

THE HUNT FOR NJONJO

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Based on the novel "The Hunt for Njonjo" by Jack Kassing

Address
Phone Number

EXT. ZIMBABWE - DAY

Zimbabwe. We see the landscape, then slowly the 6th Brigade military base comes into view. Activity on the base indicates excitement and preparation.

INT. 6TH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

COLONEL SIMON NJONJO, a tall, thin but authoritative looking man stands in the center of the teaming room. Various MILITARY PERSONNEL appear to be working, performing different functions. Njonjo looks irritable, glancing from one Soldier to another, waiting for... something.

COLONEL NJONJO
(shouts)
Where the hell are they?

Everyone in the room fearfully glances at him but have no answer.

Njonjo storms over to one of the stations where a SHORT STUBBY SOLDIER sits, with headphones on, trying to make radio contact with anyone from NJONJO's tank corps. Njonjo slams his hand onto the man's shoulder, nearly pulling the soldier off the chair as he turns the man around to face him. The Short Stubby Soldier looks terrified.

SHORT STUBBY SOLDIER
Sir! I'm sorry sir!

COLONEL NJONJO
Shut up you idiot!

The Short Stubby Soldier stares wide-eyed.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Half of my god-damned tank corps is out there somewhere, heading toward us from that training exercise and I want to know EXACTLY where they are, do you understand me?

The Short Stubby Soldier stares, nodding meaninglessly.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Why the fuck are you nodding?

The Short Stubby Soldier stops nodding. In addition to his completely sweat covered face, a couple of teardrops actually fall.

Njonjo suddenly slaps the Short Stubby Soldier, who this time does fall out of his chair. Njonjo spits on the man, then looks around the room, anticipating an objection and a reason to slap the shit out of someone else.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Rebel forces are approaching! I need Colonel Laoni and his tanks so that we can break out of here and move on Harare! Why do I have to explain this to you idiots? Do you want President Mkipii to be overthrown?

Everyone answers immediately, fearfully, and simultaneously in the negative, with exclamations of "of course not, Colonel!" and "no sir."

RADIOMAN
Colonel!

Njonjo turns to a RADIOMAN who, with his headphones still on, has swiveled to face Njonjo.

RADIOMAN (CONT'D)
Colonel, a sentry is reporting that two helicopters are approaching the base! The rebels may be beginning their attack!

EXT. 6TH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

Colonel Njonjo and several other OFFICERS rush out of the main building in time to see two approaching helicopters.

COLONEL NJONJO
Those are probably American helicopters. I want them downed! Now! I --

OFFICER #1
Sir, what's that?

Officer #1 points to something hanging from one of the helicopters by a 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 loud SMASH.

Colonel Njonjo and the others stare up at the Black Hawks with hesitation. As if in response, the helicopters rise, as if signaling that it's safe to approach the wreckage.

Colonel Njonjo jogs over to the fallen object, stopping several yards away. It's part of a military vehicle, including a single door, with a very distinctive "6th Brigade" logo on it.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
That's Colonel Laoni's --

Colonel Njonjo glances up at the helicopters.

COLONEL NJONJO
I know what it is!

Njonjo stares at the wreckage of the vehicle a moment longer, then suddenly turns to Officer #1.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
I will take a platoon of soldiers out the back of the base, and circle around to flank the rebels as they approach. I will signal you when we are in position, and give you instructions on how to proceed.

Njonjo turns back to the wreckage and then up at the hovering Black Hawks.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
If for some reason you do not hear from me within the hour, you will be free to surrender to the rebels and the Americans.

Officer #1 nods.

EXT. ZIMBABWE HILLS - DAY

Njonjo and several SOLDIERS stand by a tree line in the hills overlooking the 6th Brigade military base. A white flag appears on the flag pole, clearly visible to Njonjo and to an approaching military force.

OFFICER #2
Colonel, they are surrendering.
Where do we go now?

Njonjo nods slowly as he stares at the base.

COLONEL NJONJO
Mutali.

OFFICER #2

That's one hundred and fifty
kilometers away, Colonel, and we
have no transportation.

Njonjo, in one quick motion, pulls his sidearm, turns and jams it into Officer #2's abdomen so that the man grunts and bends forward. Njonjo fires four quick shots, muffled by the man's body. Officer #2 falls to the ground, already dead.

Njonjo looks down at the barrel of his pistol and sees that it is covered with blood. He leans over and carefully wipes it clean on the dead man's uniform.

Njonjo straightens and turns to the other Soldiers as he holsters his pistol.

COLONEL NJONJO

It will be a long march, but it is
necessary. When President Mkipii
learns of the rebellion, he will
expect loyal forces to retreat to
Mutali.

Njonjo turns back to stare down at the base and sees that the gates have been opened, and soldiers are emerging, hands in the air. Rebel vehicles stop in front of Njonjo's surrendering forces, using vehicles as cover in case of any trickery.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

Also... I must speak to President
Mkipii's spirit medium. She will
advise me on what actions are
needed to reinstate President
Mkipii to his rightful position.

Njonjo turns to his waiting troops.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

Are there any questions?

There aren't. Njonjo begins walking. The others fall in behind him.

INT. OFFICE OF THE CIA DIRECTOR JD WEAVER - DAY

JD WEAVER, 50s, is at the desk in his CIA office, on his desk phone.

JD WEAVER

Yes sir, Mr. President. As I told the Secretary of State when she called a moment ago, the operation is proceeding as planned and we fully expect the successful overthrow of the Mkipii regime and the liberation of the Zimbabwean people.

(beat)

No sir, again as I mentioned, we do not expect significant casualties among the American advisors or combatants, sir. We're strictly in a supporting role. The Zimbabweans will do the brunt of the fighting.

JD nods, rolling his eyes.

JD WEAVER (CONT'D)

Yes sir, thank you for checking in, Mr. President.

(beat)

Goodbye sir.

JD hangs up. He SIGHS deeply.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It's raining. The wreckage of the Black Hawk is resting upside down, half-submerged in the murky waters of the Zambezi River, not far from the shoreline.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The cockpit. The PILOT and COPILOT, dead, hang upside down in their seats, held in by seat belts. We pan back to the passenger/cargo area. JACK CASEY, late 50s, ruggedly handsome but battered, hangs upside down. His arms hang downward past his head. His face is wet and bloody. His eyes are open, but he's barely conscious. The water rises toward his bloodied, dangling head. He passes out. The water continues to rise.

FLASHBACK

INT. THE CASEYS' VIRGINIA HOUSE - DAY

Casey enters the dining room, wearing a jacket and carrying a small bag of groceries. The dining room table has been set for a romantic dinner.

He pulls a bottle of champagne from the bag and places it in an ice bucket in the center of the table. He smiles, and takes his jacket off. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He glances at the screen before answering.

JACK CASEY
Hey Baby.

CHERIE CASEY (V.O.)
Where are you?

JACK CASEY
Home.

CHERIE CASEY
(surprised)
You're back?

JACK CASEY
Deadheaded on an overnight Marine cargo flight. Wanted to surprise you when you got home from work.

He glances proudly at the table.

CHERIE CASEY
Casey, I was calling to tell you JD is leaving on an emergency trip and I have to accompany him.

Casey frowns, concerned.

JACK CASEY
What kind of emergency?

CHERIE CASEY
The kind that I can't talk about; not even with you.

Casey is silent for a moment, holding in his anger.

JACK CASEY
Okay... be careful.

CHERIE CASEY
Casey, the director's protective detail will be with us. How careful do I have to be?

JACK CASEY
Careful enough to come home to me.

CHERIE CASEY
I'll call you on our way back.

JACK CASEY

Love you.

CHERIE CASEY

You too.

There's a CLICK. Casey pockets his phone and walks down a short hall to a bedroom that's been set up as a home office. He goes to a concealed wall safe. He unlocks it and opens the door. He sees empty indentations of two pistols. He takes a pistol from a shoulder holster strapped to his chest. He places the pistol inside the safe in one of the two indentations. He pauses, staring at the empty indentation, then slowly closes the door and spins the combination dial. We CLOSE IN on his face, then:

END OF FLASHBACK

We're still CLOSE IN on Casey's face but now it's the wet, bloodied face we saw before the flashback. His eyes are shut. We PULL BACK and see he is still hanging from the floor of the overturned helicopter. The water is still slowly rising toward his head.

The helicopter suddenly jerks, bringing Casey's head closer to the water. He's still unconscious.

JACK CASEY (V.O.)

Careful enough to come home to me.

EXT. MILITARY CONVOY, ZIMBABWE - DAY

A convoy of trucks, tanks and other military vehicles is being driven down a rain-soaked highway. We slowly pull in to the lead Humvee. RAIN falls, LIGHTNING flashes, and THUNDER rolls overhead.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - DAY

MIKE SHOCKLEE, a capable looking man in fatigues, late 30s, sits in the front passenger seat. COLONEL NCUBE, Zimbabwean, in Zimbabwean military uniform, drives. Two other ZIMBABWEAN SOLDIERS are in the back seat. Ncube leans forward to peer up at the flashing, roaring sky.

COLONEL NCUBE

I don't know, Mike. Might not have been such a great idea, detouring to pick up Matapu.

Shocklee also checks the tumultuous sky.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

No. You were right. Having Matapu with us when we enter Harare will increase our chances of success. He's the leader of the people's resistance.

Ncube glances again at the sky.

COLONEL NCUBE

Maybe. But I'm worried about your boss.

SHOCKLEE

I hope his pilot had the sense to land and wait out the storm.

INT. TROOP TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY

ORION SIX, rugged US Military Soldier in his 30s, wearing fatigues, is working a military-grade radio.

ORION SIX

Orion Two Three, this is Orion Six. Roger on the Mayday. What is your position?

Ron, Orion Six, writes some quick notes on a pad of paper, then suddenly stops.

ORION SIX (CONT'D)

Orion Two Three, come back. Over.
(beat)
Orion Two Three, come in please.

Ron shakes his head, frustrated.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE -- DAY

Ncube and Shocklee keep glancing at the troubled sky.

ORION SIX (O.S.)

Redemption One, this is Orion Six. Over.

Ncube glances into the back seat where a RADIOMAN holds a military radio. The Radioman hands Ncube a tethered mic.

COLONEL NCUBE

(into mic)
Orion Six, this is Redemption One. Over.

ORION SIX (O.S.)
Roger Redemption One. Just received
Mayday from Eagle Six's Black Hawk
as they were going down near the
Zambezi. Communication suddenly
lost. I'm pretty sure they've
crashed.

Ncube glances worriedly at Shocklee.

COLONEL NCUBE
Roger that, Orion Six. We need to
get that info to Eagle Five. Come
to my POS with whatever coordinates
and other info you have ASAP.

Ncube turns to Shocklee.

COLONEL NJONJO
How many men and vehicles will you
need, Mike?

SHOCKLEE
You're going to need every asset
when you get to Harare, Colonel.

COLONEL NCUBE
Jack Casey saved my life and gave
my people a future by orchestrating
this entire operation. So... how
many men and vehicles do you need?

SHOCKLEE
You two must have gotten real
friendly for Jack Casey to reveal
his real name, but two trucks and
two squads will do, Marcus.
(beat)
And by the way, my real name is
Mike Shocklee. Damned if I know why
I'm telling you, but if Jack Casey
trusts you, damned if I won't

Ncube nods.

COLONEL NCUBE
It will take you four hours to get
to the river and more to find the
crash site. You'll have to leave
immediately.

Shocklee places his hand on Ncube's shoulder.

SHOCKLEE
Thank you, Colonel.

COLONEL NCUBE
Loyalty is my people's greatest
resource, Mike. May God watch over
you and Casey, as you two have
watched over us.

SOUND AHEAD CUE: A rapid HEARTBEAT and raspy BREATHING. We
will hear this throughout the next scene.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

Casey, still hanging upside down, but now conscious - barely.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CASEY'S KENYAN HOME - DAY

Cherie stands on the patio of their new Kenyan home. She
smiles as she watches Jack plant a fruit tree. Suddenly, the
ground jerks and tilts.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

The chopper shivers as it settles a little more into the
river. The water is now inches closer to the top of his head
as he hangs down from the floor of the upside down aircraft.
It also shakes Jack out of his torpor. He reaches for a
backpack also hanging from the floor, barely within reach.
The act of raising the arm that hangs below him is
monumental. He reaches slowly, his hand getting closer and
closer to the backpack.

CLOSE UP of Jack's torso and he suddenly GRUNTS in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMAN BODY - DAY

The insides of a human body; beating heart, intestines, and
then we see it -- a lung punctured by a broken rib. The
HEARTBEAT accelerates and becomes louder and louder, in
distress.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

Casey, hangs upside down, again unconscious. A dribble of blood emerges from his mouth and rolls up his face, past his eyes and off his forehead into the water a few inches below.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Shocklee sits in the passenger seat, Lieutenant INNOCENT CHIKVHU driving.

Shocklee scans a hard copy map, frowning and shaking his head. Chikvhu glances repeatedly at him. Shocklee notices.

SHOCKLEE

They call this a "location?" It's a
20 miles stretch of river bank.

LIEUTENANT CHIKVHU

Do you really think he may have
survived, sir?

Shocklee glances up, angry, but then controls himself.

SHOCKLEE

He's a Marine. If it's possible for
a man to survive that crash, then
yes, he's alive.

LIEUTENANT CHIKVHU

He must be a strong man.

Shocklee goes back to scanning the map.

SHOCKLEE

You have no idea. Turn left at the
next fork in the road. We're two
kilometers from the river.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Shocklee, Chikvhu and half of Ncube's soldiers slowly make their way down river through thick riverside brush, searching for signs of the downed chopper.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Moonlight enters the chopper through one of the half-submerged widows. The water has risen, nearly reaching Casey's forehead.

His face is red -- he's obviously got a fever, maybe an infection from his wounds. He is staring at the backpack, his hand reaching agonizingly for it despite the pain in his side where a broken rib has punctured one of his lungs. Tears roll up his forehead. His hollow eyes are surrounded by deep, dark circles. Those eyes reflect unspeakable pain topped only by this one man's determination to survive.

His hand slowly encircles the backpack strap.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Shocklee is in the middle of a stretched-out column of Soldier/Searchers. They suddenly hear a SCREAM of terror.

LIEUTENANT CHIKVHU
It must be a crocodile!

Shocklee starts to run in the direction of the scream.

SHOCKLEE
Or a hippo! Either way, it'll slow
us down!

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

One of Ncube's Soldiers is staring into the darkness at a green light seemingly dancing in the water.

NCUBE SOLDIER
It... it is a river monster!

He stares, frozen in fear, too afraid even to flee.

The helicopter settles lower in a single jerking movement, causing a SPLASH and the green light to flicker across the water once again.

The Soldier screams again and turns to run.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Casey's eyes fly open. He hears the SCREAM of terror once again. He tries to return the scream with one of his own but can't. He closes his eyes, takes a few breaths and then, his eyes flying open again, he manages a moderately loud SCREAM.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

The Soldier runs right into Shocklee who angrily grabs the man's shoulders and shakes him violently.

SHOCKLEE
Get a hold of yourself!

The Soldier, gasping for breath, casts glances behind him.

SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
What the hell did you see?

The Soldier, panting, stares wide-eyed at Shocklee a moment before answering.

NCUBE SOLDIER
A river monster! My grandmother
told me to beware the river monster
that strikes at night, that it will
drag you to the depths of the river
and swallow you up!

JACK CASEY (O.S.)
(weak)
Help!

Shocklee reacts to the sound of Jack's voice. He looks past the Soldier and sees the green, fluorescent light. He shoves the panic-stricken Soldier aside and rushes for the helicopter, splashing through the water with controlled urgency. The other Soldiers follow him, each casting contemptuous glances at the frightened Soldier who steps back, totally unwilling to enter the water.

NCUBE SOLDIER
It will swallow you whole!

The final Soldier in line shoves the frightened Soldier hard, sending him reeling into the water, which prompts him to SCREAM once again in terror, splashing insanely to try to get back onshore.

SHOCKLEE
We're coming, Casey! Hang in there,
Marine!

Shocklee reaches the downed and sinking helicopter. He peers inside through a side window that is half submerged, and sees two dangling bodies hanging upside down. He recognizes one as Casey. Casey's eyes open, water up past his forehead almost to his eyelids. The other individual appears to be dead.

A snapped glow-stick is stuck between Casey's body and the safety harness that holds him in place, emitting a green fluorescent light. His arms hang down uselessly past his head.

SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus Christ, Casey!

Shocklee grabs his pistol and shatters the window.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Shocklee watches as two Soldiers carefully lift a stretcher into the back of one of the trucks.

JACK CASEY
Mike!

The Soldiers stop as Shocklee steps forward.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
(weak)
Tell Cherie I'm alive.

SHOCKLEE
Not to worry, Casey. That message
has already been sent.

JACK CASEY
(weak)
What took you so long to get here?

