

Harvard  
Team  
SEAL

Operation: Drake's Castle

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK STEVENS and his wife DENISE are seated next to Dr. MILES STEWART, who's showing them MRI images of Frank's lungs and liver on a computer screen and pointing to various locations where his cancer has spread.

DR. STEWART

Unfortunately, Frank, we hoped the chemo would slow the progression, it hasn't. The tumors in your lungs have grown; the brain lesions have increased in number, and the cancer is aggressively attacking your liver.

Denise, sobbing, reaches to hold her husband's hand while lowering her head into his shoulder.

FRANK

Sounds like I best get my affairs in order.

DR. STEWART

I'm really sorry. I had great hopes we'd be able to arrest it.

FRANK

You did everything you could, doc. I guess that Agent Orange dealt me a nasty hand... How much time?

DR. STEWART

Four, maybe six weeks.

FRANK

Damn... I was hoping you'd at least say months.

DR. STEWART

I highly recommend hospice, Frank. They're very supportive, and they'll keep you comfortable. I can arrange it for you, if you'd like.

FRANK

Thanks, doc. We'd appreciate that.

DR. STEWART

(getting up to leave)

I'll give you two some time. There's no hurry.

Frank, a fit 44-year-old, embraces his wife who continues crying.

FRANK

Muhammad Ali definitely had an insightful perspective when he said, "Live everyday as if it were your last, because someday you're going to be right." What say we start doing that right now, and get the hell outta here. I'm feelin' like a chocolate milkshake.

DENISE

(sniffling, sobbing)

I'll need to call the kids. Mark's the only one I'm worried about reaching.

FRANK

Yeah, last time we talked his SEAL team mission in Mogadishu was getting pretty dicey. I'd sure love to see him, just to know he's okay.

DENISE

One way or another, you know he'll get here.

EXT. BATTLE OF MOGADISHU (1993) - DAY

Various U.S. elite special forces units are engaged in an intense gun battle with a rebel militia loyal to warlord Mohamed Farrah Aidid. MARK STEVENS, a Navy SEAL Master Chief Petty Officer, drags a wounded Marine to cover behind a pile of huge truck tires. He quickly opens fire with his M4 carbine and guns down four Somali rebel fighters charging his position.

INT. SOMALIA BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Stevens is sitting on the side of his bunk ready to turn it in

for the evening, when Lieutenant Commander RON HARPER enters his barracks. Lt. Harper hands his SAT phone to Stevens, while covering the mouthpiece.

LT. HARPER

It's your Mom, Stevens. Make sure to let her know you're enjoying another day in paradise. Reassurance is usually all they need.

STEVENS

(taking the phone)

Thanks, commander. I'll be sure to tell her... Hi Mom.

The commander steps outside the barracks.

VOICE OVER

(choking with emotion)

It's so good to hear your voice, Mark.

Denise begins to sob.

STEVENS

What's the matter, Mom?

VOICE OVER

Can you come home, sweetie?  
We need you here.

STEVENS

What's going on, Mom?

VOICE OVER

(sobbing, shaky)

It's your Dad, Mark. The chemo didn't slow it... He doesn't have long... just weeks.

STEVENS

Jesus, Mom... That just can't be.  
Dad can beat this; he has to.

VOICE OVER

(getting stronger)

He needs to see you, Mark. He

wants to say goodbye. I need you here too. Please, do whatever you can. I love you, son.

STEVENS

(starting to sob)

I love you too, Mom. I'll get there. I have to see Dad, and you. I'll get there - promise.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Stevens is at his father's bedside with his mother and siblings, MIKE and CAROL, the night of November 10, 1993.

FRANK

I'm so grateful I had you all in my life. The pride I've felt as a husband and father to you has been more than I ever dreamed. I thank God for the time we've had together, and I know we'll be together again. I love you all so much.

His wife and children tear up and begin to cry, as Frank closes his eyes and takes his last few breaths, having mustered all he could for his final words.

INT. CHRIST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Several hundred congregants are gathered in the impressive modern-looking structure that seats a little more than 3,000. Denise is standing at the pulpit delivering her husband's eulogy. Dressed in his Navy uniform, Mark Stevens is seated in a front pew between his older brother and sister, Mike and Carol.

DENISE

My beloved husband, Frank Stevens, was an incredibly brave, honorable and dignified man who gave every bit of his unselfish, loving soul to his family. Frank, you are going to be missed like you probably never would have dreamed. Rest in peace, my love, knowing that our memories will give us the

strength to carry on and to rise  
 from the shadow of darkness.  
 "The people that walked in darkness  
 have seen a great light: they that  
 dwell in the land of the shadow of  
 death, upon them hath the light  
 shined." - Isaiah 9:2

Mark, who shared a special bond with his father, was doing everything he could to keep it together, but as his Mom quoted the Bible verse, a stream of tears begins to flow down his cheeks. As their mother returned to her aisle seat next to her children, Mike puts his arm around his brother's shoulder while Carol holds Mark's hand. After Denise was seated, a young female soprano SOLOIST at the pulpit begins to sing Ave Maria. Part way through the song, the Stevens family rises and slowly begins to walk toward the front entryway.

EXT. CHURCH ENTRYWAY - DAY

As the Stevens are greeting their extended family, friends and fellow parishioners, 11-year-old TOMMY ROGERS stops in front of Mark, whose red, puffy eyes and sniffing make obvious the intense sorrow of losing his beloved father.

TOMMY

You were lucky to have such a  
 great Dad. I did too; he was a  
 soldier like you and your Dad.

As Tommy is talking to Mark, his mother, DONNA ROGERS, is conversing with Denise, whose wavy dark hair is draped over her shoulders, blending into her black dress.

DONNA

(hugging Denise)

I'm so sorry for your loss, Mrs.  
 Stevens. I'm Donna Rogers.

DONNA

(gesturing to her son)

My son Tommy and I aren't members  
 of your church, but we wanted to  
 pay our respects. I'm also the widow  
 of a Marine veteran. Ben returned  
 safely from Somalia last summer,  
 but we only had him for a few

months. He took his own life.

DENISE

(embracing Donna)

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Mark, who's standing next to his Mom, overheard her conversation with Donna. He bends over and embraces Tommy.

STEVENS

(whispering in Tommy's ear)

Sometimes the impact of war is too much to bear for even the bravest of men. You can be proud of your dad; he was surely among the best and bravest.

EXT. ALLEGHENY CEMETERY SOLDIERS' LOT - DAY

Several hundred people, including dozens of uniformed military men and women, are gathered at Frank's gravesite in the Pittsburgh, PA cemetery. Denise, a folded flag in her lap, is seated next to her children alongside the coffin. As a Marine veteran plays Taps on his trumpet, eight fellow Marines slowly lower Frank's coffin into the grave.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF DENISE'S HOME - NIGHT

Mark and his Mom are sitting in lounge chairs, having cocktails and a heart-to-heart conversation.

DENISE

You don't have to keep doing this, Mark... Your Dad's gone, and I don't want to lose you in another godforsaken war. There's plenty to fight for in this country and you don't have to risk your life, and you don't need an M16. All you need is your mind.

STEVENS

Mom, I don't use an M16; I use a Colt M4A1 with a Special Forces Modification. Not that you needed to know, just sayin'. I get your point, and I understand, Mom, but

I'm not ready to quit just yet. I know there will be a time, but it's not now.

DENISE

When it is time, I'll be here to help, no matter what you choose to do. Your Dad was the consummate planner, always looking ahead. He left me just fine financially. So if, at some point, you decide to further your education, I'm all in.

STEVENS

Thanks, Mom. That's really good to know, and I'll keep it in mind.

Denise picks up her cocktail glass and rises from her chair.

DENISE

It's been a long day; I'm getting tired and it's getting chilly. I'm heading to bed, gonna try to get some sleep.

She walks toward the front door and taps her son on the hand.

DENISE

I love you, sweetie.

STEVENS

I love you too, Mom. Sleep well, and don't let the bed bugs bite.

Once inside, Denise picks up a CD from under a TV stand in the living room and puts it in the player, before going to her first-floor master bedroom. She leaves the door open. Simon & Garfunkel's "Bridge Over Troubled Water" begins to play. It draws Mark inside, and he begins to immerse himself into the lyrics and their meaning on this day, the most traumatic family experience in his life. All the while, his Mom is listening in bed, knowing she and her son are playing the beautiful sound of the song and the heartfelt lyrics in their heads.

VOICE OVER

When you're weary, feeling small,  
When tears are in your eyes



I will dry them all  
 I'm on your side  
 Oh when times get rough  
 And friends just can't be found

Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will lay me down  
 Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will lay me down

When you're down and out  
 When you're on the street  
 When evening falls so hard  
 I will comfort you  
 I'll take your part  
 Oh when darkness comes  
 And pain is all around

Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will lay me down  
 Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will lay me down

Sail on, silver girl  
 Sail on by  
 Your time has come to shine  
 All your dreams are on their way  
 See how they shine  
 Oh if you need a friend  
 I'm sailing right behind

Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will ease your mind  
 Like a bridge over troubled water  
 I will ease your mind

Mark stands for the duration of the song, raising his head at times, almost as if to acknowledge these are sacred words spoken with a far-reaching conviction of purpose for the good of all whose troubles at times seem too great to rise above. When the song ends, he pauses at his Mom's open bedroom door.

MARK  
 (quietly)  
 Thanks, Mom, I love you.

DENISE

I love you too. And don't let  
the bed bugs bite.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN MOUNTAINSIDE 12 YEARS LATER - DAY

Lieutenant Commander MARK STEVENS and five of his SEAL comrades are in the Kunar Province, when they come upon some local goatherders, whom they determine are not enemy combatants. The SEALs let them go. But soon after, Taliban fighters attack the SEAL team. Three of Stevens' comrades are killed, while a fourth, Lieutenant Marcus Latimore, is severely wounded and lying unconscious. Stevens is wounded, but tries to reach Latimore while darting for cover and jumping over boulders. After getting to the fallen SEAL, Stevens calls for reinforcements on his satellite phone, but the extreme terrain prevents transmission. He takes a leap of faith into open terrain and intense enemy fire to better position himself to transmit the call. He hunkers down behind a boulder.

STEVENS

Lieutenant Stevens. SEAL Team Nine  
outnumbered, under heavy fire on  
Sawtalo Sar. Four teammates down.  
Need SAR aircraft ASAP. North five  
three degrees, four two decimal  
five eight minutes. West one one  
three degrees, two six decimal zero  
eight minutes.

VOICE OVER

Copy that. North five three degrees,  
four two decimal five eight minutes.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

West one one three degrees, two six  
decimal zero eight minutes.

STEVENS

Roger that, command.

VOICE OVER

Hang tight, lieutenant. Black  
Hawks and Apaches eight minutes  
out.

STEVENS

Roger. Out.

Stevens is still engaging the enemy, as he makes his way back to Latimore, without regard to bloodied wounds to his arms and legs. A couple minutes after reaching Latimore, attack helicopters arrive and bombard the enemy, driving the few surviving Taliban fighters from the slopes.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

President STEPHEN PRICE is presiding over a Medal of Honor Ceremony in January 2009 at the White House.

PRESIDENT PRICE

On the 25th day in June four years ago, on a rugged mountainside in Afghanistan, Lieutenant Commander Mark Stevens took the SEAL Creed to heart: "In the worst of conditions, the legacy of my teammates steadies my resolve and silently guides my every deed." By his selfless leadership, courageous actions and extraordinary devotion to duty, Lieutenant Stevens upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. For his selfless acts of valor, I proudly bestow upon Lieutenant Commander Stevens the Medal of Honor.

Stevens steps forward as the President drapes the nation's highest and most prestigious military decoration around his shoulders.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

After the White House ceremony, Lt. Stevens and his Mom are having dinner at Joe's Seafood Prime Steak & Stone Crab, within short walking distance of the White House. Mark takes a swig of his draft beer, as his Mom sips from a glass of red wine.

STEVENS

I'm ready to take you up on your offer, Mom.

DENISE

And what offer would that be?

STEVENS

Remember? When you said you'd be all in.

DENISE

Oh, yeah, that one. Well hell yeah, Mark, I'm all in.

(offering a toast)

To an education. By God, that is absolutely fantastic news. When and where do we begin?

STEVENS

My resignation takes effect March 1, so I guess we can begin this next chapter shortly thereafter.

DENISE

Oh my word; that's wonderful! I can't wait to start investing. Any idea where you want to go to school?"

STEVENS

I've got my sights set on Harvard.

DENISE

Oh my goodness gracious. Well I'm glad you decided not to set the bar too high.

STEVENS

Funny, Mom. But seriously, I think I can clear the bar.

DENISE

I do, too, sweetie. Let's have at it.

STEVENS

And just to let you know, I'm not gonna need much help financially, if at all. My Navy pension is almost \$3,300 a month; and what I didn't know is that this baby (gesturing to his medal) is worth a little more than \$1,200 a month. So, if you do

the math, that's \$54,000 a year. On top of that, the Navy Seal Foundation awarded me a \$5,000 scholarship. So, all in all, that's not too shabby for a 38-year-old.

DENIS

I should say so! That's a really, REALLY good pension. Have you decided what you're gonna pursue?"

STEVENS

First, probably a pretty young lady.

DENISE

I can get behind that effort, too.

STEVENS

Seriously, though, having thought long and hard about what you said the night of Dad's funeral, about fighting the good fight at home, I think a heavy dose of government and social science courses will help me lead the battle cry.

DENISE

(smiling)

I do believe that just might SEAL the deal. No pun intended. And I can't imagine any institution of higher learning that wouldn't welcome a Medal of Honor recipient and straight-A student with open arms.

STEVENS

I hope so, Mom. I should be hearing soon. I applied for the summer term, an accelerated joint bachelor's/master's program. Figured I better push the clock a bit at my advanced age.

DENISE

Now that's thinking ahead, old man. Your Dad would be so proud of you.

INT. HARVARD AUDITORIUM - 10 YEARS LATER, DAY

More than 200 students are packed into the assembly hall, eager to take one of the largest and most popular courses at Harvard, "Civilians on the Battlefield: The Human Dimension of Conflict." Stevens is standing center stage.

STEVENS

I'm professor Mark Stevens, though I won't take issue with anyone who wants to call me Lieutenant Stevens. For those of you who may not know, I was a Navy Seal for 20 years. In 2009, I had the distinguished privilege of having the Medal of Honor bestowed upon me by President Price.

Rising as one, the students give Lt. Stevens a standing ovation that lasts more than a minute, until he gestures for them to sit.

STEVENS

Thank you, thank you very much... But please, be seated. I will say I probably wouldn't be here, if not for my experiences as a SEAL and a conversation I had with my Mom on the night of my Dad's funeral twenty-six years ago. I actually might have made it here sooner, though, if I'd heeded my Mom's advice. But the timing worked out just fine, cause I'm here.

Again, the class erupts in applause and the professor takes it down by raising and lowering his hands.

STEVENS

(emphasizing)

I truly do appreciate that, but I WOULD like to make it through the course outline today, so you folks know exactly what you've gotten yourselves into. I have high expectations for myself, and I have high expectations for you.

NANCY MCINTURFF, who's sitting a few rows back from the lectern,

raises her hand, and Stevens calls on her.

STEVENS

Yes, Miss?...

MCINTURFF

McInturff, Nancy McInturff.

STEVENS

Yes, Miss McInturff.

MCINTURFF

I think I can speak for everyone here in saying we feel privileged and honored to be your students.

The class starts clapping again.

STEVENS

(loudly)

Alright., enough already. I think we've covered that topic and quite thoroughly. Let us move on, please...

The students quickly grow silent.

STEVENS

" Back to my expectations for you.

STEVENS

I want to hear your voices; I want your opinions. There will be discussion and there must be debate in this class; it's healthy for everyone, regardless of your political leanings. And I know you have them. In this climate, who couldn't?

A quiet laughter lights up the room, as Stevens moves away from the lectern toward the front of the stage.

STEVENS

We all, I believe, have something fundamentally in common. We love our families, and we love our country. I don't think any of you would be taking this course if you

didn't have a deep love for country and a deep concern for where we are as a nation. There's no political or societal blueprint for the future structure of America; it's yet to be designed. You can be the architects.

INT. HARVARD AUDITORIUM (DAY TWO) - DAY

Lt. Stevens, dressed as sharply as a Naval officer but in civilian clothes, is standing center stage. The assembly room is even more packed than his introductory class; students are standing in the back of the room.

STEVENS

There's a bigger auditorium; I'll see if we can get it for our next class. In the meantime, I apologize to those of you in the back for having to stand.

STUDENT

(shouting)

We're fine, lieutenant.

Stevens gives them a thumbs up, while moving from the lectern to the front of the stage.

STEVENS

As a SEAL, I was engaged in some pretty horrific warfare. I saw some of my comrades get mortally wounded; I killed more than a few enemy combatants. I fought for my country, for my life and for yours. It's why I'm here; the struggle, the fight isn't over... So let's talk about today, let's talk about the civilian battlefield and let's talk about the dimension of the conflict that's affecting us and, consequently, dividing us so profoundly. Let's start with a discussion. I'll plant the seed and you're gonna make it grow. The President is a blowhard who's endangering us at home and abroad with his hateful, racist rhetoric and



bravado. Let's discuss.

Once again, McInturff raises her hand.

STEVENS

Yes, Miss McInturff.

MCINTURFF

I believe we're at a crossroads, lieutenant. And I don't believe there are good people on both sides... I believe President Donald Nelson is a racist, a white supremacist, a nationalist, an autocrat, a fascist, demagogue, narcissist and misogynist. And I don't think any of those character traits are what we want in our President.

McInturff gets a moderate applause.

STEVENS

So just as a reminder: This is a discussion period; it's not open to applause, though it can lead to debate. And I remind you, debate is healthy. Now, Miss McInturff, do you think you covered everything in your characterization of the President?

MCINTURFF

Yeah, I think that about does it, but it's possible I left something out.

JORDAN WHEELER, one of the professor's more laid-back students, likely due to his habitual pot smoking, gets the professor's attention next.

STEVENS

Yes, Mr. Wheeler?

WHEELER

(drawn-out voice)

I think Nancy did a great job summing up Despicable Don's nasty traits, but she forgot to mention con artist and fraudster. I mean, the guy pulled off the greatest con of all time... on

WHEELER (CONT'D)

the American people.

A few more hands are waving to be recognized; Stevens points to STEVE ADAMS near the center aisle about halfway back.

STEVENS

To whom do we owe the pleasure of this insightful contribution?

ADAMS

Steve Adams from Carmel, Indiana.

STEVENS

Smart city, I like that. Continue Mr. Adams.

ADAMS

With all due respect, lieutenant.

STEVENS

OK, let's stop right there. For a point of clarification, in political debates, there's no need nor reason to show respect for political opinions, especially if you disagree and you're about to argue them. It suffices just to be civil. And remind me later about civil, if you would, Mr. Adams.

STEVENS

The floor is yours.

ADAMS

I love my country; I just don't love what it's becoming. We're a nation of immigrants... Separating families at the border? That's not who we are. I see the truth in what Nancy and Jordan have said. The President is so pathetically deranged he wants us to believe the news media really is the enemy of the people. His fake news credo is quite simply something he directs at news organizations which, quite often and with good reason,

ADAMS (CONT'D)

report something negative about him. The incredible hypocrisy of that is the President lies and spews misinformation at a pace that should make everybody's head spin. But it doesn't. Millions of Americans actually believe even his most bold-faced lies. Maybe because he tells them, 'What you're seeing and what you're reading is not what's happening.' On top of that, the draft-dodging Liar-in-Chief has the audacity to attack the reputations of several career diplomats, a few of whom have had distinguished military careers. He'll say and do anything to cover up the truth about his lawlessness, even if it means making baseless, slanderous remarks about proven patriots. The irony of this is that during his campaign, he vowed on numerous occasions that he would drain the swamp, and he's the swamp monster. Good Lord, just consider how many of his associates have been indicted and found guilty of committing crimes, six, I believe, and five of them serious enough crimes to land them in jail. Seems to me that's the Justice Department draining Nelson's swamp. Only question is, when does the swamp monster get held accountable?

STEVENS

Holy mackerel, Mr. Adams, those sentiments would have gone a long way in the thousand-word essay you'll be writing in the near future. But I must say, every SEAL appreciates zeal, and I sure as heck appreciate yours. I also appreciate that you reminded us of the President's troublesome quote before the Veterans of Foreign Wars national convention. It harkens back to George Orwell's novel *1984*, in which he wrote, "The party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their

STEVENS (CONT'D)

final, most essential command." And Nelson's Orwellian message is quite clear: You can't believe what you're seeing and reading in the media, even if the proof is right before your eyes, but you can believe me. His latest slam against the media is to call it corrupt. Ironically, and perhaps a bit eerily in the context of what's happening in our country today, the theme of Orwell's book centers on the dangers of government overreach, totalitarianism and the extremely repressive control of everyone within a society. Thank you, Mr. Adams, your assessment truly was insightful. On top of what Miss McInturff, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Adams have cited, there's that terribly troubling phone call the President made to his Ukrainian counterpart, Alexander Stanislov, soliciting help in a U.S. election by asking Stanislov to dig up dirt on his chief political rival, Dan Rumford. And, there are those damning texts between top U.S. diplomats and Ukrainian officials that go a long way to suggesting there was a bribe, a quid pro quo, military aid in exchange and an Oval Office visit for damaging information on Rumford. Maybe even more deeply troubling than the phone call and texts is the failure of the President's Republican colleagues - or should I say cohorts - to call this out for what it is, an illegal act that perhaps even borders on treason... And let's not forget the several acts of alleged obstruction by the President cited in the Stiller Report, his campaign finance law violations, his repeated violations of the Emoluments Clause of the Constitution by receiving money from foreign nationals and the collusion with Russia to try to get dirt on his 2016 opponent, Mary Stinson. When you witness that kind of flagrant corruption - some of it even done in public - you tend to forget about the hush money

STEVENS (CONT'D)

payment he made to a porn star with whom he'd had an affair.

