

AFRICA RISING

FADE IN:

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

The ancient street looks abandoned. On either side are shop stalls, some empty, others wrapped shut with canvas.

TITLE OVER: BALBALA, NEAR THE
SOMALIA BORDER- PRESENT DAY

A few parked cars give it some evidence of current life. The only movement is an old Petrol sign, which swings and squeaks in the breeze.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO EMPTY LOT - DAY

The laughter of children is heard,. Down the street, two boys kick around a soccer ball. FRANCOIS, (11), kicks it too wide for ABU, (10), to stop and return a kick. They are both dressed in school uniforms.

ABU
(in French subtitled)
You will never make the world cup,
Francois, with a kick like that one!

He quickly follows the rolling ball behind a building, out of sight.

FRANCOIS
(in French subtitled)
We are from Djibouti, how could we ever
win! ...Abu? ...Abu?!

Francois follows, and cautiously rounds the blind corner.

EXT. ABANDONED HUT - SUNSET

Only an old, rundown metal hut, and no Abu in sight. Suddenly, he pops up smiling, pleased with his prank, and throws the ball at Francois.

Francois stops it with his foot and kicks it up into the air. Abu jumps, butting it with his head. They both chase off after it as the lingering sun sets behind them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The darkened space is empty. "China Hat" lamps flood pools of light. In the middle, a lone man sits, hooded, and tied to the chair.

PIERRE (V.O.)

Ancient Somalian Warriors once hunted lions with spears and knives, not far from here. Today, their Grandchildren starve, while others, kill for a single pound of rice, and a carton of tobacco.

PIERRE, (40, African, westernized) walks into the light, up to the prisoner, taunting him with a stick.

PIERRE

This land is truly sick. Foreign governments now want to carve it into little pieces.

He stops to face the prisoner.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

I will reclaim the land of my fathers! I will make those American dogs work for me-

He pulls the hood off to reveal a beaten, wounded, white man, WILLIS THORNE, (60, dressed like an American tourist). Pierre pokes the stick under his chin, lifting his head up high.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

(Softly) You would like to help me stop that, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you! Isn't that right Senator Thorne, who lives at 608 Gulf Drive Tampa, Florida?

Willis gives him a blank stare, from hopeless eyes.

WILLIS

What do you want?

Pierre grabs him by the hair, and looks at him closely.

PIERRE

Your wife will want you back... no? Why would she do that? The media says you can't be trusted to faithful even one woman- the mother of your children.

Willis turns his head away, in shame. Pierre prods him to face him once more.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

And yet you have the gall to judge my morals, -when you have none?

WILLIS

Enough! Leave my family alone. I represent the government of the United States of America! You must honor that!

PIERRE

As any bureaucrat, I'm sure you will have some value to the home country. You'd do well to pray your President will still want to invest in saving his sick and lost dog like you.

WILLIS

No, you're wrong. It's you who'd better pray that he spares you!

Pierre strikes him, knocking him off the chair. Now bloodied, he peels off his gloves, to reveal his jeweled ring fingers. He throws down his gloves and walks away, ignoring Willis has fallen.

INSERT: FOUR DAYS EARLIER

EXT. SENATOR THORNE'S FLORIDA RESIDENCE - DAY

A 1920's era Mediterranean revival style mansion. A limo pulls to a stop in the driveway, bordered with beautiful landscaping. The trunk opens and the driver steps out. MARSHALL, (28, Aide, energetic), meets the driver.

MARSHALL

This is a big day today for the Senator, and I want it to go flawlessly.

On the back lawn, WILLIS, (60, silver haired, athletic), practices his putting. His cell phone rings, and he stops to grab it off his belt.

WILLIS

I told you to never call me again! From now on, contact my aide, Marshall, for official business only. Good Bye!

He lines the ball up again, and strikes it HARD! The ball flies far out into the bay. He flings the putter away, out onto the lawn.

Slowly he regains his composure, and straightens himself out. He calmly walks away like nothing happened.

INT. SENATOR THORNE'S HALLWAY - DAY

The interior is modestly appointed with antiques. The TV news can be heard from the upstairs bedroom.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Senator Thorne, any truth to the rumors you took a female associate to a private resort while on a trade commission tour?

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING STEPS - DAY

Senator Thorne fights past a swarm of reporters between the immense columns of the portico. He makes it down a few steps and stops finally to face another microphone.

WILLIS

No. Period. This is a new political year. This is here, and it is now. Please, let the past, remain in the past, won't you?

Another microphone is shoved in his face.

REPORTER (O.S.)

But Senator, sources claim...

WILLIS

My friends, if you start with "Bloggers" as credible sources, you need to return to journalism school.

Cutting past the microphones, he finally reaches a waiting limo. He turns back toward them and cheerfully waves goodbye before leaving.

INT. SENATOR THORNE'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Entering the room, Willis sees this on the TV, and grabs for the remote and quickly changes the channel.

BROADCAST VIDEO

A satellite photo of the Middle East is replaced by an image of the "Horn of Africa", which zooms into Djibouti.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Also in the news is Africa, and the scheduled Economic Alliance Summit that Senator Thorne's plans later this week...

INT. SENATOR THORNE'S BEDROOM SUITE - DAY

Willis shuts off the TV, paces the room, and reflects on the news events. He stops and glances out the window.

EXT. SENATOR THORNE'S FLORIDA RESIDENCE - SAME

In the open lawn, stands his golf club, stuck in at a ridiculous angle.

WILLIS (V.O.)

You know Jill, it's only eight days. And by no means a holiday. I wish however, you- we weren't going. I really mean it.

INT. SENATOR THORNE'S BEDROOM SUITE - SAME

Willis shuts the curtains tight, and turns away.

JILL (V.O.)

So you say, but look on the bright side, you can spend some guy time with Victor.

WILLIS

I don't know, this new appointment, the timings all wrong. With meetings each and everyday. Things are happening too fast. There's just no time, how can I see him?

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

JILL THORNE, (60, well dressed and elegant), she brushes her long blonde hair at the sink.

JILL

That's the same thing you said last time, when you left for the Middle East, No time for Blaine. So you going to let history repeat itself?

Coming into the bedroom, Jill moves gracefully like a runway model. He ignores her, lost in thought.

She picks up some laundry and throws it in his face.

WILLIS

You're not being fair. It's my job to make nice to roomfuls of self important officials, all posturing for my "US Aid".

She returns to her half packed luggage on the bed.

JILL

You act like this Aid is your money.

WILLIS

Not at all. There's just so much corruption. I need to be a good steward of the country's money.

JILL

Who's country? Yours, or theirs?

WILLIS

You know what I'm saying! Their people may never see it, or never afford to buy it once it hits the black market.

Jill slams the suitcase shut, a little too HARD. She stops to face him once more.

JILL

There's more to life than your damn job!

She slides the case off the bed and hits the bedside end table, knocking a photo over.

WILLIS

My job is all I know.

Willis picks up the photo. He takes a good look at his sons, holding fishing rods, a long time ago with him.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

I've been lousy in the role of a father.

JILL

So when's the last time you talked to Blaine? Five years? Six? Anyway-

WILLIS

So what's his number... anyhow?

She blasts him with a look. He replaces the photo.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

You know you can shred me with a look, and melt me with a kiss, but please let's be civil. What can I do to convince you?

JILL

Right now, I'm not sure of anything. I'm just so tired... of being the supportive wife, always cheerful... What do you Marines call that?

As she moves to face the mirror, Willis grabs her gently from behind. She resists him at first, but then relaxes.

WILLIS

Semper Fidelis. As a man, I haven't been much of "Forever Faithful". For that, "saying sorry", can't be enough.

Her mood changes from hard to soft, as she looks up to him. He moves closer to give her a gentle kiss.

A knock at the door stops him.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

Senator, Mrs. Thorne...

The moment is gone in a flash, as Jill breaks free.

Marshall looks very regretful, in the open doorway.

I/E. OLEARY'S TIKI BAR - NIGHT

A waterfront night club, with a "Gillian's island" theme. Some locals live it up, under thatched roof patios, twinkling lights in the trees, and Reggae music.

Seated at a table is NIGEL, (40's, grizzled, British), next to him is WAYNE, (24, a rookie), and MAX, (30's, wiseguy from the Jersey Shore). All three look more like rough rugby team players. All are pretty well drunk.

BLAINE THORNE, (30's, well built) walks into the bar. He spots his guys getting up to leave.

BLAINE

Not so fast guys, let me ask you something...

NIGEL

Blaine! Better late than ever.

BLAINE

I cut my evening short with Diane. We had a bit of a blow out, because I'm decided to renew my contract, and get my own Patrol Unit. You guys all heading out?

NIGEL

I think Wayne's done, and Max is right behind him, drafting to the finish line!

BLAINE

How about you?

NIGEL

Not me mate, I got some recon to do on a securing another beer and a certain Waitress's number.

MAX

You need to sit down Blaine, and have another drink. Think this thing out more clearly. If you can get assigned Stateside- do it.

WAYNE

Max is right! Have a drink with us. We're here "solving world problems", one beer at a time. It works- you should try it!

They drunkenly high five each other.

NIGEL

No matter whatever happens, Blaine, good or bad, you're still like family to us.

WAYNE

That's right! Because family you can make, friends you're stuck with!

NIGEL

You numb nut! The saying is: friends you make, and family you're stuck with!

BLAINE

I appreciate your concern, Dr. Phil and Oprah, but Diane and me will chill and get over this one. No worries fellas.

Nigel gets up, fist bumps all before he leaves.

NIGEL

Cheers Mates. Tomorrow's an early one. I suggest you two, don't stay out too late.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

A slow approaching Mercedes comes around a street corner. It stops repeatedly, seemingly searching. The back windows are down, but the passenger is yet unseen.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

From within, the passenger views the sad squalor. The Mercedes slows down. The passenger finally taps the driver's shoulder to stop.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

Skinny, malnourished looking dogs fight over garbage in an impoverish neighborhood. The Mercedes drives up. The dogs scatter as it rolls to a stop.

The driver, DOMINIQUE, (45, well dressed in black), gets out, picks up a rock. He spots a lingering dog, and throws it at him. Only his smile gives contrast to his shadowy appearance, as the dog yelps and runs off.

An Arab man walks up, just as Dominique opens the trunk. He reaches inside and removes a small cardboard box, and quickly leaves. The rear window slowly closes.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Francois and Abu practice goal kicks against the wall. Soon they finish, and walk until they find an open door. They curiously run inside.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

The Arab man passes two black men who stand in the shadows. HAMID, (30's, skinny), and SENAY, (20's, slim), step out into the sunlight and converge on the car.

EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

The rear window opens again, the passenger's ringed hand holds an envelope, and a small cloth bag. Hamid takes both, as Senay grabs two rifles, and tosses one to him.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

The car drives off fast, leaving a dust cloud. Pierre closes the windows.

PIERRE (IN FRENCH)

Let's go home Dominique, I'm hungry now.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

The pair snap to action, first checking their weapons, then into the dust cloud like ghosts.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Discarded school equipment lay scattered along with garbage debris littering the mostly empty space. Natural sunlight pours down in isolated pools.

The boys sneak around the darkened interior. They explore the remnants of an old school, and run onto what's left of an indoor soccer field.

As the two begin to play, they can almost hear the crowds roar in their own version of the World Cup Soccer Games.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

Elsewhere, down the street, a Black SUV stops. It's occupants; Nigel behind the wheel, next to him is Wayne, and in the back is Max. They all look for street signs. Uncertain, they back up, and finally turns the corner.

INT. SUV - DAY

They are private security contractors, all armed and ready for work. Nigel keys the radio's mic.

NIGEL

Unit 5. Unit 5 come in. Blaine...

Wayne is nodding off, Nigel dope slaps him awake.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Check the glove box.

Empty, except for a single package of fig newtons, which Wayne grabs and tears open.

BLAINE (V.O.)

Go ahead Unit 2, Nigel where are you?

NIGEL

Bloody lost! Where the hell do you think we are, stopping at a pub, for a pint?

INT/EXT. RRRGS SUV - DAY

Blaine climbs out of his vehicle and lays a map out on the hood. He wears a heavy side arm on his leg.

BLAINE

Well, it be a shame to be stuck all day with the likes of those two-

INT. SUV - SAME

Looking around, Nigel sees Wayne happily chomping away, crumbs falling all over his chest, while Max pokes at his ear clean with his pinky finger.

NIGEL

Don't I know it. May the good Lord give me strength.

INT/EXT. RRRGS SUV - SAME

BLAINE

Just keep south, and hope you'll see the Prayer tower. When you get your bearings, call me. I'm heading north, your way.

INT. SUV - SAME

NIGEL

Right Mate, just you keep that map handy.

WAYNE

No wonder we're lost now, the way you drive- you're nuts, like you stole this.

NIGEL

So Mate?... So you got a weak stomach?

MAX

Sometimes, I do.

WAYNE

It's not that, it's that you race through the back country, and in town, you drive along like my grandmother in Venice.

MAX

I didn't know your "Grand-Mudda" was Italian? Maybe she knows mine, back in Asbury Park...

WAYNE

Italian? What?? Hell No! Venice, Florida, you Jackass! We're Jewish, not Italian! As in Wayne Weinburg! Get it?

MAX

Forget you Wayne Wa-(STUTTERING) Wayne Wa-Wa... For-get-about-it! Ouch! Now I can feel the fire coming from in my guts.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

The Mercedes, now oncoming in their direction, passes them. They pay it no mind as it goes by.

INT. SUV - SAME

NIGEL

Enough Mates! This looks a bit squirreled up here. You - Wayne! Need to keep yore bloody eyes open, and yah mouth clear!

WAYNE

Check. Nigel, I got it!

NIGEL

Remember, you're the new kid, still a babe to these fields of operations.

I/EXT. SUV ON BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

Max starts gobbling down a few antacid tablets. He grimaces at the pain in his chest.

NIGEL

Don't like the cooking out here, mate?

MAX

I don't know what it is! ...It might be every damn thing; the water, the dust, the heat! You name it! It all sucks.

NIGEL

I had that problem too, once. Just like you, for a while... back in Bristol.

WAYNE

What ya do for it?

Nigel laughs as he reflect of those old days, long gone.

MAX

...So what the Hell did you do, I can't seem to beat this thing!

NIGEL

You want to know what I did? I'll tell ya... I got rid of her! That girl was the worst thing ever for my stomach! My pains went away right after she left!

They all get a big laugh, but Max pays for it. He rubs his sternum at the burning pain, but still laughs anyway.

