

STORMS OVER ZIMBABWE

Story by

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Based on the novel "Storms Over Zimbabwe" by Jack Kassing

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EXT. K50 AIR STRIP SOMALIA - DAY

Subtitle: "K50 Airstrip, 50 km west of Mogadishu, Somalia."

A small airstrip, 6,000 foot runway with compacted sand surface. About 20 SOLDIERS ready a few Black Hawk helicopters in preparation for takeoff. ARTILLERY FIRE sounds in the distance.

JACK CASEY, late 40s, helps MIKE SHOCKLEE, late 30s, load a body in a body bag onto a Black Hawk. Another bagged body already lies in the helicopter.

Suddenly a massive EXPLOSION sounds in the distance, causing everyone to stare in the direction of Mogadishu.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

That's the airport. Good move to
use K50 to evacuate from.

JACK CASEY

(dry)

Yeah. Good move.

Mike moves to shut the rear door on the Black Hawk. Jack stops him.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

I'll ride in the back. With them.

Mike pauses, then steps away from the chopper. Mike studies Jack's face as the latter stares at the corpses.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

It wasn't your fault.

JACK CASEY

Whose fault is it, Mike?

Jack nods toward the two dead men.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Theirs?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jesus Christ, Jack. Of course not!
But you're not the only one
involved in this. If this is your
fault, then it's my fault too and
that just isn't...

JACK CASEY

Fair?

Mike stares at the ground. Jack makes ready to climb into the back of the chopper.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

We've spent our lives protecting people.

JACK CASEY

I didn't protect *them*.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Sometimes we fail, Jack.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE erupts. Three nearby uniformed MEN fall to the ground, two dead, the third SCREAMING in pain. That man's SCREAMS continue throughout the rest of the scene.

Casey and Mike drop down, beside the aircraft. They see a large group of ARMED MEN advancing toward them on foot from the other side of the runway, FIRING as they go.

The Americans begin RETURNING FIRE and the approaching Armed Men drop to the ground, several falling, hit by American GUNFIRE.

Two more Americans drop, hit, and Casey glances behind him, to see a similar line of Armed Men approaching from the opposite direction.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

We're trapped!

Casey glances at the other Americans, all pinned down. The original group of Enemy Fighters rise again and rush forward.

A MORTAR explodes, hitting a Stryker armored vehicle nearby, setting it on fire.

The Americans RETURN FIRE as best they can but are pinned down between the two advancing groups of Gunmen.

Casey leaps to his feet and runs toward the burning Stryker.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

Casey! You crazy bastard!

BULLETS strike all around Casey. He leaps onto the vehicle, the front of which is on fire. Casey climbs behind the partially shielded, swivel-mounted 30 mm cannon and begins FIRING at the advancing Enemy Fighters without hesitation, mowing down several of them so that the line wavers, the Enemy Fighters diving to the ground again.

This allows the surviving Americans to turn their FIRE on the second group of approaching Gunmen. Dozens of Enemy Fighters fall. The remaining Gunmen flee.

Slowly American GUNFIRE peters out, leaving an eerie silence.

Shocklee glances at the armored vehicle in time to see Casey leap from it, batting at his left sleeve, which is on fire.

Shocklee climbs to his feet and runs to Casey, but Casey grabs him and throws him to the ground.

Shocklee, stunned, looks up and sees Casey firing his side arm. Shocklee turns to see an Enemy Fighter fall to the ground, wounded.

Casey, still carelessly batting at his now smoking sleeve, races up to the downed Enemy Fighter and points his pistol at him. Casey's gun hand shakes, the muzzle aimed at the enemy fighter's face.

Shocklee climbs to his feet and runs to within a few feet of Casey.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

Casey.

Casey slowly lowers his pistol.

JACK CASEY

(to wounded enemy fighter)

You don't win, unless we become
like you.

The wounded man, GASPING in pain, looks up at Jack, eyes filled with hate, but no understanding.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

(in Somali)

*Waxaad ma ku guulaysan, haddii aan
idiin noqotay sida.*

SUBTITLE: You don't win, unless we become like you.

The enemy fighter still stares at him, no comprehension.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Let me try Arabic. *Kunt la yafuz,
ma lam nusbih mithlak.*

The enemy soldier spits on the ground.

SUBTITLE: You don't win, unless we become like you.

WOUNDED ENEMY FIGHTER
(in Arabic)
Alkalb la tusbih mithl saydih.

SUBTITLE: A dog never becomes like his master.

Shocklee steps up beside Casey, staring down at the wounded but defiant fighter.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
He doesn't even speak Somali. He's
not al Shabaab.

JACK CASEY
No, but his Arabic is excellent.
Just like the bastards who killed
Stan and Jim.

Jack glances behind him and sees several Americans tending to their wounded comrades.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Medic!

A young MEDIC comes running, carrying a medical bag.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
(to Medic)
Tend to his wounds. He may have
valuable intel, and we need to get
it from him before he dies.

The Medic kneels but quickly stands. Casey frowns and looks down at the enemy combatant who is now staring glassily.

The Stryker EXPLODES, causing the Americans to stagger.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
You know you're crazy, right? You
could've been killed climbing on
top of that burning Stryker with
ammo two feet from the flames!

Casey walks away.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - HARARE - NIGHT

A nondescript house No cars, no pedestrians.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - HARARE - NIGHT

Sparsely furnished. In a den, A middle aged woman, CAROL ROGERS, and a 60ish African man, ALBERT MATAPU sit across a table from each other. Rogers pushes a small package across the table to Matapu, who puts the package into a briefcase.

CAROL ROGERS
You're not counting the money,
Albert. Do you finally trust us?

ALBERT MATAPU
Trust? No.

Carol raises her eyebrows at the man's calm honesty.

ALBERT MATAPU (CONT'D)
Honesty seems to surprise you
Americans.

CAROL ROGERS
You're right. That says something
about us.

ALBERT MATAPU
Yes. You believe that sometimes
lies are kinder than honesty.

CAROL ROGERS
But never as useful.

ALBERT MATAPU
Well then let me be emphatically
honest. Despite what some of your
CIA colleagues may think, I am not
an asset of the American
government. I am an ally.

CAROL ROGERS
Understood.

ALBERT MATAPU
There is a Zimbabwean military man.
His name is Colonel Marcus Ncube. I
would like you to meet with him.

CAROL ROGERS
Can you facilitate the meeting?

ALBERT MATAPU
Yes. Colonel Ncube and I share a
common goal. Assuming there are not
too many... how do you say...

"

(MORE)

ALBERT MATAPU (CONT'D)
strings" attached, we would be open
to receiving support to achieve
that goal.

CAROL ROGERS
That might be possible, Albert. I
can certainly speak to my superiors
about it.

Matapu stands.

ALBERT MATAPU
Thank you, Carol.

He smiles, then leaves. Carol ponders his words.

INT. CIA'S LANGLEY HQ - DAY

A large hallway. A set of elevator doors open, revealing Jack Casey, his wife CHERIE CASEY, and a FEMALE OFFICER who escorts them off the elevator.

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER
I'm sure you know your way, Mr.
Casey, but --

JACK CASEY
I understand. Retirement has its
benefits, but security clearance
isn't one of them.

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER
You're both legends around here.

JACK CASEY
"Legend" might be a bit much.

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER
They don't give the Distinguished
Intelligence Cross to just anyone,
Mr. Casey.

Casey stops. Cherie GROANS. The Security Officer sees their expressions and realizes her error.

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Mrs. Casey.

JACK CASEY
Miss, may I speak to my wife alone
for a moment?

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER
Of course. I'm so sorry.

She turns and walks several feet away, waiting respectfully.

CHERIE CASEY
I wanted it to be a surprise.

JACK CASEY
Because you knew I wouldn't accept
it.

CHERIE CASEY
False modesty doesn't become you.

JACK CASEY
People died out there. On my watch.
You don't get medals for that.

She studies his face, seeing the pain there. She SIGHS.

CHERIE CASEY
Walking away will dishonor the men
you saved, AND the men you lost.

JACK CASEY
I failed, Cherie.

CHERIE CASEY
We all fail sometimes. The bigger
the accomplishments the bigger the
failures. You know that.

He turns away. She touches his shoulder and he turns around.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
Would you give up the lives of the
men you saved, to avoid the deaths
of the men you couldn't save?

He stares. Finally he turns and walks down the hall. She
realizes the Security Officer has walked up beside her.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
He's a great man.

The Security Officer glances at Casey.

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER
He must be, to have you. We'd
better catch up to him.

CHERIE CASEY
Good luck with that.

The two Women hurry after Casey.

INT CIA DIRECTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ATTENDEES are seated or milling about. As the Security Officer shows Casey and Cherie in, the Attendees turn and begin APPLAUDING. Casey smiles graciously and shakes hands.

The Security Officer shows the Caseys to a seat in the front row, just as TED PETERSON walks to a podium and faces the audience. The Attendees quickly take their seats.

TED PETERSON

We are gathered here to honor one of the finest officers ever to have served in the Central Intelligence Agency. Jack Casey is a man of great integrity, and an outstanding officer and husband.

Casey stares off into space.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. K50 AIR STRIP SOMALIA - DAY

Casey and Shocklee loading the body bag into the Black Hawk.

CUT TO:

EXT. K50 AIR STRIP SOMALIA - DAY

Casey standing over the wounded insurgent, pistol pointed at the man, hand shaking, face filled with rage.

SOUND AHEAD CUE:

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Casey.

INT. CIA EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - DAY

The attendees are in the dining room. Mike Shocklee stands in front of Casey, holding his hand out, which Casey accepts.

JACK CASEY

Mike. It's so nice of you to attend.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Casey, you saved my life out there.
How could I not be here with you
and Cherie?

Mike gives Cherie a hug, which she returns warmly.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

I heard a rumor that you might be
retiring to Africa.

CHERIE CASEY

It's not a rumor. We've already
found a place in Kenya. We haven't
seen it, yet, but the photos are
amazing. The realtor is a friend of
the ambassador's. We want to become
involved in wildlife conservation.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Wow. Good for you. Well, I hope
you're very happy there.

CHERIE CASEY

(glancing at Casey)
I'll make sure we are.

JACK CASEY

We both will.

Cherie smiles, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Good. You both deserve it.

She squeezes Casey's arm, and her smile becomes somewhat
steely.

CHERIE CASEY

Yes. We do.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Did you hear that, Casey?

JACK CASEY

I hear everything Cherie says.

CHERIE CASEY

Right.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You do deserve it, Jack.

Casey hesitates, then smiles and nods.

EXT. NANYUKI, KENYA - DAY

A Land Cruiser drives down a rugged farm road, stopping in front of a gate. An African armed guard, ABASHI, stands inside a small guard shack beside the gate.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

LESLIE, a middle age woman, is the driver. She turns to Cherie in the front seat, and Casey in the back seat.

LESLIE

I do not officially know what you do or used to do, Jack and Cherie. However...

JACK CASEY

I was a political officer.

LESLIE

Of course.

CHERIE CASEY

Administrative assistant.

LESLIE

Well... some of the ex-pats in the community are former...

JACK CASEY

Political officers and administrative assistants?

LESLIE

Exactly. And they desire a certain level of security. The development is encompassed by an electrified fence, there is only one gate in or out, and it is guarded 24/7. No one is allowed in unless their name has been placed on a list by one of the residents. It won't stop a full blown terrorist attack, but...

Leslie shrugs. Cherie and Casey nod, glancing at each other.

EXT. NANYUKI - DAY

The security guard approaches the driver's side. Leslie lowers the window.

LESLIE

Hello, Abashi. This is Bwana and
Memsaab Casey. They are the new
residents I told you about.

ABASHI

Yes Memsaab. I will make sure they
are safe.

Leslie smiles.

LESLIE

Thank you, Abashi.

Abashi nods, returns to the security shack and opens the
gate. Leslie drives the vehicle a thousand yards down a
gravel road before pulling into the drive of a beautiful,
stone-clad dwelling. A huge veranda encircles the house.

JACK AND CHERIE CASEY

Wow.

Casey and Cherie glance at each other, and LAUGH, JOINED by
Leslie.

LESLIE

Fully furnished, 5300 square foot
main building. Two bedroom guest
house. Self-contained staff
quarters for three. Thirteen acres.
Duncan has lunch on the table. You
must be starving.

Leslie emerges from the car. Jack and Cherie hesitate,
smiling at each other.

INT. SAFARI LODGE SMALL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An intimately sized dining room in a typical African safari
lodge. Carol Rogers and COLONEL NCUBE sit at the small dining
table, finishing the last of their meals and nursing glasses
of wine.

COLONEL NCUBE

This is an excellent meal, Carol.

CAROL ROGERS

(laughs)

Blame my cooks, Marcus. I can't
cook even a little bit.

Ncube smiles.

COLONEL NCUBE

When I think of a CIA agent, I do not think of cooking and trading recipes.

CAROL ROGERS

Or frail little women?

COLONEL NCUBE

My mother was a woman, Carol, as surprising as that may sound, and she was in no way frail. My father died as a young man, fighting the guerillas. My mother raised us single-handedly and remains the strongest person I know.

Carol nods.

CAROL ROGERS

Excuse my sensitivity on the matter.

Ncube frowns.

COLONEL NCUBE

No, I understand. Women fight an uphill battle against my gender's prejudice and ignorance. I am appropriately ashamed of that fact.

Carol smiles slightly, studying his face, surprised. Colonel Ncube gently pushes his empty plate to one side and takes a sip of wine.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

It was very kind of you to invite me for this lovely meal.

CAROL ROGERS

Well, as I mentioned, Albert thought it would be a good idea for us to meet.

The Colonel nods, taking a sip of wine.

COLONEL NCUBE

We attended the same high school. We have maintained our friendship for many years, even though our career paths have diverged.

CAROL ROGERS

Mr. Matapu's political party seems to be at odds with President Mkipii's government.

COLONEL NCUBE

You mean President Mkipii's *regime*.

Carol nods slightly. She waits for Ncube to continue.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

You see, what binds Albert and I most strongly is our desire to free our people.

CAROL ROGERS

Are there others who share your desire, Colonel?

COLONEL NCUBE

Several other military commanders have become disenchanted with Mkipii. The economy is foundering. The military has not received a pay raise in three years. Lower echelon units cannot replenish supplies, replace deteriorating equipment or conduct routine training exercises.

CAROL ROGERS

It must make it difficult for you to do your job.

COLONEL NCUBE

Yes. That is not the only issue, of course. Many of my comrades are unhappy about being used to suppress our own people's freedom.

Colonel Ncube glances at his watch and stands.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

Something needs to change. We are open to suggestions.

CAROL ROGERS

My superiors may have some suitable answers for you. I will certainly consult with them.

COLONEL NCUBE

Albert was right. You are very easy to deal with.

Carol nods in acknowledgement of the compliment. They walk together through the doorway into the main lobby of the lodge. As they approach the front door, Ncube stops and turns to Carol. He gives her a business card.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Call me if you have any... thoughts
on this matter.

Carol nods, once. Ncube turns and leaves the lodge. Carol stares at the slowly closing door.

EXT. CASEYS' HOUSE - DAY

Cherie, Casey, and a middle aged African woman, ESTHER, are preparing a large amount of food, carrying it from the kitchen to the dining room, arranging place settings, etc.

