

JAKE 2.0

"Whiskey - Tango - Foxtrot"

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TEASER

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

INT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

A picture of George Dubya Bush dominates the frame -

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

- the office of a government functionary... the picture of the President complimented by an American flag and other appropriately institutional furnishings.

Only it's anything but business as usual today -

- because in the doorway lies a SECURITY GUARD - clutching a bullet wound to his shoulder - and inside the office stands a DISGRUNTLED GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE (SAL, 50's), holding an AK-47 assault rifle.

At the far end of the office, three GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES kneel in fear, their hands behind their heads.

Sal peers out the door to the hallway -

SAL

Just get me the Undersecretary, OK?
Do that and nobody else gets hurt!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JAKE and KYLE crouch at the end of the corridor - the office is within eye shot - assorted FEDERAL SECURITY GUARDS stand behind them -

KYLE

That's not gonna happen unless you start giving me some hostages -

SAL

Don't play diplomat with me - I worked here twenty years and I'm done being lied to by the government -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake looks toward the part of the office he can see from this vantage point, and a -

JAKE NANO-VISION SHOT

- ZOOMS in to see -

JAKE'S NANO-POV

- the wounded guard - the blood - the gun in Sal's hand, his finger on the trigger -

RESUME ON JAKE

-scanning the office, looking for an edge.

JAKE'S NANO-POV

Zeroes in on the wall behind Sal, the floor - suddenly the POV moves back to the wall, zeroing in...

Jake sees something behind the wallpaper... a seam.

RESUME ON JAKE AND KYLE

JAKE

(to Kyle, a whisper)
There's a back door into the office. They must have patched it over. If I can get to the office next to it I could take him out -

KYLE

You're not taking anyone out. The snipers are gonna be in place in three minutes -

JAKE

He could kill everyone in there in three minutes -

SAL (O.S.)

I'm warning you! I'm not feeling very patient today! Get me the Undersecretary or someone's gonna lose a life!

JAKE

Kyle -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

No.

(to Sal)

Nothing's gonna happen until you start showing some good will -

But before Kyle can finish his sentence, he realizes that Jake is gone. A frustrated Kyle turns back toward Sal-

KYLE (cont'd)

- you give me what I need and I'll give you what you need -

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

SAL

What the hell do you know about my needs? I was working for this lying, double-dealing government when you were still in diapers - I bled for this place and -

- and a door-sized portion of the wall behind Sal collapses as Jake barrels through - tackling Sal, knocking his gun arm away, taking him to the ground.

Off the shocked looks between Jake and the hostages -

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Aftermath. Agents everywhere. The wounded guard is tended to and taken away in a gurney, Sal is dragged away in irons. The hostages are met with hugs and consolation by sympathetic CO-WORKERS.

Jake steps out of the office, dabbing a bleeding cut on his arm with a gauze pad. A stone-faced Kyle waits for him away from the fray. Jake approaches. Kyle remains silent.

JAKE

You're welcome.

KYLE

Did I or did I not give you a specific order?

JAKE

You did, but -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

You think you're special or something,
because you've got "powers" -

JAKE

No -

KYLE

I got news for you, you're not. You
wait for back up and follow orders
just like everyone else. It's called
discipline and it saves lives.

A few of the hostages are ushered past by NSA agents. We
HEAR: "Thank you, thank you so much..." Jake nods and half-
smiles at them, looks back to Kyle.

JAKE

Which is all I was trying to do.

KYLE

Did you know that wall would break in
one piece? That his assault rifle
didn't have a hair trigger? That he
didn't have an explosive hidden on his
person?

(as Jake shrinks)

You've been enhanced, you can do some
spectacular things, but that's not
what this job is really all about.
And if you don't learn that, someone's
going to get hurt.

Kyle walks away. Thoroughly dressed-down, Jake lets
himself lean against a wall.

He removes the gauze pad to look at the cut on his arm:

ON JAKE'S ARM (CGI ENHANCED)

The cut slowly seals itself and disappears...

RESUME ON JAKE

And off his reaction...

CUT TO

EXT. FORT MCLELLAND - ARSENAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A large military base surrounded by dense woods...

INT. FORT MCLELLAND - ARSENAL - SECURITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A door slides open to **REVEAL** GENERAL WESLEY FREEWALD (50's) - a man whose bearing indicates great power - walking down a security corridor with an agitated ARMY ENGINEER (30's).

ENGINEER

I didn't go through channels, General.
I figured you'd want to know
immediately - and I didn't want to
waste any time -

FREEWALD

You did the right thing. Open the
vault.

The two men reach the vault door at the end of the corridor. The Engineer puts his eye to a scanner. The vault opens with a metallic WHOOSH-KLANG.

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

Characterized by four pedestals, each topped by a metallic, foot-and-a-half long, football-shaped device: the Hades-13 Tactical Mini-Nuke.

ENGINEER

Sir. I have been sole custodian to
the Hades-13 Tactical Mini-Nukes for
six months. Not once on my watch has
there been a defect, a glitch, or any
discernible violation of security -

The Engineer steps to a Hades-13 and flips open a panel on the casing to access a control screen.

FREEWALD

Just show me what's wrong.

The Engineer enters a code. The Hades-13 gives a BLEEP. A ten second countdown begins. Freewald's eyes widen:

FREEWALD (cont'd)

What are you doing?

ENGINEER

Just watch the countdown, sir -

Freewald draws his sidearm:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREEWALD

I am giving you a direct order -
secure that explosive now!

The General walks to the Engineer, putting the gun to the terrified man as he pulls back the hammer:

But the Engineer just closes his eyes...

... and the timer counts down to zero. The Hades-13 emits another signature BEEP - which dies down into an almost comical electronic MOAN.

Freewald looks at the weapon - then at the terrified soldier at the end of his sidearm. Freewald uncocks his sidearm, brings it down:

FREEWALD (cont'd)

What just happened?

ENGINEER

It's a decoy, sir.

General Freewald processes this disturbing prospect, then:

FREEWALD

Somebody stole one of my nukes.

Off the look of dread on the General's Face...

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. NSA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. NSA - CORRIDOR TO LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

LOU walks and talks with Kyle:

KYLE

Jake and his nanites may be the center of this unit, but he's got a serious discipline problem.

LOU

Are we talking about a phase or something more permanent?

KYLE

Permanent enough if he gets himself or someone else killed.

(then)

...apparently, there's no "we" in "nanite."

LOU

I'm not surprised. A couple months of NSA field work is no cure for a childhood full of James Bond movies.

KYLE

I think we'd better find the cure. I don't want to explain to a board of inquiry that we lost a billion and a half dollar agent on account of Roger Moore.

Lou nods in agreement as they reach her office:

LOU

There's someone you need to meet.

INT. NSA - LOU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou ushers Kyle in to meet a waiting General Freewald:

LOU

General Freewald.

FREEWALD

Tankbuster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freewald smiles, puts a hand on Lou's shoulder. Lou smiles back - these two have clearly bonded in battle.

FREEWALD (cont'd)

Been a while.

Kyle shoots Lou a look: "Tankbuster?"

LOU

I served with the General in the First Gulf War.

FREEWALD

Your boss was the finest helicopter driver in the force... and she was lethal with a rocket-powered grenade launcher.

Kyle offers Freewald a handshake:

KYLE

Agent Kyle Duarte.

Freewald turns to Lou:

FREEWALD

You trust this man?

LOU

(muted, conversational)
Hoo-ah.

Freewald shakes Kyle's hand and turns to Lou, all business:

FREEWALD

Well, Tankbuster - the day's finally come I'm glad you traded in your Black Hawk for a desk at the NSA.

LOU

That makes me nervous.