TIMOTHY CRENSHAW, the preppy son of rich Republicans, raises his hand and gets the professor's attention.

STEVENS

(pointing to Crenshaw)

Yes, Mr...

CRENSHAW

Crenshaw. Tim Crenshaw, lieutenant, sir. I don't think it's healthy for us as a nation to continue to barrage the President with criticism and unfounded accusations of corruption. I believe we should honor and respect the Office of the Presidency and not blast our commander-in-chief at every opportunity with what, for the most part, is partisan blather. I think most of it is simply because Democrats are trying to do everything in their power to bring him down; they can't accept the fact he won the election.

STUDENT

(shouting)

Oh my God, dude, what planet are you from?!

ANOTHER STUDENT

(loudly chiming in)

Fox News junkie.

STEVENS

(interjecting loudly)

Alright. Maybe there's been a misunderstanding of what I said earlier. You don't have to respect a person's political opinions, but you should not disrespect the person expressing his or her point of view. Insults tend to muddy a good debate. It seems to me this is a good time to end class; I'll see you all next Tuesday.

Adams quickly raises his hand again and gets the professor's attention.

STEVENS

Mr. Adams, did you not get that I just dismissed class?

ADAMS

Yes sir, lieutenant, I did, but you wanted me to remind you of civil.

STEVENS

Yes indeed, Mr. Adams, thank you. I was actually planning to make Henry David Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience* your first reading assignment. But after today's vibrant discussion, I think we should change it up. Let's go with the Orwell novel instead; it's only two hundred-sixty-six pages, so a week should give you ample time. Then, I want you to write a one-thousand word essay, weaving the theme of *1984* into the context of what's happening today in American politics, particularly with regard to civil discourse and the rule of law. Those papers are due two weeks from today.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - EVENING

Lt. Stevens is enjoying conversation and a beer with MICHELLE WILSON, a pretty brunette in her early forties, on a warm spring evening on the patio outside the Russell House Tavern. Wilson is a renowned Harvard economics professor and occasional CNN business show guest.

MICHELLE

(somewhat jovially)

Word on the street, lieutenant, is your classes are making quite the splash. I heard the powers that be are considering moving your operation to the Field House. And I can't lie, lieutenant, I'm a bit envious. I once had a similar standing, and then this handsome Navy SEAL comes

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

on board.

She's winking and smiling.

STEVENS

Actually, professor, word in the hallways is you've still got game, a pretty damn good game.

MICHELLE

Thanks, lieutenant, but seriously, how do you plan to build on what you've already achieved?

Lieutenant Stevens takes a sip of beer, pausing for a moment, pondering.

STEVENS

Extracurricular activity.

MICHELLE

Do tell, lieutenant. Exactly what sort of activity?

STEVENS

I'll fill you in later. A few of my students invited me over to their bungalow tomorrow night for a couple beers and, if I get lucky, some inspiring conversation. If anything earth-shaking comes of it, you'll be the first to know.

MICHELLE

Promise?

STEVENS

You bet.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Four of Stevens' students - McInturff, Wheeler, Adams and MARGARET MOORHOUSE, are gathered in the living room, drinking beers.

WHEELER

You think he's gonna show up?

ADAMS

I doubt it.

MCINTURFF

For real? Why not?

ADAMS

He's a freakin' professor, Nancy.

NANCY

Yeah, so...

WHEELER

Professors don't fraternize with students.

Just then there's a knock at the front door.

NANCY

(getting up)

Say what, Wheeler?

Adams slides open a drupe and looks out the front window.

ADAMS

I'll be damn. It's him.

WHEELER

Well alright. Let him in.

Nancy opens the front door and greets the lieutenant, who's clutching some papers at his side. He enters and takes a seat. His students appear almost awestruck.

STEVENS

Is everybody okay? You look like you just saw a ghost.

WHEELER

Damn, lieutenant, we had no idea you'd actually show up. Don't get me wrong; we're thrilled you're here. We just figured you'd have more important things to do.

MCINTURFF

Speak for yourself, Wheeler.



STEVENS

Frankly, Mr. Wheeler, I can't think of anything more enticing than gathering with a group of Harvard intellectuals, who appear ready to pave the way for a brighter day. I say that based in large part on these, your essays on the Orwell novel.

Lt. Stevens lays the papers on a coffee table in front of him.

STEVENS

For the past couple months, I've been rereading them every once in awhile. You, and what you say in these essays, are the main reasons I'm here.

Just then, Crenshaw, almost in a state of panic, bursts into the living room from his adjoining bedroom, grabs the controller from the coffee table in front of Lt. Stevens and turns on the TV.

CRENSHAW

Excuse me, lieutenant, sorry, but you guys gotta see this; you're not gonna believe what's happening.

STEVENS

(surprised)

No problem, Mr. Crenshaw. I trust you have good reason.

Crenshaw, standing to the side of the TV, turns on CNN, which is broadcasting live footage of a violent confrontation in Newnan, Georgia, about 30 miles southwest of Atlanta. Hundreds of Neo-Nazis are parading down Main Street, boldly displaying their fascist Swastika flags, tattoos and arm bands while chanting "Sieg Heil," which segues into "white lives matter" and finally "blood and soil." Among them are dozens of Confederate flag-carrying members of the Alt-right, a white nationalist movement. They're on their way to a white supremacist Unite the Right rally in the Town Square, when they come face-to-face with an equally large, if not larger, group of counter-protesters, some of whom are militant members of the antifa (anti-fascist) movement.

COUNTERPROTESTER

(shouting)

You fascist motherfuckers have no

COUNTERPROTESTER (CONT'D)

place in America.

ANTIFA MEMBER

(shouting)

Get the fuck outta here, you goddamn  
Nazis.

One of the antifa members, wearing a helmet, face covered and dressed entirely in black, steps forward, just a few feet from the encroaching Neo-Nazis.

ANTIFA MEMBER

(shouting)

Blood will be meeting soil. It'll be  
your blood; you fascist pigs.

An enraged Neo-Nazi steps out from the march and swings a club at an antifa antagonist, who ducks and then thrusts a large tactical knife into the abdomen of the fascist, who falls to the street, grabbing his gut. Then all hell breaks out, and one of the Neo-Nazis opens fire on the counter-protesters with an AR-15, killing and wounding more than a dozen before a police officer takes him down. Guns are blazing from both sides; many of those without are wielding knives and clubs. Lt. Stevens and his students are glued to the footage, speechless as they watch the violence unfold. Bloodied victims continue falling to the street, until the National Guard arrives to reinforce the police and put an end to the fighting.

CNN COMMENTATOR

Today, in Newnan, Georgia, marks the deadliest day of fighting on American soil since the Civil War. More than 200 were killed and hundreds more wounded in a battle that broke out when Neo-Nazis and white supremacists gathering for a Unite the Right rally were confronted by counter-protesters and members of the antifa movement... What makes this event particularly heinous is that it happened more than one hundred-fifty years after the North's victory that freed the slaves, more than one hundred years after women's suffrage and more than seventy years after the civil rights movement.

CRENSHAW  
(blurting out)  
Can you believe this shit!?

Lt. Stevens rises, emboldened and somewhat enraged, ready to hold court with his students and to recruit them for a special forces team outside the norm.

STEVENS  
I never envisioned this happening in America; this is what I fought for to prevent - a descent into anarchy. Could you turn that off now, Mr. Crenshaw?

CRENSHAW  
For sure, lieutenant.

Crenshaw shuts off the TV and sets the remote on the coffee table before taking a seat.

STEVENS  
There's something I want to ask all of you. I think I already know the answer, except perhaps yours, Mr. Crenshaw, but I still need to ask. Are you willing to take a risk for your country, alongside me - a risk that could get us all arrested, or worse? Your brilliant minds and your convictions - reflected in class and in your essays - are what led me here. I want you to be a part of my Special Forces team. I want you to help me stop this madness; I want you to help me stop the President, or as I prefer to call him, Diabolical Don.

MCINTURFF  
(raising her hand)  
I'm in.

ADAMS  
I can't let Nancy get all the credit.  
I'm in.

WHEELER

I kinda, sorta have to be in, don't I?  
I mean, this is clandestine, right?  
So what do I have to lose, other than...  
my life? I'm in.

CRENSHAW

I know you didn't expect me to even  
want to be on your team, but because  
of you and because of their incredible  
minds and powers of persuasion, I'm in.

That leaves MARGARET MOORHOUSE, who was never a mover and shaker  
in Lt. Stevens' classroom, but her essay rocked his soul. Stevens  
picks up the essays and retrieves Moorhouse's.

STEVENS

I want to read an excerpt from an  
essay one of you wrote that struck  
me to the core. "Sometimes a person  
of conscience, one with righteous  
fortitude, will have just reason to  
use violence against his or her  
oppressors and against those who  
make unjust laws against a higher  
law. Which is why we, as Americans,  
are steadfast in our belief that we  
are 'one nation, indivisible, with  
liberty and justice for all.'

Moorhouse rises and stands at attention, her body stiff and  
straight, feet together and arms at her sides.

MOORHOUSE

(saluting)

I'm in, Lieutenant Stevens.

INT. - TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Michelle is preparing dinner in the gourmet kitchen of her  
luxury townhouse in Harvard Square. The front door buzzer sounds.

MICHELLE

(shouting)

Door's open; come on in.

Stevens steps inside and shuts the door.

STEVENS

You always leave your door open?

MICHELLE

Only when I'm expecting someone  
I know.

Stevens scans the furnishings, beautiful hardwood floors and open floor plan that offers a complete view of her upscale kitchen.

STEVENS

Wow, this is a beautiful place.

MICHELLE

It comes with tenure, lieutenant.  
Now have a seat and make yourself  
at home. Can I get you something  
to drink?

STEVENS

Beer?

MICHELLE

I know you like that hoppy stuff;  
I do too, so I got this Rebel Raw  
Double IPA from Samuel Adams.

Michelle carries a couple of bottles into the living room of her newly built townhouse and hands Stevens a bottle, while taking a seat on the couch next to him.

STEVENS

Thank you, Dr. Wilson.

MICHELLE

OK, lieutenant, what do you say we  
drop the formalities? I like Michelle.

STEVENS

In that case, no more lieutenant.  
Mark will do just fine. How 'bout  
chef Michelle? From the smell of  
dinner, I think that's fitting.

MICHELLE

I think you best reserve comment  
until you've tried it. It's a fairly

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

simple seafood casserole - scallops,  
shrimp and lobster meat with linguine  
in a homemade alfredo sauce.

STEVENS

Well, it sounds and smells terrific.  
And homemade is a keyword.

Stevens holds up his beer to toast; Michelle reciprocates.

STEVENS

To an extraordinary professor and -  
I'm gonna take an educated guess and  
say - an amazing cook.

They tap their bottles.

MICHELLE

I'm going to dish us up and hope you  
don't issue a retraction.

Stevens smiles and chuckles as he follows Michelle to the dining  
room table. He takes a seat while Michelle lights a candle and  
proceeds to pour each of them a glass of red wine.

STEVENS

If I didn't know any better, I'd say  
you were trying to romance me.

MICHELLE

(smiling)

What makes you so sure I'm not?

STEVENS

You've got me there... and you  
did leave the door open, so I  
must have cleared the trust bar.

Michelle heads to the kitchen and starts dishing up their  
plates.

MICHELLE

Navy SEAL. Medal of Honor. Harvard  
professor. Yeah, I'd say so, by a lot.

Stevens takes a bite of the casserole and follows it up with a

sip of wine.

STEVENS

Wow! This is amazing. Thank you so much for the invite.

MICHELLE

It's my pleasure lieutenant... I mean Mark. I do love to cook.

STEVENS

So, Chef Michelle it is. I'm gonna go with that until you serve me something that isn't absolutely fantastic. I got a question for you.

Michelle, looking inquisitive, takes a sip of wine.

MICHELLE

Okay.

STEVENS

I was wondering if you might want to join me on a road trip to Pennsylvania this weekend to visit my Mom.

MICHELLE

Well gee, lieutenant, I thought you'd never ask. I'd be honored.

INT. BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

Stevens and Michelle are having a mid-afternoon beer at the Deer Creek Bar & Grill in Lawrence, PA, a Pittsburgh suburb about six miles south of his Mom's home in Upper St. Claire.

MICHELLE

Your Mom is really great; thanks for bringing me.

Lt. Stevens is about to respond when a breaking news story with a headline scrolling across the bottom of the TV screen gets his attention: "Simultaneous Bombings at a Pittsburgh Synagogue and Mosque Kill More Than 100 and Maim Dozens." As footage of the carnage begins to roll, Lt. Stevens lowers his head into his hands.

STEVENS

(shocked)

Oh my God, when is this ever gonna end!?

Three middle-aged REDNECKS at the bar, sitting a few seats away, overhear Stevens' remark.

REDNECK 1

It'll end when the fuckin' Jews, muslims and niggers go back to where they came from.

STEVENS

(upset, animated)

Seriously! Am I really in the United States?

REDNECK 1

Well, lookie what we got here, boys. A fuckin' Jew lovin', nigger lovin' bastard sitting at our bar, enjoyin' a beer and stinkin' up the place.

STEVENS

Wow! Such a kind and courteous greeting. To whom do we owe the dishonor?

REDNECK 1

Not just a nigger lover... a disrespectful wise ass.

The burly bearded redneck rises from his bar seat with beer in hand. His two bar buddies, both dressed in similar dirty and tattered flannel shirts and jeans, rise in unison alongside the agitator.

REDNECK 1

In case you haven't realized, your kind ain't welcome here. Now I suggest you get your sorry ass outta here before things get ugly. Don't think you want your woman friend to see you get beaten and bloodied now, do you?

Lt. Stevens ignores his remarks, turns to Michelle and whispers in her ear.



STEVENS

Go on out to the car. I'll be there  
in a minute.

MICHELLE

(whispering back)

Please, Mark, just come with me. They  
aren't worth it.

STEVENS

I'm just gonna clear a few things up  
with these lowlifes; it shouldn't  
take long.

Michelle starts walking out as the three racist rednecks form a half-circle around the lieutenant; the burly instigator breaks his beer bottle on the bar, startling the scrawny bartender, who backs away. The lieutenant, who's maintained his SEAL physique save for a few pounds, turns and rises from his seat.

STEVENS

You guys are obviously quite  
intelligent, so I'm gonna assume  
you know what it means to have a  
false sense of bravado.

REDNECK 1

I do believe this boy's a bit too  
big for his britches; what do you  
boys think?

His sidekicks nod in agreement and take a step closer to the lieutenant.

STEVENS

Which one of you fine rednecks  
wants to go down first?

The burly guy lunges toward the lieutenant, thrusting the broken beer bottle toward him. Lt. Stevens grabs the redneck's wrist and strikes his elbow with such force it breaks his arm, forcing him to drop the bottle and fall to his knees writhing in pain. The lieutenant then delivers a roundhouse kick to the temple of another assailant, instantly knocking him out. The third aggressor swings at the lieutenant, but Stevens blocks the attempt and delivers a direct hit to the man's Adam's apple. He falls to the floor holding his neck and struggling to breathe. Stevens turns toward the barkeep and

places a ten dollar bill on the bar.

STEVENS

Thanks for your hospitality. When they come to, tell them the Navy SEAL expected a warmer welcome. Have a good rest of the day.

Michelle is waiting nervously and impatiently in the lieutenant's BMW SUV in the parking lot beside the bar, when Stevens gets in on the driver's side.

MICHELLE

Thank God you're okay! I was worried sick.

STEVENS

I figured I could reason with them pretty quickly, and I do believe we had a meeting of the minds.

MICHELLE

With that band of bigots?! I don't believe you for a minute.

STEVENS

Well, let's just say I tried to show them the light.

As Stevens is pulling out of the parking lot, Michelle looks over his shoulder and sees the burly redneck exiting the bar holding his arm to his stomach, with his racist sidekicks hobbling just behind.

MICHELLE

I guess you did help them see the light... in a rather humbling, or should I say, hobbling way.

Lt. Stevens catches a glimpse of the threesome just before driving away. He turns to Michelle, winks and smiles.

MICHELLE

One other thing, lieutenant. I mean, Mark.

STEVENS

Yes?

MICHELLE

I've been thinking. Those students you recruited... I think I'd like to meet them.

STEVENS

Hoo-ha! Well alright then, let's have at it.

INT. DENISE'S HOME - NIGHT

Michelle and Mark are watching the news in his Mom's living room, waiting for the President to address the nation in the wake of the day's horrible violence against Jews and Muslims.

STEVENS

(shouting)

You're gonna want to see this, Mom.

Denise, who's in the kitchen getting dinner, steps into the living room and takes a seat just as President Nelson prepares to address the nation from the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT

We, as a nation, cannot allow the horrific and cowardly acts of violence witnessed today in the proud city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to deter us from our just causes of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness... These are unalienable rights, which our Declaration of Independence proclaims are given to all people by their creator, and which governments are established to protect.

DENISE

(interjecting)

I don't recall him saying anything like that after the bloodshed in Newnan.

MICHELLE

(chiming in)

Cause he didn't. Remember, there were good people on both sides.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

It seems as though our country's melting pot has boiled over; it may be too late to purify the nation. But we must be vigilant in rooting out the hate.

STEVENS

Did he really just say that? The king of hate speech whose firebrand is violence, trying to quell the hate. Utterly amazing.

DENISE

(rising to leave)

I can't listen anymore; you can't believe a word he says. I'm gonna finish getting dinner ready.

MICHELLE

(getting up)

I'll give you a hand. I've had about all I can stomach.

Mark reaches for the controller on the coffee table and shuts off the TV.

STEVENS

Hope it didn't spoil your dinner, Michelle.

Michelle follows Denise into the kitchen.

MICHELLE

Something tells me your Mom will help it to settle.

INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Two days later, Michelle is stirring a large pot of chili on the island stovetop in her kitchen. Stevens is leaning against a counter, having a beer.

MICHELLE

Where do you think all this hate came from, Mark? I mean, I don't

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

remember anything like this growing up. Anti-semitic attacks seem to have become an almost daily occurrence in New York City. Maybe I just wasn't exposed to it as a child. Maybe the embers of racism have been there all along, and the President has stoked them enough to ignite a wildfire of hate that's engulfing the country.

STEVENS

I'm afraid you hit the nail on the head, Michelle. By his own admission, we know the President is a nationalist. His repugnant rhetoric makes clear he's a racist, not to mention a fascist. But rest assured, Harvard Team SEAL is dealing with it expeditiously.

Just then, a voice from Michelle's finished basement, turned Situation Room, rises to the occasion.

WHEELER

(shouting)

Lieutenant, there's something you gotta see.

Stevens heads downstairs, where an entire wall is lined with computer laptops, monitors, hardware, software and other gadgetry. Michelle follows right behind him.

STEVENS

What do we have?

WHEELER

I hacked into the data base at the Southern Social Justice Center; they're tracking three hate groups that appear to be planning a major uprising.

STEVENS

Where?

WHEELER

We're not sure just yet; we're working on it. Some of the communications intercepted by the Justice Center are pretty cryptic, but Nancy's gonna nail it down.

STEVENS

What hate groups are involved?

McInturff, a cute brunette with thick dark-rimmed glasses, pivots from her laptop to face the lieutenant.

MCINTURFF

One of them is the Nationalist Action Party, the largest Alt-right movement in America. It boasts more than a million members across the country. Another is the American Neo-Nazi Party. Not sure how many members; nobody seems to say, but it's likely in the tens, if not hundreds, of thousands. I'm still working on trying to identify the third group. My best guess at this point is it's either Neo-Confederates or the KKK. In either case, you're looking at as many as ten thousand members. Oh, and I was able to decode a troubling message shared among the groups' leadership, urging all of their members to come armed.

STEVENS

If they mobilize like they did in Newnan, with those kind of numbers, we could be looking at thousands of casualties. We need to get out in front of this; we've got to find that location. Let's get all hands on deck; call in Adams, Crenshaw and Moorhouse and meet me here at O-seven-hundred. We need to hit the ground running.

WHEELER

(saluting)

Yes sir, lieutenant.

MCINTURFF

Ditto that.

MICHELLE

For now, let's take a break and have some chili.

WHEELER

I'm all in on that, Dr. Wilson.

MCINTURFF

Me too.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

Lt. Stevens and his student recruits are meeting in the Situation Room, along with Michelle. Stevens and Michelle are standing next to a large mahogany desk at the back end of the room opposite the stairwell; the student soldiers are seated at their stations along the wall.

STEVENS

Thanks for being here and committing to this cause, and to me. No matter where this leads, I want you to know I'm incredibly proud to have you on my team, and in my classroom.

MICHELLE

(chiming in)

And I'm equally proud to have you in my basement Situation Room, leading the charge.

WHEELER

So lieutenant, we got something else. We think we know who the main organizer is, and we believe he has a connection to the White House.