SHOCKLEE
What? A guy can't stop for a beer?

Casey nods, weakly, and appreciatively.

JACK CASEY
Not without me, buddy.

Shocklee LAUGHS, holding back tears.

SHOCKLEE
I'll remember that. But next round
is on you.

Casey struggles to raise his arm and Shocklee, seeing the motion, quickly grabs Casey's hand, squeezing it.

JACK CASEY
Copy that.

Shocklee nods, then releases Casey's hand and steps back as they load him in the truck. He turns to Chikvhu.

SHOCKLEE

Drive as fast as you can without
killing the tough old bastard. I'll
be in the back with him.

Chikvhu nods and hurries to the cab of the truck. Shocklee swings himself easily into the back of the truck along with two medics and Casey. The two soldiers raise the tail gate, slamming it in place.

UNKNOWN PERSON (V.O.)

Cherie? They've found him. He's
alive.

EXT. CHINESE EMBASSY, MAPUTO - DAY

A Land Rover is parked in front of the embassy. The driver is Colonel Njonjo. He wears a hat and sunglasses. He stares at the embassy, with an occasional glance around him.

The embassy front door opens and an EMPLOYEE emerges to collect several newspapers from the stoop. The Employee closes the door and re-enters the embassy.

Njonjo reaches for the door handle.

INT. OFFICE, CHINESE EMBASSY, MAPUTO - DAY

Njonjo sits across a desk from HUANG FU CHENG, a fit looking man in his 30s.

HUANG FU CHENG

To be honest, Colonel, when you
showed up yesterday I was shocked.
This must be a huge risk for you,
being here. In the open. With so
many people wanting to kill you.

COLONEL NJONJO

Mkipii. Did you give him my
message?

HUANG FU CHENG

Yes.

COLONEL NJONJO

What did he say?

HUANG FU CHENG
President... Mr. Mkipii advises you
to return to the mountains and
await further instructions.

COLONEL NJONJO
That's all?

HUANG FU CHENG
Nothing more.

Njonjo nods, stands and leaves without another word.

INT. CASEY'S KENYAN HOME - DAY

Casey lies in bed, watching television, set to the BBC
international news. He shifts slightly and winces.

Cherie enters and stops at the foot of his bed. She takes a
deep breath, looking very serious. Jack mutes the television.

JACK CASEY
Oh-oh.

She laughs, in spite of herself.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
I'm in trouble again, aren't I?

She struggles to regain her serious look.

CHERIE CASEY
Casey...

He waits, wincing again, this time with comic exaggeration.
Cherie stomps her foot in frustration, trying not to laugh.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
Casey, if you don't let me say what
I've come to say I'll... I'll...

JACK CASEY
Ground me?

CHERIE CASEY
Worse!

Casey considers that, puzzled.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
I was wrong.

Casey stares, suspecting a trap.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
I said I was wrong.

JACK CASEY
Oh. Right. Sorry. Okay, you were wrong. About... ?

CHERIE CASEY
About trying to keep you from going back into the field.

JACK CASEY
No. I made the wrong choice.

CHERIE CASEY
You chose to help people. How can that ever be the wrong choice?

JACK CASEY
When it takes me away from you.

Cherie reacts, surprised at that.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
I'll never do it again.

Cherie studies his face, which includes a few bandages.

CHERIE CASEY
You have the ability to lead men and to help people. How can you say you'll never do it again? Do you think you'll be able to stand by and refuse to help people who need it? That's not the man I married.

JACK CASEY
I knew it was a trap.

She lightly slaps one of his blanket-covered feet.

CHERIE CASEY
You know I'm right. Would you be able to stand by and NOT help someone who needed it?

JACK CASEY
(sighs)
I don't know. But I won't leave you again.

She nods, thoughtfully, and tucks his blanket around his feet as if to make up for smacking him, even lightly.

CHERIE CASEY

We'll see.

(smiles)

For now, let's get your ass out of that bed and start doing your exercises.

Casey frowns.

JACK CASEY

You're acting more like a drill sergeant than my doting wife.

CHERIE CASEY

(mock threatening)

Casey...

JACK CASEY

I just got home!

She LAUGHS and pulls out a small sheaf of papers.

CHERIE CASEY

Lucky you. Now get up, Marine.

She points the papers at him.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

These pages are covered with exercises that are probably going to hurt like hell, but you need to get started, so get up.

JACK CASEY

You're still mad at me, aren't you?

She arches an eyebrow.

CHERIE CASEY

No, baby, I just don't want to live the rest of my life without you. Now get up!.

EXT. NJONJO'S SECRET CAMP - NIGHT

A camp laid out in a rectangular shape and encompassing two or three acres. There are several huts, with an open cooking area in the center of the camp. A large open-air shelter sits near the circle. The camp is surrounded by a makeshift thorn fence. The camp is lit by several small fires in fire pits.

A TOYOTA SUV pulls up in front of one of the huts. Njonjo gets out and walks into the nearest hut.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

A beautiful young woman, NEHANDA, sits cross legged, eyes closed, meditating. Njonjo stops several feet from her.

NEHANDA
(eyes shut)
The great Colonel Njonjo.

She opens her eyes.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
What an honor.

Njonjo spits on the floor.

Nehanda rises smoothly from her cross legged stance, stepping forward simultaneously so that she is almost magically in front of Njonjo without having seemed to have taken a step. She is close to him, intimately close. She stares up into his face, smiling the smile of a woman who knows what most men really want, and the price they're willing to pay to get it.

Njonjo steps back but she is on him, pressing her body against him, MOANING sensually, wrapping her arms around his hips so that the palms of her hands rest on his buttocks. She stands on tiptoe, trying to force her lips onto his.

Njonjo is tough but there is something about this woman... he tries to push her away but somehow she shifts her body and shoulders to avoid his hands and is on him again.

Njonjo is perspiring now, perhaps from fear, perhaps from sexual reaction to her proximity, perhaps from both of those things: fear and sexual attraction that he clearly does not want to have for this woman.

Njonjo suddenly grabs her shoulders and shoves her away -- hard enough for her to fall. She grunts when she hits the ground, but is still in control of the situation. She lies there, staring up at him from beneath luscious eyelashes.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
You know you want me.

Njonjo is panting. He steps forward and slaps her -- hard.

Nehanda SCREAMS in surprise and pain, putting her hand to her cheek. She slowly removes her hand from her cheek, and slowly turns to look up at Njonjo with a look that actually causes him to take a step backward. However as soon as he takes the step back, he angrily steps forward again, towering over her, hand raised.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
(seductively)
It would not be the first time.

He stops, hand raised, as if paralyzed by her words. Then suddenly he's slapping her over and over, forcing her to cover up, though she gets back at him by starting to LAUGH. He increases the number and strength of his slaps and she goes silent, but she refuses to cry or ask for mercy.

COLONEL NJONJO
You will *NEVER* speak of that again!

He steps back and there is silence, until we realize she is LAUGHING again, a crazed, fearless laugh.

NEHANDA
You are so easy to control.

COLONEL NJONJO
Tell me what will happen!

She wipes at her bleeding lip.

NEHANDA
He will come. Soon. To regain "his" country.

Njonjo nods, satisfied.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
He will fail.

He glares at her.

COLONEL NJONJO
Do you foresee that, or do you just *wish* it?

NEHANDA
He is old and weak. You are strong. You are the reason he clung to the Presidential Palace. You should be the one fighting for power.

Njonjo raises his hand again.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
But you are too afraid, aren't you? Too afraid to stand up to a doddering old fool. He may use me for his needs --

COLONEL NJONJO

Shut up!

NEHANDA

But you are his *real* bitch.

Njonjo strikes her again, over and over.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)

And you let him! You let him use me!

He towers over her, panting with adrenalin and exertion. His hand is raised, ready to deliver the final and perhaps killing blows. But he stops, staring at her bloodied but sneering face, lips cut and bleeding profusely.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)

What kind of man are you?

He staggers backward, then tries to regain control.

COLONEL NJONJO

Should I proceed with the attack?

Nehanda smirks, licking her bloodied lips.

NEHANDA

Yes, little boy. Even you can succeed at such a cowardly ambush.

He hesitates, then turns to leave the hut, but stops and turns back to her.

COLONEL NJONJO

You understand men, and you understand hatred.

NEHANDA

There's a difference?

COLONEL NJONJO

What you do not understand is loyalty.

NEHANDA

There's a difference between loyalty and cowardice.

He rushes forward once more, causing her to flinch, stumble and fall to the floor. He stands over her, fist cocked. She raises her hands to protect her already battered face.

COLONEL NJONJO
It's *your* fear I see.

NEHANDA
But it's *your* fear *he* sees.

He hesitates. She slowly lowers her arms, sneering at him.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
Bring back the one who led the rebels. The American. Mkipii must take his power and add it to his own. Only then will Mkipii be strong enough to regain the Palace.

COLONEL NJONJO
How?

NEHANDA
You know how.

Njonjo backs up, troubled, then suddenly turns and leaves.

A single sob escapes her but she immediately clamps down on that, staring instead with hatred at the closed hut door.

EXT. CIA STATION, HARARE, ZIMBABWE - NIGHT

An extravagant mansion, surrounded by extensive grounds and encircled by a high stone wall. Several GUARDS stand at the main entrance, and patrol the grounds.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

A bus station sits near the paved turnoff leading to the main gate of the walled mansion. A bus passes by the bus stop.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Colonel Njonjo sits on the bus, looking through the window at the bus stop, glancing around to see if anyone is there. He then sits back in his seat, waits a moment, then pulls the cord to indicate he wants to stop at the next bus stop. He wears dirty, dingy clothes, and hasn't shaved in several days. He carries a plastic garbage bag on his lap, and looks nearly indistinguishable from other farm workers on the bus.

EXT. BUS STOP #2 - NIGHT

The bus stops at a stop like the previous one. Njonjo is the only person to descend. His shoulders are slumped, and he carries himself as if at the bottom of the social hierarchy.

The bus drives off. Njonjo sits on the bench, glancing around. He is alone. He opens his bag and pulls out a flashlight. He turns the flashlight on and walks toward the tree line situated a few yards back from the road.

He stops at a spot behind a row of trees which, along with the darkness, shield him from the road. He begins digging and quickly uncovers a plastic tarp beneath which are plastic covered-items which he unwraps, one at a time, revealing a large number of weapons and other military paraphernalia.

Njonjo stands, holding a silence-equipped assault rifle. He glances at his watch, and then peers into the darkness. He raises the rifle and sights along the weapon.

EXT. CIA STATION COMPOUND - NIGHT

Njonjo, sighting along the weapon. We see in the weapon's night vision scope a soldier in the cross hairs. Njonjo's finger squeezes the trigger enough for a quiet shot to be fired. In the scope we see the soldier fall to the ground.

We hear four more muffled SHOTS and we pull back to see that Njonjo is part of a team of more than 20 soldiers.

INT. CIA STATION - NIGHT

A DUTY OFFICER sits, nodding sleepily, at a desk, facing communication equipment and monitors. A low level BUZZING fails to alert him.

A loud crack of THUNDER snaps the Officer awake, and he hears the BUZZING. He glances at the monitors and sees FIGURES moving toward the station from several directions. He slaps a panic button that sets off loud alarms throughout the building. He reaches for his radio.

DUTY OFFICER
Hostiles! Hostiles in the compound!

Muffled GUNSHOTS snap the Officer's head up as he stares at the front door. A blast of muffled GUNSHOTS blows out the glass to two sliding glass doors thirty feet to the right of the Officer's desk. A bullet strikes his chest. He falls to the floor but grabs his AR-15 rifle as he goes down. His finger squeezes the trigger, sending rounds into the air.

The Officer raises himself on one elbow, blood gushing from his chest, and empties his rifle's clip into the communications equipment. He falls back to the floor, face up, as more rounds strike his body. He lies, staring lifelessly up at the mansion's gold leaf ceiling.

Njonjo steps into frame, weapon pointed at the Duty Officer. His SOLDIERS fan out behind him.

INT. MIKE SHOCKLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike, holding an AR-15, bursts from his bedroom into a hallway, to face four armed intruders. He fires instinctively, and with the accuracy of a Marine veteran. He downs all of the intruders, taking a minor shoulder wound in return, which he ignores.

He runs down the hallway to another bedroom, this one with a heavy, obviously fortified door, which he slams behind him just as a volley of bullets strikes the door, revealing that it is metal and impenetrable to the bullets.

INT. FORTIFIED BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shocklee locks the door behind him, and reaches for a microphone lying on a table along with communications equipment.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Control, this is Eagle Five, we are under attack by hostiles; repeat under attack by hostiles. Alert the other Redemption Field teams.

Suddenly a BLAST blows open the fortified door. Shocklee leaps to the floor, twisting so that he falls onto his back, weapon pointed at the empty doorway.

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)

You can continue to fight, or surrender. You are the last man standing!

Shocklee fires a burst through the doorway, careful not to waste too much ammunition in making his statement of resistance.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Come on in! Let's see how many more of you I can kill!

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)
Surrender or I'll kill the two men
we've captured.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
You surrender, motherfucker! I've
got your surrounded!

There is a long pause as Shocklee crinkles his nose, not quite believing he's saying what he's saying.

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)
(laughs)
Your CIA Boss Man must think I'm
stupid.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
I mean it! Surrender or I'll kill
you all!

Shocklee suddenly fires into the communication equipment around him, destroying it all. He quickly slips another clip into his rifle.

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)
Call out your name to the man
inside.

JIM GRAYBILL (O.S.)
Mike, it's me, Jim Graybill!

RICK WALKER (O.S.)
Shut the fuck up, Jim! Mike, don't
come out because of us!

There is the sound of a grunt and a body falling to the floor. Shocklee SIGHS.

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)
You have five seconds, "Mike." Mr.
CIA boss man!

MIKE SHOCKLEE
All right!
(beat)
I'm throwing my weapon out!

Shocklee tosses his weapon out the door along the floor. He grabs a pistol from a nearby table and points it at the door.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
I'm wounded! You'll have to help me
out!

COLONEL NJONJO (O.S.)
 I think we'll wait for you to come
 out first, "Boss Man." And if you
 don't, we'll begin by shooting your
 men's testicles off, and then work
 up from there.

JIM GRAYBILL (O.S.)
 Oh Jesus, Mike, please!

RICK WALKER (O.S.)
 (raspy, gasping, in pain)
 Shut the fuck up, Jim!

Shocklee sighs again, and slides his pistol out as well. He
 climbs to his feet, GRUNTING at the pain caused by his
 shoulder wound, and slowly walks out the door, hands up.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS CENTER -- NIGHT

A SHIFT SUPERVISOR, EMPLOYEE #1, and EMPLOYEE #2 sit at
 computer terminals, typing. A wall behind them features
 several clocks showing the current time in various areas of
 the world. Suddenly a RED LIGHT on the ceiling starts
 FLASHING in concert with the SOUND of an ELECTRONIC ALARM.

The Supervisor stops the alarm then grabs a phone and dials.

INT. JOHN BENSON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN BENSON, 30s, sits with his WIFE and two CHILDREN
 watching TV. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He frowns, irritated, but
 quickly stands, reaching for the phone. His Wife grabs the
 remote and mutes the television, while she puts her finger to
 her lips, warning the two Children to be quiet.

JOHN BENSON
 Benson.
 (beat)
 Did you say the emergency alarm for
 Harare Station has been activated?
 (beat)
 I'll be in as fast as I can. Call
 the DDO and give him an update.

John twirls to face his family.

JOHN BENSON (CONT'D)
 (apologetic)
 Guys --

MRS. BENSON

Go.

Benson smiles gratefully at his wife, turns and hurries to the front door, grabbing a jacket from a hook as he does so.

INT. SCOTT SANDOWSKI'S DEN - NIGHT

SCOTT SANDOWSKI, older than Benson, is at the desk in his home den, when his CELL PHONE RINGS. Looking irritated, just as Benson had, he picks it up from where it lays on his desk.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Sandowski.

(long beat)

Any word from the station?

CIA DUTY OFFICER V.O.)

One radio call from Eagle Five stating that the station was under attack.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Okay, listen carefully. I want you to send a FLASH precedence message to the following people, subject line reading "Hostile Attack on CIA Station." I'll give you the text of the message in a second. Send it to the Secretary of Defense, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff --

INT. JD WEAVER'S CIA OFFICE - NIGHT

JD Weaver is at the desk in his CIA office, working late. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks it up from the desk.

JD WEAVER

Weaver.

(beat)

Shit. Thanks for the call, Scotty. I'll inform the President.

EXT. CIA STATION - NIGHT

Shocklee acknowledges Walker as the three of them have their hands tied behind their backs and are escorted and shoved out of the building, followed by Njonjo and several Soldiers. Shocklee stops and twirls to face Njonjo.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Who are you and what the hell do
you want?

Njonjo slaps Shocklee. Shocklee staggers but doesn't go down.