FREEWALD

And well it should. Fort McClelland serves as a repository for our arsenal of Hades-13 Tactical Mini-Nukes.

(off the looks)

Top secret. Officially considered a non-strategic weapon.

(then)

Unofficially, it's the ultimate urban terror tool.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FREEWALD (cont'd)

Highly portable and concealable, one mile kill-zone, five year half-life.

LOU

What happened?

FREEWALD

Stolen.

Lou nods. Kyle takes the news with a little more alarm:

KYLE

One of your nukes is missing?

FREEWALD

Fort McClelland is 100% secure. Nothing happens I don't know about. There's only one explanation. One of the members of the Wolf Pack stationed at my base turned traitor.

LOU

A traitor. In a Wolf Pack unit.

KYLE

Aren't they supposed to be the most elite in Special Ops?

LOU

That's the official story.

(off Kyle's look)

What they are is a semi-autonomous black-ops squad. They do the things the U.S. Government isn't really supposed to do.

FREEWALD

We give them a job - the Wolf Pack gets it done by any means necessary. No questions asked.

KYLE

And a member of this team has a Hades-13. Have you alerted CIS?

FREEWALD

CIS is a joke. So's JAG. I call them, they send two nitwits in khakis to trip over every obstacle in the base. This has to be done covertly. Any indication that we know the weapon is missing, and our traitor vanishes.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FREEWALD (cont'd)

I should know. I used to be a member
of the Wolf Pack before I turned sane.

Kyle sizes Freewald up with newfound admiration.

LOU

If you want this done, General, you'll
have to do it my way. I will mobilize
every asset I have around the world to
find the device - and I will need to
put someone on the inside.

FREEWALD

I'm already with you. The Wolf Pack
is expecting a new recruit. I've
delayed his arrival - which leaves an
opening for your man...

(off Lou's look)

...but there is a catch. These men
operate at the highest standard of
strength, agility and endurance. Your
agent has to pass muster, or he will
be made.

Lou looks at Kyle for a moment, then:

LOU

I may have just have your man.

Kyle shoots Lou a look: she can't possibly be thinking of -

LOU (cont'd)

You said he could use some discipline.

INT. NSA - DIANE'S LAB - DAY

ANGLE - OPEN DRAWER - FULL OF SNACKS

A hand reaches in, grabs a bag of chips (or candy bar,
etc.) Follow snack to Jake. A couple of empty bags and
candy wrappers in evidence already.

Diane, working at her computer station, glances at Jake
downing the junk food, in his own world.

DIANE

Jake...
(he doesn't hear her)
Jake.

JAKE

(snapping out)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE

The body's a temple - even a nanite-enhanced one...

He glances at wrappers, puts the current candy bar down.

JAKE

Can I ask you something? Do I act like I'm too good to follow orders like everyone else?

She hesitates.

JAKE (cont'd)

(a little alarmed)

It's true? I've become that guy?

DIANE

No - but I'm still glad Kyle read you the riot act.

JAKE

Because you like to see me humiliated?

DIANE

Because I like to see you alive.

Beat.

JAKE

I bet he told Lou. "Jake was grandstanding..."

Unbeknownst to Jake, Lou and Kyle appear behind him in the open doorway:

JAKE (cont'd)

"Jake was chewing gum... Jake -"

LOU

- has a new mission.

Jake turns. Lou steps up, hands him a file.

LOU (cont'd)

Get up to speed.

Jake shares a cringe with Diane as Kyle and Lou turn to walk out. Jake opens the file, starts reading. Unconsciously reaches for his half-eaten candy bar. Diane clears her throat. Jake drops the candy bar.

INT. NSA - LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

The assignment file in hand, Jake looks at Lou.

JAKE

So... great mission, really... there's just one small thing... and it's not that I think I'm special or anything - it's just... I really don't do well around... teams. Or packs. Especially in uniform - Jocks, Fratboys, marching band. They eat people like me for breakfast. There was even an incident with some Campfire Girls once...

(beat)

... I don't want to get into it right now but it was ugly.

LOU

Are you done?

(as Jake withers)

You're going to learn how to be a soldier. I have someone standing by to train you.

JAKE

And who's the Yoda-like miracle worker that's gonna pull that off?

INT. NSA - GYM - DAY

Dressed in gray sweats, Jake attempts to assemble an M-249 SAW machine gun while blindfolded...

JAKE

My name is Sergeant First Class Mitchell Gant.

The gun falls to the ground. QUICK CUTS: Jake attempts to get it right with the gun.

JAKE (cont'd)

I enlisted in 1993.

The gun drops or a bolt does - Jake grabs it, peeks out from under his blindfold.

JAKE (cont'd)

I served three years in the Second Ranger Battalion, four in the First Special Forces Group...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After three or four mishaps Jake gets better and better with the gun:

JAKE (cont'd)
and was assigned to Special Operations Command. I provided radio and electronic support in Kosovo, Bosnia, Peru, Sierra Leone and Liberia.

Jake puts down the gun, picks up a Sykes-Fairbairn knife, stands, turns to a man-shaped dummy.

Jake grabs the dummy by the throat, puts four deep slashes in its chest -

JAKE (cont'd)
The reason there's a spot open in the Wolf Pack is the death of Sergeant Kendrick Aubrey. He was killed during a raid in Afghanistan.

- and then delivers a death blow to the dummy's back, just below the ribcage.

Jake lets the dummy fall to the floor, takes off his blindfold and looks up, a cocky smile on his face -

JAKE (cont'd)
I don't think Timmy's going to be playing the violin any time soon.

TURN AROUND TO REVEAL

Lou. Also in sweats, casting a stern glance at Jake:

LOU
THAT WAS THE MOST PATHETIC FIELD KILL I HAVE EVER SEEN! YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE YOUR WEAPON IN, ON OR AROUND THE ENEMY - DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

Jake is thoroughly cowed as he pulls out the knife.

JAKE
Yes ma'am.

LOU
For the last time. The correct answer is "hoo-ah." Hoo-ah means yes, thank you, please, praise the lord, and pass the ammo. When in doubt, hoo-ah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

HOO-AH!

LOU

You don't have to yell it every time,
OK?

This time Jake merely nods in reply. Lou slides on sparring pads and motions for Jake to attack.

LOU (cont'd)

And if someone asks about past missions or people you've served with, do not go any further than hoo-ah.

Jake bare-knuckles the pads - Lou moves the pads around, forcing Jake to hustle to hit them:

LOU (cont'd)

These men won't trust you until they've tested you, and even then you're not gonna sit around talking about your feelings. I shuttled the Wolf Pack in Desert Storm... three words in one hour was considered a heart-to-heart.

JAKE

Don't worry, I'm not going to open up to these psychopaths.

LOU

They're not psychopaths. They're highly competent, connected and skilled men - they don't have to salute, wear their hair or uniforms to regulation... and they don't have a problem operating in a morally gray area.

JAKE

No, I guess not.

(off her look)

You did tell me one of them threw a P.O.W. out of your helicopter to scare a confession out of another P.O.W.

LOU

That was General Freewald - back when he led the Wolf Pack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOU (cont'd)

And because he got that confession,
hundreds of American Troops, including
myself, were saved from a nerve-gas
ambush.

(then)

It was brutal and it was ugly, but it
was necessary. That's what they do.

Jake stops punching, looks Lou in the eye:

JAKE

Why didn't you join the Wolf Pack?

LOU

They don't take women. The NSA does.

(changing gears)

So. You think you're ready to do
what's necessary?

JAKE

Sure. I mean - hoo-ah.

LOU

Hit me.

JAKE

Wha -

LOU

HIT ME!

Jake finally complies. Lou sidesteps the blow and throws
Jake to the ground.