McInturff turns to her laptop, quickly types a few keywords and brings up a video on a large wall monitor at the other end of the room. White supremacist MICHAEL JEFFERSON, early 40s and clean-cut, is standing center-stage, speaking to a crowd of more than 300, mostly white 50- and 60-something men and fewer than half as many women about the same age.

## JEFFERSON

This is our time. We have an opportunity now that we haven't had in more than fifty years, an opportunity to take back OUR country from the invaders and to cleanse our society of those from other countries who've polluted ours. We have to seize the day while we have a President who supports our cause.

McInturff pauses the video.

## MCINTURFF

That, lieutenant, is Michael Jefferson. He's speaking to a white supremacist conference in Washington, D.C. two-and-a-half years ago, and, I don't think it was a coincidence that the event was held at the Nelson International Hotel, just two weeks after Nelson was elected. Emboldened by his victory, more than three hundred white nationalists, along with several alt-right stars, attended. Jefferson, president of the Nationalist Policy Association, was center-stage throughout most of the event. Amazingly, it sailed under the media's radar, likely by design, to avoid any kind of counter-protest outside the President's hotel. A few weeks later, this video surfaced on a Neo-Nazi website, SiegHeil.com, and it continued to circulate among alt-right groups. Mainstream media still hasn't picked it up.

## STEVENS

Let's make sure they do. Start with the New York Times, Washington Post and Wall Street Journal. Once they get their hands on this, television news channels will follow suit. It'll be interesting to see how Fox News spins it. Can we see a bit more of



STEVENS (CONT'D)  
the video, Miss McInturff?

MCINTURFF  
For sure.

McInturff restarts the video, with Jefferson continuing to spew his hate speech.

JEFFERSON  
For too long, we've been relegated to the seats in the back, our voices silenced by anti-nationalist thugs. Now that we know we have a like-minded voice in the White House, a President who realizes the need to save and preserve our white culture, OUR American way of life, we can take those seats up front. We have brought our movement into the political mainstream like never before. Let's pledge to not allow this opportunity to slip away into the darkness of time, as it has in the past. The time has come for an ethnic cleansing in America. The time has come to restore the white empire that once was our country. It is time to party like it's 1933... Hail Nelson, hail our cause, hail our victory!

The audience begins to clap with increasing vigor, as many raise their arms in a Nazi-style salute and begin chanting, Sieg Heil. McInturff turns off the video.

STEVENS  
And all of this took place at the President's hotel? We're sure of that?

CRENSHAW  
Yes, sir, lieutenant. We confirmed it with several hotel employees, who wish to remain anonymous, and through an intern in the White House Office of the Staff Secretary, who happens to be a fellow member of the Harvard Debate team.

STEVENS

I had no idea you were on the debate team, Crenshaw. That's quite commendable, considering its history of success on the national stage.

CRENSHAW

Thanks, lieutenant.

STEVENS

Well, we can't debate this: These hate groups - and the President - represent a clear and present danger to the American way of life. We need to be as vigilant as possible; we need to crush this hate-driven rebellion before the violence erupts, cause we know it will. We could definitely make further use of that White House asset, Mr Crenshaw. How far do you think the intern would be willing to go?

CRENSHAW

(jokingly)

I could ask her, but I might get slapped in the face.

The room lights up with a bit of laughter.

STEVENS

Maybe you could feel her out?

MICHELLE

(half-heartedly scolding)

Lieutenant.

STEVENS

Maybe that was a poor choice of words, Mr. Crenshaw, but try to find out if she'd be willing to work with us, for the good of the country... Ms. Moorhouse, your mission is to troll as many alt-right social platforms as possible to find the location of that rendezvous of hate.

MOORHOUSE

Yes, sir, lieutenant.

STEVENS

Miss McInturff, please do try to nail down that third group, firm up all their numbers and try to find the pockets where most of their members live. That might help us figure out a centralized location for their armed assault on our democracy.

MCINTURFF

You got it, lieutenant, sir.

STEVENS

Mr. Wheeler, obviously, I don't need to tell you you're gonna have to find a way into Jefferson's phone and computer. Work with Moorhouse and McInturff. Find out everything you can about this racist scumbag, from his childhood to the present. He appears to be a major player. Track his daily movements from when he goes to bed at night to when he gets up in the morning; find out what he likes to eat and drink, what habits he has and whether he has a girlfriend, a favorite restaurant etc. Everything and anything... That leaves you, Mr. Adams. You're an excellent writer; we're gonna need you to disseminate any and all correspondence to the media and to the colleges and universities we determine to be more vulnerable to Jefferson's fascist messages. We need to douse his ideology of hate and that of the Flamethrower-in-Chief before the racism starts burning out of control. And one last thing. Diabolical Don is holding a rally in Minneapolis a week from Saturday in Somali-American Rep. Ayan Shimbir's home district, and I'm sure it's not by coincidence. Let's monitor the President's rally and listen to his speech closely to find

STEVENS (CONT'D)

whether he shares any racist or hateful words in common with Jefferson. I think that about does it. Anybody, have any questions?

None of the students raises a hand.

MICHELLE

What about me, lieutenant. What's my mission?

STEVENS

I'm sure any and all of these fine student soldiers would welcome your assistance. Let's meet back here early Thursday night, say about nineteen hundred hours, and see what we've got. I'll bring the pizza.

EXT. DOCKSIDE BAR - DAY

Jefferson is dining outdoors with two other well-dressed, 40-something men - JACK KELLY AND STEVE MORRISON - at Franco's Dockside Bar & Grill on the Potomac River in Old Town Alexandria, Virginia. McInturff and Adams, acting like a young tourist couple, are meandering about the deck, taking photos of the docked boats and the rest of their surroundings, including Jefferson and his lunch guests, who are all oblivious to the pair's movements and surreptitious motives.

WAITER

(to McInturff and Adams)

Would you like to be seated?

McInturff gestures to a table beside her and within earshot of Jefferson and his companions.

MCINTURFF

Yes, thank you. This will be fine.

They take their seats.

ADAMS

Beautiful day, beautiful breeze for my beautiful girl.

MCINTURFF

Aww, you're so sweet.

Their exchange catches the attention of Jefferson, whose eyes are fixed on McInturff.

JEFFERSON

I couldn't have said it any better.  
Enjoy your day and rest assured,  
we're in store for some even  
brighter days ahead.

McInturff smiles and turns to face Adams. When the men's attention goes back to their business at hand, the couple share a chilling look of disgust.

JEFFERSON

I have a speaking engagement at Towson University sometime during the first week of May. I received an invite from an organization there, Youth for a Nationalist Civilization. There's bound to be a protest, so we'll need to have a presence.

Just then, an inebriated patron with drink in hand, approaches Jefferson's table.

DRUNK

Aren't you that fascist fuck who was shootin' your racist mouth off in Newnan?

JEFFERSON

You can't believe what you see and what you read.

DRUNK

Sounds to me like you're taking a page right out of the Liar-in-Chief's mouth, scumbag. This one's on me.

The drunk tosses his drink down the front of Jefferson's white shirt and red tie. MORRISON, the bigger and stronger of the two men sitting with Jefferson, quickly gets up and knocks the drunk down with a punch to his jaw. A couple of nearby waiters help him up and escort him off the premises. Jefferson leans toward McInturff.

JEFFERSON

Sorry about that. Your dinner's on me.

ADAMS

That's not necessary.

JEFFERSON

Please, it's my pleasure. You shouldn't have had to witness that.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

Harvard Team SEAL is going over the intel they've gathered to date. McInturff calls up the photos of Jefferson and his cohorts at the dockside bar, slowly clicking through them.

MCINTURFF

We know the guy on the left is Jack Kelly, and Steve thinks he overheard Jefferson refer to the other guy as Morrison, so we operated on that assumption. We also know Jefferson is planning to give a speech at Towson University in early May. Oh, almost forgot, he likes seafood, salad and Harp Lager, and he hits the sack pretty early, or at least he turns his lights out early. He's probably hoping the unwelcoming crowd that frequently gathers outside Teddy's Deli Shop below his apartment will leave when the lights go out.

ADAMS

Kelly is an ex-Marine, divorcee and former member of a Klan Klavern in Melfa, a small town on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He's now one of the top dogs in Crow's Sons of the Confederacy, a large Neo-Confederate movement based in Allendale, South Carolina. Not by coincidence, the shooter in the Charleston church massacre, Dan Rupp, also has known ties to that organization.

MCINTURFF

(taking over)

Steve Morrison - and we're pretty sure it's him - is a ranking member of the American Nazi Party headquartered in Arlington, Virginia. A swastika tattoo on the back of his neck reveals his sick allegiance. He was pictured marching in Newnan with his fellow American Nazis. Just doesn't sound right, saying American and Nazi in the same breath.

McInturff clears the screen.

MCINTURFF

That's all we've got on them, for now.

STEVENS

That's some really good work; it'll definitely spike your extra credit scores. I want to thank the two of you for making that long drive to Virginia... Okay, so now let's find out what the hell these racist jerks are planning. Mr. Wheeler, what do you have for us?

Wheeler, who's at the top of his computer science class, pivots to his laptop and calls up some text messages on the big screen.

WHEELER

Jefferson has definitely been busy mobilizing his Alt-right troops. This first text from Jefferson was sent early this morning to Rudolf Schmidt, a Neo-Nazi of German descent who lives in Whitefish, Montana.

Text exchanges between Michael Jefferson and Rudolf Schmidt follow:

MJ: Minneapolis a rising concern. Massive protest expected. Jeopardizes movement. Must help the Man in

Big House.

RS: Will explore tactical measures to disperse crowd.

MJ: Already have action plan. Meet Morrison Friday night at 6 in the Radisson Blu lobby, walking distance to Target Center.

Wheeler scrolls up, revealing more texts:

RS: Equipment?

MJ: Morrison will have necessary gear. He left yesterday by car. Check your email later tonight for tickets, flight and hotel itinerary.

RS: Will do, Mike. Rest easy; we got this.

Wheeler clears the screen and brings up more text messages.

MOORHOUSE  
(taking over)

This next series of texts is to Frank Withers, not your typical Nazi; he's more of an undercover operator. You won't see him taking part in any protests, but you can be sure he'll be operating behind the scenes supporting the white supremacists and their fascist views. His social network reads like a who's who of Neo-Nazi movers and shakers. And from what we can determine, he's one of the biggest players, with connections to a few high places in government. Scariest thing... he expresses a lot of militant viewpoints.

Text exchange between Jefferson and Withers follows:

MJ: Action plan in place for



Minneapolis. Need you for bigger role in Gen. Drake's Castle. In position to carry out agenda.

RS: Time, date?

MJ: Still firming that up. Many moving parts; precise execution incumbent.

WHEELER

GDC, an acronym for Gen. Drake's Castle, has been referred to frequently in a somewhat cryptic sense on some nationalist social platforms like Altright.com and Gab. We've seen questions like, 'You a player in GDC? Bringing anything special to GDC?' We believe it's a primitive - and thus easily deciphered - code for Washington, D.C. That's where, we believe, the white supremacists, Neo-Nazis and Neo-Confederates are planning their major armed uprising.

STEVENS

Any idea when?

WHEELER

Most probably in conjunction with the Democratic Presidential Debate June 13 at the Walter E. Washington Convention Center.

STEVENS

OK, we've got some time. My biggest concern right now is Minneapolis; I'm gonna pack my gear and head out tonight.

MICHELLE

That's like 20-something hours; you'll need someone along to help spell you with the driving. And that someone is gonna be me, Mark.

STEVENS

And who gives the orders here?  
Michelle, you're gonna be helping  
me with the drive. Got that?

MICHELLE

(saluting)

Yes sir, lieutenant, sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Michelle and Stevens are unloading luggage in their room at the Westin Hotel, a couple of blocks from the Target Center. While Wilson is hanging up some of her clothes, the lieutenant is assembling his M4A1 carbine. An M91A2 sniper rifle is lying on the bed alongside his Sig Sauer P226 combat handgun with silencer, a tactical knife and a pair of Steiner Commander Military binoculars.

MICHELLE

You really think you're gonna need  
those?

STEVENS

My Mom said I wouldn't. She said I  
could fight the good fight at home  
without my combat weapons. Course  
I don't think at the time, she had  
any idea what the good fight would  
entail. Based on our intel, I'd say  
there's a pretty damn good chance  
some of these are gonna get used. Can  
you check in with the team and see  
if they figured out where those two  
goons are staying?

MICHELLE

I'll get on that. Do you think maybe  
we should just contact the FBI and  
give them what we know?

STEVENS

We can't afford to blow our cover,  
not at this point. Maybe for the D.C.  
assault; we'll see.

While Stevens is scoping out the adjacent hotels and the street  
below with his binoculars, Wilson is on the phone with Wheeler.

MICHELLE

OK, thanks Jordan. Get back to us as soon as you've got something.

STEVENS

Nothing yet?

MICHELLE

No, but he says they're following a strong lead and might be close.

STEVENS

Alright, I'm gonna take a walk to the Target Center. That's where the largest crowd is likely to gather; I'd almost expect the attack squad to be scoping out the area in daylight. You keep your eyes peeled up here, and let me know if you spot anything suspicious. I'll be back in a couple hours.

MICHELLE

OK, just be careful.

The lieutenant tucks his combat pistol under his shirt in the small of his back and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

About an hour later, Wilson, who's sitting in front of the window looking out with the binoculars, answers a call.

MICHELLE

Hi Jordan. What's up?

(brief pause)

That's great work. I'll let him know right away.

EXT. COSMOS RESTAURANT - DAY

Lt. Stevens is standing outside, a stone's throw from the Target Center, when he gets the call from Michelle.

STEVENS

(brief pause)

Fantastic. I walked right by the place. Seeya in a few.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Stevens enters, and Michelle greets him with a hug.

STEVENS

Wow! What was that for?

MICHELLE

For getting back here in one piece.

STEVENS

Sweet. I'll try to keep doing that. I hope you let the team know their grades just keep going up. Is there anything higher than an A?

MICHELLE

A Plus?

STEVENS

That works. Nelson's speech is supposed to kick off at nineteen hundred hours, so I suspect the protesters will start gathering a couple hours beforehand. If you wanted to attack when the crowd is at its peak, nineteen hundred would be the target time, give or take ten minutes. To play it safe, I need to take them out by eighteen hundred hours.

MICHELLE

Jordan says they checked in under aliases, Paul Sturgeon and Frank Haley.

INT. - SCHMIDT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Morrison and Schmidt are in their room assembling two commercial drones equipped with explosives to drop on the massive crowd of protesters.

SCHMIDT

Ground explosives in place; timer detonators synced for seven-fifteen. First drone launch seven-thirteen,

second launch seven-fourteen, drop seven-fifteen. It's twelve-thirty now. Why don't you go get a bite to eat? When you get back, I'll go.

MORRISON

Alright. Be back in an hour or so.

INT. - STEVENS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Michelle is perched at the window, scoping out the street below with the binoculars.

MICHELLE

Hey, I think that's Morrison.

STEVENS

(reaching for binoculars)

Let me see.

(focusing on man)

That's definitely him. I need to get down there. If I can immobilize him, all we have to worry about is Schmidt.

Stevens hurriedly hands the binoculars back to Wilson.

STEVENS

Keep an eye on him.

Stevens quickly grabs his concealed carry tactical jacket, leaves the room and hurries down the staircase.

EXT. - HOTEL - DAY

Stevens puts on his jacket while hurrying in the direction Morrison was heading.

STEVENS

(talking into earbud)

Any location?

MICHELLE (VO)

I can't make out the entire name, but the place he went into is FireLake Grill something.

STEVENS

OK, I see it. Thanks, I'll be back  
in touch.

Stevens removes his earbud before entering the restaurant.

INT. - RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

Stevens quickly spots Morrison sitting at the bar drinking a cocktail. The lieutenant takes a seat at the other end. The bartender walks over to him.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

STEVENS

Size 7 IPA

BARTENDER

You got it.

After the bartender sets a draft beer in front of Stevens, he moves over to Morrison, who's looking at a menu.

BARTENDER

Decide what you want?

MORRISON

Give me just a minute.

BARTENDER

No Problem.

Morrison gets up and walks to a bathroom down a hallway toward the back of the bar. When the bartender has his back to the bar at the cash register, Stevens gets up, puts a five dollar bill on the bar and discreetly makes his way to the restroom. Once inside, Stevens quietly locks the door, reaches into his jacket and pulls out his silenced handgun. He sees Morrison's feet on the floor inside the stall. Stevens goes to the sink, turns on the water and then moves toward the stall. He applies slight pressure on the door and it begins to open.

MORRISON

Excuse me; It's occupied.

The lieutenant pushes the door wide open with his elbow, his

weapon trained on Morrison, whose wide-eyed blank stare reveals his state of shock.

STEVENS

It's not your day to shine, Frank.  
Or should I say Steve?

Stevens fires and hits Morrison right between the eyes, his head falling back against the wall. He reaches inside Morrison's jacket and takes out his cell phone, then he pulls the stall door shut, turns off the water, tucks his gun in his jacket and heads back to the bar.

BARTENDER

Hey, did you see the guy that was  
sitting over here?

Stevens approaches the bar and leans over it.

STEVENS

(quietly)

He's on the commode.

EXT. - RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

Stevens reinserts his earbud.

STEVENS

Phase One successfully executed.  
Prepare for hug.

INT. - HOTEL - DAY

When Stevens gets back to his room, Michelle embraces him.

STEVENS

I can never get too much of this.

MICHELLE

Just keep coming back.

STEVENS

I've got a plan to carry out Phase Two. We'll need to pack everything up and check out. I'm pretty sure there's a place a couple blocks from here where I can get a clean

shot with my sniper rifle.

MICHELLE

Oh my God! Are we really doing this?

STEVENS

We kinda have to if we're gonna save lots of innocent people's lives.

INT. - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Stevens is driving his SUV to the top level of a parking garage. Once there, Stevens backs his vehicle into a spot facing in the direction of the Radisson Blu, where Schmidt is awaiting the return of Morrison.

STEVENS

He's in room 407. This position should give me a decent shot. And he's got to be getting antsy, waiting for Morrison, who's not coming back. He'll be pacing, looking out the window every once in awhile.

Stevens gets out of his SUV, opens the back end and crawls in with his binoculars.

STEVENS

Good thing about this location... it's too far from the Target Center to warrant any kind of Secret Service presence. And it's just under one thousand meters from the target, if my calculations are accurate, so it's within range, barely.

(brief pause)

OK, I got him. He's pacing just like I thought he'd be.

MICHELLE

Can we just get this done and get out of here?

STEVENS

Take the wheel and get ready to roll.



The lieutenant pulls up his sniper rifle and draws a bead on Schmidt. Moments later, he fires.

STEVENS

He's down; let's go.

INT. - MILWAUKEE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle sits on the end of her hotel bed, with TV controller in hand. Stevens plops on his bed but lies back. Wilson puts on the TV, and a breaking news story shatters their tranquility. A news bulletin appears at the bottom of the screen. "Minneapolis: At least 50 Protesters Killed, Dozens Wounded Outside the President's Rally," as footage of the carnage is shown.

MICHELLE

Oh my God, Mark! You have to see this.

Stevens bounces up to watch the footage. Smoke is still billowing in the slight breeze. Bodies lie strewn about on the street in a few different locations, as firefighters, police and EMTs work frantically to help the wounded. Some distressed protesters are meandering about, shell shocked. A female television reporter standing in the foreground near some of the emergency vehicles provides more detail.

REPORTER

Authorities say at least fifty people are dead, but the death toll could go higher. Emergency personnel are administering aid to dozens of wounded. The President was whisked away within moments of the blasts and just minutes into his rally speech. He's expected to address the nation later this evening. An FBI official says at least three explosive devises were detonated in the vicinity simultaneously. He also says two men were found dead in separate locations nearby, one who was shot through the window in his hotel room at the Radisson Blu, where authorities also found a pair of commercial drones armed with enough explosives to kill hundreds. The other body was found in the restroom of

a restaurant bar just a couple hundred feet from the hotel; he was shot once in the head. Authorities have no information as to who may have been responsible for their deaths, but did say their killer may have saved countless lives.

STEVENS

What the fuck?! What'd we miss? Goddamn it. I failed the mission.

Michelle hugs the distraught lieutenant.

MICHELLE

You did everything you could with what we knew. You heard her say they found drones with explosives in their room; you saved hundreds of lives. Let's look ahead, Mark. There's more we need to do.

STEVENS

Nobody was supposed to die, except those two racist scumbags.

INT. - STEVENS' SUV - DAY

Michelle and Stevens are driving on their way back to Cambridge, Massachusetts, listening to a disturbing radio news broadcast.

VOICE OVER

Simultaneous attacks this morning at the New York Times building in Manhattan and at the Washington Post headquarters in the District of Columbia have left seventeen reporters and editors and two security guards dead and twenty-four wounded. Several hundred escaped the attacks by either fleeing the buildings or hiding in various locations throughout. In each case, two men posing as uniformed electricians shot the unsuspecting security guards execution-style as they sat at their desks in the lobbies.

Armed with semi-automatic weapons concealed in equipment containers, they immediately made their way to the respective newsrooms, where most of the victims were found.

Stevens and Michelle exchange looks of sadness and shock as the news report continues.

VOICE OVER

Before being taken down by SWAT teams, the killers managed to spray paint the words, "Enemy of the People," on the walls in each newsroom. Authorities say at least one of the men was shot dead by a reporter, who evidently had violated company policy by keeping a handgun in his desk. Unfortunately, that brave reporter was among the victims, shot dead by the other attacker. Police have yet to identify any of the killers and have not released the names of the victims, nor have they commented on a motive for the attack. Some, however, will likely draw their own conclusions based upon the attackers' spray-painted message.