EXT. SUV - BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

Nigel spots a pothole, and aims for it purposely. Max, now alternates from gasps, to laughs, to burps, as the SUV beats and bumps him down the road. They all laugh at his painful, but funny, jerky movements.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK- DAY

From a key spot, high atop some boxcars, Hamid and Senay spot the SUV. Senay aims, and shoots at it, but misses

INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - DAY

The boys hear the shot and they freeze like statues.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - DAY

Hamid stops, looks at Senay in disbelief at his poor marksmanship. Senay just shrugs him off. Hamid is disgusted. Senay shoots again.

INT/EXT - SUV - BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

Now stopped, all are deadly serious. They all look to see where the shots came from.

WAYNE

We're being attacked!

NIGEL

Bullocks, they're piss poor shots, even if they were aiming for us- which I don't think so.

EXT-TRAIN TRACK - DAY

Now Hamid and Senay both take aim again.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

A set of shots ring out, hitting the vehicle, with a double ping.

NIGEL

"Now, we're being attacked!"

Wayne instinctively bolts out and runs, as another round narrowly misses him. He hits the ground, and takes cover.

EXT. SUV - DAY

Max yells from out the back window.

MAX

Get the hell back in here!

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

Wayne ignores his cry, and now spots two men climbing down off the train cars, rifles slung across their backs.

I/E. SUV - DAY

Nigel slams his fist on the dashboard in frustration.

NIGEL

Bloody Hell! We're all screwed now! This "Little Lamb Chop", is going get us into a fire fight with some sorry "Sots", not even worth pissing on! Hell's Bells!

Max, awaits his order, keeping an eye on the rooftops.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Come on! It's their game to lose now!

MAX

...And ours to "effing" win! Let's Go!

The two bolt out, after Wayne.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

A lone WOMAN, (40's, Somalian Refugee), pokes her head out of a doorway at the sound of the commotion. Observing the men run off, she quickly heads in the other direction.

Blaine's SUV turns a corner and soon passes the woman.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - DAY

Wayne takes up the position near the train. He scopes all four compass point directions, searching for their exit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The shooters on the run, escape to the nearest building. Senay spots them following, and fires off a round.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

At that close sounding shot, the boys pick up the ball, game over. Next they hear footsteps, and they hide.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

Blaine ducks for cover after the sound of a rifle report, next to the empty SUV.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Both the shooters run through the darkened building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - ELSEWHERE - DAY

The boys lie low, out of sight.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The trio of heroes cautiously, but quickly storm into the darkened building, one by one.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Senay searches for an exit. In the dark, Hamid nearly steps on top of the boys. Francois grabs Abu and keeps him down. Senay points Hamid away, toward a way out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The three slowly and silently pursue, deeper inside. Wayne is still at point position, leading them.

EXT. WOODS NEAR TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Senay stumbles, and drops his weapon. Hamid drags him upright, and back-hands him across the face. Senay bends down for the gun, Hamid kicks at him, to move him faster.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Abu jumps up, and they both run away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Wayne hears movement, spots two figures running away. He fires at them. The others catch up, just as he finds the boys dead.

WAYNE

Oh No! ...What the- for God's sakes,
where did you two come from?

Seeing the soccer ball, he kicks it away in frustration.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Damn it! Damn it! What have I done?!!!

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

The woman looks around, passes Blaine, and they both search for the direction of the shots.

WOMAN

Abu! Abu! Abu...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Blaine spots the ball fly out of the building. The woman sees the ball too. She looks for the boys.

WOMAN

Abu...?

EXT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - DAY

In the doorway, Nigel and Max each carry a body out.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

Seeing this, the mother shrieks out in horror.

WOMAN

Abu! Abu!

Blaine holsters his gun, in shocked disbelief.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The woman's screams fade, with the sound of screeching seagulls fighting for territory. Waves lap up on the white sandy shoreline. African fishermen head out to sea.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

A castle-like Mansion, covered with ornate tiles is surrounded by beautiful landscaped lawns and gravel pathways. Coming up the driveway is the same Mercedes.

Dominique opens the rear door for Pierre. The sun reflects off his bejewelled hands.

I/EXT. ROOFTOP TOWER, PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

QUESTAL, (35, an aide, in a para-military uniform), runs up the spiral staircase to the top porch.

PRESIDENT UBOTA, (late 50's, bearded, dressed in casual tropical cottons), watches birds through binoculars. He checks a bird watching book.

QUESTAL

(In French, Subtitled) Excuse me sir.
Your brother, Pierre, has arrived.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

(In English) English Questal! English! No French. We must practice English in Djibouti, to make our Americans feel more welcomed.

He returns to his viewing and sees new wildlife views

Binocular View:

Birds fly by. Now scanning down, he sees his brother.

PRESIDENT UBOTA (V.O.)

...Tell him, I'll be right down.

Pierre waits below, smoking a cigarette. Nearby, Dominique defensively scans the perimeter.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - TERRACE - DAY

Pierre checks his watch. He lights another smoke, off his first one. Sensing he might be watched from high, he turns around to see-

EXT. ROOFTOP TOWER PORCH - DAY

The empty tower porch.

EXT. DIJBOUTI DOCKS - DAY

A commercial fishing boat ties up. An old delivery box truck waits, its motor running.

INT. BOX TRUCK - DAY

Mawahno, (50, big, like a wrestler), sits at the wheel, and checks his watch. Looking around, seeing no one, he hops out. He waves, smiling at the boat's deckhand.

INT. COMMERCIAL FISHING BOAT - SAME

Crew members remove canvas covers, revealing green boxes, stenciled with D.O.D. SA-24 LAUNCHER. Mawahno opens one and shoulders it, grinning as he tests the sight.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - TERRACE - DAY

The terrace is multi leveled, with landings going down to the water. President Ubota signals for Questal to stay back, at a distance, as he greets Pierre.

Pierre and the President awkwardly greet one another, revealing some animosity between them.

PIERRE

Bon jour, Jean.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

Bon jour Pierre. Please speak English, the language of our new economy... our new world country.

PIERRE

Your New World! The language of Bastard children of European Imperialism. A least the French knew to leave here long ago.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

We have gone from simple tribal land of hunters, to a Westernized nation in little more than three generations.

PIERRE

This country is stagnating and will never improve! You know rice and beans are not going to fix anything!

Pierre reaches out, grabbing him forcefully by the arm, wildly looking eye to eye with him.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Damn the U.N. And these American security people! And they will destroy us like they did their own tribal people two hundred years ago. Don't fool yourself.

President Ubota peels away Pierre's grip.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

I see... So it's you and your people who feel threatened now. As the world sees us, they will only see risks, too many risks for investing precious US Dollars.

The two pace like sparring partners in a cage.

PIERRE

We are all one, Djibouti is Somaliland too. But there are other ways of funding.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

We need America's Dollars to grow and develop. We don't need radical zealots funded with foreign money. I can no longer turn the blind to it, any longer.

INT. RED RAPTOR GLOBAL SECURITIES FACILITY - DAY

The sprawling building is surrounded by a fortified fence, and resembles a small military compound. Black SUV's and military vehicles line the front of it.

Above the entrance, is mounted the RRGs LOGO, which displays a red bird of prey with the world in its talons.

I/EXT. RRGs HALLWAY/WALKWAYS - DAY

Carter, (late 50's, overweight), paces outside his office, civilian and military personnel pass him purposefully.

Carter passes a now empty reception area. He looks up to see the RRGs logo and shakes his head doubtfully.

Blaine spots Carter ahead, and approaches him, putting on a bit of swagger into his step. He gives Carter a big bear hug, and Carter returns with a big slap on the back. They walk toward Carter's office.

BLAINE

Somehow, I knew you'd try and suck me back in and hand me more garbage, telling me it was cake.

CARTER

You've got some nerve! Like some "Cock of the Walk". You know the State Department has threatened to freeze us out until a though investigation is completed. I have a good mind to throw you under the bus for this-

BLAINE

But you won't. Those boys deaths were a tragic mistake, but we're in war. It's like no other, with phantoms, who still hide behind innocent people.

CARTER

This isn't war, or haven't you seen the television? Hurray. The war's officially over. *Things like this aren't suppose to be on TV... Crying mothers over dead sons, for God's sakes.*

BLAINE

We are stuck in the same old grind; the overblown press coverage, and the Washington Liberals going nuts over it.

CARTER

Frankly, I like my job, but I won't have it much longer if we don't clean this up.

BLAINE

Maybe it's time for me to send out my resume-

CARTER

Look Blaine, I know you, or Nigel weren't to blame, but I need your help. Just help me stop the company from bleeding out. This is time sensitive.

They begin to walk down the outer hallway.

BLAINE

Let's see... The last time you were this desperate for my skills, was great: I was shot at, knifed, and nearly had my client's head taken off. And for what? Hellish heat, sand fleas, and a smiling people with really bad dental plans!

CARTER

Come on Blaine, it's not Iraq this time. It's Djibouti! A much better place.

BLAINE

Yeah, right! I thought I was done there? So next you'll be convincing me they have smaller fleas there, right?

CARTER

I have one Ace Contract left- our last outstanding contract with a very wealthy Iraqi investor, living in from Ethiopia. Just a personal escort and "Transpo" job. This could turn things around for us if he's well taken care of. What do you say?

INT. CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

They enter Carter's cluttered home away from home. Every flat surface has used take-out containers. Across from the desk is a sofa. Blaine tosses off the blanket, lying there and throws in the corner.

Above the sofa is a dartboard with a photo of Ohsama Ben Laden in the center. The wall is peppered with missed dart holes.

BLAINE

New target photo?

CARTER

No. I'm just a bad shot.

BLAINE

What? From only eight feet?

CARTER

I'm getting better. So why did you come in, anyway?

Carter tries to organize piled papers on his desk. He picks up a meal box, smells it and throws it away.

BLAINE

I left a hot Algerian girl's phone number in my old locker, but really Gary, I came in say goodbye.

CARTER

Quit. You? Never. What's the joke?

BLAINE

Those dead kids finished it for me.

CARTER

Quit? When things are going so good? Fine! I'm too swamped to argue... Well don't let the door hit you on your way out, damn it!

Blaine gets up and heads to the door, as Carter finds the file he wanted, atop another pile on his desk.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Oh, before you go "Sport", your Dad still misses you, I thought I should tell-

Blaine stops, and jerks away from the open door, like the knob was on fire.

BLAINE

My father? He called... you?

CARTER

No. I called him. (Grinning) I needed his help, and if you could call him back...

BLAINE

I closed that sorry chapter long ago. He gambled his career, his marriage and family for years. I'm done with dear old Dad.

CARTER

That was way back when? Aren't you ever going to make peace, Blaine? This is here, and it is now!

BLAINE

Enough! What am I suppose to do? Just forgive and forget? Does that make up for all those years? I don't think so!

Blaine turns back to the door.

CARTER

Go! Get! Get hell out of here. Do it, don't do it, I don't care anymore! I gotta enough troubles right now!

BLAINE

Alright, I'll do this effing last assignment, but only because I feel sorry for you. But I'll telling you what- after this one, I'm really gone.

Blaine steps out, and pokes his head back in.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Gary, when are you going to pay for a maid?

CARTER

Hey, I've got a system here, so get out, and find Nigel. I'll call you later.

Blaine slams the door shut. The wind blasts a few top papers off the desk. Carter jumps up to catch them and knocks the a huge pile on the floor.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Damn it Blaine!

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - RIVER WALK TERRACE -SAME

PRESIDENT UBOTA

I was the people's choice to lead this country from fanatic, religious zealots.

PIERRE

You have been bought by the promises of the white devils in England and America!

PRESIDENT UBOTA

No! You are wrong! Pierre, I've heard rumors... of Libyan missile launchers smuggled through Eritrea. These can only be the Devil's toys, for evil.

PIERRE

The Sword of Aden is now even more powerful than the Al-Shabaab. It's time to step down brother, your rein is over. Go make peace with your foreign friends.

Questal parallels them and Dominique, at a safe distance.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

I will not step down. You and your friends, the Sword of Aden- the Sword of Criminals. They all need to be in prison, or worse!

PIERRE

The Americans are the real enemies of all Somaliland, and Djibouti too! You are a coward! The Sword of Aden will never bend to America's wishes. You are a paid fool, who would like to be king!

Pierre spits on the ground, more for effect, than anger.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

Djibouti is your land too, not just Somaliland! Do not interfere with the Americans! A great deal of good can be made from them. They are the best allied country to this Republic.

PIERRE

The great big Superpower, America, shows the world, how they can corrupt our children and ruin our country's future! The European Cable News are making it into "David au Goliath" story with the killing of those innocent boys.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

You're to Blame! My sources say you planned the attack on the Security Contractors, that started all of this!

He spits again on the ground at his feet, and stomps off. President Ubota dismisses Pierre's antics.

PRESIDENT UBOTA (CONT'D)

Such dramatics, my Half brother shows. Our fathers were very different, indeed.

Pierre stops his marching away, and turns back.

PIERRE

My father was a true African Somalian Lord! You are the fruit of French colonialism. You are more a Frenchman, than a true blood African! Djibouti is going into the history books as a joke!

PRESIDENT UBOTA

Enough! You've gone too far this time! Questal, show my dear brother to his car.

At this remark, President Ubota raises a hand. Questal reaches into his jacket for a gun. Seeing this, President Ubota waves to put it away.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Questal escorts them back. Dominique suddenly halts and lurches, to spook Questal.

Dominique just laughs, and sprints to reach up to Pierre at the car. He tries to open the door for Pierre, but his hand is grabbed away. Pierre stokes his cheek, smiles, and seats himself.

A lone bird cries out an almost comical sounding note, Questal stops, turns with a big smile, as the Mercedes races away, down the driveway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DJIBOUTI CITY - OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Seated at the small cafe table is Blaine and Nigel. Nigel finishes a smoke while Blaine drinks coffee and reads a french newspaper.

Blaine's phone rings. He checks the text message. Nigel swirls his near empty coffee cup, looking into it.

BLAINE

There it is Nigel... Time to roll.

Nigel gulps down the last of his bitter coffee.

NIGEL

Right Mate, and not a moment too soon.
This bloody awful coffee bites, big time.

They walk to over to their SUV, and they race off.

A WNN, News Anchorman sits at his desk covering the headlines on Senator Thorne:

REPORTER

The African Economic Alliance Summit may be the most important political mission in years, at the center of it, is the media hounded Senator Thorne...

INT. PIERRE'S HOME - DAY

Pierre shuts off the flat screen television, that sits on a coffee table, against the wall.