LOU (cont'd)

You better not have any plans for
tonight.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - GATE - DAY

The gates open to REVEAL Jake, dressed in appropriately
worn, not-quite-to-regulation fatigues.

Jake carries his duffel to...

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - MAIN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Barracks and offices to one side, a treeline to dense woods
on the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of GRUNTS and HOO-AHS turns Jake toward a group of INCREDIBLY BUFF CREW-CUT, SPIT AND POLISH SOLDIERS practicing a rope drill.

These guys may be the most impressive military men anyone has ever seen. Jake heads over, steps to the C.O. who monitors the drill with a clipboard and stopwatch.

C.O.

Come on men! You're moving like pondwater! I want to see some hustle out of you - move it! Move it!

The C.O. Sees Jake, casts a stern glance down at him:

JAKE

(saluting)

Sergeant First Class Mitchell Gant.
Wolf Pack.

The C.O. drops his clipboard and salutes.

The other soldiers snap-to.

The rope-climbers slide down and stand at attention the moment their feet hit the ground.

Everyone gives Jake a wide berth.

JAKE (cont'd)

(confused by the
reception)

Do you uh... need to see my orders,
sir?

SOLDIER C.O.

Sergeant... we're not...
(looks to the side)
...they are...

The Soldier C.O. points to the treeline -

- from which emerges THE WOLF PACK, five men walking in SLO-MO toward the camera.

These men don't look or dress like the average soldier. These are military men so seasoned, patriotic, and experienced that they have the luxury to be rugged, ass-kicking individualists.

They have all customized their fatigues and wear different colors - no two look alike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Some have fancy ammo belts or bandoliers, all of them have funky haircuts or facial hair, and each of them has a custom signature weapon.

The members of the Wolf Pack do have two things in common: the insignia carved and scarified into their forearm...

...and being among the baddest, most imposing and frightening human beings anyone could imagine.

These men look more like a band of pirates than soldiers.

SOLDIER C.O. (cont'd)
Company - clear the square!

- and the "regular soldiers" scatter like frightened sheep.

Jake stands alone. The Wolf Pack gets closer - until Jake is face-to-face with the team's leader - HARTMAN (30's).

HARTMAN
Hey man, how you doin?

Jake is confused. This guy sounds like Jerry Garcia.

JAKE
(saluting)
Captain Hartman?

HARTMAN
Yeah. At ease, man. You must be Gant. Nice knowing you. You got some papers for me? Cool.

Jake hands over his orders. Hartman regards the orders, then kicks Jake's knees out from under him:

HARTMAN (cont'd)
Why in the name of hell are you giving me up as your commanding officer? You ever salute me in the open again and I will exsanguinate you. Understood?

JAKE
Yes sir.

HARTMAN
Don't "sir" me! You want me dead? Is that what you want?

Hartman cocks his machine gun and FIRES into Jake's duffel bag. Jake rolls away, taking cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARTMAN (cont'd)

Get up and answer me!

Jake scrambles up to his feet. Hartman gets in Jake's face, his voice now smouldering with quiet menace:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

The Pack is mother and the Pack is father, Gant. From now on, whatever you need, you get from us - if you manage to cut it here for longer than thirty seconds.

(beat)

You think you can do that? You think you got what it takes?

JAKE

Hoo-ah.

Hartman raises his voice to the rest of the team:

HARTMAN

Drills are up! Haul ass!

WOLF PACK

Hoo-ah!

Hartman runs. The team follows. The last member of the team, a mild-looking guy named LAWRENCE, puts his arm on Jake's shoulder and, in a genuinely welcoming and sympathetic tone says:

LAWRENCE

Welcome to Hell.

As Jake takes off in a run after Hartman he notices -

GENERAL FREEWALD

Stepping out of his recently-arrived Humvee: he's been watching Jake's less-than-successful insertion into the Wolf Pack.

INT. NSA - SAT OPS - DAY

Lou stands before the Big Board, displaying a schematic of the Hades-13 device, the Sat Ops team clustered around her:

LOU

I need every dealer and informant in the world arms market tracked down and interrogated...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOU (cont'd)
if Hades-13 is in play anywhere on God's green Earth, I want to know who's shilling it, what they're asking, and how bad we're gonna have to clean their chronometers to get it back. You're also to put all of our field agents monitoring the sale of nuclear equipment on high alert - if a Fulani tribal chieftain buys a radiac meter in Burkina Faso, I want someone with NSA creds waiting to grill the man. Understood?

(off the nods)
You know the drill, "In God we trust, all others we monitor."

The team scrambles. Lou turns to Kyle:

LOU (cont'd)
I have a special mission for you.

Off Kyle's quizzical look...

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - DENSE FOREST - DAY

The Wolf Pack runs up, still carrying a full pack and assault rifles in hand. Jake holds up the rear.

Hartman looks back at Jake, utter contempt in his face -

- so Jake pours it on. The nanites kick in, and he speeds up, passing every member of the Wolf Pack until he is neck to neck with Hartman.

Lawrence casts an amused look at Jake.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - TRAINING RANGE - DAY

PAN ACROSS the team, doing push-ups with packs and gear strapped on. Some of the men have to stop and rest. END PAN on Jake, keeping up. Hartman trains a glare at Jake...

...so Jake pours it on. The nanites kick in - and Jake starts doing hop/clap push ups...

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - TRAINING RANGE - DAY

The members of the Wolf Pack work their way up the ropes with their packs and gear...

...and look up to see Jake, already at the top. Jake nods to Hartman, slides down the rope...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...and, using his nano-strength, is back at the top before the men have completed their first climb.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - SOMEWHERE DARK- NIGHT

A dirty, sweat-stained Jake crouches somewhere - talking on a cell to Diane - and keeping an eye out.

JAKE

Well, I guess you could say it's like summer camp - in hell.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. DIANE'S LAB - NIGHT

Where Diane looks at the Jake Monitoring Device.

JAKE

Ten mile runs, hours of PT, live ammo as in real bullets inches above your head. I've never been this tired in my life, the nanites aren't going to burn out or anything are they...?

DIANE

No, they're doing fine. What about you? Are you scared?

JAKE

Scared? Me?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

That Jake is hiding in a tree.

JAKE (cont'd)

I'm... I don't know what I am. These guys, they're crazy, but...

DIANE

What?

JAKE

I think they're startin' to come around. They've seen what I can do and, in an unspoken way, I think they're starting to respect -
(looks at his watch)
Oh crap - I'm late, I gotta get back to the barracks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jumps out of the tree and goes.

DIANE

Jake - be careful -

But he's already gone.

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Jake walks away from the tree, making his way back to the barracks, when he hears something from behind -

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

Gant!

Jake turns around to see the Wolf Pack - emerging from the shadows behind him. Jake isn't sure what's going to happen when -

LAWRENCE

Fine work out there today, Gant.

- the others join in, shaking Jake's hand, high-fiving him and clapping his shoulder -

WOLF PACK MEMBER #1 (BURNS)

You da man, Gant - Sierra Hotel all the way.

JAKE

(stunned)

Uh - OK - cool.

WOLF PACK MEMBER #2 (HALL)

USDA Choice hardass.

The hand-slaps and kudos continue. Jake allows himself a smile - maybe he did earn some hearts and minds today...

WOLF PACK MEMBER #3 (STERN)

You're gonna do us proud.

...which is confirmed when he finds himself face-to-face with Hartman - who holds out his hand:

HARTMAN

You've impressed every man in this unit.

JAKE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

You're welcome. And good night.

JAKE

Good night...?

And with that, WOLF PACK MEMBER #2 (Hall) walks up behind Jake and bashes him in the back of the head -

- as Jake hits the ground, an unconscious heap...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - FOREST ROAD/MAIN GATE - DAY

The sun rises over Fort McClelland. The main entrance road is lined with lamp posts. A Humvee cruises to the base.