COLONEL NJONJO

I'll ask the questions, *mnt*.

Shocklee lunges at Njonjo but is restrained by Soldiers.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

So you know the word.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

It's what Rhodesians called
subhumans like you.

Njonjo punches Shocklee viciously in the stomach. Shocklee
had tensed his abdomen, and doesn't go down, but grunts.

COLONEL NJONJO

I spent my life fighting for the
rights of my people! No American
could ever understand!

The Soldiers pull Shocklee back from Njonjo. Shocklee
straightens, as if to show Njonjo's blow had no effect.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You might be surprised, Colonel
Njonjo.

Njonjo frowns, surprised at Shocklee's use of his name. He
steps up into Shocklee's face.

COLONEL NJONJO

There is only one reason you are
still alive, Mr. Shocklee.

It's Shocklee's turn to be surprised, but he does a much
better job of hiding it.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

And you are not going to like
finding out what it is.

Colonel Njonjo punches Shocklee one more time in the stomach,
then spits on him. Shocklee goes a little nutty and it takes
three of Njonjo's Soldiers to restrain him from lunging at
Njonjo.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Put them in the back of that large
Toyota over there, and let's get
ready to move out.

The Soldiers roughly pull/drag the three Americans to one of
the CIA SUVs parked in front of the mansion. One of Njonjo's
Soldiers walks up to him.

NJONJO'S SOLDIER #1
Colonel, they destroyed all the
communications equipment. We will
not be able to monitor any of their
radio activities.

COLONEL NJONJO
Make sure these vehicles are full
of petrol, and spare jerry cans.
Open your bags containing the dry
civilian clothes and change out of
your uniforms. Load our dead into
the back of the other vehicles
along with your weapons and all
captured weapons. Leave no evidence
of who raided this place tonight!

NJONJO'S SOLDIER #1
Shall we burn the building,
Colonel?

Njonjo glances back at the mansion.

COLONEL NJONJO
No. It is President Mkipii's home,
and he will one day return to it.

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The Black Hawk has settled down at 5th Combat Group
Headquarters in Magunje. A Zimbabwe DUTY OFFICER and a few
GUARDS watch the landing.

CHARLIE PARKER, early 40s, steps up beside the Duty Officer.

CHARLIE PARKER
Thanks for letting me know a
chopper was incoming.

The Duty Officer nods.

DUTY OFFICER
They didn't radio us until a few
minutes ago.

Parker nods.

The Black Hawk cargo door slides open. Ron leaps out, careful to duck his head. He spots PARKER, Vulture/456, heading for his position.

Parker steps forward, reaching out to shake Ron's hand.

CHARLIE PARKER

What the fuck, Ron, you're supposed to be in Lusaka on R&R.

ORION SIX

I was, when the COS got a NIACT Cable from headquarters advising that the Station in Harare was or still is under attack.

CHERIE CASEY

Shit. When did this happen?

ORION SIX

I don't know, a few hours ago. Didn't you get a radio call from CONTROL? I've been sent here to get you and a response team together to investigate. It's your mission, Charlie, you're in charge, but the bird is mine. Maybe we can get there in time to help out or make a difference.

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE PARKER

Roger that, your bird, my men. Let me assemble a team. They're good men, should be able to roust them pretty quickly.

ORION SIX

Make it quick.

Charlie hurries off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The Black Hawk lifts off the ground while several Soldiers watch.

CHARLIE PARKER (V.O.)
O/Six... is this bird armed.

ORION SIX (V.O.)
Negative, Four-fifty-six. What you brought on board is what we got.

CHARLIE PARKER (V.O.)
Then it'll have to do.

ORION SIX (V.O.)
Roger that.

The craft flies into the night.

EXT. TREELINE ABOVE CIA STATION - NIGHT

The Black Hawk hovers behind a treeline a hundred yards from the perimeter of the CIA station. The chopper doors open, revealing the Armed Team Members with their weapons pointed outward, in a position to return any fire they might receive. Parker and Ron scan the compound and surrounding area.

CHARLIE PARKER
(into chin mike)
Control, 456 at target. No visible activity on the ground.

ORION SIX
(into chin mike)
Quarter Horse, Orion Six here. Slowly circle the compound. There should have been four sentries patrolling the outer perimeter.

The Black Hawk moves slowly around the compound. Parker taps Ron's shoulder and points to the first dead bodies they see lying on the ground.

CHARLIE PARKER
(into chin mike)
Control, we see a vehicle parked at the gate and bodies lying nearby.

The Black Hawk continues circling the compound, twenty feet above and thirty feet from the compound's wall. Ron nudges Parker and points.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)
(into chin mike)
Control, all perimeter sentries down. No visible activity in the compound. We're going it.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Four-fifty-six, Alpha Foxtrot here.
Proceed with caution.

CHARLIE PARKER
(into chin mike)
Copy that, Alpha Foxtrot.

The Black Hawk lands one hundred feet from the residence. The Team Members jump from the craft before it touches down. Parker gestures for the team to form a defensive position.

ORION SIX
(into chin mike)
Quarter Horse, move out of range
and wait for my signal.

QUARTER HORSE (V.O.)
Roger that, Orion Six.

Parker uses hand gestures to move the team toward the front entrance of the mansion. They find two dead CIA security officers on the patio. They raise their weapons a bit more and move toward the entrance.

INT. CIA STATION - NIGHT

The front doors fly open and the Fireteam Members pour in, quickly but with disciplined movements, followed by the Americans. The entry is empty except for the Duty Officer lying dead on the floor behind the reception desk and the destroyed communication equipment.

Parker sees the communication equipment and then the body.

CHARLIE PARKER
Good man.
(into chin mike)
Control, two dead outside patio.
Duty watch dead on floor, moving to
check rest of the area.

Parker gestures to one Fireteam Member who remains behind in the reception area and four other men who fan out to search the first floor. He then gestures to Orion Six and two other men to proceed up the stairs to the upper east wing while he and two other men proceed up the stairs to the upper west wing.

INT. FORTIFIED BEDROOM - NIGHT

Parker scans the destroyed communications equipment. He sees an ID wedged under the foot of a couch. He pulls it out. It's a driver's license in the name of Mike Shocklee.

Orion Six enters the room.

CHARLIE PARKER
Mike Shocklee's driver's license.

ORION SIX
Shit. I found two more bodies. All unresponsive.

CHARLIE PARKER
Yeah, I found to more as well.
There were ten Agency personnel here at the Station.

ORION SIX
The four perimeter guards were Zimbabwean -- Colonel Ncube's men.

CHARLIE PARKER
That means we have seven Agency victims.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Four-fifty-six, Alpha Foxtrot. Have you located Eagle Five?

CHARLIE PARKER
(into chin mike)
Negative, Alpha Foxtrot. We have a situation here. Seven personnel down, three unaccounted for, including Eagle Five.

EXT. ZIMBABWE HILLS - DAY

Three of the vehicles stolen from the CIA station stop at an isolated off-road spot. Njonjo is the first out of the lead vehicle, immediately stepping away to relieve himself. He's followed by all the other soldiers. Njonjo finishes, turns and motions for the others to join him out of hearing distance from the vehicles.

COLONEL NJONJO
We are 20 kilometers from the camp.

Njonjo points out three men.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

You three change the license plates on these vehicles and drive them to the camp, taking a circuitous route to throw off any followers. Once you're at the camp, camouflage all the vehicles so that they cannot be seen from the air. Matapu, Ncube, and the Americans will be watching for vehicles with white passengers, so we will walk the prisoners to the camp. We will be there close to late afternoon. Make sure the sentry knows we are coming.

Njonjo glances at one of the SUVs with contempt.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

Get them out, untied, and on their feet. We will begin their education starting now.

Two soldiers jerk Jim Graybill out of a vehicle and drop him to the ground. He MOANS as he hits. A large, dark stain covers the front of his pants. He lies whimpering on the ground, humiliated and bruised from the journey and rough handling.

Two men pull Shocklee from the vehicle. He lands on his feet. They untie him and the are easier on him than on Graybill.

Walker is the last to be pulled out, and is treated as roughly as Graybill. He falls and hits his face on a large rock. Blood drips from his right nostril. They jerk him to his feet and untie him. He spits at the feet of the last soldier to touch him. The soldier punches Walker in the face.

Shocklee moves quickly toward Walker and his assailant. A nearby Soldier drives the butt of his rifle into the middle of Shocklee's back, driving him to the ground.

Njonjo immediately steps between the two men.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

(in Shona, English
subtitles)

Enough! We don't have time for this.

Njonjo points to Shocklee.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

And don't hit this one. We need to keep him alive.

Shocklee struggles to his feet, helped by the Soldier who'd struck him. Shocklee wipes himself off, gasping a bit for air from the blow he'd received. He glances at Njonjo.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Hey... how about a piss break for us? I don't think you want to smell all of us stinking of piss, do you?

Njonjo turns to Shocklee. He controls an obvious hatred.

COLONEL NJONJO

All right. Over there.

Njonjo points his rifle at Graybill's darkened crotch.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)

It looks like it's too late for that shameful excuse of a man.

Shocklee and Walker walk past Graybill.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

(quietly)

Hang in there Jim. We'll be okay.

Shocklee and Walker stop some distance from the others, and undo their pants to start urinating.

RICK WALKER

(quietly)

It's going to be tough on him. He's a fairly new communicator, without any military training.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

You're right. But it'll be tough on all of us.

Walker nods at Shocklee's shoulder, with blood having leaked through the shirt.

RICK WALKER

You okay?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

It's not like I have a choice. None of us do. Not yet, anyway.

RICK WALKER

What's with the comment about keeping you alive?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Don't know. But I don't think it's
as good as it sounds.

RICK WALKER

I was thinking the same thing.

The two men zip up and turn. At that moment Njonjo's Soldier #1 kicks Graybill, causing him to YELP in pain.

NJONJO'S SOLDIER #1

Get up, you coward!

Rick steps forward but Shocklee grabs his shoulder, stopping him, just as one of the Soldiers turns his gun on him.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Getting killed won't help us.

Rick glances from the barrel of the Soldier's rifle to Graybill and finally to Shocklee. He nods once, angry.

Two Soldiers shove Shocklee and Walker toward a nearby trail. Another Soldier jerks Graybill to his feet and shoves him as well, at least as hard as they shoved Shocklee and Walker. Graybill staggers but somehow keeps his feet.

EXT. NJONJO'S SECRET CAMP - DAY

It's late afternoon. Njonjo's SOLDIER #3 sits on a rock, partially hidden by bushes, staring down the trail. He sees Njonjo leading the column of men, including three obvious prisoners. The Soldier turns and hurries away.

NJONJO

Approaches the entrance to a camp, partially hidden by trees and other vegetation. Several armed SOLDIERS step into view, and wait. Then Nehanda, steps into view, dressed provocatively, hatred on an otherwise beautiful face.

Njonjo walks into the center of the camp. He raises a hand, halting the column just inside the clearing.

Shocklee stares at Nehanda, taken by her remarkable beauty, but nervous about what part she has to play in whatever comes next for the three prisoners.

Njonjo points to three Soldiers.

COLONEL NJONJO
Take them inside and bind them --
securely! If any of them escape,
you three will be held responsible.

The Soldiers hustle the prisoners into the hut.

INT. HUT - DAY

The building has a thatch roof supported by several posts.
The Soldiers bind each prisoner to the posts, backs to the
post and hands around the post.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
(in Shona)
What are you going to do with us?

The Soldier tying Shocklee's hands behind him raises a hand
to slap the back of Shocklee's head but stops, and instead
moves to another post and slaps the back of Graybill's head --
hard.

JIM GRAYBILL
Ow!

The Soldier slaps Graybill again, even harder.

NJONJO'S SOLDIER #4
(heavily accented)
Shut up!

This time Graybill is quiet, though tears run down his face.

The Soldiers double and triple-check the prisoner's bindings,
then leave the hut, closing the makeshift door behind them.

JIM GRAYBILL
That asshole!

MIKE SHOCKLEE
It's okay, Jim. We're going to make
it out of here.

JIM GRAYBILL
How do you know?

RICK WALKER
Because we're professionals and
this is what we do.

JIM GRAYBILL

I may not have been trained like you guys, but we all know not one single agency hostage has ever been rescued. Never.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Never is temporary, Jim. Once you accomplish something, "never" goes away. We'll accomplish our escape. And I'll personally let you smack the shit out of that "asshole."

Jim studies Mike's face, then nods, though still fearful.

INT. HUT - DAY

The prisoners have slid down the poles to kneeling positions. Though still uncomfortable, they are exhausted from their forced march and physical abuse, and all three are asleep.

There is an SOUND. Shocklee lifts his chin, eyes opening. Nehanda stands in the doorway, holding the door open. She closes the door behind her.

Nehanda steps up to Shocklee, staring down at him with a smile. She is dressed in the same revealing dress as when Shocklee first saw her near the entrance of the camp.

She squats down. Shocklee sees that her eyes are glazed, full lips hanging slightly open, imparting both a sexy and stupid look to her beautiful but hard face.

Walker slowly opens his eyes and turns his head slowly, just enough to be able to see the woman squatting in front of Shocklee. He frowns.

Shocklee notices the necklace of bones hanging around her neck, and large ear piercings. He raises his gaze, and can't help but notice her breasts, pushed up into view beneath her deep plunging blouse. He pauses for just a moment there.

Nehanda CHUCKLES.

Shocklee, embarrassed, immediately raises his eyes to hers, and sees her smiling, not an ounce of sweetness or humor.

NEHANDA

You are all so weak.

Shocklee narrows his eyes.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Are those human bones?

NEHANDA
Yes. Does that frighten you?

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Not as much as you do.

She frowns, surprised by that. Shocklee smiles.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
I'm just a weak man, remember?

She studies him, now, as if reassessing him. She places her hands around the back of his neck and then leans forward, rubbing her cheek against his, one side and then the other.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
Sorry I didn't shave.

She leans back and slaps him, hard.

NEHANDA
Shut up.

Shocklee, surprised, stares at her.

Nehanda leans forward again, slowly licking his forehead.

Shocklee frowns, but offers no resistance, since it would be futile anyway.

She pulls back, licking her lush lips, and then kisses Shocklee, trying to force her tongue past his lips.

Shocklee turns his head away.

She leans back, an expression of fury creasing her face. She releases him, and looks down at her blouse, seeing her nipples hardened. She lightly squeezes them, MOANING. Shocklee turns just enough to see her doing it, and his breath catches. She LAUGHS again.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
So easy.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Don't flatter yourself. I have a blow-up doll at home I can't resist either. And she has way better boobs than you do.

She smirks, and slowly undoes her blouse enough to be able to pull out one of her breasts, revealing it to Shocklee, who despite his best effort, can't stop himself from staring at it.

Nehanda begins CHANTING in Karanga, a dialect of Shona. Her sultry voice is hypnotic and Shocklee continues to stare at her breast, as if he is in fact hypnotized.

Nehanda reaches out and gently lifts his chin so his gaze meets hers. His eyes are now nearly as glazed as hers.

NEHANDA
(sultry whisper)
I can do things your doll cannot.

Shocklee's lips part slightly. His face is covered with perspiration.

Nehanda reaches forward. We hear the sound of a ZIPPER being pulled down. We see only his face, but we understand what is happening. His eyes grow wider, he begins to pant, and though we don't know this man, we suspect that he may be experiencing the most intense sexual pain/pleasure of his life. The entire time, Nehanda stares him in the eyes, and it is as if he cannot look away.

Shocklee climaxes and it is intense beyond belief, but he forces himself not to say anything, his mouth hanging open with the stupid expression of an unprecedented orgasm. He slumps forward against his ropes. His head slumps forward, and he stares at the floor, stupid with exhaustion and shock.

Nehanda smiles and looks down with contempt at her hand. We don't see what she sees, but...

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
So weak. And look... now so small.
Just like that, you are broken. As
all men are so easily broken.

He forces his head up, staring at her.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
I can save you, you know.

Shocklee stares, slowly regaining his senses.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)
I ask only that you do my bidding.

He continues to stare. She frowns.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)

My God. What a pathetic excuse for a man you are. You will do as I command, and if I am satisfied, I will free you.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Go... fuck... yourself.

She lashes out, grabbing him between the legs and now his eyes widen and he GRUNTS and WHIMPERS in pain.

NEHANDA

Do you feel the power of my hold on you?

He is speechless in pain. She slowly pulls out a knife with her free hand.

NEHANDA (CONT'D)

You are so vulnerable. Here, let me remove your vulnerability.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

(gasping)

You are Nehanda.

She is startled, quickly releasing him, standing and moving back from him.

NEHANDA

How do you know my name?

MIKE SHOCKLEE

(gathering his strength)

You are a medium. Mudzimu, a spiritual descendent of the original Nehanda, Nyamhika, daughter of Mutota.

She spits at him, hitting the side of his neck. She raises the knife, and swings it downward for the killing blow.

