't know he's doing it.

(beat)

You guys need to trust us on this one.

As Dalton waits for an answer, we move back to AMIR who, having finished prayer, opens his eyes. He's aware of Jaz watching him. Curious, he asks--

AMIR

Jaz. Were you raised Muslim?

JAZ

I was raised a New Yorker.

Amir is about to ask a follow up question when Juice catches his eye and gives a subtle 'don't' shake of his head. Amir takes the advice, and gets to his feet.

DALTON

(joins them, looks at Amir)

Okay, you're on.

INTERCUT - INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Hannah takes a seat at a computer that has a back-up mic to go with her headset. We can tell she's a little anxious, but she uses that to fuel her focus. She calls to Noah.

HANNAH

I need the name of someone high enough in the ANF for Akmuti to have heard of him, but not someone operational. A financier ideally.

Across the room, Noah turns to Patricia, speaks quietly.

NOAH

You really want her to run this? It was only a year ago she was on the other end of one of these and ended up carved up and left for dead.

PATRICIA

Situations like this are exactly why I brought her in. And she wouldn't be here if I didn't think she could handle it.

Noah nods, then crosses the room. He joins Hannah, and pulls a man's identity up on the big screen. KHAMAL BENIN.

NOAH

That's your man.

Hannah's eyes scan the info. Age, family history...

HANNAH

Thanks.
(into the mic)
Amir, I'm ready when you are...

BEGIN SEQUENCE

INT. AKMUTI'S CELL

The door flies open and Amir, bound and gagged the same as Akmuti, is thrown in like a piece of trash.

Coughing, Amir rolls so that he's sitting up. He sees Akmuti and acts surprised and pleased to see another human.

In contrast to Amir's expression, Akmuti's face is stone. Amir works the gag out of his mouth. Begins to whisper.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

There's no video of this. Just audio. All of it in Arabic/subtitled.

AMIR (SPEAKER)

Who are you!? Why have they taken us!? Please I do not understand?!

Hannah scrolls through information on Benin.

HANNAH (MIC)

Benin's older brother Yusef was renditioned two years ago, Akmuti would have heard of that.

INT. AKMUTI'S CELL

Amir is utterly convincing, down to a slight stammer.

AMIR

Are we being disappeared? My brother, he was taken. Two years - no word. I am Khamal Benin.

Akmuti glances up at Amir, but still says nothing.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

The silent treatment makes Noah nervous, but Patricia knows:

PATRICIA

Silence is good. It means Akmuti has his guard up. Which means he's got something to guard.

INT. AKMUTI'S CELL

Amir continues to over-talk, like a scared naif.

AMIR

I heard the Americans say something about stolen documents. Did you hear anything like that?

Akmuti smirks just as -- BOOM -- the door flies open and Dalton, McGuire, and Juice all come in very aggressively.

Dalton and Juice manhandle Akmuti out of there, shutting the door behind them. As soon as they're out of the room, McGuire uses his knife to CUT halfway through Amir's zip ties. Just enough so that Amir can break them when he wants.

Amir nods - that's good. Next, McGuire produces a small bottle of some kind of liquid. The tough man hesitates.

MCGUIRE

You sure?

AMIR

I can't fake being unconscious.

McGuire puts three drops on Amir's tongue.

INT. AKMUTI'S ROOM - LATER

McGuire is long gone. Akmuti is shown back in by Dalton and Juice. He recoils at the smell of vomit. Amir is curled up in the fetal position, nearly passed out on the floor.

Slam. Dalton shuts the door behind himself. Akmuti tries to tune out Amir's soft groans. But then Akmuti hears:

AMIR

A woman... I was wrong. They're asking about a woman...

Amir stops talking. Akmuti, suddenly interested...

AKMUTI

What did you say? Hey? What did they ask you? Tell me!

He tries to wake Amir. He shakes him. Gets right in his face. Even goes as far as STRIKING Amir.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Noah blanches. But Hannah smiles, because she knows it means:

HANNAH

We've hooked him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHTFALL

Juice studies the parked vehicles and selects a BLUE PICKUP.

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Juice cracks the steering column. Pulls out the ignition wires. Sparks them and... THE ENGINE starts.

Satisfied, Juice sparks them again and THE ENGINE stops. He leaves the truck that way... All teed-up to be stolen.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Akmuti is speaking and Amir is answering curtly now. Hannah switches the channel on her mic so she can talk to the team.

HANNAH (MIC)
They'll be coming out any minute.

EXT. ROOF OF THAT ABANDONED BUILDING

McGuire and Juice are set-up on the roof, with their usual combination of rifle for McGuire and parabolic cam/mic for Juice. Juice traces the route across to the blue pickup.

JUICE (MIC)
Acknowledged...

INT. A WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - CONTINUED

Dalton and Jaz are inside a car parked down the block.

DALTON (MIC)
Acknowledged...

INT. AKMUTI'S CELL - CONTINUED

Akmuti is talking to Amir, and now it is Amir who is acting disinterested. Amir goes through the motions of trying to saw his zip-tied hands on a piece of plaster. It wouldn't actually work - but it looks real enough.

AKMUTI
*You have to tell me what they said.
It's important. Do you hear me?*

AMIR
*Yes. Now you are talking non-stop.
Before I was a dog to you.*

Amir SNAPS the zip-ties.

AKMUTI
Thanks to God...

Amir frees his own feet, then looks at Akmuti. Amir hesitates, then helps Akmuti get his hands loose. But he leaves Akmuti to free his own feet.