INT. HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

General Freewald sits in the passenger seat, next to a DRIVER. Freewald pages through a file...

...then notices something out the corner of his eye -

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

- Jake. In his skivvies. His entire body bound with duct tape. Hanging from a lamp post.

INT. HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Freewald closes his file.

FREEWALD

Oh hell...

(to the driver)

Stop the car.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ROAD TO THE MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee stops. Freewald steps out. As Jake looks down and locks eyes with the General...

CUT TO

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jake is bundled in a blanket - tearing the remaining pieces of duct tape from his body. General Freewald walks him down:

FREEWALD

You're lucky you weren't on a mission.
If the Wolf pack thought you were
slowing them down in battle, they'd
just pop a slug in your kneecap.

After hanging off a flagpole all night, Jake's nerves are more than frayed:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

So lucky in your world is being
tortured all night by a bunch of
jingoistic mesomorphs...

Freewald stops and trains a Howitzer of a stare at Jake.

JAKE (cont'd)

- sir.

FREEWALD

I trust Louise Beckett with my life.
I hope that trust hasn't been
misplaced.

JAKE

You and me both.

FREEWALD

Lou Beckett isn't someone you let down
without serious consequences.

(then)

Know how she got the name
"Tankbuster?"

Jake doesn't have a lot of patience for all of this
military myth-making:

JAKE

Let me guess, she blew up a bunch of
tanks in the Gulf?

Freewald shoots him an uncharacteristic smile, then:

FREEWALD

No, Tank was a man. Bigger than the
two of us. World class redneck.
Piloted a Blackhawk in your boss'
outfit - and had no end of crap to
give her. About being black, female,
attractive. You name it, he had a
slur.

(beat)

Beckett put up with everything - for
the unit, for morale, for her own
good. Until Tank bugged out on a
hostile encounter a little faster than
he should have, left Beckett alone to
weather the fire storm.

(then)

Of course, no one was gonna court-
martial the guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FREEWALD (cont'd)

But one night, Tank went to the C.O. and begged to be taken off the flight rotation. He confessed to having acted in a cowardly fashion and spent the rest of the war behind a desk. And he never said a mean thing about anyone ever again.

JAKE

What'd she do to him?

FREEWALD

Nobody knows...

(then)

...that's why I'm warning you. Don't give Louise Beckett a reason to hate you.

(beat)

There's someone here to see you.

Freewald pulls the door to his office open to **REVEAL** Kyle, dressed in a crisp Army uniform.

JAKE

You're undercover too?

Kyle nods, taking in Jake's state...

TIME CUT TO

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - GENERAL FREEWALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Now in a t-shirt and pants (both with several conspicuous bullet holes), Jake sits across a table from Kyle, who goes through the contents of a file:

KYLE

None of our intelligence assets can place Hades-13 in the arms market. Our informants in the terrorist underground have nothing, so the most plausible scenario right now -

JAKE

(piecing it together)
- is that the weapon hasn't left the base.

KYLE

(after a nod)
You have to find it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

How?

KYLE

The Wolf Pack carries field laptops.
The traitor may have used his to
uplink with someone about the bomb.

(then)

You have to go through the Wolf Pack's
duffel, interface with their gear, and
copy their communications logs.

JAKE

I see.

(after a moment)

So will I be doing that before or
after the monkeys fly out of my butt?

Kyle is not amused. Jake doesn't care:

JAKE (cont'd)

Did you see what those animals did to
me? They took away my clothes,
scrubbed me down with a fire hose and
wire brushes, duct-taped me in the
fetal position, rolled me down a
flight of stairs in a garbage can and
strung me up from a flagpole...

(indicating his shirt)

...and they put bullet holes in all my
stuff.

KYLE

A single Hades-13 could crater the
District of Columbia and render the
land uninhabitable. Thousands would
be killed, and the survivors would die
of cancer within five to ten years.

(then)

You gotta go all the way on this.
Become Wolf Pack by any means
necessary. If you can't find the
commitment and discipline to find that
traitor, the weapon will leave the
base and it will be used.

The two men stare at one another for a moment, then:

JAKE

Is this the part where you tell me I
have what it takes to pull this off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

No.

(beat)

This is the part where I tell you there are no half measures on this one, you have to find the discipline and commitment to take this all the way.

Jake absorbs Kyle's admonition, then looks up: a new darkness in his eyes.

PUSH IN

As a look of absolute resolve takes over Jake's face.

JAKE

Fine.

(then)

I'll need some nerve gas and a funnel.

Off Kyle...

CUT TO**EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - TRAINING RANGE - DAY**

The Wolf Pack goes through their fully geared-up uphill run of the day. Lawrence calls cadence as the team follows:

LAWRENCE

I DON'T KNOW BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD!

WOLF PACK

I DON'T KNOW BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD!

LAWRENCE

WOLF PACK MEN DON'T SING NO SONGS!

WOLF PACK

WOLF PACK MEN DON'T SING NO SONGS!

And as the top of the hill comes in to view, REVEAL JAKE,
etched in the morning sun - standing there waiting.

Jake's face is stone - and his eyes are trained sniper-like on Hartman, who shoots a disparaging glare at this defiant underling:

HARTMAN

(under his breath)

That little craphound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lawrence turns to look at Hartman - and the annoyance playing across his face. Lawrence keeps cadence even as he looks ahead, knowing this is going to be ugly.

LAWRENCE
PUT THIS CADENCE WHERE IT HURTS!

WOLF PACK
PUT THIS CADENCE WHERE IT HURTS!

LAWRENCE
SHUT YOUR HOLE AND RUN LIKE HELL!

WOLF PACK
SHUT YOUR HOLE AND -

Hartman reaches the top of the hill - but before he can stop, Jake cold-cocks him across the face. Hard.

Hartman falls to the ground. Jake lays into him immediately:

JAKE
Was that the worst you sorority
bitches could come up with? What kind
of Mongolian goat-screw in your skull
makes you think I'd follow a woman
like you into battle?

In a fraction of a second, Hartman has gotten to his feet and has Jake up against a rock, his forearm choke-holding him in place.

Jake gasps for air. Hartman turns to his men.

HARTMAN
Get my intrenching tool.

Jake turns red. Losing consciousness. Lawrence pulls Hartman's spade from his backpack. Hartman lets go of Jake, who falls to the ground.

As Hartman takes his spade from Lawrence and trains cold eyes at the gasping, coughing Jake...

CUT TO

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - WOLF PACK BARRACKS - NIGHT

Jake stands waist-deep in a hole in the ground, digging with his C.O.'s intrenching tool. He is exhausted.

WIDER TO REVEAL

The grounds around the barracks, surrounded by hole after hole after hole. Hartman steps up to Jake:

HARTMAN

Who in the sweet name of God Almighty put all these holes around my barracks? Someone could trip and fall into one of these - that's just plain unacceptable.

(off Jake's look)

You listen to me, you little assclown and listen to me good. I want each and every one of these holes moved out of this base by sun-up or you'll suffer a kind of pain you've never heard tale of -

(mocking)

- hoo-ah.

Hartman looks down at Jake and spits on him, then walks into the barracks.

JAKE

(a venomous whisper)

Hoo-ah.

Jake keeps digging, then hears what he has been waiting for:

HARTMAN (FROM THE BARRACKS)

Lights out in five!

Jake's expression turns into something resembling a smile.

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - WOLF PACK BARRACKS - NIGHT

The lights are on. Jake (still caked with dirt) and Kyle have all of the Wolf Pack field laptops scattered on the floor: transferring information into a portable hard drive.

Jake is busy with the computers. Glances up, sees Kyle staring at him as though he's never seen him before.