Casey looks vaguely worried. Cherie, a bit harried by the activity, stops, looking exasperated, but she takes a deep breath before speaking.

CHERIE CASEY
What is it, Babe?

Casey, surprised by her question, shakes his head.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
And don't say that it's nothing.

JACK CASEY
What did you say David Warner does?

CHERIE CASEY
He's the commander of the British
Army Training Unit, Kenya.

JACK CASEY
Yeah, but you said something else.

CHERIE CASEY
Jack, you do not forget. Anything.
Ever. You know exactly what I said.

JACK CASEY
You said you thought he was in the
intelligence service because of the
way he acted and spoke.

CHERIE CASEY
So what?

JACK CASEY

So I wonder if it's wise to
associate with someone in
intelligence, given our own
backgrounds.

CHERIE CASEY

Jack, I want you to be with me
because you're done with your past,
not because you're ashamed of it.

Casey winces.

INT. CASEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey and David Warner, older than Casey but cut from the
same cloth: fit for his age, a leader, and a man of action.

Both men nurse glasses of whiskey as they sit in the living
room looking out at the landscape in the fading light of day.
Warner speaks with a British accent throughout.

JACK CASEY

It's beautiful out here.

DAVID WARNER

Jeanne was dubious about moving to
the "jungle." Now she'd never go
back to stodgy, gray, old England.

The men are quiet for a moment.

DAVID WARNER (CONT'D)

May I ask you a personal question,
Jack?

JACK CASEY

Of course. I can't guarantee a
worthwhile answer, but...

DAVID WARNER

Men like us recognize each other
fairly quickly, don't we?

Casey smiles tightly.

DAVID WARNER (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. If our
work, past or present, follows us
home one day, I'd like to know who
I might be able to depend on for
help.

JACK CASEY

Of course. And I expect the same in return.

DAVID WARNER

Absolutely.

The men sit in silence a moment.

JACK CASEY

Are the rewards worth the cost?

David is a bit surprised by that, but not much. He considers it as he sips at his drink, staring out at the landscape.

DAVID WARNER

I suppose only you can decide that, Jack.

Casey nods, as Cherie and JEANNE enter, LAUGHING at some remark the men didn't hear. Casey glances at his wife, forcing a smile for her. She smiles back, studying his face.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ, a heavyset man in his 60s, sits at the old Cabinet Table, using it as a desk. Piles of paper cover the desk and Martinez looks tired. He's reading a document.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Come in!

The door opens and BILL DAVIS, an energetic but perpetually worried-looking man in his early 40s, enters.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

A bit early, as usual, Bill.

Bill forces a smile and takes a seat across the huge table from the President.

BILL DAVIS

Yes sir, Mr. President. Better early than late.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Be sure to mention that to the First Lady, would you?

Martinez closes the document he was reading.

BILL DAVIS

The PDB?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Say what you want about the CIA,
but they know how to summarize bad
news. There's going to be a special
security council session on
Zimbabwe.

BILL DAVIS

Yes sir. Mkipii has accelerated the
killing of expatriate farmers and
suppression of political
opposition. His people are
starving, his economy is in ruins
while he keeps on building
mansions. The Brits are trying to
involve the U.N. but the Chinese --

Martinez puts his hand up.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I thought you were supposed to be
concentrating on my re-election
campaign, not foreign dictators.

BILL DAVIS

Well, sir, the two have kind of
crossed paths.

Martinez raises an eyebrow and sits back in his chair,
reaching for a cup of coffee.

BILL DAVIS (CONT'D)

I have to be honest, Mr. President.
The state of our own economy is
submarining your chances at re-
election. You're trailing Senator
Yang by double digits.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Bill...

BILL DAVIS

I know, sir -- President Forrest
left the country in the second
worst economic depression in
history, and stuck in the longest
war in history. You've done amazing
things to help the country recover.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

But it's not enough.

BILL DAVIS

Perception is everything, sir. Four years ago they were comparing you to President Forrest and you looked great. Now they're comparing you to Senator Yang and...

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

And she's promising paradise and what I've done falls short of that.

BILL DAVIS

Yes sir. We can't run on the economy and win. We need to get the media to focus on another policy issue, one we can be successful at.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

What do you suggest?

BILL DAVIS

I spoke with Secretary of State Conroy yesterday. She thinks we should be doing more in Africa. Sudan is a mess and it's spilling over into Europe. If Zimbabwe continues on its current path, it may create an additional stream of refugees to Europe.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Which will further stress the Euro Zone economy, strengthen the Euro secession movement, and increase the terrorist threat.

BILL DAVIS

Exactly.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

And this helps my re-election campaign how?

BILL DAVIS

Secretary Conroy also mentioned that the Chinese are continuing their move into Africa. They're after diamonds, gold -- even oil. Geological studies show Zimbabwe sitting on an ocean of oil. Prices are low now, but the environmental cost is going to make fracking untenable and we'll be right back in an oil deficit.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Go on.

BILL DAVIS

Mr. President, we need to give the media something new to focus on. I believe we have an opportunity to undermine the Chinese efforts in Zimbabwe, and give the appearance of strength internationally and for our own voters.

Martinez stares a long moment.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

You want me to authorize a presidential finding to remove Robert Mkipii from power.

Davis looks a little surprised by that.

BILL DAVIS

Uh... yeah. I mean, yes Mr. President, that's what I'm suggesting.

President Martinez stares at Davis with a look of amusement.

BILL DAVIS (CONT'D)

We're on solid ground, Mr. President. Mitigating Chinese foreign policy objectives in Africa is in the interest of American national security. I brought a copy of Title 50, which deals with presidential findings.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Leave it with me. I need to understand the law before considering your recommendation.

Bill Davis nods. The INTERCOM BUZZES.

BETTY (O.S.)

Secretary Conroy is here a little early, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Thanks Betty. Give me five minutes and then send her in.

BILL DAVIS

Do you want me to sit in?

Martinez stares at Davis.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
You two wouldn't be tag teaming me,
would you?

Bill assumes an expression of shock.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Keep thinking Butch. That's what
you're good at. Now go.

Davis nods, stands and turns to leave.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
And Bill?

Davis stops and turns back to Martinez.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Remember what happened to Butch and
Sundance at the end of that movie.

Davis winces and leaves. Martinez looks thoughtful.

EXT. HARARE ZIMBABWE - DAY

Two MEN stand on the massive front lawn, looking up at a
luxurious mansion. PRESIDENT MKIPII, a tall, thin, man in his
80s nearly giggles in pleasure. Chinese Ambassador TIAN
BANGZAO, is short, and thin, exuding self-importance.

PRESIDENT MKIPII
Notice the Chinese-style roof and
the midnight blue glazed tiles. We
imported them from Shanghai.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
Very impressive. This must be...
what? Three times the size of the
last mansion you built?

PRESIDENT MKIPII
At least! At least!

Mkipii LAUGHS, delighted, then turns to face Bangzao.

PRESIDENT MKIPII (CONT'D)
I want to know when my weapons will
arrive.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO

A large Chinese trawler, the An Yue Jiang, is scheduled to arrive in Durban, South Africa, in about a week's time. The weapons will be offloaded at the port, and then travel by train to Zimbabwe. We will then send our crews in to take over all oil exploration in Zimbabwe, as agreed.

Mkipii glares at Bangzao from narrowed eyes. He then turns back to the gaudy and massive building.

PRESIDENT MKIPII

People are intimidated by size.
Don't you think? And by weapons.

He suddenly turns to stare at Bangzao again.

PRESIDENT MKIPII (CONT'D)

I want my weapons! Do you
understand me? I want my weapons
You will get nothing from me until
I get my weapons!

Bangzao continues staring at the building, blushing.

INT. CAMP DAVID EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - DAY

JD WEAVER, a calmly authoritative man in his 50s, sits down across a dining room table from President Martinez who is finishing his breakfast, and reading a document. He finally lays down the document and looks up at JD, smiling.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Morning, JD. Glad you could make it
to the Camp on such short notice.
Have you had breakfast?

JD WEAVER

Good morning, Mr. President. Yes, I
already ate, thank you. I won't
turn down a cup of coffee though.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Of course.

Martinez motions to a NAVY STEWARD standing near the entrance to the dining room. Martinez makes a pouring motion. The Steward quickly walks over the President's table, carrying a large ceramic mug already filled with coffee.

He places it in front of Weaver who nods his thanks. Weaver starts "fixing" his coffee with cream and sugar.

JD WEAVER

Thank you.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Yes, thank you, Hector.

The Steward nods and returns to his post by the entrance.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

JD, I asked you up here to get your advice on a foreign policy initiative that's under consideration. I've discussed it with Secretary Conroy and she's onboard. I'd like the CIA to take the lead on this.

Weaver frowns but says nothing.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We're concerned about the Chinese co-opting African governments with the promise of weapons in exchange for oil and other resources.

JD WEAVER

Mr. President, AFRICOM already supplies training, advice and technical support to the militaries of several African countries.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

It's not enough. We have to show the Chinese that we're not going to let them suck up African resources. We have to be more proactive, and develop closer relationships with these countries. Countries like Zimbabwe.

JD WEAVER

Countries with potentially large oil reserves.

Martinez stops, surprised. He leans forward.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

We also need to let the people of countries like Zimbabwe know we won't allow dictators like Robert Mkipii trade their future for Chinese weapons that will be used to further oppress them.

JD WEAVER

I don't disagree with your characterization of Mkipii and other dictators like him. But just to be clear, this is about oil and elections, not the freedom of the Zimbabwean people.

Martinez stares, even more surprised. He continues, more slowly and deliberately now, from between clenched teeth.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Let me cut to the chase, JD. Zimbabwe's alliance with China threatens American security, and the lives and welfare of the Zimbabwean people. I believe most western and many African countries would welcome the removal of President Mkipii if it could be done without a prolonged conflict. Do you think the CIA could make this happen without the use of U.S. military support?

JD smiles grimly, unsurprised.

JD WEAVER

I assume we're talking about a presidential finding in which you would authorize the CIA to remove Mkipii and install another politician as interim President.

Martinez leans back, hesitating, as if examining what he's proposing for anything that could backfire or implicate him.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Yes. And I want to know if your agency can pull this off.

JD WEAVER

Mr. President, even having been a federal judge most of my adult life, I can't instantly say yes or no to you about the legality of your proposal.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I didn't ask you about the legality of the proposal, JD.

JD WEAVER

No sir. You certainly didn't.

Martinez responds to that cut. JD opens his briefcase, from which he takes a folder and places it on the table between him and Martinez.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

We can pull off an overthrow, Mr. President, but not without some American military participation. It's all there in that concept of operation folder.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

When did you do this up?

JD WEAVER

Our job is intelligence and information. The report's preliminary, of course.

The President nods, impressed but trying not to show it. He stares across the folder at Weaver.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I know you think I'm bad. But no one is ever all good or bad. They're just the sum of their needs and beliefs. My advice is, figure out what someone's needs and beliefs are before you judge them... or oppose them.

JD WEAVER

Mr. President, I've met people who are all bad. Everyone in my agency has. It's why there IS an agency.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

That will be all for now, JD. I'll get back to you on this.

JD nods once, and leaves as Martinez reaches for the document he'd been reading when JD had first arrived. JD stops and turns around.

JD WEAVER

You know, Mr. President, this is sort of humorous in a way.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Humorous? Where do you see humor in what we've discussed, JD?

JD WEAVER

Well, sir, you selected me because you wanted someone with a legal background to avoid repeating previous Agency indiscretions. The humorous part is you're asking me to overthrow a foreign government.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Goodbye, JD.

JD leaves. Martinez gestures to the Steward who brings a coffee pot over, pouring coffee into Martinez' oversized cup.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Hector...

The Steward looks up at the President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Did I give the Director the impression that this was an easy decision?

The Steward smiles, uncomfortable.

NAVY STEWARD

I'm sure you didn't, sir.

Martinez nods. The Steward finishes pouring the coffee and returns to his post at the dining room door.

INT. JD WEAVER'S OFFICE - DAY

JD sits at his desk. Ted Peterson, the man who gave the speech praising Jack Casey at the awards ceremony, and SCOTT SANDOWSKI sit facing him from across his large desk.

JD WEAVER

The President likes the Opcon report you whipped up for me, and agrees that we need some American military participation. I appreciate your work. Now we need a detailed action plan.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

I can handle that.

JD WEAVER

You sure?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

JD, I'm head of the Africa Division. If I can't handle an action plan... fire me.

TED PETERSON

Scott did most of the work on the Opcon.

JD WEAVER

Okay. We have 90 days to come up with a *do-able* plan.

TED PETERSON

Meanwhile, I'd like to travel to Kenya to get Jack Casey's feedback on the project.

JD studies Ted.

JD WEAVER

You're thinking of asking him to run the in-country operation.

TED PETERSON

He knows Zimbabwe better than anyone we have on active duty.

JD WEAVER

What do you think, Scotty?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

There've been some questions about Casey in the past.

JD WEAVER

Such as?

TED PETERSON

JD --

JD WEAVER

We can't afford mistakes on this one, Ted.

Ted takes a deep breath and nods.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

(to JD)

Rumor has it he put too much trust in a Somali asset, which got those operatives killed in Mogadishu. Same rumor says you forced him to retire.

TED PETERSON

That's bullshit, Scott. Someone may have fingered their operation, but it sure as hell wasn't Casey's man. I practically begged him to stay on, and JD backed me on that.

JD WEAVER

That's true. I did, Scotty. And according to Ted, Jack Casey was one of the most knowledgeable and experienced operative we've had.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Well, that I have to agree with.

TED PETERSON

And you know that the CI investigation of the incident was inconclusive.

JD WEAVER

Even so, that doesn't mean we should take it for granted that he's the right man for this operation.

TED PETERSON

JD's right. We shouldn't take anything for granted.

JD WEAVER

Ted, if you do decide to meet with Casey, make sure you take appropriate precautions.

(MORE)

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

I don't want your presence to endanger Casey or his wife, and I don't want my DDO being kidnapped by al Shabaab or al Quaeda while driving around Nairobi with a GPS that only gives directions in Swahili.

Ted and Scott suppress smiles.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

All right. Gentlemen, get me some results. Ted, go ahead and brief the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and make sure General Jones is on board.

Ted and Scotty stand and head for the office door.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

Ted.

Ted and Scotty stop and glance back.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

Don't offer Casey the job until you're sure of his ability to lead this operation. He's retired. And the Somalia operation did go wrong, no matter who was to blame.

TED PETERSON

Got it, JD.

The two men leave the office. JD takes a deep breath.

JD WEAVER

God help us.

INT. CASEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Casey is in the kitchen, his laptop on the counter nearby. He's putting dishes away. The laptop PINGS.

LAPTOP DIGITAL VOICE

E-mail from Ted Peterson.

He turns to the laptop and presses a key.

LAPTOP DIGITAL VOICE (CONT'D)

Dear Jack. How are you? It's been a while, I know, but I'm travelling again in March and would like to post a letter to you before then.

Casey frowns, surprised. He begins typing a reply.

CHERIE CASEY (O.S.)

What are you telling him?

Jack sees Cherie standing in the kitchen doorway. He smiles grimly, and continues typing.