AMIR
Now, you are on your own.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUED

Amir slips out of the window and lands in the alley.

HANNAH (RADIO)
Blue pickup. Don't start it yet.

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Amir climbs in, sees the wires ready for him. But he waits.

HANNAH (RADIO)

Okay now.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUED

Akmuti lands in the alley just as the pickup truck starts. He sees Amir in it. Akmuti reaches down and GRABS SOMETHING OFF THE GROUND. Then runs for the truck.

EXT. ROOF OF THAT ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUED

Both Juice and McGuire track Akmuti as he sprints to the pickup truck and gets in.

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Amir starts to 'protest' - but he goes very quiet when Akmuti puts a piece of broken bottle to Amir's right thigh.

AKMUTI

Drive.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Hannah hears the quick intake of breath.

HANNAH (MIC)

Something's wrong.

EXT. ROOF OF THAT ABANDONED BUILDING

McGuire sees what's wrong through his scope.

MCGUIRE (MIC)

Akmuti has some kind of blade to Amir's femoral. Extra motivation.

He and Juice watch as the pickup drives off...

INT. A WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - CONTINUED

Dalton processes this new wrinkle as he pulls out into traffic a few vehicles behind the pickup.

DALTON

(calm, to Jaz)

You hear that?

JAZ

On it.

Jaz begins to assemble her highly-customized sniper rifle.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Everyone watches the drone feed as the pickup truck heads west, the Toyota at a discreet distance.

AKMUTI (SPEAKER)
I'm sorry, brother...

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Akmuti keeps the glass near Amir's thigh for insurance.

AKMUTI (CONT'D)
But we must hear everything you heard. And we can't risk phones...

INT. WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - CONTINUED

Jaz finishes putting together her wicked looking sniper rifle. She leaves it in her lap for now, instead raising both hands to gauge what the shot will be like.

SMASH. They hit a pothole. Which bounces them a foot into the air. Jaz stares at Dalton. Really?

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

AMIR
Fine, then. Where am I going?

Amir waits. This is the moment. The intel they've been building towards. Akmuti doesn't even pause.

AKMUTI
Just past the Bader Mosque.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Patricia and Hannah look at Noah, who is immediately studying a computer map of that area. His hands fly across his touch screen. Zooming the map, moving it...

NOAH
Got it! Two blocks west of the mosque. An ANF controlled compound. That has to be where they're holding her!

Patricia nods, good. But Hannah notices a NEW PROBLEM...

HANNAH
That's less than a mile away. I don't care how good Amir's cover
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
is. He drives in there, he's never
coming out.

Patricia is on the mic at once.

PATRICIA (MIC)
Authorization - Kilo Alpha Lima.

INT. / EXT. WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - CONTINUED

Jaz leans out of the window. This is not an easy shot.

JAZ'S SCOPE POV - There are two rows of traffic between her
and Amir's truck. So Jaz will have to fire in between those
vehicles. There's also the constant jarring of potholes.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

This is the worst part of their job. Listening helplessly,
with lives on the line.

HANNAH
14 blocks til the compound.

INT. WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - CONTINUED

Dalton fights to keep them straight and stable - eyes
flicking back and forth between Jaz and the traffic in front
of him.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

HANNAH
10 blocks.

EXT. WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL

JAZ'S SCOPE POV - trying to keep steady on her target.

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Amir remains calm, his face betraying no emotion.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Hannah is losing her usual cool.

HANNAH
7 blocks. The compound guards will
see them soon if something doesn't--

EXT. WHITE TOYOTA TERCEL - TIGHT ON JAZ

THREE SOUNDS. An *EXHALE* of a breath.... The *CLICK* of a
precision-calibrated Jewell trigger being pulled... And...

INT. BLUE PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUED

The *EXPLOSION* of the pickups' BACK GLASS as it shatters behind Akmuti's head. A discrete cone of blood sprays forward onto the front windshield as...

A single, high velocity, .762 round turns Akmuti off forever. His dead hand drops the glass harmlessly to the truck floor.

AMIR, without missing a beat, calmly pushes Akmuti's body forward so no one sees it, and then angles the truck out of traffic. He pulls down a--

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUED

Amir stops the truck, exits, and climbs into the back of the white Toyota, which pauses just long enough to pick him up before disappearing off into the night.

INT. WHITE TOYOTA - CONTINUED

Dalton looks at Amir.

DALTON

You okay?

Amir nods.

AMIR

How'd we do?

INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND

Kimberly curled up on her side, trying not to lose hope. She has no way of knowing that--

DALTON (V.O.)

We found her.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

Josh Wells still hasn't left. Motion catches his eye and he sees Noah walking briskly by. They make eye contact...

And Noah has to do everything in his power to not betray his own excitement about the fact they've found Kimberly. He nods calmly, before passing off-screen.

INT. DIA - CONFERENCE ROOM

Patricia, Hannah, and all the Staff and Techs are at the table. On a screen, on the far wall, we see 3D RENDERINGS of the building where Kimberly is being held. Noah finishes taking everyone through the RESCUE PLAN, indicating various spots on the 3D rendering as he talks.

NOAH

...If there's no contact with the enemy, egress will be through this door. If there is contact, extraction will be through either of these windows. Or by sealing this door and exiting here.

Noah is done. Patricia nods. Turns to the room.

PATRICIA

Questions. Comments.
(there are none)
Okay, let's run it one more time.
(turns to Hannah)
Ping Dalton, tell him to standby.

Hannah gets up and exits as Noah starts at the top.

