

EAGLE TRACE

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EXT. BARMAL DISTRICT, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Brutal heat shimmers over the horizon as a THREE-VEHICLE MILITARY CONVOY kicks up dust, breaking the crest of a sand dune.

SUPER: *Barmal District, Afghanistan*

The lead HUMVEE - weathered beige, windows tinted - loaded with weaponry. On the roof, an AFGHAN SOLDIER hunches over a .50 CAL MACHINE GUN. A tattered American flag snaps from the rear antenna.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

CAPTAIN CLAYTON "EAGLE" JONES, eyes narrowed at the terrain. **OFFICER PERCY FITZROY** grips the wheel.

EAGLE
(into his radio)
Eagle to Riggs, report.

RIGGS (V.O.)
(from radio)
Copy, Eagle. All green. Sizzlin' like bacon, but we're good. FNG's gotta lotta questions.

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

TITLES: *Twenty Kilometers West Of Pakistan*

Directly behind the lead Humvee:

A canvas-covered TRANSPORT TRUCK (TAM-150) rumbles along. TWO AFGHAN SOLDIERS peer out from within. FOUR AMERICAN SOLDIERS cling to the outside, sweat streaking their faces.

OFFICER QUINN and **OFFICER GOMEZ** hang off the Driver's side.

OFFICER RUIZ and **SECOND LT. KURT BROWN** hang off the PASSENGER SIDE. Kurt fishes a PACK OF CHEW from his flak jacket, packing a wad into his cheek.

KURT
(into his comms)
Wouldn't be a mission without Riggs complaining...

RIGGS (V.O.)
(from radio)
These things don't have A/C.

RUIZ
We're literally outside, Riggs...

RIGGS (V.O.)
(from radio)
At least y'all got a breeze.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Eagle's stoic, voice clipped.

EAGLE
(to radio)
No chatter. Stay frosty. Eagle out.

EXT. TAM -150 - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Ruiz gives Kurt a playful nudge.

RUIZ
(into radio)
Yeah, Kurt. Don't want to spook
'the Dirty' pointing a 50 cal at
your Six.

Ruiz gestures toward the rear HUMVEE, its .50 CAL MACHINE GUN glinting in the sun. Another AFGHAN GUNNER mans it.

INT. RIGGS' HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL FORCES WEAPONS OFFICER HENRY RIGGS drives the Humvee. Beside him, **OPS SERGEANT OWEN MICHAELS**, the FNG (Fuckin' New Guy), shifts nervously.

RIGGS
(into radio)
Try riding shotgun with the twitchy
fuckin' new guy.

EAGLE (V.O.)
(from radio)
NO. CHATTER.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Eagle's command silences the chatter. He and Percy exchange a tense glance.

PERCY
 Seriously? Not even a little
 curious about what's back there?

EAGLE
 Not part of the job, Perce.

PERCY
 Yeah, but--

Before he can finish his sentence, a DEAFENING EXPLOSION
 tears through the air, FLIPPING THE LEAD HUMVEE!

SMASH TO:

INT. BEDROOM - JONES HOUSE - NIGHT

Eagle's eyes SNAP open. He jolts awake. His hair is longer
 now, unkempt. Sweat plasters the sheets. A strangled cry rips
 from his throat.

DIANA JONES - Eagle's sister - appears in the doorway; a
 weary bartender at the end of her shift.

DIANA
 Another one?

Eagle stares, echoes of the nightmare still thrumming in his
 ears. He avoids her gaze.

EAGLE
 Did I wake you?

DIANA
 Nah. Just finished at the bar.

Eagle walks to the bathroom.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 Clay... talk to me.

EAGLE (O.C.)
 I'm fine. Go to sleep.

He turns away, a silent dismissal, and shuts the bathroom
 door. Diana stands helpless.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - NIGHT

A lone possum skitters across the overgrown yard of a modest
 house nestled against a hill. No neighbors. No streetlights.

TITLES: *Rutherford County, North Carolina - Now*

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eagle's on the couch in his boxers. PS5 controller in his hands, headset over his ears - immersed in *Call of Duty*.

Video games serve as PTSD therapy for many combat veterans. Eagle's no different. It's not just a game; the intensity on his face reveals this is his war zone now.

EAGLE

Watch your six, Spiderslayer.

Frustration flashes in his eyes as his virtual teammate blunders.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

...Behind you.

ON SCREEN: Eagle's character zeroes in on an enemy.

His finger tightens on the trigger.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

I got you.

He fires. The headshot is brutal. No hint of satisfaction crosses his face.

EXT. JONES HOUSE TERRACE - DAWN

Eagle, clad in an old T-shirt and loose fitting shorts, grinds out push-ups. His jaw clenches, a silent growl escaping him as he forces out the final few.

He pulls himself to his feet, muscles trembling.

This isn't just exercise - it's a test of his limits.

INT. JONES HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Eagle ignores the brewing coffee. He downs a glass of water, then sets the glass in the sink and heads over to his--

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A triple-monitor computer setup takes up much of the thick slab of wood that serves as his desk.

A PICTURE of Eagle's former platoon in Afghanistan spreads across two monitors, buried behind numerous folders and files on the desktop. A script is running on the third monitor.

Diana zips her hoodie as she passes Eagle. MSNBC flickers silently on the mounted TV above his desk while FOX NEWS blares from the living room.

DIANA

I don't understand how you function without coffee in the morning.

EAGLE

Five miles and some good ol' calisthenics.

DIANA

That sounds horrible.

EAGLE

Keeps my head clear.

DIANA

I'll try to remember that while I'm being rocked to sleep by the soothing sounds of your *teeth grinding*.

Eagle cracks a small smile and starts making breakfast. Diana watches, coffee in hand.

EAGLE

Breakfast? Your choice.

DIANA

Mom's French toast, please.

He opens the fridge.

EAGLE

Oh, looks like we only have eggs and turkey bacon. No bread.

DIANA

Beggars can't be choosers.

Diana shrugs, a hint of disappointment masking concern.

DIANA (CONT'D)

So... um...

She debates her next words...

DIANA (CONT'D)
Any news about that therapy group?

Eagle freezes. One beat... then he resumes prepping, the tension growing thicker.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Just 'cause we never talked about stuff doesn't mean we shouldn't start. You know, after Mom... Dad totally shut down. I don't want that kind of relationship for us.

EAGLE
I've never been a good sleeper. It's nothing. I'm fine.

DIANA
It's not nothing, Clay. PTSD's a real thing. People go crazy. They fuckin' kill people. Sometimes themselves. This weird denial you've got going on does not ease my concerns.

His phone RINGS. Caller ID: "PERCY FITZROY"

EAGLE
Scramble.

Diana takes over at the stove. Eagle answers the call on speaker.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Kinda early for you, man.

PERCY (V.O.)
(from phone)
Shit... my night just ended. I've been waiting for a respectable time to call.

EAGLE
What's up?

PERCY (V.O.)
(from phone)
Bond-jumper. Let's call it a warm-up.

Eagle grabs a pen, picks up a notepad, and sits at his desk.

EAGLE

Shoot.

PERCY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Danny Rooney. Skipped a couple days ago. Mom lives in town. I'd start there.

EAGLE

Mother's name?

PERCY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Mrs. Rooney? I don't know, man. That's why I pay you.

(beat)

But hey, hurry up... got a bigger prize lined up.

EAGLE

What?

PERCY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Gotta relay that information in person. Meet me at the bar. One o'clock.

Percy hangs up. Diana's staring at Eagle, waiting with two plates in hand.

DIANA

That's it, I guess?

EAGLE

Gotta roll.

He stands, leaving the food untouched.

DIANA

(calling after him)

Hey, at least take some road bacon!

EXT. LURE OF THE LAKE TRAILER PARK - MORNING

Eagle chews road bacon as he navigates his battered DARK BLUE 2012 DODGE RAM along the gravel road.

Trailer after dilapidated trailer whizzes by until he spots his target - a double-wide propped on cinder blocks.

Clipboard in hand, Eagle exits the truck. He surveys the scene, eyes narrowed.

EXT. ROONEY TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Eagle raps his knuckles on the tattered screen door. A muffled shout:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
MA! GET THE DOOR!

MRS. ROONEY, a weathered, red-headed woman with sun-blasted skin, yanks the screen open. She eyes him suspiciously.

MRS. ROONEY
Yeah, whachyoo selling?

EAGLE
Morning, ma'am. Clay Jones. I'm with the Pinewood News.

MRS. ROONEY
And?

EAGLE
We're doing a 'where are they now' feature on the class of '05.

MRS. ROONEY
So?

EAGLE
Just wondering...does your son, Daniel, happen to live with you?

SMASH! The trailer's rear window shatters. **DANNY ROONEY**, wiry and wild-eyed, bursts out, hitting the dirt hard.

MRS. ROONEY
(shrieking)
GODDAMMIT, DANNY!

DANNY ROONEY
I'm not going back to the joint, Ma!

MRS. ROONEY
YOU BROKE MY WINDOW, YOU PIECE A SHIT! I SHOULDA NE'ER LETCHOO BACK!

Danny kicks up dust as he runs deeper into the trailer park.

Eagle freezes for a beat, then pivots, hunter instincts kicking in.

EXT. LURE OF THE LAKE TRAILER PARK - CONTINUOUS

Danny zig-zags through rows of mobile homes.

Eagle approaches from the side, surprising Danny.

EAGLE

(calm, conversational)

C'mon, man, you got nowhere to go!

Danny leaps a picket fence - and lands HARD. He collapses, clutching his ankle - a howl of pain.

DANNY ROONEY

Fuck you, pig!

Struggling to his feet, Danny hobbles away, a pathetic sight.

Eagle takes a step, then pauses. Eyes a nearby GARDEN GNOME, a glint of amusement in his gaze.

He picks it up, hefts it casually. The gnome SAILS THROUGH THE AIR...

...and WHACKS Danny squarely in the back. The absurdity is almost comical. Danny flops to the pavement.

Eagle strolls over, drops a knee on Danny's shoulder blades, and snaps on the cuffs.

DANNY ROONEY (CONT'D)

Police brutality! HELP!

EAGLE

I'm not a cop.

He yanks Danny to his feet, the pain evident in his whimper.

DANNY ROONEY

Then what the fuck are you?! Ow!

EAGLE

Skip tracer.

DANNY ROONEY

What?!

EAGLE

I find people who don't want to be found.

DANNY ROONEY

Awww fuc--

FREEZE FRAME. Danny's expletive hangs in the air.

TITLE CARD SLAMS ON SCREEN:

EAGLE TRACE

SMASH TO:

INT. OSWALD'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

A dark-wood paneled bar and grill from the 1970's. The last few bars of "These Eyes" by The Guess Who blares from an old jukebox.

Diana walks out of the back with THREE PLATES OF FOOD. She places two of them in front of TWO FISHERMEN seated at the bar. They smile and nod appreciation.

The third plate lands in front of Eagle, seated at a booth.

EAGLE

Thanks.

The song on the jukebox shifts to Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising," as--

Percy swaggers in. He's aged since we saw him in Eagle's dream. A long, deep SCAR runs down his right cheek and he walks with a slight limp and the assistance of a cane. He slides across from Eagle, snagging a fry.

PERCY

Damn, Clay, you got that Rooney boy fast. Sheriff Garrett said he was a handful.

Percy removes his sunglasses.

EAGLE

Standard runner. Clocked him with a lawn gnome.

Percy continues to take fries from Eagle's plate.

PERCY

For real?

EAGLE

Got lucky.

PERCY

Man, we coulda been reality TV gold... If you weren't so paranoid about being on camera.

EAGLE

You're doing just fine.

PERCY

(with a wink)

Can always do better, baby.

Percy slides a MANILA ENVELOPE across the table, eyes gleaming.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Speaking of... Ever heard of Waddertorn R&D? Some D.C. hush-hush outfit that specializes in "international communications".

EAGLE

Doesn't ring any bells.

PERCY

They got deep pockets and they want to share. Wired me 250K. That's just the down payment.

Eagle slits open the envelope. Papers spill out, mostly redacted. A square bulge remains inside.

EAGLE

What do they want?

PERCY

A disgruntled ex-employee went rogue, stole a bunch of highly classified info. These guys want it back.

Eagle removes the bulge from the envelope - a HARD DRIVE.

EAGLE

Whaddya think's on this?

PERCY

Holler atchya boy Johnny on that.

Eagle pushes the hard drive across the table.

EAGLE

Pass.

PERCY

Come again?

EAGLE

Too hot, Perce.

PERCY

What? No. No! Did you not hear the part about 500k? *Plus* expenses.

EAGLE

Too much cash. I smell a rat.

PERCY

Never too much, Clay.

EAGLE

How'd they find us?

PERCY

Who fuckin' cares how they found us?

EAGLE

That's not how these things work. And you know it.

PERCY

They want you, brother. Asked for you, specifically.