JACK CASEY

I'm giving him our snail mail address and cell number.

CHERIE CASEY

And?

Jack finishes typing, and hits "send."

JACK CASEY

Telling him to make sure to get a local cell because international phones don't work well here.

Jack turns to face Cherie who's standing in the kitchen doorway, dressed in a night gown.

CHERIE CASEY

Why does he want to meet with you?

Jack takes a deep breath.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

You know I know agency code as well as you do.

JACK CASEY

I don't know.

CHERIE CASEY

Do you know how this makes me feel?

JACK CASEY

Resentful?

She glares at him.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I interrupted your rant.

Cherie smiles sadly.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
It's just an e-mail.

Cherie stares. Casey SIGHS.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Baby... I promise I won't agree to
anything without your permission.

CHERIE CASEY
You've already agreed to something.

JACK CASEY
All I did was --

CHERIE CASEY
You agreed to spend the rest of our
lives together, not with you
risking your life God knows where
and me at home dusting the
knickknacks and worrying about your
safety.

JACK CASEY
Ted isn't some rookie blindly
running around looking for help. If
he wants to see me, it's because he
needs a favor that only I can do
for him. That doesn't mean I'll
agree to do it.

CHERIE CASEY
This is because of Somalia. You're
hoping for one more chance.

JACK CASEY
I didn't tell you about what
happened in Somalia just so you
could throw it in my face.

She walks up to him and places her hand on his face. She
suddenly tries to slap him but he grabs her wrist. She tries
to slap him with her left hand and he grabs that one too.

She glares at him. He SIGHS, releases her hands and lets her
slap him hard with each hand. He winces.

CHERIE CASEY
I swear, Casey, if you take this
assignment, I'll...

JACK CASEY

Leave me?

She glares at him.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Cherie, this might be my last chance to at least try to rid myself of the... demons that have been haunting me since Mogadishu.

Cherie flinches with the empathy she feels for her husband.

CHERIE CASEY

Baby, I know how hard it must be. But you're Jack Casey. A decorated hero. Everyone respects you.

JACK CASEY

I'm not sure the families of the men who died in Somalia respect me.

CHERIE CASEY

That's not really the problem, though, is it? It's that you no longer respect yourself.

She lays a gentle hand on his face again.

JACK CASEY

(winces comically)

Are you going to hit me again?

She shakes her head, fighting tears, staring up at him with absolute love.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh no. No, no, no, you can't give me that look. No fair.

CHERIE CASEY

Everything's fair in love, baby.

JACK CASEY

And in war?

She compresses her lips and pulls her hand away. He goes to take her hand back but it's too late; she turns away. She speaks to him with her back to him.

CHERIE CASEY

The final decision is mine?

JACK CASEY

Yes.

She nods, walks away, then stops and turns back to him.

CHERIE CASEY

Well? We might as well get started.

JACK CASEY

On what?

CHERIE CASEY

Our goodbyes.

She turns and walks into the bedroom.

Casey smiles sadly and follows, unbuttoning his shirt.

INT. BILL DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

JD sits across the desk from Davis, a folder between them.

BILL DAVIS

JD, I appreciate your bringing me the action report. I would have gladly had it picked up.

JD WEAVER

Since the President didn't want me to present this to him directly, I had to leave it with you.

BILL DAVIS

I'll make sure he gets it.

JD WEAVER

This is your last shot to get the old man re-elected. He loses his job, you lose yours.

Bill frowns. He pulls out an iPad with a built-in keypad.

BILL DAVIS

What are the highlights?

JD WEAVER

Mkipii's advisors are being heavily influenced by the Chinese.

Bill TYPES notes.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)
Mkipii's leading political
opponent, Albert Matapu, and
several Zimbabwean military
commanders are ready to attempt an
overthrow if we provide sufficient
support.

Bill TYPES a bit more, then stops.

BILL DAVIS
That's good background. But what's
your actual plan for the operation?

JD indicates the report.

JD WEAVER
It's all in there. We'll hold a
joint Zambian/American military
exercise near the Zimbabwean
border. That'll allow us to have
military assets ready to move at a
moment's notice, without anyone
wondering why they're there in the
first place.

Bill types, then stops, looking impressed for the first time.

BILL DAVIS
What kind of assets?

JD WEAVER
Elements of the 1st Marine
Division, Delta Special Forces,
navy Seals, and a Reaper drone
unit. We'll have jamming aircraft
to block Zimbabwean military
frequencies and public cell phones.
We'll broadcast messages from
Matapu to the general public and
use civil aviation frequencies to
announce the closure of Zimbabwe's
airports during the operation.

BILL DAVIS
Sounds like you've got your bases
covered.

JD WEAVER
Maybe. Mkipii is like any other
long-term dictator: he's prepared
for trouble.

(MORE)

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

And no matter how much firepower and intelligence we make available to the rebels, they still have to actually execute the overthrow.

BILL DAVIS

In other words we have no idea whether they can hold up their end.

JD WEAVER

Not a clue. But that's our job too: determine the viability of the operation before we pull the trigger.

BILL DAVIS

So it can be Guatemala...

JD WEAVER

Or the Bay of Pigs.

BILL DAVIS

And you want me to bring this to the President?

JD WEAVER

He has to understand the risks. That's why we're putting an Agency operative on the ground for advance coordination with the rebel commanders. If he doesn't like what he sees, the operation is off.

BILL DAVIS

What about cost and duration?

JD WEAVER

Sixty days for the military assets. Longer for Agency personnel. \$200 million, including the joint military exercise and resupplying Matapu's forces before and after the overthrow.

Davis types the last bit, then sits back, studying JD's face.

BILL DAVIS

So, you support the President's initiative to remove Mkipii.

JD WEAVER

We believe it's doable.

BILL DAVIS

That's not what I asked, but...
it'll do.

Davis stands and offers his hand. JD shakes Bill's hand briefly, and leaves. Davis looks down at the unopened folder.

INT. TED PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peterson, exhausted, is reading a document and making notes. There's a KNOCK at the door. Sandowski stands in the doorway, looking just as tired. Peterson glances at his watch.

TED PETERSON

You too?

Sandowski nods, taking a seat across the desk from Peterson.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Is this the biggest operation
you've ever been involved in?

Peterson pulls a bottle of Scotch out of a drawer, fills two glasses, and hands one to Scott.

TED PETERSON

Not hardly, but yeah, it's fucking
big. Listen, we have to be 100%
sure that Matapu and Ncube are the
right guys for this.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Mkipii risked his life to rescue
Zimbabwe from white-only rule. Hell
of a guy from all accounts. At the
beginning.

TED PETERSON

Understood. There are no
guarantees. But let's make sure
that these two are at least the
right guys at the beginning.

Sandowski gulps down the rest of his scotch, then stands, GROANING a bit as he pushes himself out of the chair. He turns to leave.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

Scott.

Scott glances back at Peterson.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

Was Mkipii really the right guy at the beginning?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

No. He fought the bad guys so he could take their place. He was always the wrong guy.

TED PETERSON

Okay. So now we need Martinez to sign the finding.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

This is the kind of operation that can define you for the rest of your life, isn't it?

TED PETERSON

It can be.

Sandowski nods and leaves.

EXT. CASEYS' HOUSING COMPOUND - NIGHT

A car parks on a dirt road. A MAN emerges. He wears rubber gloves and carries a small stake. He approaches a tall wire fence. He sticks the stake into the ground beside the fence. A wire is connected to the stake. The man connects the wire to the fence. He starts climbing the fence.

INT. CASEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS. Cherie walks up to the door and peeks through the peephole. She hesitates, then opens the door.

The Man who climbed the fence stands, without gloves.

CHERIE CASEY

Hello. May I help you?

MAN

I'm here to see Jack Casey.

Cherie narrows her eyes.

CHERIE CASEY

Wrong house, honey.

She starts to shut the door. The man places his hand against the door, keeping it open.

MAN

I want --

Cherie grabs a thin vase on the table beside the door,
SMASHES it against the table and whips it up against the
Man's throat, freezing him.

CHERIE CASEY

Who are you and how did you get
past the gate guard?

The Man is careful not to move a muscle.

MAN

I climbed the fence.

CHERIE CASEY

It's electrified. Try again.

MAN

Grounded it with a metal stake,
then climbed the fence with rubber
gloves and rubber soled shoes.

CHERIE CASEY

That was your first mistake,
Mister.

MAN

You don't understand, Cherie.

A pistol appears at the man's temple.

JACK CASEY

No. You don't understand.

We pull back and see Casey holding the gun.

MAN

Hi Casey. It's Ted. Peterson.

We close up and see that Ted is wearing a rubber face mask.

JACK CASEY

You plan on telling folks back at
the Company that you pulled one
over on this old Marine?

TED PETERSON

Maybe. After I change my underwear.

Casey slowly withdraws the gun, uncocking it. He steps aside
to allow Ted to enter except that Cherie is still holding the
broken glass to Ted's throat.

JACK CASEY
Baby, it's Ted.

CHERIE CASEY
I know.

Casey suppresses a smile -- almost.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
You're here to take my husband
away, and THIS is how you show up?
Like it's a practical joke?

TED PETERSON
Cherie --

CHERIE CASEY
Because I don't think this is much
of a joke.

She moves closer, glass shard still against his throat.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
And it's not at all practical.

TED PETERSON
I see that now. But the disguise is
to protect the two of you in case I
was followed. You don't want your
neighbors seeing the DDO of the CIA
dropping by for a visit.

Casey flips his pistol's safety on.

JACK CASEY
It wasn't to see if you could pull
one over on us?

Ted hesitates, glass still to his throat.

TED PETERSON
Well... maybe a little.

Cherie hesitates, and then withdraws the glass.

CHERIE CASEY
You owe me for this vase.

She turns and walks away. Ted pulls out a \$50 bill and places
it on the table where the vase had been. He pauses, then
places a second \$50 bill on the first one.

JACK CASEY
Good choice.

Ted nods, wiping his forehead.

TED PETERSON
Now about these shorts.

Casey shakes his head, turns and starts walking away.

JACK CASEY
Follow me. And take off that stupid
disguise.

Ted follows.

TED PETERSON
It's not stupid.

JACK CASEY
It almost got you killed.

TED PETERSON
Yeah, but that just means I'm
stupid, not the disguise.

Casey stops and turns to Ted, who stops.

JACK CASEY
Do you really want me to tell you
that that's a good point?

TED PETERSON
Maybe not.

Casey sighs, shakes his head and turns to walk away.

INT. CASEY'S DEN - NIGHT

Ted, sans disguise, sits in a plush chair facing Casey who
sits in a similar chair. Both men are nursing drinks.

TED PETERSON
And those are the basics of the
plan. What do you think?

Casey considers that for a moment, sipping at his drink.

JACK CASEY
I think your biggest problem is
going to be Mkipii's 6th Brigade.
They're the best trained, most
loyal and brutal men he has.
(MORE)

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

You'll have to pin them down on their base before they can break out and move on the capital or threaten your flank. But what I want to know is what you think of the plan, Ted.

TED PETERSON

I think it's a desperate election year ploy to gain swing votes. Other than that... I think it might be doable. And that it might even do some good.

JACK CASEY

Maybe. Now what do you think of *me*?

TED PETERSON

Casey, I wouldn't be here unless --

JACK CASEY

Unless you wanted to find out what kind of shape I'm in after Somalia.

TED PETERSON

Okay. So what kind of shape are you in after Somalia -- and a few months of retirement?

Casey considers that.

JACK CASEY

Stirred but not shaken. Do they blame me? For Somalia?

TED PETERSON

I've heard a comment or two in that direction. And I've heard just as many people defend you.

CHERIE CASEY (O.S.)

He needs to know, baby.

Ted and Casey turn to see Cherie in the den's doorway.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Ted needs to know if you can handle this.

Casey frowns.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

What? You don't want to hear what I've got to say?

(MORE)

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

I spent as many years at the Agency as you did. And if there's one thing I learned -- partly from you -- it's that you have to be able to trust your team. If you have to do this thing --

JACK CASEY

I promised you I was finished with this.

CHERIE CASEY

Casey, you're not a damned bit of good to me like this.

Casey is surprised. Ted is smart enough not to interfere.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

If this is what you need to do to feel you've redeemed yourself --

JACK CASEY

It isn't --

CHERIE CASEY

Isn't it? Be honest. With yourself and with me.

Casey doesn't respond. Cherie turns to Ted.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Take him. But if you don't send him back to me alive and in one piece, it'll be on your head.

Cherie angrily wipes at her eyes, turns and walks away.

TED PETERSON

Where do I get one like her?

JACK CASEY

You don't. She's an original.

Ted nods.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

All right. But there are conditions.

TED PETERSON

Of course.

JACK CASEY

We have to make sure Matapu and
Ncube are the right replacements
for Mkipii.

TED PETERSON

What else?

JACK CASEY

I'm serious.

TED PETERSON

So am I, Casey. I've already had
this conversation, believe me.

Casey studies his face, and then nods.

JACK CASEY

Okay. And I want Mike Shocklee as
my second.

TED PETERSON

Good choice.

Ted stands and holds out his hand. Casey stands and accepts
the handshake.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

All we have to do now is get the
President's buy-in.

JACK CASEY

By the way, it doesn't matter why
he wants to do it.

TED PETERSON

I know. It only matters why we want
to do it.

INT. THE CASEYS' CARPORT - DAY

Casey is packing survival gear. We can't tell where he is.

CHERIE CASEY

Ready yet?

We pull back to see we're in the Caseys' carport. Cherie is
standing in the doorway leading to the inside of the house.

JACK CASEY

Pretty much.

CHERIE CASEY

It's a week-long course. The most advanced wilderness training they have.

JACK CASEY

If I can't handle a little camping and climbing with the Wildlife Conservation Society, I should retire.

CHERIE CASEY

You did retire. Remember?

Casey winces -- he walked right into that one.

JACK CASEY

Cherie, I'm not doing this to get ready for Ted's mission, I'm just keeping David company. You know -- boys' day out.

She narrows her eyes. An SUV pulls up outside the carport. David Warner hops out.

DAVID WARNER

Cherie! How are you, darling?

He gives her a very British peck on the cheek and starts helping Casey load his gear into the SUV.

DAVID WARNER (CONT'D)

Sorry for being late. Jeanne had to make sure she packed my lunch and that I'd pinned my emergency cash on the inside of my undies.

Jack LAUGHS. Cherie narrows her eyes even more. Most of her anger is mock, but not all.

CHERIE CASEY

Very funny. I've done these kind of courses and I know what you idiot boys need to take with you. I'm sure Jeanne does too.

JACK CASEY

She's right.

Casey runs up to Cherie, repeats Warner's antiseptic little peck on the cheek, then finishes throwing the last of the gear into the SUV.

CHERIE CASEY

You guys aren't doing this to disguise the fact that you're going to a strip club, are you?

CASEY AND WARNER

Absolutely.

The two men climb into the vehicle and Warner starts backing up. Cherie stares with a mock expression of horror. The SUV suddenly stops. Casey leaps out, runs up to Cherie, dips her and plants a long, passionate kiss on her. He swings her back to her feet, runs back to the SUV and they're gone.

Cherie stands in the middle of the empty carport, flustered. She slowly smiles.