HANNAH (RADIO - PRELAP)

Five minutes...

INT. A NEARLY PITCH BLACK ROOM - SYRIA - NIGHT

DALTON (MIC)

Acknowledged.

Dalton is holed up in a bombed out apartment two blocks from where Kimberly is held. Dalton looks out the window -- and JAZ'S REFLECTION startles him. She's right behind him.

DALTON

(recovers, laughs)
I'm going to survive one hellish mission after another, only to be
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)
 buried by you giving me a heart-
 attack.

JAZ
 Sorry.

DALTON
 No, you're not.

JAZ
 No. I'm not.

Jaz studies her commander. In the silence and shadows, there is a strange intimacy to these calms between the storms. And so she decides to mention--

JAZ
 Basic. Ranger school. Delta
 selection. The Activity...
 (beat)
 You're the only CO who's ever
 looked at me and not seen a woman
 first.

DALTON
 That's because I don't see you
 period. You're like a ghost.

Dalton's not great at taking compliments. Jaz knows. So she pushes the point with a look.

DALTON
 You're the best shot, best with a
 blade, and probably the best hand-
 to-hand too.
 (beat)
 But I don't ever *forget* you're a
 woman. Because I know that means
 getting here was harder than I'll
 ever know.

JAZ
 (beat)
 Thank you. For not forgetting.

Dalton nods and begins to gather up his gear. Jaz stops for a moment to ponder what she just meant by her own words.

INT. A DIFFERENT SHADOWY SPACE - SAME

One block a way, in a long-deserted restaurant, Juice has set-up his communications array. Amir and McGuire watch the target building.

MCGUIRE

Hey Amir. Doesn't it piss you off, to be sitting in a Mosque, praying, and know that the guy praying right next to you might be the asshole who blows your head off some day?

AMIR

It makes me angrier than you, as a non-Muslim, could ever understand.

MCGUIRE

Good news is, now that you're on a team, you get to kill those people.

JUICE

I don't think it's ever good to kill people...

...Says Juice from the shadows.

JUICE

It's necessary, yes. Even justified, because there is evil in this world. But that doesn't make it good.

MCGUIRE

That the kind of stuff you and Maggie teach your kids?

JUICE

Actually, that's the kind of stuff they teach me.

They all turn as Dalton and Jaz enter.

DALTON

Time to get Dr. Wells and get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND

Kimberly's blindfold comes off. She sees the usual group of black-clad MILITANTS; only now the WOMAN IN BLACK has removed her Balaclava. She's half-western, half-Arab, striking looking. She points to a neatly folded pair of BLUE SCRUBS.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

Put them on.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

With almost everyone still in the conference room, it's eerily quiet in here. On the big screen, the drone feed, we can see a LINE OF FOUR SUVs pulling up to the compound...

Hannah, lost in thought for one moment, squeezes and unsqueezes her right hand. Revealing yet more scars, these from where surgeons reattached her thumb.

Then Hannah looks up and sees all the SUVs. *Shit.*

INT. DIA - CONFERENCE ROOM

Hannah bursts in, startling the group.

HANNAH
They're moving her.

Off everyone's shocked looks we CUT TO--

EXT. AL-NUSRAH COMPOUND - NIGHT

FOUR SUVs, idling. Three being loaded with armed Militants. One being loaded with Kimberly, now wearing those scrubs, and the Woman In Black.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The Reaper drone tracks the convoy of SUVs as it heads into the populated heart of the city...

DALTON AND JAZ'S White Toyota drives parallel, one avenue to the west. A gray sedan carrying JUICE, AMIR, and MCGUIRE is about 1/4 mile behind.

Hannah is the Operator's eyes, calling out locations...

HANNAH (MIC)
Still heading north.

PATRICIA
(to Noah)
They must have made us somehow.

NOAH
If they had, they'd have split up, pulled our team apart. No, this was planned. We just found her too late.

PATRICIA
Which means they could be taking her to her execution.
(mic)
(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Dalton, what about an ambush on the run?

INT. WHITE TOYOTA - CONTINUED

Jaz looks at Dalton. Are they insane?

DALTON (MIC)

In the middle of the city, against four armed vehicles, I don't like our chances.

PATRICIA (RADIO)

They could be driving her to her death right now.

DALTON (MIC)

Trying an ambush would just speed that up.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Hannah watches as the convoy turns left, towards Dalton.

HANNAH (MIC)

Convoy has turned left. Dalton, coming towards you...

INT. WHITE TOYOTA - CONTINUED

Dalton turns left as well. This puts him in front of the convoy. Jaz looks out the back, trying to spot them...

But Dalton is more interested *in what he sees ahead*.

DALTON

What the hell is going on...?

Dalton slows to a stop across from a LARGE, INSTITUTIONAL-LOOKING BUILDING bustling with activity, even at 3 am.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS - CONTINUED

They can see Dalton has stopped. And they watch as the convoy of SUVs slows as it passes him, then turns into the entrance area of the building that so shocked Dalton and Jaz.

HANNAH

What is that place?

NOAH

(bewildered)

The national hospital.

Noah and Hannah are at a loss. *But the first hint of an EXPLANATION for all of this forms in Patricia's mind...*

EXT. THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

Dalton and Jaz watch from their car as the Woman in Black leads Kimberly into the hospital. Jaz captures video.

DALTON (MIC)
We have eyes on Wells. She is ambulatory and appears uninjured.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS - CONTINUED

The Analysts dissect Jaz's video. Facial recognition confirms - DR. KIMBERLY WELLS. But it's the person next to her that has Patricia's mind really spinning now.