Eagle's eyes narrow. He scans the documents, the hard drive. Something's not adding up.

PERCY (CONT'D)

(voice tight)

Just look into it, man. I really need this.

EAGLE

We're doing fine. Work is steady. What's wrong?

Percy looks around, lowers his voice.

PERCY

Just...trust me. Do this, and we're golden. C'mon?

Eagle shakes his head. Sighs.

EAGLE

Did you do any background on
Waddertorn?

PERCY

Waddertorn plays it close to the
vest. All I know is they want this
chick found and shut down.

EAGLE

Chick?

PERCY

Target's a woman. How hard can it
be? Find the girl, hand her over,
and get us paid.

Eagle weighs his options.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Just look into it. If you smell
bullshit, go 'Vicki' on it.

EAGLE

Cold, Percy.

PERCY

Accurate.

Eagle eyes the hard drive.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Target's name is Nicole Tavolacci.

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - LATER

Maps and beers clutter the table. **JOHNNY ARYA**, a scrawny
hacker in a Hawaiian shirt, sits hunched over his laptop.
Eagle paces nearby.

JOHNNY

Thirty-six years old. Location
unknown. Waddertorn gave you a pile
of crap here.

EAGLE

Then why include it?

JOHNNY

Beats me.

(beat)

You gonna take the gig or what?

EAGLE
(changing the subject)
You ever talk to your brother?

JOHNNY
Uh, yeah, sure. Why?

EAGLE
I mean about serious stuff. Di says
we never do.

JOHNNY
Sure. My brother's my best bud. We
moved a lot as kids; he was my only
constant. We talk all the time, but
probably not what Diana would call
talking. Mostly sports and girls,
but... I didn't think you knew I
HAD a brother.

EAGLE
Ouch.

Diana enters with a fresh load of laundry.

DIANA
Oh sure... heart-to-heart with the
hacker, but not your own flesh and
blood? Typical.

She starts folding, smiling at Johnny. Eagle coughs pointedly.

EAGLE
(to Johnny)
So, what's on this drive?

Johnny connects the drive to his computer, stealing a glance at Diana.

JOHNNY
Gimme a minute to break the
encryption.

Diana watches him, a slight blush rising.

Eagle leaves for the bathroom.

EAGLE
I'll be back, gotta take a piss.

DIANA
Classy.

EAGLE

Quiet you.

ON SCREEN: Johnny's laptop as the drive mounts.

Diana watches Johnny work. Johnny catches her, smiles.

JOHNNY

It was fun helping you at the bar
last week.

DIANA

You were a lifesaver.

(beat)

We're never that busy anymore.

Eagle returns, oblivious to the sexual tension between them.
Johnny focuses instantly on the screen.

EAGLE

(RE: the hard drive)

Anything?

JOHNNY

You were right. Logs are old. But
if she stole stuff, she had to be
logging into Waddertorn servers
from somewhere.

EAGLE

Trail's cold. Paperwork says she
skipped town anywhere from a year
to three years ago.

JOHNNY

Digital trails never go cold.

(then)

Begs the question though - why wait
so long to find her?

EAGLE

My guess is they didn't wait. If
she took something from the US
government on Waddertorn's watch,
that's bad for business. They
probably tried to handle it
internally first.

DIANA

Maybe you *should* go 'Vicki.'

EAGLE

Ugh, not you too.

She smirks.

JOHNNY

What'd I miss? Who's Vicki?

DIANA

Vicki is Clayton's ex.

(to Eagle)

You never told him you almost got married? Wow, men really don't talk about anything...

JOHNNY

Wait, what!? How do I not know about this?!

EAGLE

(to Johnny)

It's not that exciting. You were teaching English somewhere when I met her. I shipped out for... advanced training. She was gone when I returned on leave six months later.

JOHNNY

(shaking his head)

Chicks, man.

(to Diana)

Not you, though.

DIANA

She was a bitch. I never liked her. No one did, really. Which is why it's hilarious that Percy made her a verb. When someone disappears on you, they pull a "Vicki." Or, y'know shit goes pear-shaped; blame Vicki.

She laughs.

EAGLE

Yeah, hilarious.

Johnny's fingers fly over the keyboard. He freezes.

JOHNNY

Whoa, what the hell?

EAGLE

What's up?

JOHNNY

Well, you're right; they did investigate internally. They sent these logs so you can work from where they left off.

EAGLE

Feels like a 'but' is coming...

JOHNNY

Yes, but... there's a hidden directory.

EAGLE

For what?

JOHNNY

Supposed to be a list of contractors, but these *aren't* contractors. I recognize some of these names from the dark web. Bad guys. REALLY bad.

His gaze flicks to Diana, then back to Eagle.

EAGLE

Bad how?

JOHNNY

Killers-for-hire bad.

(beat)

I think Nicole's in serious trouble, man.

EAGLE

Where do we start?

CUT TO:

A GREAT CLASSIC ROCK SONG PLAYS AS A TRAVEL MONTAGE UNFOLDS:

- Eagle cleans and assembles a PISTOL with practiced ease.
- The pistol slides into a lockbox, nestled on a foam bed. FINGERS snap the lockbox shut.
- Duffle bag open on the bed. Clothes folded with military precision.
- The lockbox tucks into the duffle.
- A clear Ziploc bag of SIM CARDS is slipped into a side pocket of his backpack.

- Eagle slides his ID and permit across the counter at the AIRPORT CHECK-IN DESK.
- The duffle vanishes onto the conveyor belt.
- Eagle in his seat. Buckle clicks shut with a final SNAP.
- The plane ROARS down the runway, lifting off into the sky.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - BURBANK - DAY

SUPER: Burbank, California

A "HI, I'M MATT" doormat lies before a modest duplex. Eagle, dressed in a generic TELECOM jumpsuit, knocks. He holds a TABLET.

ANTHONY TAVOLACCI answers. Tattoos snake up his arms. He's barefoot and relaxed.

ANTHONY

Yeah?

EAGLE

Afternoon. I'm Tom Kelly with Telecom Cable. Got a work order - possible outage at this address. I'm looking for...
(reads from tablet)
Nicole?

A flicker of suspicion crosses Anthony's face. Eagle notes it, his smile never wavering.

ANTHONY

Internet's working, man. I'm watching Netflix right now.

He leans to see Eagle's tablet, but Eagle shifts subtly, blocking the view.

EAGLE

Hmm. Weird. Maybe I got the wrong address. Report lists a Nicole Tavo... Tavo--

ANTHONY

Tavolacci. Yeah, that's my sister. But she ain't here - deployed. Bills get paid, though, so... no problems on your end, right?

Eagle blinks, seemingly caught off-guard.

EAGLE
Deployed, wow. Military family?

ANTHONY
Army. Anyways, internet's working,
so...

EAGLE
Right, of course. I'll call HQ and
tell'em there was some mix-up.
Sorry to bother you.

ANTHONY
No worries.

Anthony nods, starts to close the door. As he does, Eagle
steps back, eyes scanning the address again.

EAGLE
(to himself)
Strange...

Anthony shuts the door.

Eagle walks away, but he pulls out his phone the second he's
out of sight.

He hits SEND on a pre-written message to Johnny: "Your turn."

Then, Eagle slips the phone into his pocket and slows his
pace, silently counting down: five... four... three... two...

Anthony opens the front door and pops his head out.

ANTHONY
Wait! Hey! Wait, man!

Eagle turns. Cocks his head.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
The internet *IS* down. How fuckin'
weird is that?

EAGLE
Fuckin' weird, man.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BURBANK - MOMENTS LATER

Eagle surveys the messy but inviting living room as he
follows Anthony inside.

ANTHONY
Modem's by the TV.

Eagle's already moving toward the entertainment center, not focused on Anthony but on the room itself.

EAGLE
Shouldn't take long.

ANTHONY
No worries.

EAGLE
So, army, huh? Gotta be tough on the family.

ANTHONY
Our parents would be rolling in their graves. Bleeding heart liberals... Nikki was always a rebel. Always been sticking her nose where it don't belong, thinks she can fix everything.

Eagle kneels next to the TV, hooking his TABLET to the modem.

EAGLE
She in transpo? Front lines?

ANTHONY
Hell if I know. Something with 'gators'?

EAGLE
Gators?

ANTHONY
I dunno. I'm just a painter.

Eagle forces a smile. His free hand taps commands into the tablet out of Anthony's sight.

EAGLE
Painter, huh? Like that Pollock thing?

He nods to a large abstract painting on the wall. Anthony follows his gaze, and Eagle sends a text on his cell in that split second.

ANTHONY
Naw, man. My ex did that. It's supposed to be, like...

Eagle's phone rings.

EAGLE

Oh. Sorry. It's tech support, hold on.

(into phone)

I'm at the Tavolacci residence.
Yeah, I'm connected. What do you see on your end?

INTERCUT WITH--

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Johnny hunches over his keyboard, monitors flashing with code and files. An untouched beer sits nearby.

JOHNNY

Hang tight, Clay. Information overload... Still unscrambling the data.

EAGLE

How much longer? Customer was in the middle of a movie.

JOHNNY

Well, tell your 'customer' to chill. Cloning his whole hard drive takes time.

(beat)

Damn, dude downloads a lot of porn.

A DOWNLOAD BAR crawls across one screen, stuck at 60%.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Almost got it.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BURBANK - CONTINUOUS

Anthony hovers behind Eagle, peering over his shoulder at the tablet. Eagle shifts, subtly blocking his view.

ANTHONY

So, what's the deal?

EAGLE

Just...minor adjustments...

His voice trails off.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
(on phone)
You're re-establishing a connection
to his DSN and reconfiguring the
network's TCP protocols.

Eagle's face remains impassive, but tension flickers in his
eyes.

EAGLE
Not long. Just re-establishing a
DSN connection. Had to reconfigure
your TCP...

JOHNNY (FROM PHONE)
TCP Protocols.

EAGLE
Protocols.

Anthony nods, still eyeing the tablet.

ANTHONY
Right. Right.

JOHNNY (FROM PHONE)
Done! We're good here. I'll get him
back online.

Eagle taps the tablet for show.

EAGLE
All right. All good.

He unhooks the cable and pockets it.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Just has to reset itself and then
you should be good to go.

JOHNNY (FROM PHONE)
I'm gonna increase his internet
speed.

EAGLE
(to Anthony)
It should even be a little faster.
(with a wink)
Keep that between us.

ANTHONY
Sweet! Thanks, man!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - BURBANK - LATER

Eagle heads toward his van. His phone rings, he answers without checking caller ID.

EAGLE
Whaddya got?

Intercut with Johnny, surrounded by screens, eyes darting between lines of code and a half-eaten sandwich.

JOHNNY
Schoolgirl and babysitter porn. But amidst the filth...

He pauses, fingers poised over the keyboard.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
This year, he emailed the same person ten times about his sister. The emails were squirreled away in a folder marked 'ALSO SPAM.'

EAGLE
He's not exactly a rocket scientist.

JOHNNY
Weakest. Cover. Ever.

EAGLE
Any of it point to Nicole?

JOHNNY
All they talk about is Nicole. Hold on... tracing an IP back to... wait for it...

Eagle's already in his van, engine roaring to life.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
...a smoke shop in Eastpointe, Michigan? The email account's registered to someone named Fadia.

EAGLE
Got it.

He hangs up, tosses the phone onto the passenger seat, and peels away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTPOINTE, MICHIGAN - DUSK

A nondescript rental sedan cuts through the fading light.

SUPER: Eastpointe, Michigan

EXT. EASTPOINTE, MICHIGAN - EVENING

Eagle's rental car pulls into a strip mall. He doesn't park at the smoke shop, but at a JERSEY MIKE'S, a few stores down.

INT. JERSEY MIKE'S - EVENING

The place is mostly empty. TWO TEENS in the back giggle over their phones.

Eagle sits at a table facing the entrance, with a clear view of the street.

He takes a bite of his sandwich. Then pulls out his phone, dials, waits.

EAGLE
(to phone)
What's up, Perce?

INTERCUT with--

EXT. FITZ BAIL BONDS - NIGHT

A red neon sign screams: "24 HOUR BAIL BONDS".

PERCY (O.S.)
Captain.

INT. FITZ BAIL BONDS - EVENING

Sweat beads on Percy's forehead, his eyes darting as if expecting a threat.

PERCY
(tense, jittery)
Been calling for hours... Where the hell you been?

EAGLE
Working, man.

Eagle stares dead ahead, ignoring the oblivious teens.

PERCY

Right, right. You close, bro?

EAGLE

You don't sound right. What's goin' on?

PERCY

(forcing a laugh)

Ah, you know me, Clay. The faster you get the job done, the faster we get paid.

EAGLE

C'mon man, you gotta ch-

A flicker of fear crosses his face. He swallows hard.

PERCY

(interrupting)

Hey, uh, you... you'd wanna... um... Vicki... showed up today.