CHERIE CASEY

Oh, they're definitely going to a strip club.

She turns and walks into the house, flicking the carport light switch on her way in.

INT. TED PETERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted is on the phone as Sandowski steps into the doorway.

TED PETERSON

Look, I don't care about budgetary considerations, we need to shake another \$25 million loose.

Ted sees Sandowski and points to the chair across the desk from him. Sandowski enters and takes the seat.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

The President wants this. Why don't you tell him it's "going to be tight?"

Ted smiles at Sandowski and then makes a face to indicate that he's speaking to an idiot.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

Right. And by the way, next time I call for monetary disbursements for this project? It'll still be the President who wants it, so don't give me the God-damned runaround, understood?

Ted slams the phone down.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Whatcha' got for me, boss?

TED PETERSON
The Old Man approved the plan.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
You're kidding.

TED PETERSON
Nope. The only problem is he's
forbidding participation by the
Brits.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
They're going to be pissed.

TED PETERSON
Why don't you tell the President
that? Maybe he'll change his mind.

Sandowski winces, nods, gets up and leaves. Ted leans his
elbows on his desk and rubs his temples.

EXT. CASEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Casey and David Warner are unloading Casey's gear from
Warner's SUV in the Casey home driveway. The front door opens
and Cherie steps out, smiling.

CHERIE CASEY
The boys are home!

DAVID WARNER
Cherie.

Casey places the last of his gear in the garage, then pulls
Cherie into a hug. She wrinkles her nose and pushes him away.

CHERIE CASEY
Phew! I like man-smell, but really?

Casey LAUGHS. He slaps David on the shoulder.

JACK CASEY
Great trip, David! I'd better get
going and have a shower.

Casey leans forward to kiss Cherie who playfully waves a hand
in front of her face. He LAUGHS and jogs into the house.
Warner suddenly looks serious. Cherie sees his expression.

CHERIE CASEY

What happened?

DAVID WARNER

There... was a bit of trouble.

Cherie waits.

DAVID WARNER (CONT'D)

One of the course participants got into trouble during a rock climbing section of the course. The instructors began rescue attempts, but Casey insisted they wouldn't be able to reach the man in time.

CHERIE CASEY

Let me guess --

DAVID WARNER

He climbed down the shortest but most dangerous route, and was able to untangle the man's line and help him down to the bottom of the face.

CHERIE CASEY

He did it without ropes didn't he?

DAVID WARNER

How did you --

CHERIE CASEY

Because he's Jack Casey.

She closes her eyes a moment, then opens them.

DAVID WARNER

Something is driving him, Cherie. And whatever it is, I'm not sure it's a good thing.

CHERIE CASEY

I know. He needs to work it out. Somehow.

Cherie studies Warner's face.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

You understand this kind of thing don't you?

Warner nods, studying her face in return.

DAVID WARNER

So do you... don't you?

Cherie stares without answering. David nods, accepting her silence.

CHERIE CASEY

I'd better get in there, in case he decides to tell me about his adventure.

She turns to go back into the house then turns around.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Did you want to come in for a drink, David?

DAVID WARNER

Thanks, but I'd better get home to Jeanne.

CHERIE CASEY

Is she one of us too?

DAVID WARNER

No. Just unlucky enough to be *married* to one of us.

Cherie nods, then turns and enters the house, closing the door behind her. David looks worried, then heads to his SUV.

INT. CASEY'S DEN - NIGHT

Casey, dressed in a housecoat and nursing a glass of scotch, sits at his PC. He stares at the screen.

CHERIE CASEY

Play it.

Casey turns to see Cherie standing in the den doorway. He presses a key.

DIGITAL PC VOICE

My recent trip was a success, and I hope to see you at some point in the near future. The venture capital firm has approved the plan I submitted and will be providing the necessary investment funds. We hope to have crews on the ground by the end of May. My regards to Cherie, tell her I said hello.

Casey stands and walks to Cherie, hugging her, though she does not respond, remaining stiff.

CHERIE CASEY

I want your word that this will be
the last time you get involved in
anything to do with the CIA.

JACK CASEY

My word.

She pushes him away, wiping her eyes and straightening up.

CHERIE CASEY

You need to get ready. For
everything.

Casey compresses his lips.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

And don't tell me there's no
possible way to be ready for
everything.

She wipes her eyes again, this time angrily.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Because I know that.

He reaches out, wiping another tear from her cheek.

JACK CASEY

I know you do, baby.

INT. SCOTT SANDOWSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sandowski is at his desk, typing on his PC. A KNOCK at his office door. He looks up and sees Mike Shocklee standing there.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Mike! Come on in!

Mike smiles and enters, taking a seat.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Doing okay, thanks Scott. What can
I help you with?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Jack Casey is coming out of
retirement to lead an operation. He
asked for you to second it.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I don't think I'm the right person for this.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

You don't even know anything about the operation yet.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I just get a bad feeling.

Sandowski sits back in his chair, studying Shocklee's face.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

I thought Casey saved your ass in Somalia.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

There were at least twenty of us at that airport. Every person who survived owes his life to Jack Casey. He did an Audie Murphy thing -- jumped on a burning Stryker, took out an al Shabaab attack group, then jumped off with his clothes on fire and pushed me out of the way of a bullet.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

No wonder you won't work with him.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I know how it sounds.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Really? Okay, so it's "Jack Casey saved my life BUT..."

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I won't throw him under the bus.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

This is an operation to overthrow an African government. Tens of thousands of troops will be putting themselves in harm's way with Jack Casey deciding their fate.

Shocklee stares, angry. Sandowski calmly waits.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Casey saved us all, but he did it like he didn't give a damn about whether he lived or died.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

And you think he's still that way?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

(carefully)

I don't know. I haven't worked with him since Somalia.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Well this is your new assignment, like it or not. So you're going to be my eyes and ears on the ground, so I can make the right decision about Casey if I need to.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You want me to be your mole.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

I want you to be alive. And that might mean taking Casey down if his behavior or judgment is endangering the mission. Or you. Or anyone else who's not an enemy combatant.

Shocklee stares, still angry.

INT. CASEYS' BEDROOM - DAY

Casey is in the final stages of packing. Cherie walks up behind him, wrapping her arms around him.

CHERIE CASEY

Come back to me.

Casey turns and gives her a long, soft, romantic kiss.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

But only if you want to.

She releases him, backing away from him.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

You can't be with me for any other reason than it's what you want most. Not with one foot in my life and one foot in the doorway because you have unfinished business somewhere. This can only work if I'm your only unfinished business, and only if you're willing to spend the rest of your life finishing that business with me.

JACK CASEY

You're the strongest person I know.

CHERIE CASEY

Remember that when you're out there.

He reaches for her and she backs away again.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

No. You haven't made that decision yet. The one I need. You're making the decision you need, and I understand that. But don't come back if *your* needs are going to come between us again.

He hesitates, and we see anger mixed with guilt. He grabs his backpack and walks past her. As soon as he is out the door, she breaks down CRYING.

EXT. LUSAKA, ZAMBIA - DAY

LES PHILLIPS, early to mid-thirties, drives an SUV down the streets of Lusaka, the capital of Zambia. Jack Casey sits in the front passenger seat, scanning the street signs, buildings, and other landmarks, memorizing where he is at every moment, and how he got there.

Les turns down a nameless, narrow, paved road, then onto a dirt lane with a drainage ditch and a high stone wall that follows the lane down several hundred yards. He stops in front of a gate. He BEEPS THE HORN twice and the gate opens.

Les drives through the gate onto a beautiful estate, and stops in front of the main house. Casey and Phillips emerge from the vehicle as Mike Shocklee emerges from the house. Shocklee jogs down the steps to Casey who extends his hand. Shocklee hesitates just long enough to cause Casey to frown.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

The other four teams are here, with their equipment. We've been going over the plan, preparing for various contingencies --

JACK CASEY

There a problem here, Mike?

Mike stops. He glances at Phillips.

LES PHILLIPS
Might not be my business, Mike.
Unless it's team business.

Mike hesitates.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
It is, Les, but...

Phillips nods and walks into the house. Mike turns back to Casey who patiently waits.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
I think you should run the
operation from here in Zambia and
not on the ground in Zimbabwe.

JACK CASEY
Why?

MIKE SHOCKLEE
You know why, Jack.

JACK CASEY
Because you think I'm reckless.

Shocklee stares. Casey nods, calm.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
No. I run the operation from the
field.

Mike takes a long, slow breath.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Are you planning on going home if
you don't get your way?

MIKE SHOCKLEE
This isn't a power play, Casey.

JACK CASEY
I know it isn't, Mike. But you're
going to have to be able to follow
my lead and have my back. You can't
do one without the other.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
I know. My question is: will you be
able to have our backs too? Without
being so heroic you get us killed?

Casey gives Mike the respect of seriously considering that.

JACK CASEY

Yes.

Mike hesitates, then holds out his hand. Casey takes it.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

One other thing.

Casey narrows his eyes and takes his hand back.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

JSOC pressured us into adding one of their soldiers to each of our insertion teams.

JACK CASEY

The Joint Special Operations Command pressured the CIA into making a major change to our operation plan?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Casey, we're depending on them to do the actual fighting over there.

JACK CASEY

Five more men to control in the field.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

They're all from the same unit, they've trained with Agency personnel in the past, and they understand the chain of command.

Casey SIGHS.

JACK CASEY

All right. It'll allow us to communicate directly with the American forces in Zambia since they use different SATCOM equipment than the Agency does. But the first thing we need to do is find out who these GIs *really* are.

Mike frowns, confused, and follows Casey toward the house.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Point out the guy assigned to our team.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Well, that would be Captain America
over there.

Casey stops and turns to see that Mike is pointing to a man,
RON, 30ish, in workout gear, doing chin-ups on a tree branch
at the far end of the yard.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

His real name is Ron.

JACK CASEY

Hey Ron! What's your call sign?

RON

Orion Six!

There is a pause and Ron drops from the branch.

Mike LAUGHS. Ron jogs over, using his T-shirt to wipe sweat
off his brow and in the process displaying six pack abs. He
stops at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the porch
where Casey and Mike stand, grinning victoriously.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

The good news is that the enemy
will never waterboard you.

JACK CASEY

All they'll have to do is shout
their questions at you.

Ron nods, blushing, but knowing he deserves the hazing.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

But then maybe they won't know that
the number six is only assigned to
company commanders.

JACK CASEY

Yeah. Maybe not.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You missed a few chin ups, Six.

Mike and Casey enter the house, chuckling.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LUKASA - NIGHT

Phillips, Shocklee and a dozen obviously capable MEN sit or
stand around the large great room that includes a luxurious
kitchen. Casey faces them.

JACK CASEY

Mike's done a great job of setting up a SATCOM link to Langley and briefing you on the plan. I've just received word from HQ that the joint training exercise has been approved by the Zambian President. That means we're ready for the next stage. My insertion team, consisting of myself, code name Eagle Six, Mike, Eagle Five, and Ron, Orion Six, will drop in to Zimbabwe. We'll hump it overland to a rendezvous with Colonel Ncube who will transport us to his encampment. There we will assess his plan, personnel, and resources. If we decide to proceed, the other teams, Eagles 1, 2, 3, and 4, will move into Zimbabwe under cover of the joint military operation, and attach themselves to the other rebel combat groups. Direct your questions to Mike. If you need something from me that Mike can't give you, he'll schedule group or one-on-one meetings as necessary. I'm honored to be working with all of you. Dismissed.

Casey turns to Mike.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to send Ted a report. Let's chat later over beer and steaks.

Mike nods. Casey stops and speaks in a low enough voice not to be overheard by anyone else.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

We good?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Yeah.

Casey slaps Mike on the shoulder and walks over to a nearby den, closing the door behind him. Mike stares, still worried.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Casey, pacing back and forth, is speaking on his cellphone.

JACK CASEY

No, it's all good. All supplies and personnel are in place. We'll be moving onto the next stage of operation. Listen Ted, I need to give you an emergency contact and cell phone number. Colonel David Warner is the British Army Officer in charge of the training unit located near our home in Nanyuki. His number is 011 254 62 555 5555. He and his wife live a few houses down from us. Contact him if something goes wrong. I don't want Cherie getting a call from you or someone she doesn't know if things go south.

There's a KNOCK at the den door.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Right. Thanks Ted. We'll talk later.

Casey hangs up and turns to see Mike opening the door and peeking in. He's holding two bottles of beer.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

One of the guys is cooking up a load of steaks on the barbecue. Here, they're good and cold.

Casey walks over and Mike hands him a beer bottle. Casey takes a long pull and GASPS in pleasure. He stands.

JACK CASEY

Shit that's good. Did you, uh... hear...?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Yeah. Sorry, didn't mean to. I, uh... told Sandowski what to say to my girl if something goes wrong.

Casey grabs Mike's shoulder.

JACK CASEY

We're not going to agree on everything, Mike, but...

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I know.

JACK CASEY

Okay, so where are those fucking steaks?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

We're handling it, boss. You can count on us.

JACK CASEY

I know.

Casey smiles. They emerge from the den and see Ron approaching.

RON

One question if I may, sir.

JACK CASEY

The blood rushed from your head to your muscles while you were doing chin ups.

Ron blushes again.

RON

That wasn't my question, but thanks for explaining the reason for my stupidity.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Not stupidity, Ron. Guilt.

Ron frowns.

RON

Guilt?

JACK CASEY

You were hiding your rank from us.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

And the fact that JOSC planted you to spy on us for them.

JACK CASEY

If you're going undercover, you'd better commit to the bit, kid. Otherwise you'll get your balls shot off while you're wondering if you're doing the right thing.

Ron considers that.

RON

Got it.

JACK CASEY

So what was your actual question?

RON

What's the cover for our crossing
the border into Zimbabwe?

Casey smiles.

INT. CHINESE OFFICIAL'S OFFICE - DAY

LUO DINGCHENG, middle aged, sits at his desk in an austere office, writing notes while reading something from his computer screen. There is a KNOCK at his door.

LUO DINGCHENG

Enter!

ZHOU SHAOQI, a subservient young man, enters, bowing.

LUO DINGCHENG (CONT'D)

What is it?

ZHOU SHAOQI

Sir, the arms shipment for Zimbabwe
has been rejected by Durban port
authorities because of restrictions
on arms sales.

LUO DINGCHENG

Find another way.

ZHOU SHAOQI

But sir --

LUO DINGCHENG

Or find another way to feed your
family.

Shaoqi bows as he backs out of Dingcheng's office.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The chopper travels along the Zambezi River. The chopper suddenly drops in altitude and crosses the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZIMBABWE - NIGHT

The Black Hawk lands in an area of savanna and brush. Casey and his team disembark, and move quickly from the aircraft, allowing it to rise and veer back toward the Zambezi.

The men begin walking across the savanna, glancing about, weapons at the ready, as dawn begins to break.

JACK CASEY (V.O.)
Control, Eagle Six. We are on the
ground and proceeding to the
rendezvous point.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Roger that, Eagle Six, you're on
the ground and heading to
rendezvous point. Good copy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

A lioness pads slowly along the Savanna, eyeing Casey, Mike, and Ron, who are unaware of her moving quietly parallel to them. The huge animal steps on a branch, snapping it. The sound is like a gun shot in the quiet air.