PATRICIA
That's another woman, isn't it?

EXT. THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL / INT. TOYOTA

Dalton and Jaz can see what's happening: Militants, in pairs, are discreetly taking up positions at the various entrances. It won't be long before there will be no way in or out without passing a pair of 'guards.'

DALTON
I have a feeling it's now or never.

Jaz nods. Both of them take only what they can carry - including no visible weaponry - and START WALKING quickly to the one entrance that has yet to have an established guard.

INT. JUICE'S SEDAN - CONTINUED

Juice drives past the SUVs and keeps going...

DALTON (RADIO)
Juice, set up an overwatch with McGuire. Amir, if you can make it past their guards, meet us inside.

EXT. THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL

STEDICAM SHOT - as we WALK with Dalton and Jaz. It's terrifying because for the 50 yards from the car to the hospital entrance they are totally exposed. Blending in and staying calm will mean the difference between life and death.

They pass a pair of Militants running off in one direction... Then Another Pair walks right by them without noticing...

Finally, they reach the sliding doors to the hospital. Making it inside a mere second before two Militants block this way off.

INT. JUICE'S SEDAN - CONTINUED

Juice parks a safe distance off.

MCGUIRE

Can someone explain to me why the ANF just marched their hostage into a city hospital?

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Patricia fears she knows the answer. And when the facial recognition software identifies the Woman in Black, those fears are confirmed.

NOAH

(stunned, to Patricia)
That's Amara Baghdadi...

AMARA BAGHDADI's photo, file, and bloody history of kills appears on screen. As a matter of course, her husband, BAHKIR BAGHDADI (whose photo we saw before) is displayed next to her. Along with his resumé of death.

Bahkir Baghdadi is labeled as '*Killed: 07.07.17*'

But now Patricia knows better.

PATRICIA

They didn't kidnap Kimberly Wells as revenge for Baghdadi's death. They kidnapped her because she's a surgeon.

(beat)

Bahkir Baghdadi is still alive.

INT. THE OPERATION ROOM - NATIONAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

BAHKIR BAGHDADI lies there - ready for surgery as we...

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia is even more certain the second time she says it:

PATRICIA
Baghdadi is alive and they need
Wells to operate on him.

NOAH
That's impossible.

PATRICIA
Think about it. The BDA reports
were conflicting. And we weren't
able to find his body.

NOAH
Because we dropped a 500lb bomb on
his head.

PATRICIA
We found other bodies.
(off Noah's look)
Was he there? Yes. Do I think we
injured him? Yes. But unless you
can explain to me why Amara
Baghdadi went to all this trouble
to kidnap an eye surgeon and bring
her, in scrubs, into the busiest
hospital in the region, we have to
assume Bahkir Baghdadi is alive.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - HOSPITAL

Kimberly scrubs-in under the watchful eye of Amara Baghdadi (The Woman In Black), and a SYRIAN ANESTHESIOLOGIST who is loyal to their cause. Beyond the door, outside in the hall, FOUR ARMED MILITANTS guard the OR from all intrusion.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Kimberly stands over her patient. Gone is the pleasure and warmth we saw when she was in surgery before. She knows, whoever she's operating on, he's probably no saint. And she considers the best way of refusing. Opting for--

KIMBERLY WELLS
You don't want me performing a
surgery this delicate without the
proper equipment. It's too risky--

AMARA BAGHDADI

--Doctor, you and I both know you have everything you need. It's why we're here in this hospital instead of back in your tent at the camp.

(beat)

You're going to do the surgery. Not because I'll kill you if you refuse, but because I'll kill your husband, your parents, or anyone else who comes looking for you.

EXT. THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

Amir walks towards the one of the entrances. He's stopped by the pair of Militants who want to know--

MILITANT (IN ARABIC)

What are you doing here?

AMIR (IN ARABIC)

My wife had my first son yesterday.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

Amir drops the act the moment he's safely through.

AMIR (MIC)

I'm in.

DALTON (RADIO)

South stairwell, basement level.

EXT. ROOFTOP - OVERLOOKING THE HOSPITAL PLAZA

McGuire moves his rifle from Militant to Militant, rehearsing how he will shoot if he has to.

Juice, tunes his RADIO SCANNER/JAMMER, searching until he finds the frequency that Amara Baghdadi's men are using. We hear their *short, staccato, radio bursts in Arabic*.

JUICE (MIC)

Okay, Top, I've got their air.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton and Jaz, standing in the shadows, watch as Amir descends to them. Dalton indicates one of those 'IN CASE OF FIRE' WALL-MOUNTED MAPS. It shows the HOSPITAL'S LAYOUT. He uses it to bring Amir up to speed on what they've found:

DALTON

We counted four sets of roving patrols...

FLASHBACK TO - INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS EARLIER

Dalton strolls by one pair of roving Militants...

FLASHBACK TO - INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS EARLIER

Jaz follows a different pair through swinging double-doors..

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton points out the general patrol areas on the map.

DALTON (CONT'D)

And sentries at each entrance.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NORTH ENTRANCE - SAME

Two of Amara Baghdadi's Militants keep an eye out for anything strange...

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton's finger drifts to the center of the hospital.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Their primary position is here...

FLASHBACK TO - INT. HOSPITAL - NEAR THE OPERATING ROOM

Jaz slows and tries to get a look at what's happening in the OR, but she's met by stern eyes and keeps walking.

DALTON (V.O. - CONT'D)

...outside this operating room.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

AMIR

So it's true. They're using Wells to operate on Baghdadi.