JAKE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

(looks away)

Nothing... you clocked your C.O. and instead of beating the snot out of you, he made you dig holes?

JAKE

It's supposed to impress on me that I'm so retarded I don't even merit Army-grade punishment.

(not meaning it at all)

And as you can see, the shame is unbearable.

KYLE

Yeah.

(re: the laptops)

That's the last of them... I'll upload the data to Lou from the main complex.

(looks around)

This was clever, Jake.

WIDER TO REVEAL

The entire Wolf Pack, passed out. Some of them are on their bunks, others on the floor - one of them is hunched over a sink, the tap still running.

KYLE (cont'd)

But the nerve gas is gonna wear off soon. There's still a traitor in this unit and these laptops may not be enough to snuff him out.

JAKE

I didn't do this to be clever. This is just phase one.

Jake gets up, moves to Hartman out cold on the floor. Looks down at him.

JAKE (cont'd)

You gave me a specific order to take this all the way...

Jake turns, looks at Kyle.

JAKE (cont'd)

I'm taking it all the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Off Kyle, looking a little afraid now...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - FOREST ROAD/MAIN GATE- DAY

The sun rises over Fort McClelland. The General's Humvee approaches the main gate...

INT. HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

General Freewald looks up from his work - a now-familiar expression plays across his face as he turns to the driver:

FREEWALD

Stop the car.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - FOREST ROAD/MAIN GATE - DAY

General Freewald steps out to see all of the members of The Wolf Pack, buried up to their necks in holes in the ground.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - MAIN SQUARE - LATER

The gates open. The General's Humvee drives in - and behind it marches the Wolf Pack, all of them dressed in their skivvies and stained with mud.

As the Wolf Pack passes by, **REVEAL** Jake standing at attention at the center of the square, dressed in full fatigues and gear. Jake calls out to the Wolf Pack -

JAKE

No five mile run today? Gentlemen?

The Wolf Pack stops marching. The General's Humvee continues to move - with the General shooting a look at Jake.

The Wolf Pack prowls over to Jake, their faces like ravenous animals, and face off against Jake

Jake tries to keep a stiff upper lip as the mud-caked, stripped down members of the Wolf Pack train their killer stares at him.

A tense moment: are they going to kill him or what?

HARTMAN

Gant.

Or what:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

You magnificent bastard!

The Wolf Pack erupts into CHEERS... the Wolf Pack crowds Jake, this time their affirmation is real.

LAWRENCE

This unit's never seen anything like what you pulled - how did you - ?

HARTMAN

(before Jake can answer)

Let the young man have his secrets, Lawrence. If he's got the *huevos* to pull that off, God only knows what he can do in the field.

LAWRENCE

Looks like we have ourselves a tactical mastermind.

WOLF PACK

Hoo-ah!

HARTMAN

(to Jake)

You took your beating like a man and gave as good as you got.

Lawrence throws Jake a good-natured nod:

LAWRENCE

Everyone gets tested. No exceptions. Nothing personal.

HARTMAN

(to Lawrence)

What do you say, Lawrence - isn't it time we gave young Mitchell an initiation?

The members of the Wolf Pack chant "Initiation, initiation, initiation!" with growing volume and intensity -

JAKE

Initiation?

- as the Wolf Packers pick Jake up from the deck and carry him away...

SMASH CUT TO

INT. TOWNIE STRIP BAR - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS TO SHOW as much of the lovely dancers as UPN Standards and Practices will allow.

The Wolf Pack (cleaned-up and in appropriate clothing) parties. The mood is animalistic.

A STRIPPER pours alcohol from two bottles (high above Jake's mouth, no bottles allowed near his lips or teeth, please) into Jake's mouth while the men COUNT DOWN. Hartman stands from his stool:

HARTMAN

Can't you knobs take a direct order?
I said shaken not stirred!

Wolf Pack Member #3 (Stern) grabs Jake's head and shakes it.

The team laughs and CHEERS. A WAITRESS hands out beer bottles for all... but the cheers die down as Lawrence trains a deadly serious glance on Jake:

LAWRENCE

Moment of truth, Gant -

The Pack leans in on Jake. This looks ominous, until...

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

- what's your favorite food?

JAKE

White Castle Sliders - extra onion.

The Pack CHEERS, everyone drinks, another member spins Jake around to face him:

WOLF PACK MEMBER #3 (STERN)

Favorite song?

JAKE

"By-Tor and the Snow Dog," Rush.

Hartman steps in and spins Jake around to face him:

HARTMAN

Strangest place you ever had sex?

JAKE

Akron, Ohio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Wolf Pack CHEERS Jake's reply. Hartman breaks in:

HARTMAN

Now that we know each other so well -
(off the cheers)
- how about we make this cub a part of
the pack?

WOLF PACK

Hoo-ah!

LAWRENCE

(to Jake)
Here comes the initiation.

The team grabs him, forms a small private circle around him - from a distance you couldn't tell exactly what is going on - but CLOSE IN, you can. They pin his forearm to the table. Hartman steps up and pulls out a knife - Jake takes in the sight of the knife.

- Hartman starts to cut into Jake's forearm, tracing the outline of the Wolf Pack insignia - giving him the same scarification tattoo as the rest of the men.

Jake looks back at all of them, grim, determined. The pain is unbearable, but only Jake's eyes betray that. The Men watch, impressed by the way he's taking it.

Jake sees the blood. He looks up at the men. Manages a sort of crazed smile. They respond in kind.

Hartman douses Jake's fresh wound with tequila. Jake clenches his teeth.

HARTMAN

Where's the fire?

Someone hands Hartman a Zippo. Hartman sets the tequila on Jake's forearm on fire - permanently setting the scar.

The pack lets loose with wild cheering and HOO-AH-ING.

Off Jake, a full fledged member of the Wolf Pack, celebrating with his new brothers...

CUT TO

INT. NSA - SAT OPS - NIGHT

Lou steps up to the Big Board -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE BOARD

Is Kyle, talking to her in real time.

LOU

We ran full crypto and data analysis on the logs you sent us. I think we found our traitor -

(beat)

We know that a member of the Wolf Pack leased a jet. It's waiting for him somewhere in the Florida Keys, we don't know where. He also bought equipment to handle nuclear materials. Our guess is he's moving the Hades-13 out of the country.

KYLE

Is he selling the bomb - taking it to a buyer?

LOU

Don't know yet. Make the arrest and take the Soldier straight to General Freewald - he'll interrogate the traitor and get those answers.

(then)

How's Jake?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. TOWNIE STRIP BAR - PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Safely ensconced in the shadows of a closed-off private dance area well out of the view of the Wolf Pack, Kyle watches their reflection on a one-way mirror while talking to Lou through a vidphone.

KYLE

(beat)

I'm not sure.

LOU

(off Kyle's expression)

What do you mean?

ANGLE ON JAKE

Showing off his scarification while drinking and talking to his new mates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake has succeeded in becoming part of the Wolf Pack, but Kyle's tone is less than pleased -

KYLE

He's one of them now.

(then)

We need to get him out of this, as soon as possible.

LOU

(nods, getting it)

He's out the moment I have the traitor and the bomb.

END INTERCUT

Kyle nods in reply, staring at Jake and his new friends...

INT. TOWNIE STRIP BAR - NIGHT

The Waitress brings a round of tequila shots -

HARTMAN

Now that Gant's been branded, I'd like to propose a toast: to absent friends -

The team goes quiet. Jake turns to Lawrence:

JAKE

Aubrey?

LAWRENCE

We don't say that name.

HARTMAN

No - Lawrence - young Gant might as well know why he's here.