INT. - HARVARD AUDITORIUM - DAY

Lt. Stevens now has a bigger auditorium to accommodate the overflow. He's seated at a large desk with open laptop and a controller for the huge projection screen behind him.

STEVENS

First, I want to get your take on what the President said to the nation on the night of the Minneapolis bombings. Then I want to hear your reaction to his remarks two days later when the Times and Post were attacked.

Stevens starts the video. President Nelson is seated behind his desk in the Oval Office, shielding his borderline obese body.

PRESIDENT

I want to put this in the strongest possible terms; I do not condone violence in any way, shape or form. What happened earlier today in Minneapolis was horrific. By last count, sixty-nine people are dead and eighty-seven are injured, some terribly, as a result of this heinous act. Our thoughts and prayers go out to their grieving families. Rest assured this cowardly attack and the spineless killers who carried it out will be investigated vigorously and thoroughly with every resource at our disposal. No stone will be left unturned.

Stevens switches the video to Nelson talking to reporters in the Rose Garden, following the Times and Post attacks.

PRESIDENT

I do want to say at the risk of a backlash from the dirty Dems - I don't know why they allow protesters at my rallies. It's just an invitation for violence; it never should have happened. And if they weren't there - and I guess some people are saying there were hundreds, which I find hard to believe - but if they weren't there, it wouldn't have happened. But you know - and I think everybody knows by now - the Dems and the fake news are gonna blame me. I'm sure they'll find me to blame for those awful newspaper attacks as well. And we all know that's just bullshit.

Stevens stops the video at that point.

STEVENS

Okay, let's discuss. What struck you as the most egregious remarks in the President's speech, or did you find it to be just fine?

He calls on TED SEIFERT, a tall, lanky young man sitting several rows back.

STEVENS

Yes, Mr. Seifert.

SEIFERT

What hit me was his utter slap in the face of the Constitution; we all know we have a constitutional right under the First Amendment to assemble and protest peaceably, just as they were doing in Minneapolis. This President has made clear he wants to rewrite the Constitution to suit him.

STEVENS

Thank you, Mr. Seifert, well spoken.

Stevens then calls on one of his Harvard Team SEAL members, Moorehouse.

STEVENS

Yes, Miss Moorehouse, how do you see it?"

MOOREHOUSE

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Seifert. If Nelson could rewrite the Constitution, he would, because everything is always all about him; he's a certified narcissist - and a demagogue. His remark about how the Dems and the media are gonna blame him for the Minneapolis bombings and the newspaper attacks is just plain ridiculous.

Crenshaw is raising his hand from a few rows back, and Stevens recognizes him.

STEVENS

Please, Mr. Crenshaw, the floor is yours.

CRENSHAW

What also strikes me is how he insists

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

he doesn't condone violence, yet out of the other side of his mouth, he incites it. Remember his Iowa and North Carolina rallies? Nelson was encouraging supporters to "knock the crap out of" hecklers at his Iowa rally and later offered to pay the legal fees of a backer who sucker-punched a protester at his Fayetteville, North Carolina rally. His comment about not condoning violence obviously doesn't hold water.

STUDENT

(chiming in)

And this is our President; how much more repugnant and deplorable can he get?

ANOTHER STUDENT

(shouting)

We ain't seen nothing yet!

STEVENS

Mr. Crenshaw, you seem to have done a 180 on your opinion of the President since the second day of class. Care to explain?

STUDENT

(shouting)

He started watching CNN, instead of FOX.

CRENSHAW

Actually, I'm not gonna lie, CNN did play a role. But the major players in my political evolution have been you, lieutenant, and a few of my friends in this class.

The class applauds, briefly.

STEVENS

And that, folks, is the beauty of dialogue, debate and an open mind... Considering everything we've just talked about and listened to - And

we haven't even touched on the global unrest Nelson's created with his ordered assassination of an Iranian government official, his trade wars and his alienation of our allies, while embracing ruthless, murderous dictators with open arms. All of these things considered, should we view this President as a clear and present danger to America? And if we do, what can we do? Keeping those questions in mind and utilizing your wondrous brainpower, I want you to explore what you believe the title of this course means. "Civilians on the Battlefield: The Human Dimension of Conflict" was conceived for a reason. Your one thousand-word essays, which are due a week from today, should explain the reasoning and the meaning behind the course title in the context of what's happening today. I can't wait to read them.

INT. - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Harvard Team SEAL members are working diligently at their stations, gathering intel, when the lieutenant enters and immediately gets their attention.

STEVENS

Good evening, teammates. Glad to see you're fast at work; must have some interesting stuff to share by now.

MCINTURFF

We do lieutenant, but first let me say how thankful we are that you and Michelle made it back safely. We share your remorse over the loss of lives in Minneapolis, but we know you probably saved hundreds, so we're hopeful you're not feeling any guilt. You risked your lives and did everything you could. We are all very proud of you, lieutenant, and of you, Michelle.

STEVENS

Thank you, Miss McInturff, we very much appreciate your kind and thoughtful words. Now let's get down to business on Drake's Castle and see if we can prevent any further loss of life.

WHEELER

We've done an extensive background investigation of Frank Withers. We have reason to believe he represents the biggest threat to the democrats' debate in D.C. Nancy?

MCINTURFF

(taking over)

Withers grew up in Sioux County, Iowa, the son of a pig farmer whose operation was among the state's largest. He attended local public schools and played football on the Sioux County High School team; he was a three-year letterman. Withers received a football scholarship to the University of Iowa, but never saw much playing time as a wide receiver; he couldn't match the speed of his black teammates at the position. It's speculation, but it's quite possible that caused him some deep-seated resentment toward blacks. You're up, Steve.

ADAMS

(picking up)

Academically, Withers was pretty much a straight-A student throughout high school and college. After graduating from Iowa University in 1989 with a degree in Industrial and Systems Engineering, he went on to receive a master's and a doctorate in Gas, Oil & Energy from Cambridge Graduate University International, right here. That's where he became friends with now Vice President Fred Stanley Turner. You're floor now, Tim.



## CRENSHAW

In 1997, his dad, Tim Withers, sold his 150-acre hog farm for three-and-a-half million dollars. He loaned Frank, his only son, one-and-a-half million in seed money to start up a small oil and gas company in North Dakota. Over nearly two decades since, Withers' company, ND Oil & Gas, grew exponentially, expanding into Wyoming and Oklahoma. Three years ago, he sold his firm to Brothers Tuck Energy for a whopping twenty-four billion dollars. Okay, Maggie, you're up.

## MOOREHOUSE

A year later, he moved from his upscale home in Horace, North Dakota, to a luxurious four-million-dollar mansion in Alexandria, Virginia, a fifty-minute drive from his ninety-two-million-dollar yacht, Lady Lucinda, at the Chesapeake Harbour Marina in Annapolis, Maryland. The triple-deck, one hundred-fifty-foot vessel even has a helipad. It's all yours, Jordan.

## WHEELER

There are a few things about Withers, other than his penchant for high-end luxury goods, that raised our eyebrows. For the past fifteen years, he's been a major contributor to Turner and several other Republican candidates for the House, Senate and Presidency, as well as a few conservative Political Action Committees. But what's also interesting is that Withers has funneled millions into Alt-right organizations and causes. He picked up the entire tab for Jefferson's post-election white supremacist conference in D.C. But perhaps most alarming is the video footage we intercepted by hacking into the surveillance cameras at Nelson World Tower in Manhattan. Back to you, Nancy.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop and brings up the footage on the

big screen. Withers, who's tall, slender and balding, is standing in the lobby, talking with a Saudi Arabian national who's dressed in traditional clothing.

MCINTURFF

The man Withers is talking with is Muhammad Almasi, a billionaire Saudi arms dealer, who has close ties to Abdul Amari, a central figure in the crown prince's inner circle. Amari is said to be responsible for the execution of hundreds of Saudi dissidents. He was among a contingent of more than a dozen Saudi nationals who were renting luxury condos at Nelson's Tower.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop again and brings up more video footage.

WHEELER

This is when the eyebrows begin to rise a little higher.

Exiting an elevator in the Nelson Tower lobby are Withers, Almasi and Vice President Turner. They stop inside the front doors, exchange a few brief words and shake hands before the vice president exits the building. Withers and Almasi continue talking as they return to the elevator.

WHEELER

Damn, I wish we had audio with these videos, lieutenant.

STEVENS

Not to worry, Mr. Wheeler, you and the rest of your teammates have done a marvelous job. I'm damn proud of everyone of you.

MOOREHOUSE

(interjecting)

That's not all, lieutenant. From the cryptic text messages exchanged between Withers and Jefferson, which Crenshaw and McInturff have deciphered, we believe Withers was arranging the

purchase of a missile system from Almasi. We're pretty certain when Jefferson asked Withers whether 'the GBM deal' would be completed in time for Drake's Castle is in reference to Gifflin B Missiles, which can be launched from a maritime platform. The missiles are a little more than 40 inches long, weigh about 33 pounds and have a 14-pound warhead. Withers' yacht could easily accommodate the launch. Ironically, the Gifflin Missile is manufactured right here in these United States by Blazethon Corporation, a defense contractor in Worcester, Massachusetts. And guess who owns forty thousand shares of BZT stock at more than two hundred dollars a share.

STEVENS

Don't keep me in suspense, Ms. Moorehouse.

MOOREHOUSE

The vice president, and if you do the math, that's a little more than eight-million dollars Turner has invested in a defense contractor whose missiles have somehow made it into the hands of a Saudi arms dealer willing to sell them to a militant American Neo-Nazi.

STEVENS

Oh my God, we need to figure out how to get a tracking device on Withers' yacht ASAP.

Stevens then tosses the Minneapolis bomber's cell phone to Wheeler.

STEVENS

See what you can pull off of that. And Mr. Adams, we need you to start writing some articles connecting the dots for dissemination to the media, at a time to be determined.

ADAMS

Roger that, lieutenant. I'm on it.

STEVENS

And one more thing, Harvard Team SEAL is excused from the essay assignment. You've got enough on your plates, and time is of the essence. The D.C. debate is just three weeks away, and Jefferson is speaking at Towson University next Saturday.

EXT. - STEPHENS HALL, TOWSON, MD. - DAY

Hundreds of counter-protesters - mostly students - are hoisting signs denouncing fascism, racism and hate as they gather in front of the 800-seat auditorium in the 7900 block of York Road. Along the perimeter, dozens of Neo-Nazis and Neo-Confederates are hoisting confederate flags and tricolored Nazi flags with the white disc and black swastika centered on a red field. A small contingent of local police officers are lined along the street between them. Perched in the clock tower above them is an undetected Antifa sniper dressed in the anti-fascist group's black uniform, his semi-automatic rifle trained on the Neo-Nazi crowd below.

INT. - STEPHENS HALL - DAY

Jefferson is center stage, speaking to an audience of about 300. Less than half of them are students with an alt-right leaning. The others are older white supremacist men and women.

JEFFERSON

For some time, I have promised a brighter day, a day when white nationalism rears its beautiful head and declares our righteous indignation for the mistreatment of the white race.

The crowd responds with a spattering of claps and cheers, which quickly dies down.

JEFFERSON

The bible says, 'Be angry and do not sin; do not let the sun go down on your anger, and give no opportunity to the devil.' Thanks to a President who recognizes the malice that's been inflicted upon us for far too long, we will no longer be relegated to the status of second-class citizens. We

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

are reclaiming our rightful place in American society, and we will once again rule supreme.

A mild applause is interrupted by gunshots. The bewildered crowd quickly disperses as Jefferson exits backstage.

EXT. - STEPHENS HALL - DAY

Several Neo-Nazis lie dead or wounded along the street. Panicked counter-protesters are running away in every direction. A couple of armed Neo-Nazis spot the sniper and open fire on him with their assault rifles, as do a couple of cops who are crouched behind a cruiser. A few other police officers charge toward the building and quickly gain entry, as dozens flee the auditorium. Gunshots continue to ring out as officers make their way up the staircase to the clock tower. When the cops burst open the door, the sniper is standing in one of the large tower openings facing the street below. His back to the police. The sniper is almost immediately struck in the chest by gunfire and falls, hitting the roof, sliding off its edge and plummeting to the road.

INT. - TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Stevens is in the living room having a beer and watching the news, while Michelle prepares dinner.

STEVENS

Oh my God, Michelle, come check out the President's afternoon tweet storm.

She takes off her apron and joins him in the living room. CNN has a running scroll of Nelson's tweets within an hour of the Towson tower attack.

NELSON TWEET 1

This time I can't say there were good people on both sides; there was one very, very bad actor. A cold-blooded cowardly killer, afraid to show his face.

NELSON TWEET 2

Antifa, a purportedly anti-fascist and loosely organized group of thugs that condones violence. This guy was one of them. He killed seven innocent

## NELSON TWEET 2 (CONT'D)

people and wounded four.

## NELSON TWEET 3

Everyone knows these victims had every right to be there supporting their cause. You don't have to like their ideology, but they're American citizens with every right to protest peaceably.

## NELSON TWEET 4

By all accounts, these folks were protesting peacefully. This deranged antifa thug shattered that peace.

## NELSON TWEET 5

An antifa assassin ended the lives of several folks unafraid to stay true to their beliefs in the face of their haters and the fake media's scorn.

## NELSON TWEET 6

Let this be a test of our resolve to end such violence. Rest assured antifa's violent tactics will be met with far greater force in the future. If they show up in their black outfits with their faces covered, they'll be asking for trouble.

## NELSON TWEET 7

This nation will not tolerate a band of thugs terrorizing innocent American citizens who are simply exercising their constitutional right to assemble and protest peacefully.

## NELSON TWEET 8

We, as a people, have a civic duty to stomp out this sort of domestic terrorism. Nobody deserves to live in fear in this great nation.

## NELSON TWEET 9

May the victims of this horrible and senseless tragedy rest in peace, and may God be with their families, as

NELSON TWEET 9 (CONT'D)

they mourn. Let us all pray for a  
better day.

Stevens mutes the TV.

STEVENS

To not even mention the victims  
were Hitler-worshiping Neo-Nazis...

MICHELLE

It speaks volumes about this President.

STEVENS

For God's sake, they were our hated  
in World War II... And 75 years later,  
they're merely citizens exercising their  
constitutional right. To what? To hate!

MICHELLE

Pray for karma and Harvard Team SEAL.

EXT. - CHESAPEAKE HARBOUR MARINA - DAY

Michelle and Stevens pull up to the leasing and condominium  
sales office building in a beautiful red Mercedes Maybach. As they're  
getting out of the car - parked dockside to the 120 boat slips, most  
of which are harboring yachts 40- to 90-foot long, with a few in the  
120- to 150-foot range - an attractive 39-year-old rental agent,  
TRACY TASKER, approaches.

TASKER

Lieutenant Stevens and Michelle?

STEVENS

Yes, indeed, in the flesh.

TASKER

So happy you could make it.  
(reaching to shake hands)  
I'm Tracy Tasker. It's so nice to  
meet you. And what a beautiful car!

STEVENS

Thank you.

TASKER

Let's head inside so I can get a little information, and then I'll give you the tour. I should mention, we have some condos available for rent on a nightly basis, if you'd like to spend a day or two and enjoy the amenities we have to offer. I personally recommend it, if you have the time.

MICHELLE

I think that's probably a very good idea, honey, don't you?

Stevens winks and nods in agreement as they walk toward the office building.

INT. - RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Tasker leads them to her office, where they take seats in front of her desk.

TASKER

So I guess the most important question to ask is how big is your yacht? Cause as much as I hate to say it, size does matter.

Stevens and Michelle smile at each other.

STEVENS

(succinctly)

One-hundred-thirty feet.

TASKER

Okay, well, our slips only accommodate boats up to ninety feet, but the good news is we can accommodate yours along the main dock; I'll show you where when we take the tour. The leasing fee is higher, but not terribly.

MICHELLE

I'm sure if we're comfortably satisfied with all of the accommodations here, the fee won't be an issue. Right, sweetie?



Stevens nods in agreement.

TASKER

So next question... When would you be planning to dock here?

STEVENS

It's being built by Feadship in the Royal Dutch Shipyard. We've been given a completion date of August ten, so I think we'd be looking at mid-September to early October.

TASKER

We can secure that, but we'll need a two-hundred-thousand-dollar deposit, with fifty percent refundable should you decide to opt out of the lease within the first six months.

MICHELLE

That sounds reasonable, honey, don't you think?

Stevens again nods in agreement.

MICHELLE

I mean if it's all good, you could have your bachelor's party here, on the boat.

STEVENS

I don't think we'll be prepared to write a check today, but if we're pleased with the accommodations, we'll make a second visit in a few weeks and be prepared to ink the deal.

TASKER

Perfect. Let's go check out the docks.

EXT. - MAIN DOCK - DAY

Accompanied by the rental agent, Stevens and Michelle are walking along the main dock, scoping out the impressive boats while keeping a keen eye out for Lady Lucinda. As they approach the end of the dock, Stevens sees the name Lady Lucinda toward the bow of

Withers' triple-decker, and he pauses to admire it.

STEVENS

That's certainly an impressive vessel;  
it's got to be half a football field.

TASKER

Your distance perception is spot on;  
Lady Lucinda is exactly one hundred-fifty  
feet - our biggest. We estimate it's  
worth about one-hundred million - chump  
change for the multi-billionaire from  
Alexandria who owns it.

As they make their way back to the rental office building,  
Stevens questions the marina's security measures.

STEVENS

With a few hundred million bucks worth  
of boats here, I presume you have  
state-of-the-art security.

TASKER

In the thirteen years I've been working  
here, there've been just two burglaries  
reported by boat owners. In one case,  
the thief was caught red-handed by our  
marina security guards. In the other  
break-in, authorities were able to  
identify the suspect from the yacht's  
hidden security cameras. He was arrested  
a few days later, and all of the  
owner's stolen valuables were  
recovered. The marina is monitored  
twenty-four-seven with video and staff,  
one guard on duty during the daylight  
hours and two at night. Despite a  
fairly impeccable record with security,  
we still recommend putting anything  
of significant value in a safe.

MICHELLE

I think everything you've said gives  
us peace of mind that our new boat  
will be well cared for here. Don't  
you, honey?

STEVENS

Definitely, without question.

INT. - SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

Wheeler and McInturff are tracking Jefferson's movements via a hidden GPS device. They're following his white cadillac on a wall monitor above Wheeler's laptop.

MCINTURFF

Nice job getting that on his car.

WHEELER

Thanks. I figured if you and Steve could take a road trip to Virginia for the team, I could do my part and drive to Maryland.

(looking at the monitor)

He just entered Alexandria from the north. Looks like he's heading to Withers' mansion.

MCINTURFF

Makes sense - a fifty-minute drive to the marina and fifteen minutes to D.C. Wonder what Jefferson's role is.

WHEELER

Probably organizer and cheerleader. We know he's been in touch with Kelly and we know he's been rallying the Neo-Confederates in North and South Carolina.

Just then, Wheeler gets a phone call.

WHEELER

Hey lieutenant. What's up?

(brief pause)

Yes sir, lieutenant.

He signals McInturff to hand him a pen so he can jot down a telephone number. He repeats the number as he writes it down.

WHEELER

Four-one-zero-two-seven-eight-one-eight six-nine. Copy that.

INT. - MARINA CONDO - EVENING

STEVENS

I know, Mr. Wheeler, this might sound like a rather difficult and extraordinary task, but we're confident it's well within your pay grade. We need you to first send an email from Withers' IP address to this gmail address: ttasker1, along with a text from Withers' cell number to the security guard's cell I just gave you, with the following message: I am sending a couple of electricians to the marina today to upgrade the security system on Lady Lucinda. They should be there around noon. Please give them my key and allow them to board. Thank you, Frank Withers. And, Mr. Wheeler, send the email at eleven-hundred hours tomorrow and the message fifty-five minutes later, on the nose. Oh, and one more thing... we're gonna need you to shut down the yacht's security system prior to us boarding.

WHEELER

Roger, lieutenant. Out.

Wheeler sets down his cell phone, looking exasperated.

WHEELER

What the fuck. I don't have Withers' IP address. The lieutenant must think I'm a fuckin' magician.

MCINTURFF

In a sense, Jordan, you are. I'll go grab a couple Red Bulls and stick with you till you nail it down.

INT. - MARINA CONDO - DAY

Late the next morning, Michelle and Stevens are putting on facial and hair disguises and gray uniforms. Stevens perches himself by the window, looking down at the front entrance to the rental

office building. He sees Tasker exit the building, get in her car and leave. The couple quickly grab their tool boxes and head out.

STEVENS

Alright, let's move.

EXT. - MARINA - DAY

Stevens and Michelle are walking briskly to the security station. They knock and step inside. The dayside guard is sitting behind his desk eating lunch.

GUARD

You must be the electricians.

STEVENS

Yes sir, that would be us. Lady Lucinda.  
Can you point us in the direction?

The guard gets up, reaches for the key on a hanger behind his desk, tosses it to the lieutenant and points in the direction of Lady Lucinda.

GUARD

She's the third one down on the left.  
Have fun, and don't work too hard.

MICHELLE

Don't worry about that.

INT. WITHERS' YACHT - DAY

Stevens hurries up two flights of stairs to the upper deck, where he hides the GPS device out of sight underneath the helm. He then retreats to the second deck, where Michelle is waiting, mesmerized by a sophisticated control center.

STEVENS

Come on, let's get the hell outta here.

They go back to the guard station to return the key.

INT. GUARD STATION - DAY

GUARD

Boy, that didn't take long.

STEVENS

Yeah, unfortunately, we're gonna have to come back - weren't well enough equipped. The owner will be in touch.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Nelson is meeting with several of his cabinet members: Vice President TURNER, Chief of Staff NICK FULMER, Secretary of State MIKE DUNLAP, Director of Homeland Security BARBARA BAKER, Defense Secretary PETER WILLIAMS, Director of National Security TOM PENDLETON, CIA Director EDWARD THOMPSON, National Intelligence Director STANLEY KRESPAN and Attorney General TIMOTHY MEEKS.

PRESIDENT

What do we have on the democratic debate, Stan?

TURNER

We have reliable intel indicating this could be a catastrophic event; Neo-Nazis, Southern Nationalists, you name it. Alt-right groups from the Midwest, South and all across the Eastern Seaboard are mobilizing, and they'll be armed.

PRESIDENT

Are you certain there'll be violence?

TURNER

We have no reason to believe there won't be, Mr. President. Our fear is that antifa will be there in equal numbers prepared to do battle. We've picked up several communications leading us to believe they've become fairly well organized, likely capable of deploying thousands.

PRESIDENT

Perhaps this is a battle that should be waged. I mean, that antifa outfit needs a beatdown after the incident in Maryland.

BAKER

Thousands of people could die, including innocent law-abiding citizens who'll be

there supporting a cause they believe in.

PRESIDENT

Like removing me from office.

BAKER

With all due respect, Mr. President, this isn't about you. It's about trying to prevent another bloody confrontation with potentially thousands of casualties. It's becoming a modern-day Civil War, and this could be the Gettysburg of today. We need to try to prevent it.

PRESIDENT

What are you recommending, Ms. Baker?

BAKER

At least seventy-five Secret Service agents working in and around the Convention Center and an additional two thousand National Guardsmen to support the local PD.

PRESIDENT

Are you out of your mind?! You want me to turn Mont Vernon Square into a freakin' war zone?! Excuse me, Ms. Baker, but that's bullshit. I expected better from you. Two hundred guardsmen and twenty Secret Service agents, that's it, and the police can handle their part.

KRESPAN

Mr. President, I concur with Ms. Baker's assessment of the need for enhanced security. Her recommendation, I believe, is justified under the escalating circumstances of violence and the expectations for the D.C. event.

PRESIDENT

I will not allow the nation's capital to be staged as a battlefield, and that is exactly how it would appear if I allowed that kind of military presence.

BAKER

But that's exactly what it will become if you don't.

PRESIDENT

Two hundred Guardsmen and twenty Secret Service, that's it. Be happy. If I had it my way, we'd just let 'em fight it out. Sometimes that's what you've gotta let 'em do.

PRESIDENT

Now let's move on. Mike, what do you have on the Turkey-Syria situation?

DUNLAP

As expected, Mr. President, there has been a significant loss of life. By latest count, as many as twelve hundred kurdish fighters have been killed along with more than two hundred Syrian civilians, including dozens of children; estimates of the wounded range from five hundred to six hundred. Turkish casualties have been minimal, fewer than a hundred.

PRESIDENT

That doesn't strike me as being terribly significant, when you consider the hundreds of thousands who've been killed since the Syrian civil war began. The important thing is there will be no more American soldiers killed in this territorial skirmish between the Kurds and Turks. It was time for us to get the hell out of there. I'm tired of sending American soldiers to die fighting other countries' wars. In addition to lives lost, we've wasted trillions that could have been better spent at home.

DUNLAP

I don't disagree entirely with your assessment, Mr. President. However, we do have a national security interest in the region that will be put in jeopardy, and the likely beneficiary of our withdrawal will be Putin. He'll become



DUNLAP (CONT'D)

the undisputed power broker in Syria,  
likely leading to a countrywide win for  
Russia's ally, al-Sammad.

PRESIDENT

As you know, Mike, I know Putin pretty  
well; we have a fairly close relationship.  
I don't think he'll be deceiving me when  
it comes to Russia's intentions in Syria  
or in any other country in the region. I  
have to trust my gut on that; I've never  
known it to let me down. I was right  
about eliminating that murderous Iranian  
general, and I'm right about this.

INT. - CHIEF OF STAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief of Staff Fulmer hands a stack of memos to CHERYL ALBRIGHT,  
the undercover intern working with Harvard Team SEAL.

FULMER

Please see that Mr. Dugan gets these.

ALBRIGHT

Yes sir, will do.

Albright leaves and steps into a women's restroom down the  
hallway. She enters a stall, where she scans the memos. One catches  
her attention. It's titled, "Security for Democratic Debate."  
Albright takes a cell phone picture of it.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Stevens' student recruits are working diligently, rapidly  
keystroking at their laptops. They hear the sound of footsteps coming  
down the stairs. Wheeler swings around in his chair, followed almost  
in sync by the rest of the team, as Michelle and Stevens enter.

WHEELER

It's about time. Actually, your timing  
is perfect; we have some pretty incredible  
intel we gathered in just the last  
twenty-four hours.

MCINTURFF

So glad you made it back safely.

MICHELLE

We are too, and happy to be here with our Harvard wizards.

MCINTURFF

You might be giving us a little too much credit there, Michelle, but we'll take it - as long as it gets applied to our grades.

STEVENS

Alright, so now that we've got that off the board, let's get down to business.

Stevens takes a seat behind the desk. Michelle keeps standing.

CRENSHAW

Remember the anonymous intern who's on the debate team and who works in the White House Office of the Staff Secretary?

STEVENS

Indeed, Mr. Crenshaw, please go on.

CRENSHAW

She - okay, I guess I gave her sex away, but she's still gonna remain anonymous... Anyway, she provided us with some pretty interesting and somewhat mind-boggling information.

STEVENS

You're certainly creating some intrigue here, Crenshaw. Have you ever given thought to writing a mystery novel?

Michelle and the team chuckle.

CRENSHAW

Sorry, lieutenant, I'll try to get to it. The intern, whom I must say is quite intelligent and very sexy, came across a memo from the Director of National Security Tom Pendleton to the Staff Secretary's Office for recording. The document, which was unclassified, referenced a meeting with the President and several of his cabinet

## CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

members.

Wheeler pivots back to his laptop and calls up the White House memo dated May 31, 2019, on the big screen:

## MEMO

President Nelson was advised by both his Director of Homeland Security Barbara Baker and by his National Intelligence Director Stanley Krespan that a major armed confrontation was expected to occur in the vicinity of the Walter E. Washington Convention Center in the nation's capital on the night of the Democratic presidential debate June 13, 2019. Both Baker and Krespan were recommending enhanced security, saying violence at the event could result in thousands of deaths. President Nelson asked Baker if she were certain there would be violence. She said there was no reason to believe otherwise. The Director of Homeland Security requested seventy-five Secret Service agents to cover the inside and outside of the convention center and two thousand National Guardsmen to augment the local police. Krespan concurred with her numbers. The President denied their request, saying he would not "turn Mont Vernon Square into a war zone" and calling Baker's assessment of the potential for a large-scale armed confrontation "bullshit." In rejecting Baker's and Krespan's recommendation, President Nelson said, "Two hundred Guardsmen and twenty Secret Service agents - that's it." Record in the confidential electronic archives, per protocol.

Memo is signed by National Security Director Pendleton and copied to Baker and Krespan.

## CRENSHAW

Just as an added note, lieutenant. I believe our intern will be providing some more information that could

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

prove useful.

STEVENS

I'll be anxious to hear what she has.  
Tell her to be safe and keep a low  
profile.

CRENSHAW

Already have, lieutenant.

ADAMS

(interjecting)

Our Alt-right trolling turned up a  
a few interesting things. The third  
hate group in Drakes Castle is a  
Neo-Confederate outfit based in South  
Carolina - Crow's Sons of the  
Confederacy. Jefferson's cohort, Jack  
Kelly, is its top dog.

On the big screen, McInturff brings up a photo of Kelly with  
Jefferson and Morrison at the dockside bar and grill in Virginia.

MCINTURFF

It's clear from what we've seen on  
white supremacist websites, Kelly's  
organization has close ties to The  
Confederation of the South, a Southern  
nationalist organization headquartered  
in Kingston, Alabama. Based on their  
social media traffic, it's quite possible  
those two groups could bring fifteen  
hundred to a couple thousand rebels to  
D.C. Most of them will likely be armed  
with semi-automatic rifles and pistols.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop and brings up video feeds from  
inside and outside Withers' mansion.

WHEELER

We're saving the best for last, lieutenant.

The first video feed shows Jefferson pulling into the driveway  
in his late-model white Cadillac.

WHEELER

Fortunately, Withers has a WiFi-enabled security system, which allowed me to hack into the video feed remotely. If you give me your phone, lieutenant, I'll set it up so you can monitor his cameras.

Wheeler pauses the video as Stevens hands over his phone. Then Wheeler restarts it. After Withers greets Jefferson at the front door, an interior camera feed shows Withers, Jefferson and Kelly sitting in the living room, having cocktails and conversing.

STEVENS

Damn, Wheeler... I'm sure there's a future for you at the CIA.

MOOREHOUSE

He stands alone at the top of his computer science class for a reason.

WHEELER

There's something else you're gonna want to see, lieutenant.

Wheeler rapidly strikes several keys on his laptop, shifting to another camera location. Withers is escorting Jefferson and Kelly into his expansive basement. He pushes aside a five-foot-high tool chest on wheels that's concealing a door just inches shorter. Withers punches a few numbers into a lock mechanism and opens the door, revealing a hidden room. He proceeds to show them a huge cache of weaponry, mostly assault rifles stacked in open cases along the walls and a few open boxes, each containing dozens of semi-automatic pistols. In the center of the room are four metal crates, each about five-feet long, two-feet high and two-feet wide. Withers opens one and pulls out one of three Gifflin missiles to show his accomplices. The threesome shares sinister-looking smiles, before Withers returns the missile to its crate.

WHEELER

(shutting off video)

Pretty scary shit, huh lieutenant?

STEVENS

Yeah, pretty damn scary. We're gonna have to execute our plan with precision. There's no margin for error.

## MOOREHOUSE

Excuse me, lieutenant, I almost forgot... one last thing. Not the best, but the last for today. As you suggested, several days ago, Adam and I sent anonymous informational letters to the Times, Post and Journal, regarding Jefferson's white supremacist conference at Nelson's D.C. hotel. We've yet to see news reports about the conference in any of the papers, but they may be doing their own diggin', at least we're hoping so.

## STEVENS

Thanks for the update, Ms. Moorehouse. You and Adam are to be commended, along with the rest of the team. You've all done some incredibly impressive work, which, of course, will be duly considered when the grading period ends. Let's plan on meeting back here the day after tomorrow, same time. I want you to meet an old friend I recruited for the missile mission. Which brings to mind - do any of you have any motorized rafting or boating experience?

## CRENSHAW

I've done some whitewater rafting in Class Four rapids, and my parents have a 30-foot speedboat that they've allowed me to operate a few times.

## STEVENS

Beautiful. I think you'll do just fine. We'll discuss mission details in forty-eight hours. And by the way, Mr. Crenshaw, when the time is right, do thank your folks for the use of their Maybach. It's truly a marvelous machine.

## INT. SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

Lt. Stevens, Michelle and Stevens' former SEAL comrade, MARCUS LATIMORE, are gathered around the desk in the Situation Room, awaiting Harvard Team SEAL's student soldiers. Stevens and Latimore are dressed impeccably in their decorated Navy uniforms. His students arrive and, without Stevens issuing a command, all five stand at attention and salute the war heroes.

STEVENS

At ease, soldiers; I mean students, please be seated. Today we have the distinct honor and privilege of having in our midst one of the bravest and one of the finest Navy SEALs, Lieutenant Marcus Latimore. I probably would not be here today if not for Lieutenant Latimore's valor under a storm of gunfire and mortars in Afghanistan.

LATIMORE

(interjecting)

Excuse me, lieutenant. I appreciate the praise. But let's not gloss over what really happened that day. There's a reason Lieutenant Commander Stevens is wearing the Medal of Honor and not me. I'm gonna set the record straight, so your student soldiers know the true story. Our five-man SEAL team under the command of Lieutenant Stevens was on a mission to capture or kill Taliban leader Mullah Omar, when an enemy force of nearly fifty Taliban fighters pinned us down on the rugged mountainside. Three of our comrades were shot and killed, including our communications officer. I was knocked unconscious by a mortar shell that landed nearby. Lieutenant Stevens realized if we were to have any chance at survival, he needed to contact the Command Center to let them know our location and dire need for reinforcements. Despite his serious wounds and heavy enemy fire, the lieutenant risked his life to better position himself for the transmission. After contacting command, Lieutenant Stevens continued to engage the enemy while making his way back to his wounded and unconscious comrade, me. Within ten minutes of his transmission, attack helicopters were bombarding the enemy with rockets and machine gun fire. If truth be told, neither of us would be here today if not for the lieutenant's bravery in the face of almost certain death.

Harvard Team SEAL stands in unison and applauds. Lt. Stevens

then proceeds to introduce his team members, each of them saluting as he announces his/her name.

STEVENS

And now, lieutenant, I give you Harvard Team SEAL. From left, Nancy McInturff, Steven Adams, Timothy Crenshaw, Margaret Moorehouse and Jordan Wheeler. They are as committed and trustworthy as you're gonna find. Great students, great soldiers.

(tapping Michelle on the shoulder)

And you've already met my second in command. So now we have another mission, and thank God we have Lieutenant Latimore's commitment. He'll be playing a key role in Drake's Castle. He's already been briefed on the intel. Let's have a seat.

Everyone sits down.

STEVENS

I'm confident the lieutenant and I can neutralize the missile attack before it happens, especially with the help of Crenshaw navigating our raft. But we need to have a plan to put down the ground assault. If our estimates are anywhere near close to being accurate, there's no way two hundred Guardsmen and a few dozen local police officers will be able to contain the violence. I'm gonna reach out covertly to Baker and Krespan, share our intel and try to convince them to resign in protest of the President's decision to dismiss their advice. If they were to do so, they'd be putting American lives and our national security first and quite possibly preventing a catastrophic confrontation. The media would have a field day with their resignations, which could paint the President into a corner. At the end of the day, they could be viewed as American heroes. But if they don't step down and the violence reaches the level we think it might, they could be seen as culpable villains who put the President before the people. I'm also



STEVENS

gonna post a plea for retired military reinforcements on a few social media platforms for veterans, like Rally Point, Vet Friends and Together We Served. Along with those efforts, we're gonna need you, Ms. Moorehouse, and you, Mr. Adams, to share our intel with the same trio of newspapers.

WHEELER

(interjecting)

Lieutenant, sir. Not sure if you picked it up on your phone, but there was some activity at Withers' mansion yesterday.

STEVENS

I wasn't monitoring it yesterday - too busy gearing up for the yacht assault. Let's see what you got.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop and calls up the video of two large white utility vans backing into Withers' driveway. Once parked, four well-dressed white men - a driver and passenger from each vehicle - get out and walk to a side entrance, where Withers is waiting to let them in. Wheeler switches to the interior video feed, showing the men shaking hands and taking seats in the living room, along with Withers and Jefferson. Wheeler fast forwards to the men heading downstairs, where Withers reveals his weapons cache to the new arrivals.

WHEELER

(shutting off video)

That was nearly eighteen hours ago. A couple hours later, the foursome is seen leaving together in one of the vans. There's been no unusual activity inside or outside since.

STEVENS

Damn, it would be great if we could get tracking devices on those two vans. Wonder if Mr. Adams and Ms. McInturff would like to take another all-expenses-paid trip to Virginia?

MCINTURFF

Can't think of any reason why we

MCINTURFF (CONT'D)

wouldn't. Can you, Steve?

ADAMS

Nope, not one.

STEVENS

Fantastic. In the meantime, I've got another mission for Ms. Moorehouse. Mr. Adams, you've earned a deferment due to your impromptu travel plans... As we all know, the white power movement rears its ugly head in many ways, places and forms. One of those places is social media, and one of the bigger players in the spreading of Neo-Nazi ideology is the American Identity Movement, formerly known as Identity Evropa. It was rebranded as AIM in the wake of Charlottesville and the widespread backlash against Neo-Nazism and white supremacy. AIM's Twitter account has been suspended for rules violations. Its YouTube account was terminated for violating YouTube's policy prohibiting hate speech. Problem is AIM is still spreading its Neo-Nazi ideology on other social media platforms, especially Gab, the site of choice for fascists and white supremacists. And the hate group continues to target college campuses by distributing fliers, posters, stickers and slogans. Your mission, Ms. Moorehouse, is to seek out as many Alt-right movers and shakers as possible on that site, in particular. First, pretend to embrace their messaging and ask how you can get more involved in the white power movement. Extract as much meaningful information as possible, and when you think you've done that, slam them and their sick ideology with all you've got, and I know you've got a lot. Rattling their cages might help detract them from their more sinister objectives. Be sure to operate in complete anonymity and allow them no opportunity to track your personal IP address; use a computer in the campus library. Secondly, we need

STEVENS (CONT'D)

you to write a superbly eloquent piece denouncing these groups and their hateful ideology. Once you're satisfied that your message is perfectly powerful, email it to as many college newspapers and university presidents as physically possible in the time you have. Also send it to as many major newspapers across the country as you can. I realize that's a lot, Ms. Moorehouse, but I wouldn't task you with it, if I didn't think you were up to it.

MOORHOUSE

Yes sir, lieutenant, thank you sir.

MICHELLE

Just to emphasize how important our mission is, today's New York Times reports on nearly a dozen hate-inspired incidents of violence just in the last forty-eight hours, some with multiple deaths. Suffice to say, America, we've got a problem.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Chief of Staff Fulmer enters. The president gestures to Fulmer to take a seat in front of his desk.

FULMER

Good morning, Mr. President. What can I do for you?

Nelson slaps a copy of the New York Times down on the desk in front of Fulmer, who's somewhat stunned by the President's demeanor.

PRESIDENT

Find out who the hell is responsible for leaking this; I want his or her head handed to me on a freakin' platter. And tell Press Secretary Collins to address the report as more fake news from the failing New York Times.

FULMER

I'm afraid, Mr. President, we won't be able to do that. There are too many corroborating sources. Probably the best way to spin it is that you knew nothing about the conference, that it was booked by a hotel management agency and that you've had nothing to do with the operation of any of your hotels or resorts since you took office.

PRESIDENT

Fine, spin it that way, but make goddamn sure this doesn't come back to bite me. I've got enough bullshit hangin' over my head.

FULMER

Not to worry, Mr. President. I've got it covered, and I'll do my best to find the leaker. I'll solicit the AG's help with that.

INT. - MICHELLE'S TOWNHOME - DAY

Stevens is standing in the kitchen having a cup of coffee. Michelle is seated at the dining room table, catching up with the news on her laptop.

MICHELLE

Oh my God, Nelson must be blowin' a gasket! The Times just broke the story on Jefferson's white supremacist conference at the President's hotel.

STEVENS

Wow, I kinda figured the Times would be the first to drop that bombshell. I'd love to be a fly in the corner of the Oval Office; Nelson's gotta be shittin' his pants. It's gonna be real interesting to see how he spins it.

MICHELLE

Probably that he didn't know anything about it.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Nelson is taking questions from reporters.

FEMALE REPORTER

You've said you were totally unaware of a white supremacist conference being held at your D.C. hotel within weeks of your inauguration. And, you've laid the blame on an as yet unnamed and, in your words, "inept booking agency." But what about the negative perception this creates for you and your administration? Just the fact that it happened.

PRESIDENT

(angry, firing back)

That's a very unfair, very stupid question, but it's just the kind of question I expect from you and your fake media outfit. You really are proving to be the enemy of the people.

MALE REPORTER

(piping up, loudly)

Mr. President, do you not have any problem using terminology that comes right from the Stalin and Hitler playbooks?

PRESIDENT

Not if it fits, and this fits.

MALE REPORTER

An opinion piece written by James Veverka of Tilton, New Hampshire, and published in August of 2018 in the Laconia Daily Sun says this in reference to you, Mr. President: "Dear Leader's personality cult of useful idiots is obsessed with fake news, with some even shouting Lugenpresse at his redneck-hillbilly Nuremberg rallies. And several right-wing extremist leaders and groups have even called for the physical annihilation of his critics." As you're probably aware, Mr. President, Lugenpresse means lying

MALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

press in German. What's your reaction to Veverka's assessment of you and your supporters?

PRESIDENT

After your long line of bullshit - and I don't know why I let you go on for so long - but I'll say this, that guy's a nut case, pure and simple. And, quite frankly, you're no better for even bringing that up. You're disgusting; you shouldn't even be allowed to call yourself a journalist. You should be fired.

The President abruptly turns his back on the news crews and walks toward the Marine One helicopter.

INT. - JAMES E. SUDDUTH COLISEUM - NIGHT

President Nelson is making his way to the center-stage podium. He's greeted loudly by a raucous crowd of about 7,500 Louisiana supporters, most wearing red and white "Keep America Thriving" caps, cheering and chanting "Four More Years." Many of them are holding signs with inflammatory slogans - a few with racist and misogynistic overtones, like "Don't Be a Pussy - Vote for Nelson;" "Send Them Home;" "White Lives Matter;" and others that are quite derogatory: "Dirty Dems Must Die;" "CNN Sucks;" "Fake News; Weapons of Mass Destruction" - That sign includes several major network logos, except, and not coincidentally, Fox News. In keeping with his uneducated supporters' penchant for misspelling, one of the signs reads, "New York Traiter," in reference to the New York Times. And there are the pro-Nelson signs: "If Nelson Can't Do It, No One Can;" "Nelson Is a Genius;" "Keep Draining the Swamp;" "Four More Years;" and "Hail To Nelson." The President sucks up the love for a couple minutes before addressing the crowd of almost entirely white men and women. He's flanked by about 50 supporters, including a few blacks and hispanics holding signs that say, "Blacks for Nelson" and "Latinos for Nelson."