The home is minimally furnished. Colored sheets hang over the windows, bathing each room in a different pastel glow.

PIERRE

(In French, Subtitled) Enough! We must stop this Summit.

He walks off into the small kitchen, past MAWAHNO, who wears a short cook's apron, serves up bowls of lamb stew from a pot on a hot plate.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

We must get the attention of the world media, and get real aid for all of us!

Mawahno serves a bowl to Pierre and Dominique, seated at the table. Next to them is AMID, 8, who plays with a simple electronic game.

MAWAHNO

(In French, Subtitled) Relief packages of bread and rice for our bellies, while the heart of our country dies all around us.

Mawahno dishes out a small bowl, and brings it to Amid.

PIERRE

(In French, Subtitled) We will turn the head of the American snake named, Thorne, and make him speak for us, in our words.

AMID

(In English) Daddy, look at the new toy Mommy got me.

PIERRE

(In English) It's very nice, your mother should have asked me first. Now eat your meal Amid, in the other room.

Amid picks up his bowl and his toy, and leaves the room.

He passes a cracked family photo on the wall. Pierre stands with Abu and his Mother, NATALIE, (25, local).

MAWAHNO

(In English) How do you plan to do this?

PIERRE

With our supply of Libyan missiles, we will simply and easily start a war.

Pierre stands up and kicks at the sideboard table, up against the wall. It is in fact, a stack of weapon cases, hidden beneath a decorative table cloth.

DOMINIQUE

We will deliver several fatal blows, and blame the Sword of Aden. A truly perfect and impressive plan, Pierre.

MAWAHNO

But there is no Sword of Aden, except...

PIERRE

For you and me? Yes. Like a tiny mosquito, I'll bite here and there. A Phantom for the Americans to never stop hunting for, like Ben Laden.

MAWAHNO

It has been most my whole life- killing.

PIERRE

Don't you see? After all these years, we can fight someone other than ourselves. Of course, many will die, but when the smoke clears, money will pour in to rebuild us. Out of their Christian guilt, they are obligated.

Pierre paces the room, and looks out the window.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

He sees the poverty and squalor up and down the street.

PIERRE (CONT'D- V.O.)

And they will rebuild us our new nation, just like in Iraq. Once they leave it will be yours and mine to rule.

INT. PIERRE'S HOME - DAY

He turns away and begins to weave his madman's tale.

PIERRE

We reunite the great Somaliland Kingdom, like it was before the European's Colonization.

MAWAHNO

And what about your brother, the President?

PIERRE

Him? He dies.

MAWAHNO

So you will be our new King? King Pierre.
I'm not sure if you are either a madman,
or a Genius. Either way you frighten me!

DOMINIQUE

I'm not afraid at all.

He takes a hold of Pierre's hand. Pierre draws it away
and just smiles at him.

PIERRE

Why don't you deliver the shipment now to
the agreed location, while I discuss a
few things with Dominique in private.

MAWAHNO

You both frighten me. Adieu!

Mawahno obediently leaves without another word.

EXT. US ARMY BASE LOADING DOCK - DAY

American soldiers forklift loads of food relief bags of
rice into a warehouse, past marked weapon crates.

INT. SUV - DAY

Blaine and Nigel drive onto the base.

NIGEL

What is this? Another baby sitting job?

BLAINE

We're lucky to still have this one. Once
the State Department finishes their
inquiry, this is may be our last gig.

NIGEL

Maybe yours, Mate, but I got me a bird in
Eritrea, missing me something fierce.

BLAINE

Where don't you have a "bird"? I just
hope she's got connections for both of
us, if this all goes south.

NIGEL

No worries Mate, I'm sure she can scrape something up for both of us in a pinch.

BLAINE

This one looks like our walking paycheck.

An Iraqi businessman is escorted out by an officer, as an RRGs SUV pulls up. Blaine opens the door for the Iraqi.

EXT. ABANDONED CEMENT WORKS FACILITY- DAY

The old sign outside indicates the business has been closed for some time. The box truck pulls up. Mawahno gets out and closes the gate. He puts a lock and chain around it. He drives in.

INT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE - DAY

The neglected operations office is cluttered with papers. A kung Fu movie plays on a small TV next to a sleepy watchman. He hears the truck coming.

EXT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The building's is small, but tall, like a tower. An outside staircase leads to the office above. In the sky, a large military cargo jet passes in the distance.

Mawahno gets out of the truck, and gives a friendly wave to the Watchman, who's now outside on the upper stair landing. Mawahno looks around for anyone else. Seeing no one, he drops his false smile.

INT. STATION WAGON - OPEN DESERT ROAD - DAY

The Arab man nervously smiles to his wife as his reluctant car finally starts. Behind them, on the floor is the small box.

In the back, a goat stares out the window, as they finally get moving.

EXT. DIJBOUTI-SOMALIA BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

A desolate roadway in the open desert. The loaded station wagon comes through the shimmering heat off the road. The stillness is shattered by the thunderous roar of American fighter jets overhead.

Armed U.N. Security Soldiers signal for the station wagon to stop. In the distance, another vehicle, a SUV, also approaches through the glaring heat.

EXT. DIJBOUTI-SOMALIA BORDER CHECKPOINT - SAME

The station wagon is piled high with rugs. It stops at the checkpoint. The Arab and his wife get out protesting this delay, and unleash a verbal hell at the soldiers.

INT. SUV - DAY

Blaine drives as his cell phone rings, looking down, he sees it says: DAD. He ignores it. Nigel reaches for it.

BLAINE

Don't.

NIGEL

Mate, it's your father calling...

BLAINE

And your point being?

Nigel puts it back down, not pleased. Neither is Blaine.

EXT. DIJBOUTI-SOMALIA BORDER CHECKPOINT - SAME

The soldiers begin to search the car. The two civilians walk off, verbally fighting with each other. The SUV slowly stops before reaching the checkpoint.

I/EXT. SUV - SAME

Both Blaine and Nigel witness this couple's commotion and find this oddly amusing.

NIGEL

See, it doesn't matter who you are- marriage can be Heaven or Hell.

IRAQI BUSINESSMAN

It all depends on the woman.

BLAINE

You got that right. If Momma ain't happy-

NIGEL

Ain't nobody going to be happy, Mates.

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

U.N. Soldiers begin to search, and take down the carpets. One pulls the goat out of the back of the station wagon.

I/EXT. SUV - SAME

As the SUV slowly comes up to the roadblock, the couple becomes quiet. They study it with intense interest.

EXT. SUV - SAME

The loose goat walks to the stopped SUV. Inside, they all stretch to take a look, as it lays down before them.

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT - SAME

As the soldiers now begin to pull out their luggage, the couple starts back up with their chaotic ranting.

INT. SUV - SAME

BLAINE turns to the others inside...

BLAINE

It's a bad day for "Omar" and his lovely wife! But a likely good day for his goat.

His client's sober composure breaks with a toothy grin.

I/EXT. SUV - CHECKPOINT - DAY

Blaine rolls down his window and beckons to one of the soldiers, the UNIT LEAD SOLDIER, (40, female).

BLAINE

Can you use a hand? ...Or do you think you got this?

UNIT LEAD SOLDIER

Affirmative. Not funny "Mr. Rent-a-Cop"!

BLAINE

This IS your checkpoint, and not some new roadside Petting Zoo? Right?...

She looks inside and scans the SUV'S passengers as the goat sits watching the activity.

INT. SUV - SAME

The soldier sees the other well armed contractor, and their well dressed Iraqi client in the back.

EXT. SUV - SAME

Stepping away, the Lead Soldier makes a very quick visual inspection of the SUV.

UNIT LEAD SOLDIER

We'll clear this flipping mess up, just hold on a minute...

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT - SAME

Without speaking, the lead soldier signals her team to wrap it up, and then points to the SUV, to get moving.

Blaine tries to leave, but the goat stays where it lays. He tries honking the horn, but the goat remains unmoved.

INT. SUV - SAME

NIGEL

I'll get this-

Blaine slams the SUV into park and hops out, pissed off. Nigel settles back and lights a fresh smoke.

EXT. SUV - SAME

BLAINE

Go! Move! ...Move!

The goat remains unmoved, oblivious to his surroundings.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - SUV - SAME

Nigel sticks his head out the window.

NIGEL

Just pick the Bloody thing up.

Blaine picks up the goat and puts it down, away from the SUV. Once back in, and gives the checkpoint a last look.

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT - SAME

The woman stops, turns to her husband, and gratefully nods. With a smile, she keys a cell phone button.

INT. SUV - BLAINE'S WINDOW - DAY

The station wagon EXPLODES! Dirt shoots sky high, tossing debris everywhere. A whistling shard of metal flies straight at Blaine.

All goes dark as dirt filled air blows through the SUV. Tinkling dirt chunks rains down. The goat cries out.

NIGEL

Blaine? You alright, mate? BLAINE?

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ABANDONED CEMENT WORKS FACILITY- DAY

Mawahno carries the last case up the exterior steps into the upstairs office.

INT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE - DAY

The room is lined with many rocket cases. The Watchman lies dead in the corner. Mawahno steps back outside.

EXT. CEMENT WORKS FACILITY- DAY

Now satisfied with his work, he comes outside on the landing and lights a smoke. He spots a bird flying low and slow and mockingly shoots it with his imaginary missile launcher, with a puff of his smoke.

Hearing the roar of a large jet taking off, he runs back inside. He quickly comes out with a rocket launcher on his shoulder.

Telescopic Sight: The plane shrinks away with the cross-hairs on it.

Mawahno fires the rocket. In seconds it reaches its target, BOOM! It falls out of the sky, in pieces.

INT. JET - DAY

The door shuts on the executive jet. The engines begin their whirling sound as they warm up.

Plush seats on either side of the aisle. Willis and Jill beside each other, but apart. Marshall sits behind them.

Willis switches on the television.

VIDEO

"Live at Five" news program begins with a "talking head" anchorman. The screen is overlaid with a photo of an attractive woman. The sound now comes up:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Allegations are similar to ones heard two years ago. Let's go to video recorded earlier...

Willis shuts it off.

WILLIS

Honey, the past is history, but my hopes for re-election are really under attack.

JILL

You say you've changed but- Maybe... you need to rethink Washington, and think more of your family.

WILLIS

Let's get through this part first. Okay?

Marshall hands the Senator an IPAD.

MARSHALL

Senator, the Ambassador is about ready for the teleconference now.

WILLIS

Thank you Marshall, I'm ready.

The IPAD alights, and goes live with a video conference.

VIDEO LIVE

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

JAMES LEBLANC, (30, Ambassador's Aide, French African, very "GQ"), sits before a wall of books, and a photo of the President of the United States.

LEBLANC

Senator, the Ambassador was ready...
Ambassador Dechevalier, it's time...

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

LeBlanc rises from the desk, and AMBASSADOR DECHEVALIER, (60, grey haired, distinguished looking), takes a last look at a memo, before he takes his seat at the desk.

DECHEVALIER

Willis, good to see you.

WILLIS (V.O.)

Marten, is good to see you too. I wish these were like the old days...

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - SAME

DECHEVALIER

I as well wish things were simpler. Things are heating up over here, and I don't know if it's the military pressure from the Ethiopians and Kenyans in south Somalia... but I have unconfirmed reports of a C130 being shot down near Balbala.

WILLIS

One of ours?

DECHEVALIER

No a German Reserve one. I'm afraid to be the bearer of more bad news, as if that wasn't bad enough, but your son, Blaine was injured by a roadside I.E.D. He's in stable condition.

WILLIS

When did this happen?

DECHEVALIER

Two hours ago. I only just found out. As appointed Chairman, you have the starring role of Peacemaker. Just don't take this thing personal.

INT. JET - SAME

WILLIS

Don't worry, in spite of themselves, I just want to help the Horn of Africa's people... But I am having a real anger problem right about now. I know what you're going to say... for the meek shall inherit the Earth.

DECHEVALIER (V.O.)

You may find few wanting to turn swords into plowshares. Their way is the sword, or the modern "I.E.D."... I'm truly sorry Willis.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

WILLIS

Just keep me apprised of any developments in his condition, until I get there.

DECHEVALIER

We'll also need to discuss our Private Contractor problems...

WILLIS (V.O.)

That's another matter. Suddenly, I now have an even greater interest in limiting Red Raptor Global Securities and the like, as well.

DECHEVALIER

Good Willis. You and your family are in my prayers.

INT. JET - SAME

WILLIS

Thank you. See you soon...

Willis hands the IPAD back to Marshall. He glances over to Jill in the next seat.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

This is awful news...

JILL

Willis, is Blaine alright? Will he want to see us... or you?

Willis, disturbed by the thought of all this bad news.

WILLIS

Marshall, find me a stiff drink, ASAP.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nigel stops pacing to sip some coffee. He looks closely at Blaine bandaged head, as lays lifeless in bed.

NIGEL

Blaine, where are you Lad?

EXT. O'LEARY'S TIKI BAR - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK]

American Rock music plays softly. Max arm wrestles Wayne, as Nigel and Blaine drink beer, ignoring them.

NIGEL

Earth to Blaine, come in...

BLAINE

Sorry, I'm a bit preoccupied. Something's going down in the Horn of Africa-big time and Old Carter has hopes for a "Hail Mary Pass" to boost the company. He wants me to be Quarterback.

Max jumps up victoriously at beating young Wayne, and takes a seat next to them.

NIGEL

Well, like I've said before, we're all screwed now!

MAX

I guess only now more so!

They all belly laugh at that.

Nigel offers Blaine the last beer, but he refuses it. Wayne takes it gladly, and tries to pop off the top with the table edge and gets beer sprayed all over himself. Blaine jumps up, out of the way.

BLAINE

That's it for me. Time to hit the road.

Wayne up ends the bottle and chugs down what's left.

NIGEL

Not me mate, I got some recon to do on the new bartender in the short skirt.

Both of them get up and leave this drunken scene.

INT. BLAINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blaine comes home, throws his keys on the counter. He grabs a beer from the refrigerator.

He closes the door with his butt, bottles until it swings shut. He takes a swig. THUD! Another noise... where? Instinctively, he draws a knife from the butcher block.

INT. BLAINE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He checks the first open doorway of the apartment- Nothing. Like a cat, he stalks down the hall, going further toward the sound's origin. Still nothing...

Down the hall. The bedroom door. Slowly, carefully he twists it to open.

INT. BLAINE'S BEDROOM - SAME

The light snaps on. In the bed is a woman, DIANE, (30's, blonde, athletic), and she ducks under the covers with a terrified look.

Blaine down on one knee, knife raised, ready to throw.