JAZ

Which means she'll never come out of that OR alive.

DALTON

And we have no way of getting in. We're outmanned 3 to 1, outgunned 10 to 1, and we can't fire a shot anyway because we're in a hospital surrounded by civilians.

AMIR

What does DC say?

Dalton and Jaz exchange a telling look.

JAZ

They've gone quiet for the last ten minutes.

INT. DIA - CONFERENCE ROOM

Silent and tense. That's the mood between Patricia, Noah, and Hannah. The doors are closed. People can see in through the glass walls, but they can't hear what's happening.

DIA DIRECTOR JOSEPH'S VOICE

(Speaker phone)

Obviously it's a tough call. But these are extraordinary circumstances and we're all in agreement. Retask the team with the objective of getting Baghdadi.

PATRICIA

Yes, sir.

Patricia hangs up. Her face is serious, her expression not one of surprise. But for Noah this is all one step too far.

NOAH

You can't do this... We can't...

PATRICIA

Bahkir Baghdadi is alive. If he gets away, think about how many more hundreds or thousands could die. I'm talking about civilians and American military personnel--

NOAH

Which is why we hit him with a drone strike when he leaves the hospital. We do not however, sacrifice Kimberly Wells so we can get Baghdadi instead.

HANNAH

If Dalton goes after Wells, it tips Baghdadi off that we're on to him. Any attempt to save Wells tips Baghdadi that we're onto them. He'll slip out of that hospital and disappear into that city--

NOAH

We don't know that for sure!

There's a silence as Patricia lets him cool off.

PATRICIA

We're fighting people who want to wipe us off the planet. And that means we have to be as ruthless and committed as they are. We have to take whatever feelings we have and set them aside for the greater good, Noah. Or there may not be a greater good.

Patricia gets up and exits. Hannah waits with Noah. She's not sure what to say. Eventually, it's Noah who speaks.

NOAH

I'm not an idiot. I just...
Sometimes it's hard to feel like we're the good guys.

HANNAH

We are. Noah. Believe me, because it's not even close. We are.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia puts on a headset and speaks into the mic.

PATRICIA (MIC)

Dalton, private channel, please.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton looks at Jaz and Amir. They were expecting this. Dalton presses three quick times on his mic/receiver.

DALTON (MIC)

Go for Dalton.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Kimberly fights her fear as she nears the end of the surgery.

KIMBERLY WELLS

Just a few more fragments.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia sees Hannah and Noah take their places, as she finishes explaining her orders to Dalton.

PATRICIA (MIC)

...If you cannot eliminate Baghdadi, you are to withdraw without engagement so we do not tip off his people that we're onto him.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton, listens. Jaz reads her Commander's expression and turns to Amir.

JAZ
They're retasking us.

AMIR
So Wells is dead.

PATRICIA (RADIO)
Dalton...

Dalton signals them to stop - Patricia hasn't finished yet.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Patricia chooses her next words carefully.

PATRICIA (MIC)
The Chiefs were clear - Baghdadi is the target. But, as far as I'm concerned, *how* you get him is at your discretion. Is that clear?

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Dalton picks up on the message in Patricia's words.

DALTON (MIC)
Acknowledged. Standby.

Jaz and Amir look at Dalton and are surprised when he turns away from them to think... He *wants* this save.

JAZ
Top?

With a curt wave of his hand he tells Jaz - *give me a second*. Jaz clams up. Dalton knows there's an answer here.

And then, he has it. He gets on the Intra-squad radio to ADDRESS THE WHOLE TEAM *without* talking to Washington.

DALTON (MIC)
Officially we've been ordered to get Baghdadi. And I understand that, it's the right call.

EXT. ROOFTOP - OVERLOOKING THE HOSPITAL - SAME

Juice and McGuire listen to their commander.

DALTON (RADIO)
But Director Campbell has given us
some latitude on *how* we do this.
I've got an idea. It's risky...

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Jaz and Amir on his every word.

DALTON (MIC)
But the way I see it, we didn't
come all this way to leave an
American behind.

Off their nods of agreement...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SOUTH STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Dalton begins to climb the stairs alone. He moves his
pistol, which had been well-hidden in a belt holster, and
TUCKS IT IN THE SMALL OF HIS BACK, making it visible.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Dalton walks towards one of Amara Baghdadi's ROVING PATROLS.

Dalton makes a point to STARE at them NERVOUSLY. He then
FUMBLES at his shirt - near the small of his back...

...this has the desired effect of tipping off the Patrol.
They SEE his pistol, and, in a blur, are screaming at him and
pushing him against the wall.

Michael Dalton has been captured.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

The Roving Patrol takes Dalton's gun and barks threats at him.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

Noah looks at Hannah. Is that part of the plan? Neither of them know. Both are worried. Patricia remains confident.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

Plink. The last piece of shrapnel lands in the stainless steel bin. Kimberly looks up at the video screen on which the microscope focused on Baghdadi's eye projects its image.

Then she looks at Amara Baghdadi. She's optimistic about the work she's done. Terrified about what comes next--

--That's when one of the GUARDS POSTED OUTSIDE COMES IN.

He gets upbraided viciously for his intrusion, until Amara Baghdadi realizes what he's saying.

AMARA BAGHDADI (ARABIC)

*They say he was armed? And
definitely American?*

The implications of this CAUSE HER IMPERIOUS VISAGE TO CRACK, just for a second. She turns to the Syrian Anesthesiologist.