A hand stops the downward arc of the blade.

Nehanda turns, startled and furious. She finds herself face to face with Njonjo.

COLONEL NJONJO

You know he must be preserved for the ceremony.

Her eyes flare, but he remains calm. She reaches for his groin and he twists her other hand so that her blade is at her own throat.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Your choice.

Nehanda stands, free hand inches from Njonjo's genitals. She finally drops her free hand. Njonjo wrenches the knife from her hand. She faces him, panting with adrenalin and hatred.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
The only thing you hate more than a
man you can control, is a man who
can control you.

NEHANDA
I haven't met one yet.

She rushes from the hut.

Njonjo regards Shocklee with interest.

COLONEL NJONJO
A short reprieve.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
I'll take it.

COLONEL NJONJO
It's not your choice.

Njonjo glances over to Walker, who is now no longer hiding the fact that he's awake. He then walks over to Graybill and nudges his thigh with the toe of his boot.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Wake up *bozy*; you don't get to
sleep, not yet.

RICK WALKER
You call him a boy? Does that make
you feel like a real bad ass?

Njonjo moves in front of Walker.

COLONEL NJONJO
Bad enough, *imbwa*.

RICK WALKER
Dog? You call me a fucking dog?

Njonjo kicks Walker in the thigh, hard. Walker quickly turns his head and misses the wad of spittle Njonjo hurls at him.

RICK WALKER (CONT'D)
If I were free I'd kill you with my
bare hands.

COLONEL NJONJO
You could try, *imbwa*.

Walker stares up at Njonjo with pure hatred in his eyes, but Njonjo has already turned his attention to Shocklee. The Colonel stands in front of the man for a long moment. Shocklee stares defiantly up at Njonjo, who then undoes his fly, pulls out his penis and pisses between Shocklee's knees. Urine and specks of red dirt splatter over Shocklee's trousers. Shocklee's gaze does not waver.

Njonjo studies Shocklee's gaze, zips up, and leaves the hut.

Shocklee slumps again, looking spent. He hangs his head.

RICK WALKER
Mike?

Shocklee shakes his head.

RICK WALKER (CONT'D)
Mike, it's okay.

Shocklee continues shaking his head.

RICK WALKER (CONT'D)
How... how did you know all that?
About her being... whatever.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Jack Casey.

RICK WALKER
Casey? How... ?

Shocklee raises his head and with great effort leans back into a kneeling position. He takes several deep breaths.

RICK WALKER (CONT'D)
You know, I've had some great
orgasms in my life, but...

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Shut up, Rick.

RICK WALKER
Sorry, Mike. I was just trying
to...

Mike takes a few more deep breaths.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

I know. We're in Mozambique. That was Colonel Njonjo, Mkipii's personal attack dog.

Walker nods.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)

Casey told me the story of Nehanda, the original spirit medium. A lot of modern female spirit mediums take the name Nehanda for themselves, claiming to be a descendent of Nyamhika. It makes them more marketable.

RICK WALKER

Marketable? Are they hookers.

Mike shakes his head again, this time to clear it more fully.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Much more. African leaders have believed for centuries that having sex with spirit mediums enhances their own power. Mudzimu -- spirit mediums -- have helped create and destroy empires. Leaders even pass their mediums to their sons.

RICK WALKER

Sounds like bullshit to me.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Only matters whether Mkipii believes it.

RICK WALKER

That mediums use sex to take and give power. Oh shit... that's why she --

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Either that or she finds me irresistible. The original Nehanda's father was Mutota, founder of the Mutapa Empire.

RICK WALKER

Does that mean he --

MIKE SHOCKLEE

Yeah. He used his own daughter to increase his power.

(MORE)

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
When his son was being groomed to
take over, Mutota forced him to
commit incest with his sister to
increase the boy's power.

Walker SIGHS.

RICK WALKER
Is there some way we can use this
against her -- or against Njonjo
and Mkipii?

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Maybe. The problem is you never
know where a medium's loyalties
lie. They hate the leaders they
serve, but they may hate others
even more. You never know who
they'll support and who they'll
betray.

RICK WALKER
Is that why you didn't go along
with her offer to save you?

Shocklee considers that.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
"The man who trusts everyone is
often deceived. The man who trusts
no-one is always alone. The man who
trusts carefully has more strength
than his own."

RICK WALKER
So who do you trust carefully?

MIKE SHOCKLEE
Jack Casey.

INT. OFFICE OF UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE - DAY

The UNDERSECRETARY is working at his desk. There is a KNOCK
at his door and he looks up to see his EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
Mr. Undersecretary, the Chinese
Ambassador is here.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Very well, please show him in, Rob.

The Executive Assistant nods and disappears from the doorway. A moment later, the CHINESE AMBASSADOR to the United States walks in, smiling grimly. The two men shake hands.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (CONT'D)
Mr. Ambassador. A pleasure, as
always. Please, have a seat.

The Chinese Ambassador sits across the desk from the Undersecretary.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (CONT'D)
How is your family, Mr. Ambassador?
I remember speaking with your
lovely wife at the embassy party --

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
Mr. Undersecretary.

The Undersecretary stops, surprised.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)
I apologize, but I have been sent
to deliver an oral demarche to your
government from my government.

The Undersecretary sits back in his chair.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
I understand. And I assume that
this demarche is not a happy one.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
Mr. Undersecretary, my government
is very concerned with your
government's involvement in the
recent overthrow of President
Mkipii's government in Zimbabwe.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
I see.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
In the future, my government's
response to such aggression will
not be as docile as it was in
Zimbabwe. I say this as a friend,
Mr. Undersecretary. It is my hope
this will not happen again,
especially given the close
bilateral ties that China and
America share.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Of course.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
There are some in my government, as
you well know, who are anxious to
increase tensions between us.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Is that a threat, Mr. Ambassador?

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
As the old adage goes, Mr.
Undersecretary, a dog bites hardest
when wounded. We feel... wounded,
Mr. Undersecretary.

The Undersecretary nods, irritated.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
I appreciate your counsel, Mr.
Ambassador. Is this the only reason
for your visit?

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
I'm afraid that it is the sole
purpose.

The Undersecretary stands, quickly enough to reveal his
anger.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Well thank you, Mr. Ambassador. I'm
sure you too, understand that my
government has concerns regarding
China's foreign policy initiatives
in Africa's developing countries.

The Ambassador stands, just as quickly.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
By the way, Mr. Mkipii is in
Mozambique.

The Undersecretary stares.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)
He asked to be flown to Maputo
after taking refuge in one of our
embassies. We had no choice but to
honor his request, of course.

The Undersecretary walks out from behind his desk, to the
door, opening it as he turns to face the Ambassador.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Good day, Mr. Ambassador.

The Ambassador frowns, taken aback. He walks out of the office, without bothering to glance at the Undersecretary.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (CONT'D)
Mr. Ambassador.

The Ambassador, already several feet from the Undersecretary, stops and turns to face him.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (CONT'D)
This is a dangerous political
gambit your Politburo is playing.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
As is the one being played by your
President.

The Ambassador turns and leaves.

The Undersecretary glances at his Executive Assistant, who has been staring.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE
Get me the Secretary.

The Undersecretary turns and reenters his office.

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.

Also in the room, seated facing the President, are BILL DAVIS and HELEN CONROY, both in their mid-50s. JD WEAVER enters.

JD WEAVER
My apologies. Beltway traffic is
even worse than usual. Afternoon,
Mr. President. Madam Secretary.
Bill.

HELEN CONROY
J.D.

BILL DAVIS
Afternoon, J.D.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Thanks for coming, J.D. And believe
it or not, I know about the Beltway
congestion -- even Presidential
convoys aren't immune to it.

Weaver takes a seat beside Davis and Conroy.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
You've all received the memo sent
to me by the Undersecretary. I
think it's safe to say we are
bordering on a diplomatic crisis.

JD WEAVER
That's a bit strong, isn't it, Mr.
President? I mean, they're
obviously annoyed by the overthrow
but --.

BILL DAVIS
Annoyed? How about pissed?

JD WEAVER
The Agency has people monitoring
the situation and we're already
creating contingency plans.

BILL DAVIS
Do those plans include mitigating
the negative effect of a Chinese
blow-up on the President's bid for
re-election?

JD WEAVER
It's not the Agency's business to
become involved in Presidential
elections.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Really?

The others shut up and wait for the President to continue.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Let me get this straight. The
Agency overthrows the Zimbabwean
President but doesn't want to get
involved in trying to save the
American President from an
international incident.

JD WEAVER

Mr. President, we overthrew Mkipii at your request.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

And now I'm requesting that you not overthrow me.

JD WEAVER

So, Mr. President, you're accusing me of trying to overthrow the American government?

BILL DAVIS

J.D., no-one's accusing you of anything. But the number one issue to be considered is the possible effect a major incident with the Chinese might have on the President's bid for re-election.

JD WEAVER

Did you ever consider the possibility that standing up to the Chinese might win the President some right wing swing votes?

BILL DAVIS

You're not getting it, J.D.

JD WEAVER

What am I not getting, Bill?

BILL DAVIS

You're not getting the reason you've been *instructed* to be here today.

J.D. glares at Davis.

BILL DAVIS (CONT'D)

The Chinese are warning us not to go after Mkipii or the CIA hostages if they are in Mozambique.

J.D. sits back in his chair, surprised.

HELEN CONROY

I have to agree with Bill, J.D. We can't afford anything that will jeopardize the President or any of the senate and congressional seats up for election.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Recommendations, Bill?

BILL DAVIS
We let the situation play out until after the elections. J.D. needs to control his people and avoid any incursion into Mozambique or any other action against Mkipii, for ANY reason, including any attempt to rescue the hostages.

JD WEAVER
And if the hostages are IN Mozambique? And if Mkipii has something to do with their capture and with the death of seven other Agency personnel?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Let me be clear, J.D. For now, limit the search to Zimbabwe. Helen, send a communique to the ambassador and have him meet with Matapu to ensure General Ncube doesn't not go into Mozambique after Mkipii, for any reason.

HELEN CONROY
That means we'll have to tell Matapu that Mkipii is in Mozambique.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Understood. Just make sure you keep everyone under control.

JD WEAVER
So if Mkipii stages attacks into Zimbabwe -- no, if he stages ADDITIONAL attacks into Zimbabwe --

BILL DAVIS
Grow up, J.D.!

JD WEAVER
Bill, you keep talking to me like that and you're not going to have a chance to grow up.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
J.D.!

Weaver slowly turns to the President, not a hint of remorse in his expression.

JD WEAVER

Excuse me, Mr. President, but Agency operations personnel are going to want to know why I'm limiting the search efforts. I should be allowed to give them a copy of the Undersecretary's memo so they have an appreciation of the... "political situation." They'll eventually find out Mkipii is in Mozambique and that he probably plans to run guerilla operations against Matapu. It might be best if they're prepared for that eventuality.

The President considers that.

BILL DAVIS

Mr. President, I don't think --

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

All right, J.D. But don't let your operations office share that information with any field operatives.

J.D. nods, still fuming.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Helen, I want a meeting with General Livermore and Robert Holman.

JD WEAVER

What does the FBI have to do with this?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Have General Livermore coordinate with Director Weaver to dispatch an aircraft to bring back the bodies of the murdered personnel. Handle them with the utmost respect and ensure they are presentable to family members.

HELEN CONROY

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Bill, you and Janet work with the Agency to handle notification to the public and make arrangements for a brief session with family members when the aircraft arrives in Washington.

BILL DAVIS

Of course, Mr. President.

JD WEAVER

Mr. President, I appreciate your concern for our fallen personnel, but there are men out there who are probably still alive and being tortured, and you seem more concerned about your election than their lives!

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Are you implying, J.D., that I don't care about the sacrifice these men made for their country?

JD WEAVER

I'm not *implying* anything, Mr. President.

BILL DAVIS

How dare you --

Martinez SLAMS HIS DESK.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

The Chinese are waiting for an excuse to increase their arms shipments to rebels in every African country that currently supports the U.S. They'll give Mkipii everything he needs to retake Zimbabwe. They'll force us to either escalate this to an all-out war, or to stand down and look like a coward to the world.

JD WEAVER

And to your voters?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Yes! Do you know how many terrorists are waiting for a sign that we're vulnerable to another 9/11? To a *hundred* 9/11s?

(MORE)

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
We're not just talking about the
safety of America, Weaver! We're
talking about the *survival* of
America!

JD WEAVER
And what about American *heroes*? Our
American heroes? What about their
survival?

President Martinez leans back in his chair.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
You know I'm right.

JD WEAVER
I know you want to be re-elected.
The question is, at what cost?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Get out.

JD WEAVER
Mr. President, I want to --

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Resign? While your men are still
out there? Needing you to find
them?

Weaver hesitates, then walks from the room.

INT HARARE CIA STATION -DAY

Charlie Parker stands in the doorway of Shocklee's office.
He's got a laptop bag slung over one shoulder, and is
carrying a large cardboard box. The office has been cleaned
up, but bullet holes still riddle the walls. Parker shakes
his head, his jaw muscles rippling with tension.

ART MANDEL
Sir.

Parker turns to see a big, buff man in civilian clothes.
Charlie smiles, still grim however, and shakes Mandel's hand.

CHARLIE PARKER
They'd told me you'd been put in
charge of security. If they
couldn't get a Marine, I guess an
ex-Ranger will do.

Mandel smiles.

ART MANDEL

It's been a while, Sir. I can't say
I missed your sense of humor.
Congratulations on being named
Station Chief.

Charlie turns back to examine the office.

ART MANDEL (CONT'D)

We supervised the cleanup, but we
haven't gotten to the bullet holes.

CHARLIE PARKER

Leave them, Art. I want people to
know what happened here.. and that
it can happen again.

ART MANDEL

What's the status of the
investigation, if I may ask?

CHARLIE PARKER

The FBI and Ncube's people found
the attackers' meeting spot and a
letter addressed to the 6th
Brigade.

ART MANDEL

Njonjo. So we know who to kill.

CHARLIE PARKER

Yeah. We do. Once the Bureau people
determined it wasn't Al Qaeda, they
went home. It's all on us now.

Art steps closer to Parker.

ART MANDEL

I know we're not supposed to know
this but, well... word gets around.

CHARLIE PARKER

It's true. The White House is
restricting the search activity to
Zimbabwe. The Military has been
ordered to cease providing support
and return to their home bases. And
we have to keep Martinez' people
informed every time we take a shit
or walk around the block.

Art nods.

ART MANDEL

I'd better get back to work. We're installing new detection equipment, sensors, a fortified room for the duty officer, and new infrared monitors. You'd like anything else, sir, just let me know.

CHARLIE PARKER

Thanks Art.

Art nods and leaves. Parker looks thoughtful.

INT. CHARLIE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker has moved in and set up his laptop. He's speaking into the handset on his desk phone.

CHARLIE PARKER

Yes sir. The REDEMPTION field teams have been reorganized, with the most experienced men put in charge.

(beat)

Yes sir, it is taking too long, and it doesn't help having our hands tied.

(beat)

Yes sir. Thank you sir.

JANE, a pretty woman in her early 40s, walks into the office, holding various papers. She sees Parker on the phone and turns to go. Parker hangs up.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)

It's okay, Janie, I'm done.
Whatcha' got for me?

Jane places several sheets of paper on Parker's desk.

JANE

I think some of these were supposed to be Eyes Only, sir. Perhaps we shouldn't keep diverting your messages to my computer.

CHARLIE PARKER

I need a filter for now, so let's just keep it this way. Give me the skinny on them.

Jane points out a small envelope in the pile of documents she'd placed on Parker's desk.

JANE

This was handed to me by one of the newly arrived security personnel. It was handed to him by one of the ops support assistants at headquarters, who said it was left on her desk with a Post-It note requesting it be given to you.

Parker opens the envelope. Inside is a single sheet.

CHARLIE PARKER

Your chance has arrived. Don't disappoint me.

Parker glances up at Jane.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)

What do you think that means?

JANE

I'm sure I don't know, sir.

Parker stares at her a long moment. Finally she SIGHS.

JANE (CONT'D)

I would interpret it to mean that you are to find the missing operatives.

CHARLIE PARKER

Yeah. Sounds a bit stronger than just that, though, doesn't it?

JANE

Yes sir. It does.

Parker hands her the paper. She takes it.

CHARLIE PARKER

Feel it.

JANE

Water soluble paper.

He takes the paper back, drops it into his coffee and watches it dissolve.

JANE (CONT'D)

You've also received messages of... support

CHARLIE PARKER

From whom?

JANE
Les Philips, the Station Chief of --

CHARLIE PARKER
Lusaka. What did he say?

JANE
"There is more than one way to deal
with a situation. Let me know if
you need any unofficial help."

CHARLIE PARKER
Really?

JANE
Steve Adkins, the new Chief of
Station, Maputo, sent this: "If
there is anything we here in Maputo
can do regarding the missing
employees, please let me know.