The lion, totally secure in her power, turns slightly so that she will intercept her prey a few yards ahead.

CASEY

Stops in his tracks, followed by Ron and Mike. They turn to see the lioness heading calmly but fatally toward them.

Casey is the first to raise his rifle, a "sanitized" AR-15. Aiming low, he fires. A loud CLICK hammers the air as the lion increases its speed to a canter.

Casey turns to see Shocklee raise his own rifle.

JACK CASEY
No!

Shocklee hesitates a fraction of a second then continues to raise his rifle. Ron has started to raise his own rifle but stops upon hearing Casey's shout.

Casey shoves Shocklee to the ground, pulls out his pistol and starts FIRING at the lion, missing her again and again, hitting nearby rocks and the dirt in front of the animal.

CUT TO:

LION

For a moment we see the action from the Lion's POV, the sound of the bullets whistling by, the slivers of rock and mounds of dirt kicked up into her face. Suddenly she veers away from the humans and trots away, increasing her pace.

CUT TO:

SHOCKLEE

Gets up from the ground, furious.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I had him, damn it! What the fuck is wrong with you? Do you have a death wish?

Shocklee and Ron watch in disbelief as Casey, gun hand now shaking from adrenalin, refuses to answer Shocklee's angry question. Instead he methodically reloads his pistol, ejects the unspent cartridge from the chamber of his rifle, ejects the magazine and replaces it with another, carefully examining the magazine before inserting it.

JACK CASEY

You might want to consider changing yours as well. And discard the current magazine.

Shocklee and Ron glance at each other. Casey fires a round into the ground, startling his two teammates.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Now!

Shocklee and Ron obey, replacing magazines. Ron is puzzled, but Shocklee is furious.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I knew this was a mistake.

JACK CASEY

Might be a bit late for that, Mike.

Shocklee grabs Casey's arm.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Why didn't you kill it?

JACK CASEY
Because I'm not a dentist?

He firmly but calmly pulls his arm out of Mike's grasp.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Let's go. We're behind schedule.

Casey turns and walks off. Shocklee and Ron hesitate, then follow, glancing at each other with worried looks.

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

Casey, Shocklee, and Ron lie on the ground, weapons at the ready, watching a dirt road.

RON
He's late.

JACK CASEY
Not by much.

A Land Rover stops across from where they are lying. Colonel Ncube emerges from the vehicle, dressed in fatigues. He rests his body against the front of the vehicle.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Casey, Shocklee, and Ron approach the vehicle from different directions, weapons ready.

COLONEL NCUBE
Mr. Livingston I presume.

JACK CASEY
Yes, but you are not Mr. Stanley.

The three men stop close to Ncube, Casey extending his hand.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Jack Nolan. This is my second, Mike Nolan, and my radioman, Ron Nolan.

COLONEL NCUBE
Colonel Marcus Ncube.

Ncube shakes each man's hand.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Please, load your gear.

They place their gear into the Land Rover.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Why the same last name?

JACK CASEY
Nolan is an acronym for "No Last
Name."

COLONEL NCUBE
(laughs)
I will have to remember that.
Please, climb aboard, it is a short
drive to the base.

At that moment, a lion ROARS in the near distance. All the
men turn to stare in that direction. Casey smiles.

JACK CASEY
An old friend.

Ncube arches an eyebrow. The men climb aboard and Ncube
drives off.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Ncube drives the rough road with casual skill.

COLONEL NCUBE
You will stay in a hut near the
headquarters building. We are
staging a military exercise as an
excuse for having brought the other
commanders here for your visit.
They can meet with you at 1400
today. Officially you are military
guests from South Africa's
National Defense Force here to
observe the exercise and consult on
the effectiveness of our forces.

Casey nods, impressed. He studies Ncube's face a moment.

JACK CASEY
I've been told the other commanders
accept you as the commanding
officer for the operation.

COLONEL NCUBE
That is correct.

JACK CASEY

That means a successful operation will make you the head of the military and Matapu the interim president.

COLONEL NCUBE

That too is correct.

Casey nods, thoughtfully.

JACK CASEY

Matapu has signed a document with the U.S. Government agreeing to free, U.N.-monitored elections within a year of Mkipii's ouster. Are you willing to comply with that?

COLONEL NCUBE

I understand the West's view of "third world" countries and the way we seem to move from one dictator to another.

Casey does not reply.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

I am a career soldier, Mr. Nolan.

JACK CASEY

Jack will do.

COLONEL NCUBE

Jack, I am a Zimbabwean. And we are sick and tired of the way our country has been administered. We want democracy and prosperity and we are willing to give our lives to obtain it.

Casey nods slowly.

JACK CASEY

I'll assign one of my teams to each of your combat groups. They'll monitor the operation in real time so they can deploy assets where they are most needed at any one time.

COLONEL NCUBE

I see no problem with your thinking.

Casey nods. Shocklee watches him from the back seat.

INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

Casey, Shocklee, and Ron have stowed their gear and weapons in lockers in their hut. They've also set up a radio on a table against one wall of the hut.

RON

I'm going to get some grub. You guys coming?

JACK CASEY

Hell yeah. I'm starving.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I'll catch up with you.

The other two men nod and leave. Mike moves over to the radio table. He keys the mike, and makes a frequency adjustment.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

AF SIX, Eagle Five, copy, over.

Shocklee waits a long moment.

AF SIX

Eagle Five, this is AF SIX, I hear you Lima Charlie, how me, over.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Loud and clear as well.

AF SIX

Eagle Five, this is AF SIX. Thanks for reporting promptly.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I almost didn't report in at all, Six. Eagle Six almost got us killed during a lion attack on the way to the rendezvous.

AF SIX

Is he out of control?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Either that or he's better than he ever was.

AF SIX

Your life depends on being able to tell the difference. And knowing when to pull the plug.

Shocklee stares at the radio a long moment.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Roger that, SIX. Will continue to monitor the situation. Over and out.

Mike releases the mike and flips a switch on the radio. He sits back, looking thoughtful.

INT. MKIPII OFFICE - DAY

A ridiculously luxurious office. Mkipii sits behind his desk. Ambassador Bangzao faces him across a massive desk.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO

I assure you, Mr. President --

PRESIDENT MKIPII

This is unacceptable!

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO

Mr. President, South African authorities refused our arms shipment because of treaty obligations. This was not in our control.

PRESIDENT MKIPII

Shall I tell you what is in my control?

(screams weakly)

Such as your *life*?

The Chinese ambassador stares at the Zimbabwean president with a controlled anger.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO

We will find an alternate shipping method for our weapons.

PRESIDENT MKIPII

YOUR weapons! They are MY weapons! And I want them NOW! You do not want to be my enemy, Bangzao! If you saw what I do to my enemies you would understand the kind of danger you have put yourself in.

Bangzao coldly studies the cruel and crazy old man's face.

EXT. MKIPII OFFICE - DAY

Bangzao emerges from the office. His ASSISTANT, sitting in a chair along one wall of the hallway, rushes to Bangzao's side, following him in silence down the hallway.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
I want Mkipii's arms delayed. Just
enough to anger that foolish, crazy
old tyrant.

The Assistant's eyes widen but he nods vigorously.

ASSISTANT
I will see to it.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
That old man will learn the price
he pays for disrespecting the
People's Republic. And me.

The Assistant nods, casting a nervous glance behind him.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

President Martinez paces back and forth behind the ancient cabinet table that he now uses as a desk. Bill Davis sits facing the huge makeshift desk.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
I don't like it. It's too risky.

BILL DAVIS
Mr. President the time for doubts
would have been before signing off
on the operation. And I don't
understand why you needed to bring
the Beijing CIA station chief to DC
to meet with you. You should at
least have informed the Agency that
you were pulling one of their men
in. We have an election to win, Mr.
President and I --

There's a KNOCK at the door. The door opens and a WHITE HOUSE PAGE shows in STAN YANG, a short, fit, well dressed Asian American in his 40s. Bill stands and holds one hand out for a handshake and the other to indicate a chair.

BILL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Stan! Come on in.

Stan accepts the handshake, and then turns to the President.

STAN YANG

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Stan, I need you to do something for me and I don't want anyone other than you and Bill to know about it.

STAN YANG

Not even the Agency?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Especially not the Agency. This is something your President wants you to do, Stan. That is bigger than the Agency.

STAN YANG

Uh... Mr. President... what can I do for you sir?

Martinez' smile widens into a full-blown political weapon.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Stan, I want you to arrange face to face meetings with your Chinese assets. I want to know whether the Chinese government is showing particular interest in Africa.

STAN YANG

Africa? What's going on in Africa?

BILL DAVIS

That's on a need to know basis, Stan.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

That's right. Remember, no one can know we spoke with you. I want you to squeeze your best assets.

STAN YANG

Mr. President, I've been trained to exercise caution and good operational security when handling assets.

(MORE)

STAN YANG (CONT'D)

One wrong move and we could expose them and God knows what the Chinese government would do to them. Certainly torture --

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I don't give a damn, Stan. I need to know what the Chinese know about Africa and I need to know it now!

Stan stares, nodding automatically. Martinez smiles but does not deign to come around the desk to Yang.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Good. Bill will see you out and give you his contact information.

Davis walks over to Yang and takes his arm, causing Yang to rise, still nodding, and now smiling weakly.

STAN YANG

Thank you Mr. President.

Martinez nods once and then turns his back to Yang and Davis.

Davis helps Yang to the door.

INT. NCUBE'S COMMAND BUILDING - DAY

Casey, Shocklee, and Ron walk down a hallway to a room that two armed SENTRIES guard. They stop in front of the guards.

JACK CASEY

Please tell Colonel Ncube the South African team has arrived.

One of the Sentries knocks on the door, pushes it open and enters. A moment later he returns and motions them to enter.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Ncube stands waiting for them, four other OFFICERS standing behind the Colonel, at parade rest.

COLONEL NCUBE

Atten-hut!

The four officers behind Ncube snap to attention.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

Sir, welcome to the 1st Combat Group operational readiness room.

(MORE)

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
I will be the principal briefer
today. The officers behind me will
sound off, giving their rank, name
and command unit.

COLONEL JAMES OTIENO
Sir, Colonel James Otieno, 2nd
Combat Group, Commander, Plumtree.

COLONEL JOSEPH MBONGO
Sir, Colonel Joseph Mbongon, 3rd
Combat Group Commander, Rutenga.

COLONEL SIMON BEWATT
Sir, Colonel Simon Bewatt, 4th
Combat Group Commander, Birchenough
Bridge.

COLONEL WELLINGTON NDOLO
Sir, Colonel Wellington Ndolo, 5th
Combat Group Commander, Manunge.

JACK CASEY
At ease, gentlemen. My name is Jack
Nolan. Nolan means no last name
given. This is my second in
command, Mike Nolan, and our
radioman Ron Nolan.

All involved briefly shake hands then seat themselves around
a makeshift briefing table, Ncube at one end of the table,
Casey facing him at the other end.

COLONEL NCUBE
The briefing will last
approximately 3 hours. We will
discuss our numerical, tactical,
and weapons capabilities, and our
plan of attack. We are open to your
input. Our goal is to demonstrate
our readiness for the operation.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

All are still around the table, taking notes.

COLONEL NCUBE
To recapitulate, we will stage our
forces three miles from each
Brigade headquarters, encircling
the base.

(MORE)

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

We will capture the generals as they leave for their weekly general staff meeting in Harare. We will take pictures of them and send runners to each brigade duty officer with the photos and a letter signed by all five combat group commanders, announcing the overthrow of Mkipii and our intent to install Matapu as the interim president.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Won't the people in Harare realize something is wrong when the generals fail to show up for the staff meeting?

COLONEL JOSEPH MBONGO

Yes. Time is of the essence. A special squad will capture the radio station at Bulawayo, from which Matapu will announce Mkipii's overthrow and advise the people to stay off the streets until further notice.

COLONEL WELLINGTON NDOLO

Once we have taken the brigade headquarters, we will move on Harare. We will need your support to keep air assets pinned on the ground. General Morgani will order the Armored Brigade at Inkomo into Harare to protect the State House and Defense Ministry. We do not believe the Colonel in charge of the brigade will follow Morgani's orders, but will instead join us or at worst remain neutral until it becomes clear who is winning.

COLONEL NCUBE

We are prepared to modify the plan based on any input you give.

JACK CASEY

I'm impressed. We can contribute unmanned attack drones, Black Hawk helicopters, some fighter jets, electronic jamming equipment, and a limited number of Special Forces, which can't be deployed until the operation is underway.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Mkipii will be out of the country around the middle of June. We feel the operation should be launched while he is away.

COLONEL NCUBE

We agree.

JACK CASEY

We have two weeks to make changes to the plan. We'll ask Matapu to have a prepared speech that he can read to the public. Other than that, I think we're good.

COLONEL NCUBE

Then this meeting is formally adjourned.

INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

Casey sits at his laptop, typing. He reads the final paragraph, and hits "send" just as Shocklee enters the hut.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Finished your report?

JACK CASEY

I recommended we move forward and that the other four teams be brought in next week. Thanks for your input. Especially the idea of having someone at Langley write Matapu's speech for him.

Mike nods grimly.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Go ahead. You've been wanting to go off on me ever since the incident with the lion.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I think you should return to the safe house and let me handle the operation.

Casey nods, considering that. He goes to one of the lockers and takes a single bullet. He holds it out to Shocklee.

JACK CASEY

Handle it carefully.

Mike carefully takes the bullet. He examines it and sees that there is a mark at the back of it where the firing pin hit it, but the bullet is intact. He looks up at Casey.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

It misfired. Back there with the lion?

Casey nods.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

And you thought mine might misfire too. That's why you ordered us to change our magazines. And why you fired into the ground -- you were testing the new bullets.

JACK CASEY

I read an agency report a few months back, about a batch of rifle ammo that had a high rate of duds. There were instances of squib loads, hang fires, even slamfires.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I could have been killed. Ron too. Jesus, Casey. I'm sorry.

JACK CASEY

Thanks. But you're right. Somalia is still an issue for me. Maybe even to the point of making me unreliable. I don't know. So if you still want to assume command of the operation, I'll back you on that.

Shocklee hesitates.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You've saved my life twice now, Casey. And I've given you hell for it both times.

JACK CASEY

And we're not even married.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I admit I'm worried about you. But I think you've bought yourself at least another chance.

JACK CASEY

Tell you what, Mike. Next time you save my life, okay?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Only if you promise not to give me hell for it. I have to have your word, though, Casey. If at some point down the road you don't think you can handle it --

JACK CASEY

I'll let you know.

Mike hesitates, then nods.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, BEIJING - NIGHT

A sparsely furnished, nondescript house. A short, heavysset CHINESE MAN walks up to the house's front door. He glances around him, nervous. A dark CAR quietly parks a couple of hundred feet away on the other side of the street. The Chinese Man does not notice the vehicle. He KNOCKS on the door. A second car slides into view behind the first.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, BEIJING - NIGHT

The Chinese Man emerges from the house. He glances around, but does not register the two vehicles down the street. He walks to the curb, gets into his own vehicle and drives off.

A beat, then one of the two vehicles follows the Chinese Man.