AMARA BAGHDADI (ARABIC)

*Make sure she finishes properly.
(then to the Guard)
No one gets in here unless I say.*

With that, Amara Baghdadi leaves the OR, determined to find out the nature of the threat.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

The Roving Patrol hears Amara on their radio.

AMARA BAGHDADI (RADIO - ARABIC)

*Take him to a room and hold him.
I'm on my way.*

The Roving Patrol does as commanded, with Dalton putting up token resistance...

The multitude of PATIENTS, NURSES, and DOCTORS keep their heads down. They know better than to get involved.

But one of the civilians manages a peek. This would be Amir.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

The Roving Patrol shoves Dalton in and radios the room number to Amara Baghdadi. One of the Officers pats Dalton down. He finds two knives and a small wad of 'puddy'.

ROVING PATROL GUARD (IN ARABIC)
(to the other Guard)
That's Semtex. Explosive.

There's a knock on the door. One of the Roving Patrol opens it and finds a WOMAN standing there. It's JAZ.

ROVING PATROL GUARD (IN ARABIC)
(dismissive)
*What do you think you are doing,
woman?*

Silencing him with a chop to the throat is her answer. And while he reels in pain, Jaz breaks the other man's shin, before rendering him unconscious with an elbow hard to his neck. The first of the Patrol is regaining his equilibrium when AMIR sends him to the floor by cutting off blood flow to his carotid with a simple pressure hold.

None of this was flashy, none of it caused loud '*thwacks*'. These are the movements of professionals. Minimal show - maximum effect. Over before anyone even knows it starts.

DALTON (MIC)
Juice, kill their air. McGuire
you're Go.

EXT. ROOFTOP - OVERLOOKING THE HOSPITAL PLAZA

The first rays of dawn are just showing on the horizon. We see the silhouette of MCGUIRE sprinting away over the rooftop as JUICE works his magic on his equipment.

He flips a switch and Amara's Com channel becomes *static*.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Amara Baghdadi radios to confirm that she's going into the right room. But when she doesn't get a reply, she doesn't let that stop her... She pushes through the door...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

....And finds herself looking STRAIGHT DOWN THE BARREL of Dalton's Sig Sauer P 239 pistol.

EXT. STREETS OF DAMASCUS - CONTINUED (DAWN)

McGuire stands at a street corner, waiting. But for what?

The answer is an SUV big enough to take the entire team of five plus Kimberly Wells. When he sees that coming, he walks out in front of it, causing it to come to a stop.

When the Driver rolls down his window to scream at McGuire, McGuire rips open the door, removes the driver, and gets in. He drives off, leaving the Driver, stunned.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

Dalton does his best to give no hint of who he works for, private or Government, or what his background is. The less she thinks he knows, the better.

DALTON

You took an American. You're using her, probably to fix up a few of your guys, I don't care. I'm here for her. I want her back now.

Amara Baghdadi scoffs. She tries to make her question seem casual. Even though, in her mind, the answer is critical.

AMARA BAGHDADI

Who are you?

DALTON

I'm the guy whose job it is to keep her safe.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

They can hear Dalton and Amara.

DALTON (SPEAKER)

Look, I've got your air immobilized. And all your roving patrols look like these two right here. So what do you say?

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

Dalton gestures to Amara Baghdadi's radio.

DALTON

Either you send out my girl, and my team and I disappear quietly. Or you don't, in which case, I put you down and we go into the OR hot.

He can see Amara Baghdadi doing the mental calculus.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

Kimberly Wells puts the last of the instruments down.

KIMBERLY WELLS

It's done.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

Dalton reaches over and pulls Amara Baghdadi's radio out of its holster. He holds it out to her.

DALTON

Neither of us wants to lose our people over this, do we?

And that's the key. He knows she doesn't want to risk her husband. And because he hasn't mentioned him, she thinks she can save him. She takes the radio.

DALTON (MIC)

Okay, Juice, open the line.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

The Guard who had originally come in to tell Amara Baghdadi of Dalton's capture, hears her calling to him on the radio.

AMARA BAGHDADI (IN ARABIC)

Is the doctor finished?

THE GUARD (IN ARABIC)

Yes. She said it was a success--

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

--Amara Baghdadi tells him to stop talking. She's worried that Dalton might wonder what this 'success' was or what it means. But Dalton remains in character.

DALTON

Last chance.

AMARA BAGHDADI (IN ARABIC)

(into the Walkie)

Send her to me.

The Guard acknowledges the order and -- *OUCH* -- Amara finds a syringe sticking out of the exposed flesh where her arm meets her wrist. Dalton has already depressed the plunger.

Amara drops, unconscious, into Dalton's arms. He sets her on the floor gently. Not because he cares, but because he wants to check her for any weapons.

He disarms her - except for the EXTRA CLIPS of ammunition that she has arrayed in the pockets on her combat vest.

Dalton removes one of those clips of ammunition and begins emptying it of rounds.

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - HOSPITAL

Kimberly removes her cap, gown, and gloves. Struggling to maintain her composure, she washes her hands, letting her eyes linger on the water as it touches her fingers. *These are the last moments of my life, she thinks.*

The Guard has to turn the water off and pull her away from it. Kimberly searches her mind for an excuse--

KIMBERLY WELLS

I should monitor his recovery--

THE GUARD

(loud, scary)

--No talking.

A second GUARD joins him and they lead Kimberly out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUED

STEDICAM walk with Kimberly, as she's flanked by the Two Guards. She walks, nearly rigid from fear...