PRESIDENT

Thank you, thank you. It feels so good to be back here in the great state of Louisiana. It feels like coming home.

The crowd again bursts into cheers and applause, which die out within seconds.

PRESIDENT

So you all know by now that the Dirty Dems are trying to undo everything I've done.

Boos erupt for a few moments.

PRESIDENT

If they had their way, they'd take the wall down entirely and allow the murderers, rapists and drug dealers to flow into our country unabated.

His supporters begin chanting, "Dirty Dems, Dirty Dems." Nelson revels in it for 30 seconds or so, before continuing.

PRESIDENT

They'd allow Islamic terrorists in without any vetting, and the next thing you know a jihadist is blowing up a neighborhood restaurant, killing dozens of innocent civilians. I try to prevent that from happening by issuing an executive order, and, guess what, the Dirty Dems fight me in court.

Again the crowd starts chanting, "Dirty Dems, Dirty Dems."

PRESIDENT

And they've got their friends in the fake news media to back them up.

(pointing to the back)

There they are folks; your protectors of democracy.

That remark sparks another chant: "Shut Them Up, Shut Them Up." One of Nelson's supporters near the media platform, turns to face the newscasters and throws his "Fake News" sign at them like a spear. Another throws a tomato, which splatters on a woman reporter's white blouse. Then, a heckler starts hollering.

HECKLER

Liar-in-Chief. Traitor. You're a lying bastard! Traitor! Scumbag.

PRESIDENT

(shouting)

Get that disruptive thug outta here.

A few of his supporters in the vicinity immediately pounce on the man, knocking him to the ground, while punching and kicking him. A few security guards quickly converge, grab the heckler and usher him out, as some Nelson supporters get in a few more cheap shots.

PRESIDENT

Those are the kind of people that want to remove me from office - miscreants outside and, yes, even inside government, like Nasty Nancy and Corrupt Chuck.

"Dirty Dems" erupts again but quickly dies down.

PRESIDENT

We have the strongest economy in the history of our country and the lowest unemployment rate of all time. I have very good relationships, in fact, very warm relationships with the heads of state in Russia, China, North Korea, Israel and Saudi Arabia, to name a few. And, folks, we are winning the trade wars. Don't believe what you're reading in the fake news; we're bringing in billions to our treasury. And we're taking care of our farmers; they aren't being left out to pasture. We are winning, period. Don't we want to keep winning?"

"Four more years. Four more years," the crowd continues to chant.

PRESIDENT

(loudly)

And what do the Dirty Dems do?... they impeach me. We're winning like never before, and they impeach the biggest winner. Can you believe that?"

His supporters erupt again, "Dirty Dems. Dirty Dems. Dirty Dems..."



PRESIDENT

This is the greatest witch hunt in the history of our democracy, and there is still no collusion and no obstruction. The only collusion is the Dirty Dems' relentless efforts to remove me from office after losing an election that, quite frankly, they should have won, considering all the money they spent. I made a phone call to the Ukrainian president; it was a perfectly fine phone call, a great conversation. I did absolutely nothing wrong; there was no quid pro quo. But the Dirty Dems and the fake news media want to condemn me for it, and I did nothing wrong.

The "Four More Years" chant starts up again.

EXT. - WITHERS' MANSION - NIGHT

Adams and McInturff are parked in Stevens' SUV about a block from Withers' estate. Adams starts getting out of the vehicle.

MCINTURFF

Good luck, Steve.

ADAMS

Thanks, Nancy... seeya in a few.

Adams shuts the door, puts his earbud in and walks briskly to the mansion.

WHEELER (VO)

If we're gonna do this, now is the time. They're all gathered around a map in the kitchen.

ADAMS

I'm good to go.

WHEELER

OK, let's sync, eight-forty-five entry. Fifteen minutes in and out; cameras back on at nine. We can't push it beyond that.

ADAMS

Roger that. I'm going in.

Adams, dressed in black, quickly scales the brick wall, drops inside and scurries to the vans, planting GPS devices on the undercarriage of each. Then he hurries back to the wall, scaling it in just a few seconds.

ADAMS

Mission accomplished.

WHEELER (VO)

Checking them now.

(brief pause)

It's all good. Great job. Come on home.

INT. OFFICE OF STAFF SECRETARY - DAY

Albright enters.

ALBRIGHT

You needed me, Mr. Dugan?

DUGAN

(holding documents)

Yes, Cheryl. I need you to pick up some documents from the chief of staff and and secretary of state. Make sure you deliver them directly to me; they're not classified, but they evidently are of vital importance. So please, discuss with no one, and get them to me ASAP.

ALBRIGHT

Yes sir, Mr. Dugan. I'll see to it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Albright is sitting in a stall, scouring the memos, taking photos of a few, before heading in a hurry back to Dugan's office.

INT. OFFICE OF STAFF SECRETARY - DAY

Albright hands the papers over to her boss.

DUGAN

That took a little longer than expected.

ALBRIGHT

I'm sorry, sir. I had to visit the ladies' room.

DUGAN

Okay, well, I'm not gonna ask why you couldn't hold it. That wouldn't be politically correct in today's unforgiving climate of righteous behavior.

ALBRIGHT

(somewhat jovially)

You're sayin' somethin' there, Mr. Dugan. Is there anything more, sir?

DUGAN

If there is, I'll let you know.

ALBRIGHT

Thank you, Mr. Dugan. Have a pleasant afternoon.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Albright is emailing photocopies of the documents to Crenshaw from a computer in the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Library. Once sent, she deletes them.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Albright begins walking to her condo several blocks away. Shortly after her departure, she hears footsteps approaching from behind. When she turns the corner at the end of the block, she picks up her pace almost to the point of jogging, but the two men following her are gaining ground. Albright glances over her shoulder and takes off running, panting nervously out of fear. She starts slowing from exhaustion and takes a quick look behind her. The men are out of sight. She's overcome by a sense of relief, but continues walking briskly to her condo.

INT. STAFF SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Female staffer enters.

FEMALE STAFFER

Good morning, Mr. Dugan.

DUGAN

Good morning, Lucy. Please ask Albright to come see me.

FEMALE STAFFER

I'm sorry, sir. She's not in yet.

DUGAN

She was supposed to be here more than an hour ago. Have you tried giving her a call?

FEMALE STAFFER

Yes sir; her phone is no longer in service.

DUGAN

And you were gonna tell me when?

FEMALE STAFFER

Now, Mr. Dugan. I just tried to reach her a few minutes ago; I thought I'd give her a little time.

DUGAN

Let's do a check on her. Get somebody over to her condo.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Crenshaw is stirring, worried about Albright's fate, when Stevens arrives.

CRENSHAW

(blurting out)

Cheryl's missing.

STEVENS

Ah, Cheryl? Cheryl who?

CRENSHAW

Albright, lieutenant. Cheryl Albright, my girlfriend, the intern.

STEVENS

Why the hell am I just hearing this now? We're in the intel business here, Crenshaw. That means sharing, not

STEVENS (CONT'D)

withholding, intel.

CRENSHAW

I know, lieutenant. I'm sorry. I thought I was protecting her by keeping her name and our relationship secret.

STEVENS

Alright, got that. Here on out, everything, everybody has to be on board. Now, any more surprises?

WHEELER

The intern isn't the only one missing.

STEVENS

That was my next question, Mr. Wheeler. Where's Moorehouse?

WHEELER

So this is what I have.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop.

WHEELER

Moorehouse made quick work of Gab, trolling like there was no tomorrow. She befriended a student at Atlanta's John Marshall Law School, a guy by the name of EDWARD GROGAN. Grogan's been a white power organizer behind the Alt-Right Twitter account, biggerthanbrash. Over the last year, he's been involved in several white nationalist events, and not just in Atlanta. He's branched out to campuses in South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. He continues to spread racist, fascist and misogynistic propaganda on local campuses in those states.

STEVENS

Cut to the chase.

WHEELER

Grogan invited Moorehouse to a book-burning Monday night in Smyrna, Georgia, but he doesn't say where in Smyrna. He offered

WHEELER (CONT'D)

to pay for Moorehouse's flight, and she accepted. I tried to intervene, lieutenant. I tried to dissuade her every way I could. You know what she said?.. 'I need to arouse the conscience of the community.' And she hung up.

STEVENS

Alright, so we've got about twenty-four hours to find the location of that book-burning. McInturff, scour that Alt-right website and see if you can find anything. Adams, dig into Grogan's background, see who his friends are on campus and find out whether any of them have relatives living in Atlanta. Crenshaw, I assume you've tried to reach your girlfriend on her cell.

CRENSHAW

Yes sir, lieutenant. It's dead.

STEVENS

When was the last time you heard from her?

CRENSHAW

Friday night. She emailed me some confidential White House memos.

Crenshaw swings around to his laptop and calls up a memo to the White House Security Council's top lawyer from Army Lieutenant Colonel YAKIV BONDAR, a Ukrainian born U.S. citizen who's serving as the director of European Affairs for the National Security Council.

BONDAR MEMO

I, Lieutenant Colonel Yakiv Bondar, was among those who listened in on the call between President Nelson and Ukrainian President Stanislov. I felt it was my duty to immediately report to an NSC attorney what I heard and viewed as a "very disturbing" and "extremely alarming" conversation between the two heads of state.  
- Lt. Col. Bondar.

Crenshaw calls up another memo, this from STUART BLAYLOCK, the

former U.S. ambassador to the Ukraine and current top U.S. diplomat there, serving as the *charge d'affaires* of the U.S. embassy in Kiev.

## BLAYLOCK MEMO

After Nelson's abrupt recall of the U.S. Ambassador to Ukraine, Marsha Stanich, in the wake of a vicious smear campaign engineered by the President's personal attorney Rudy Gallano, I, Stuart Blaylock, the top U.S. diplomat in Kiev, had "grave concerns" about the favor Nelson asked of Stanislov.

- Stuart Blaylock, charge d'affaires, U.S. embassy in Kiev.

## STEVENS

Unbelievable. We'll need to get these to your newspaper contacts, Mr Adams. ASAP. We need to start peeling the teflon off the Don.

## ADAMS

Consider it done, lieutenant.

## STEVENS

Now, Mr. Crenshaw, how can you be sure your intern girlfriend is missing?

## CRENSHAW

When I couldn't reach her last night, I called her roommate. She said she hadn't seen Cheryl since Friday morning. When her roommate got home last night, she said there was no sign Cheryl had been there since they parted ways in the morning, but her SUV was gone. I called her folks in upstate New York earlier today. I didn't want to alarm them, so I just said if she happens to show up there, please let her know she forgot the debate materials for next week's showdown with Cornell. I told them I may see her before they do, but in case she does pay them a visit, let her know I've emailed her the materials.

STEVENS

Do you have any clue whatsoever where she may be hiding, presuming she is hiding.

CRENSHAW

I have a hunch, but it's just a hunch.

STEVENS

If a hunch is all we have to go on, let's hear it.

CRENSHAW

Her grandparents have a secluded cabin in the Poconos. There's no cell service, so that could explain her phone being dead. I've been to the cabin once, a few months ago, but I think I can remember how to get there.

STEVENS

Okay, Michelle can you drive him there tomorrow?

MICHELLE

No problem.

STEVENS

If she's there, make damn sure you get her back here. In the meantime, let's get to work on that book-burning event in Smyrna. I'll get an early-morning flight to Atlanta; it's about a twenty-minute drive to Smyrna. Get me that location. I'll need to extricate her, before she has any opportunity to arouse the conscience of their community of hate.

INT. RESTAURANT PUB - AFTERNOON

Stevens is sitting at the bar having a burger and beer at the Yard House, a popular pub in Smyrna, when he gets a call through his earbud from McInturff.

MCINTURFF (VO)

Shoupade Park, a secluded slice of Civil War history with spectacular views of Atlanta's skyline. It's evidently pretty



MCINTURFF (CONT'D)

easy to miss, but it's at four-seven-seven-zero Oakdale Road, on the east side between Dunagan and Fort drives.

STEVENS

Nice work, Ms. McInturff. I'm gonna take a drive there now, just to get a feel for the lay of the land.

EXT. SHOUPADE PARK - AFTERNOON

Stevens is standing on a ridge by the remains of two arrowhead-shaped shoupades, Civil War earthwork fortifications, and an artillery redan (an arrow-shaped embankment). There are a few tourist families, scoping out the views of the Atlanta skyline and checking out the remnants of the fortress. Stevens takes notice of a Civil War-era stone fireplace chock-full with firewood, inside an area surrounded by a wrought iron fence. He figures this is the place where Grogan will hold his book-burning event.

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN POCONOS - AFTERNOON

Michelle is driving Crenshaw in the lieutenant's SUV along a single-lane dirt road lined by densely wooded forest.

CRENSHAW

As far as I know, her grandparents' cabin is the only one out here, but I've never been to the end of the road, so I'm not sure.

MICHELLE

Okay, well, let's just keep our fingers crossed and hope your girlfriend is here.

CRENSHAW

It should be just ahead; there's a gravel driveway on the right.

Pulling in, they see Albright's SUV parked up close to the cabin. Crenshaw immediately gets out.

CRENSHAW

(hollering)

Cheryl!... It's Tim. Come on out.

There's no answer and no one comes out of the cabin. They approach the front porch.

CRENSHAW  
(shouting)  
Cheryl!... It's Tim.

Crenshaw knocks on the front door while Michelle peers through a living room window. She sees no one, and nobody comes to the door. Crenshaw tries to open it, but it's locked. He goes around to the back of the cabin and hears something moving in the woods. Then he spots a gray squirrel scurrying around in the underbrush. Michelle is standing by Cheryl's SUV, when she spots Albright coming out of the woods by the driveway entrance.

MICHELLE  
(shouting)  
There's somebody you need to see  
over here, Tim.

When Crenshaw sees Cheryl, he runs to her with open arms, and they embrace.

CRENSHAW  
Damn, girl, you had us seriously worried.  
Thank God you're okay.

EXT. SHOUPADE PARK - NIGHT

Stevens is hiking up a trail toward the park ridge. When he gets near the top of the trail, Stevens puts on a red Nazi arm band and a replica Nazi World War II helmet. He pulls out his Sig Sauer combat pistol, racks in a round and returns it to the small of his back. He finds a well-hidden vantage point among some trees about 80 to 90 feet from the fireplace, and settles in to wait for the white supremacists and Moorehouse. Once they start arriving with boxes of books, Stevens waits for his opportunity to merge without being noticed. Dressed in dark clothing under the night sky, he steps from the woods to the back of their line. Stevens stays on the perimeter as they set down the books and gather around the fireplace. Grogan pours lighter fluid on the pile of wood and tosses in a match that almost immediately ignites a blaze. The fire provides enough light for the lieutenant to spot Moorehouse standing just a few feet from Grogan.

GROGAN  
It is time for people to purge their

GROGAN (CONT'D)

homes and their country of this degeneracy.  
It begins here; it's time for us to burn  
this degenerate literature.

About seventy men and a dozen or so women are gathered around the fire. Many of the men are lighting torches. Several are dressed in white polos with the Identity Evropa logo. One man is holding up a sign that says, "White Sharia Zone."

GROGAN

Bring them forward; it's time for them  
to burn.

As they start to toss the books in the fire, several are displaying the Nazi salute and chanting Sieg Heil. The commotion creates a window of opportunity for Stevens to slowly sneak up behind Moorhouse. He whispers in her ear.

STEVENS

, We need to get outta here, before it  
gets uglier.

Moorehouse turns to see the lieutenant and slowly steps backward following his lead. Once they're several feet removed from the gathering, Stevens grabs her hand and quickly leads her to the trailhead, but Grogan sees them just before they're ready to head downhill.

GROGAN

(hollering)

Margaret! Get back here.

He takes off in pursuit, with two of his cronies following. Realizing Moorehouse won't be able to outrun them, Stevens pulls her off the trail and waits for the racists to rear their ugly heads. Once they do, Stevens jumps out from behind cover and knocks Grogan to the ground unconscious with a blow to the head. He then trains his weapon on the other two, who retreat, running back up the trail.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Stevens and Moorehouse reach the bottom of the hill and jump into his rented SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Stevens starts it up and pulls away.

STEVENS

What the hell were you thinking? Do you have any idea how much risk you put us in; you could have jeopardized the entire mission.

MOOREHOUSE

I'm sorry, lieutenant. I was just trying to help; I was trying to arouse the conscience of the community.

STEVENS

And how, pray tell, did you plan on doing that? Pour some water on the fire and start slamming the scumbags at their book-burning?

MOOREHOUSE

(teary-eyed emotional)

I was gathering information and video. I planned to write a first-person newspaper article about my experience and was going to post the video on social media, figuring it would probably go viral.

STEVENS

Look, Moorehouse, I'm not gonna say your cause wasn't just, but your means were far too risky. We can't afford for anyone to go rogue, not with what's at stake.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stevens, Michelle, Latimore and the rest of Harvard Team SEAL are catching up on intel.

STEVENS

Let me just say how relieved I am that we're all back here together. So let's get at it, Mr. Wheeler. What do you have?

WHEELER

The yacht mission won't require as much guesswork. I managed to hack into the

WHEELER (CONT'D)

exterior video feed at the Chesapeake Harbour Marina. Four strategically placed cameras will allow us to see the docks, guard station, parking lot and even Withers' yacht. We should be able to get a fairly clear picture of anything moving to or from his boat, even at night. If you give me your cell, lieutenant, I'll patch you in.

STEVENS

Excellent work, Mr. Wheeler.

He hands Wheeler his cell phone.

WHEELER

It's not all good, lieutenant. I can't be certain, but I have reason to believe they're planning the missile attack from at least two separate locations.

STEVENS

What makes you think that?

WHEELER

First, why do they need two vans? And why do they keep going back to look over the map? It appears they're looking at a few different sites. I tried to enlarge the image, but still couldn't determine any precise locations.

STEVENS

Alright, well, let's keep monitoring that situation. We've got tracking devices on their vans, so if there's any movement before Saturday, we'll have to be ready to deploy in a moment's notice.

ADAMS

Did you see today's Times and Post, lieutenant?

STEVENS

Sure did, I was just about to get to that. The President must be going

STEVENS (CONT'D)

ballistic, calling for the leaker's head. Just glad she's here safe and sound and didn't have to take one for the team. You're to be commended, Ms. Albright. You as well, Mr. Adams, for getting those memos into the right hands so quickly.

The lieutenant retrieves a couple of commercial drones from a closet in the Situation Room and places them on the desk.

STEVENS

I've booked a room at the Henley Park Hotel, less than a quarter-mile from the convention center, for Friday and Saturday nights. It's for Mr. Crenshaw and Mr. Adams, who will be monitoring the events outside with these video-equipped drones. We'll get some practice in later today over at the soccer field.

CRENSHAW

OK, lieutenant, but I thought you wanted me to operate the raft?

STEVENS

There's been a change in plans. The two vans have complicated things. We're moving up the yacht mission into the daylight hours, in the event we need to neutralize another missile site... So Mr. Crenshaw, where do your folks have their speedboat docked and is there any chance we can borrow it? With a daylight attack plan, we're gonna have to get outta there in a hurry.

CRENSHAW

It's at the Shipwright Marina in Deale, Maryland, about twenty-five minutes from the D.C. beltway. I'm not sure we can borrow it, but I can definitely abscond with it for a day or two. Just have to make sure they're not planning to take it out this weekend.

STEVENS

Alright, so we've got a plan - if the

STEVENS (CONT'D)

boat's available. I'm a firm believer in having a plan when it comes to an operation of any magnitude. Which brings me to you, Ms. Moorehouse, and you, Ms. McInturff. We need you two to pull together a chronological compilation of everything we know - Jefferson's connection to Schmidt and Morrison, the two bad actors in Minneapolis; the Gifflin missile deal between Withers and Saudi arms dealer Almasi; Vice President Turner's meeting with both of them in Nelson Tower and his eight-million-dollar stock holding in Blazethon, the missile manufacturer; all of the White House documents Albright helped uncover; Kelly and Crow's Sons of the Confederacy; and even that book-burning idiot Grogan, and, most importantly, Drake's Castle - everything. We'll call it the SEAL Dossier. We'll need to disseminate the dossier to as many major news organizations as possible by Thursday afternoon; they'll need some time to digest it. I know it doesn't leave you much time, but I also know what you're capable of.

MCINTURFF

Thanks, lieutenant. We won't let you down.

STEVENS

That brings me to you, Michelle, and you, Mr. Wheeler. You two are gonna hold down the command center here in the Situation Room; you're our eyes and ears. Keep monitoring everything: Withers' mansion, inside and out; the vans and whether one or both of them are on the move; and the marina for any activity near or on Lady Lucinda. I'm gonna recommend stocking the refrigerator with Red Bull.

MICHELLE

Roger that, commander. I mean Mark.

STEVENS

Alright then, I suggest we all get a good

STEVENS (CONT'D)

night's sleep. We need to hit the ground running.