Hartman reaches into a pocket, pulls out a snapshot of SERGEANT KENDRICK AUBREY. The Wolf Pack reacts to the sight of their fallen comrade with reverence and regret:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

The Pack was asked to deal with an Afghan warlord in the Shah-I-Kot valley. Word was this puke had some bio-weapons left behind by the Soviets.

As Hartman speaks FIND Kyle - now sitting at a table at the opposite end of the club, watching the Wolf Pack closely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

It was simple. Snatch and grab the bio-weapons - but our intel was flawed. Next thing you know, we're in a hard firefight through the local village to the exfil-point... and Aubrey took some shrapnel. Now our Black Hawk is ready to fly - but Aubrey's been overrun. By everyone - soldiers, women, children -

The men shake their heads - if a member of this unit ever got close to shedding a tear, this would be it.

HARTMAN (cont'd)

And then General Freewald sends orders not to jeopardize the bio-weapon - to forget Aubrey and get out of there.

(summoning a hard memory)

Two days later, Al Jazeera runs a video - of Aubrey being torn limb from limb in the streets. One of the Wolf Pack. And we let him die.

(then)

So a toast. To Sergeant Ken Aubrey... and to General Wesley Freewald -

The Team BOOS at the mention of Freewald's name:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

- no - let's give some acknowledgement to the man who made us dishonor ourselves and our brother. May he meet with all the advancement and commendation he deserves - in hell.

- as the men drink in silence.

KYLE

- keeps his stare on Jake, who has given into the moment completely - then tracks across to see Lawrence, breaking off and heading for the men's room.

As Kyle stands up to follow Lawrence...

INT. TOWNIE STRIP BAR - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Lawrence steps away from a urinal toward the sinks **REVEAL** Kyle standing behind him, holding a gun to the back of his head. Lawrence tries to diffuse the situation:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

(a grin)

I swear I didn't know she was married.

Lawrence tries to turn around, but Kyle hits first and hits hard. In seconds, Kyle has Lawrence up against the wall, cuffing his hands:

KYLE

Shut up and keep your hands behind your back.

(then)

We're walking out the back door real quiet - and you're gonna tell General Freewald who you're working for and where you hid the Hades-13. Do we understand each other?

LAWRENCE

You're on the pipe if you think I'm gonna do that.

KYLE

OK.

(then)

Why don't we go see what the Wolf Pack does to you when they find out you're a traitor?

LAWRENCE

(doesn't have to think twice)

Take me to the General.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The lights are on in General Freewald's office by the main square...

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - GENERAL FREEWALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

General Freewald unlocks a wooden cabinet behind his desk to **REVEAL** a collection of handguns. He removes one from a stand, along with a fully loaded magazine.

As Freewald loads the weapon, **REVEAL** Kyle and Lawrence, standing before the desk.

FREEWALD

You acquitted yourself well, Agent Duarte - but this is an internal matter now. A question of honor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREEWALD (cont'd)
(indicating Lawrence)
This man and I need to settle our
affairs in private.

KYLE
With all due respect, General, you
called the NSA. And I'm not leaving
you alone with a member of an elite
assassination unit.

Freewald looks down at the gun, then back at Kyle:

FREEWALD
So be it. But what happens in Fort
McClelland stays in Fort McClelland,
are we clear?

KYLE
As a bell.

Freewald loads and cocks his sidearm, turns to Lawrence:

FREEWALD
In antiquity, when a field commander
found a traitor, he had authority to
kill the lying sack of crap on sight.

Freewald gets close to Lawrence, bringing the gun closer
and closer to the man's head:

LAWRENCE
You gave the Wolf Pack the order to
leave Ken Aubrey in Afghanistan. Does
that mean I could shoot you on sight?
(with venom)
Sir?

FREEWALD
I did what was necessary. You were
carrying a lethal bio-weapon - its
safe return was top priority.

LAWRENCE
Our man was top priority. Aubrey. He
was still alive.

FREEWALD
And you would have butchered every
man, woman and child in that village
to get him.
(beat)
Aubrey did his duty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE

What the hell do you know about duty?
You used to be one of us. Wolf Pack
never left a man behind until you gave
that order.

Freewald would never admit it, but the insult cuts deeply:

FREEWALD

All right, Lawrence. You have
something that belongs to me. The way
I see it, you have two choices, hand
it over or die -

LAWRENCE

Fine.

Lawrence steps closer to the General, his voice almost a
whisper -

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

The Hades-13 is at -

- and Lawrence rushes and head-butts the General, who falls
to the floor, unconscious.

Kyle reaches for his sidearm, but Lawrence stuns him with a
fast front kick to the solar plexus.

Kyle folds over, dropping his gun. Lawrence leaps into the
air, threading his legs through his cuffed hands - his arms
are now in front of his body.

Kyle reaches for his own gun - but Lawrence kicks it away.
Kyle looks up.

Lawrence stands above Kyle, aiming the General's gun
straight to his head.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

May I please have the keys to these
cuffs?

Off Kyle, staring at Lawrence -

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - GENERAL FREEWALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The sound of two MUFFLED GUNSHOTS. As the accompanying dual muzzle flares blaze out from the office windows...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ROAD TO WOLF PACK BARRACKS - NIGHT

A cargo troop carrier model Humvee makes its way down the path: a very loud Wolf Pack inside.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Hartman drives, Jake rides shotgun - the rest of the crew sits in back, still swilling cheap tequila and screaming at the top of their lungs.

Hartman talks to Jake in the most serious tone a soldier could muster, Jake is entranced:

HARTMAN

- it was a hairy furball, that night. Bodies flailing everywhere. Didn't know which way was up. Couldn't fight your way out, all you could do was give in - and give in we did -

JAKE

Unbelievable.

HARTMAN

- son, do you truly expect me to believe that you've served in this man's Army and you've never visited a Panamanian whorehouse?

JAKE

I can neither confirm nor deny that I've ever been to Panama.

The pack breaks into laughter. Hartman turns to his men:

HARTMAN

I think young Gant here needs another one of our initiations -

The team responds with their customary "hoo-ahs," but before Jake can get another word in -

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE ROAD AHEAD

Lined with trees. The Humvee's headlights are the only illumination on the hard dirt path -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- and they fall squarely on Kyle, his hands cuffed behind his back, as he is thrown from the treeline to the center of the road -

RESUME ON HARTMAN AND JAKE

Jake tries to keep his cool at the sight of Kyle as Hartman hits the brake.

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ROAD TO WOLF PACK BARRACKS - NIGHT

The Humvee SCREECHES to a halt centimeters before Kyle.
Hartman rushes out, trying to figure out what is going on -
Jake follows:

HARTMAN

Can we be of assistance, Officer?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

He's not an officer.

Lawrence steps out from the treeline onto the road,
brandishing Kyle's gun:

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

His name is Agent Duarte and he's a
spook for the NSA.

The team falls in: Jake locks eyes with Kyle, who promptly looks away.

HARTMAN

(to Lawrence)

I take it this man has knowledge of
our operation.

LAWRENCE

Freewald called him in to find out who
took the Hades-13.

KYLE

(realizing)

You're all in on it, aren't you?

Lawrence lands a kick to Kyle's ribs.

Jake is forced to stand there, holding back the shock of seeing his friend hurt while finding out that the entire Wolf Pack is part of the theft of Hades-13.

JAKE

What's he talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

Quiet Gant.
(to Lawrence)
What about the General?

LAWRENCE

My guess is they won't find his body
'til dawn.

As Jake tries to conceal his growing rage and frustration -

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

(to Hartman)
Agent Duarte apprehended me at the
club, I decided I could turn the
situation to our advantage - find out
how much he and the General knew.
(then)
And frankly, I'm not sorry about
Freewald.

HARTMAN

Understood.