CHARLIE PARKER
You're kidding.

JANE
And Nick Campbell --

CHARLIE PARKER
Nairobi.

JANE
(nods)
Congratulated you and offered his
assistance if ever needed.

Parker sits back in his chair, overwhelmed.

JANE (CONT'D)
Shall I respond to these for you?

CHARLIE PARKER
Last thing I want to do is get any
of these people in trouble.

JANE
Shall I tell them you appreciate
their offers and that you'll keep
them very much in mind?

Parker frowns at her, nodding.

JANE (CONT'D)
Will there be anything else?

CHARLIE PARKER
Yeah. Give yourself a raise.

JANE
That comes from headquarters,
but... thanks.

He considers that.

CHARLIE PARKER
Do up a cable message to Scott
Sandowski. Tell him I need you to
have your pay grade raised a level
in order to be able to give you
increased responsibility requiring
a higher security rating.

JANE
Okay. I'll... smooth that out for
you.

Parker LAUGHS.

CHARLIE PARKER
Do that.

JANE
It'll be on your desk for vetting
and signature by end of day.

Parker nods. She leaves the office.

INT. GENERAL NCUBE'S OFFICE - DAY

An AIDE shows Parker into Ncube's office.

GENERAL NCUBE
Thank you, lieutenant.

Ncube stands and he and Parker shake hands.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Charlie, it's about time. Have you
given any thought to how we are to
conduct the search operation?

CHARLIE PARKER
I have, but I have bad news. We've
received orders to not go beyond
the borders of Zimbabwe in our
search for our men. Worse, American
Forces have been forbidden to give
us any further support.

Ncube stares a long moment.

GENERAL NCUBE

All right. I thought I was fairly fluent in English, but -- explain this to me. Slowly.

CHARLIE PARKER

Even if we get actionable intelligence that Njonjo is holed up across the border --any border -- I am prohibited from crossing that border to gather more information or to initiate a rescue operation.

GENERAL NCUBE

Those are your orders, Charlie, not mine.

CHARLIE PARKER

I agree, Marcus, but the order came from the White House. If they find out your forces are crossing the border to look for Njonjo or the hostages, it could affect U.S. aid and assistance to Zimbabwe.

GENERAL NCUBE

No offense, Charlie, but we didn't overthrow Mkipii in order to be your government's lapdog. We can find other sources of aid. And you can tell them that from me.

Parker frowns, concerned.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

Look, Charlie, you and I know we would not go to the Russians or Chinese, but your White House doesn't know that. And where your people's lives are concerned, it is a chance we are willing to take.

CHARLIE PARKER

I admire your loyalty.

GENERAL NCUBE

I once told Mike Shocklee that it is our greatest natural resource.

CHARLIE PARKER

I've received... *unofficial* encouragement to find and kill those responsible for the attack.

GENERAL NCUBE

Then someone in your government understands how dangerous Njonjo and Mkipii really are.

CHARLIE PARKER

I agree. Marcus, I was looking at a map this morning. You have combat bases located in all of the districts bordering Mozambique except for Mashonaland East.

GENERAL NCUBE

And if I were Njonjo trying to escape during the uprising, I'd head for rough terrain, where it would be hard to track me. Like the Nyanga Mountains.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

They're too rugged for vehicles. So Njonjo and his men drive to the mountains near the border, and walk across, knowing they can't be followed except on foot.

CHARLIE PARKER

It'll be an expensive search.

GENERAL NCUBE

Cheaper than years of fighting guerillas. Even if Mkipii dies, Njonjo may just carry on, draining our treasuries while he lives on berries and grass, hitting us where and when he wants. I'll issue an order this afternoon announcing the commencement of the operation. Let's get these monsters, Charlie.

Charlie nods and the two men shake hands again.

INT. CASEY'S HOME GYM - NIGHT

Casey is on an elliptical trainer, pumping legs and arms vigorously. He's shirtless, and has the physique of an athlete in his 20s. He hits a button on the elliptical dashboard and he begins pumping at just under a sprint.

FLASHBACK:

Casey, hanging upside down in the Black Hawk, the water just about to reach his open eyes. He sees Mike Shocklee splashing up to one of the aircraft's windows.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

We're coming, Casey! Hang in there,
Marine!

SOUND AHEAD CUE: The DOORBELL RINGS.

END OF FLASHBACK

Casey snaps out of his reverie. He hits the button again, several times, until he's in a full sprint now, arms and legs pumping powerfully and quickly, which he maintains for several seconds before nimbly leaping off the elliptical, simultaneously hitting a button to stop it.

INT. CASEY'S FOYER - NIGHT

Casey, still shirtless, wiping his face and body with a towel, walks up to the door and carefully peeks through the peephole. He then opens the door. The COMPOUND GATE GUARD stands there, smiling, holding a small envelope.

COMPOUND GATE GUARD

Good evening, Bwana. How are you
doing?

JACK CASEY

Fonte! Very well, thank you. Sorry
for the outfit, I was working out.

COMPOUND GATE GUARD

I understand, Bwana. And you are
looking good, for sure!

Casey LAUGHS and slaps his six pack.

JACK CASEY

You don't appreciate what you've
got until you puncture a lung in a
car accident.

The Guard nods, turning serious.

COMPOUND GATE GUARD

This came for you, sir.

He hands Casey the small envelope. Casey opens it and pulls out a Marine memorabilia coin. He looks up at the Guard.

JACK CASEY
How did this come, Fonte?

COMPOUND GATE GUARD
Personal Messenger, sir. I asked
him if he wanted to identify
himself or leave a message but he
refused, and left this for you.

Casey examines the envelope but it is clean. He nods.

JACK CASEY
Thank you, Fonte.

Fonte nods, smiling, and turns away. Casey slowly closes the door, and walks back into his home gym.

INT. CASEY'S HOME GYM - NIGHT

Casey drops the blank envelope in a small trash can and then stops at the foot of his elliptical, his back to the room's door, looking down at the coin in his hand. He feels two arms reach around his bare and muscled torso.

CHERIE CASEY
Mm.

Cherie places her cheek against his thick back.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
It looks like all those workouts
are paying off.

Casey hesitates, and then drops the coin into a pocket of his workout shorts, turns and begins kissing Cherie.

Cherie steps back, LAUGHING, takes his hand and leads him toward the bathroom.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
Time to hit the showers stinky.
I'll personally wash you off if
you'd like.

Casey smiles, hiding the grimness he feels.

JACK CASEY
I'd like. A lot.

She glances back at him, blushing, and very happy.

EXT. CASEY'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Casey and Cherie, in bath robes, sit in a wide wicker chair, Cherie cuddled up to him, both sipping nightcaps.

CHERIE CASEY
We need to talk, don't we?

JACK CASEY
Yes we do.

CHERIE CASEY
You've been moping around like a teenager who's just been dumped by his best girl.

He chuckles and looks down at her.

JACK CASEY
Is there something *you* want to tell *me*?

CHERIE CASEY
Yes. I hate moping.

JACK CASEY
Me too. The station in Harare was attacked.

She GASPS and sits up, tucking her legs beneath her.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Several of Ncube's men were killed, and seven of ours.

CHERIE CASEY
What about Michael?

JACK CASEY
I don't know. I read about it on the Internet.

CHERIE CASEY
Okay, this excuses you for moping. Did the visitor you had have anything to do with that?

He frowns, surprised.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh come on, Casey, you do remember who I used to work for, right?

JACK CASEY

(dry)

Yeah. As an executive assistant to the old man.

He reaches into the pocket of his bathrobe and pulls out the coin, giving it to her.

CHERIE CASEY

It's a Marine memorabilia coin.

She returns the coin.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

It's got to be someone from a station or embassy.

JACK CASEY

Nick Campbell is the new chief of station in Nairobi.

CHERIE CASEY

Is he a Marine?

JACK CASEY

He was.

CHERIE CASEY

And if he or someone else is trying to deliver us news about Mike, we should follow up on this, because this will bother both of us until we know one way or another.

He studies her face, smiling.

JACK CASEY

Yeah. We should.

CHERIE CASEY

All right. First thing tomorrow, we take a trip into Nairobi to talk to Nick Campbell.

Casey nods and they turn to stare out at the amazing scenery from their back porch.

JACK CASEY

I love this place almost as much as I love you, babe.

She smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A stunningly beautiful rooftop Kenyan restaurant, overlooking Nairobi. Casey, Cherie, and NICK CAMPBELL are seated at a table discretely situated in a corner with a great view and some distance from other tables and diners. Nick is a sophisticated looking man in his early 40s. They've obviously already eaten, and each are nursing a glass of wine.

NICK CAMPBELL

And that's all we know so far.

Cherie and Casey glance at each other, then back to Nick.

CHERIE CASEY

So the good news is that Michael
may still be alive.

NICK CAMPBELL

And the bad news is that he's been
kidnapped by Njonjo and the White
House is tying our hands.

JACK CASEY

I can't believe that the Agency is
letting the White House stop them
from rescuing their own people.

Casey glances at Cherie and is surprised to find her shrugging as if this was old hat to her. He studies her face. She notices but says nothing.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nice hotel suite bedroom. Casey lies in bed, wearing pajama bottoms, Cherie cuddled up to him, head on his shoulder.

JACK CASEY

What do you know and how do you
know it?

CHERIE CASEY

What makes you think I know
anything?

JACK CASEY

You talk in your sleep.

She sits up, frowning down on him.

CHERIE CASEY

No way.

He shrugs.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)
Did I say anything about the pool
boy?

JACK CASEY
Yes. In six languages.

CHERIE CASEY
Oh.

JACK CASEY
All those trips when you were
acting as Weaver's 'executive
assistant,' or being loaned out to
other agency executives or
departments for a weekend here, a
week there...

CHERIE CASEY
Like you said. I was his assistant.

JACK CASEY
Of course you were. And we all know
that executive assistants need
their Glocks for those brutal
business trips.

CHERIE CASEY
I can't tell you about it, Casey.
You know that.

JACK CASEY
I know a lot of things, Cherie. But
apparently not as much as you do.

Cherie SIGHS.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Your shooting.

CHERIE CASEY
What?

JACK CASEY
Whenever we go to the range, you
shoot well.

CHERIE CASEY
Thank you. I had a great
instructor. You.

JACK CASEY

But not too well, right? What gives you away is the consistency of your near misses.

Cherie says nothing.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Why do I get the feeling you can out-shoot me?

CHERIE CASEY

Look, I can tell you this, based on my experience as an executive assistant. The agency gets used. If something goes wrong, the politicians burn us at the stake. You lead the overthrow of a government to help Martinez get re-elected. Then when our friends get kidnapped, Martinez forces us to sit in a corner for the same reason: so he can get re-elected. Except...

JACK CASEY

Except that we're retired.

CHERIE CASEY

And overseas.

Casey nods. She studies his face, touching it gently.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Hey. How about you do the shooting tonight?

He gently pulls her back down against him, kissing her.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

I have to warn you. I'll be a moving target.

JACK CASEY

I'll try not to let my near misses give me away.

INT. STEVE ADKINS' OFFICE - DAY

STEVE ADKINS, 50s, sits at his desk in his office, typing.
Steve's OFFICE ASSISTANT knocks on the open office door.

STEVE ADKINS
What's up, Dodie?

The Assistant enters, and places a page on Steve's desk.

DODIE
From headquarters.

Steve continues typing.

STEVE ADKINS
Would you read it for me, kiddo?

Dodie smiles at the nickname, and picks up the page.

DODIE
Thanks for the information in your latest ops cable. Headquarters already aware of Mkipii's presence in Mozambique, station to take no further action. End of Message.

Steve stops typing. He slowly turns to face Dodie.

STEVE ADKINS
Tell me you're pulling my leg.

DODIE
Nope.

STEVE ADKINS
I pressured my best assets to find Mkipii's Chinese handler, and *this* is their response? Why the hell didn't they *tell* me the bastard was here so I could've saved the effort? And why the hell aren't they *doing* something about him being here?

DODIE
Don't ask me, Boss.

STEVE ADKINS
This Idi-Amin-wannabe might know where the hostages are! I wonder if Charlie Parker knows about this.

DODIE
Wouldn't telling him get you in trouble?

Adkins considers that. Then he picks up his desk phone and dials. He waits a beat.

STEVE ADKINS

Hey. I want you to meet with your asset.

(beat)

I know. I want you to meet with him again.

(beat)

Tonight.

(beat)

You're damned right it's important.

Dodie SIGHS and leaves the office.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS CENTER -- DAY

John Benson is reading a cable at his desk. Gary Miller knocks on his door and comes in, plopping down in a chair.

JOHN BENSON

Did Adkins get our reply to his cable about Mkipii?

GARY MILLER

He did.

JOHN BENSON

He's a smart officer, but... do you think he'll understand what to do?

GARY MILLER

We followed orders by telling him to stand down. If he's the officer we think he is, he'll ignore the order, find Mkipii and put a surveillance team on him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sparsely furnished, early 20th century house. ARNOLD LIPPS, late 20s, sits at a small kitchen table, nursing a gin and tonic. There is a satchel on the table, near his left elbow. He hears a door close.

LETTERMAN 1, an African man in his 30s, cautiously enters the room, glancing nervously about.

ARNOLD LIPPS

Thanks for coming.

Letterman 1 frowns, irritated, and plops down on a chair across the table from Lipps. He speaks with a thick Mozambique accent.

LETTERMAN 1
Do you understand --

ARNOLD LIPPS
I do. And I apologize, but it was necessary. There will be a generous bonus in your next payment.

Letterman continues to frown, but the set of his shoulders indicates acceptance.

Arnold reaches into the satchel and pulls out a photo which he places in front of Letterman 1.

ARNOLD LIPPS (CONT'D)
Is this the man who met with Mkipii and General Morgani at the airport and escorted them through immigration and customs?

Letterman 1 examines the photo.

LETTERMAN 1
Yes.

ARNOLD LIPPS
His name is Huang Fu Cheng. Did you hear him say anything to Mkipii or Morgani?

LETTERMAN 1
I did not.

ARNOLD LIPPS
Did anyone speak at all?

LETTERMAN 1
Not that I can recall.

ARNOLD LIPPS
Okay, walk me through their actions from the time they entered the lounge until the time they left.

LETTERMAN 1
The first person to enter was the man you call Cheng. He was followed by Mkipii and the man you call Morgani, and finally the Mozambique government security official.

ARNOLD LIPPS
What next?

LETTERMAN 1

The security official pointed at chairs. It looked like he was telling them to wait. He brought me two passports and told me to stamp an entry visa in each one.

ARNOLD LIPPS

How long were the visas good for?

LETTERMAN 1

Two years.

ARNOLD LIPPS

Did anything else happen? Did you remain seated, get up, move around, or do anything else?

Letterman 1 thinks a moment.

LETTERMAN 1

I followed them to the door as they were leaving. The first out was the security official, then Morgani, Mkipii, and the Chinese. Now that I think of it, I did hear the Chinese say something to Mkipii. A phrase. "Government guest house." That's where they must have taken them!

ARNOLD LIPPS

Excellent! Any idea which one?

LETTERMAN 1

There are several. I know the security official well. I can try to learn from him which house they took him to.

ARNOLD LIPPS

All right, but be careful. I don't want you to draw attention to yourself.

Letterman 1 sits straighter and sounds offended.

LETTERMAN 1

I know how to handle myself.

Lipps nods and takes out a business card.

LETTERMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Will there be an additional bonus for finding out which guest house?

Lipps studies the man.

ARNOLD LIPPS
Here's my cell phone number. It's
good for only one call. Use it if
you learn any additional
information.

Letterman 1 nods and stands.

LETTERMAN 1
And the bonus?

ARNOLD LIPPS
Get me that information without
arousing suspicion and I'll double
your bonus. But do it quickly.

Letterman 1 nods, suppressing a smile. He leaves the room.

INT. STEVE ADKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Adkins is at his desk. Lipps knocks on the door frame. Adkins
looks up.

ARNOLD LIPPS
Letterman 1 just texted me the
address of Mkipii's government
guest house.

STEVE ADKINS
Excellent, Arnold! Get the info to
the head of the surveillance team --
I want them tailing Huang and
Mkipii 24/7.

Lipps smiles, pleased with himself, nods and quickly leaves.

STEVE ADKINS (CONT'D)
Please God, let us be in time.

Steve takes out his cell phone.

INT. CHARLIE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker is just entering his office when he hears his desk
phone ring. He closes the door behind him and hurries to his
desk, punching a button on the phone as he sits.

CHARLIE PARKER
Parker.

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
(On speaker phone)
Charlie. Steve Adkins.

CHARLIE PARKER
Steve!

STEVE ADKINS
I'm not calling you, Charlie.

Charlie looks confused for a moment, then nods.

CHARLIE PARKER
Understood.

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
Mkipii arrived a few days ago.

Parker sits forward, frowning.