LATIMORE

(chiming in, jesting)

Any chance we can get our money back on the raft, lieutenant?

STEVENS

If we can't, I'll cover your half, lieutenant. How's that?

LATIMORE

Just fine, as long as you include the tax.

Their exchange lightens up the mood, something they all needed.

INT. BANCORPSOUTH ARENA - NIGHT

President Nelson is standing at a podium center-stage during his rally in Tupelo, Mississippi, with thousands of supporters on hand.

PRESIDENT

Never before, folks, never before in the history of this great country has a President faced such vicious attacks, so many insidious lies - from the Dems and from the media.

The crowd erupts, "Shut them up, shut them up..." Nelson allows the chant to continue for about 20 seconds before taking it down.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

A large contingent of confederate-flag bearing white supremacists, Neo-Nazis and KKK members dressed in white robes line one side of the street. An equal, if not larger, number of Nelson protesters and antifa members line the other side, hoisting signs with slogans: "Nefarious Nazis." "Fanatical fascists." "Rebel racists." The Alt-Right group starts chanting, "White Power."

ANTIFA MEMBER

(hollering back)

Sordid scumbags. Hell is your home.



Despite the presence of a couple dozen police officers gathered in the middle of the street, a violent clash ensues with both sides charging each other. Guns are blazing; knives being thrust, bats and clubs being swung. It becomes a horribly bloody battle.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

On the big screen, footage shows the aftermath of the Mississippi mayhem: smoldering burned-out vehicles, broken storefront windows and bloody streets with all sorts of things strewn about. Beneath the video footage is a brief scrolling news account: Thirty-three people, including two police officers, are dead; eighty-seven are wounded, following a violent clash outside President Nelson's Mississippi rally in the BancorpSouth Arena.

STEVENS

(pointing to the screen)

This is what we have to stop. I'm sure you all saw the President's address this morning.

Everyone nods in the affirmative.

MICHELLE

(chiming in)

The most bizarre part of it was when he suggested some of the violence might have been staged, and the body counts have probably been exaggerated.

STEVENS

I think we can all agree the President has gone raving mad. On that note, I'm sorry to report that Dunlap and Baker won't be stepping down from their Cabinet posts. They heard me out and didn't take issue with my reasoning, but they both said they needed to remain in office to protect the country. So we have our mission, and we won't fail. But the embers of hate could smolder until another motherfucker like Nelson ignites them again.

WHEELER

(piping up)

Motherfuckin' A, lieutenant. We're

WHEELER (CONT'D)

with you all the way.

MCINTURFF

Fuckin' right. All the way.

MICHELLE

Mark, please, watch the language. You can see where that's going.

CRENSHAW

Fuck yeah, Michelle. You called it.

ADAMS

Ditto, Michelle.

MOOREHOUSE

(demurely)

I don't condone the language, but I do find it rather inspiring.

LATIMORE

Okay, let's forget the motherfucker in the Oval Office; we all know he's a piece of shit. Let's focus on what we can control, not what we can't.

STEVENS

Thanks lieutenant, that's why you're here - to keep us focused. I don't know anybody who can draw a more accurate bead on the enemy than you.

LATIMORE

Thank you, Lieutenant Commander. It is truly an honor to serve under you again.

WHEELER

If I may, lieutenant.

STEVENS

Yes, please Mr. Wheeler. The floor is yours.

WHEELER

I believe they're preparing to move the missiles to Withers' yacht. They've got dollies in the basement; they keep going

WHEELER (CONT'D)

up and down, like they're checking to make sure everything is in place. They seem nervous, anxious. I think they're gonna move the missiles tomorrow.

STEVENS

That's alright, Wheeler. Keep an eye.

WHEELER

There's something else. The metal crates - there were four in the center of the room. One is gone. I scoured the video. I've seen movement to one of the vans, but I haven't seen the missile crate. There are some interior places the cameras don't pick up, including the upper floors. I just don't know where that crate is.

STEVENS

We'll find it. Keep lookin'. Alright, let's plan on meeting back here same time tomorrow night.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is present and on time.

STEVENS

How'd we make out with the dossier, Ms. Moorehouse?

MOORHOUSE

By now, I'm pretty sure the fifty-some news outlets we sent it to are feasting on every finite detail.

MCINTURFF

Wish you could have seen it ahead of time. We did print a copy for you to read later, if you have time.

STEVENS

Not to worry. I have every bit of confidence in both of you.

MCINTURFF

Thanks, lieutenant.

STEVENS

Mr. Wheeler deserves props as well. Turns out, his hunch about the missile deployment wasn't just a hunch. I've already seen the video, thanks to your fine work on my phone. But if you wouldn't mind, Mr. Wheeler, I'd like everyone to see it?

WHEELER

No problem, lieutenant.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop to bring up the video. The four men who arrived at Withers' mansion in the vans emerge from the side entrance, pulling the metal crates on dollies out to one of the vans, up a ramp and inside. Wheeler then brings up video from the marina, which shows the men unloading and then loading the crates onto Lady Lucinda. A helicopter lands on the helipad on the lower deck at the stern of the yacht. Withers and Kelly step out and head to the second deck. A few minutes later, the four men who arrived earlier with the metal crates are seen unloading some large wooden crates from the helicopter.

STEVENS

We believe those crates contain the missile-launching platforms.

WHEELER

This is a couple hours later.

Video shows Lady Lucinda pulling away from the dock.

WHEELER

Right now, the GPS coordinates show the vessel to be approximately five miles off the coast, about thirty-five miles due east from D.C. The Gifflin missile's range is approximately forty-three miles. It appears the yacht is anchored; it's location hasn't changed in a few hours.

STEVENS

And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings us to a change in plans. We're going back to

STEVENS (CONT'D)

the original plan. Which means, Mr. Crenshaw, you won't have to steal your folks' speedboat. Lieutenant Latimore and I will be making our assault on Lady Lucinda just after midnight tomorrow. After we've taken out the guards on the lower deck and neutralized the missile control room, we'll flash a light three times, signaling you, Mr. Crenshaw, to bring the raft alongside the stern for our extraction.

CRENSHAW

Copy that, lieutenant.

STEVENS

If you don't see our signal within forty-five minutes of leaving the raft, get the hell outta there, get back to shore ASAP and catch a cab to the hotel to carry out your mission with Adams. And be sure to make contact with Wheeler. In the event the yacht operation goes south, he'll sound a distress signal to the Coast Guard from Lady Lucinda via the tracking device. I don't think it will come to that, but just in case, those are your orders.

CRENSHAW

Yes sir, lieutenant.

STEVENS

After you've extracted us from the yacht - and that's what Lieutenant Latimore and I are banking on - we'll drop you at the Henley Park Hotel and you can meet up with Mr. Adams. In the meantime, let's hope someone picks up the other van, the missing crate of missiles is inside and we're able to intercept it before they launch.

WHEELER

As of now, lieutenant, it's still parked in Withers' driveway, but there's just no way of knowing whether the missiles are inside it. I've watched the feed on that

WHEELER (CONT'D)

van since it was parked. I even went back and looked again last night.

STEVENS

So maybe those warheads are still in the mansion. Is it possible they removed the other missiles from the fourth crate and brought them upstairs in something else?

WHEELER

It's possible, just not likely. I'll pore over the video again later this evening. There are a few locations the cameras don't cover. One is in the hidden room, a small area just below the camera.

STEVENS

If the van doesn't move by nineteen hundred hours tomorrow, we're gonna need to get in there. Any chance you can shut down Withers' entire security system for thirty minutes?

WHEELER

I think so, lieutenant. I'll work on it tonight and let you know in the morning.

STEVENS

Michelle, any chance we could get Wheeler a couple Red Bulls?

MICHELLE

Will do.

STEVENS

Tomorrow, in a sense, is D-day. I don't think I need to tell any of you there's absolutely no margin for error in our operation. Let's meet back here at O-seven-hundred tomorrow for a last run-through just to make sure we're all on the same page. Now go on home and be sure to get a good night's sleep. Except for you, Wheeler. You and I are gonna be up till the wee hours of the morning.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Wheeler and the lieutenant are poring over the video from inside Withers' mansion, when the lieutenant notices one of the crates being slid out of sight while the men are loading them on the dollies.

STEVENS

Right there, go back. Start up again in slow motion. Right there. It looks like he's gonna be loading it onto the dolly beside him...

WHEELER

(interjecting)

But he's actually sliding it aside, under the camera. It's probably still there.

STEVENS

Looks like we found it. I'll see you back here at O-seven-hundred, Wheeler. I've got to get some shuteye; it's a big day. Carry on, and help yourself to the Red Bull.

As Wheeler is trying to hack Withers' security system, his attention quickly turns to the exterior video feed from the mansion. Two men dressed in dark clothing are standing on the front porch, punching in some numbers on the entry keypad. They open the door and step inside. Wheeler immediately taps into the interior cameras. His eyes open wide when he sees the faces of Jefferson and Grogan, the Alt-right campus organizer and book burner.

WHEELER

(muttering to himself)

Holy shit! We should have fuckin' picked up on that.

INT. - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

The team arrives back in the Situation Room at 0700 on the dot.

WHEELER

Lieutenant, sir, there's something you need to see.

Wheeler calls up the video of the two Withers' accomplices

arriving in Jefferson's Cadillac and entering his mansion, and then shows the interior feed revealing Jefferson and Grogan.

MOOREHOUSE  
(flabbergasted)

Oh my God! How did I not know?

STEVENS  
Don't worry about that now. It  
just means hatching another plan.  
Any ideas?

LATIMORE  
I think it's just a matter of whether  
we want to deal with those two fuckheads  
before or after we annihilate the  
scumbags on the yacht.

STEVENS  
So what do you think, lieutenant?

LATIMORE  
I think we ought to take out the two  
bad boys in the mansion and secure those  
missiles first. If we strike after dark,  
like say twenty-two hundred hours, it'll  
still leave us plenty of time to carry  
out the yacht mission.

MOOREHOUSE  
Does that mean you're gonna kill 'em?

LATIMORE  
Nah. We'll probably just smack 'em  
around a bit, teach 'em a lesson and  
leave 'em tied up. Of course we're gonna  
kill the motherfuckers. You got a problem  
with that, Moorehouse?"

MOOREHOUSE  
(timidly)  
No sir, lieutenant.

LATIMORE  
That's a damn good thing, Ms. Moorehouse,  
cause we know what they're plannin' to do,  
and if we don't stop 'em, God knows how



LATIMORE (CONT'D)

many people will get killed.

STEVENS

Alright, let's move on... I concur with your assessment, lieutenant. We'll hit the mansion first. Wheeler, where do we stand with the security system?

WHEELER

I can get you in the side entrance; there's a landing between the first floor and basement. Once you're inside, I'll give you their precise location.

STEVENS

Copy that, Wheeler. Adams and Crenshaw, you guys might as well ride along with us and enjoy the scenery. We can drop off Adams at the hotel in D.C., before launching the yacht mission. It's about an eight-hour drive to Alexandria. We'll depart here at eleven-hundred hours. That gives us about three hours to round up everything we need and get it all packed into my SUV. That'll be a mission in itself. McInturff and Moorehouse, you'll need to stay on top of those Alt-right websites. We'll need any information relating to Drake's Castle in real time. Also, check the news stations periodically. On a final note, professor Wilson is in command of the Situation Room. Any questions?

MICHELLE

What should I plan for dinner Sunday night, lieutenant?

WHEELER

I really loved your chili.

MICHELLE

Then chili it is. Let's say eighteen hundred hours.

STEVENS

That's a plan, Michelle. We'll be here.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

You can count on it.

EXT. WITHERS' MANSION - NIGHT

Stevens and Latimore - dressed in dark SEAL hoodies and tactical cargo pants - are scaling the six-foot-high brick wall encompassing Withers' mansion. After dropping to the ground, they quickly make their way to the side entrance. Lieutenants Stevens and Latimore listen through their earbuds to Wheeler giving the combination to the electronic door lock mechanism. After punching in the numbers, the SEALs quietly enter and pull out their silenced combat pistols.

WHEELER (VO)

You're gonna get a kick outta this, lieutenant. They're sitting in the living room, eating pizza and watching Fox News. When you enter the room, Grogan will be seated in a chair to your left. There's a pistol on the coffee table in front of him. Jefferson's seated on the couch with a semi-automatic rifle leaning against his leg. His back will be facing you.

Stevens whispers in Latimore's ear.

STEVENS

I've got Grogan; you take Jefferson.

LATIMORE

(whispering)

Roger.

Guns trained, the SEALs quietly step into the living room, side by side.

STEVENS

Anything good on the news, gentlemen?

Grogan quickly reaches for the pistol, but Stevens puts a bullet in his head before he lays a hand on it. The other guy barely gets a hand on his rifle, before Latimore fires a bullet into the back of his head.

WHEELER (VO)

Damn, you guys are good.

Harvard Team SEAL is mesmerized. It all seems so surreal.

STEVENS

Let's find those missiles, lieutenant.

The SEALs head to the basement and the hidden room. Wheeler gives Stevens the combination. When they enter, the crate is sitting just where they figured it would be. Stevens opens it, revealing three Gifflin missiles.

LATIMORE

Now that we got 'em, what the fuck are we gonna do with 'em, lieutenant.

STEVENS

I'm gonna disarm them.

Stevens removes his backpack and takes out some tools.

LATIMORE

Are you fuckin' crazy?!

STEVENS

That's right. You missed those Explosive Ordnance Disposal training classes. It's only been done a handful of times on the Giffkins, but I'm fairly confident I got it down. It does require extremely steady hands and quite a lot of skill. I'll need to be totally focused, so if you wouldn't mind, lieutenant, go upstairs, stay on the lookout and secure their phones.

LATIMORE

Yes sir, lieutenant.

STEVENS

With any amount of luck, we'll be outta here in about forty-five minutes. That'll give us an hour or so to get our raft in the water.

LATIMORE

Good luck, sir, and no big bangs. I didn't

LATIMORE (CONT'D)

bring my earplugs.

EXT. WITHERS' MANSION - NIGHT

The lieutenants drop themselves to the sidewalk after scaling the wall.

STEVENS

Mission accomplished, Wheeler. Lock it down.

WHEELER (VO)

Roger that, lieutenant. And if you don't mind me saying, sir... You are the fucking bomb. No pun intended.

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH - NIGHT

The lieutenants and Crenshaw are loading up the raft with weaponry: waterproof M4 rifles, .45 caliber handguns and MK4 dive knives. The lieutenants put on their tactical gloves and slip into their frogman suits, before loading up the rest of their gear - night vision goggles, wristband waterproof GPSes, ChemLights, Sure Fire flashlights, hydration bladders and waterproof digital cameras - for the yacht assault. Crenshaw - dressed entirely in black clothing - steps into the raft and the lieutenants push it off the shoreline, before jumping in. Stevens checks the coordinates of the yacht on his GPS and signals the direction for Wheeler to steer the raft.

STEVENS

They're about five miles out. Once we're within a mile, we'll cut the motor and paddle from there, until we're about five hundred yards from the yacht.

EXT. - WITHERS' YACHT - NIGHT

Stevens scopes Withers' yacht in the distance with his M4. He signals Crenshaw to cut the motor. The SEALs slip on their rocket fins and night vision goggles and slide into the sea with inflatable gun rests. Wheeler hands them their rifles and the rest of their gear, and they start swimming toward the yacht. They spot two armed guards, one positioned near the bow and the other near the stern. Stevens gestures to Latimore to take out the guard near the stern. The commander draws a bead on the bad guy near the bow.

LATIMORE

I'm on him lieutenant.

STEVENS

On three.

Their silenced M4s fire simultaneously, and both guards fall to the deck. They continue swimming to the yacht. Using a hook-and-rope ladder, the SEALs board the vessel at the stern, where the helicopter is situated. They quickly climb the stairs to the second deck and barge into the control room, obliterating five men and all of their electronic missile controls with a barrage of silenced gunfire. They check the bodies and see no sign of Withers or Kelly, and then hear the helicopter turbines firing up. Once on the open deck, the lieutenants see the 'copter rising above the top deck, ready to fly away. Both start firing into the cockpit, fatally striking the pilot, Kelly, in the shoulder and neck. The 'copter plummets to the ocean, begins to roll and immediately sinks. Crenshaw sees the 'copter crash, fires up the raft's motor and heads toward the yacht. He's almost to the yacht, when Stevens gives the flashlight signal. Latimore and Stevens are standing at the stern when Crenshaw pulls the raft alongside.

LATIMORE

Jesus that was quick, Crenshaw.

CRENSHAW

Yeah, I kinda figured when the 'copter went down, there was no need to wait for your signal.

LATIMORE

Smart kid, lieutenant. You taught him well.

Stevens and Latimore break several of the ChemLights and toss them around the first and second decks.

STEVENS

Contact Wheeler, Mr. Crenshaw. Tell him to put out the signal.

Crenshaw starts up the motor.

CRENSHAW

Mission accomplished, Wheeler. Send it out.

STEVENS

Alright, let's get outta here.

Stevens and Latimore lower themselves into the raft, grab the ladder, and the trio speeds away.

INT. MORRISON CLARK HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Stevens and Latimore are standing in the lobby.

STEVENS

Sleep in and meet me in the hotel restaurant for lunch at thirteen hundred hours.

LATIMORE

Yes sir, lieutenant.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Michelle is on her phone, sitting at the desk. Wheeler is at his work station.

MICHELLE

They found the pilot's body, but not Withers'. Is there any chance he could have survived?

STEVENS (VO)

Highly unlikely, unless he had some dunker training. Since he's never served in the military, that's doubtful. His body's probably still submerged; they'll find him eventually.

MICHELLE

They did find a small motorboat on the shoreline.

STEVENS (VO)

I saw that, but there's no way of knowing whether it's connected to the yacht. I really don't think it is, but tell Wheeler to keep a watchful eye on the mansion, just in case. Lieutenant Latimore and I are gonna survey the area in the vicinity of the convention center

STEVENS (VO CONT'D)  
for signs of any explosive devices. If Withers is alive and he shows his face there, we'll take him out; he won't get three lives.

INT. CITY TAP HOUSE - DAY

Stevens and Latimore are having a beer at the bar.

MICHELLE (VO)  
Several caravans are enroute. Thousands of white supremacists are expected.

STEVENS  
Holy shit! This could get real nasty.

MICHELLE (VO)  
Just make sure you're still standing when all is said and done; I don't wanna get stood up for dinner tomorrow.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - EVENING

Dressed in SEAL combat fatigues and armed with M4s, the lieutenants are scoping out the area for vantage points on opposite sides of the convention center. Stevens finds a spot where he can cover the front of the convention center as well as a side street. Latimore is about 50 yards away, across the street, leaning against a tree on a grassy knoll overlooking the front of the building. Several thousand people, mostly pro-Nelson white supremacists, begin descending on the convention center and are jam-packed up and down the middle of Seventh Street, which is lined by a couple hundred Guardsmen, standing a few feet apart from each other. A little more than a thousand pro-democrat, counter-protesters have gathered along the sidewalk area behind the Guardsmen and in front of the convention center; another few hundred have gathered near the side entrance, where two Secret Service agents are positioned. Another four Secret Service agents are covering the front entrance, and about 100 D.C. metropolitan police are scattered in pairs on opposite sides of Seventh Street.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Under bright lights, several thousand people are seated. Hundreds are taking their seats.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Crowd outside is growing more and more boisterous. Stevens anticipates violence will break out at any minute. Just then, an exhilarated Wheeler, who's monitoring the drone footage Adams and Crenshaw are providing, contacts him.

WHEELER (VO)

Lieutenant, you're not gonna believe your eyes. The protesters are probably blocking your view, but a little more than a block down that side street there are at least a couple thousand men in military uniforms, all of them carrying rifles and marching toward the convention center. They should be in your sight in just a few minutes, and I must say lieutenant, it's quite a sight to behold.

STEVENS

No shit! Oh my God, yes! I see them.

MICHELLE (VO)

You must have a helluva lot of clout with veterans, and not just Navy SEALs. It looks as though there are veterans from all five branches.

STEVENS

You couldn't have given me better news. This place looks like it's just about to erupt.

MICHELLE (VO)

Just get home safe, Mark.

As the veterans reach the front of the convention center, they march single file. Every other serviceman goes in the opposite direction of the one before him or her, flanking the Guardsmen up and down the street. When the white supremacists notice the throng of military men and women, their chants of hateful rhetoric are silenced, and they begin to disperse. Their ranks quickly shrink to just a few hundred.

WHEELER (VO)

Lieutenant, we just sighted Withers. He's carrying a backpack, hovering



WHEELER (VO CONT'D)  
around the side entrance.

STEVENS  
I'm on the move. Stay with me.

Withers spots the rifle-toting lieutenant approaching and appears suspicious. As Stevens works his way through the crowd, Withers picks up his pace, walking briskly to the end of the block, looking back and seeing the lieutenant gaining on him as he rounds the corner. He begins to run and then sees Latimore standing at the end of the block, his assault rifle trained on Withers. When Stevens turns the corner, Withers pulls off his backpack and reaches inside.

STEVENS  
(shouting)  
Stand down, Withers. Put the bag down.

Latimore drops to the ground, and Stevens fires several rounds into Withers' body; the billionaire nationalist drops to his knees and collapses face first to the sidewalk, fatally wounded. Latimore and Stevens run over to his body, and Stevens begins checking the contents of Withers' backpack.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

At the front of the convention center, a young male CNN news reporter is on the street interviewing Navy Commander TED ROSENSTEIN.

REPORTER  
Was it the President, commander, who issued your call to duty?