Eagle goes stone-still. The teens' laughter feels jarringly out of place.

EAGLE

(coldly)

Vicki?

Eagle's eyes narrow, the danger signal registering instantly.

PERCY

Yeah... just popped in today.

(clearing throat)

So, uh, any updates on the case?

EAGLE

The girl's a ghost. Burbank was a dead end.

PERCY

Well... can't say we didn't try.

Percy forces an awkward laugh - a weak attempt at normalcy.

EAGLE

I'm heading back in the morning. Meet at the usual spot?

PERCY

Yeah, yeah. Sounds good brother.

EAGLE

Okay. Take care, Percy.

He hangs up; the sub shop's emptiness feels suffocating now.

INT. FITZ BAIL BONDS - NIGHT

Percy hangs up. His forced smile instantly fades.

Across the desk, an ethnically ambiguous man, **MARHUB MAKKAR**, sits impassively wearing black tactical gear; he has a large, high-caliber pistol aimed at Percy.

PERCY

See? I told you. Dead ends all around.

MARHUB

You lie. Your friend knows where she is.

A single gunshot rings out. Not a scream, just the THUMP of Percy's body hitting the floor behind the desk.

INT. JERSEY MIKE'S - MOMENTS LATER

Eagle sits frozen. Teens giggle in the background as they exit the shop. Then, he rises abruptly.

He walks to the soda dispenser. Takes the SIM card out of his phone, fills a cup with soda, and tosses the SIM into the cup. Then he throws the cup into the trash.

Then, Eagle sits down at his table near the window, eyes fixed on the Smoke Shop at the end of the shopping center.

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

EAGLE'S NIGHTMARE. IT ALL HAPPENS AGAIN IN QUICK FLASHES:

-- Brutal heat shimmers over the horizon as a THREE-VEHICLE MILITARY CONVOY breaks the crest of a sand dune.

-- A DEAFENING EXPLOSION tears through the air, FLIPPING THE LEAD HUMVEE!

Then --

The blowback from the explosion mutilates and kills the AFGHAN SOLDIERS in the cab of the TAM-150 as it slams to a stop.

SUPER: Barmal District, Afghanistan - Then

Ruiz, Kurt, Gomez, and Quinn - a tangle of limbs as they're
THROWN OFF THE SIDES of the vehicle.

Riggs slams on the brakes in the third Humvee, his face a
mask of horror.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Chaos. Eagle dangles upside-down inside the flipped Humvee.
Percy, beside him, is out cold, blood dripping from his brow.

Eagle's fingers fumble with his seatbelt buckle. It SNAPS
free. He drops hard onto the upturned roof.

He kicks the shattered front windshield, hauls himself
halfway out, and then turns back. With a grunt, he cuts
Percy's seatbelt, dragging his friend's limp body through the
glass shards.

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Eagle slaps Percy awake. The world is a blur. He scans the
area - the wreckage, his men scrambling.

EAGLE
(into his radio, voice
ragged)
Report. NOW!

RIGGS (V.O.)
(from radio)
CONTACT. IED! Front vehicle...

Ruiz staggers to his feet, disoriented, a haunted look on his
face as he stares at the burning Humvee.

RUIZ
Banged up, but okay. Fitz?

Percy stirs, a groan escaping him.

EAGLE (V.O.)
(from radio)
Alive. Hang tight.

GOMEZ
No sound, no smoke.

QUINN
Pressure plate.

EAGLE

Watch your feet! Fives, tens and twenties!

The troops watch the ground in front of them as Eagle makes his way toward the TAM-150.

A SCREAM cuts through the air. It comes from the TAM-150. Ruiz bolts forward.

RUIZ

What the hell is that?!

Instinct overtakes him as he reaches for the TAM-150's canvas rear flap.

The Afghan gunner atop the third Humvee barks out a warning in Pashto, barely heard over another agonized cry from inside the TAM-150.

AFGHAN GUNNER

(in Pashto)

Get away from there!

KURT

Leave it, Ruiz.

Another SCREAM from the transport.

RUIZ

There's fuckin' people back there?

Ruiz lifts the back flap--

EAGLE

RUIZ! STOP!

The gunner FIRES a wild shot past Ruiz's head. It's too late.

INT. REAR HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

The Afghan soldier between Riggs and Michaels turns on them. A shot RINGS OUT. Riggs slumps in his seat. Blood splatters Michaels' face as the Afghan swings the gun around.

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Suddenly, a wave of **FIFTEEN AFGHAN SOLDIERS** ERUPTS from the dunes surrounding them.

GOMEZ

Light'em up!

The American soldiers draw their weapons.

EAGLE

Whoa! Arms down! DOWN!

Gunfire EXPLODES. Ruiz spins in place, his body shredded by high-caliber rounds.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

RUIZ!!

Eagle dives for cover as Afghan forces open fire, bullets peppering the TAM-150.

A shot grazes his shoulder, filling him with white-hot pain.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

RETURN FIRE!

All hell breaks loose. Quinn's neck erupts in a spray of blood.

GOMEZ

Quinn!

Gomez takes out two attackers, then lunges behind the truck.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

FUCK!

By the front of the transport, Percy, Eagle, Gomez, and Kurt huddle, pinned down. Kurt frantically packs gauze into Eagle's wound.

KURT

We're FUBA...

His words are lost in the deafening roar of gunfire.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SMOKE TIME PARKING LOT - MORNING

Eagle bolts upright, sweat beading his forehead. He gasps for air, fingers clenching the steering wheel. The sound of Kurt's words slowly fades away as he counts backward.

EAGLE

99, 98, 97, 96...

SUPER: Smoke Time Shop - Eastpointe, Michigan - Now

The SMOKE SHOP sign focuses him back to the grimy parking lot. A memory flickers - as he slowly remembers why he's here.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
95, 94, 93, 92...

He reaches for the car door handle, but his hand trembles. He forces it still, eyes squeezed shut. Another deep breath.

EAGLE (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)
91, 90, 89...

Slowly, he opens his eyes. The fear hasn't left, but his resolve hardens.

INT. SMOKE TIME - MORNING

AMIN GULA stands behind the counter. Eagle approaches with a bottle of water, offering a half-smile.

AMIN
Hello.

EAGLE
Just this.

He puts the water on the counter. Amin rings him up.

AMIN
\$2.59.

Eagle tosses a \$5 bill onto the counter.

EAGLE
Is Fadia working today?

Amin immediately becomes suspicious.

AMIN
Excuse me?

EAGLE
Fadia? She's pals with my buddy Anthony.

CLACK-CLACK. Eagle turns. He's staring at the BARREL OF A SHOTGUN. A Middle Eastern woman, **FADIA GULA**, stands behind it, her grip steady.

FADIA
Who are you?

Eagle flashes Fadia a reassuring smile.

AMIN

My wife asked you a question.

EAGLE

A friend of Nicole's. I swear.
Captain Clayton Jones, I was in the
Army with her.

Eagle raises his hands, palms out. Amin and Fadia exchange a tense glance.

AMIN

Who sent you here?

EAGLE

Anthony. He said Fadia could help.

He meets Fadia's eyes.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Please lower the gun. You *don't*
want a customer seeing you point a
shotgun in my face.

Fadia lowers the weapon slightly. Amin moves closer to his wife.

AMIN

(in Arabic)

Fadia, are you crazy? We don't know
this man. He could be dangerous--

FADIA

(in Arabic)

If he wanted to hurt us, he would
have. Let him speak.

Amin reluctantly complies. Fadia moves to join her husband behind the counter.

FADIA (CONT'D)

I do not know you.

EAGLE

I don't know you, either.

FADIA

That is not what I mean. I served
with Nicole. I was her translator.

Eagle fails to hide the confused look on his face.

EAGLE

Oh right, you were her translator.
I forgot. It's been a while.

FADIA

(voice hardening)
Not *that* long.

EAGLE

(a beat, then shrugs)
Look, I'm just trying to find
Nicole. We left Afghanistan around
the same time, but I haven't heard
from her in months.

(beat)

She might be in trouble.

Amin shakes his head.

AMIN

Please leave! You are upsetting my
wife.

FADIA

It is fine, Amin.

(to Eagle)

I will not help you unless I can
trust you. Please, speak the truth -
how do you know her?

EAGLE

On the transpor--

AMIN

The transport that she stole from
Fadia!

FADIA

(quietly to Amin)

Amin, please. You are not helping.

Amin reddens at the reprimand.

FADIA (CONT'D)

Why are you *really* here, Captain
Jones?

Eagle sighs and levels with her.

EAGLE

I was a Special Forces Captain. My
platoon was blown up on a mission.

(beat)

I'm a skip tracer now.

(MORE)

EAGLE (CONT'D)

I find people for a living. Someone hired me to find Nicole. I'm pretty sure they're not who they say they are.

(beat)

I don't think I'm the only one looking for her... But, I know it would be better for Nicole if I find her first. Understood?

Fadia is conflicted. Amin tries to speak, but Fadia silences him with a look.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Alright, then.

Eagle turns to leave.

FADIA

Wait.

AMIN

Fadia, he's--

FADIA

(in Arabic)

Amin, she was my friend! If this man can help, we can't stand in his way!

Amin falls silent, heading to the back. Fadia's eyes are on Eagle, weighing him.

FADIA (CONT'D)

I gave her my place on the transport so she could get out unseen.

(beat)

It was... difficult for me getting out after that. This is why my husband is so protective.

(beat)

Nicole is smart. Very smart.

EAGLE

I know.

FADIA

I do not know where she is.

(then)

But we discussed her going to Russia. If she's in trouble... she might have sought out a friend I have there.

(MORE)

FADIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You must help her if you can. It is important for her - for all of us - that she finishes her mission.

EXT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Eagle strides toward the parking lot, camo-duffle slung over his shoulder. With his free hand, he makes a call.

The call goes straight to voicemail. He takes a deep breath before leaving a message.

EAGLE

(into phone)

Why aren't you answering, Percy?
Call me ASAP.

He ends the call with a click. Worry creases his brow as he pockets the phone and hurries toward his truck.

INT. FITZ BAIL BONDS - NIGHT

FILE CABINETS overturned and emptied onto the industrial carpet. Percy's desk is a wreckage of drawers and papers.

Eagle stands in the doorway, taking it all in. He unconsciously shoves his handgun into the back waistband of his jeans. Eyes sweeping the room before landing on...

Percy - tied to his chair - slumped over. The back of his head is missing. The horrific sight hits Eagle like a punch.

EAGLE

Fuck...

Percy's cell phone rests on the desk. A POST-IT NOTE attached with two words printed on it: PRESS PLAY.

Eagle crosses the room. His hand trembles as he picks up the phone. As he hits play, Marhub's face fills the screen.

MARHUB

You're next.

The IMAGE CUTS TO BLACK.

AGENT CROYLE (O.S.)

Local PD will be here soon.

Eagle spins, his gun up in an instant, trained on **AGENT MAX CROYLE**, flashing a DHS badge.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
Agent Max Croyle. Department of
Homeland Security.

Eagle snatches the badge, scrutinizing it. His hand shakes, a traitorous flicker he can't mask.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
You alright?

EAGLE
I'm fine.

AGENT CROYLE
Your hand is shaking.

Eagle tosses the badge back to Croyle.

EAGLE
What does this have to do with
Homeland Security?

AGENT CROYLE
(waving the weapon away)
Don't point that at me.
(beat)
It looks like this scene has
exasperated some of your symptoms.
Shaking, the flop sweat...

Eagle's weapon remains trained on Croyle.

EAGLE
What are you doing here?

AGENT CROYLE
Waiting for you, Mr. Jones.

EAGLE
Who did this?

AGENT CROYLE
Holster your weapon, soldier.
(beat)
That's an order, Captain.

Eagle reluctantly obliges.

Agent Croyle nods in appreciation.

EAGLE
Who did this?

AGENT CROYLE

Marhub Makkar. He showed up sooner than we expected. Which means the Pakistanis know we're close to finding Nicole.

EAGLE

The Government of Pakistan?

AGENT CROYLE

Much of the stolen intelligence pertains to them.

EAGLE

Why kill Percy?

AGENT CROYLE

Makkar's a merc for hire. Very competent. Part of a shadow unit that operates parallel to the U.S. and some of our allies. Merc Ops are generally loyal to their home countries but will hit targets for other countries if it aligns with their politics, as this does.

EAGLE

What's in the documents?

AGENT CROYLE

Find the target and ask her. But do it quickly.

(beat)

Cops are on the way.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eagle, headset on, sits on the couch furiously playing Call of Duty. His avatar charges through a war zone, explosions echoing through the TV speakers. Johnny paces, restless anxiety radiating from him.

JOHNNY

Percy's dead?! Like, he's actually fuckin' dead?!

Eagle nods grimly, eyes locked on the screen.

EAGLE

Yeah.

He blasts an enemy soldier.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Goddamn idiot! Shoot the bastard.