SWOOSH... She and her Guards pass through a set of those swinging double doors. *I wonder how much further I have to walk, she thinks.* Her eyes find the faces of strangers in the corridor as she passes. Linger on every one of them.

SWOOSH... Through a second set of double-doors. Kimberly tries not to crumble or collapse. *I won't give them that, she thinks. I might cry, but I won't beg or crumble.* Her eyes find more strangers. Like Jaz and Amir, who seem to ignore her plight as she passes.

SWOOSH... Through the third set of double-doors. And it's a BEAT before Kimberly realizes that her TWO GUARDS DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE DOORS WITH HER. *They've vanished.*

DALTON (QUIETLY, NEXT TO HER)

Dr. Wells, my name is Michael Dalton. I'm with the American Government, and we're here to take you home. Do you understand?

Kimberly looks at him. *Huh? He's who? With what? Is... this real? I don't understand.*

DALTON

Kimberly. Do you understand?

She nods. Then she starts to speak more, but he stops her.

DALTON

Every hostile who knows your face has either been incapacitated or is still in the operating room. That means you and I, if we stay calm, can walk out of here without any one stopping us. Can we do that?

Kimberly grabs onto his wrist and digs in to keep herself from shaking violently. He steadies her.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Jaz strides towards the front door... Followed a few seconds later by Dalton and Kimberly (who has no idea about Jaz or about Amir)... Amir trailing them by another 30 feet.

A ROVING PATROL

Trying to figure out why their radios aren't working, pays them no mind at all as they pass.

KIMBERLY

Does a good job of staying cool. And that's when Dalton knows now they're going to make it.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY / EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUED

KIMBERLY'S POV - *sunlight*. There is *sunlight* ahead. Just through those doors...

Jaz goes outside first... And Kimberly doesn't notice that Jaz drops both of Amara Baghdadi's Door Guards in a blur...

Or that an SUV pulls up at the exact second this happens...

Kimberly just watches the doors slide open and feels fresh air on her face. *After 30 hours, Kimberly Wells is free.*

CUT TO:

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUED

In silence, the room watches the drone feed of Kimberly climbing into the SUV. Followed by Jaz, Dalton, and Amir. The SUV drives off. One block, two, three...

HANNAH

No signs of pursuit...

NOAH

They made it... They made it!

INT. MCGUIRE'S STOLEN SUV - CONTINUED

DALTON

You can sit up now, ma'am.

Says Dalton to Kimberly, who they had lying down on their laps in the back seat for safety. Kimberly sits up, unaware that even though they are safe, Dalton, Jaz, and Amir arrange themselves around her so no one could get a clear shot.

DALTON

(looks at her)

Time to go home.

Though still in shock, Kimberly can feel tears of joy cascading down her face.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUED

Now people are applauding, everyone except Patricia. She's still laser focused on the screen. *What about Baghdadi?*

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUED

Amara Baghdadi comes to. She panics. Gets on the radio.

AMARA BAGHDADI (RADIO - ARABIC)

How is my husband?

A GUARD (RADIO - ARABIC)

Stable. Safe. Why?

As Amara Baghdadi sprints from the room we CUT TO--

INT. MCGUIRE'S STOLEN SUV - MORNING

Dalton, as he pulls out a small remote detonator.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Amara and Bahkir Baghdadi are helped into one of their SUVs. The vehicle races out of there as we CUT TO--

INT. MCGUIRE'S STOLEN SUV - MORNING

Dalton, waiting for the detonator light to turn green. Then he depresses the simple button on the bland looking device.

INT. AMARA AND BAHKIR BAGHDADI'S SUV - MORNING

Bahkir, his eyes bandaged, speaks to his wife.

BAHKIR (IN ARABIC)

Tell the faithful I am back. And
there is much fighting ahead of us.

Amara Baghdadi is about to smile when she hears A HIGH-PITCHED TONE. It takes her a beat to realize it's coming from one of the *ammunition clips* in her *own combat vest*.

Oh shit.

Suddenly - everything is WHITE.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM

The explosion is eerily silent, but incredibly satisfying. Hannah can't help herself--

HANNAH

Yes!

Patricia nods. Remains cool.

PATRICIA

Hannah, run a BDA once the debris
clears, please. And let me know the
minute Dalton's team rendezvous with
the helicopter. Well done, everyone.

With that - Patricia walks off towards her office. Noah smiles. He puts a hand on Hannah's shoulder.

NOAH

Nice job.

HANNAH

Yeah. You too.

NOAH

Hold down the fort a sec?

Hannah nods. Sure. And for a moment, with both Noah and Patricia gone, Hannah settles into the chair she's been fidgeting in for 30 hours. She could get used to this.

INT. DIA - DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Patricia sits, eyes finding the plaque of memorial stars on her wall. She won't have to add one today. She closes her eyes, and in the privacy of her office, celebrates.

INT. DIA - PUBLIC ROOM - CONTINUED

Noah comes in to find Josh Wells, asleep. Noah smiles, of course. And as Noah walks towards the stirring Josh we--

CUT TO BLACK.

IN BLACK

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Leading off tonight, reports out of Damascus confirm that Kimberly Wells, the American doctor kidnapped some 48 hours ago, is now safe at a US Air Base in Turkey...

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - USAF BASE

The TV is on in here. Kimberly has the surreal experience of watching herself get talked about on TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Details behind her daring rescue remain vague. All the White House will say is that it was a joint effort of assets both here in Washington and on the ground in the region.

Kimberly looks up as the door to her room opens. Josh is there. And before he knows, Kimberly leaps into his arms...