ROSENSTEIN  
No sir. It's someone who demands much, much more respect than the draft-dodger in the White House. He's a former Navy SEAL who's risked his life on many occasions, including now, for country and team. A SEAL who continues to live by their code of honor and creed. He's a Medal of Honor recipient who's gone above and beyond, on and off the battlefield. The reason we're here is Lieutenant Commander Mark Stevens.

## INT. SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

Lieutenants Stevens and Latimore are back in the Situation Room, enjoying a bowl of Michelle's chili, along with the rest of Harvard Team SEAL. Everyone's sense of accomplishment and celebratory mood are palpable. Michelle pops a bottle of champagne and pours some into each of their glasses.

MICHELLE

(offering a toast)

To the lieutenants and Harvard Team  
SEAL - and to mission accomplished.

Wheeler pivots to his laptop to bring up Commander Rosenstein's interview on CNN.

WHEELER

You might have already seen this  
lieutenant, but it's worth watching  
again even if you have.

When it gets to the part where the commander says, "The reason we're here is Lieutenant Commander Mark Stevens," his student soldiers begin clapping, before everyone stands in unison and salutes him.

ADAMS

I do have to ask, lieutenant. How did  
you manage to deactivate his detonator  
device, and how do you think he managed  
to get those explosives into the coliseum  
without anyone noticing?

STEVENS

Fortunately, he had preset the timing  
device; it was set to go off at  
twenty-one hundred hours, which left me  
plenty of time - with nearly two minutes  
to spare - to put my ordnance skills to  
the test.

MICHELLE

You definitely passed with flying  
colors, that's for sure. And thank God.  
They evidently found enough explosives  
to blow the entire coliseum to smithereens.

STEVENS

Yeah, and how he got 'em in there?...  
An FBI friend of mine says investigators suspect it was five of Withers' accomplices posing as capitol police doing a security sweep of the building earlier in the day. The agent says security video from inside the building substantiates their theory and shows the men placing the explosives in the precise locations they were found. Fortunately, they'll be spending the rest of their pitifully deranged lives in prison. The FBI is rounding them up as I speak.

WHEELER

(exuberantly)

Holy shit! So even with his failed yacht mission and just hours to put together another plan, Withers was still almost able to pull off a catastrophic attack.

STEVENS

There's every reason to believe that was his plan all along. The yacht missiles weren't aimed at the convention center; they were programmed to hit several different targets: the Washington Post, the Democratic National Committee headquarters, the Holocaust Memorial Museum, the D.C. Anti-fascist Coalition headquarters and CNN's offices. Two missiles were aimed at each of those targets, except the Anti-fascist's building, which is relatively small in comparison to the others. The agent also informed me that the FBI thwarted a plot by white supremacists to carry out a simultaneous attack on the Southern Social Justice Center in Montgomery, Alabama. He said they'll be announcing several arrests during a news conference about an hour from now at the FBI's headquarters in the J. Edgar Hoover Building on Pennsylvania Avenue.

CRENSHAW

Jesus Christ! We missed that one. Sounds like they were planning an all-out war.

ADAMS

Damn straight, they were.

MICHELLE

By the way, lieutenant, CNN wants to interview you. I thought they were calling to schedule another appearance for me. But nooo. Once they got wind we were working together, they let me know in no uncertain terms - they want to talk with the lieutenant commander.

MOOREHOUSE

Damn, lieutenant. You're gonna have celebrity status.

CRENSHAW

Fuckin' A, lieutenant. Can I get your autograph?

STEVENS

Give me a break, Crenshaw. So what did you tell 'em, Michelle?

MICHELLE

What do you think? They'll have a crew here tomorrow night, twenty hundred hours. They'll be airing it live, right here from our Situation Room.

STEVENS

I'll be damn. What about Lieutenant Latimore? He was as much a part of this as me.

MICHELLE

I knew you'd feel that way. So, of course, he'll be on the show with you, both in your beautiful Navy uniforms.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

JOHN SELLERS, silver-haired popular host of CNN's nine o'clock show, Political Persuasion begins the interview with Stevens and Latimore seated across a table from him. Behind them is a large screen displaying in big bold letters the SEAL creed. Above the creed is a large-scale Navy SEAL insignia: the anchor and the trident,

symbolizing the sea; the eagle, symbolizing air, and the pistol, symbolizing land.

SELLERS

Having read the SEAL creed behind us several times, I must say lieutenants, you are probably the two bravest people I've ever had the honor and privilege of meeting. You probably saved the lives of thousands upon thousands of innocent civilians, and you might just have prevented an all-out Civil War in the process. If I have my facts right, you, commander, are a Harvard professor now, and Lieutenant Latimore, you're a master electrician. Both of you retired from the Navy more than a decade ago. What inspired you to risk your lives once again?

STEVENS

Our creed about says it all, Mr. Sellers, but if we cut to the mustard, it probably comes down to loyalty to country and team... and serving with honor on and off the battlefield. It just so happened, the battlefield was - and maybe still is to a certain extent - on American soil, because of the incredible division in our country. Beyond that, at least for me, the inspiration came from my students, particularly those who served on my team, which has come to be known as Harvard Team SEAL. I was also inspired by a very special woman who stood by me throughout this entire ordeal - my esteemed colleague and an occasional guest on your business show, Harvard professor Michelle Wilson. This mission would not have succeeded without each and every one of them. They all played vital roles and put themselves at risk.

LATIMORE

If I might add, lieutenant, sir. We owe a tremendous amount of gratitude to Commander Ted Rosenstein and the more than two thousand veterans who showed up in D.C. as reinforcements for our cause.

LATIMORE (CONT'D)

Without their presence, God only knows what would have happened, but one thing is probably pretty certain - many people would have been killed.

SELLERS

Thanks, lieutenant, for giving those veterans the credit they deserve. I was told it was you Commander Stevens who appealed to them via a couple of veterans' websites and some phone calls to a few of the movers and shakers in their ranks. Would I be correct in saying that, lieutenant?

STEVENS

I put out the call, yes sir. But it was those brave men and women who answered our nation's call and who likely saved the day and - as a consequence - helped restore faith in who we are as Americans. On that day in our nation's capital, those veterans played a huge role in helping to preserve our American way of life. They, like I, humbly serve as guardians to our fellow Americans, always ready to defend those who are unable to defend themselves.

SELLERS

Thank you, lieutenant, we know that is very heartfelt. Since neither of you are actively serving, you can speak openly about the state of political discourse in our country, without fear of reprisal. Do you have anything you'd like to share.

LATIMORE

If I had my druthers, that ruthless scumbag president would be long gone. No President in modern history has been more of an affront to this nation's principles of democracy. He is unfit to be our President.

STEVENS  
(jokingly)

Now tell us how you really feel,  
lieutenant. Actually, I'm wholeheartedly  
behind everything the lieutenant just  
said. I believe, in my heart of hearts,  
we would not have been fighting the  
beginnings of what could have, and could  
still, become a second Civil War if not for  
this deranged President.

INT. BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Harvard Team SEAL is watching the interview in the living room.  
The interview concludes with Stevens' remarks, and they rise up,  
clapping fervently and then saluting the lieutenants.

INT. - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

President Nelson is seated at his desk across from Vice  
President Turner.

PRESIDENT

That fucking SEAL destroyed me last night.  
A goddamn Medal of Honor recipient  
disrespecting the Commander-in-Chief.  
Where the hell does he get off doin' that?!

TURNER

Let's try to get out in front of it,  
Mr. President. Put Conrad on it. She'll  
bury the guy.

PRESIDENT

Are you for real, Stan? You don't see  
where this is going? Take a look outside.

TURNER

I already have, Mr. President, but we  
can't cave just because a few thousand  
anti-Nelson crusaders decide to hold a  
demonstration in front of the White House.  
It's not the whole of America. It's just  
a bunch of socialist fanatic democrats.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Several thousand anti-Nelson demonstrators are hollering, "Lock them up, Lock them up." They're holding placards with slogans like: "You Sold Us Out; Liar-in-Chief; Rot in Hell; and Traitor of the People."

PRESIDENT

You really are outta your fuckin' mind, Stan. And I thought I was goin' crazy. That fuckin' SEAL, the press... They've already buried us. We need to step down, Stan. It has to be together.

TURNER

What are you sayin', sir?

PRESIDENT

I'm sayin', for better or for worse, we've been a team. If we're goin' down, we're goin' down together.

TURNER

I was gonna succeed you.

PRESIDENT

No you weren't.

Nelson pulls a couple of newspapers out of his desk's top drawer and slaps them in front of Turner.

PRESIDENT

You haven't seen this shit, Stan? They've got your fuckin' ass in the slammer with your connection to Withers, that Saudi arms dealer and the missiles. What the hell were you thinking?

TURNER

I've been following your lead. I see how you operate. It seems to work. I don't see any reason why we can't attack this like we do everything else, when you're under fire, Mr. President. It's fake news. Yes, I'm a stockholder in the missile maker, but I had nothing to do with any arms deal between Withers and Almasi.



PRESIDENT

And yet, you remember the Saudi's name. That's interesting, Stan. You know, I wondered whether you could be as bad as me. Now I know; you're worse than I ever could be. You either step down with me, or I will out you in a way you'll never, ever live down.

TURNER

It doesn't have to go down like this, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Yes it does, Mr. Vice President. Now is not the time to defy me. We fucked up, Stan, now let's own up.

TURNER

Okay, what's your plan, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

I'm calling a news conference for tomorrow night. We'll both be there. I'll announce our resignations. We will resign with dignity, without absolution but with a resolution to always do everything we can for our country.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S HOME - NIGHT

Turner finishes writing a letter at his desk. He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a semi-automatic pistol. He puts the gun to his right temple and fires a shot. His head drops to the desk. Next to the pool of blood under his head, we see his short letter: "What you're hearing and what you're seeing is the truth. It is not fake news. I, as well as the President, betrayed the American people's trust. There's a price to pay for an act of treason. I'm paying it now with my life. I pray my family and, someday, the American people can forgive me. May God have mercy on my soul. The note is signed, In Truth, Vice President Fred Stanley Turner.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

KELLY CONRAD, Nelson's closest adviser and confidante, delivers the news to the President, who's seated behind his desk.

CONRAD

I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Mr. President. Vice President Turner shot and killed himself last night.

PRESIDENT

Oh my God, Stan, why?!... We'll need to move up the news conference. Set it up ASAP.

CONRAD

Yes sir, Mr. President.

INT. - MICHELLE'S TOWNHOME - MORNING

Michelle and Stevens are in her kitchen having coffee and watching the President attempt to resign with a shred of dignity.

PRESIDENT

I tried to serve our country with honor and with dignity. I had a vision for a brighter day in America, but a firestorm of hate, lies and division has brought the dawning of a much darker day. Many Americans influenced by fake news will lay the blame on my administration. That, of course, is not true. I am not to blame for all the hatred and violence in our country. I did nothing to cause this great divide. It was caused by forces of evil I cannot control. I deeply regret having to say, these enemy forces have won the day. The dems are going to have their way. One way or another, they were determined to bring me down. They've succeeded. It's also fair to say they have the blood of Vice President Turner on their hands. Perhaps someday, under new leadership, the winds of fate will snuff out the hate and my vision for a brighter day will be given new life. But today, I must give the nation time to heal. For that to happen, I believe it is in the best interest of the American people that I resign the office of the presidency, immediately.

STEVENS

Amen!

Michelle turns off the TV.

MICHELLE

God bless America. What a whirlwind twenty-four hours - the vice president kills himself, the President resigns, House Speaker Friedman shuts down the impeachment inquiry and will be sworn in as our nation's first female President in just a few hours.

STEVENS

It is, indeed, the dawning of a new day - a much, much brighter day. And so, in the end, Nelson gets his wish, if he were true to his word, which is very, very doubtful. The only big question remaining with regard to Nelson is, will he get his just deserts and go to jail for a long, long time?"

MICHELLE

Oh, I think so.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Nearly 10 years later, on Saturday, January 20, 2029, on the west front of the U.S. Capitol Building, Lieutenant Mark Stevens is at the podium delivering his inauguration speech, after being sworn in as the forty-eighth President of the United States. Flanking the President and seated to his immediate right are First Lady Michelle Stevens, Lieutenant Latimore and the five former members of Harvard Team SEAL. Stevens is looking upon the largest crowd in history to witness a presidential inauguration, more than one-and-a-half million people extend from the front steps of the Capitol Building all along the National Mall as far as the eye can see.

STEVENS

My fellow Americans, welcome to the beginning of a new day... with a shared vision and a shared cause for a much brighter future, one that shines on everyone and not just a select class. A day when every living, breathing citizen feels he or she is being given

STEVENS (CONT'D)

a fair shake in life, an equal opportunity in the quest for prosperity. A day when each and every American can pursue happiness with confidence and pride. A day when every citizen is truly proud to be an American.

The cheering that ensues is almost deafening, but the crowd quickly responds to the President's gesturing for silence.

STEVENS

Today, we embark upon a new mission - to restore faith in our government and to bring back the loving spirit of kindness and compassion that makes us all Americans. Together, we will lift the cloud of darkness harboring the hate and injustice that have torn us apart. We will not fail.

Thunderous cheers erupt, and the President is quick to bring it down.

STEVENS

The America we've experienced these last few years - the incredible divisiveness - this is not the America so many brave souls paid the ultimate sacrifice to protect and serve. Some of the bravest were my comrades in arms, my brothers on the battlefield. I want to make them proud; I have to make them proud. We know that forty-million Americans living in poverty and a like number having no health insurance coverage is wrong. We know having more than thirteen million children getting up hungry and going to bed hungry is wrong. America is the wealthiest country in the world. I believe we can all see there's a helluva lot wrong with that picture. It's the product of economic injustice. And we know, folks, that economic injustice gives rise to social injustice. History tells us, and we need to listen. We cannot be a country united with the existence of either economic injustice or social injustice. We must eradicate both in order to preserve and protect liberties and

STEVENS (CONT'D)

opportunities for all Americans. We need to create a level playing field so that each individual citizen has a fair shot to rise above any preconceived notion of his or her ability, and those who were declared winners because of their pedigree and/or their massive fortunes have to spring for the cost of that new level playing field.

The crowd roars again, and Stevens raises and lowers his arms to quiet them.

STEVENS

We have a mission to make it right, to give every living and breathing American a fair shot at prosperity. And we know we can't do that, folks, when the top one percent of households owns more wealth than the bottom ninety percent combined. Try to wrap your head around this: the nation's three richest individuals collectively own more wealth than the bottom half of the population; that's three people who have as much wealth as one hundred-sixty million people. That, my fellow Americans, is wholly and patently wrong. It is flagrant economic injustice to the extreme, and we will not thrive as a people, as a nation, if we don't end it. Together, we're gonna make a change. The millionaires and billionaires are going to start paying their fair share. It's the right thing to do. We, as a nation, have needs, and if we are to survive as a nation, the superwealthy will have to provide the lifeblood. They should want to. This country, you, helped to make them extremely rich, beyond most people's wildest imagination. They owe something back; they owe a lot back.

The crowd erupts in cheers again for a few moments, until the President settles them down.

STEVENS

And that's not all we're gonna change

STEVENS (CONT'D)

to make this country a happier, better and safer place to live. As a Navy SEAL, I carried weapons of war; we trained for war and we fought to win. I had to carry an M4 if I wanted to defeat the enemy in combat. We call those semi-automatic rifles assault weapons for a reason. Take it from this veteran, weapons of war do not belong in civilian hands. Time and time again, we've seen the mass carnage these weapons can inflict. It is high time we get them off the streets. I am a firm believer in the Second Amendment. You have a constitutional right to keep and bear arms, but there is nothing in the Second Amendment that specifically gives you the right to keep and bear AR15s and the like. I am not coming to take away your pistols and your hunting rifles, but we will be taking away your assault weapons. We will offer a fair and equitable buy-back program for the owners of these weapons. If I have to do so by executive order, so be it. Either way, we will be getting these illegitimate killing machines off the street. If you own one or more, you would be wise to participate in the buy-back. Otherwise, you will face serious consequences. As for the NRA, under my administration, that acronym will stand for No Reasonable Answer, when it comes to curtailing gun violence in America.

Again, the crowd erupts in cheers and then settles down.

STEVENS

So how will I address the political polarization and the divisiveness it's caused in America? I will reach across the aisle and try to heal the wounds opened by the previous administration. I will try to find common ground with my political adversaries on the issues so many Americans face: soaring college tuition and the tremendously burdensome debt it's placed on the shoulders of our youth and, unfortunately, on some of their parents... and the soaring costs of

STEVENS (CONT'D)

pharmaceuticals, medical services and, particularly, health care insurance. If democratic and republican politicians can agree these are crises, they should also be able to agree they have a responsibility to try to resolve them. It's a mission they must launch together in the interest of the people who elected them. If they don't do it, I will. And I'm not going to give them much time; they've already had plenty. And let me say this, big pharma and big insurance will not buy this President. They might as well put their lobbyists to work doing something else...

The crowd applauds for several seconds and then quiets.

STEVENS

And then there's the racism, the bigotry, the fascism and the misogyny. It has to stop, folks. This is not who we are as Americans. We are the United States of America, which means we have to be a nation united to give credence to our country's name. Those nearly three-hundred-ninety thousand World War II veterans who were still alive a decade ago must have been deeply saddened when they saw Neo-Nazis parading on the streets of America. Several hundred thousand of their brothers in arms died in the fight against Nazi Germany and the evil that is fascism. We must not tolerate such heinous activities on American soil. This is not an exercise of freedom of speech; it's an exercise in freedom to hate. America is not home to the swastika; it is home to the stars and stripes. I will promise to sign any legislation that bans protests promoting hate, racism and fascism. We need to do our best as a nation to snuff out such evil forces, lest they rise up again like they did a decade ago. This may well be the time for an amendment to the Constitution to ban hate speech - fascist, racist speech that often leads to

STEVENS (CONT'D)

violence, and why would it not? It's evil talk and has no place in America. This is the land of the free and the brave. It does not and will not ever belong to fascists or racists. I believe, and I hope you do, their hateful speech should be banned from our country.

The crowd applauds and then quiets.

STEVENS

I want to honor all of the brave souls who fought for this country, and believe me when I say, they were not fighting to allow Nazis and white supremacists to spread their hate speech in public. They were fighting to snuff it out. Let's honor those brave Americans who died by snuffing out this heinous hateful talk that is evil from its core. To take my assault on the hate that is racism and fascism a step further, I would support toughening federal hate crime laws so that anyone convicted of a hate crime resulting in death could face capital punishment.

The crowd cheers and then quiets down.

STEVENS

When Donald Nelson was elected President in 2016, he vowed to make America great again. Instead, he took us back to the dark ages by stoking the embers of hate into a wildfire of racism, more than one-hundred-fifty years after the Civil War and more than seventy-five years after the civil rights movement. When my team and I began dousing those flames of fascism and racism, we were damn near on the verge of a second Civil War. We cannot allow that to happen again. If he had wanted to make America great or at least have a positive effect on the country, he would have done everything in his power to fight for social and economic justice for all Americans.



Loud roars erupt again from the crowd.

STEVENS

We have to look back to remind ourselves of the terrible atrocities that can occur when a nation loses its direction under the leadership of a President who's gone off the rails and whose party turns a blind eye to the clear and present danger he presents. My team and I recognized that, and we did something about it. I want to emphasize something else, something vital to the moral fabric of our country - the rule of law. I can assure you, this President will never compromise the rule of law or our Constitution. Nobody, but nobody, is above the law. I promise I will also never, ever refer to the media as the enemy of the people; it's a phrase that echoes the ugliness of totalitarianism and the dictatorships of Lenin, Stalin, Mao and Hitler. A free press is essential to democracy; it's a watchdog over governmental corruption. Not too long ago, we witnessed the value of a free press firsthand. It changed the course of our country's history, and it wasn't the first time. I would not be here today, speaking to you as your President, if not for a free press. It is unequivocally a friend of the people.

The crowd's roar again becomes deafening, until the Commander-in-Chief appeals for quiet.

STEVENS

My presidency will not be about looking back. It will be about looking ahead. It's about the dawning of a new day in America, one that offers a brighter future for all Americans and not just a select class. My presidency is about freedom from the social and economic injustices that are holding us down as a nation. In times of war or uncertainty, there is a special breed of warrior ready to answer our nation's call. A common man with uncommon desire to succeed. Forged by

STEVENS (CONT'D)

adversity, he stands beside America's finest special operations forces to serve his country, the American people, and protect their way of life. I am that man. And standing behind me is that team.

Stevens extends his hand to acknowledge Michelle, Lieutenant Latimore and the rest of Harvard Team SEAL. Albright, the undercover White House intern, is sitting next to her husband, Crenshaw.

STEVENS

For the glory of our nation's founders and for our future generations, let it be our resolve to bring no shame upon them. Let's do this together, people, because we must and because we can. My character and honor are steadfast. My word is my bond.

The crowd begins a thunderous roar as Michelle and Stevens embrace. The President then receives a big hug from his Mom, followed by his brother and sister. They're all seated across the aisle from Michelle. When the crowd noise settles, the beautiful sound of a Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young song, Find the Cost of Freedom, and its repetitious lyrics begin to play on the loudspeaker, as President Stevens shakes the hands of Lieutenant Latimore and all of his student soldiers on Harvard Team SEAL.

MUSIC (VO)

Find the cost of freedom  
Buried in the ground  
Mother Earth will swallow you  
Lay your body down

FADE OUT