JOHNNY
This is bad, man. Should we get out of here? I mean, they got him; they could come for us, too... I need a drink.

Johnny heads to the kitchen. Eagle's onscreen avatar tosses a grenade into a hut filled with Nazis.

EAGLE
Bunker will keep you alive for at least two weeks.

Johnny returns with two beers, popping one open.

JOHNNY
Right... the bunker. I'm glad your Dad was a paranoid genius. He was so crazy. But awesome.

EAGLE
Anything goes pear-shaped; you take Diana and lock yourselves downstairs.

JOHNNY
Oh, man... Diana's gonna love that.

EAGLE
(glancing at him)
I need her safe, not happy. You too. You gotta stay on top of her at all times. She'll bitch and complain, but she likes you, so she'll do it.

Johnny smirks, taking a swig of beer before settling beside Eagle with his laptop.

JOHNNY
Okay, so Nicole's been smart. She's backing up all her data and sending it to herself in multiple locations.

Eagle remains glued to his game, tapping the buttons on the controller.

EAGLE
Ah! Fuck! Come on!

JOHNNY

But here's the twist - those backups? Not from Waddertorn.

He scrolls through documents on his laptop.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The documents she's sending aren't coming from an R&D company. Nothing in this package has anything to do with Waddertorn. So--

EAGLE

(eyes still on screen)
It's a front. Croyle basically confirmed that.

JOHNNY

Right, but that's not the end of it.

Johnny takes a swig of beer and swallows hard.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I think Waddertorn is a front for a J-Soc committee bigwig.

EAGLE

What?!

Eagle's avatar falls in a spray of digital blood. He curses.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Fuck.

Diana enters, dressed for work.

DIANA

Are J-Socks some new branded footwear?

Johnny laughs. Eagle glares at the "You Died" screen.

EAGLE

(curtly)
Joint Security Operations Command.
They administer SIPRnet.

DIANA

(to Johnny)
Don't you just love when he speaks in acronyms?

JOHNNY

(to Diana)

SIPRnet is the Secret Internet Protocol Router Network - it's like a super-secret government internet controlled by the Department of Defense to transmit highly classified data to the State Department.

Diana rolls her eyes.

DIANA

O-Kay... Well, have fun playing X-Files, boys. I'm outta here.

Eagle stands, following her, worry gnawing at him...

EXT. JONES HOUSE - NIGHT

Eagle stops Diana outside the front door, porch light casting long shadows.

EAGLE

Wait. Where are you going?

DIANA

Work.

EAGLE

It's too dangerous. Percy...

DIANA

(softly)

I'm so sorry about what happened to him. He was a good friend. But I can't just shut down the bar without notice. I have to at least let the regulars know what's going on.

EAGLE

Just for a few days... until I find Nicole. Johnny will stay with you.

DIANA

I don't need a babysitter, Clay. Not like he can protect me. I can kick his ass.

A hint of a smile flickers on his face.

EAGLE

I know. That's why I want you together. Safer that way.

Diana sighs, a mix of resignation and understanding washing over her.

DIANA

Alright. I'll tell them there was a death in the fam -

EAGLE

(cutting her off)

There was.

She nods.

She steps closer, her hand light on his arm.

DIANA

Do what you do. Find the girl, Clay. And don't worry about me... I know where the guns are.

EAGLE

Worrying about you is what I do.

A small smile from her, then she turns towards her car.

DIANA

Be safe.

Eagle watches as she drives away, his unvoiced anxiety apparent in the concern creasing his brow.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eagle returns, trying to re-focus on next steps.

JOHNNY

How'd it go?

EAGLE

When we're done here, I want you to head over and keep an eye on her.

Johnny nods, downing the last of his beer.

JOHNNY

Okay, but check it: most of the shit Nicole stole is from SIPRNet. She's pissed off someone powerful.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Explains your new pal Croyle's
sudden appearance.

Eagle studies the files.

EAGLE
How does this fit with her military
service?

JOHNNY
Well, I spoke to a DoD contact with
crazy levels of clearance.

Johnny points to a file on his laptop screen.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Check her service record.
(beat)
Third line down.

Eagle scans the text. His eyes light up.

EAGLE
She was an interrogator. Gators...
That's what her brother meant.
(beat)
But why would J-Soc, or the
Pakistanis, be after an
interrogator? And how'd she get her
hands on this level of data?

Johnny's already one step ahead. He reads off his notepad.

JOHNNY
Interrogators get a card embedded
with codes for SIPRNet access. I
traced her code, called in a few
favors, and you'll never guess what
I found...
(then)
Don't guess, I want to tell you.

Eagle remains silent.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Her clearance level is off the
charts. We're talking about as high
as you can get without the title
Commander in Chief.

Eagle processes this, rubbing his chin as he thinks.

EAGLE
Why so high?

JOHNNY

No clue. I couldn't find any records of her mission or missions in Afghanistan.

EAGLE

We need to know why she was there.

JOHNNY

Working on it. But here's the kicker... a little over two years ago, her SIPRNet tag pops up in the logs. This is 3-4 months after she 'disappeared' from Afghanistan.

EAGLE

So, that's when she grabbed the first batch of documents.

JOHNNY

Right. She was poking around. Maybe looking for trapdoors or something.

(beat)

A while later, someone from Russia hacked into SIPRNet. Then again, from India. Both times, files get downloaded.

(beat)

Nothing for months until ten days ago. One blip, then gone.

EAGLE

Is she doing all this solo?

JOHNNY

I've been thinking about that. Why log in ten days ago and identify yourself if you've been able to hide for so long?

EAGLE

Maybe she tried to get in a few times on her own, and realized they changed her access codes.

JOHNNY

Maybe, but I think she's had help the whole time. What if she logged in this last time because something happened to her helper hacker?

EAGLE

Right... scared, alone, maybe desperate.

(MORE)

EAGLE (CONT'D)
So she signs in, but only for a second because she lacks the skill the hacker had, and instantly realizes she's been flagged.

JOHNNY
Bingo.

EAGLE
That fits. So I need to go to the location of her last log in.

JOHNNY
Already booked you a flight.

EXT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Eagle walks toward the BAGGAGE CLAIM, bypassing departing passengers.

INT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Kurt Brown, in his airport jumpsuit, watches the conveyor belt. He carries himself with a soldier's bearing, though softer around the middle than before.

Eagle approaches from behind.

EAGLE
Lieutenant.

Kurt spins, a wide smile breaking across his face. He snaps a playful salute.

KURT
Captain!

They embrace, genuine warmth washing over them.

KURT (CONT'D)
Damn, man, you look like you went three rounds with a blender.

EAGLE
Been busy.
(beat)
Want to take a smoke break and catch up?

KURT
Nah, quit. But I'll step outside with ya.

Eagle raises an eyebrow, impressed.

EAGLE

Good for you.

KURT

Day I landed safely on American soil, brother. Figured it wasn't worth surviving all that crap just to give myself cancer.

EAGLE

Cold turkey?

KURT

Yeah. Spent the first month ready to strangle everyone. But after that, piece of cake.

Eagle taps Kurt's paunch.

EAGLE

Maybe a little less cake, huh?

KURT

You here to bust my balls?

Eagle smiles faintly, hefting the duffel off his shoulder.

EAGLE

Just keeping you on your toes, man.

INT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE HANDLING AREA -
MOMENTS LATER

Kurt and Eagle hover around a steel table.

KURT

This motherfucker killed Percy...
you sure you don't want backup?

EAGLE

I got backup.

He unzips the duffel, revealing an arsenal: HANDGUNS, a SHOTGUN, GRENADES, FLASH-BANGS, a wicked-looking HUNTING KNIFE, and a bunch of AMMO.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Always be prepared.

Kurt zips it shut, a touch of awe in his eyes.

KURT

I gotchya. My guy'll be waiting in
Hong Kong. You'll bypass customs.
Exit through oversized baggage.
He'll meet you there.

Eagle extends his hand, Kurt takes it and brings him in for a
hug.

EAGLE

Thanks, brother.

KURT

Anytime.

(then)

Hey... I could go. I can help.

Eagle shakes his head, eyes hardening.

EAGLE

I can't risk losing anymore men...

(a smirk)

Besides, the alleyways in Hong Kong
are narrow. Not much room for your
new... physique.

He pats Kurt's belly as he leaves.

INT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - LATER

Eagle's in line, phone pressed to his ear.

Across the terminal - MARHUB watches, his unwavering gaze
fixated on Eagle.

EAGLE (O.S.)

Any word on our new friends?

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Johnny puts Eagle on SPEAKER.

JOHNNY

Working on it. Finding dirt on a
Fed's a pain. Merc guy was easy.

EAGLE

What did you find?

Eagle nears the front of the line.

JOHNNY

Croyle was straight with you.
Marhub Makkar moved to Pakistan to
join Al Qaeda around 2008-2009.
That is not his birth name, but it
doesn't matter. He went freelance
in 2012 and has been selling his
skills to the highest bidder ever
since.

EAGLE

Okay. Keep digging.
(beat)
How's Diana?

Diana pops in.

DIANA

Is that my brother?

JOHNNY

You guys have, like, weird sibling
ESP or something?

DIANA

(to Eagle)
Heads up, Clay, I subscribed to
every streaming service with *your*
credit card.

EAGLE

Perfect. Enjoy.

DIANA

I hate being away from my
customers. I'm a people person. I
can't be alone. Can I get a dog?

EAGLE

You're not alone. Johnny's there.

DIANA

Are you aware he refers to our
house as 'The Nest'?

JOHNNY

(defensive)
Hey! The Eagle's Nest is a cool
name!

DIANA

That's what Hitler's bunker was
called.

JOHNNY
Oh shit... really?

INT. ASHEVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Eagle smiles faintly at their exchange.

EAGLE
Gotta go. Boarding.

He ends the call. Eagle hands his boarding pass to the flight attendant, then walks down the jetway.

Marhub waits a beat, then steps into line, preparing to board the same flight.

EXT. LANTAU ISLAND - HONG KONG - DAY

Eagle navigates a motorcycle along the narrow mountain road, his duffle strapped to his back like an oversized shell.

EXT. TAI O - LANTAU ISLAND - HONG KONG - LATER

Eagle crosses a rickety footbridge into the heart of Tai O Fishing Village. Stilt houses loom in the distance.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - TAI O FISHING VILLAGE - DAY

Eagle weaves his way through the bustling marketplace.

At a FRUIT STAND, he flashes Diana's picture on his phone. The FRUIT SELLER shakes her head apologetically.

Undeterred, he continues, showing the picture to others: a vendor, a fisherman, and an elderly woman passing by.

He receives the same response each time - a shake of the head, a flicker of confusion. No one recognizes Nicole.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - TAI O FISHING VILLAGE - LATER

Eagle stands at the edge of the village, watching FISHERMEN bicker over a recent catch.

A pre-teen boy, **FAN**, sidles up beside him.

FAN
Lost, mister?

EAGLE

No.

Fan mirrors his gaze, studying the fishermen.

FAN

Looking for something? I know everything and everyone here. I can help.

EAGLE

I'm good, kid.

He starts to leave, but Fan scurries after him.

FAN

Want fish? Need boat? I am trusted.

EAGLE

Alright, kid...

FAN

Fan. I Fan.

EAGLE

Okay, Fan, you want to help?

Fan nods eagerly. Eagle shows Nicole's picture on his phone.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Seen her?

Fan studies the photo intently. A spark of recognition in his eyes quickly vanishes.

FAN

No. Never.

Fan stares at Eagle, then walks away.

EAGLE

Wait.

Fan stops, but doesn't turn.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

She needs help. You know that, don't you? She's in trouble.

Fan shrugs, his back still turned.

FAN
(softly)
She has big man with her. He keeps
her safe.

EAGLE
Where is she? Please? I have money.
I'll pay you.

Fan starts walking, a slight nod of his head indicates Eagle to follow.

They quickly walk through the market, then slip down a narrow alleyway. It opens into a hidden square.

EXT. KWAN TAI TEMPLE - MOMENTS LATER

They stop at a Buddhist temple.

FAN
In there. The big man.

EAGLE
You're sure?

Fan nods. Hold his hand out, impatient.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Right, sorry.

Eagle digs in his pockets.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Only got American dollars...

FAN
Good!

Fan snatches the money and dashes off.

INT. KWAN TAI TEMPLE - MOMENTS LATER

The temple's meditative darkness is shattered as the door swings open. Eagle enters cautiously when--

THWAP! He's thrown back, slamming into the door.

A LARGE FIGURE IN A HOODED ROBE attacks, wrestling with Eagle. A vicious struggle: they crash against a wall, ending up on the ground, their bodies a tangle of limbs.

Eagle gains the upper hand, climbing on top of his attacker, fist raised to strike...

The hood falls away. Lt. Owen Michaels face is revealed.

EAGLE

Michaels?

Michaels flinches at his name. Sits up, dazed.

MICHAELS

Captain?

Eagle stands. Offers a hand up.

EAGLE

Thought you were dead.

MICHAELS

You too, sir.

They bear hug, relief washing over them. Then Michaels's questions cut through the moment:

EAGLE

What are you doing here?

MICHAELS

What are *you* doing here?

EAGLE

Nicole Tavolacci.

Michaels stiffens at the name, his whole demeanor shifting.

MICHAELS

(coldly)

Not here. Follow me.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - TAI O - MOMENTS LATER

Michaels leads Eagle inside a tiny, cluttered apartment. Anti-surveillance gear, guns, and ammo boxes crowd every surface. It's a lone soldier's hideout.

MICHAELS

Home sweet home.

Eagle scans the room. No signs of anyone besides Michaels living here.

EAGLE

You're here alone?

Michaels sighs, shakes his head to clear away a painful memory.

MICHAELS

Now, yeah. Fan keeps an eye out.

EAGLE

The kid's working for you?

MICHAELS

He lives upstairs. Speaks decent English. Smart. Good kid.

EAGLE

He sounded like Short Round.

Michaels grins, a hint of his old self showing through.

MICHAELS

That's his favorite movie! Man, if he knew your last name was Jones...

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

QUICK FLASHES:

-- Brutal heat shimmers over the horizon as a THREE-VEHICLE MILITARY CONVOY breaks the crest of a sand dune.

-- A canvas-covered TRANSPORT TRUCK (TAM-150) rides directly behind the lead Humvee.

-- Another HUMVEE follows behind, outfitted with a 50 CAL MACHINE GUN, manned by an AFGHAN GUNNER.

INT. REAR HUMVEE - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: Barmal District, Afghanistan - Then

Special Forces weapons officer HENRY RIGGS drives. OPS Sergeant OWEN MICHAELS is in the passenger seat. An AFGHAN SOLDIER sits tensely between them.

RIGGS

(to Michaels)

Boss never stops. No matter how routine the run, the man's a machine.

MICHAELS

Isn't that a good thing?

EAGLE (V.O. FROM RADIO)
Eagle to Riggs, report.

Riggs holds up a finger, silencing Michaels.

RIGGS
(into radio)
All green. Sizzlin' like bacon, but
we're good. FNG's gotta lotta
questions.

KURT (V.O. FROM RADIO)
Wouldn't be a mission without Riggs
complaining...

RIGGS
(into radio)
These things don't have A/C.

OFFICER RUIZ (V.O. FROM RADIO)
We're literally outside, Riggs...

RIGGS
(into radio)
At least y'all got a breeze.

EAGLE (V.O. FROM RADIO)
No chatter. Stay frosty. Eagle out.

RUIZ (V.O. FROM RADIO)
Yeah, Kurt. Don't want to spook
'the Dirty' pointing a 50 cal at
your Six.

RIGGS
(into radio)
Try riding shotgun with the twitchy
fuckin' new guy.

The Afghan soldier beside him remains stoic. Michaels studies him.

MICHAELS
Y'all do this run every month?

RIGGS
Four months in a row now.

MICHAELS
What're we moving that's got'em so
on edge?

RIGGS
Above our pay grade.

MICHAELS
Still feels weird... working with
them.

RIGGS
Sides don't matter anymore,
Michaels. Just survival.

Michaels glances at the Afghan again, then --

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - FLASHBACK

A DEAFENING EXPLOSION tears through the air, FLIPPING THE
LEAD HUMVEE!

THE TRANSPORT SCREECHES TO A STOP.

INT. REAR HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Riggs SLAMS on the brakes, barely avoiding crashing into the
transport truck in front of them.

MICHAELS
The hell was that!?

Suddenly, the Gunner outside POUNDS on the Humvee's roof.

The Afghan soldier between them raises a pistol.

A gunshot - RIGGS' head explodes.

The gun turns on Michaels. He reacts instinctively, wrestling
for the weapon as he draws his own. They fire simultaneously.

A bullet hits Michaels in the gut. He empties his clip into
the Afghan soldier...

SLAM TO:

INT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - LATER

Septic green fluorescent lights highlight the burn scars on
Michaels's face. Eagle stares.

SUPER: Lantau Island, Hong Kong - NOW

Bowls of noodle soup sit untouched in front of them.

MICHAELS

I passed out in the Humvee. Next thing I know, I wake up in Rammstein.

EAGLE

They told us you didn't make it.

MICHAELS

Nicole had it all planned that way. I was out there a while, then another chopper arrived...

EAGLE

And Nicole?

Michael sighs, gathers his thoughts.

MICHAELS

Before the army, I was one arrest away from life in federal prison.

EAGLE

For what?

MICHAELS

Cyber crimes. Hacking. Smart kid, bored, the usual.

(beat)

The Navy built the Deep Web. I made it my bitch.

EAGLE

None of this was in your file.

MICHAELS

Wouldn't be. Joining the army cleaned that right up. Record expunged.

EAGLE

But Nicole knew. Leveraged you to hack for her?

MICHAELS

Yeah. She's in the hospital when I wake up. Tells me I'm the only one who survived.

EAGLE

Why the SIPRnet breach?

MICHAELS

She's compiling evidence.

EAGLE

Of what? Why so much puddle
jumping?

MICHAELS

(beat; then quietly)
It was all a setup, Eagle. From the
start. Operation Castlewood, the
convoy, the--

THOONK! The sound cuts him off. A bullet SHATTERS the WATER
GLASS next to Eagle's hand. Glass and water explode outwards.

THOONK! Another bullet hits MICHAELS'S RIGHT SHOULDER. He
cries out. Eagle dives to the floor, dragging Michaels down
with him, as--

A HAILSTORM of bullets shreds the shop. PATRONS scream; some
hit the deck, others are TORN apart in a spray of blood and
shattered glass.

Eagle and Michaels crouch under a fallen table. Michaels
clutches his wound.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Gotta love a welcome party no one
ask-...

His eyes find Eagle's, desperate.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Hey... You okay?

Eagle doesn't respond, hands trembling violently.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

(louder)
CAPTAIN!

Eagle SNAPS back, eyes darting. Notices BLOOD seeping from
Michaels's shoulder.

EAGLE

How bad?

Michaels winces, inspecting the wound.

MICHAELS

Graze. Got lucky.

Bullets slam into the wood table. Michaels peaks around to
glimpse through the shattered front window.

EXT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MERC OPS SOLDIERS swarm outside, in desert camouflage. Marhub leads the group with a predator's grin.

INT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Michaels ducks beside Eagle, blood staining his shirt.

MICHAELS
Friends of yours?

Eagle fires a burst at the mercenaries, teeth gritted. He drops back behind the table.

EAGLE
We haven't officially met, yet!
Damn it!

Eagle leans out. Fires another burst. Hits nothing.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Nicole - where is she, Owen?

Michaels pulls a GLOCK 19, moves slickly despite his wound. He takes out two attackers with precise shots.

MICHAELS
Gone. Made her leave about two weeks back. She's gotta finish this.

His voice strains over the gunfire that rips through the noodle shop again.

EAGLE
Where?!

They crawl, flipping another table as bullets splinter the wood above them.

MICHAELS
Morocco. Maybe Granada, but...

BLAM! The table EXPLODES near Michaels's head. He flinches, a curse muffled by the gunfire.

EXT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Marhub, a smirk on his face, holds a high-powered rifle and lines up for another shot.

INT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Michaels and Eagle reach the last table. Flip it.

MICHAELS
I'm gonna kill that asshole!

EAGLE
Get in line.

He unloads the whole mag, then ducks back. Reloads.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Exit plan?

MICHAELS
Cover Me.

He nods towards the kitchen. Eagle pulls the pin on two SMOKE GRENADES...

EXT. SMALL NOODLE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

CLINK. CLINK. The grenades land by the attackers.

Marhub dives for cover, eyes squeezed shut, as--

KABOOOOM! Thick smoke billows out, obscuring the shop.

EXT. TAI O - LANTAU ISLAND - HONG KONG

Eagle and Michaels BURST from the back of the noodle shop straight into a desperate leap over the railing -

A sharp ten-foot drop to the muddy beach below.

Michaels lands, rolls, then shouts up to Eagle:

MICHAELS
Move!

Eagle doesn't hesitate. Gunfire echoes from behind as he launches himself over, using the duffle to break his fall.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)
This way!

Michaels bolts down the beach toward a SMALL MOTORBOAT.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Get in!

EXT. TAI O - RIVER - CONTINUOUS

They speed away, leaving chaos in their wake.

MICHAELS
I've got a bike stashed.

Eagle spots MOVEMENT on the rooftops - MERC OPS, closing in.

EAGLE
Eyes up!

Soldiers flanking them on BOTH sides of the river. Gunfire erupts.

Eagle returns fire, the boat weaving dangerously along the shallow river.

Behind them - another boat gains ground - Marhub in command, barking orders at his soldiers.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
We're surrounded!

MICHAELS
Hold on!

Up ahead, a makeshift BRIDGE spans the river. TWO SOLDIERS guarding it unleash a hail of bullets.

Eagle picks one off - the other leaps off the bridge, landing on their boat.

Michaels whirls, planting the blade of a HUNTING KNIFE into the soldier's back with a sickening thud. Eagle tosses the body overboard.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)
There!

He points where the riverbank dips under a pier, leading into the jungle.

EXT. TAI O - UNDER THE PIER

They run the motorboat onto the sand, leaping out.

Michaels navigates through the stilts that support the pier, ankle-deep water sloshing with each frantic step.

Marhub and his men are close behind, their footsteps echoing the chaos of the chase.

MICHAELS

Watch our six!

Eagle snatches a SIG-556 ASSAULT RIFLE from the duffle.

EAGLE

HUA!

HUA - Heard-Understood-Acknowledged.

He pivots, spraying gunfire at the approaching Mercs.

Michaels sprints on, bullets splintering the wooden pier above.

He FIRES UPWARD, a scream cutting through the gunfire as his bullets shred a soldier's lower half.

MICHAELS

I'm Winchester!

Out of bullets. He ditches the gun as--

A BULLET TEARS THROUGH HIS CALF.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

EAGLE

You okay?

MICHAELS

Gun!

Eagle tosses the SIG. Michaels catches it, firing another burst at the remaining soldier.

EAGLE

Can you move?

He hauls Michaels up, half-carrying him into the -

EXT. TAI O - LANTAU ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY

The dense canopy blocks out the light. Our guys make their escape - two Mercs on their heels.

Eagle lowers Michaels behind a tree, reloading the SIG.

MICHAELS

East... a clearing. Bike's behind the big rock. GO!

EAGLE

You're coming with me.

He fires around the tree, keeping the Mercs at bay.

MICHAELS

I'm slowing you down. They'll get us both.

EAGLE

Focus on the fight.

The tree SHATTERS under fresh machine-gun fire. Reinforcements have arrived.

MICHAELS

She needs your help, Eagle...

EAGLE

I'm not leaving you again.

MICHAELS

You have to!

Another round of gunfire.

EAGLE

No! Get the fuck up! GET UP!

The tree can't take much more punishment.

MICHAELS

(quiet)
...can't...

He lifts his shirt. Blood seeps from a wound above his pelvic bone. It's bad.

EAGLE

Jesus...

MICHAELS

Crush the bastards... I got you covered.

Eagle stands, handing the SIG back to Michaels. Drops his last GRENADES next to his friend.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Go!

Michaels twists around the base of the tree and--

Unleashes a wild spray of gunfire.

Eagle sprints in the opposite direction, driven by grief and rage. Behind him, the grenades EXPLODE.

He doesn't look back. He can't.

EXT. A CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Eagle charges from the undergrowth. He spots a moss-choked rock. Behind it - a battered Yamaha dirt bike.

He kicks the bike to life. Engine SCREAMS. He tears through the clearing, a blur of motion. Jungle whips past.

EXT. TSING MA BRIDGE - NIGHT

Bridge lights streak against the water. Below, Kowloon pulses - a neon warren of alleys and food stalls. Eagle, face a mask of dirt, blasts across the bridge.

EXT. KOWLOON - NIGHT

A city like a tightly packed sardine can, Kowloon is brimming with activity. It makes for an ideal hiding place.

JOHNNY (PRELAP)
(on phone)
Got her?

INT. THE KOWLOON HOTEL - NIGHT

Cramped hotel room. Eagle paces, burner phone at his ear.

EAGLE
Not yet. Find anything in Morocco
or Granada?

INTERCUT with--

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's at the desk, on the phone with Eagle. Diana paces in the kitchen.

JOHNNY
I'll have to check my notes. Why?

DIANA
(to Johnny)
Is that him?

EAGLE (FROM PHONE)
Got a lead.

Johnny looks back through his notes.

JOHNNY
Hmmm... nothing major. A couple of pings from an internet cafe in Granada. Probably a signal bounce, but I'll send the address just in case.