They slip... They stumble... They miss the bed... fall to the floor... taking a tray of food with them.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

A spokesman for the President said, "We hope this sends a clear message that if you engage in acts of terror or aggression against the American people, the response will be swift and uncompromising."

Laughter. Nothing but happiness and love and laughter.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, ADANA, TURKEY - DAY

JUICE is playing pick-up soccer again. This time, it's with a mix of local kids.... And with...

MCGUIRE

Wide open! I'm wide open here!

But no one passes McGuire the ball. Instead, Amir steals it and then blows right by McGuire.

AMIR

Your defense is what's wide open!

Amir passes the ball to a kid who now comes in on DALTON, playing goal. Dalton prepares to make the save - but at the last second - the kid PASSES the ball to JAZ - who somehow cut to the backside of the goal without anyone seeing her. She slams the ball home.

Dalton looks at Juice - where was my defense?

JUICE

Sorry, Top. Didn't see her.

Dalton looks at Jaz and shakes his head.

DALTON

Ninja.

Jaz winks and jogs back to the center with the ball. Dalton shakes his head and catches PATTON, the dog, staring at him.

DALTON

(droll)

Let me guess, you didn't see her either.

Dalton hears his SATELLITE PHONE RING. He walks over and picks it up from where it's tucked in the back of the net.

PATRICIA (PHONE)

That was a soft goal...

Dalton turns and looks up into the sky.

DALTON (PHONE)

Director Campbell, you wouldn't be wasting valuable drone time spying on your operators, now would you?

PATRICIA (PHONE)

Well, the mood up the food chain is pretty good right now, so I've got a little latitude.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE SOCCER GAME - THIS IS A DRONE'S POV

We're in the OPERATIONS CENTER, and we see Patricia and Hannah are indeed watching the game.

PATRICIA (MIC)

Funny how that worked out, huh? The best way to get Baghdadi *just happened* to require you save Wells.

EXT. SOCCER GAME - CONTINUED

Dalton smiles up at the invisible drone. At Patricia.

DALTON (PHONE)
I'm not complaining.

INT. DIA - OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUED

Patricia smiles back - even though he can't see her.

PATRICIA (MIC)
Neither am I. Pass along a 'good
job' to your team, Dalton.

EXT. SOCCER GAME - CONTINUED

Dalton stares up at the perfect blue sky...

DALTON (PHONE)
To yours as well.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A DIFFERENT PERFECT BLUE SKY

Camera tilts down to see we are:

EXT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S HOME - PRESENT DAY

Between the overflow of cars, and the figures dressed in dark suits, black dresses, or formal military attire, we realize this is a gathering being held after the morning's funeral.

INT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

We follow a MAN in his early 60s. He has a military bearing, even though he is in civilian clothes.

He moves through the ever-shifting crowd of mourners, engaged in various degrees of conversation, until he spies--

PATRICIA

Speaking to two Guests. After a beat, she excuses herself and leaves the main floor, disappearing into a side hallway.

INT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S HOME - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patricia stops when she hears him speak behind her.

THE MAN
You have a son in the 101st, right?

PATRICIA

Yes, I do. I'm sorry have we--

THE MAN

Hard isn't it? Keeping it together when you know your child is out there?

PATRICIA

Harder than people ever know.

THE MAN

At least you can keep yours safe. Imagine what it feels like knowing someone thousands of miles away decided to sacrifice your child in the name of the greater good.

Patricia is stunned. She realizes who he must be--

PATRICIA

Mr--

THE MAN

Don't say a word. You've lost the right to speak to me or my family ever again.

With that, he walks off.

INT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia, shaken by the encounter, glides past some guests to join McGuire, who is standing by himself, doing his best to look like someone keeping it together.

PATRICIA

We need to talk about happened.

MCGUIRE

We will. Just not here. Not today.

He levels a gaze at her - and she at him. Then he walks away, leaving her, leaving the room, to find some peace and quiet outside on the back porch.

INT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S HOME - LATER

Kimberly and Josh Wells arrive. They move through the crowd, looking for familiar faces...

They pass a PAKISTANI MAN dressed in a dark suit, talking to TWO MUSLIM-AMERICANS...

And a WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS, who might be Noah's Girlfriend, dabbing her make-up from where she's been crying.

They pass young Jonah Campbell, with his father by his side, talking to TWO YOUNG GIRLS and their MOTHER...

Then they see Patricia, who seems to be a little shaken, sipping some wine as she pretends to listen to a General.

Patton, the dog, watches all of it from a corner of the room.

EXT. PATRICIA CAMPBELL'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

McGuire is reading *Meditations by Marcus Aurelius* when Kimberly and Josh find him.

KIMBERLY WELLS

Hi. Do you remember me?

McGuire gets to his feet, wipes his hands so they are clean.

MCGUIRE

Dr. Wells, of course. Good of you to come. Congratulations...

We now see Kimberly Wells is *pregnant*.

KIMBERLY WELLS

This is my husband Josh... I'm sorry, you guys never told me your names.

MCGUIRE

Joe. Just call me Joe.

KIMBERLY WELLS

We saw you at the funeral, but didn't get a chance to speak.

She reaches out and embraces him. McGuire accepts the hug, although it seems painful for him. Kimberly begins to cry.

KIMBERLY WELLS

I just wanted to say thank you. Thank you for my life.

McGuire hears the words, and they are of some comfort. Then he looks up and finds the flagpole. The Campbell's American Flag flies at half-staff. In honor of the fallen.

END PILOT