STEVE ADKINS (CONT'D)
I informed headquarters and was
told they already knew he was here,
and that no further action was
required by us.

CHARLIE PARKER
Jesus. How'd you find out?

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
Reliable intel that led to visual
contact. I'm going out on a limb
telling you this, Charlie, but I've
got a tail on him, hoping he'll
lead us to Njonjo and the hostages.

CHARLIE PARKER
Understood, and you have my support
on this, Steve, no matter what the
cost.

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
I'll let you know as soon as we
know anything else.

CHARLIE PARKER
Thanks Steve. Damn good work.

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
Talk to you later, Charlie.

CHARLIE PARKER
Buddy, I think you have the wrong
number.

STEVE ADKINS (O.S.)
My apologies.

There is a CLICK. Parker looks thoughtful and pissed off.

EXT. CASEY'S KENYAN HOME, PATIO - DAY

Casey is walking back and forth in gym wear, wiping his face with a towel, breathing hard, trying to cool down.

CHERIE CASEY
How was the workout?

Cherie steps out of the house, carrying two glasses of ice tea. She holds one out to Casey, who smiles and takes it.

JACK CASEY
Thanks babe. Workout was great!
More distance and resistance. Not
quite 100% but close enough.

CHERIE CASEY
Good. Time to prove it.

He narrows his eyes.

JACK CASEY
What's up?

They sit.

CHERIE CASEY
While I was running this morning, I
realized we have to do something
about Michael.

JACK CASEY
I know. I've been thinking about it
ever since I found out about the
attack on the station. But... you
were dead set against my going on
that last assignment.

CHERIE CASEY
That was for the CIA. This is for
Michael. The man who saved your
life.

JACK CASEY
I'll make preparations.

CHERIE CASEY
We'll make preparations."

JACK CASEY
I appreciate the help.

CHERIE CASEY
Well then you're really going to
appreciate that I'm going with you.

JACK CASEY
Cherie -

CHERIE CASEY
I probably can.

JACK CASEY
What?

CHERIE CASEY
Outshoot you.

JACK CASEY
What the hell good will that do if
we're both dead?

CHERIE CASEY
About as much good as if I'm
sitting at home and someone calls
to tell me you're dead.

Jack takes a deep breath, hesitates, then nods.

JACK CASEY
Yeah. I get it. I'll call Nick. We
can be in Harare in two days max.

She smiles and pats him on the cheek.

CHERIE CASEY
That's my boy.

She turns and walks away. Casey stares at her, smiling.

JACK CASEY
And *that* is my girl.

INT. HUT - DAY

The three hostages are in kneeling positions. Graybill is MUTTERING, a broken man. Walker and Shocklee look weak, staring vacantly. A whip CRACKS against Walker's back. He GRUNTS in pain but barely moves. He's too far gone.

We pull back and see that Njonjo is brandishing the whip.

COLONEL NJONJO
You disappoint me.

Shocklee slowly, painfully raises his face so that he is staring up at Njonjo. Shocklee moves his mouth as if chewing something, then spits. A pitiful amount of phlegm lands several inches short of Njonjo's boots.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Good. I need you to live long enough for the mudzimu to perform her ceremony.

Shocklee continues staring. Njonjo's Soldier #4 enters.

NJONJO'S SOLDIER #4
Colonel, the villagers have brought a man to see you.

Njonjo nods to the man, and turns back to the hostages. He spits, hitting the side of Shocklee's face.

COLONEL NJONJO
THAT is how you spit at your enemy.

Njonjo turns and leaves the tent. Shocklee holds his head up a moment longer, then collapses.

EXT. HUT - DAY

Njonjo emerges, still holding the whip. Huang Fu Cheng stands, surrounded by several of Njonjo's SOLDIERS.

COLONEL NJONJO
What are you doing here? You could have been killed.

HUANG FU CHENG
Your president is in Maputo. He sent me to find out if it is safe for him to come to your camp.

COLONEL NJONJO
Yes!

Njonjo controls his excitement.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
Tell President Mkipii I will be ready for his arrival in seven days. Is anyone else with him?

HUANG FU CHENG
Yes. General Morgani.

COLONEL NJONJO
Perfect. Tell the President what I
have told you. Now go.

Njonjo turns his back on Cheng and walks off. Cheng frowns.
Njonjo's Soldiers direct him to the edge of the camp.

Njonjo walks over to Nehanda, who watches from a distance.

COLONEL NJONJO (CONT'D)
We need to prepare the hostages for
Mkipii's arrival.

NEHANDA
One is weak enough, perhaps even
too weak. But the other two have
not yet broken. Have your men dig
three deep holes. They need a new
place to sleep.

Njonjo, obviously not pleased about taking orders from this
woman, nods, turns and walks off. Nehanda stares daggers at
his back. She walks toward the hostages' hut.

INT. HUT - DAY

Nehanda stands in the doorway, looking down at the hostages.
They all seem to be unconscious.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
He'll betray you.

She GASPS, startled. Shocklee slowly lifts his head.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
Unless you betray him first.

She stares at him.

MIKE SHOCKLEE (CONT'D)
Nehanda. Use him or be used.

She backs out of the hut, staring wide eyed at Shocklee, who
slowly lowers his head.

RICK WALKER
Do you think it'll work?

Shocklee looks over at Walker.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
She's filled with hatred. The trick
is to get her to point it at
someone other than us.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adkins stops in front of a room. He knocks three times, two times, then twice more. He pauses, then opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Adkins enters as a beautiful and completely naked WOMAN emerges from a bathroom. Adkins faces her, surprised.

WOMAN
You're early.

Adkins slowly studies her naked body.

STEVE ADKINS
I'd say I'm right on time.

WOMAN
I guess it depends on your view.

STEVE ADKINS
I like the view I have.

WOMAN
Shall I get dressed, or would you rather...

STEVE ADKINS
No. As much as I'd like to...
Please get dressed. And then punch
me in the face, because I think I
deserve it.

She LAUGHS, lingers a moment, then leaves the room. Adkins walks out to a balcony overlooking Maputo. He turns to see the Woman by his side, holding out two glasses of wine. She's now wearing a plush bathrobe. He smiles fondly at her.

STEVE ADKINS (CONT'D)
I don't think I should, but thanks.

WOMAN
You're right. Let's get on with the
debriefing.

He nods. They re-enter the hotel room. She sits in an armchair and crosses her legs so that her bathrobe falls open, revealing miles of perfectly tanned, smoothly taut leg. She laughs at his expression.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Think of it as a training
refresher: how to resist the femme
fatale.

He closes his eyes a moment, smiling tightly, then opens them, setting his jaw.

STEVE ADKINS

Why don't you start?

WOMAN

We used three vehicles. We followed Cheng from the Chinese embassy to a large, luxurious house on the outskirts of Maputo. From there he drove out of the city, heading north. We followed him for most of the day, until he stopped and spent the night at a small motel halfway between Maputo and Vila Gouveia.

STEVE ADKINS

Was there ever any indication that he spotted the surveillance?

The Woman slowly uncrosses her legs and recrosses them even more slowly, allowing her legs to part in a "Fatal Attraction" imitation. Steve watches openly, since that was what she obviously wanted.

WOMAN

Do the drapes match the carpet?

Steve's gaze lingers a bit longer on her exposed leg.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We, uh... can do something about this.

STEVE ADKINS

Yeah.

He takes a deep breath and shakes his head slightly.

STEVE ADKINS (CONT'D)

We can continue with the debriefing.

WOMAN
You're good. Or gay.

STEVE ADKINS
Not mutually exclusive.

She laughs.

WOMAN
Why did we stop --

STEVE ADKINS
Because I wasn't the station chief,
and now I am.

She nods, studying his face.

WOMAN
The next morning he resumed his
travel all the way to Villa
Gouveia. At that point we had to
cancel the surveillance because the
mountain road was too narrow. He
would have spotted us. He came back
down in a few hours and we followed
him back to the embassy.

STEVE ADKINS
The team's still watching him?

WOMAN
Yes. Everyone but me.

He nods, and stands, walking to the door. He stops.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Is it the way I sometimes get
information? Does that bother you?

He turns slowly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You recruited a lady of the night.
What did you expect?

STEVE ADKINS
I didn't expect the trite old spy-
falling-for-a-hooker routine.

WOMAN
If you've fallen, then why --

STEVE ADKINS

My business doesn't allow me to
sleep with my agents, Camilla.

WOMAN

Some rules are meant to be broken,
Steve.

She stands and moves closer to him, stopping inches away.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can you feel me, Steve? My body
heat?

He starts to perspire.

STEVE ADKINS

Good night, Camilla. Don't get into
too much trouble tonight. I'll need
you again.

WOMAN

I was hoping you'd need me now.

STEVE ADKINS

One of the great challenges in life
is being able to discern between
needs and desires.

He leaves the room.

INT. CHARLIE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker reads e-mail from his PC. He picks up his desk phone.

CHARLIE PARKER

Get me General Ncube, please.

Charlie hangs up the phone. He starts typing on his keyboard.
The phone RINGS. He picks up.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)

Marcus, I just received a message
from our colleague in Nairobi. Jack
Casey wants to come to Zimbabwe to
find the hostages. He's asking for
contact information and
recommendations for a place to stay
and to use as a base of operations.
I'm thrilled, but officially I
can't be involved. Of course you
can do whatever you want to.

Charlie listens, nodding.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)
Understood. We need a cover story
to justify our meeting.
(beat)
Great. As soon as you hear from
President Matapu, let me know.
(beat)
Right. Thanks.

Charlie hangs up.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)
We're coming for you, you bastard.

INT. CASEYS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Casey is on his cell phone.

JACK CASEY
Understood. Thanks.

He hangs up and turns to see Cherie enter the kitchen.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
We're on.

CHERIE CASEY
I'll book tickets to Harare.

JACK CASEY
Ncube is meeting us at the airport.
He's arranged a clandestine meeting
with us and Charlie Parker.

CHERIE CASEY
Charlie's risking his career if he
gets involved with this.

JACK CASEY
Everyone's stepping up to the plate
for Mike.

CHERIE CASEY
I'll give the neighbors a cover
story and ask them to keep an eye
on the place.

JACK CASEY
And we need to meet with David
Warner. I have a favor to ask.

CHERIE CASEY

What favor?

JACK CASEY

Overhead imagery support while we're in Zimbabwe. I've got a feeling we're going to need it.

INT. CASEY'S KENYAN HOME, PATIO - NIGHT

Casey sits with David Warner, a few years older than Casey but cut from the same cloth. Both men nurse drinks.

JACK CASEY

They've been missing since late August. None of our people have been able to get any information about their location. The White House doesn't want any cross-border incursions that might cause the President problems before the November elections, and we've just learned that Mkipii is in Maputo.

DAVID WARNER

Which means he wants to do some cross-border incursions of his own.

JACK CASEY

Exactly.

DAVID WARNER

So... what do you want, Casey?

JACK CASEY

To get the hostages. Mike Shocklee pulled me from a helicopter on the banks of the Zambezi and made sure I got home to Cherie.

DAVID WARNER

I appreciate loyalty. It's a powerful motivation. But I still don't know what you want from me.

JACK CASEY

I'll have no government or military assistance and only limited support from some Agency colleagues. We think Njonjo's camp is in the Nyanga Mountains along the Mozambique/Zimbabwe border.

DAVID WARNER

And you want satellite imagery.
That's a tall order, Casey. I can't
do it without approval from higher
ups. And I won't get that without
telling someone the whole story,
including your participation.

JACK CASEY

I understand if it can't be done,
David. But we Americans shut you
Brits out of the Mkipii overthrow.
That must have pissed someone off
at MI6.

DAVID WARNER

You have no idea.

(sighs)

We have portable units we use to
train the Kenyan Army. The Ministry
of Defense will have to agree to
provide support. While we're
waiting for the MOD, I can lend you
a unit, since it won't be of any
use until the MOD comes on board.

JACK CASEY

I'll have to coordinate through
you. When I need support, I'll call
you on a satellite phone that you
can also, hopefully, loan me.

Warner LAUGHS.

DAVID WARNER

Why the hell not?

JACK CASEY

Thanks, David.

Casey takes a sip of his drink, studying Warner's face.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

You're not going to ask why
Cherie's going with me on this
mission, are you?

DAVID WARNER

If you wish. Why is Cherie going
with you on this mission?

Casey narrows his eyes.

JACK CASEY
Did you... know Cherie before we
moved here?

Warner widens his eyes melodramatically.

DAVID WARNER
How would I have known her?

JACK CASEY
Right. I mean, you're in British
military intelligence and she's
just a...

CHERIE CASEY
An executive assistant.

Both men turn to see Cherie and Warner's wife BILLI standing
in the doorway leading onto the patio.

JACK CASEY
Right.

BILLI WARNER
Cherie told me all about your
mission, Jack.

There's an awkward silence.

BILLI WARNER (CONT'D)
Good luck. To both of you.

Cherie gives Billi a big hug. Warner turns to Casey and the
two men shake hands.

INT. LONDON HOTEL - NIGHT

A formal, diplomatic function in a luxury hotel ballroom. SIR
JAMES, a tall, elegant looking man, dressed impeccably, is
standing facing an older but still attractive woman, dressed
equally as well and just as elegant. She has a German accent.

SIR JAMES
So the poor fellow is standing
there stark naked except for the
Sig Sauer in his hand, covering the
three foreign agents and not able
to move even cover himself until
backup arrives.

The German Woman LAUGHS.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

And of course the first thing the backup agents do is take photos of the poor chap and post them on the agency intranet with the caption "An agent handling his assets."

The German Woman LAUGHS even harder.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

Poor blighter's never been able to live it down.

The German Woman dabs at her eyes with a kerchief.

GERMAN WOMAN

Sir James, your stories are the main reason I attend these dusty old functions.

Sir James spots a MAN working his way through the crowd toward him, all business. Sir James takes the German Woman's hand and gives the back of it a perfect little kiss.

SIR JAMES

And your charm is the only reason I attend.

The German Woman smiles.

GERMAN WOMAN

Lie to me some more, Sir James. I'm a diplomat -- I'm used to it.

Sir James CHUCKLES.

SIR JAMES

Would you excuse me, Madame Ambassador? There's a chap plowing his way toward me with a look of seriousness that can only mean either trouble or serious constipation.

GERMAN WOMAN

Of course, Sir James.

Sir James smiles graciously and moves easily to meet the Young Man. Without a word they move almost as one to a corner that's out of earshot of the other guests.

SIR JAMES

Handley. How can I help you?

HANDLEY

It's a classified message from
Colonel David Warner, sir.

SIR JAMES

Then I'd better read it. He's as
good a man as we have.

HANDLEY

Yes sir.

Both men glance around to make sure they're still out of
earshot, then Handley gives Sir James a slip of paper. Sir
James reads it, and frowns.

SIR JAMES

Really?

Handley waits, saying nothing.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm afraid. Handley, you'll have to
respond to Colonel Warner with our
apologies.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Jimmy!

Sir James cringes, then turns to meet a towering, heavysset
man in his 50s, dressed formally and yet somehow still
inappropriately.

SIR JAMES

Mr. Ambassador.

Handley steps away, but Sir James holds a hand up to indicate
the young man should remain nearby.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

How you and my spook boys getting
along?

The Ambassador lifts a drink from a passing tray, and
swallows it in one long gulp. Sir James stares, struggling to
keep his facial expression neutral. He glances at Handley.

SIR JAMES

Approve the request, Handley. I'll
follow up with you about it later
tonight at the office.

HANDLEY

Yes sir.

Handley slips away. Sir James turns back to the Ambassador.

SIR JAMES

Oh, Mr. Ambassador, you have no
idea. Good evening, sir.

Sir James slips gracefully away, leaving the American
wondering what just happened.

INT. STATEHOUSE BALL ROOM - NIGHT

Casey and Cherie, both dressed extremely formally, are
escorted down a hallway in an extremely high end building.

CHERIE CASEY

Okay, Casey... when they came to
measure us this morning, I wasn't
thinking Cinderella.

Casey fingers the lapel of his white evening jacket.

JACK CASEY

Or James Bond.

She smiles and touches his shoulder.

CHERIE CASEY

Dang, Casey. You do look like 007!

JACK CASEY

And you really do look like you
actually have a wicked stepmother.

CHERIE CASEY

Just something I threw on.

Their handlers steer them through a set of doors.

INT. MAIN RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

There is a crowd of people in the room, standing in front of
rows of chairs. At the front of the room, General Ncube and
PRESIDENT MATAPU stand. Seeing Casey standing in the room's
doorway, the Attendees begin APPLAUDING. Casey stops,
stunned. Cherie looks up at him.

CHERIE CASEY

Baby? What's wrong?

JACK CASEY

That man in the front of the room
is President Matapu.

Cherie glances at the older African man standing by the podium.

CHERIE CASEY

Well then, Casey, we'd better go up
and chat with him.

Casey starts laughing and right there in front of everyone
gives her a huge kiss.

JACK CASEY

Did I mention --

CHERIE CASEY

Yeah. Once or twice.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

A servant is just finishing serving coffee and tea to Parker,
Ncube, Casey, and Cherie. Casey has a bronze medal around his
neck. He's staring at it, troubled. Ncube LAUGHS.

GENERAL NCUBE

What the hell is wrong, Casey? It's
the Presidential Medal of Freedom,
not a spitting cobra.

JACK CASEY

Marcus, this isn't right. Your men
are the ones who shed blood and
carried the brunt of the effort.

GENERAL NCUBE

Yes, but without your insight and
faith, we would not be sitting here
today. It was right, Casey. Now
shut up and accept it.

Casey LAUGHS, nodding.

JACK CASEY

All right, I'll try to be gracious
in my humility, General. By the
way, gentlemen, Cherie has been
fully briefed on the situation to
date. We'll need to keep her
updated about any future activity.
Does that create a problem for
either of you?

GENERAL NCUBE

Not with me.

Parker takes a bit longer to respond, taking a long drink of his coffee. Casey glances at Cherie who shrugs.

CHARLIE PARKER

Me neither. Hell, I'm already out on a limb, what difference does a little longer branch make?

CHERIE CASEY

Okay, so our best guess is that Njonjo is somewhere in the Nyanga Mountains near the Zimbabwe border.

JACK CASEY

Yeah. Mkipii is probably planning to join him, and begin more cross-border raids into Zimbabwe.

CHERIE CASEY

And once Mkipii arrives, they're going to do whatever it is they plan to do to the hostages. They have to know our government won't negotiate for their lives and I'm assuming yours won't either, Marcus.

GENERAL NCUBE

No. I'm sorry, but the government is still too young and unstable to be able to give in to such threats.

CHARLIE PARKER

I've got some new information. This morning, Cheng picked up Mkipii and Morgani and headed north. The surveillance team suspects Cheng's heading back to the mountains.

JACK CASEY

That means they'll probably arrive tomorrow. Hold it...

Jack thinks a moment.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

Didn't Mkipii use a camp in that area when he led the cross-border insurgency back in the 70s?

GENERAL NCUBE

He did.

CHARLIE PARKER

You think Njonjo set up camp near
Mkipii's old stomping ground.

CHERIE CASEY

Makes sense, Charlie, if Njonjo is
as fanatic a follower as Casey says
he is.

GENERAL NCUBE

He is.

Now Ncube looks thoughtful.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

The road from Vila Gouveia up the
mountains leads to a small, remote
village called Mutali..

JACK CASEY

Good hiding place, convenient
location for cross-border raids.

CHERIE CASEY

Time for that call to David, Casey?

JACK CASEY

Yeah. Marcus, can we meet here
again tomorrow around zero eight
hundred?

GENERAL NCUBE

Absolutely, but Charlie is under a
lot of scrutiny from his people.

CHARLIE PARKER

I'll be here. And to hell with the
scrutiny.

Casey pats Parker on the shoulder.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

JD Weaver opens the treaty room door to find President
Martinez sitting behind his desk, with Bill Davis sitting
facing him across the desk.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I don't give a shit, Bill!

Both men turn to stare at Weaver.

JD WEAVER
Sorry to interrupt.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Sit down!

Weaver hesitates in the doorway, an expression of anger forming on his face.

BILL DAVIS
JD, please.

Martinez SIGHS.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
JD, sit the fuck down, would you?
I'm pissed. I think as president I
can at least be allowed to be
pissed, or is that too much to ask?

JD takes a deep breath and enters the room, closing the door behind him.

JD WEAVER
I'll take that as an apology.

Weaver walks in and takes the chair beside Davis.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Now, what the hell is Jack Casey
doing in Zimbabwe?

JD WEAVER
Can you be more specific, Mr.
President?

Martinez' face reddens even more.

BILL DAVIS
Come on, JD. Casey returns to
Zimbabwe right after the President
places strict restrictions on the
Agency in that country?

JD WEAVER
As far as we can tell, he's there
to accept a medal from President
Matapu.

Martinez SLAMS his hand down onto the desk, a desk so huge and solid that he manages only a dull thud on the wood.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I offered to present him with the Presidential Medal of Freedom for pulling off this stupid overthrow! He turned me down, whining about how far he'd have to travel, and instead he flies to some pissant African country to accept a medal?

JD WEAVER

"Pissant African country?" Can I quote you on that, Mr. President?

BILL DAVIS

The bastard is up to something, JD, and you damned well know it.

Weaver turns to Davis, studying his face.

JD WEAVER

Maybe they have nicer looking medals.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Weaver.

JD turns to the President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Do you like being CIA chief?

JD WEAVER

Not at this particular moment, Mr. President.

Martinez glares at Weaver who stares back without flinching.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Get out.

Weaver stands and leaves without another word.

INT. JD WEAVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Weaver is sitting behind his desk, swiveled around so that he can look out his office window.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI

Boss.

Weaver swivels around to see Scott standing in the doorway.

JD WEAVER
Better have your ducks in a row on
this one, Scotty.

SCOTT SANDOWSKI
Understood.

Sandowski leaves.

Weaver turns back to staring out the window.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Casey sits in front of a laptop surrounded by other
equipment, including a cable leading to an antenna on the
balcony, the doors open. Cherie and Casey watch the screen.

CHERIE CASEY
Is that it?

JACK CASEY
Yup.

Charlie Parker and General Ncube enter the room, carrying
coffee mugs. Casey sees them.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
You have to see this.

The two men gather beside Cherie to watch the screen.
Charlie glances at the equipment.

CHARLIE PARKER
Satellite imagery? Who the heck is
providing this?

JACK CASEY
I'd tell you but...

CHARLIE PARKER
You'd have to kill me. And someone
like you could actually do it. Got
it. Forget I asked.

We see a photo on the laptop, of a small mountain village.

GENERAL NCUBE
Mutali?

JACK CASEY
Yes. I didn't think Njonjo or
Mkipii would risk setting up shop
right in the village itself.
(MORE)

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

East and West are too rocky to set up a camp of any size. South would put the camp under observation from the village. So I had my...
colleague scan north of the village.

Casey taps a few keys on the keyboard. Another photo appears. Of an open area, fairly flat, with a perimeter fence, several huts, and a large open circle in the middle of the camp.

CHARLIE PARKER

Son of a bitch.

GENERAL NCUBE

That looks like a military camp to me. Small, rough, but still...

CHERIE CASEY

There!

She steps forward and points to a spot on the screen. Jack moves his finger on the laptop's touchpad, zooming in on the area Cherie had pointed to.

GENERAL NCUBE

Two men!

CHARLIE PARKER

One is darker than the other.

JACK CASEY

That's them. It has to be. The darker one has to be Mike.

CHERIE CASEY

Where's the third one?

Jack sits back in his chair, sighing.

CHARLIE PARKER

Jim Graybill.

Cherie glances at him.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)

He's a communicator. We served together once a few years ago. Great guy, but... he's essentially a civilian. No training.

JACK CASEY

I doubt that any of them were trained to withstand the kind of torture that Njonjo has put them through.

They're all quiet for a moment.

CHERIE CASEY

Which means that we'd damned well better get them out while we can.

Casey glances proudly at her.

JACK CASEY

As usual, Cherie's right. We've got our location. Now it's time to get there.

Parker points to the equipment.

CHARLIE PARKER

Can your guy give you a live feed if you need it?

JACK CASEY

Yes. With limitations. It probably won't be right away, but --

GENERAL NCUBE

But it'll be available before you get to the camp?

JACK CASEY

Hopefully.

CHERIE CASEY

Then it's time to hit the road, gentlemen.

They all glance at her, and there is nothing but respect and camaraderie in their expressions. Jack turns back to his laptop and types a bit.

JACK CASEY

Looks like about 200 miles as the crow flies from Harare to Mutali.

GENERAL NCUBE

That sounds about right. You can't go there by yourself, Casey. If that's Njonjo's hideout, it'll be a camp filled with men and about to be joined by three more.

(MORE)

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)
Even Jack Casey can't take them all
on by himself.

JACK CASEY
I won't be by myself.

He glances at Cherie.

CHARLIE PARKER
And I get the feeling that means a
lot. But even two crazed kamikazes
like you can't take on that place
by yourselves.

A mobile phone rings near Casey. He picks it up.

JACK CASEY
Yeah.

He listens.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Excellent. Can you stay on the
line?

He nods and places the phone on the table. He goes to the
Windows desktop and double clicks on an icon. A video feed
opens, filling the screen.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Live video. Clouds are moving in,
we won't have it for long.

The video shows a lone white man walking slowly toward the
center of the camp.

CHARLIE PARKER
That has to be Walker.

The man struggles, obviously extremely weak. He finally stops
in the center of the camp and we can now see he's carrying a
bucket, which he struggles to empty into a barrel.

CHERIE CASEY
Water. There must be a well or a
stream nearby.

JACK CASEY
You're right. They wouldn't have
had time or tools to dig a well.

CHERIE CASEY
Marcus, what's the best spot to
cross the border?

GENERAL NCUBE
Near Troutbeck, I think. You'll
have to cross the Kairezi River but
it's at its shallowest there.

Casey types on his laptop, bringing up a map. Ncube points.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)
It looks like maybe 20 kilometers
from the river to Njonjo's camp. I
can supply all the gear we'll need.

Casey, Cherie, and Parker glance at Ncube.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)
I gave my secretary a letter of
resignation. She's to give it to
President Matapu if for some reason
I don't make it back.

CHARLIE PARKER
Well you're smarter than I am.

They all turn to Parker.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)
I just told my secretary I was
going fishing.

JACK CASEY
Charlie, Marcus --

CHARLIE PARKER
Casey, I hope you're not going to
suggest we have less of a stake in
this than you do.

GENERAL NCUBE
Or that our balls are somewhat
smaller than yours, Jack. Sorry
about the language, Cherie.

Casey glances at Cherie.

JACK CASEY
I had a feeling we wouldn't be
going alone.

CHERIE CASEY
Okay, so you were right, Casey.
Now, can we get ready for this or
are we going to just sit around
here taking turns deciding whose
balls are biggest?

Casey takes a deep breath.

JACK CASEY
Let's do it.

INT. HARARE CIA STATION - DAY

Parker stands in front of several men.

CHARLIE PARKER
Casey can't do this alone, or even
with General Ncube and me. You
don't know this, but I've been
ordered not to cross any border in
search of the hostages.

OPS OFFICER #1
What?

CHARLIE PARKER
The point is I'm going after
Njonjo, Mkipii and the hostages. I
may be sacrificing my career to do
so, but the people I work with are
my second family.

OPS OFFICER #2
When do we leave?

CHARLIE PARKER
I appreciate that. I do, more than
you can imagine.

OPS OFFICER #1
Boss, we're not doing this for you.

Everyone LAUGHS.

OPS OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
It's for the hostages. Our family.

Parker nods, taking a deep breath.

CHARLIE PARKER
The attack on the Station involved
about 30 well trained, well-armed
men. They must have left at least a
few men behind to guard their camp.
That means anywhere up to 40
combatants.

OPS OFFICER #3
So we outnumber the bastards.

Everyone LAUGHS again.

CHARLIE PARKER

It's not just the danger. Each of you may face severe reprimands or even dismissal from the agency. If the White House wants to set an example, they could even go for criminal trials.

The men stare at him without reaction.

OPS OFFICER #1

Boss, if you have something else to do, we can do this for you. We won't tell anyone you backed out.

Parker stares at the man.

CHARLIE PARKER

You do know you're going to pay for that, right?

OPS OFFICER #1

As long as the hostages don't pay.

Parker nods.

CHARLIE PARKER

All right then. We have to leave some people behind to man the station. Decide among yourselves, but I want nine men besides me. No more, understood? Now choose and get geared up.

Parker turns to Ops Officer #1.

CHARLIE PARKER (CONT'D)

Carl, call the pilots and tell them to prepare for a mission; we need to be ready to leave in two hours.

OPS OFFICER #1

Got it, boss.

EXT. KAIREZI RIVER, ZIMBABWE - DAY

Two Huey helicopters set down by the Kairezi River. The aircraft engines shut down, and figures begin to deplane from the craft, including Casey, Cherie, Parker and Ncube. Casey turns to Parker.

JACK CASEY
Disperse the gear you brought,
while I coordinate with the pilots.

Parker nods. Both pilots emerge from their aircraft and Casey walks up to them.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Looks like we'll have line of sight
for good communications. After we
leave, you guys head back to
Harare. First thing tomorrow
morning, come back to this point,
land, and wait. You should be able
to hear our transmissions, since
we'll be at a higher altitude than
you.

Casey indicates Pilot #1.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Your call sign will be Big Bird.

He indicates Pilot #2.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
Yours will be Little Bird.

PILOT #1
Roger that.

PILOT #2
What if we can't hear you?

JACK CASEY
Then get one of your birds in the
air. You should be able to hear us
then. Stay on station in this
general vicinity until I call for
you. We're going to need a quick
extraction once we've got things
under control. Hopefully sometime
tomorrow. Stay below radar, twelve
miles in and twelve miles out. We
don't want anyone in Mozambique to
know that two CIA helicopters have
penetrated their airspace.

Casey shakes both pilots' hands. He turns and sees the others unloading equipment. He looks grim.

EXT. MOZAMBIQUE - NIGHT

The group has set up camp in a small mountain clearing. They've used their ponchos as tent-like protective coverings. They're using glow sticks rather than risk a campfire. Parker, Casey, and Ncube are standing together, Cherie finishing setting up her poncho/mini-tent.

JACK CASEY

I think we've come about three, maybe four miles. That should put us there easily by mid-afternoon tomorrow. Post guards in case there are predators in the area.

Ncube and Parker nod. Parker glances at Cherie.

CHARLIE PARKER

I'll organize a night watch, Casey, while you help Cherie get settled. It looks like she could use some rest.

GENERAL NCUBE

She carried that radio equipment and kept up without a word of complaint.

Casey nods and glances at his wife, pride in his face, showing in the glow of the glow stick.

CHARLIE PARKER

I always thought you were the tough one, Casey.

JACK CASEY

I am. She's just a bit tougher, and in more ways than one.

He turns and walks toward Cherie, squatting down beside her and the tiny tent.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

It's going to be a cold, damp, night, Cherie. Eat one of the LRPs and try to get some rest. It'll be a long day tomorrow.

She nods, turning to him, looking tired but not weak.

CHERIE CASEY

Have you ever had sex in a poncho?

He LAUGHS, surprised by the question.

JACK CASEY

Given who my companions have been
when wearing a poncho, you should
hope I haven't.

CHERIE CASEY

Well I've got news for you, Jack
Casey. You're not going to have sex
in one tonight either.

He leans forward and kisses her gently, and at length. When
they part, she's panting slightly.

JACK CASEY

I love you.

She stares at him, placing a gentle hand on his cheek.

CHERIE CASEY

Keep it up and you'll make a liar
of me.

He smiles and they crawl under the poncho.

CHERIE CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from inside the
poncho/tent)

Did you bring protection, big boy?

JACK CASEY (O.S.)

I've got a Glock.

CHERIE CASEY (O.S.)

Good enough. Roll over.

EXT. MUTALI - DAY

A Land Rover drives up to the center of Mutali. Huang Fu
Cheng emerges from the car and helps the other two older men
disembark. Mkipii looks particularly tired.

HUANG FU CHENG

This is the end of the road for me,
Mr. Mkipii. My mission has been
accomplished.

PRESIDENT MKIPII

You will address me as *President*
Mkipii!

HUANG FU CHENG

I have better things to do than to
haul two old soldiers around the
hillsides of Mozambique, Mr.
Mkipii.

General Morgani steps forward, reaching out to grab Huang.
The Chinese agent easily grabs the old man's wrist. Morgani
struggles hopelessly against the much younger man's grip.
Finally the old man stops struggling, and Huang releases him.

Huang gets back in his car and drives off. Just as Huang's
vehicle disappears, one of the stolen CIA vehicles pulls up
nearby and Njonjo emerges, smiling. He goes to them and
salutes, turning slightly so that the salute includes both of
them. Morgani returns Njonjo's salute. Mkipii glances in the
direction in which Huang had left.

PRESIDENT MKIPII

I want that Chinese pig killed. And
his family.

COLONEL NJONJO

Yes sir, Mr. President. I will send
a team to Maputo. Until then, I
have everything ready for you at
the camp.

Njonjo opens the doors of his vehicle and helps the old men
into the vehicle.

EXT. MOZAMBIQUE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The rescue team stops at the base of a rise. Casey uses hand
signals to bring Parker and GREG SMITH to him. When he
speaks, it is in the lowest whisper.

JACK CASEY

If our maps are correct, the camp
is just beyond that rise. Charlie,
you and Smittee check it out.
Njonjo must have at least one guard
posted on this side of the camp, so
be careful.

Parker and Smith nod and move silently up the hill.

EXT. MOZAMBIQUE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Parker and Smith, about fifty yards apart from each other,
move carefully along the ground.

A guard sits on a rock thirty yards ahead of Parker, leaning against a tree. Parker keys his radio and whispers into it.

CHARLIE PARKER

EIGHT -- guard, twelve o'clock, thirty to forty yards. Motionless, possibly asleep. Do you have eyes?

SMITTEE

Roger that, FIVE. Looks like he's alone.

CHARLIE PARKER

Roger. The ground is soft. I'm going to try to move in on him. If he hears me, make a sound to distract him and I'll rush in to take him out.

SMITTEE

Roger that, FIVE.

Parker leans his sniper rifle against a tree, pulls out a Kbar, and starts his approach. He moves cautiously, keeping the guard in sight as he places one foot in front of the other. He reaches around the tree and quickly pulls the blade of the knife across the man's throat. The guard slumps off the rock onto the ground, no sign of ever having woken up.

INT. HUT - DAY

Nehanda, dressed in a colorful ceremonial robe, stares at herself in a small mirror, turning the mirror one way and then the other, touching her face first here, and then there.

NEHANDA

Youth is melting from my face,
leaving wrinkles behind.

She reaches into a bag and withdraws a knife, which she places inside her robe. She then turns and exits the hut.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Nehanda emerges from the hut and stops to take in the scene. All of Njonjo's soldiers are gathered in the open area in the center of the camp. Mkipii, Morgani, and Njonjo are seated in folding canvas-and-steel camping chairs, facing a nearby campfire. Beyond the fire, three wooden poles have been planted firmly in the ground. A hostage is tied to each pole. They hang, apparently lifelessly.

The soldiers are spread across the open area, sitting far back from the campfire, almost encircling it.

Nehanda walks sensuously toward the center of the camp. She turns to face the three seated men. She smiles, and bows theatrically, and when she rises from the bow, her eyes lock with Mkipii's, the old man looking mean.

NEHANDA

Father --

PRESIDENT MKIPII

Begin!

She freezes, caught between fear and fury. She nods, turns elegantly away from Njonjo and the two old men, to face the hostages. She takes a deep breath and begins a disturbing and yet strangely beautiful dance, using every part of her body, moving with an astonishing sensuality.

The three hostages remain apparently unconscious. Nehanda dances closer and closer to the men, moving her hand up her body, closer to where the knife is hidden.

At that moment, when she is closest to the hostages, Shocklee slowly raises his head just enough for him to be able to lock eyes for the woman.

MIKE SHOCKLEE

(croaks)

Revenge...

He holds his head up with obvious effort, refusing to release her from his exhausted, pain-filled gaze.

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - NIGHT

The rescue group members lie on the ground, peering down at the camp. Casey and Cherie lie between Parker, Smith and Ncube. They speak in low whispers.

CHARLIE PARKER

I count thirty five in all.

GENERAL NCUBE

(worried)

Three to one.

JACK CASEY

Better than I thought they were going to be.

Ncube glances at Casey, surprised, then smiles in admiration.

GENERAL NCUBE
The woman is a mudzimu. A --

CHERIE CASEY
Spirit medium.

Ncube glances at Cherie, even more surprised, and nods.

GENERAL NCUBE
We may have a few minutes yet. She will have to finish her ceremony for Mkipii before they do anything else to the hostages.

JACK CASEY
Charlie, take that elephant gun of yours and find a good spot overlooking the camp from that savanna on the other side. Radio when you're in place. When we launch the assault, your job will be to keep anyone from harming the hostages.

CHARLIE PARKER
Can I do more than that?

JACK CASEY
Only if it doesn't prevent you from protecting the hostages.

Parker nods.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
We'll conduct the assault from three sides while Parker holds down the fourth. Watch out for when we blow holes in the fence -- no telling what that'll trigger from the enemy.

Parker nods again and is suddenly gone. Casey examines the camp once more.

JACK CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Parker will cover the west.

JACK CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My team will cover the east.

CASEY staring over the top of his rifle at the camp below.

JACK CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Smittee, your team has the south
side.

SMITTEE staring over the top of his rifle at the camp below.

JACK CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Marcus, your team covers the north
side.

NCUBE staring over the top of his rifle at the camp below.

We see one of Ncube's MEN crawling toward the fence
surrounding the camp.

We see Casey himself crawling toward the fence.

We see one of Smittee's men crawling toward the fence.

PARKER

Lies, staring over the top of his rifle at the camp below.

Casey pulls out a pair of binoculars and scans the camp from
where he lies just outside the fence. He sees Nehanda dancing
sensuously around the hostages. Then Nehanda stops in front
of Shocklee and reaches for something in her robe.

Casey leans down to speak into his radio, but stops when he
realizes that Shocklee has raised his head. Nehanda's hand
freezes near her robe. She stares at Shocklee who stares
back, looking like death warmed over but holding his head up
regardless. Jack smiles grimly. Then Nehanda seems to awake
from a trance, moves over to Graybill, and suddenly pulls out
a knife and slashes Graybill across his chest, creating a
huge gash.

CHARLIE PARKER
SIX, in place and ready.

JACK CASEY
And just in time, FIVE. Teams One,
two, three, four, go, go, go!

Each of the men at the fence pull a pin and place a grenade,
then stand and run away from the fence. The fence EXPLODES
four times over and all four men, now several yards away,
throw a second grenade through the holes in the fence. These
grenades are smoke grenades that create a smoke cover instead
of concussion and shrapnel.

The three teams are already up and moving forward through the
smoke and the holes in the fence.

Parker has started FIRING at the soldiers closest to the hostages, hitting one after another.

Nehanda, hearing the first grenades, turns toward Mkipii, the old man frowning in confusion, though Njonjo is already on his feet. Nehanda raises her knife and rushes at Mkipii. A shot rings out and she falls. Lying on the ground, Nehanda turns her head and sees Njonjo pointing his pistol at her, walking quickly toward her as the gunfight between Casey's group and Njonjo's soldiers rages.

Njonjo stops beside her, pointing his gun down at her.

NEHANDA

(gasps)

Brother. My protector.

Blood spills from her full lips.

COLONEL NJONJO

(snaps)

He is our father!

She stares lifelessly. Njonjo sees Casey shooting one of his soldiers. Njonjo raises his pistol.

Cherie spots Njonjo aiming at Casey. She fires three quick shots, two of which strike him in the left side of the chest, and one hitting him squarely in the forehead.

Casey spins just in time to see Cherie still pointing her pistol, and Njonjo just starting to fall like a marionette whose strings have just been cut.

Mkipii and Morgani, two old men moving slowly, try to find cover. Morgani spots a fallen soldier and moves toward him, but is cut down by two bullets.

Ncube sees Mkipii standing in the center of the camp, looking lost. Mkipii turns and sees Ncube, who is aiming his rifle but not firing at the helpless old man. Suddenly Mkipii has a pistol in his hand which he is raising to aim at Ncube. Ncube squeezes three times in succession, and Mkipii is throw backward like a rag doll, landing in the dirt, his eyes open but already lifeless.

SILENCE slowly creeps in. Then one of Njonjo's men, lying on the ground near the hostages, raises his pistol, aiming it at Shocklee.

Parker fires three quick rounds, perhaps to make sure and perhaps partly out of rage. The body leaps each time a high caliber bullet slams into it.

All of the rescue team members twirl to see Njonjo's soldier dance on the ground and then lay still, several feet from where he'd been when Parker began firing.

Casey, gun still raised, glances around. Slowly, the rescue team members lower their weapons. Casey and Cherie run up to the posts from which the hostages are hanging.

JACK CASEY
(into radio)
BIG BIRD, this is Eagle six, we
need extrication, repeat, we need
extrication.

At that moment, two HELICOPTERS appear above the horizon and move toward the camp.

PILOT #1 (V.O.)
Sorry for the wait, Eagle Six, I
know we were supposed to wait for
word, but we lost our bearings.

JACK CASEY
(into radio)
Yeah, sure you did. Now get down
here and let me kiss your
disobedient asses!

PILOT # 1 (V.O.)
Roger that, Six. Coming in.

With the help of the others, they carefully untie and lower the hostages to the ground. Only Shocklee is conscious. Casey kneels by Shocklee's side.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
What the fuck took you so long?

JACK CASEY
Traffic. What did you say to that
crazed friggin' spirit bitch?

Shocklee smiles and takes a few breaths before he's able to speak again.

MIKE SHOCKLEE
I told her Jack Casey was going to
shoot her ass off.

Casey smiles and we pull back and up, seeing the hurried but professional activity of loading the wounded and getting the hell out of the camp.

EXT. HARARE AIRPORT - DAY

Cherie, Casey, Ncube, and Parker stand on the tarmac while EMTs load the hostages onto military ambulances.

JACK CASEY

Marcus, I can't thank you enough
for your help with all this.
Risking your life, your position...

GENERAL NCUBE

Do not insult me with your
gratitude, Casey. This does not
begin to repay my debt to you.
Besides, Njonjo killed my men as
well as yours that night.

Casey nods.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

Right now the important thing is to
get them to a hospital, but I
suspect they need more medical care
than we can give them here.

Casey nods and turns to Parker.

JACK CASEY

You're right. And that's not the
only challenge we face. Charlie's
got to figure out how to explain
all this to Langley.

CHARLIE PARKER

I'm open to suggestions by the way.

CHERIE CASEY

Charlie, we have a huge house, and
you're welcome to hide out there
for as long as you want.

Parker lowers his eyelids.

CHARLIE PARKER

Gee. Thanks.

Cherie glances at Casey who nods. Cherie turns to Parker.

CHERIE CASEY

We have an idea. You might not like
it, Charlie. But the decision will
be yours.

CHARLIE PARKER

I just got my ass out of a firefight in a foreign country against the express orders of the President of the United States. How bad can your suggestion be?

Cherie turns to Casey.

JACK CASEY

The White House put us in this position by asking the Agency to overthrow Mkipii. Then they restricted the Agency from rescuing it's own people who were put in harm's way.

CHARLIE PARKER

We're all pissed off about that, Casey, but --

JACK CASEY

It was the British who provided the imagery support.

Charlie raises his eyebrows at that.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)

In order to get that support I had to tell them that the White House rejected my suggestion that the Brits be involved or at least notified of the operation.

GENERAL NCUBE

They must not have been happy about that.

JACK CASEY

Well, they're British, so it's hard to tell, but... yeah. I don't think they were happy. I kind of... implied to my friend that if the Brits helped in the rescue, that I'd find a way to even the score with the White House. Maybe... give an interview about how the Brits were instrumental in rescuing three CIA employees?

Parker begins laughing.

CHARLIE PARKER

Oh damn. And if that happened just before the Presidential elections... Do you think the Brits would take our guys to a U.K. Hospital?

JACK CASEY

If you're on board with it, I'll make the call.

CHARLIE PARKER

Christ, Casey, make the call.

Casey pulls out the satellite radio.

JACK CASEY

Batuk, Ridgerunner, come in, over.

DAVID WARNER (O.S.)

Roger Ridgerunner. Did the exercise go as planned? We had some partial view only.

JACK CASEY

We got our people out, thanks, Batuk, but we need to get three of our people immediate medical assistance not available in Harare. Any chance of an evac to the U.K.?

There's a pause.

DAVID WARNER

Ridgerunner, you are going to owe us sundowners for a month. I'll get back to you ASAP.

JACK CASEY

Much appreciate the assistance, Batuk, but sort of need an answer within the next couple of hours.

DAVID WARNER

Roger that, Ridgerunner, we'll do our best. Batuk out.

INT. STATE HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cherie, Casey, Parker and Ncube sit at a dinner table, waited on by servants. Cherie raises her glass.

GENERAL NCUBE

I won't call this a celebration, gentlemen. Too many men died out there for that. But here's to courage... and to loyalty.

The others raise their glasses and take sips of their drinks.

JACK CASEY

Well. I'm glad it's over. This is a beautiful place, Marcus, but I can't wait to get back home and into our own bed.

GENERAL NCUBE

I completely understand, Casey. But may I make one more toast?

Casey nods. General Ncube stands and raises his glass to Cherie.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

I will not insult you by saying you are an amazing woman, Cherie.

Cherie arches an eyebrow.

GENERAL NCUBE (CONT'D)

Because you are one of the most impressive people I have ever met, man or woman.

Cherie smiles tiredly, nods and they toast once more. Casey pulls Cherie to him and plants a kiss on her, one that goes on and on. General Ncube leans over to Parker.

CHARLIE PARKER

Don't bother, Marcus. I've already asked Casey about it and he told me she doesn't have sisters like her.

Ncube leans back to his seat, and takes a sip of wine, staring at the still smooching Caseys.

GENERAL NCUBE

Pity.

EXT. HARARE AIRPORT - DAY

Casey and Cherie watch as the three hostages are loaded onto an RAF aircraft parked at one end of the airport, away from prying eyes.

At that moment, Sir James steps into the doorway of the aircraft, flanked by two husky and serious-looking men in their early 30s. He motions for Casey.

JACK CASEY

That's Sir James, head of British Intelligence.

CHERIE CASEY

You're right, it is.

Casey glances at her, frowning.

CHERIE CASEY (CONT'D)

Casey, the Agency had frequent dealings with MI6.

Casey nods slowly, turns and walks toward the stairs as Sir James descends to meet him, after having signaled to his two bodyguards to remain on the aircraft. They do, but watch intently from the doorway.

JACK CASEY

Sir James.

Sir James offers his hand, which Casey accepts.

SIR JAMES

Did Cherie not want to join us?

JACK CASEY

You know my wife?

Sir James laughs.

SIR JAMES

I love this business.

Casey turns and waves to Cherie, who walks up, smiling. Sir James steps forward and gives her a big hug before releasing her and turning to a puzzled Casey.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)

Cherie's told me a lot about you, Mr. Casey. I'm glad we were in the area. We'll be taking them to Mildenhall Air Force Base Hospital. They'll receive excellent medical attention until arrangements can be made to move them on to the States.

JACK CASEY

One's in pretty bad shape. He's going to need a lot of medical attention and the sooner the better.

SIR JAMES

Understood.

JACK CASEY

Thank you, Sir James. We really appreciate the help.

Sir James nods and hands Casey a slip of paper.

SIR JAMES

You might want to consider this option.

Casey sees that the slip of paper has nothing but a phone number on it.

CHERIE CASEY

Thanks for everything, J.

Sir James smiles, and climbs back into the aircraft.

Casey and Cherie turn and begin walking back to the terminal.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON ENGLAND - DAY

The AMERICAN AMBASSADOR is at his desk, reading a document, when his desk phone RINGS. He presses a button.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Yes, Sally?

SALLY (V.O.)

Sir, it's the Director of MI6. Must be important, he never calls you.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Well shit, put him through! Put him through!

SIR JAMES (V.O.)

Mr. Ambassador, it's Sir James.

The Ambassador puts the document down and leans back in his chair.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Jimmy! How the hell are you?

SIR JAMES (V.O.)

Mr. Ambassador, your CIA hostages are resting safely in a hospital at Mildenhall Air Force Base. They should be well enough to transport to the States in a day or two. Please inform your senior intelligence officer that they are here, and give him my regards.

There is a CLICK. The Ambassador stares at the phone.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TREATY ROOM - DAY

Martinez is lying on a couch, reading a document. He hears a KNOCK and turns to see Bill Davis in the doorway, holding a couple of pages.

BILL DAVIS

Sir, we have a slight problem.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I don't want to have problems, Bill. That's why I hired you.

Davis cringes.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Oh for Christ's sake, what's wrong?

BILL DAVIS

Well, sir, an anonymous source gave an interview to the London Daily Telegraph about the hostages and how the Brits did all the work in rescuing them.

Martinez sighs and sits up on the couch, swinging his legs onto the floor.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Jack Casey, right?

BILL DAVIS

I'm not so sure, Mr. President. It could have been MI6 getting back at us for not bringing them in on the operation to remove Mkipii.

Martinez stares. Davis actually backs up a step.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
It was your fucking idea not to
bring them in on the operation,
Bill.

Davis stares.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Get out before I lose my temper,
Bill.

BILL DAVIS
Sir --

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Now, Bill. Get out now.

Davis turns and quickly leaves the office.

EXT. NYALI BEACH, MOMBASA - DAY

Casey and Cherie lie on the beach in front of the Nyali
International Beach Hotel, lathered with sunblock, wearing
hats and bathing suits, eyes closed. There's a long pause.

JACK CASEY
"J?"

Cherie smiles and slowly turns her head, studying her husband
who still lies completely still, eyes closed.

CHERIE CASEY
Well, I couldn't very well call him
Jimmy, could I?

Casey considers that for a long moment.

JACK CASEY
Good point.

Cherie closes her eyes again, soaking in the sun.

JACK CASEY (CONT'D)
By the way, babe... great shooting.

Cherie laughs.