Diana grabs the phone from Johnny.

Eagle struggles with a glass water bottle, hands shaking. It drops - SMASHES.

EAGLE
Shit!

DIANA
What was that? Everything okay?

EAGLE
Yeah. Yeah. I knocked over a glass.

DIANA
(softly)
Are you sure you're alright?

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. Braces himself against the counter.

EAGLE
Yeah. Just tired. What's up?

DIANA
(hesitating)
I... I want to reopen. It's just that, um... The bar hasn't been closed for more than three days since Mom died.

Eagle says nothing.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Hello?

EAGLE
I'm here.

DIANA
Aren't you going to tell me not to do it?

EAGLE
Would it matter?

DIANA
No.

EAGLE
Be careful, ok?

DIANA
I got my six.

He smiles.

EAGLE
Put Johnny back on.

DIANA
Love you.

She hands the phone back to Johnny.

INT. THE KOWLOON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Eagle throws a towel over the broken glass. Good enough.

JOHNNY (FROM PHONE)
Hey--

EAGLE
Stay with her. Bring heat.

JOHNNY (FROM PHONE)
I'm not really comfortable shoo-

EAGLE
(cutting him off)
And call Kurt. Tell him it's time.

He hangs up. Tries for another water bottle - hands shake violently. Knees buckle, breath hitches.

The phone CLATTERS to the floor. Eagle fights to stay upright. Eyes closed, focused on his breath. It slows and steadies. He wipes sweat off his brow. Exhausted.

He flops onto the bed.

EXT. GRANADA, SPAIN - DAY

Bright coastal sun blazes off tan adobe buildings cluttering the city. Eagle weaves through a maze of cramped streets, flashing Nicole's photo. No one recognizes her.

SUPER: GRANADA, SPAIN

INT. INTERNET CAFE - GRANADA, SPAIN - EVENING

Eagle's facing the door at a computer. He's showered and changed but still visibly bruised and weary.

A WOMAN in a headscarf, wearing modest, casual attire, enters the cafe. She briefly locks eyes with Eagle.

A FLASH of recognition. Then she BOLTS.

Eagle hops to his feet and chases her.

EXT. GRANADA, SPAIN - STREETS - EVENING

The Woman darts through foot traffic.

EAGLE
(calling after)
NICOLE!

A flicker of hesitation in her step - it's enough. Eagle surges forward after her.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Nicole! Stop! Wait!

Nicole vanishes into a CROWD outside a bar. Eagle elbows past drunken TOURISTS, following her inside.

INT. BAR - GRANADA, SPAIN - SAME

It's packed. Eagle moves through the crowd like a fish swimming upstream, glimpses of Nicole leading him forward.

He catches her making a beeline for the back exit.

EXT. BAR - GRANADA, SPAIN - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Eagle bursts into the alley, scans wildly. She's gone.

WHUMP! A BLOW to the back of his head sends him to his knees. He's tackled from behind.

Eagle and Nicole roll into the street. PEOPLE stare.

Nicole straddles him, playful, aware she's being watched. She leans in close to Eagle like they're about to kiss. Then--

A flash of a SMALL KNIFE. Suddenly, it's against his neck.

NICOLE
(leaning in close)
You've got ten seconds. Why are you here?

EAGLE
It's time to go home...

CLINK. Cuffs snap shut. One end on her, the other on him. He smirks.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Owen Michaels sends his regards.

Owen's name hits her like a slap. Her face contorts. *What?!*

Eagle twists the cuffs. Nicole yelps, drops the knife.

In a flash, he SLAMS her down, positions reversed.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
We're not safe out here.

Eagle scans the streets, finding several eyes on them. *Or maybe he's just getting paranoid.*

NICOLE
(nods to the handcuffs)
Trust you?

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - GRANADA, SPAIN - LATER

FWOOOOSH - A gas burner ignites. Nicole places a metal teapot over the flame. Eagle sits at a cramped kitchen table, still cuffed to her.

NICOLE
My brother's an idiot.

EAGLE
Or I'm good at my job.

He unlocks the cuffs.

NICOLE
You found Fadia through his emails?

EAGLE
(nodding)
Only a matter of time till we found
Owen.

NICOLE
And he...

EAGLE
...Protected you to the end.

Nicole sits across from him, rubbing the red mark on her
wrist from the cuffs.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Ice would help.

NICOLE
I'm fine.

She nods, but her eyes betray her. Owen's death hangs heavy.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(RE: Owen)
He was a good man.

EAGLE
And you used him.

NICOLE
He knew the risks.

She says it, but doubt flickers across her face.

EAGLE
You stole classified documents from
the United States Government. What
was the next part of the plan? Sell
them back for profit?

Nicole scoffs.

NICOLE
Who fed you that bullshit? Percy?
The CIA?

Now it's Eagle's turn to look surprised.

EAGLE
How do you know Percy?

NICOLE

You might not know *me*, Captain Clayton "Eagle" Jones, but I know you. I know your team. Most importantly, I know about Operation Castlewood.

That sends a chill down his spine.

EAGLE

What?

NICOLE

I watched the whole thing unfold.

EXT. BARMAL, AFGHANISTAN - DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE NIGHTMARE. QUICK FLASHES:

-- A THREE-VEHICLE MILITARY CONVOY...

-- A POWERFUL EXPLOSION...

-- GUN FIRE! Ruiz dances in place...

-- A bullet RIPS open Quinn's neck...

This time, the horror unfolds from above, an UNMANNED AERIAL VEHICLE (UAV) providing a detached, omniscient view of the violent carnage below.

Percy, Eagle, Kurt, and an injured Gomez find refuge at the convoy's lead.

SUPER: Barmal District, Afghanistan - Then

EAGLE

Status?

Without warning, the Afghan Gunner unleashes hell as he opens fire INTO THE BACK OF THE TRANSPORT.

The transport's cover is shredded into tatters, SCREAMS from inside drowned by relentless gunfire.

PERCY

Fuckin' Haji assholes!

KURT

ORDERS?!

Their eyes find Eagle, weapon at the ready.

EAGLE
Free fire zone. KAC 'em!

Eagle and Percy retaliate with precision, the Gunner's threat momentarily silenced by the need to reload.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Watch my six!

Eagle sprints as his return fire finds its mark - the Gunner collapses, a mist of red marking the end.

The Americans turn their focus to the remaining hostiles, their fire disciplined yet desperate.

Eagle DIVES back to safety, his eyes meet Kurt's.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Gunner's down. How's Gomez?

Kurt nods at Gomez slumped over in the sand - dead.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Shit.

PERCY
We need--

His words are cut short as a bullet tears open his cheek.

Kurt unloads his mag into the closest Afghan Soldier.

A single enemy soldier shouts at them from cover.

EAGLE
Those are your last words, hope you
made'em count.

With a swift, calculated motion, Eagle vaults from his position, circumventing the enemy's cover.

In one fluid motion, he rounds the barrier and fires a single shot into the soldier's forehead.

The battle is over.

KURT
You good, Cap?

Eagle grunts, brushes sand off his uniform.

KURT (CONT'D)
Percy?

Percy holds a hand to his bloody cheek, the other giving Kurt a weak thumbs-up.

KURT (CONT'D)
He'll live. We need to evac.

A WHIMPER from the back of the TAM draws their attention.

KURT (CONT'D)
The fuck's back there?

Eagle approaches the back of the transport.

He slowly pulls back the tattered tarp to reveal - young Afghan boys, some dead, some dying. The few survivors stare at Eagle with hardened eyes, void of hope.

PULL BACK. AND UP. WAY, WAY UP TO--

The UAV watching, indifferent, as the horror below unfolds. Sending a live signal information back to--

INT. THE "GATOR PIT" - DAY - FLASHBACK

A stark contrast to the chaotic desert - a room of desks and computers. Each operated by a different Interrogator, or - "Gator." The Gators are all assigned a number.

Nicole, GATOR13, watches the operation on her screen, the weight of what she's witnessed heavy in her eyes.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - GRANADA, SPAIN - CONTINUOUS

Eagle clenches his jaw, the memory of the failed Op in Barmal fresh on his mind.

EAGLE
They knew. Everyone knew what we were transporting?

Nicole nods grimly.

NICOLE
And they wanted it buried.

EAGLE
How does Waddertorn fit?

Nicole scoffs, a cynical edge to her laugh.

NICOLE

Is that what they're calling themselves?

(Eagle's confused)

Waddertorn's bullshit, Clay. An anagram.

EAGLE

For what?

NICOLE

"Drowned rat". The CIA's favorite way to silence a leak.

EAGLE

CIA? Croyle's DHS.

NICOLE

DHS is bullshit. You're being played, Clay.

(beat)

Again.

Eagle reels.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

CIA pretends to be DHS, adds another layer of cover. Plus, they love throwing blame at each other.

The teapot WHISTLES. Eagle's mind spins, but the pieces aren't slotting together yet.

EAGLE

How's this tied to a transport full of dead kids and a gator hiding halfway across the world?

NICOLE

You want tea?

EAGLE

(frustrated)

I want answers.

Nicole pours herself tea.

NICOLE

The kids are message mules. Nobody in power gives a damn about a few dead Afghan boys. If you're the world's most wanted terrorist leader, you can't run an empire on cell phone towers.

EAGLE
So they use kids?

NICOLE
Yes. Load them up with information
and send them out with a handler.

Eagle's brow furrows, something ugly twists in his gut.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
The handlers are worse. They
usually use the boys for sex. It's
called bacha bazi - It literally
means--

EAGLE
Boy play.

NICOLE
These kids are brainwashed to be
used as mules or runners.
(beat)
Once sufficiently indoctrinated,
they're passed among the men.
(beat)
They're told they'll go to Heaven
only if they please the soldiers.
(beat)
Everyone turns a blind eye. The
kids' value isn't in their lives;
it's in what they know.

EAGLE
Jesus, those kids... they're
walking intel bombs. Not just the
messages they're given, but
everything they see and hear...

NICOLE
Which makes them a threat to all
sides. The boys your squad was
tasked with moving were a kind of
peace offering.

EAGLE
For who?

NICOLE
The better question is *from who*.

Eagle waits for an answer, the silence heavy.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

The boys were a gift to the Pakistani military care of the United States of America. Complete with their own dedicated private US Army delivery service.

Eagle's knuckles whiten on the table, the wood creaking beneath his grip.

EAGLE

Our military knew? They sanctioned this?

Nicole nods, her eyes steady on his.

NICOLE

Worse. *Our* military orchestrated the whole damn thing. They put those kids in harm's way - twice. Shipped them over as blank slates to Afghanistan, then snatched them back full of secrets, ready to hand over to the Pakistani Government for interrogation.

EAGLE

Then who attacked us? If everyone had a stake in this...

NICOLE

That's the million-dollar question, isn't it? But you have to think: who was the target?

EAGLE

(realization dawning)

The kids... they were never meant to survive.

NICOLE

The kids were the evidence. Someone got cold feet. Maybe it was the Pakistanis, maybe the Afghans. Or maybe it was our own damn people, tidying up loose ends. Either way, all three governments get to shrug it off and call it a wartime tragedy.

EAGLE

No loose ends.

INT. OSWALD'S PUB - NIGHT

Closing time. The last few customers shuffle out. Diana wipes the bar. Johnny types at his laptop in a booth, stealing glances at her.

DIANA

Need something? You've been staring at me all night.

Flustered, he looks down at his laptop.

JOHNNY

Huh? Oh... just... keepin' an eye on ya.

(beat; mock seriousness)

Following orders, Ma'am.

He salutes her with a sheepish grin. She smirks, hands on her hips.

DIANA

I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but Clay--

DIANA

-- taught me to kick all kinds of ass while treating me like a damsel in distress. Bit of a mixed message, if you ask me.

JOHNNY

He loves you.

DIANA

Can I ask you something?

JOHNNY

Anything.

DIANA

Do you ever wish you were out there with him?

JOHNNY

Like, out *there*, out there?

DIANA

Yeah.

JOHNNY

Haha. No. I... I'm not the front and center kind of guy.

DIANA

Because you're the computer guy.

JOHNNY

Did you know I was in orchestra in high school?

She shakes her head.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I don't remember why I joined.

DIANA

Probably a girl.

He smirks.

JOHNNY

Probably. Anyway, I had no instrument experience, so they stuck me with the percussion kids. It was awesome. I got to be in the way, way back, but still involved and making new friends. Being a percussionist in the school orchestra is mostly about counting, right? You have to pay close attention because if I miss that one bongggg or cymbal crash, the whole thing's ruined.

DIANA

Uh-huh.

She sits across from him.

JOHNNY

So, rock-n-roll began when they added drums to the blues, right. The blues existed before the drums and still goes on without it. But not rock-n-roll. You need the drummer. You can't have an orchestra without percussion either, or at least you shouldn't.

(beat)

I keep the time, add color, make it all come together. But I can't lose my place, or the whole thing will be messed up.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

So... I avoid things that could...distract me. Like performing in front of an audience... or a guy with a gun.

DIANA

And how does my brother fit into your orchestra?

JOHNNY

Oh... first chair violin. The star. Most important player on the stage, except for the conductor. I guess that'd have been Percy since there wouldn't have been an orchestra without him.

Diana smiles warmly. Leans in a little closer.

DIANA

Am I in this orchestra?

JOHNNY

Of course. You're the guest star. Everyone waits for you to show up and can't take their eyes off you when you do.

Diana's heart flutters, but her eyes stay locked with his.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The show goes on when you leave, but everyone still waits, even through the encore, to see if you'll come back. Because the music is the most beautiful when you're there.

A silent, sexually charged moment sparks between them.

DIANA

Are you ever going to kiss me?

His breath catches. They move closer... and closer still.

Her eyes close, ready for this...

SMASH! The pub door flies open. Croyle strides in, a sinister grin plastered across his face.

Diana leaps back, eyes wide.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Sorry, we're closed.

Croyle locks the door, ignoring her.

AGENT CROYLE
Not looking for a drink, Miss
Jones. I'm a friend of your
brother.

Croyle crosses to the booth.

JOHNNY
(whispers to Diana)
Run.

He leaps at Croyle. Tables CRASH as they go down.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
RUN, DIANA!

She scrambles over the bar, grabbing the shotgun underneath.

Croyle lays into Johnny with swift, brutal hits.

AGENT CROYLE
Thought you were supposed to be the
smart one.

Croyle flips Johnny onto his back, jams a gun under Johnny's
chin. Johnny squeezes his eyes shut.

DIANA
STOP!

She cocks the shotgun and levels it at Croyle.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Let him go.

Croyle doesn't flinch.

AGENT CROYLE
You might be a great shot, but can
you be sure I won't tense up and
fire?

Croyle stares her down, daring her to make the first move.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
Are you willing to risk Mr. Arya's
safety, Miss Jones?

Her hands tremble as she lowers the shotgun.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - GRANADA, SPAIN - NIGHT

Nicole adds honey to her tea.

NICOLE

While the ambush was unfolding, I reached out to a couple of my contacts. When things got back to normal for my department, I took what I could and left for Germany.

EAGLE

To intercept Michaels in recovery. But why lie to him about us?

She crosses to the couch and sits next to Eagle.

NICOLE

Because he was still afraid of going to jail.

(then)

I needed him to understand who the real bad guys were.

(beat)

And I didn't lie, not outright. I just... curated the truth to keep him moving forward.

EAGLE

So, from Barmal to Germany, then Russia...

NICOLE

Yes. We had to keep moving, just in case. It was... it was hard on him. He missed home. But I--

Her voice cracks as she fights to contain her emotion.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I fucked it all up. I got greedy. I needed more evidence and thought of a new way to get it. I didn't listen to him. I shouldn't have signed in without his help...

EAGLE

They traced the connection.

She nods. Tears escape her squeezed shut eyes.

NICOLE

Once I realized, I knew they'd come after us. So... I left.

A long beat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I didn't want him to get hurt...

EAGLE
This isn't just your battle. We're
all in the crosshairs, now.

She wipes her face, regaining composure.

NICOLE
They're tying up loose ends. Percy,
Michaels...

Eagle runs a hand through his hair, jaw clenched.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
We have one shot to end this.

EAGLE
And you have everything you need to
do that?

NICOLE
Almost. They traced my last sign-
in. I killed the connection before
the download finished. If I get the
rest of the data, it's enough to
expose the whole operation.

EAGLE
So, you need to breach SIPRNet
again.

NICOLE
Yeah, but without Michaels, I'm
blind.

EAGLE
Is there a battlefield consequence
to releasing all this?

She shakes her head.

NICOLE
I'd never endanger more soldiers.

EAGLE
How much time do you need inside?

NICOLE

Ten, maybe twenty minutes. But without Michaels--

EAGLE

He's not the only guy with a knack for this stuff. I'll make a call.

Eagle picks up a new burner phone, dials.

NICOLE

You know it's a suicide mission, right? Exposing this... it's painting a target on our backs.

EAGLE

Let them come. The truth about the child trafficking... it's bigger than any risk we face. We'll be the least of their worries.

He pauses as the call goes unanswered. Ends the call.

NICOLE

What's wrong?

EAGLE

No one's answering.

A sudden ring breaks the silence. Eagle answers, his posture tensing.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Hello?

AGENT CROYLE (V.O.)

(from phone)

Captain Jones. We speak again.

Eagle's eyes harden.

EAGLE

Croyle. What do you want?

AGENT CROYLE (V.O.)

A proposal, Captain. The girl for your sister and your hacker friend.

A muscle jumps in Eagle's jaw.

EAGLE

This has nothing to do with them.

AGENT CROYLE

This is between you, me, and Nicole. Bring her to me, and they walk. Refuse, and... well, let's just say you'll have a lot of funerals to plan when you return to the States.

Eagle's response is immediate, his resolve unflinching.

EAGLE

See you in 24 hours. My place.

He ends the call. Nicole's shock is palpable, the betrayal slicing through the newfound trust.

NICOLE

You can't be serious. You'd trade me... just like that?

Eagle meets her gaze, expression grim.

EAGLE

I have a plan. Trust me.

NICOLE

Trust you? What kind of plan involves handing me over to a psychopath?

EAGLE

It's a diversion. To buy us time, to get you back in. To finish this.

She looks down at her tea.

NICOLE

Fuck. I need something stronger.

EXT. ROOF - GRANADA, SPAIN - NIGHT

Marhub lies prone in his sniper's nest, eyes locked through his sniper scope, finger hovering over the trigger.

Nicole and Eagle are unknowingly in his crosshairs, their fates hanging by a thread.

A sudden vibration disrupts the silence. Marhub taps his BLUETOOTH EARBUD.

MARHUB

Speak.

INTERCUT WITH CROYLE, urgency etched on his face.

AGENT CROYLE
Abort. Return immediately.

MARHUB
Targets acquired. Awaiting confirmation.

AGENT CROYLE
Negative! Stand down. Plans changed.

Marhub's unyielding gaze peers through the sniper scope. Finger poised over the trigger.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
Marhub, *stand down!* That's an order.

Marhub reluctantly closes the scope.

MARHUB
This is a mistake.

He dismantles the weapon, movements precise and practiced.

AGENT CROYLE
Duly noted. Extraction inbound.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - EVENING

Rain hammers down as Eagle and Nicole emerge from a private plane. An SUV idles on the tarmac, Kurt behind the wheel.

INT. KURT'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Nicole and Eagle slide into the backseat, rainwater dripping from their clothes.

EAGLE
Nicole, this is Kurt. Kurt, Nicole.

KURT
Pleasure.
(to Eagle)
You okay?

EAGLE
House secure?

KURT
Was when I left. You got a plan?

EAGLE
Affirmative.

EXT. ASHEVILLE HIGHWAY - EVENING

The black SUV slices through the rain, desperate to reach Eagle's mountain hideout.

Close behind, a single motorcycle weaves through the downpour, unseen. It's Marhub, his gaze narrowed, a predator on the hunt.

He taps his Bluetooth, his voice low and urgent.

MARHUB
Eyes on target.

INT. JONES HOUSE - COMMAND CENTER - LATER

The group gathers in the command center.

EAGLE
(to Nicole)
Grab what you need.

Nicole moves swiftly, collecting a monitor, cables, and a keyboard. She hands pieces to Kurt.

NICOLE
(to Eagle)
You know I can't do this without your tech guy.

EAGLE
Get as far as you can.

KURT
How long we got till they arrive?

EAGLE
We had a tail at the airport. They know we're here.

KURT
We sending her downstairs?

Eagle nods solemnly.

NICOLE
(confusion evident)
Downstairs?

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eagle heaves the couch against the door. He kicks the rug aside, revealing a LARGE METAL HATCH in the floor.

Kurt lets out a low whistle. Nicole's eyes widen.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A harsh light snaps on, revealing a steel bunker beneath Eagle's house. One wall is stocked with food and supplies, the other is an impressive arsenal.

Eagle and Kurt descend the ladder, hauling computer equipment. Nicole's already moving to set up at a table.

EAGLE
(to Nicole)
Get started.
(to Kurt)
Gear up. HK416 and the Colt 1911
for me.

Kurt nods, selecting his own weapons.

NICOLE
(to Eagle)
You sure this place is secure?

EAGLE
My father built this to withstand
an atomic bomb. It'll hold. How
much time do you need?

NICOLE
Enough for download, decryption,
and upload. But like I said--

EAGLE
I'll get you help. Don't worry.

KURT
Then what? What's gonna stop them
from sending more guys?

NICOLE

The media... once we expose the
real story, killing us is less
important...

(adding)

Hopefully.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - NIGHT

Marhub cuts the motorcycle engine. TWO BLACK SUVs roll to a
stop behind him. TEN ARMED MERCENARIES spill out.

A THIRD SUV hangs back, engine idling.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eagle and Nicole prepare their equipment in silence; the
tension of their uneasy alliance is palpable.

Eagle checks the ammunition for his rifle. Nicole connects
her laptop to several monitors. The silence stretches until
Eagle, without looking up, breaks it.

EAGLE

You know, back in Afghanistan,
there was this kid... Must've been
about twelve. Used to sell us the
best chai in the whole province.

Nicole pauses, glancing over at Eagle.

NICOLE

What happened to him?

EAGLE

(sighing)

IED... Half a mile from our FOB.
Kid was just... in the wrong place
at the wrong time.

Nicole's expression softens. She moves closer, sitting
opposite Eagle.

NICOLE

In Iraq, I met a girl in one of the
villages. Smart as a whip. Wanted
to be a doctor. Said she'd find a
cure for war if she could. Drone
strike wipes out the whole village
a week later.

Eagle finally looks up, meeting Nicole's gaze.

EAGLE

Think that's why we do what we do?
Trying to find a cure for war?

NICOLE

(nodding)

Maybe. Or maybe we're just trying
to make amends for the chaos we've
been part of.

Their eyes lock, an unspoken agreement forming. Eagle extends his hand, a peace offering, and a pledge.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Let's make this count.

Eagle nods, a determined glint in his eyes as he heads up the ladder.

EAGLE

Don't open this door for anyone.

NICOLE

Copy.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eagle seals the bunker hatch, throws the rug over it. His gaze darts between the window and the hidden entrance and then lands on Kurt.

EAGLE

How many?

KURT

Eleven. Spread out.

Eagle inhales sharply. Eyes haunted, fight-or-flight surging. Kurt watches, a flicker of concern creasing his brow.

KURT (CONT'D)

Hey, you good?

Eagle tries to nod, his head jerking instead. A bead of sweat rolls down his temple.

EAGLE

Yeah... just...

His voice cracks. Kurt hands him a Saiga-12 fully automatic shotgun. Shells clatter to the floor as Eagle fumbles, hands trembling.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Shit... damn it.

KURT
Hey, it's okay. Look at me.

Eagle's breathing is shallow. His gaze won't settle, darting like a trapped animal's.

KURT (CONT'D)
(firm but gentle)
Focus, Clay! Fighting part's easy.
We're built for that. It's the
after - the quiet - that gets us.
Survive this, then we fight the
real battle.

Eagle's shaking eases slightly. His gaze clears a fraction, breathing steadies.

EAGLE
(a choked whisper)
Yeah... I need... help

Relief softens Kurt's features.

KURT
I know. Me too. We'll get it.
(lightening the mood)
You know, a girlfriend wouldn't
hurt.

A ghost of a smile crosses Eagle's face. Kurt's hand settles on his shoulder, a silent offer of support.

KURT (CONT'D)
But first... Let's light these
motherfuckers up. See you on the
other side.

A spark of determination in Eagle's eyes. Kurt slings a backpack over his shoulder and disappears into the darkness.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - NIGHT

Marhub divides his team into flanking squads with a silent hand signal.

They creep closer to the house, weapons poised. Then, Marhub freezes. A prickle of unease - *something isn't right*.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The stillness echoes the tension outside. Eagle's phone buzzes. Croyle's voice, smooth with false civility, crackles through the speaker.

AGENT CROYLE

(on phone)

What are we doing here, Captain? We had a deal.

EAGLE

Where are they?

AGENT CROYLE

Out here with me. Third SUV. Now, send out the girl.

(beat)

And don't do anything stupid. You're outnumbered, outgunned, and--

EAGLE

Never outgunned.

Eagle puts the phone down; the call is still live. Then he ERUPTS into action, shattering the window with a hail of gunfire.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

GUNFIRE blasts through the car's speakers, a deafening onslaught. Croyle jumps, then smirks.

AGENT CROYLE

(to himself)

That escalated quickly.

Croyle ends the call, turns to Diana and Johnny.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)

(amused)

Your brother's a goddamn maniac!