BLAINE

What are you doing here? How did you...

DIANE

Oh, did I do the wrong thing?... Don't you remember you gave me a key, long ago to. "Water your plants"?

BLAINE

I don't have any plants.

DIANE

Apparently, you never did!

She throws a pillow at him. He ducks out of the way.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I almost used it once, and held on to it when I heard of when away.

He puts the knife down on top of the side dresser, next to a framed photo of Blaine, long ago with Victor and Willis, all together, happy on a boat.

DIANE (CONT'D)

So if this wasn't for your plants, then
what was it for anyway?

He jumps onto the bed and traps her down with the covers.

BLAINE

Well, maybe I'll get some plants now.

DIANE

What if I told you, I really hate
plants...

BLAINE

Oh, really? And you came over anyway...

The lights go out.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ARMY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Government sedans in the parking lot. Uniformed personnel
come and go. One lone soldier carries flowers inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sunlight floods in as a large female nurse opens the
curtains. Blaine is unresponsive.

NURSE

Time to wake up, smell the coffee. Just
as soon as you're out of your coma, Mr.

EXT. - EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL - DAY

A cab drops off Natalie at the covered entrance. She
rushes up the steps, and goes inside.

INT. EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL - DAY

The decor is world class contemporary. Every floor has
open balcony lined hallways. In the center is a glass
elevator.

Natalie quickly runs inside to the Front Desk. The Clerk,
MARLA, (40's, a local), is not pleased to see her.

MARLA

Where have you been? The Manager doesn't know yet. It's been over an hour!

NATALIE

I had a problem with my son, and my husband, if you must know.

She takes out a photo of her son, Amid.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

This is Amid, he's only eight. My husband has changed. He is a monster now, and will do anything to get his way! Please understand, we are separated, and he has threatened to take Amid away.

Natalie begins to sob, and Marla comforts her.

INT. JET - DAY

Willis loosens his tie, sips his drink, while Jill slips off her shoes. He tries to take Jill's hand, but she flinches and draws away. He gives up, and opens the newspaper.

JILL

It's too late, too soon, ...just not now. I'm worried about Blaine.

WILLIS

So am I.

Marshall, several seats behind, privately watches the news reports on his IPAD.

BROADCAST VIDEO

A WNN, News Anchorman sits at his desk. The screen blasts the headline:

SENATOR THORNE'S AFRICAN AID TRIP

EXT. COASTAL SHORELINE, DJIBOUTI - DAY

Kyle Lucas, walks along a picturesque blue waters.

KYLE LUCAS

With recent news of American Civilian Security Contractors, allegedly shooting and killing two school children, tensions are rising.

Kyle walks along the shore and continues his coverage.

KYLE LUCAS (CONT'D)

Local religious groups are applying pressure to put an end to all American personnel's presence here. The US State Department has ordered all non essential military civilian contractors out of the country.

EXT. AIRPORT, DJIBOUTI CITY - DAY

Willis's flight lands and they walk to a waiting limo. Nearby, a local taxi also waits. It pulls out following them as they leave.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi is adorned with tassels around the headliner. The driver talks on the phone.

TAXI DRIVER

(French, Subtitled) The Americans just landed. I will follow and notify you which hotel, later.

EXT. BACK COUNTRY, DJIBOUTI - DAY

They journey through the arid plains, and onto the subtropical countryside. The taxi continues to follow at a safe distance.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DJIBOUTI - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

The European business sector, located near the city center, with old French colonial period architecture.

VICTOR, (early 20's, American), searches for a signal on his cell, as he walks. Nearby, a cab blows its horn. Victor dials again.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Jill answers the phone.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Mom!

JILL
Victor, It's great to hear your voice.
We're here now.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DJIBOUTI - SAME

VICTOR
Great. I'm in the only good spot for cell
coverage, in the Downtown.

JILL (V.O.)
I hear you fine. I can't wait to see you.
Victor, but I have some bad news-
Blaine's been hurt. He's in the hospital.

Victor spots some fellow soldiers waving him over.

JILL
We've been trying to contact your brother
for a while, but he and your father- well
you know...

VICTOR (V.O.)
Yeah, I get it. I've always knew his-
sorry, Mom. Are you all right?

JILL
I'm fine. I'll meet you at the hospital?

VICTOR
Okay. I'll head there now.

INT. LIMO - SAME

VICTOR (V.O.)
Bye Mom. I love you.

Jill wipes tears. Willis reaches over and takes her hand.

WILLIS
Blaine's a tough boy, it'll be alright.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET

The limo skirts around the slum areas, and enters the old
Euro-French Quarter.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DJIBOUTI - DAY

They reach the prosperous city center and the Hospital.

EXT. LAKE - DAY - [FLASHBACK]

An idyllic setting. An open boat with a man and two boys.

INT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A younger Willis, with his two sons, years ago.

BLAINE

Hey, Victor! When you going to get something to bite?

The line pulls taut and Blaine stands up, amazed. Dad laughs with delight.

VICTOR

I got a bite!

He jumps up and pulls back on his fishing pole, knocking Blaine right over the side. Dad just laughs his head off at this mayhem.

WILLIS

Hey Blaine... Blaine?

Blaine breaks the water's surface, gasping.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Blaine bolts upright, gasping for air, as I. V. Tubes tug at his arm. Looking around he sees his mother sitting next to his bedside, with Willis and Victor at the end.

Jill stands up, her Bible falls onto the floor.

JILL

Oh thank you Lord! Thank you God!

Willis heads toward the door and calls out the hallway.

WILLIS

Hello? Can someone come quickly, please!

A nurse comes running in, followed by a DOCTOR, (40's) who starts to check Blaine's eyes, and other vitals signs.

DOCTOR

I can't really explain it. Comas are still very unpredictable.

JILL

Blaine has always been very tough. I'm just not sure where he gets it from, his father, or from me?

Willis gives a look of disgust at her comment.

VICTOR

It's good to see your ugly mug.

Blaine attempts to speak, but can't. He can only mouth words because he's too dry. The nurse gives him water.

BLAINE

How... how long? ...I've been here?

DOCTOR

Almost two days. You had quite a chunk of metal land in your skull. After surgery, we placed you in an induced coma.

Blaine rubs his buzzed head, now feeling for his injury.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We didn't know if... if you'd be...

BLAINE

A "Vegetable" ...or even a Democrat. Sorry to surprise you, Doc.

WILLIS

Well you haven't lost your sick sense of humor, Mr. Wiseguy!

The doctor reviews the medical chart in his hands.

JILL

It's Politicians, like his father he distrusts. Don't mind him.

Jill reaches down and take a hold of Blaine's hand.

BLAINE

Right now I'm really liking Army Health Care. Actually, I'm feeling not bad at all! Wait! I can't feel your hand, Mom!

DOCTOR

It is just temporary. You'll be feeling more in a day or so. In the mean time, I'll have a nurse check on you later.

VICTOR

So long as she's pretty and has soft hands, then Blaine won't mind.

The doctor shakes his head in disbelief, and leaves. Willis follows him out of the room.

Blaine grabs tenderly at his head with his good hand, as he switches the channel on the TV.

VIDEO BROADCAST

A foreign city's skyline, with simple buildings, dominated by a Arabic styled prayer tower.

SUPER: WNN LOGO: WORLD NEWS NETWORK

EXT.- SLUMS OF DJIBOUTI CITY, AFRICA - DAY

A television reporter, KYLE LUCAS, 30's, Blond, walks along a vacant street.

KYLE LUCAS

This street, near the Somalian border, here in Djibouti, is now quiet and deserted. But in a few hours, it will be teeming once more with activity, mainly with Somalian refugees.

BROADCAST VIDEO

The images of the latest footage of heartbreaking living conditions and widespread starvation in Somalia.

KYLE LUCAS (V.O.)

With lives full of despair and depression, in a country without a functional government for over 20 years, civil war continues, and what remains is in ruins...

A regional map of the Horn of Africa ramps into the small coastal country of Djibouti.

KYLE LUCAS (V.O.)

Once just a French colony...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

WILLIS

Doc, what can we expect...

DOCTOR

Right now, it's not good. He's lost most feeling of his left side when he came in.

WILLIS

So you really don't know when- if ever.

The doctor shakes his head confirming his uncertainty.

EXT.- COAST OF DJIBOUTI - DAY

Lucas walks down a fishing dock that leads to a simple fishing shack at the end.

KYLE (V.O.)

Dijouti, now remains secure, thanks in part, to America's largest military base in the African continent. In just days, Senator Thorne is expected to speak-

Blaine swipes the water pitcher off the side table.

JILL

Blaine! Calm down!

KYLE (V.O.)

...to African Leaders in hope for-

VICTOR

Chill out Bro!

He shuts off the television.

BLAINE

Well I can't! And I can't stand him!

Jill finishes wiping up Blaine's mess on the floor.

JILL

Your father's changed ...I want, I need you to believe in him.

Willis enters the room, trying to look upbeat.

WILLIS

The doctor says you'll be up and around in no time. ...Jill, Victor, I need to speak to Blaine alone.

Victor leaves. Jill kisses Blaine's cheek and leaves.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

We'll be all right. I'll be out soon.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Jill sees Victor talking to Nigel, while Marshall is engrossed in typing a text message.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

BLAINE

I guess my nerves are raw... My left side burns- like it's numb. I can't feel my hand at all.

He tries to calm Blaine down.

WILLIS

It's alright son. It will come back.

BLAINE

You're still playing the field? Haven't you learned anything?

WILLIS

What the media is capitalizing on is my dirty past. Yes, my failures almost cost me everything. What they don't know, and you, is my new found faith in God.

BLAINE

God's got you in his sights?

WILLIS

More like I'm keeping him in front of me, and not in the rearview anymore.

BLAINE

You shattered our family, and what now? You're expecting me to forgive you? That's too damn much and I'm not God.

WILLIS

I don't know what to say. Other than, I'm sorry. I know, I broke a lot of what was good in this family, including you. Blaine, let me express...

BLAINE

Too late. I'm all healed. ...It's Okay Pop. I'm not as soft as I was. No tears.

WILLIS

Just give me a chance to be a good Dad, once again.

BLAINE

The only reason you're here now, is that big Summit, you Ass- Ask me nothing more! You better go now, before you or I say something stupid.

WILLIS

I'm leaving, so don't bust a stitch. I know you're here, and I'll come back in a few days, maybe sooner.

BLAINE

Take your time. I'm staying put for awhile, apparently.

WILLIS

When you get out, maybe we guys can all go out fishing. Victor's been hinting about going out on the water.

BLAINE

Really? We used to enjoy that a lot...

WILLIS

Think about it seriously.

BLAINE

I, I already have- that's odd... I've been thinking of it. I'd like that.

WILLIS

Good, now get some rest.

He leave Blaine alone.

EXT. EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL - DAY

Willis, Jill exit the Limo, and are greeted by a local Djibouti bellman at the door.

INT. EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

Once inside, they are "ambushed" by the hotel manager, MOHAMMED, (60, Arab), who dresses like a Banker. He acts more like a shop owner, than a Corporate manager.

MOHAMMED

Senator Thorne! Mrs. Thorne, I know you prefer "Jill", but I am too traditional to change. Forgive me, won't you please.

JILL
That is quiet alright.

Mohammed takes Willis by the arm and escorts him through the lobby. Willis notices Jill is absent, and goes back.

MOHAMMED
The Senator must try the Lamb... Senator?

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR LANDING - DAY

Jill waits for an elevator, and admires the decor.

WILLIS
Jill, aren't you coming?

JILL
You go ahead, I'm going up to the room to lie down for a while.

Willis gives her a kiss and heads back to Mohammed.

INT. EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL-DAY

The elevator doors open. VICTOR exits looking down into his shopping bag, as Jill attempts to enter it, almost colliding with him.

VICTOR
Mom!

JILL
Victor! You got here ahead of us.

VICTOR
Marshall knew some shortcuts to get here. I couldn't wait any longer upstairs.

JILL
Well soldier, your father's around here, somewhere. No doubt, being toured by that obnoxious hotel manager, Mr. Mohammed.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Marshall makes arrangements on his cell, as ARIEL MARTINEZ, (40, fashionable), passes by unnoticed.

INT. LOBBY BAR - DAY

Mohammed proudly shows Willis the lavish decorations. Willis, clearly distracted, by Ariel's passes the lobby.

MOHAMMED

The fabrics are imported from Algeria,
and the plates are from Austria, and...

Willis smiles as he spots Victor with Jill, who's excitedly waves him over.

WILLIS

Please excuse me, again Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

Fine Sir. When you come back, let me show
you the fine Pakistani fabrics, made of
the finest goat hair.

Willis ignores him and swiftly crosses to the lobby.

INT. HOTEL ATRIUM LOBBY - SAME

Willis approaches Victor, and strikes marital arts combat pose. Victor snaps into a likewise stance. Willis throws some soft punches. Victor counters, blocking each one.

Willis, "defeated", gives the winner, a big "bear hug".

WILLIS

Victor! It's good to see your smile. I
guess we both hate hospitals. So, how's
you my number one son?

VICTOR

I'm number one now? What about Blaine?

WILLIS

Well, we got things right with you. Hey,
I'm really impressed you still remember
the hard/soft way of "Koung Noow".

Looking over to Jill, he motions with his palm, in a salute-like gesture, as he boasts...

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Done right, you can easily kill a man
with just the palm of your hand!

JILL

Willis, really! That's gross! Can't you
ever stop the Marine Macho Mess?

Willis spots Ariel in the lobby. He shakes his head "no" for her to clearly see. Jill is unaware of her presence.

WILLIS

No. No. Ah... No dear, I really can't.
If you'll excuse me a minute, I must
speak to Marshall... for just a minute.

He swiftly leaves them and head to the lobby.

INT. FRONT DESK/LOBBY - DAY

Marshall speaks with the desk clerk as Ariel pauses to look at some brochures. Willis passes, and whispers...

WILLIS

Not now. One hour.

INT. HOTEL ATRIUM LOBBY - SAME

Willis's actions do not go unnoticed by Jill. Her happy glow drains away, as she spots him near this woman.

INT. FRONT DESK/LOBBY - SAME

Marshall leers at Ariel, as she heads to the elevator. Willis steps into his line of sight.

WILLIS

Calm down, Marshall. She's just an
American News Service reporter. She wants
to do an interview... Stop looking at me
like my wife.

MARSHALL

Was this going to be a private interview,
or should I inform Mrs. Thorne to attend?

WILLIS

I think you know better than that.

MARSHALL

Sir, do you know what this looks like?

Ariel walks into the elevator and goes upstairs.