Another beat, and a MAN emerges from the house, wearing a motorcycle helmet. He locks the door behind him. He glances at the remaining vehicle, and walks to a motorcycle at the curb.

As the Man dons his helmet, the passenger in the remaining car starts taking photos of him. The Caucasian Man straddles the bike, then suddenly races off, burning rubber. The second car, caught off guard, hesitates and then leaps after the motorcycle.

INT. CHINESE MINISTRY OF STATE SECURITY - NIGHT

The Chinese Man from the safe house is being waterboarded in a concrete room, by two TORTURERS. The Chinese Man SPUTTERS and GASPS as the water pours over his face. When the Torturers stop pouring the water, the Chinese Man begins BABBLING loudly in CHINESE.

CHINESE MAN
(subtitles)
They asked me about Africa! What we
knew about Africa!

Torturer #1 pulls out a cell phone and dials a number.

TORTURER #1
(subtitles, into phone)
Minister, the Americans were
questioning him about Africa.

Torturer #1 nods, then turns to the man, asking a rapid fire
question in CHINESE.

TORTURER #1 (CONT'D)
(subtitles)
What country? What specifically
were they interested in?

The Chinese Man REPLIES in CHINESE.

CHINESE MAN
(subtitles)
Zimbabwe! They wanted to know if we
had shown any interest in Zimbabwe!

TORTURER #1
(subtitles into phone)
They questioned him about Zimbabwe.

Torturer #1 asks the Chinese Man another question in Chinese.

TORTURER #1 (CONT'D)
(subtitles)
Was there anything else?

CHINESE MAN
(subtitles)
No! They just kept asking if I knew
anything about any Chinese activity
or interest in Zimbabwe! Nothing
else, I swear!

TORTURER #1
(subtitles, into phone)
He does not know anything more.
(beat)
No, I'm sure. He is broken.

Torturer #1 listens a moment, pulls out a pistol and shoots
the Chinese Man to death.

TORTURER #1 (CONT'D)
(subtitles, into phone)
It is done.

He listens a beat, then hangs up the phone.

INT. AMBASSADOR BANGZAO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ambassador Bangzao on his cell phone. He looks stricken. He hangs up, grabs his desk phone and makes a call.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
(subtitles, into phone)
Expedite the arms shipment. Now!

The Ambassador hangs up and looks worried.

EXT. KAZUNGULA U.S. AIR FORCE BASE, ZAMBIA - DAY

A massive amount of military equipment, more planes arriving. A fleet of Chinook cargo helicopters, and Black Hawk helicopters are parked off to the side of the main runway.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - NIGHT

Martinez SLAMS the huge cabinet table-cum desk, startling Bill Davis who is seated across the desk from him.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
God damn it! When was he captured?

BILL DAVIS
Right after Stan Yang forced him to attend a face-to-face. He called me with the news early this morning.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Yang's a fucking idiot. I can't believe he let his best asset be arrested!

BILL DAVIS
(dry)
Yes sir, Mr. President.

Martinez stops, studying Davis' face.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Was that sarcasm, Bill?

BILL DAVIS

I have a fallback plan, Mr.
President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

The Chinese must have interrogated
him by now. They know we're
planning something in Zimbabwe.

BILL DAVIS

Yes sir. I'm sure they have already
interrogated and either imprisoned
or shot him by now.

Martinez does not respond to that.

BILL DAVIS (CONT'D)

But we still have Jack Casey.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

And?

BILL DAVIS

And he's a loose cannon. Some
people in the Agency think the
disaster in Somalia was his fault.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

He was decorated for his actions in
Somalia.

BILL DAVIS

Yeah, but if Zimbabwe goes south,
we simply reveal that new evidence
has surfaced implicating Casey in
the Somalia failure. We promise to
clean house at the CIA. It'll
appeal to the doves. Maybe enough
to salvage the election.

Martinez considers that. Then he finally nods.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Get it ready, in case we have to
use it.

BILL DAVIS

Done.

Davis leaves. Martinez looks thoughtful.

INT. CIA STATION, BEIJING - DAY

Stan Yang, sits at his desk, glass of liquor in his hand. The light from the windows indicate it's late in the day. There's a KOCK at the door. The Station Reports Officer sticks her head in.

REPORTS OFFICER

Stan?

Stan looks up eyes half glazed over.

STAN YANG

They're going to blame me, you know.

REPORTS OFFICER

Who?

STAN YANG

Headquarters. For the loss of an important asset. It was the President's call, but I'll get blamed.

Stan takes a sip of his drink.

STAN YANG (CONT'D)

What can I help you with while I drown in my scotch and misery?

REPORTS OFFICER

We've gotten a report from the officer handling the Chinese pilot we recently recruited.

(reads from page)

Four cargo planes will depart Guangzhou on Saturday, June 12th, and fly to Diwopu in Northwest China. An assortment of military equipment and an unspecified number of soldiers will be loaded for the mission and the aircraft will depart June 13th for Pakistan en route to Zimbabwe.

Stan nods, not totally grasping the significance of the report. The Reports Officer frowns.

REPORTS OFFICER (CONT'D)

I can forward the report directly to headquarters if you'd like.

Stan shakes his head "no."

STAN YANG

I want to add some comments to it.
Just put it in my IN box.

The Reports Officer SIGHS but she puts the report in the IN box. Stan takes another pull on his drink.

REPORTS OFFICER

One more thing, Stan. I was searching the station classified and open source data base for the latest reports on the Chinese military. I came across an article from a South African newspaper regarding...

(reads from page)

... a shipment of military hardware and equipment to Zimbabwe via Durban, South Africa. The shipment was turned away by the dock workers at the request of their union because of a ban on weapons sales to Zimbabwe by the U.S. and E.U.

STAN YANG

Get me a copy. I think I need to look at that.

The Reports Officer nods. She eyes the report in the IN box, reaches for it, then SIGHS again, turns and leaves the office without it, closing the door behind her.

INT. TED PETERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted's at his desk, typing on his PC keyboard. There's a KNOCK at his door and he looks up to see Sandowski standing in the doorway, holding a cup of coffee.

Ted leans back in his chair, turning away from his PC.

TED PETERSON

Come in, Scotty.

Sandowski takes a seat across the desk from Peterson.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

What do you have?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Don Brewer came to me about a problem he's having in Beijing.

(MORE)

SCOTT SANDOWSKI (CONT'D)
The President met with the COS,
Stan Yang, and pressured him into
bringing his most valuable asset in
for a face to face meeting.

Ted stares, fury mounting on his face.

TED PETERSON
And?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
He was questioned by his handler
about Chinese interest in Zimbabwe.

TED PETERSON
Oh, Jesus Christ!

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
It gets worse. The asset was
arrested by the Chinese after the
meeting. The Chinese now know that
we have some kind of heightened
interest in Zimbabwe.

Peterson SLAMS his hand down on the desk.

TED PETERSON
Fuck!

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Do you think the old man will
rethink the Zimbabwe operation?

Ted nods slowly, regaining control of his anger.

TED PETERSON
It's possible. More likely Davis
will suggest a fallback position.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
A scapegoat.

TED PETERSON
Yeah. Do you have any good news for
me? Anything? My mother in law
driving herself off a thousand foot
cliff in her own car? The IRS
naming me taxpayer of the year?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Mkipii's office put out a press
release announcing his plans to
travel to Singapore on June 11th.
(MORE)

SCOTT SANDOWSKI (CONT'D)
We know it's for follow-up
treatment for his prostate cancer.
He'll be gone a week.

TED PETERSON
So... ?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
June 14th is the magical date.

TED PETERSON
Good. Unless of course the old man
pulls back at the last minute.

Ted grabs a bottle of Scotch and two glasses. He pours one
for himself, then holds the bottle over the second glass.

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)
Wrong time of day?

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Wrong time of day, but the perfect
time of my career.

Ted pours the second glass.

TED PETERSON
Amen.

Sandowski reaches gratefully for the glass.

EXT. COLONEL NCUBE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Subtitle: Zimbabwe, 0400 hours.

An empty road. The sky is darkening. It begins to rain. We
see signs of movement in the darkness alongside the road.

PELICAN 123 (V.O.)
Eagle Six, this is Pelican 123, we
are Echo Romeo.

INT. NCUBE'S COMMAND BUILDING BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Ncube, Casey, Shocklee, and Ron are among several people in
the room, manning computers and radios and watching monitors.
Casey keys a mike for a radio at a table.

JACK CASEY
Roger that, Pelican 123, you are
Echo Romeo.

Casey keys the mike off and turns to Ncube and the others who are staring at him.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

That's the last of them. Now we wait.

COLONEL NCUBE

As usual.

Casey nods and glances at his watch. It reads 0401.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I just gave the order to get the EC-130H up in the air.

COLONEL NCUBE

That is the jamming aircraft?

Casey nods.

JACK CASEY

They'll be flying in over Mozambique on a direct heading for Harare. They'll enter Zimbabwean airspace at 0600 hours and immediately start jamming operations.

Casey glances at his watch again.

EXT. KARACHI PAKISTAN - NIGHT

Four massive Russian-built IL-76 long range cargo aircraft are refueling. A Chinese COMMANDER is watching. A Chinese LIEUTENANT walks up.

CHINESE LIEUTENANT

Sir, we'll be ready for lift off at 0900 local time, putting us in Harare at 1600.

The Commander nods and returns to watching his plane.

EXT. 1ST BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Subtitle: 1st Brigade headquarters.

The roads are slick from rain that is now a sprinkle. Dawn is breaking. A military truck is parked across the road a few hundred yards from a curve in the road. TROOPS lie on the ground on either side of the road, waiting.

A car rounds the curve, too fast for the conditions. The DRIVER spots the truck and slams on the brakes. His car slams into the truck at full speed. The Driver and Brigade General beside him are thrown through the windshield, hitting the side of the truck and bouncing onto the road, lying still.

SOLDIERS leap up from their prone position and rush to the dead bodies. The AMERICAN SOLDIER accompanying the ambush team takes out his radio.

AMERICAN OFFICER

Eagle Six, this is Pelican 123.
Situation report, Tango Delta. I
say again, Tango Delta.

INT. NCUBE'S COMMAND BUILDING BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Casey clicks the key mike.

JACK CASEY

Roger, Pelican 123.

Casey clicks off and turns to face the others.

RON

Target Deceased. What the hell
happened?

COLONEL NCUBE

The rain. The road near the ambush
site is twisty. With slick roads...

RADIO

Eagle Six, this is Osprey 234,
situation Sierra Oscar. Say again,
Sierra Oscar.

JACK CASEY

Roger, Osprey 234.

RADIO

Eagle Six, Seahawk 567 reporting
Sierra Oscar.

JACK CASEY

Roger, Seahawk 567.

RADIO

Eagle Six, Vulture 456 reporting
Sierra Oscar.

JACK CASEY

Roger, Vulture 456.

They wait a long moment.

COLONEL NCUBE
Falcon 345 hasn't reported in.

RADIO
Eagle Six, Falcon 345, over.

JACK CASEY
Eagle Six. Go ahead Falcon 345.

RADIO
Eagle Six, be advised we have a no-show. I say again, we have a no-show.

JACK CASEY
Roger that, Falcon 345.

Casey clicks off and turns to the others.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
What do you want to do, Colonel?

COLONEL NCUBE
We'll send the ultimatum letter to the base duty officer without a picture.

Casey nods and clicks the mike.

JACK CASEY
Falcon 345, proceed according to plan. Send letter without photo. Also be aware that all others are Sierra Oscar.

RADIO
Roger that, Eagle Six. Falcon 345 out.

Casey puts the microphone down on the table, looking thoughtful.

JACK CASEY
I'm going to launch the air assets, Marcus. It will take them about an hour to get here, maybe a little longer, given the weather. Once the Black Hawks arrive we'll have a lot more firepower at our disposal.

RON
Excuse me guys.

The others turn to Ron who is manning one of the radios.

RON (CONT'D)

The EC-130H has entered Zimbabwean airspace.

JACK CASEY

Thanks Ron. Mike can you contact Fire Control and get those drones up in the air and on station?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Roger that boss.

Mike turns to the radio he's at.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

Lofty View, Eagle Five, over.

RADIO

Go ahead, Eagle Five, this is Lofty View control.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Lofty View, you are authorized to launch. Advise when assets are on station.

RADIO

Roger that, Eagle Five, we are launching. Be advised that weather conditions are less than optimum. Will advise situation when at destination AOR and on station.

JACK CASEY

Are you ready, Colonel?

COLONEL NCUBE

I am. Let's go.

Casey and Ncube leave the room.

EXT. KAZUNGULA AIR FORCE BASE, ZAMBIA - DAY

The first of four Reaper drones begin taxiing down the main runway. In the near distance, Black Hawk helicopters begin taking off, rising slowly and then peeling off.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER, KAZUNGULA AIR FORCE BASE,
ZAMBIA - DAY

U.S. General SAM HOWARD and Zambian General GANIZANI stand
watching the aircraft take off.

GENERAL GANIZANI
This is impressive, General Howard.
Even if it is just a test run.

GENERAL SAM HOWARD
Thank you, General Ganizani. We
also use these test flights to make
fine adjustments to the fire
control and navigation systems.

General Ganizani nods, impressed.

EXT. 1ST BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A caravan of military vehicles drive down a road toward a
military base in the near distance.

COLONEL NCUBE (V.O.)
The brigade headquarters are three
miles from here. When we arrive,
we'll encircle the base.

The caravan splits into three groups, two of them moving
right and left in an encircling movement. The third part of
the caravan drives up to the main gates of the base.

COLONEL NCUBE (V.O.)
We'll deploy the mortar teams and
have them ready to fire on the
command headquarters building on my
order.

Several vehicles stop in front of the gate. Ncube and Casey,
armed with rifles, emerge from the lead vehicle and walk up
to the gate.

COLONEL NCUBE
I will order the guards at the gate
to summon the duty officer.

MOS:

Ncube and Casey at a distance, too far for us to hear, speak
with two GUARDS at the gate. GUARD #1 pulls out a radio.
GUARD #2 suddenly whips his rifle up. Casey's quicker and
shoots the guard three times in the chest.

The guard stiffens, eyes wide, and slowly sinks to his knees. Several of Ncube's SOLDIERS run up, rifles at the ready.

The DUTY OFFICER runs up to the gate from inside the base headquarters.

DUTY OFFICER
Stand down! Stand down!

The Duty Officer, panting, has his hands raised.

Casey and Ncube wait, rifles ready but pointed downward. The Duty Officer hesitates, seeing Guard #2 lying on the ground, staring vacantly. He looks up at Casey and Ncube, hesitates a moment longer, then opens one of the gates and steps out.

Ncube hands the Duty Officer an envelope. The Duty Officer, warily eying Casey and Ncube, opens the envelope.

COLONEL NCUBE
General Chikarango died
accidentally. That will not be the
case for anyone else on the base
who tries to resist us.

The Duty Officer reads the letter then looks up, wide-eyed.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
We have mortars and other weapons
pointed at the headquarters
building. We have already captured
the other Brigade headquarters.

The Duty Officer takes a deep breath, then nods.

DUTY OFFICER
The base is yours.

COLONEL NCUBE
You have made the right decision,
Captain.

The Duty Officer nods to Guard #1 and to several other SOLDIERS who have appeared on the other side of the gates, armed but careful to keep their rifles pointed downward.

DUTY OFFICER
Open the gates.

Ncube glances at the dead Guard, then extends his hand to Casey, which Casey accepts. Ncube then pulls Casey into a brief, manly hug. When they separate, Ncube nods at him. Casey nods back.

We pull back and see the second gate slowly open. Then Ncube leads his troops inside the headquarters compound.

EXT. SKY - DAY

An unidentifiable patch of sky, filled by the four giant Chinese cargo planes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

A totally different patch of sky. A single EC-130H radio jamming aircraft nearly as large as the Chinese cargo planes.

EC-130H PILOT (V.O.)
Beginning radio jamming protocol.

INT. 1ST BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATION CENTER - DAY

Ncube, Casey, Shocklee and Ron watch as Ncube's soldiers secure the communication center.

COLONEL NCUBE
Secure the front gates. Most of the officers live off base. Get the Duty Officer to give you their addresses and send units to secure them as well. Avoid violence if at all possible, but do not allow them to escape or fight back. And someone get coffee -- for everyone!

Several SOLDIERS move to carry out Ncube's orders. Ron moves to a nearby radio, making adjustments to dials and switches.

RON
Boss, I'm in touch with the leader of the team protecting Matapu. He just finished his first broadcast.

JACK CASEY
He went early. That was an unnecessary risk.

COLONEL NCUBE
Everything Matapu does is an unnecessary risk, but always for the greater good.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Who does that remind me of?

Casey glances at Shocklee who raises his eyebrows in pretended innocence.

RON

Boss, you're not going to like this. Matapu didn't read the script we provided him. He openly stated that the U.S. assisted in the coup.

Casey closes his eyes a moment and shakes his head. When he opens his eyes, Ncube is suppressing a grin.

JACK CASEY

Yeah. Real funny.

COLONEL NCUBE

Matapu has always been one to give credit where it is due.

JACK CASEY

Great, thanks.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

He's made it impossible for us to pull out without looking like we're betraying them.

COLONEL NCUBE

But, that is what you would be doing if you pulled out, isn't it? Betraying us?

JACK CASEY

Yeah. It is. And it's not what we're going to do.

COLONEL NCUBE

I don't know what your government will do, but I believe that you are committed to helping us. You proved that at the front gate today.

Casey nods, but doesn't look completely confident. A huge THUNDER CLAP ROARS and CRACKLES. Ncube looks concerned.

JACK CASEY

How bad can it get?

COLONEL NCUBE

Many people are killed each year in these seasonal storms.

(MORE)

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Many by lightning alone. It may
cause problems with the air assets.

Another clap of THUNDER nearly deafens them.

RADIO OPERATOR
Colonel, we have taken control of
the 5th Brigade headquarters.
Colonel Ndolo has sent a copy of
the letter and a personal note to
the commander of the Armored
Brigade in Inkomo, asking for a
response within the hour.

JACK CASEY
Are the Reapers on station yet?

RON
All except for Reaper Four. It'll
be thirty minutes before it's over
6th Brigade headquarters. The
weather is worsening, with limited
visibility in several regions.

JACK CASEY
Thanks Ron.
(turns to Ncube)
Colonel, why don't you send the
Armored Brigade commander a note
that a Reaper drone has its
Hellfire missiles locked on his
headquarters?

COLONEL NCUBE
That should get his attention.

Ncube walks over to a Radio Operator and begins speaking to
him. Another THUNDER CLAP.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Black Hawk helicopters fly through worsening weather.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Reaper Drones fly through worsening weather.

INT. 1ST BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

They are all pacing, impatiently awaiting further notice.

RON

(sounding worried)

Inkomo Base has surrendered and the Commander has agreed to join the operation.

COLONEL NCUBE

But?

RON

But a large number of tanks from the 6th Brigade were at Inkomo for an armored training exercise. They left the base just before our operation began. Some of our scouts have spotted the tank column heading for Harare.

COLONEL NCUBE

Colonel Laoni. He is a brutal bastard.

Casey walks over to a large map on the wall.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

They will pass close to the 6th Brigade headquarters on the way to the capital.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

The 6th Brigade will wait until they're close, then break out and join them in moving on Harare.

JACK CASEY

Colonel, does the Armored Brigade have any assets between Laoni and the 6th Brigade?

Ncube walks to Casey's side, studying the map.

COLONEL NCUBE

Yes. At Nyabira. Not many, but some.

JACK CASEY

Ron, radio the fire control team with orders for Reapers One and Two to find that tank column. Colonel --

COLONEL NCUBE

I will alert the commander at Inkomo to have his assets at Nyabira set up an ambush.

(MORE)

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)

(beat)

We will be outnumbered.

JACK CASEY

I understand. The commander at Inkomo has to move his forces out immediately. Between our air assets, and the tanks at Nyabira, we may be able to delay Laoni enough for the Inkomo tanks to strike at their rear.

Ncube turns to Ron.

COLONEL NCUBE

Get me Inkomo.

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

A column of tanks rumbles down a two lane highway. The lead Land Rover bears a distinctive "6th Brigade" logo.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

COLONEL LAONI, a rough looking man in his 50s, sits in the front passenger seat of the vehicle. A CAPTAIN and LIEUTENANT sit in the back seat. Laoni is on his radio.

COLONEL LAONI

That is correct, Colonel. We will join forces with you as we pass closest to the base and then move jointly onto Harare.

(beat)

We are halfway between Inkomo and Nyabira.

(beat)

Understood.

Laoni terminates the call.

CAPTAIN

Colonel.

COLONEL LAONI

Yes?

CAPTAIN

Colonel, perhaps we should be a little more cautious in our approach. If the Americans really are involved --

Colonel Laoni withdraws his pistol, turns and shoots the Captain in the head. The Lieutenant, splattered with blood, recoils.

COLONEL LAONI
Throw him from the vehicle.

The Lieutenant, horrified but also frightened, undoes his seat belt and that of the dead Captain, leans over to open the door on the other side of the Captain, and with some struggle finally pushes the officer out of the vehicle.

COLONEL LAONI (CONT'D)
Now shut the damned door, you
idiot!

The Lieutenant hurries to do so, with some difficulty, then sits back.

Laoni turns back around to face the front.

COLONEL LAONI (CONT'D)
Wipe your face. It's covered in
blood. Try to act professional.

The Lieutenant, takes out a handkerchief and begins wiping his face.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

President Martinez paces around the treaty room. Bill Davis stands in the middle of the room, watching the President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
I can't believe that arrogant
pipsqueak, tin-pot dictator wannabe
had the nerve to throw us under the
bus! *I'm* the one who throws people
under the bus for Christ's sake!

Davis stares, bemused by THAT one. Martinez stops, and twirls to face Davis.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Do you have the Jack Casey smear
campaign ready? If this goes south
I'm taking the fucking CIA with me!
Every liberal in the country will
vote for me when I'm finished!

Davis SIGHS.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, HARARE - DAY

American Marines in combat gear are positioned on the roof and around the exterior of the embassy.

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

Laoni's column of tanks continue down the highway. Two REAPER DRONES fall in behind the convoy, from an altitude of several hundred feet. They begin firing Hellfire missiles, eight in all, hitting eight separate tanks, disabling all of them.

The Reapers peel off, out of ammunition.

The tank column continues down the highway. A few soldiers climb out of the burning tanks, crawling or running around, on fire. Colonel Laoni ignores them, driving his column toward a meeting with the 6th Brigade.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron is at a radio. He turns to face the others.

RON

The Reapers have turned back to base. Eight enemy tanks destroyed.

COLONEL NCUBE

The good news is that we have just destroyed 10% of the country's tanks.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

The bad news is that there are another 15 tanks in the convoy, and another 20 armored fighting vehicles. If they get to Harare before we do...

JACK CASEY

Colonel, how many tanks in Brigade 6?

COLONEL NCUBE

Not counting the ones under Laoni, perhaps another 15. And at least 30 more AFVs.

RON

Boss, 4th Brigade is still resisting. A fire-fight is in progress.

JACK CASEY
How far is Laoni from Nyabira?

COLONEL NCUBE
Ten miles.

JACK CASEY
Ron, find out where the Inkomo
forces are.

COLONEL NCUBE
We knew it would be close.

JACK CASEY
Ron, move two of the Black Hawks
stationed at the 6th Brigade to the
4th Brigade engagement.

Ron nods. Jack studies the map in front of him.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
And move the other two 6th Brigade
Black Hawks to Laoni's column.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Jack, that'll leave the 6th Brigade
free to move on Harare.

JACK CASEY
I'm betting they'll wait for Laoni.
Move four UH-60s to the sixth
Brigade.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
You think they won't be able to
tell the difference between a
utility helicopter and an attack
bird?

JACK CASEY
I think it's better for them to see
something other than empty sky.

Mike frowns. Colonel Ncube shakes his head in worry.

INT. SCOTT SANDOWSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Sandowski's PHONE RINGS. He picks up and listens, worried.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Fuck. Thanks, John.

Scott hangs up. He gets up and leaves his office.

INT. AREA OUTSIDE SCOTT SANDOWSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Sandowski's secretary is at her desk as he emerges.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Get me in to see Ted and JD ASAP!
I'm heading to JD's right now. Tell
them that the Chinese are flying in
arms to Zimbabwe as we speak!

Lila nods once and picks up her phone, punching in numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY

Sandowski hurries down the hallways.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*

INT. AREA OUTSIDE SCOTT SANDOWSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Lila puts the phone down, looking worried. She hesitates,
then starts typing on her laptop.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Casey is at his laptop, reading the screen. He gets up and
goes over to Ncube and Mike who are watching the map. Jack
stops by them, and takes a deep breath, calming himself.

JACK CASEY

We have a problem.

The other two men turn to him, dread on their faces.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Four Chinese IL-76 long range cargo
aircraft are reported headed for
Zimbabwe, loaded with arms.

COLONEL NCUBE

What do you recommend, Jack?

Mike studies Casey.

JACK CASEY

Ron. Find me the nearest combat air
assets we can commandeer.

Casey goes back to his laptop and starts typing.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jack, what are you doing?

RON

Jack, I have four F-16s in the air as part of the joint Zambian exercise.

JACK CASEY

Tell General Howard Jack Casey is authorizing those birds for our operation. I want them to find those god-damned Chinese cargo planes now!

RON

Boss, the F-16s have been in the air for quite a while. They don't have the range for a long search.

Jack continues typing.

JACK CASEY

Mike, Lila in Sandowski's office is going to send you the flight plans of those Chinese planes. Get them to the F-16 pilots ASAP. I want them out there ASAP. And Mike --

Ron glances back at Jack.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Do not speak to Sandowski. He doesn't know Lila contacted me.

Mike reacts to that.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Roger that, Boss.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

JD, Ted Peterson, Scott Sandowski, and Bill Davis watch the President pace behind the massive desk. Martinez suddenly stops and turns to face the others. He's surprisingly calm.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I want all American assets pulled from the operation.

JD WEAVER

Sir, I'm not sure you understand the implications of that.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Oh? Why don't you "educate" me on that, JD?

TED PETERSON

Mr. President, there is a column of Mkipii's tanks heading for the capital. The 6th Brigade is waiting to break out and only our Black Hawks are holding them back. The Zimbabweans have put their lives on the line because of our promises of support. If we withdraw and the overthrow fails, there'll be a bloodbath of retribution.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I don't care! I'm the President! I'm the one who decides! I will not cause an international incident with China! The voters will understand that!

JD WEAVER

I understand the voters elected you into office,, Mr. President, but now it's up to you to make the right decisions.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

My decision made you director of the God damned CIA, JD. I can make a different decision on that too.

Weaver's face flushes red. He slowly stands, facing the President eye to eye.

JD WEAVER

What your decision makes me, Mr. President, is a liar and a traitor to our allies. I'll have to live with that for the rest of my life. So will you.

Now Martinez's face, already red, flushes even deeper.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Tell Jack Casey to end our participation in this abortion of an operation.

JD nods and walks out.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron at his radio, the others in different areas of the room, watching monitors, maps, laptops and radios.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jack, the F16s can't stay out much longer.

JACK CASEY

I know, Mike.

RON

(into mike)

Roger that. Over.

Ron turns to the others. He hesitates.

JACK CASEY

What is it, Ron?

Ron hesitates even longer.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Spit it out, for Christ's sake.

RON

The President has just ordered an end to all American participation in the Operation. We are to withdraw all Agency and military personnel from Zimbabwe effective immediately.

Jack stares, surprised but not shocked. Ncube stares and he does look as if he's in shock. Jack turns to Shocklee.

JACK CASEY

What would you do right now if you were in charge, Mike?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

What we always do, Casey. Follow orders.

Casey nods and turns back to Ron.

JACK CASEY

Tell them I'll end the operation starting immediately.

COLONEL NCUBE

Jack!

Jack holds up a hand, giving Ncube a meaningful glance that stops the Zimbabwean colonel a moment, though he still fumes and casts Shocklee an angry glance.

RON

Jack! They've found the Chinese planes!

JACK CASEY

Mike, contact Ambassador Vasquez in Harare. Have him contact the Chinese ambassador to Zimbabwe to tell him we've located his aircraft and he's to divert them to another destination or we'll do it for him.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jack... I can't do that.

JACK CASEY

Ron.

Ron turns to glance at Jack.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Have the F16s force the Chinese planes off course. Now.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jack, this is an act of war!

JACK CASEY

Mike, this IS war.

COLONEL NCUBE

He's right, Mike. This might just be another assignment for you, but for us it's war. The life of thousands of our people hang in the balance.

Mike hesitates, then shakes his head and turns back to Casey.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

At least consider the lives of those pilots, Jack.

(MORE)

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

If they maintain their position
long enough to force those cargo
planes off course, they'll run out
of fuel, they'll have to eject,
we'll lose two jets and the Chinese
will veer back toward Zimbabwe
anyway.

Casey turns back to his laptop. Shocklee fumes. He turns to
walk toward Ron but at a nod from Ncube, two Zimbabwean
SOLDIERS step in front of Shocklee, blocking him. Mike
glances at Casey, who is engrossed in his laptop. He turns
back to Ncube who stares back at him with deadly calm.

EXT. ZIMBABWEAN AIRSPACE - DAY

The four Chinese IL-76 cargo planes are being shadowed
closely by four American F-16s.

INT. F16 - DAY

The F-16 Pilot is watching the four massive cargo planes. He
flips his mike.

F16 PILOT

Hailing Chinese IL-76 aircraft,
please respond, over.

The Pilot waits. Nothing.

F16 PILOT (CONT'D)

Hailing Chinese IL-76 aircraft,
please respond, over.

Nothing.

F16 PILOT (CONT'D)

Dogwood 1 to Dogwood flight, close
in on Chinese aircraft, attempt to
push them off course, over.

F16 PILOT #2

Dogwood 2 to Dogwood 1, Captain,
fuel gauges extremely low.

F16 PILOT

Roger that, Dogwood 2. Let's divert
these assholes and worry about the
gauges later.

The F16s slowly start closing on the cargo planes. The Chinese pilots glance nervously at the Americans and a game of "chicken" ensues, the American jets getting slowly closer and closer and suddenly the lead Chinese plane veers away from the closest American jet, followed by the others.

F16 PILOT (CONT'D)
Let's keep herding those little
doggies along now.

The Pilot adjusts his radio.

F16 PILOT (CONT'D)
Dogwood 1 to Orion Six. Over.

At that moment, a lightning bolt slices through the sky in the distance. The F16 Pilot glances that way, worried.

EXT. BRIGADE 4 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A pitched battle. The 4th Brigade troops, tanks and mortar and the surrounding rebel troops are exchanging fire. Suddenly a rocket smashes into the front gate of the headquarters. We pull back and see two Black Hawks sitting above the rebel troops and they begin firing rockets and 2,000-rounds-per-minute Gatling guns which basically disintegrate everything in their path.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron is at his radio. The others are at various stations in the room.

RON
4th Brigade just surrendered.
Minimal losses on our side, heavier
on theirs.

JACK CASEY
(grim)
Gatling guns?

RON
Yes sir.

Jack nods.

EXT. GWERU-THORNHILL AIR BASE - DAY

Reaper drones drop bombs onto the runways of the air base, preventing aircraft from taking off.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron is still at his radio.

RON

Sir, all runways at both Gweru-Thornhill and Manyame air bases have been rendered unusable via Reaper bombings.

Casey nods.

RON (CONT'D)

And sir, the F16s are reporting they are dangerously low on fuel.

Shocklee stares at Casey, waiting for a decision.

JACK CASEY

Mike, get me Sandowski.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Why, what are you planning?

JACK CASEY

To convince Sandowski to get the Chinese to turn back before we have to shoot them out of the sky.

Mike hesitates.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Sandowski isn't... the best guy for you to talk to right now.

(beat)

He asked me to keep tabs on you.

JACK CASEY

Keep tabs?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

And to shut you down if I thought it was necessary.

Casey nods slowly.

JACK CASEY

Ron, get me the commander of the Marine squad protecting the embassy in Harare.

Mike lowers his gaze, ashamed.

EXT. ZIMBABE - DAY

Colonel Laoni's tank column rumbles on. Suddenly a SHELL hits one of the tanks, damaging it. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER. It's the ambush by Inkomo's assets. A PITCHED BATTLE ensues, Laoni's tanks returning fire, as well as the armored fighting vehicles in the column. The Inkomo forces are heavily outgunned and they begin losing one vehicle after another, inflicting less damage on Laoni's column than they are sustaining. Then a MISSILE hits one of Laoni's vehicles, destroying it. Then another MISSILE and ANOTHER and we pull back to see two Black Hawk helicopters, one facing the head of the column, one firing on the rear of it.

One of the armored fighting vehicles firing at the helicopters HITS one of the Black Hawks, which spins out of control, then flies off. The remaining Black Hawk rises, but continues FIRING. Tanks and armored vehicles are ABLAZE on both sides.

Laoni watches the battle from his distinctively marked Land Rover. Suddenly the Lieutenant in the back seat bolts from the vehicle. Laoni pivots and FIRES several times, hitting the soldier in the back and bringing him down.

Suddenly another of Laoni's tanks EXPLODES. We see a column of tanks approaching not on the highway but across the open fields, spread out in a line, firing at will and suddenly the battle turns against Colonel Laoni's forces. Laoni steps out of his vehicle and starts firing his pistol at the oncoming tanks -- crazy, brave or both.

The Lieutenant, face down on the ground, bullet holes in his back, forces himself to his side, sees Laoni and somehow fires his pistol. Laoni falls to one knee, struck in the shoulder. He continues firing at the newly arrived tanks.

The Lieutenant's arm flops to the ground, the pistol falling from his grip, and he watches as Laoni, still on his knees, starts to reload his pistol.

A missile hits a few feet from where Laoni is kneeling. He and his Land Rover disappear in the explosion.

The Lieutenant smiles slightly, then flops back onto his face, dead.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

AMBASSADOR GILBERT VASQUEZ, 50s, sits at his desk, a MARINE COMMANDER standing nearby.

AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ
Ambassador Bangzao, the American
government will not back down on
this.

A voice emerges from the speaker phone on Vasquez' desk.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
Ambassador Vasquez, I deeply
appreciate your contacting me about
this, but I know of no Chinese
aircraft in Zimbabwean air space.

AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ
Ambassador, if we have to we will
shoot these planes down and live
with the consequences. As will you.

There is a long pause.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
I will contact my superiors.

AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ
Quickly, Ambassador. Before it's
too late for both our sides.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO
I understand.

There is a CLICK. Ambassador Vasquez presses a button on the
phone.

AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ
Casey, did you --

JACK CASEY
We're even now, Ambassador. And I'm
sorry to have to put you in this
position.

AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ
Casey, you saved my life. Twice. I
would do this again if necessary.
My life exists because of you. Many
people's lives exist because of
you. Please don't ever
underestimate the importance of
that.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Casey looks moved by that. He nods, once.

JACK CASEY

Thank you Mr. Ambassador.

Casey hangs up. The others are watching him, curious.

RON

Boss, it's looking bad for those jets. They no longer have enough fuel to return to base.

JACK CASEY

Tell them to continue shepherding the Chinese.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Casey, what are you doing?

JACK CASEY

You told me to do my job, Mike.

Shocklee stares.

EXT. ZIMBABWEAN AIRSPACE - DAY

The Chinese cargo planes, being shepherded away from Zimbabwe by the American jets.

F16 PILOT #2

Dogwood 2 to Dogwood 1. Over.

F16 PILOT

Dogwood 1. Over.

F16 PILOT #2

Flying fumes here, boss.

F16 PILOT

I know. I --

The pilot stares into the distance.

F16 PILOT #2

I see it Dogwood 1. Son of a bitch.

F16 PILOT

Roger the son of a bitch, Dogwood 2.

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron LAUGHS. The others turn to him, expectant. Ron turns slowly toward them.

RON

Boss, the Stratotanker arrived.

Casey nods, as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

COLONEL NCUBE

Stratotanker?

RON

Refueling tanker. For the F16s.

Mike stares at Casey, nodding.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You said you'd end the overthrow.

JACK CASEY

I will. By completing it.

Mike nods, still frowning.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

It's my decision, Mike. I'll take the heat.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Screw you, Casey. We'll both take the heat. And btw, screw you again for not telling me about the fucking tanker.

JACK CASEY

Surprise.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Screw --

JACK CASEY

Me. Yeah, I know.

INT. SIXTH BRIGADE BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

COLONEL MKAMANGA stands in the middle of the room, impatient, and angry. All around him are people on radios, watching monitors, on PCs, consulting maps, etc.

RADIO OPERATOR #2

Sir, still no word from Colonel Laoni.

Colonel Mkamanga nods, barely keeping his anger in check.

RADIO OPERATOR #3
Incoming, sir! Incoming!

Colonel Mkamanga turns to the radioman.

COLONEL MKAMANGA
Incoming *what*, you idiot?

RADIO OPERATOR #3
Looks like Black Hawks, sir! I
think they're finally moving
against us!

COLONEL MKAMANGA
Shit.

Colonel Mkamanga storms out of the room.

EXT. 6TH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

Colonel Mkamanga and several other officers rush out of the
main building in time to see two Black Hawks approaching.

COLONEL MKAMANGA
I want those helicopters downed!
Now! I --

OFFICER #1
Sir, what's that?

Officer #1 points to something one of the two Black Hawks is
carrying beneath it, hanging from the helicopter by a fairly
thick cable. The helicopters stop over the parade ground and
the large object drops, still connected to the cable, landing
on the parade grounds with a SMASH.

Colonel Mkamanga and the others stare up at the Black Hawks
with hesitation. As if in response, the two helicopters rise,
as if signaling that it's safe to investigate.

Colonel Mkamanga jogs over to the parade ground, stopping
several yards from the large object. It's part of a jeep,
including a single door, with Colonel Laoni's distinctive
"6th Brigade" logo on it.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
That's Colonel Laoni's --

Colonel Mkamanga glances up at the helicopters.

COLONEL MKAMANGA
I know what it is!
(beat)
(MORE)

COLONEL MKAMANGA (CONT'D)
Convey our surrender to the
surrounding forces.

Office #1 hesitates, and as if knowing what he's thinking,
the two Black Hawks descend, slightly but ominously.

COLONEL MKAMANGA (CONT'D)
Do it!

OFFICER #1
Yes sir!

INT. NCUBE'S BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ron turns to the others.

RON
6th Brigade has just surrendered,
sir. It looks like a few officers
have escaped, but not a shot or
missile fired and no bombs dropped.
(listens)
Except for... part of a jeep?

Ron glances at the others, confused. Colonel Ncube LAUGHS.

COLONEL NCUBE
A little gift Jack came up with.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
That kind of makes you like Oprah,
doesn't it Casey?

Casey frowns, puzzled.

COLONEL NCUBE
And you get a car, you get a car,
everyone gets a car!

Casey and Mike LAUGH, surprised.

COLONEL NCUBE (CONT'D)
What? We used to get Oprah in
Zimbabwe. She and Obama are our
favorite Americans. Except of
course for you, Jack.

RON
Sir, Ambassador Vasquez reports the
Chinese have advised the cargo
planes to divert to Mozambique.
(beat)
(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

The F16s confirm that the Chinese are changing course of their own volition.

JACK CASEY

Tell the F16s to stick with the Chinese until they are clearly out of Zimbabwe airspace.

RON

Copy that, boss.

Casey nods. Mike slaps him on the shoulder. Colonel Ncube walks forward and envelopes Casey in a huge bear hug, then pushes him away and plants a kiss on each of Casey's cheeks.

JACK CASEY

You're not my type, Colonel, but thanks anyway.

RON

Boss, the third and fifth battle groups are entering Harare with no opposition so far.

JACK CASEY

I think it's time we tell Sandowski that it's a wrap, and that you can handle the cleanup, Mike.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Sure. Claim the credit and leave the hard work for me.

JACK CASEY

A good manager knows how to delegate, Mike.

Mike nods, looking suddenly serious.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Jack --

JACK CASEY

If you're going to kiss me too, just... piss off.

Mike LAUGHS.

SOUND AHEAD CUE:

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I want him impeached!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Martinez is pacing, again, waving his arms furiously. JD Weaver and Bill Davis are seated, swiveling and craning to keep track of the President who's moving quickly and angrily.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

That arrogant bastard disobeyed a direct Presidential order to stand down and withdraw all forces!

Martinez stalks back to the desk, glaring down at the others.

JD WEAVER

Sir, it's going to be hard for you to claim victory for the overthrow of a brutal dictatorship if you're court-martialing the guy who ran that overthrow.

BILL DAVIS

He's right sir. Besides, Casey is a civilian. You can't court martial a civilian.

JD WEAVER

A highly decorated civilian. Who lives in another country.

BILL DAVIS

The important thing here, Mr. President, is that standing up to the Chinese the way you did may get you enough swing votes in the red states to win you the election.

President sits, frowning, but now more in thought than anger.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

All right then. I want to personally award Casey with the... what's the highest civilian award I can give the son of a bitch?

JD WEAVER

Presidential Medal of Freedom.

BILL DAVIS

Sir, that has to be approved by Congress.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Well then you'd better start talking to Congress, right, JD?

BILL DAVIS

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I want it to be in front of the
press corps. I'm the one who made
the right call, and they should
know that.

JD stares, shakes his head, stands and leaves.

INT. AMBASSADOR BANGZAO'S HOME - NIGHT

Bangzao is packing. MRS. BANGZAO is helping. Neither of them
say anything. They move quickly and efficiently. The PHONE
RINGS in Bangzao's pocket. He looks at his pocket with dread.

MRS. BANGZAO

Answer it, Tian!

Bangzao shakes his head.

AMBASSADOR BANGZAO

Why? We both know who it is and why
they are calling.

Mrs. Bangzao SLAPS the Ambassador across the face -- hard. He
staggers backward, holding his already reddening cheek.

MRS. BANGZAO

You really showed Mkipii by
delaying those planes, didn't you?

The Ambassador stares, dumbfounded.

MRS. BANGZAO (CONT'D)

Pack, you idiot! Pack!

The Ambassador throws himself back into packing.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, HARARE - NIGHT

Ambassador and Mrs. Bangzao are hustled into the embassy by
AMERICAN MARINES. One of the Marines stops the Ambassador and
examines his face, featuring a black eye.

MARINE #1

Are you all right, sir? Do you need
medical attention?

The Ambassador, ashamed, merely shakes his head and hurries
into the embassy, glancing fearfully behind him.

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

A Black Hawk moves through worsening weather. A LIGHTNING strike hits nearby. THUNDER rolls almost continuously, and wind rips at the aircraft. Suddenly another bolt of LIGHTNING STRIKES the helicopter as it reaches the Zambesi River. The helicopter twists uncontrollably in the air.

BLACK HAWK PILOT (V.O.)
Mayday! Mayday! We are heading for
Jungle Junction Lodge, two
kilometers east of the Zambezi,
going down due to a severe
lightning strike.

The Pilot keys the intercom.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Buckle up back there, we're going
down!

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jack Casey, frowning grimly, follows orders and buckles up.

BLACK HAWK PILOT (O.S.)
I'm going to try to put it down in
the Zambezi. It's the only chance
we have. Too many trees on this
side and I don't have enough power
to get across the river.

Casey takes his SATCOM radio out just as a violent impact jars him strongly enough for the radio to fly out of his grip.

CUT TO:

INT. TED PETERSON'S OFFICE - DAYS

Peterson has his desk phone handset to his ear.

TED PETERSON
I understand, Scotty. Thank you.

Ted gently replaces the phone handset onto its cradle. He takes a bottle of whiskey and takes a long pull directly from the bottle. He looks through the e-mail on his PC, stops at a specific message, then reaches for his phone. He dials a number, consulting the PC monitor. A long beat, then:

TED PETERSON (CONT'D)

Colonel David Warner?

(beat)

This is Ted Peterson, Jack Casey's former boss.

(beat)

He's gone down somewhere near the Zambezi River in a Black Hawk helicopter. He gave me your number to call in case anything went wrong.

(beat)

Of course. I'll e-mail you the details I have.

(beat)

Yes. Thank you, Colonel.

Peterson hangs up. He grabs the bottle, about to take another pull from it and instead he throws it across the room. It smashes into the wall and falls to the floor, unbroken.

EXT. CASEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

David Warner stands on the Casey's stoop, KNOCKING on the door. The door opens and Cherie stands there, in a bathrobe. She sees the expression on Warner's face. She calmly grabs the door frame with one hand.

DAVID WARNER

I'm to take you to Lusaka, Cherie. They lost him in a storm over Zimbabwe.

She nods, forcing herself to remain calm.

CHERIE CASEY

Please come in. I'll get dressed.

He nods and enters the house, closing the door behind him.

We stare at the closed door.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The copter is upside down, on the shore of the river, half in and half out of the water.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The cockpit. The Pilot and Copilot are dead, hanging upside down in their seats, held in by their seat belts. .

We pan back into the passenger/cargo area of the aircraft. Casey hangs upside down, as well. His eyes are open, but he's only barely conscious. The water is rising toward his bloodied, upside down head. He passes out.

The water continues to rise.