Hartman steps front and center - addresses the troops:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

All right - mount up!
(as the men gather)
We're pushing our timetable. Hall,
Burns, Stern, you're on weapons detail
- I want the entire Pack ready to bug
out in twenty - we move the Hades-13
out of the country tonight.
(to Lawrence, re: Kyle)
Now let's make sure this piece of
garbage tells us everything he knows.

Off Jake, trying to figure out what is next -

INT. FORT MCCLELLAND - WOLF PACK BARRACKS - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS THE BARRACKS to show the members of the team
gathering their weapons and gear - guns, rifles,
bandoliers, grenades - for an emergency bug-out.

END PAN on Kyle - landing on the floor with a GRUNT. Jake
stands behind Hartman and Lawrence - his place in this
affair still uncertain:

LAWRENCE

Who else knows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood pours from Kyle's mouth as he speaks:

KYLE

I told you. I report to Freewald.
I'm working alone.

Lawrence delivers another swift kick to Kyle's side, then turns to Hartman:

HARTMAN

I don't believe him.

LAWRENCE

I concur.

Hartman draws his sidearm, trains it on Jake:

HARTMAN

What do you have to say for yourself,
Gant?

Jake realizes that he is not going to nanite his way out of this one, all he has is his commitment to his cover...

...so he trains an intense stare at Hartman and says the words he's not supposed to say:

JAKE

Staff Sergeant Ken Aubrey.

Hartman draws back the hammer on his gun, but Jake doesn't flinch:

JAKE (cont'd)

You're the first leader of a Wolf Pack to leave a man behind - you followed a bad order and you know it - but I didn't judge you when I volunteered to serve under your command.

Hartman opens his mouth to speak, but Jake doesn't let him - he's in a zone, channeling everyone from George S. Patton to Jack Nicholson in *A Few Good Men*:

JAKE (cont'd)

One of your officers has murdered a General and an Agent of our government is bleeding on the floor, beaten by your hand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (cont'd)

By any standard of human and military decency I should put a bullet in your skull no matter what the consequence, but instead I'm standing here not judging.

(then)

If you want to be responsible for the death of another one of your brothers then have the courage of your convictions and squeeze that trigger, otherwise, I respectfully suggest that you stand down and judge me by my deeds. Sir.

By now, the entire Wolf Pack has gathered in a semi-circle around Jake, Lawrence and Hartman. Burns, Hall, Stern - all of them shifting their glances between Jake and Hartman - wondering how this is going to play out.

A long, tense beat as Hartman looks through Jake's eyes and into his soul:

HARTMAN

Have it your way, Gant.

Hartman takes his gun off Jake, motions for him to take it:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

(re: Kyle)

Kill this man.

Jake looks down at Hartman's gun, then over at Kyle, beaten on the floor. For a moment the old Jake is there, the light has gone back on in his eyes. Then he notices that Kyle's lips are moving - he is muttering something.

A JAKE NANO-HEARING SHOT

Goes straight to Kyle's lips - amplified a dozen times it becomes clear that he is whispering a message to Jake:

KYLE (NANO-ENHANCED)

Aim for the stomach. Don't hit the spine.

RESUME ON JAKE

KYLE (NANO-ENHANCED) (cont'd)

That's an order...

Jake grabs the gun, steps up to Kyle. Struggling with and then burying his emotions, he raises the gun and FIRES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The shot REVERBERATES through the barracks. Kyle reels in total agony - the pain almost too extreme as the blood pools from the entrance wound through his uniform.

LAWRENCE

Finish him off!

(to Hartman)

You gave him a direct order to shoot this man, why hasn't he -

JAKE

Shut up and give me the Handcuffs -

(off Lawrence's look)

- now!

Lawrence hands over a pair of handcuffs, Jake drags Kyle across the floor and cuffs him to a pipe.

Jake then grabs a roll of duct tape from one of the gear-strewn bunks and strips it around Kyle's mouth.

LAWRENCE

What are you doing?

Jake steps up to Lawrence and offers him the gun:

JAKE

He deserves a slow and painful death.

If you believe he merits a soldier's death then give it to him yourself.

Hartman looks at Kyle, slowly bleeding to death and writhing in pain, then takes his weapon from Jake's hand and puts it in his holster:

HARTMAN

(to the team)

Gear up. We're moving out!

WOLF PACK

HOO-AH!

Hartman moves through the men, leading the way. The soldiers grab their gear and file out of the barracks. Lawrence exchanges a dubious look with Jake and follows.

Jake looks back at Kyle, who makes eye contact, then looks away - not wanting to have anything to do with Jake that might compromise his cover...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

... but Jake is zeroing in on Kyle's cell phone - barely visible on his belt beneath his half-open officer's tunic.

JAKE NANO-VISION ZOOM

Into the Phone. As the circuitry whizzes by -

SMASH CUT TO

INT. NSA - SAT OPS - NIGHT

Operating at fever pitch - Lou gives orders to an ND SUBORDINATE as TECH AGENT CARVER steps up -

LOU

If the Wolf Pack is going to sneak that weapon out through the Florida Keys, I want an ambush waiting with all the firepower we can muster - so find me that damned airstrip!

TECH AGENT CARVER

Director Beckett -

Lou turns to face Carver, who points to the Big Board.

ON THE BIG BOARD

A window reads INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE:

FREEWALD MURDERED - KYLE SHOT - HADES-13 MOVING

RESUME ON CARVER, LOU

TECH AGENT CARVER (cont'd)

It's coming from Agent Duarte's field phone.

Lou takes a deep breath, centering herself in light of the news of jeopardy to Kyle and the death of her old friend and mentor -

- and then she springs into full-on combat mode:

LOU

Get a fix on Kyle's location and find Jake.

(then)

We need to get into that base now - scramble a covert team, have a chopper meet me at the helipad and tell them to stow an extra set of body armor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carver stops for a moment - processing Lou's last command:

TECH AGENT CARVER
I'm sorry, director, are you - ?

But Lou has no time for questions:

LOU
I'm handling this myself.

The collected team at Sat Ops barely has time to react before Lou turns and strides out the door.

Off Tech Agent Carver, still stunned as she watches the doors close behind Lou...

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - WOODS - NIGHT

Jake stands between a clearing where Wolf Pack members Burns, Hall and Stern hover over the remains of a shaft, pulling out branches that have been strewn in and around the shaft to conceal its location.

About thirty feet away in the opposite direction, Lawrence and Hartman carry on a heated discussion in hushed tones.

A JAKE NANO-HEARING ZOOM

Puts him straight in Lawrence and Hartman's argument:

LAWRENCE
With all due respect, I think this is a mistake -

HARTMAN
He's one of us.

LAWRENCE
- what if he isn't? He showed up at the same time as the NSA Agent.

Hartman cuts Lawrence off, he doesn't need to be second-guessed by his underlings:

HARTMAN
He showed up when he was supposed to - and I need the manpower. If he causes any trouble, I'll put a slug in his head, understood?
(off Lawrence's nod)
You have your orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Lawrence nods and runs off into the woods -

RESUME ON JAKE

Now looking at the other men as Hartman steps up to him:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

Gant. This team's been operating
under a cloud of shame for too long.
Do you want the opportunity to become
part of the Wolf Pack's redemption?

JAKE

I'd consider it an honor.

Hartman leads Jake toward the rest of the men, who pull a
crate up from the hole and open it for Hartman's
inspection.

Inside the crate is -

JAKE (cont'd)

Hades-13. Tactical Mini-Nuke.

HARTMAN

Have you ever seen one of these go
off?

JAKE

No.

HARTMAN

That's all about to change.

Off the exchange of looks between Jake and Hartman -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - WOODS - NIGHT

The Wolf Pack strides through the woods in cover formation - their handguns drawn and at the ready - with one man in the middle carrying the Hades-13.