WILLIS

Part of being in the public's eye,
nothing more. I want you there, so I may
have a witness. Schedule it for tomorrow,
after breakfast, Okay?

MARSHALL

Of course sir. A wise decision.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

Victor and Jill come over to Willis and Marshall. Jill suspiciously gives both of them the evil eye.

VICTOR

Hey Dad, when's the last time you did any sailing? It's great fun around here. How would ya like to go?

WILLIS

It's been a while, ...maybe not since you were younger... I don't know.

Jill steps in with Victor's shopping bag, pulls out a flowered shirt, shoving all of it into Willis' gut.

JILL

He already bought you some suitable clothes, so no excuses! Just Go! I want you to go, understand?

Jill give him the "no nonsense" look again.

JILL (CONT'D)

I think it would be good to make some free time today. Both of you could do some of that male bonding time.

WILLIS

I really don't know...

VICTOR

She's right, and I insist Dad! Sailing would be great! Before your Summit thing happens tomorrow.

WILLIS

Okay, I'll go... Sure!

Marshall doesn't like the sound of this and steps into the otherwise private family conversation.

MARSHALL

Sir, I'm not sure this is a good idea...

Jill steps into Marshall's space and gets territorial with a "Grizzle Mom" assertiveness. He backs away.

JILL

Don't think he can't, because tomorrow is only a dinner party, Marshall. I thought you'd be protesting.

MARSHALL

Okay, let's get this straight - you're going sailing. Now. Right now. With all due respect, don't you think this is a bit risky Sir?

Willis snaps into his "Center Stage Politician" bravado.

WILLIS

Life is an adventure, and risks are what great tales of brave men, are made of...

MARSHALL

Sir, have you been drinking? You know what happened with Gilligan's Island, three hour tour...

Willis loses his friendly face, and get really annoyed.

WILLIS

Now you're making comparisons to a TV show? Marshall, Really!

MARSHALL

Then perhaps Victor could provide me the details of this trip, so I may notify the local Coastal Guard Station.

JILL

Coast Guard? The US Coast Guard here?

VICTOR

Yeah, Mom, most Americans don't realize they patrol foreign ports too. Usually ones with our US Armed Forces nearby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Marshall begins to pace the lobby, while listening to this distressing new plan. Jill turns to him.

JILL

Well, ...that does make sense Marshall.

They move from the front desk area, to the elevators.

MARSHALL

And so does telling them ahead of time...

WILLIS

I agree, but you can never be too careful. (Sarcastically) Perhaps today some Pirates out there will be too tired from hijacking giant Freighters and pick on a tiny sailboat instead. Oh Yeah!

Marshall, disgusted, takes out a small note pad and pen.

VICTOR

Okay Marshall, we'll be on the LORRE' LEI sailboat. We'll be cruising northwest just offshore into the Gulf of Aden. And I guess we'll be out two or three hours?

Jill takes a seat and begins looking at a travel magazine. Marshall joins her, and makes notes.

WILLIS

What are you going to do, Jill, while we're gone for just two little hours?

JILL

I need to speak with Marshall on a few things, and on the dinner party.

WILLIS

Fine. So Marshall, when you done, go get yourself a drink. Make it a double and relax. ...Take the rest of the day off.

Marshall begins to dial, then just hangs up, too frustrated to complete the call.

Willis and Victor head for the elevator, and go upstairs.

Marshall, his phone in midair, sits looking stunned.

MARSHALL

But I don't even drink...

JILL

Well I do, AND if they can race off, you can come and join me anyway in the bar...

Jill stands up, give him more to do...

JILL (CONT'D)

And you can help me with my souvenir plans for this afternoon.

Jill leads Marshall off, into the bar. He's pulled like a dead man walking...

MARSHALL

On second thought, maybe I will have a drink after all!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Blaine tries to get out of bed and swings his legs out, testing his left one on the tile floor.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Willis and Victor exit the elevator and head out.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Marshall sits with a drink, on the phone.

MARSHALL

It's the LORRE' LEI.... Maybe three hours? They will be heading north, because the south isn't safe.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE- DAY

James LeBlanc leans comfortably against the bookcases, gazing out the window, while talking on the phone.

JAMES

I'll make sure the Marine Patrol, and the Ambassador are notified...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Blaine tries to head to the bathroom, but his left nearly makes him fall. He catches himself in the doorway, but slips down to his knee.

BLAINE

I bet that will leave a good mark.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Once underway, Victor takes to sailing like a real Pro.

WILLIS

I can see you haven't forgotten.

VICTOR

How can I ever forget Lake Michigan, you, me, Blaine. Good times.

WILLIS

You were, what twelve, thirteen?

VICTOR

Fifteen, the last time we were out, and Blaine was going off to college soon.

Noise is heard coming from below, followed by giggles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I invited some friends from the base. I told them to keep quiet until we were far enough out, so we couldn't send them right back to shore.

WILLIS

We should head back.

VICTOR

Dad? I thought it would be fun. Fun for us guys.

Willis shoots him a disapproving look.

WILLIS

Us- Guys? Victor, I'm your father, not a squad member.

VICTOR

But I thought you'd want some fun-girls.

WILLIS

You know I've changed. Son, the "Wildman" has retired for good. Your Mom and I are working things out.

VICTOR

Sorry, I thought- I just wanted you to enjoy-

WILLIS

Victor, you Mother means a lot more to me than ever. I'm different, and I have changed.

VICTOR

Oh, sorry... Dad. Should we go back?

WILLIS

No. Just lets keep things nice and easy.

VICTOR

Okay, we'll keep it chilled. Oh, I didn't tell them you were a Senator. I didn't want to freak them out.

Willis frustrated, give him the pained look of disgust...

WILLIS

Alright, no worries Soldier. Just go ahead and bring them up. What choice do I have now?

Victor passes the helm control to Willis, so he can bring them up topside.

He brings up two lovely girls in bikinis, one is short and dark, and the other, BLONDE, (20, tall and athletic), wears an ARMY T-shirt. Both wear dog-tags, and are good and drunk by now.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Wow. The Marine Corps never had that! Neither did the Navy! Go "Army Strong"!

INT. U.S. EMBASSY- DAY

JAMES

Lorre' Lei. It's a Sailboat... That's right. Just find it and make it happen. You understand English, right?

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Pierre, on the cell phone, while Dominique drives.

PIERRE

Oui! Yes, of course Mousier LeBlanc.

Pierre glances over to Amid, seated next to him, playing with his electronic game.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Thank you for everything.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - HALLWAY - DAY

James LeBlanc hangs up. He leaves the office, with his business as usual attitude. He tries to leave down the stairs, but sees the Ambassador coming up the stairs.

DECHEVALIER

James... stop whatever you're doing and
come with me...

LeBlanc follows the Ambassador back into his office.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Pierre dials another number and gives Amid a pat on the
head, who intently plays his game.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Ambassador is deep in thought still reading the file.

DECHEVALIER

Did Senator Thorne arrive safety, no
problems?

JAMES

Yes. No. ...no Problems, well maybe...

Ambassador Dechevalier drops the file on the desktop.

DECHEVALIER

Well? Was there a problem, James? Is
something the matter?

JAMES

Well, what concerns me, according to
Senator Thorne's Aide, ...the Senator is
off sailing with his son right now.

DECHEVALIER

Sailing? I don't recall that being part
of his Intinerary! How about security?

JAMES

Everything's been taken care of. Trust
me. I was about to call the Coastal
Station to patrol the Southeast, when you
called me in here.

DECHEVALIER

I suppose this was a last minute thing
for Willis... Fine! Just keep me updated,
but ONLY as necessary, please.

JAMES

Yes sir. Excuse me, sir...(nervously),
but I'll be gone the rest of the day to
make sure all is ready for the Summit.

DECHEVALIER

Fine. Close the door when you leave.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - HALLWAY - SAME

LeBlanc's relieved to be out of the room, He takes a breath, loses his nervous face, and smiles at the ease of the actions. He checks his watch and heads downstairs.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Marshall calls on his cell. A podium is rolled in, along with tables and chairs to set up.

MARSHALL

Sir, I finished with Mrs. Thorne,
...Jill, and I told her we were all a go
for tomorrow. I just wanted to confirm
this evening's walk through is still on.

WILLIS (V.O.)

I'll be back, ready for all your
questions, there and then. Marshall, you
don't need to check on me every hour.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

WILLIS

...Just make sure Jill has a seat so
everyone can see her. It's important to
me that she is clearly seen. Good Bye
Marshall.

Willis hangs up and stows his phone below in his bag.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - SAME

Marshall hangs up. Never does he stop moving for a second, as another call comes in.

MARSHALL

Yes, Mrs.- Jill, I come right over and
check the room's Air Conditioning.

Marshall hangs up in disgust, and heads off.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

The girls get a bit wild with spraying beer on one another, and next, both men. Willis and Victor can't help but enjoy this playful release.

EXT. FREIGHTER - DAY

A tanker plows the water as dolphins race in the bow's wake. Some crew members watch from above.

One has binoculars. He spots something else below.

BINOCULARS VIEW:

The sailboat below, with two girls on the bow's deck.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Willis and Victor at the helm. The girls at the bow. The big ship's horn blasts a warning to them.

Hearing this the girls stop their sunbathing. Seeing the big ship, the Blonde takes off her top and waves it like a flag, signalling to the men high above.

EXT. FREIGHTER - SAME

Amused at this sight, the younger crewman laughs so hard, his shouldered weapon slips off. It's caught by the older one before hitting the deck. He yanks back the binoculars from the young one, in disgust.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Victor realizes this is all too much. He gives the helm back over to Dad, and walks forward.

VICTOR

Girls. How about giving it a rest?

The Blonde stops waving, turns around to him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Whoa!

He spins about-face, flush with embarrassment.

BLONDE CHICK

Come on Victor, we're just having fun!

BINOCULARS VIEW:

The Blonde puts her shirt back on, but this view is from sea level, not from high above, like earlier.

EXT. FREIGHTER - SAME

A scan up the hull, to the freighter's deck railing. A crew member aims his weapon, straight down at the viewer.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Willis spots something. A boat following the freighter.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

A commercial fisherman's boat. Nothing is pretty about it. It's made for rough working, hardened men. Lowering his binoculars, is ALI BEN MAZURU, (50, tall and muscular), he throttles up the helm.

Next to him stands Mawahno. On board are Hamid and Senay, all are armed with attack weapons, ready to go.

EXT. FREIGHTER - SAME

Coming out from behind the freighter's stern, the small boat bobs up and over the huge ship's wake.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

They close in rapidly. Mawahno, goes up on the bow, and fires an AK47 into the air.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

The Blonde ducks down to the deck, but the dark one is frozen. She screams in terror. Victor takes the helm, as Willis jumps away, and goes below. The Blonde pulls to her down and tries to calm her.

VICTOR

GIRLS! Find something for a weapon. GO!

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Willis grabs his cell phone, and comes back up, as the girls race past, going below.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Keeping low, he searches for a signal. He desperately tries to call out. Unable to get a signal, Willis tries to think of what else he can do next.

EXT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

Ali and his crew menacingly circle the sailboat, like a shark about to attack it's defenseless prey.

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Willis tries once more, out of sight. Victor head out to sea. No good. He tries to maintain course.

VICTOR

Marshall did contact the Embassy and the Coast Guard, Right?

WILLIS

Yeah, no Damn good if they can't find us soon! Like right now!

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Marshall's phone rings. He can't answer it with Mohammed's drowning him in a sales pitch. It rings on.

MOHAMMED

I can't share enough, this hotel's-

Marshall, puts his hand up to stop him. The ringing ends.

MARSHALL

Stop! Enough with the attributes!

Mohammed looks shocked at his rejection.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Willis now gets a voice message.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

This is Marshall Fieldstone, please leave any messages for Senator Thorne, by pressing one now.

Willis finally presses the message command key.

WILLIS

Marshall, I'm in real danger! You were right, Damn it! I think these are Somalian Pirates!

Willis looks up at the circling, menacing Pirate crew.

INT. HOTEL - SAME

Marshall searches his voicemail, as he walks away.

MARSHALL

Later Mohammed! Later!

MOHAMMED

Later? What is later? No one has ever said this before. Later? Later what?

Marshall walks to the front desk, for some for privacy.

WILLIS

Get Jill out of the hotel! Do it now!
Take her to the Embassy. She'll be safe.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

He now understands fully, and races to the elevator.

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Willis stashes the phone, before the Pirates come aboard.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Marshall ascends floor by floor, pacing, freaked out. He tries to call Willis.

MARSHALL

Damn elevator! Voice mail, again!

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

The hidden phone, now has an open line to Marshall's voice mail, and lays totally unnoticed.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Mawahno is the first one aboard, securing the boats together. Hamid and Senay climb over next.

Mawahno goes after the two girls below.

Willis is grabbed by Hamid. Victor jumps in to defend him and stop this, only to be beaten down by Senay.

Victor gets off the deck in a flash. He gets the drop on Senay, and quickly overpowers him.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Mawahno pistol whips the dark girl, and down she goes. The Blonde claws away on his back. He elbows her off.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

Ali throttles the motor into neutral, and grabs his gun, and ties the two boats together.

ALI BEN MAZURU

(French, Subtitled) Stop him Hamid! Kill him. We want the Old Man alive. He's the "Pearl"!

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Hamid aims at Victor, but Willis grabs the barrel, just as he shoots. Senay gets hit in the neck. As he falls down, he fires off a round,

The shot nearly hits Victor. His adrenaline pumping, Victor charges the wounded Senay. Willis struggles to loosen away Hamid's weapon.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Victor unarms Senay, and turns the weapon on him. BANG! BANG! Victor ducks for cover, and fires back at Ali.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Mawahno turns away from grabbing the girls, and tries to come up, but this last shot holds him back.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

Ali hides low, and aims his next shot more carefully.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Hamid beats Willis down with the rifle butt. Victor jumps in and body checks Hamid. They struggle on the deck.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali tries another shot- BANG! A bullet whizzes by him. Ali falls, throwing the engine into full reverse.

The engine ROARS up, back to life. The boat pulls back, on the lines, tied to the sailboat.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

The sailboat JOLTS violently against the sudden tension. The girls, are KNOCKED to the deck, along with Mawahno.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Willis slides down, along the deck as Victor and Hamid are slammed down. The weapon flips right over the side.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali opens fire. Shoots wildly, and blindly, as he reaches up to shut off the motor.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Victor tries to get up, but the shots keep him pinned down. The other weapon lies next to the Senay.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- DAY

Marshall bangs on Jill's door frantically. She opens it.

MARSHALL

There's been some trouble! We have to go-
Now! Right now! Jill Now!

He pulls her out, without waiting for her answer.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Hamid grabs a hold of Willis and get him onto his feet. Willis draws back his arm. In a flash, he slams Hamid right in the nose. CRACK! His head jerks back. He falls down dead, killed instantly.

BANG! Willis hits the deck, shot in the arm.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali is now empty, he drops the clip out, to reload.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Victor sees this and jumps off into the other boat.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali chambers the new clip just as Victor charges. He shoots. BANG! Victor plows right into him, unstoppable.

Ali hits deck, with Victor on top of him, and loses his weapon. Victor gets a death grip around his throat.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Mawahno tries to claw his way out onto the deck. The girls beat him with a fire extinguisher. Frustrated, he turns around and fights to grab it from the girls.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali desperately tries to reach his fallen gun. He tears at Victor's face with his free hand. Ali squirms furiously as Victor holds him down tight.

Ali's half dead eyes close as he loses consciousness. Victor chokes up blood. His grip loosens, and he falls off him onto the deck.

Ali lies still, next to Victor's still body. Ali chokes up, back to life. Slowly he peels Victor's hand away, rising, staggering to his feet.

INT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Mawahno comes up topside with the two women, dragging them "collared" with straps around their necks.

WILLIS

You don't have to do this...

Mawahno beats Willis down to the deck with his rifle butt. Willis lands next to the Hamid's bloodied body.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali now tries to shake off his beat down. He straightens his neck out. He kicks at the body, now totally enraged.

ALI BEN MAZURU

I will kill you! And everyone here!

He shoots Victor's lifeless body again, and again.

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

The dark woman begins screaming. The Blonde cries.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Marshall and Jill head down the hall toward the elevator.

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Mawahno stands over Willis, his foot on his neck.

ALI BEN MAZURU (O.S.)

(In French, Subtitled) Shut her up. Or shoot her!

The blonde quiets down, but the dark one can't stop. He shoots the screaming dark one. She drops down on the deck, dead, next to Willis.

BLONDE CHICK

(French, Subtitled) You are an animal!
You Monster!

MAWAHNO
(In English)
Shut Up! You American Pig Dog!

The Blonde goes ballistic and rushes him with a punch squarely in the face. He's totally taken by surprise, and stands stunned and she hits him again.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

Ali rubs his neck and finds this funny.

ALI BEN MAZURU
Mawahno?

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Still shocked, Mawahno becomes amused too, and laughs. He slaps her hard, knocking her down, and shoots her dead.

Mawahno grabs Willis, and makes him stand up with a gun to his head. Willis is silent. He just stares at Ali.

ALI BEN MAZURU
(In English)(O.S.) You next Papa?

He shakes his head "No", and tries to calm his breathing, as Mawahno puts the gun away.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Marshall and Jill wait, listening to odd elevator music.

EXT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

ALI BEN MAZURU
(French, Subtitled) Go below and find the valuables.

He goes out of sight to search below deck.

INT. SAILBOAT - DAY

He finds nothing of worth, just an empty backpack, and a cooler full of beer and soda. He does find the phone.

He looks at the face: 0% BATTERY POWER!

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

Mawahno comes up empty handed. He goes over to Willis and pats him down, finds a wallet, and looks into it.

MAWAHNO
(In French, Subtitled) Two hundred U S.

ALI BEN MAZURU (O.S.)
Let me see that wallet.

He tosses it to Ali.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

After looking through it, he acts like a bee stung him.

ALI BEN MAZURU
So- American Senator, tell me, how much are you worth? Ha! ...You are going to make all us rich!

WILLIS
More like dead! You Barbaric Mad Animals!

Mawahno leads Willis off the sailboat.

ALI BEN MAZURU
We must hurry, now! Before your friends come for you- and find you!

They tie and gag Willis. Mawahno throw him onto the deck, as Ali unties from the sailboat.

Willis can only give a muted scream as all they toss Victor's body over the side.

Ali at the helm, fires up the engine. They head to shore.

INT. PIERRE'S HOME - DAY

The room is dark, with a thick layer of smoke hanging in mid-air. Pierre, cigar in one hand, phone in the other, blows smoke rings up into the air.

PIERRE
(In French, Subtitled) Dominique will bring them to my stock house and watch them carefully. Don't worry. Thank you.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Ariel sees Jill in the elevator. She calls on her cell.

ARIEL

Meet me in two minutes- camera ready.
We're going to get the wife's
perspective, in the lobby.

I/E.-HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Kyle Lucas listens to a call while his cameraman sets up.

INT. HOTEL FIFTH FLOOR ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator descends, Jill sees Ariel walking along the balcony above. She gives her the a scornful look.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK/LOBBY - DAY

Dominique walks inside like a man on a mission. He passes the front desk, and heads straight to the elevators.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR LANDING - DAY

Doors open. Marshall sees Dominique, and pauses to step out. BANG! Marshall drops down dead, next to Jill.

INT. HOTEL FOURTH FLOOR BALCONY - SAME

Ariel hears the shot, and then Jill's SCREAM from below.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR LANDING - DAY

Dominique grabs her forcefully by the hair.

DOMINIQUE

Walk with me if you want to see your
family again, or join him, now!

He pokes her side with his pistol. They walk out.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

Natalie lies balled up and crying behind the desk.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Mohammed, frightful at the chaos, and the screams, looks up over the back of the bar.

I/E.-HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Kyle, and the cameraman, dash inside, video running. They both get behind the front desk, next to Natalie. The cameraman braves a side view, on the floor.

The bellman tries to block the exit, but Dominique pistol whips him. Jill's led outside by the hair.

I/EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

Dominique shoves Jill into the backseat. She begins to scream out loud, but he punches her in the mouth, and then gags her. Taking out a zip-tie, he binds her hands.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

James LeBlanc gets a call as he heads to his parked car.

JAMES

You took the necessary action? So what does that mean?

He realizes he may be overheard, he lowers his voice.

JAMES (CONT'D)

... And you needed his wife too?

PIERRE (V.O.)

Oui. We needed to motivate him.

He gets into his car and starts it up.

INT. BMW - DAY

JAMES

You went too far. The media will turn on us! This is a big mistake involving the woman.

PIERRE (V.O.)

For you... perhaps. You must decide which side you are on. For me, I will use the media to spread the war.

JAMES

A War? You've going to start a war?

PIERRE

The Sword of Aden now has what the Libyans were selling.

JAMES

What are you talking about?

PIERRE

One man with a shoulder fired rocket launcher can shoot down any aircraft. This is called a hostile situation. Do this a dozen, or twenty times over, you have a war. It's quiet easy you see!

JAMES

You are a lunatic! This was to be negotiated peaceably! We are through here. I can't support this.

James hangs up. He races off.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

A with lights flashing, two armed "Coasties" stand on the deck of a Patrol boat, tying along side. One of them jumps aboard. He checks the pairs of bodies.

COASTIE #1

Four dead! Two Somalis, two US Army.

SENIOR PETTY OFFICER

What about the Senator, and his son?

Looking below, he comes back up.

COASTIE #1

No one else...

Coastie #2 spots Victor's body floating nearby.

COASTIE #2

We have a "Floater", looks to be the son!

The Senior Officer at the helm, talks on the radio.

COAST GUARD PETTY OFFICER

We have five dead, two locals, three Army personnel. No sign of the Senator.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

All is quiet and Dark... The clock reads two.

EXT. LAKE - DAY - [FLASHBACK]

An idyllic setting. An open boat with a man and two boys.

INT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A younger Willis smiles at his two young sons.

The line pulls taut. Blaine stands up. Fishing poles
knocks him out of the boat, into the water.

Willis just laughs at this mayhem.

Blaine breaks the water's surface, and climbs up into the
boat. It's empty. They're gone.

BLAINE

Dad! Victor!-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The lights turn on. Blaine bolts upright awake.

BLAINE

...Where are you?!

Carter stands by the door.

CARTER

I'm right here Blaine.

With a lost and shocked look, he sees Carter standing
there, looking worried.

BLAINE

What the hell are You doing here...?

CARTER

Blaine, you may be in trouble here. You
need to leave soon. Some real shite has
hit the fan- Both your folks have been
kidnapped!

Blaine shakes his stiff neck, now fully awake.

BLAINE

Kidnapped? What the- When?

CARTER

Jill was taken at the Embassy Hotel, almost two hours ago. The Senator's Aide, was killed during the struggle. As for Willis, well, it gets worse... Your brother's body was found floating near a shot up sailboat. No telling where they took your Father. We did find this...

Carter takes out his phone, and plays the voice message:

WILLIS (V.O.)

I think these are Somalian Pirates! Somali Pirates! Damn it! Get Jill out of the hotel! Do it now! Take her to the Embassy. She'll be safe.

BLAINE

That's Dad! Where is he? How the Hell did this happen!? He's suppose to be protected!

CARTER

There's more... This was also on the Aide's phone.

Carter fast forwards the audio:

CARTER (CONT'D)

Apparently, Old Willis was clever enough to stash his phone and get this recording out, before they took over...

Carter stops the fast forwarding:

ALI (V.O.)

(in French)

Stop him Hamid! Kill him. We want the Old Man alive. He's the pearl!

BLAINE

They call Dad "the Pearl"? This was not a random opportunity, it's a planned hit. But why?

CARTER

We're not sure. It must be due to this Summit. The boys in AFRICOM are still studying it, right now.

Blaine tries to get out of bed. He tests his bad leg for assurance, then walks to the bathroom. Carter follows.

BLAINE

Ya mind?

Blaine closes the door. Carter speaks through it.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

Blaine looks in the mirror, and unwraps his head bandage. He sees the patch covering the wound site. He grabs some pills from the sink.

CARTER (V.O.)

Nigel's downstairs, we need to go. They
may try to get you too. Who knows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The toilet flushes. Door opens, Blaine charges past Carter.

BLAINE

Djibouti, a "Safe Haven", my ass it is!

Going to the closet, he grabs some clothes. His leg gives out and he falls. Carter helps him up.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

It will take some getting use to not
feeling both feet on the floor.

CARTER

So how's your hand?

BLAINE

I still have a good right one.

CARTER

Let's go...

I/EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ali opens the roll up door. The dark interior is nearly empty. A lone chair, leans by the doorway. He leads his hooded prisoner inside by a rope.

He shuts the roll up door. The darkened space is nearly empty except for some scattered military boxes. Overhead "China Hat" lamps flood pools of light.

Ali grabs the chair, and drags Willis, who stumbles onto the floor. Using the rope, he lifts him up onto his feet, and pushes Willis down onto the chair.

ALI BEN MAZURU

Sit and don't get up! You are my "White Dog" now! I will feed you later, Dog.

Willis struggles with his hands behind him. He the looks around, in spite of the hood, seeking his bearings in the vast space. His wounded arm seeps blood from the bandage.

Pierre walks over to a tripod mounted camera and switches it on, then lines up his shot of Willis.

PIERRE (V.O.)

Ancient Somalian Warriors once hunted lions with spears and knives, not far from here. Today, their Grandchildren starve, while others, kill for a single pound of rice, and a carton of tobacco.

Pierre walks into the light, up to the prisoner, taunting him with a stick.

PIERRE

This land is truly sick. Foreign governments now want to carve it into little pieces.

He stops to face the prisoner.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

I will reclaim the land of my fathers! I will make those American dogs work for me-

He pulls the hood off to reveal Willis, beaten and bloodied. Pierre pokes the stick under his chin, lifting his head up high.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

(Softly)

You would like to help me stop that, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you! Isn't that right Senator Thorne, who lives at 608 Gulf Drive Tampa, Florida?

Willis gives him a blank stare, from hopeless eyes.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Humvee arrives at Hotel. All three rush inside.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

Blaine leads them up to Marla at the Desk.

BLAINE

We need to speak to your manager.

MOHAMMED

I am he.

Mohammed comes over with Natalie, who's greatly shaken.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

If you Americans are also now here to ask me the same thing, I'll tell you the same thing! The Hotel Embassy House is the real victim of this horrible act.

They look at one another in disbelief.

NATALIE

I did see almost everything.

He stands in front of her, shielding her protectively.

INT. WAREHOUSE DJIBOUTI CITY - DAY

Willis gives him a blank stare, from hopeless eyes. Pierre grabs him by the hair, and looks at him closely.

WILLIS

Enough! Leave my family alone. I represent the government of the United States of America! You must honor that!

PIERRE

As any bureaucrat, I'm sure you will have some value to the home country. You'd do well to pray your President will still want to invest in saving his sick and lost dog like you.

WILLIS

No, you're wrong. It's you who'd better pray that he spares you!

Pierre strikes him, knocking him off the chair. He peels off his gloves, now bloodied, to reveal his jeweled rings. He walks away, ignoring Willis has fallen.

PIERRE

Ali clean him up for the camera. I need a smoke...

Ali comes over and throws a bucket of water on him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Scattered remnants of a business long gone: empty shelves, worn counters, and files tossed all over. A peg board wall shows where displayed items once hung.

Pierre sits at a table, smoking a Cuban cigar. Amid plays next to him with his electronic game.

Amid also has little toy cars "parked" on the table in front of him, but is more interested with his handheld game right now.

Pierre looks at a television that has come to life with the view of Willis seated in the other room.

Amid stops his game, looking up at Pierre.

AMID

PAPA? I want to go see Mama.

He puts down the game, and begins playing with his little race cars in a mock chase across the table, going back and forth with them.

Pierre turns his gaze away from the monitor, to see his son now ramming two cars together, over and over.

PIERRE

Amid, stop that! Let me tell you about your mother... She works with foreigners and someday, she will try and take you far away to England, or America. This should make you sad, like it does me.

AMID

Papa... why does Mama want to leave you here?

Pierre, speechless and shocked, at his son's words.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ROSE GARDEN - SAME

A well maintained garden with beautiful assortment of prize winning examples. Pebble pathways wind through it.

The President walks and admires the beauty all around. He takes a seat on a wooden chair. He puts on an apron over his tropical suit, and begins to prune his roses.

He starts to fill a basket with roses, as Questal approaches. James LeBlanc follows behind him.

QUESTAL

Sir. Mr. James LeBlanc, from the U.S. Embassy is here to see you.

He snips off another rose, and puts it in the basket.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

Let him come see my "pretties"...

Questal beckons for LeBlanc to come in closer.

JAMES LEBLANC

Thank you for seeing me like this, Mr. President. The Ambassador doesn't know I am here.

President Ubota stops pruning to glance over at LeBlanc.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

To ancient Egyptians, roses were sacred, and according to Biblical legends, the first rose in the Garden of Eden was white. It only turned red as it blushed at Adam and Eve's fall from God's grace.

JAMES LEBLANC

Your roses are indeed very beautiful.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

I do hope you came here for more than a history of roses?

JAMES LEBLANC

I believe terrible things about to happen... Your brother wants to stop the Summit, and he kidnapped Senator Thorne and now his wife!

PRESIDENT UBOTA

The American Senator, and Mrs. Thorne! How certain are you that Pierre did this?

JAMES LEBLANC

I helped give the Senator over to Pierre.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

Why would you do this?

JAMES LEBLANC

All I wanted was a reunited Somalia. My Grandparents were born here.

(MORE)

JAMES LEBLANC (CONT'D)

I was raise in California, but my roots are here. He convinced me there would be no violence. Pierre wants a war with the Americans.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

A war? With the Americans? But why?

JAMES LEBLANC

So they can humiliate us and destroy everything. Then rebuild us like Germany after the great World War Two.

PRESIDENT UBOTA

To think he wants a war...? Unbelievable!

He accidentally snips off a rose bud. It hits the ground, ruined, outside the basket.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ali shows him a large card with a written script for him to read. Willis struggles to adjust to the light, and pulls uncomfortably at the bindings on his hands.

ALI BEN MAZURU

Now read this!

WILLIS

My Wife says the best way to relax after a long trip is to get a foot massage and-

Ali drops the card and SMACKS Willis across the face. He picks up the card again.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Ah... and a Pedicure is always helpful too, so she says-

Another SLAP, much harder this time. This knocks him right over onto the floor with a CRACK under Willis.

Willis is in real pain, but doesn't stop pushing him.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

You're a real tough guy with my hands tied together. You Punk As-

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Pierre stops dialing, as he sees the monitor. Jumping to his feet, he shuts the phone closed, tossing it down.

PIERRE
Merde' O'lay! Ali!

He rushes out of the room in utter panic.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ali pulls Willis, along with the chair, up by the rope.
Once again Ali picks up the card for Willis.

WILLIS
Question: Do you "Bitch slap" your wives,
or just all your children, now?

Ali tosses the card into the air, and lunges in for
another strike.

PIERRE
Enough! You fool Ali!

WILLIS
Ali? Ha! Mohammed Ali never slapped
anyone like a girl. He fought like a man.

Ali tries to strike him again, but Pierre grabs his arm.

PIERRE
Why don't you go back to your boat, where
you can beat fish to death! We need him
whole you Idiot! Stick to the plan! Go!

Ali reluctantly backs down and leaves. Pierre grabs the
hood, and puts it back on him.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
Since you refuse to read, you need no
sight. I have a big surprise for you
later. Then you'll see, more clearly.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mawahno arrives with the Box truck. He opens the back.

INT. BOX TRUCK - DAY

Another hooded prisoner sits on a green launcher box.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pierre paces the floor, smoking his cigar, thinking.

PIERRE

Senator, your presence is critical if this Summit is to be a success. I need you to make this video statement.

WILLIS

America never cuts deals with Terrorists.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dominique takes Jill by the hair, whose now bound and gagged to a chair.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mawahno walks his prisoner in, as Pierre brings over another chair across from Willis. Mawahno sits him down.

Dominique leads Jill into this space. He stands her just a few feet from where the new prisoner sits.

PIERRE

I'm a business man, leveraging a merger, not a Terrorist. I'm reunited two old countries, into a stronger, unified one!

WILLIS

Good luck with that "Ace"!

Pierre signals to Dominique, to remove Jill's gag.

JILL

Willis! Willis! Do whatever they say!

Pierre signals to Dominique, who re-gags Jill.

WILLIS

Jill? Jill!-

PIERRE

Time for action Senator Thorne. I've gagged her again. She will remain quiet. Read the statement or she dies, very quietly...

Dominique puts a gun to Jill's head, and leads her away.

WILLIS

I don't deal with Terrorist!

Pierre nods to Mawahno who steps up to the seated prisoner, and shoots him.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

No!

PIERRE

Do you want to die too?

WILLIS

Kill me and get it over with now!

He pulls off Willis's hood. He sees the prisoner on the floor, and Jill is no where around.

Pierre walks over and pulls off the hood of the prisoner. James LeBlanc lies gagged and dead.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Leblanc?

PIERRE

He no longer works at the Embassy. A traitor can never be trusted.

WILLIS

Where's my wife?

PIERRE

If death has no sting for a brave Marine, perhaps pain could motivate you. There are worse things than death.

WILLIS

Do your best, Jerkoff!

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Carter hands Blaine a file with photos.

CARTER

That ugly one is Dominique. No known last name. He's grabbed Mrs. Thorne after killing, the Aide in the elevator.

Blaine hands the photos to Nigel.

CARTER (CONT'D)

The image is from an on site news team. The other one is Mr. Pierre Ambasi, half brother to President Ubota. He's trouble, part of the Sword of Aden.

NIGEL

Sword of Aden, who the hell are they?

CARTER

In L. A., they would be called Wannabees. His business dealings have been with a fisherman, Ali Ben Mazuli. He's believed to be a front for a gang of Pirates.

BLAINE

What's the FBI, and Military doing about this.

CARTER

We've been given point on this, just in case it all hits the fan- Red Raptor will be the fall guys-

NIGEL

In order for the American government to keeps it's nose clean, and out of the media spotlight.

CARTER

So right now, the Navy and Coast Guard are doing offshore "training", and have a lock on the coast. The Army is doing "practice maneuvers", and conducting perimeter sweeps in the back country. We have eyes on everywhere, with satellite surveillance. We'll find them soon.

BLAINE

Let's just find their spider hole and not make this "Cluster" worse!

They race off, into town.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Willis struggles to endure hearing Jill's painful shrieks and muffled screams. He pulls helplessly at his bindings, and working at the cracked chair frame.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Pierre sits across from Willis. Amid comes running in.

AMID

Papa?

Pierre jumps up, and runs to him, preventing Amid from coming any closer.

PIERRE

Amid! I told you-(Lower, more calmly) I told you to stay and play with your little game toy.

He escorts the boy back out.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

You mother will see you later. Do not disturb me again.

As soon as Pierre returns, Jill begins crying out again. Willis's resolve finally breaks.

WILLIS

All right! I'll do it.

PIERRE

A good choice. Let me stop Dominique.

As Jill still cries out, Pierre leaves to stop all this.

Willis picks away at a cracked chair spindle.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pierre walks back in with Dominique, who wipes the sweat from his neck and brow. He picks up the card.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Mawahno watches Willis begin on the monitor.

VIDEO

WILLIS

The American influence and presence in the Horn of Africa...

Amid quietly finds Pierre's phone. He sneaks off with it.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

The phone rings Marla answers the desk phone.

MARLA

BON JOUR! Embassy House Hotel-

In the background, Natalie points out to the group, her view of the incident, and where she was hiding.

AMID (V.O.)

Mama! I need new batteries and Papa doesn't want me to talk to him now.

MARLA

Natalie! Your son! ...Is on the phone.

Natalie rushes over to the desk phone.

NATALIE

Where are you? Why are you not in school?

INT. WAREHOUSE - TOOL ROOM - DAY

The room has workbenches and bins. Empty shelves line the walls. The room hasn't been used in a while.

AMID

Papa took me to his big place. I want to come home. His men hurt the white lady and man. Can you come-

Mawahno discovers Amid beneath a counter, on the phone.

AMID (CONT'D)

Bring me home?

Mawahno snatches the phone away and hangs up.

MAWAHNO

Boy! What were you doing?

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

NATALIE

Amid? Amid? The big place...?

Natalie stops. A "light bulb" goes off in her head.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I know where to find the Senator and his wife... my clever son told me-

BLAINE

Where? What's the address?

NATALIE

I cannot tell you. It is a place where there are no street names to be found.

Carter, and Nigel have a map spread out on a table.

NIGEL

How the Hell are we going to find them?

CARTER

She's our map. ...You're coming with us!

NATALIE

My son, Amid, is there too. I only saw this place once.

He closes up the map and Nigel heads to the door. Blaine grabs her by the arm and looks her dead in the eye.

BLAINE

Okay, then it's settled. Let's get your son, and my parents back home safe. Now!
(Under his breath) And I'll make someone-
all of them pay for Victor's life.

EXT. EMBASSY HOUSE HOTEL-DAY

They rush out and leave with Natalie in the Humvee.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Pierre comes in and finds the room empty. The monitor continues to drone on in the background.

WILLIS (O.S.)

Any further interference will be met with defensive actions...

INT. WAREHOUSE - TOOL ROOM - DAY

Mawahno grabs Amid, and drags him away. He fights back.

AMID

But I need a new battery power.

He carries Amid back under his arm, kicking and wailing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - SAME

Pierre hears Amid's protests.

AMID

Only my Mama can give me one!

Pierre grabs Mawahno by the throat, as he carries the boy in. Mawahno goes wide eye, and drops Amid, and the phone.

PIERRE

You gave the boy my phone?

AMID

Papa, you told me not to go inside again,
but I NEEDED a new battery for my toy. My
Mama could get me one.

Pierre snaps his focus down toward Amid on the floor.

PIERRE

Never call you mother again. She is going
away, and soon she'll be gone. Your place
is with you father.

Amid bursts out crying. He releases Mawahno. Pierre
stands the boy up, and shakes him to make him keep quiet.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dominique hears the boy's cries and gets up, turning his
back on Willis, heading to the Office.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - SAME

He cries on. Pierre slaps the boy. Mawahno bows up, not
like seeing this. Amid stops and Mawahno relaxes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Willis works on the rickety chair. He breaks off a long
sliver of wood.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - SAME

Dominique pops his head inside the doorway, and then
backs away, silently.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Dominique heads back to the empty chair, and removes his
coat. Willis has loosened his hands.

As soon as Dominique sits, Willis pops up and plunges the
wooden sliver into Dominique's ribs like a prison shiv.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INNER OFFICE - SAME

Pierre sits Amid at the table. He looks at the monitor.

VIDEO

Two empty chairs. Dominique down, writhing on the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pierre bolts inside. Willis is no where in sight.

Dominique manages to pull the spike out. Checking his wound, he indicates to Pierre, that he's all right, and points out Willis' escape direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Willis searches for Jill's hidden location.

He find her lashed down to a table, towel over her face, and a water bucket beneath her. He removes the towel.

With the gag in her mouth, she cries out as best she can. Willis removes the towel, and loosens the ropes.

WILLIS

They killed Victor, two other Army soldiers, and we're probably next!

Jill cries out a frightful wail. He quickly silences her.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Jill! They'll be coming, we must hurry!

JILL

NO! Oh not Victor! Oh Willis! What's happening?

He unties the last rope. She climbs off the table, and falls into his arms exhausted. She's a total wreck.

JILL (CONT'D)

Willis!

He turns to see Mawahno's Sucker PUNCH! Willis is knocked out cold. Jill screams in terror. Mawahno SLAPS Jill, knocking her off her feet, just as Pierre runs in. Jill's head hits the floor, and is knocked out too.

PIERRE

(In French, Subtitled) Take him. We are finished here. Go and hold him at the cement works.

Mawahno kicks Willis to get up. He's still out. Mawahno kicks at him again. He slowly stirs awake.

WILLIS

All right! All right! Damn You!

Willis slowly begins to get up off the floor. Mawahno ties his hands behind him and walks him out.

Pierre takes a knee next to Jill. He softly slaps at her face, to awaken her. She's "out". He tries again, but she grabs his hand, stopping him.

She slaps him back and spits in his face. He laughs at her, pulling her up off the floor. He pulls a gun on her, waving it in her face.

PIERRE

Behave ...and you will live- Maybe.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

A Street Vendor spots the approaching Humvee. He pulls a cell phone as it passes, he calls.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pierre ties Jill to a chair. His phone rings. He listens to the caller, and hangs up.

PIERRE

(French, Subtitled) Trouble is coming!

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - DAY

The box truck passes the Humvee, Mawahno at the wheel.

INT. - BOX TRUCK - DAY

Willis is tied up inside the empty cargo area.

EXT. BALBALA GHETTO STREET - SAME

The Humvee stops. Nigel and Blaine jump out and race to the warehouse, taking cover as they stalk in closer.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dominique spot them coming.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Carter pulls a gun. Natalie looks nervous.

CARTER

They'll get your boy, don't worry. And this? This is for any "Rats" that come streaming out of that Warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nigel and Blaine sneak into the building.

INT. - BOX TRUCK - DAY

Willis eyes the tied down missile box. He also sees a roll of toilet paper freely bouncing and rolling around inside. Willis struggles not to laugh at his odd sight.

WILLIS

Thankfully, I don't need you right now!

He hears a rattling sound. Metal on metal. Searching for its source, he spots a small crow bar knocking around, near the box. He tries to reach it with his foot.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Pierre runs outside to his Mercedes.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Carter sees him, hops out, and shoots at him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dominique hears the shooting going on outside, and takes a defensive position behind an interior corner wall.

EXT. MERCEDES - SAME

Pierre shoots back through his window as he races off.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Carter ducks, shoots back, missing him. CLICK. Empty.

CARTER

Damn! I suck!

He reloads and scans the surroundings for any others.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dominique, getting jumpy, hears a noise close by, inside. He reacts by popping out, and firing in that direction.

Blaine and Nigel hug the wall close for added cover. Nigel takes aim on Dominique.

Bang! Dominique gets hit in the foot. He jumps around, limping in pain, still out of sight, behind the corner.

Jill spots Blaine. She's shocked to see him here.

JILL

Blaine!

This outburst clues Dominique to Blaine location. He shoots back at Blaine and drags himself over to Jill.

Nigel spots Amid hiding in a darkened corner. Blaine ducks back from this fire. He sees Nigel signalling for the boy to stay quiet, stay put.

DOMINIQUE

No closer, or the Lady Bitch dies!

With a gun to Jill's head, he scans for Blaine. He spots Nigel's signalling to the boy, and now aims for him.

Blaine, climbs above, but his foot gives out and he slips. This distracts Dominique enough to aim for Blaine.

Nigel to takes full advantage and shoot Dominique.

He staggers back, hit, and fires off a wild round, just missing Jill's head, as he tumbles back dead.

Nigel rushes in, unties her. Blaine tries to comfort her.

BLAINE
Mom! Are you all right?

JILL
Yes, Yes, I'm Okay. I... maybe not.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Natalie is terrified, and crying. Carter keeps watchful guard over her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nigel brings the boy out. Carter runs to Nigel, and takes the boy. Natalie jumps out full of joyful tears.

CARTER
Everybody safe inside?

NIGEL
Yeah, but no sign of Willis...

NATALIE
They must of took the Senator away in the big square truck.

CARTER
How do you know?

NATALIE
If you had a big truck, where would you hide a white man prisoner, around here?

NIGEL
Good point.

CARTER
If she's not right, but he could be in a Mercedes trunk right now with Pierre.

Nigel runs back inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nigel runs in to see Jill is now safe.

NIGEL
Blaine we gotta go. The Senator's gone.

JILL

They spoke poor French... They took him earlier to a "Cement Works" ...somewhere.

BLAINE

Let's go.

He helps his Mother up out of her chair.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I want you to stay with Gary Carter. He's my old boss. It will be all right.

Overwhelmed she breaks down into tears. Blaine holds his mother close, comforting her. She shakes him off, now refusing to be held. She takes a moment to pull herself together, somewhat.

JILL

Go. Just Go. Get Willis back.

He leaves, as she stares into space, spent and exhausted.

JILL (CONT'D)

And Blaine...

He stops and turns to face her, as she turns to face him.

JILL (CONT'D)

Be safe. (Very chillingly) ...And make sure you kill every last one, of those "Sons a Bitches" for Victor's sake!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Blaine rushes out.

BLAINE

Gary, you stay here with the women and the boy. Nigel, we got to find Willis at some nearby Cement Plant.

NATALIE

There is one just a half a kilometer east of the big tower, in the city square. It is the only one close to here.

CARTER

I'm sure I saw it on the map we've got, you can't miss it.

They jump in the Humvee, with Nigel behind the wheel.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Arab and African Diplomats fill the grand concourse. Ambassador Dechevilier "glad hands" several of them, as he makes his way to the meeting room.

EXT. CEMENT WORKS FACILITY - VARIOUS - DAY

Mawahno closes the gate, sees no one on the street outside, and locks the gate. He drive the box truck to the office.

The Humvee comes down the street. Nigel spots the Box truck inside as he passes the Cement Works.

He pulls a fast U-turn. A moment later, the Humvee hits the gates, at full speed.

Mawahno hears the gates crash, as he exits the truck. He runs to the Operations Office Building.

The Humvee skids to a stop. Blaine and Nigel bail out each side, running for cover.

Mawahno heads up the stairs, stops and fires his AK-47.

Nigel shoots back at him. Blaine moves closer. Nigel misses, hitting the building instead of Mawahno, who returns with spraying rounds wildly.

Nigel nearly gets hit. Blaine closes in.

Mawahno now sees Blaine too, and shoots at him. Blaine is pinned down.

Mawahno races up the stairs, and runs inside the Operations Office.

Nigel opens up firing again.

INT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE - DAY

Mawahno opens a rocket case.

EXT. CEMENT WORKS FACILITY - DAY

Nigel waves Blaine to go on.

NIGEL

Kick his ass!

Blaine races to the buildings's stairs as Nigel gives some cover fire.

INT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE - DAY

With the windows spraying glass, bullets whizzing by, Mawahno crawls along the floor to the door, shoulder rocket launcher now loaded.

EXT. CEMENT WORKS OFFICE - DAY

Coming out the door, Mawahno aims the sights at Nigel.

BLAINE (O.S.)

Hey! Dumb Ass!

Blaine shoots up from the bottom of the stairs. Mawahno's get hit in the leg, and drops the Launcher.

MAWAHNO

Merde!

He crumbles, and pulls a pistol out and shoots down toward Blaine.

Blaine ducks, but gets hit anyway. He looks at his wounded left arm, bewildered. It's perfectly numb.

BLAINE

Ouch?

Mawahno struggles to get up. He uses the launcher for leverage to get back up, but it slips and he triggers it.

WHOOSH! The rocket fires, right up through the doorway. The upstairs office EXPLODES!

Blaine falls back around the corner. Debris rains down. He gets up, and runs over to the Box Truck.

I/EXT. BOX TRUCK - DAY

Blaine opens the back and sees Dad, beaten, but now smiling, ear to ear.

BLAINE

Dad! How are you feeling?

WILLIS

Fine. I'm just fine. ...What kind of Bone Head question is that? How the Hell do you think I'm doing?

BLAINE

I'm glad you're still full of "Piss and Vinegar" Pop!

He frees Willis, and opens the lone launcher case.

WILLIS

Blaine! You've been shot!

BLAINE

Funny- I don't feel a thing. Lucky me.

Willis tears off the bottom of his shirt.

WILLIS

At least wrap it and stop the bleeding. What the hell was that blast?

He grabs the launcher and the missile.

BLAINE

Well, your driver had one of these, and clearly ignored the safety. He's done.

WILLIS

What are going to do with that.

BLAINE

I don't know. I might need one.

Nigel comes over to the back of the truck.

NIGEL

You've got the last good one. The rest, upstairs, are totally wasted.

BLAINE

Dad, this is Nigel McGinnis. Nigel, meet Dad... Senator Thorne.

WILLIS

Willis, call me Willis. Thank you.

NIGEL

Thank me after we get that pirate, Ali Ben Mazuri, who kidnapped you.

WILLIS

Ali? So that's his name? What a punk! I know where he docked his boat, if you're thinking what I'm thinking... It's just due east of the big downtown tower.

BLAINE

Easy enough. Let's get him.

EXT. PORT - VARIOUS - DAY

Assorted empty fishing boats, some neglected, tied up to a rambling set of docks. Some are moored in the water.

Elsewhere along the shore line, the Humvee rolls by viewing each boat, searching.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

WILLIS

I'm not sure... maybe this one... no!

Nigel looks out, searching for sight of anyone.

NIGEL

Where is everyone? At the Khat Happy Hour?

EXT. PORT - DAY

Pierre's Mercedes races to a stop.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

BLAINE

Wait! Look at that Mercedes.

WILLIS

Jackpot!

NIGEL

Looks like this could be a "two-fer".

WILLIS

I love a double header.

NIGEL

Be careful, Slugger.

EXT. PORT - SAME

The trunk pops open. Pierre comes around back. He takes two weighty duffle bags and hurries toward the boats.

INT. HUMVEE - SAME

BLAINE

Nigel, go, and don't lose sight of them.

They both get out. Blaine goes around back, opens the rear door, sees his Dad.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Willis is a wreck. Exhausted, he tries to smile.

WILLIS

Ali's the one that got Victor.

Blaine grabs the launcher.

BLAINE

Big mistake attacking the Thorne family.

Willis looks a better now, with this renewed "Justice".

WILLIS

Oorah! You're damn right! Semper Fi!

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Ali fires up his engine, looks back to see Pierre, followed by Nigel. He signals to warn him.

Pierre turn and fires at Nigel, who shoots back.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

Ali reaches into his bag, full of guns and money. Grabbing a gun, he jumps out of the boat to give Pierre cover fire. Pierre runs to the boat.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Nigel pinned down, points out the boat to Blaine.

INT. PIRATE BOAT - SAME

Ali and Pierre quickly race off, escaping the docks.
Pierre sprays the docks with an AK-47.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Blaine shoulders the launcher. He has trouble grabbing it
with his numb hand.

BLAINE

Nigel! Come here and help me.

Nigel runs over and grabs it. Blaine pulls it back.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

No. This one I must do. Give me your
shoulder and hold it for me.

Nigel takes a knee and steadies it for Blaine, who sights
it and reached around for the trigger.

Eyepiece Sight: zeroed on the boat.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

For you Vic... Eat this, you Bastards!

WHOOSH! The rocket launches out the tube.

EXT. PIRATE BOAT - DAY

BOOM! Ali's boat blows up.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Blaine tosses the tube launcher into the water, and they
head back to the Humvee.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

BLAINE

Don't you have somewhere to be? Like the
Summit Dad?

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PORTICO - DAY

Security members are posted at the door. A banner stands
by the door announcing the Alliance Summit.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Willis looks a lot better than earlier. He's dressed in a Navy blazer and polo shirt. His arm is in a sling and he sports a small shiner under his eye.

They arrive. Willis steps out, ready to go.

BLAINE

Dad...

Willis leans back in before closing the door.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Go get 'em, Marine.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PORTICO - DAY

Ambassador Dechevalier comes out to greet him,

DECHEVALIER

Willis, better late than never! What the-
You look like Hell!

WILLIS

You should see the other guys!

He escorts Willis swiftly away. He pulls him aside.

DECHEVALIER

I was told you were hurt sailing, but I
didn't expect this! ...So what really
happened?

WILLIS

Nothing a change of scenery won't fix!
Come on... I tell you later.

DECHEVALIER

Wait until you get a load of this...

They rush inside to past the security at the door.

INT. EXECUTIVE AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Willis looks around wide eyed and happy. The sound of a jet taking off thunders in the background.

Jill rushes up to Willis with a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek. Willis sees Blaine, walking up behind her.

JILL

Let's go home. What do you say Honey?

BLAINE

I know I'm ready to head home, Dad!

WILLIS

Where's Carter and Nigel? I though they were leaving too?

BLAINE

They've got a lot of work to do, still right here. Who care's, anyway we're going home.

WILLIS

Blaine, you're right, my "Number One".

Willis wraps an arm around Blaine's neck, pulling him in.

BLAINE

Dad, it's good to have you back. Mom too.

They walk out the terminal, and board the waiting jet.

INT. CHARTER JET - DAY

Once seated, Blaine opens up an IPAD, and views an earlier taped news coverage of the Summit.

Video:

WNN NEWS HEADLINE: African Economic Summit

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Looking strong behind the microphones at the podium, Willis commands the room's attention.

WILLIS

I sincerely offer my apologizes for my delayed participation of the Alliance Summit, which I hope all will agree, has been a great success.

INT. CHARTER JET - DAY

Blaine looks up to see Willis reaching for Jill's hand, and this time she allows it, and gives him a kiss.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

WILLIS

I must tell you, unfortunately, this wasn't easy for me, or my family. I did have a serious accident while sailing...

He looks about the assembled audience. He waves his winged arm, in the sling.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

But the real tragedy was much worse...

Willis takes a deep breath and composes himself.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

My son, Victor, was killed, along with two other soldiers, in the service of their country. My wife and I were fortunate enough to have seen him prior to this happening.

His voice breaks for a moment, almost losing it.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

As of this morning, I notified the President, of my resignation as Chairman of the African Affairs Senate Committee. I will be concentrating on my responsibilities back home.

Flashbulbs go off, and Willis smiles, mugging for the cameras like a winner.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

May God Bless the new Arab African Commerce Alliance, and the USA.

He turns and pulls a draped curtain away, revealing the A.A.C.A.'s new emblem: hands shaking from the Horn of Africa to the Arabian Peninsula.

A flurry of camera flashes explode as he leaves, waving.

EXT. SARASOTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The jet lands on the runway, with the skyline twinkling in the background.

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A black limo pulls into the sprawling National Cemetery. It rolls to a stop beneath a hill lined with many white marble headstones, looking like pickets on a fence.

Blaine steps out, and guides his mother to the ceremonial covered tent. Willis follows. They pass an Honor Guard, as Jill lays flowers down on Victor's grave.

They stand in solemn silence.

Jill is noticeably shaken. Willis tries to comfort her. Blaine salutes the grave. In proper military form, he about faces, and takes a seat.

Blaine wraps his arm around his Mother.

The guard leader calls out the unit commands.

HONOR GUARD LEADER

FIRE!

This is followed by the loud crack of rifle volleys. This is repeated twice more, and then silence. The lead Guard slowly salutes Jill and hands her the memorial flag, now folded into a triangle.

They leave, Blaine escorts them to the limo.

Blaine's phone beeps, and he steps away from his parents. Checking his phone, the Text message reads:

CARTER: RRGs BACK IN BIZ. COME IN.

Blaine deletes it.

He catches up to hug his mother, and helps her back into the limo. Blaine gives his Dad a big bear hug. As Willis climbs in, Blaine's phone rings. Next message reads:

DIANE: SPECIAL OP: JUST 4 U. SUNSET
BEACH... TIME SENSITIVE!

Blaine smiles knowingly, before closing his door.

INT. BLAINE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dressed in a robe, he grabs a cup of coffee before he walks out on to the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - SAME

He sucks in the salty air, and takes in the overall view of the water, which rejuvenates him.

He grabs his swimsuit off the railing and heads back in.

INT. BRONCO - BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Blaine hops inside, now dressed like a local, in island wear. He grabs his pinging phone.

The phone lists messages: DAD

He deletes it fast. He fires up his Bronco.

BLAINE

Sorry Dad! But... (Now breaking into a song verse) "No time left for you, ...On my way to better things!"

Blaine can't help but be all smiles as he drives.

Blaine checks the next one: CARTER: R R CALL IN NOW!

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Carter? ...Really?

He deletes it and races off, with the phone to his ear.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

This better be good!

CARTER (V.O.)

Carter here... Blaine, I've got some good news: Thanks to your father, Red Raptor's flying again. We's have new contracts in the Caribbean, if you like.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

BLAINE

It looks like I might have some other things to do for a while. How about I call you when I'm good and ready.

CARTER (V.O.)

Take you time. There's always a place for you. You're like family around here too.

BLAINE

It's time I started thinking about making a new family of my own. So wish me luck.

EXT. RED RAPTOR GLOBAL STRATEGIES FACILITY - DAY

CARTER

Good Luck Blaine.

EXT. BRONCO - DAY

Blaine pulls into the beach parking lot and heads to the sand, toward the lifeguard stand.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STAND - DAY

Coming down the stairs is Diane who spots Blaine.

DIANE

Blaine! ...BLAINE!!

She waves and runs down the Stand's stairs to Blaine. He grabs her and they both fall down. He turns her on her back, to get a good look at her.

Pulling him down, she kisses him.

She playfully kicks him off and they both get up.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I was worried, everyday. I never stop praying for your recovery, when I heard of your accident.

She grabs him close, burying her head into his chest.

BLAINE

What did you mean by a "Special Op"? Kite Boarding???

DIANE

That "Special OPS Mission" is for later on. Don't you think you and I have some catching up to do? Why don't I buy you a drink, if you can catch me first!

She breaks free of his hold, and runs toward the water.

BLAINE

Oh, I see how it is, you're going make me work for it!

He peels off his shirt, and chases right after her.

He doesn't stop until reaching her, in the water, and they wrestle playfully, in the surf

The sun reflects on the water behind them, as the sun slowly sets on the golden horizon.

FADE TO BLACK