(beat)

Too bad he's so unstable. Ruins our best soldiers.

DIANA

Look who's talking.

Diana's defiance falters, overtaken by a flash of fear for Eagle. Johnny just laughs, a harsh, defiant sound.

JOHNNY

So, what now? Torture? Execution?
Or does the DHS have fancier ways
to disappear people?

Croyle leans back, considering.

AGENT CROYLE

We're the U.S. Government, son. We
do whatever the fuck we want in the
name of national security.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sweat beads on Nicole's forehead as she watches the progress
bar on the screen: 95%... 96%...

NICOLE

Come on... Hurry...

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a war zone. Gunfire, explosions, the fiery glow of the
burning SUV. Three mercenaries lie lifeless.

Marhub, face twisted with rage, watches a mercenary take aim
with an RPG.

MARHUB

(calm, authoritative)
Fire.

INT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The window EXPLODES INWARD as the RPG hits. The room
disintegrates in a flash of fire and shrapnel.

Eagle dives for cover. Shockwave slams him against the wall.

Debris rains down. Through the swirling dust, Eagle staggers
to his feet, coughing.

EAGLE

(into walkie)
Kurt?

KURT (V.O.)

(over walkie)
In position.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With a precise hand gesture, Marhub signals his men to cease fire. His eyes narrow, the men falling silent.

They wait for signs of life.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Croyle stares at the burning house, a twisted grin spreading across his face.

AGENT CROYLE

Holy hell, look at that! It's beautiful.

Diana's eyes well up with tears, despair written across her face as she imagines the worst for her brother.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the progress bar hits 100%, Nicole's face lights up with triumph, quickly shadowed by the weight of what comes next. She snatches up the walkie.

NICOLE

(into walkie)

Done! Where's that backup you promised? I need help decrypting, Eagle!

Silence crackles back.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eagle's head throbs. His world is a whirlwind of smoke and ringing ears. He barely hears Nicole's voice crackling through the walkie.

NICOLE (V.O.)

(from walkie)

...Eagle? Come in.

He picks up the walkie.

EAGLE

(into walkie)

I'm here.

NICOLE (V.O.)
(from walkie)
I can't decrypt this.

EAGLE
(into walkie)
Working on it.

His phone buzzes, interrupting him. He drops the walkie and answers. Croyle's voice seethes with barely contained fury.

AGENT CROYLE
(on phone)
You were saying...?

EAGLE
You missed.

AGENT CROYLE
(oh phone)
That was a warm-up. The next one
levels the house. Then I put a
bullet in your sister.

Diana's scream echoes through the phone.

EAGLE
You're too late. Nicole's not here.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Croyle glares at the phone, then at the house, rage boiling over.

AGENT CROYLE
LIAR! We tracked you--

EAGLE
(staying calm)
What can I say? Your tracker
failed. I dropped Nicole off at a
secure location along the way.

AGENT CROYLE
(frustrated; sputtering)
Don't... Don't fuck with me, Jones!

Eagle ends the call.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
Did he--? He hung up on me! That
mother...

He snatches the WALKIE off the dashboard.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
Kill'em all.
(to Diana and Johnny)
Which of you wants to watch the
other die?

Diana sobs. Johnny stares down the barrel, frozen with fear.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marhub's eyes burn with cold fury. With a single nod, he unleashes destruction.

Mercenary 1 aims his RPG at the heart of the house. Fires.

The living room EXPLODES OUTWARD in a symphony of destruction. Debris rains down, the roof buckling under the force of the blast.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Diana's sobs fill the car. Johnny stares, transfixed by the burning wreckage. Eagle is surely gone.

AGENT CROYLE
(a chilling grin)
Target neutralized! Team, move in.
Sweep and clear.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The remaining mercenaries advance, rifles raised.

Unseen, Kurt slinks through the trees. He reaches the SUV - not the one holding Diana and Johnny - and vanishes beneath it.

A muffled CLANG, then he reappears, retreating into the trees.

Kurt presses a REMOTE DETONATOR.

The SUV EXPLODES in a blinding flash, a shockwave rippling outwards, staggering the mercenaries.

Eagle bursts from the tree line opposite the house, MACHINE GUN blazing.

The mercenaries are caught in a crossfire, their bodies shredded by the relentless onslaught.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Croyle stares in disbelief as all his men fall. The few who survive scramble for cover.

AGENT CROYLE
(screaming at the driver)
GO! GO! GO!

The SUV's back door flies open, Kurt wastes no time shooting the driver.

Blood and brains splatter across Croyle. He flings open the passenger door and flees the SUV.

Kurt looks in at Diana and Johnny, both unharmed.

KURT
(to Johnny)
You're up.

He hands Johnny the backpack, which the hacker unzips to reveal his laptop. He nods to Kurt.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The remaining mercenaries take cover behind the charred wreckage of the exploded SUV.

Among them, Marhub scans the area. Suddenly, he spots Johnny, backpack slung over one shoulder, making a determined dash towards the house.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny leaps agilely through the gaping hole where the wall once stood. He freezes, his eyes widening as he sees the hatch gaping ominously open.

JOHNNY
Shit.

From the shadows, a voice breaks the tense silence.

AGENT CROYLE
Nowhere to run now.

Croyle emerges from the shadows, gun aimed at the hacker's chest.

AGENT CROYLE (CONT'D)
She's down there, isn't she?

BLAM! Croyle's gun hand EXPLODES into a red mist. They SCREAM. The gun clatters to the floor.

NICOLE
I'm right here, asshole.

Nicole steps into view from the kitchen, the barrel of her shotgun smoking as she fixes it on Croyle's bewildered face.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(to Johnny)
Get the decryption done. Upload it to the FTP server I marked. Now.

Johnny nods and quickly descends the ladder.

AGENT CROYLE
(through gritted teeth)
You think this is over? Your so-called allies are dropping like flies out there. You've already--

Before Croyle can utter another word, Nicole ends the tirade with the shotgun. Croyle's body collapses to the ground, lifeless.

Nicole turns her attention to the hatch. But just as she prepares to follow Johnny, Marhub lunges at her, tackling her in a desperate bid to turn the tides.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eagle charges one Merc, tackling him to the ground. He drops his elbow into the Merc's throat.

Seizing the Merc's gun, Eagle springs to his feet and fires at another Mercenary, striking him squarely in the chest.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Kurt cuts the tape off of Diana. Hands her a handgun.

DIANA
Clay--

KURT

He's fine. Stay here. Stay low.
Shoot anyone that isn't us.

She nods. He closes her into the SUV.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marhub, towering over Nicole, hurls her across the room. She collides with the TV, then crashes to the floor.

Before she can regroup, Marhub scoops her up and slams her head against the wall.

MARHUB

(growling)
Fucking kill you...

He attempts a second strike, but Nicole slips free, pivots, and delivers a sharp elbow to his temple.

Stunned, Marhub fends off Nicole's relentless barrage of jabs to his face and neck. He manages to shield his head and forcefully pushes her back.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny, somber yet determined, starts unpacking his gear.

JOHNNY

Let's do this.

He quickly sets up his laptop, connecting it to Nicole's terminal with cables. His focus is solely on his task, trying to ignore the fighting upstairs.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole spits out a tooth and some blood. Marhub picks up a long, splintered piece of wood. Stalks towards her.

KURT

Hey, fuckhead.

Marhub whips around, only to be met by Kurt's attempt to fire. Too slow, Marhub's makeshift weapon smashes Kurt's hand, sending the gun skittering away. He strikes again, landing a heavy blow on Kurt's jaw.

Nicole scrambles to her feet to help. A hand falls on her shoulder - It's Eagle.

EAGLE

I got this.

Nicole dashes for the hatch, leaving Eagle to confront Marhub.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nicole descends the ladder.

NICOLE

Status?

JOHNNY

One file left to decrypt. Then, the upload.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What is all this stuff anyway?

NICOLE

The last of the drone footage, all the documents, emails. Everything we could find. Just hurry. We need to broadcast this now.

Johnny turns back to the keyboard. Nicole scans the room for a FIRST AID KIT.

JOHNNY

Where does this FTP go?

NICOLE

News outlets. Reddit. Everywhere.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marhub and Eagle clash in a brutal melee.

Despite taking a punishing hit, Kurt reenters the fray, pulling out a pocket knife and JAMMING IT INTO MARHUB'S ARMPIT.

MARHUB

AAAAAAARRRGH!

Marhub stumbles back, clutching at the embedded blade, rage in his eyes.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny drags the files to another window.

A pop-up dialog appears: uploading 1%

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eagle grins at Marhub through two busted lips.

EAGLE

Did that hurt?

Marhub pulls the knife out of his body. Ready to fling it at Eagle, but--

Kurt tackles him, sending the knife off course.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The progress bar inches forward: 33%... Every second counts.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marhub brutally kicks Kurt, then crushes his hand under his boot. Eagle, seizing the moment, stabs Marhub's foot with the knife, pinning him momentarily in pain, then rises to face him again.

Their ensuing fight becomes a blur of violence, neither giving ground.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glued to the monitor, Johnny sees the upload progress hit 63%. The tension is palpable.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eagle and Marhub, locked in a deadly dance, inch ever closer to the hatch.

MARHUB

I'll gut you!

Marhub's threats cut through the air as they grapple for the knife, its blade slicing into Eagle's palm. The pain is intense, but Eagle holds on.

BLAM! The standoff is broken by Diana's decisive shot from the other side of the room, crippling Marhub's knee. He howls in agony.

Seizing the moment, Eagle drives the knife into Marhub's chest, ending the threat.

INT. BUNKER BELOW THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A body crashes through the hatch, landing with a definitive thud. It's Marhub, defeated.

The computer beeps triumphantly - the upload is complete. Relief and joy wash over Johnny and Nicole as they embrace, victorious.

JOHNNY
YES! A-HAHAHA! WE DID IT!

Above, the injured team of Eagle, Kurt, and Diana share a moment of weary triumph.

EXT. JONES HOUSE - DAWN

The first light of dawn reveals the aftermath.

The once serene home, now a testament to their resilience and sacrifice, is a smoldering shell.

FADE OUT:

WHITE TITLES ON BLACK: One Year Later.

FADE IN:

EXT. JONES HOUSE - MORNING

The house stands restored, a subtle reminder of past events in the barely noticeable damage to the front bushes.

Three vehicles line the driveway. Busy loading boxes into one of the cars, Johnny heads back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Packed boxes clutter a corner. Johnny pauses, eyeing them with mock despair.

JOHNNY
Am I the only one working here?

He continues into the--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Johnny grabs a SLICE OF BACON off of a plate on the counter.

KURT
Hey!

Kurt pulls the plate away and returns to the stove, where several other slices SIZZLE in a pan.

Johnny munches on the bacon as he joins Eagle and Diana in--

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The room is captivated by a FOX NEWS news broadcast. Nicole's on screen defending her decision to become a whistleblower.

FOX ANCHOR (ON TV)
...comes with the responsibility of
keeping secrets.

NICOLE (ON TV)
That's correct.

FOX ANCHOR (ON TV)
What made you think this was the
time to blow the whistle?

NICOLE (ON TV)
My job, as is the job of anyone in
service to this country, was to
protect the United States of
America. That includes our troops.
I believed our men, the soldiers
who ran these transports, died
under false pretenses. Their
families deserved to know--

Eagle stands.

EAGLE
I'm starving.

DIANA
(to Johnny)
Did you say something, babe?

JOHNNY
Nothing, love.

Johnny kisses her forehead.

KURT (O.S.)
Breakfast's ready!

INT. JONES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They gather around the table, a moment of normalcy amidst their chaotic lives.

EAGLE
(to Johnny)
You better eat up. She doesn't cook. You'll have to go to the bar if you ever want to eat.

KURT
She's certainly never going to make you pancakes like mine.

DIANA
He won't go hungry.
(to Johnny)
We'll order delivery.

Johnny smiles through a mouth full of pancakes.

JOHNNY
So good.

Eagle glances back at the TV.

NICOLE (ON TV)
What I did was the definition of patriotic. Someone needed to stand up to the government...

DIANA
She can handle herself, Clay.

Eagle turns back to the table. He looks from Kurt to Johnny and then to his sister.

EAGLE
I know.

DIANA
It's you we worry about. You'll be here alone--

EAGLE
I'm not alone.

He nods to Kurt, who's too engrossed in his meal to notice.
A BEEP from Eagle's phone breaks the moment. He checks it.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm late for group.

Eagle grabs his keys and heads out. The phone rings in the command center. Kurt stands.

KURT
(to Diana and Johnny)
I'll get it. Finish eating.

Kurt picks up the phone, cradles it to his ear.

KURT (CONT'D)
Eagle's Trace... You lose 'em, we
find 'em.

Kurt listens to the caller, Johnny laughs at something Diana said, and Eagle takes a glance back at his family before leaving for his group therapy as we SLOWLY-

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END