Hartman walks next to Jake:

HARTMAN

There's a jet waiting for us in the Florida Keys -

JAKE

- so we're headed for Afghanistan.

HARTMAN

(nods)

We have connections in every town and village from here to Karachi. In less than three days, we'll infiltrate Afghanistan through the Paki border, and deliver the Hades-13 to the Shah-I-Kot valley. We have a helicopter standing by to get us out before it goes off -

JAKE

(completing the thought)

- and takes out the Shah-I-Kot valley.

The Wolf Pack reaches a road at the woods' edge as Hartman confirms Jake's suspicions:

HARTMAN

And every one of those animals who took joy in torturing my boy Aubrey to death.

The conversation ends as a pair of headlights hits the Wolf Pack - but no one is startled.

REVERSE ANGLE TO SHOW

General Freewald's Humvee - coming to a halt before them. The driver's side door opens and someone steps out - wearing the General's uniform and cover.

Jake's blood freezes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLF PACK MEMBER #1 (BURNS)

Hey General - welcome to the party.

Jake looks at Hartman, who says nothing -

- a tense moment as Jake wonders if he is about to get that bullet to the head after all -

- until the silhouetted man steps up and reveals himself as Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

(re: the Humvee)

As you requested.

Jake shoots Hartman a questioning look:

HARTMAN

(to Jake)

No one searches the General's transpo.

(to the men)

Load in the weapon.

Off the moment...

INT. NSA - SAT OPS - NIGHT

Tech Agent Carver stares intently at her screen while talking to Lou via her headset:

TECH AGENT CARVER

We have a fix on Kyle's cellphone -
Wolf Pack's barracks in Fort
McClelland.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. NSA HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Lou sits in the front next to the PILOT - with a full TEAM OF ARMED MEN in the bay behind her -

LOU

What about Jake?

TECH AGENT CARVER

Nanite telemetry shows him in the woods by the base - our satellite images confirm the presence of five other men in his location -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOU
Send the coordinates.

END INTERCUT

EXT. FORT MCCLELLAND - ROAD - NIGHT

Jake watches as the Hades-13 crate is safely stowed in the back of the General's vehicle.

Their backs to Jake, Burns and Hall close the rear gate while Stern, Lawrence and Hartman confer at the front of the front of the vehicle.

BURNS
Lock and load.

HARTMAN
Time to go.

As Hall moves toward the front of the Humvee, Jake realizes that it's now or never -

- he rushes up to Burns, SLAMS his head into the sheet metal on the back of the Humvee and takes the gun from his holster as he falls -

HARTMAN, LAWRENCE, HALL AND STERN

Immediately go into alert, taking out their sidearms and pointing them at Jake.

JAKE
Put down your weapons and surrender!

Lawrence exchanges glances with Hartman.

LAWRENCE
I knew it.

HARTMAN
(to Jake)
What makes you think the Wolf Pack would surrender to a puke like you?

The Wolf Pack slowly fans out to form a semi-circle around Jake, slowly backing him away from the car and toward the roadside.

Jake is now trapped between the trees on the side of the road, the Humvee, and four pissed-off special-ops badasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

That weapon is not leaving this base.

HARTMAN

I disagree.

JAKE

No one has to die.

HARTMAN

Again. I disagree.

Hartman shoots a look at Hall - who takes a step forward -

BANG!

- and takes a bullet in the kneecap from Jake! As Hall hits the ground, grunting in pain and clutching his shattered knee -

JAKE

Like I said. No one has to die.

Hartman smiles -

HARTMAN

All right. Whatever you say.
(to his men)
Stand down.

Hartman squats, putting his gun on the ground. As Lawrence and Stern follow suit, Hartman shoots Lawrence a curt nod -

- which leads Lawrence to take a knife from his ankle holster and fling it at Jake.

THE KNIFE

Buries itself into Jake's gun hand - pinning it to the side of a tree!

Jake winces in pain. Hartman turns to Lawrence.

HARTMAN (cont'd)

Nice throw - you want to cut his heart out for me?

LAWRENCE

My pleasure.

Stern hands Lawrence a knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lawrence approaches Jake, ready to butcher him. Jake grabs the knife holding him to the tree to try to free himself -

- but Lawrence is there already, lifting his own weapon for a death blow when -

BANG!

A bullet hits Lawrence's chest! Lawrence falls -

RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL LOU

Standing on the road behind Jake - a smoking gun in hand.

THE WOLF PACK

Turns toward Lou, only to be surrounded by a team of assault-rifle wielding NSA Agents!

HARTMAN

Squats down to pick up his gun -

- and gets the butt of an NSA rifle to the side of the head! Hartman falls in a heap as the NSA Agents drop and cuff the rest of the Wolf Pack.

Lou approaches Jake, who grabs the knife and pulls it out of the tree. Jake folds over, clutching his hand.

Lou puts her hand on Jake's shoulder. Jake looks up, a look of fear and concern on his face -

JAKE

Kyle -

LOU

We got him. He's alive.

(to one of her men)

Medic, please attend to this man.

As MEDIC steps up to Jake -

JAKE

Lou...

(off her look)

...thank you.

Lou nods. Nothing else needs to be said.

As the medic attends to Jake, Lou looks down at Lawrence's body...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

...a traitor wearing her mentor's uniform.

ON THE UNIFORM

Lou sees the name tag - FREEWALD.

Lou steps over and tears the tag off the uniform. She closes her hand over the name tag and stares off into the distance.

Off the moment, as Lou privately mourns the loss of a great friend and soldier...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. D.C. - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. NSA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. NSA - MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

His hand bandaged, Jake sits by a sleeping Kyle. After a moment, Kyle stirs awake and turns to see Jake.

KYLE

Hey.

JAKE

Hey.

Jake struggles with his emotions.

JAKE (cont'd)

I'm sorry...

KYLE

Don't be. You did what you had to.
What was necessary. Proud of you.

Jake nods, trying to accept that.

KYLE (cont'd)

I know it was hard...

JAKE

It was hard - but it was also way too
easy.

KYLE

I know. We all got that inside, Jake.
(then)
It's what you do with it that counts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake nods, then reaches under the bed, comes up with hospital ice bucket, three beers in it.

JAKE
Lou said I should smuggle in some beer...

KYLE
Love that woman.

Jake hands Kyle a beer. Kyle regards his friend:

KYLE (cont'd)
You gonna be all right?

JAKE
Yeah, I heal fast, I guess.

Kyle twist the top, drinks. Studies Jake.

KYLE
It's gonna be all right.

Jake nods. Sits with his friend. **SLOW PULL BACK** and -

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SAT OPS - NIGHT

Graveyard shift. Several TECH AGENTS work the floor below, including Lou and Carver seen from a distance. Carver crosses to Lou, paper in hand.

CARVER
This just came in...

ANGLE ON THE UPPER LEVEL

To find Jake, alone. Quiet.

Jake looks down at his hand, covered in a bandage... and then at a second bandage on his forearm.

Jake removes the second bandage to **REVEAL** -

- the Wolf Pack scarification tattoo on his forearm.
Already somewhat faded as the nanites repair the scar tissue.

Jake stares at the tattoo for a moment - and slowly but surely - as the nanites continue to do their work, the scarification fades just a little more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake studies the scar, wishing he could erase the memory as easily...

LOU

Jake...

He looks down. Sees Lou.

LOU (cont'd)

Got something that might interest you.

Jake hesitates, then heads down.

LOU (cont'd)

You know the Shining Light?

JAKE

Para-militaries we chased out of Guatemala?

As Jake joins the team and goes back to work...

LOU

Right. Two new factions have sprung up in the States... one in Houston, one in East L.A... we're gonna need two teams and some good local support on this one...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE