

THE A-TEAM

by

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Current Revisions

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The CAMERA FLIES in over miles and miles of arid desert, nothing to interrupt the landscape except the occasional scrub brush or canyon... until it finds...

...about a HUNDRED TENTS AND CANOPIES, some of them quite large, squatting in the middle of nowhere.

CARD: Iraqi / Kuwaiti Border, March 19, 2003

The CAMERA KEEPS FLYING until it homes in on a...

INT. REC TENT - NIGHT

...pushing through it to find...

...what's basically an open, town hall-type gathering area. *

One soldier is holding court with a group of BRITISH OFFICERS. He is a damned good-looking man, LIEUTENANT TEMPLETON "FACE" PECK. *

FACE *

...two or three years ago. I was in Scotland outside of Glasgow at this bar called the Ivory Tick... *

BRITISH OFFICER *

I was just in Glasgow and I've never heard of it. *

FACE *

Right, well, I'm getting to that... the place was owned by this old Scottish prizefighter, Kenneth "The Haymaker" McHaymond. He was known for having a hell of a knock-out punch and he's kind of a surly guy and I was out minding my own business with some other GIs and he tells me that he hates us Yanks and we need to get the hell out of his pub. *

BRITISH OFFICER *

Sounds like my kind of guy. *

All the British officers start laughing. Face takes it in stride, the consummate storyteller. *



FACE

Anyway, me being the proud American I am,
I tell him where he can take his pint of
Newcastle and stuff it.

The Brits laugh again, enthralled.

FACE (CONT'D)

So this big bastard tells me he's gonna
knock me out with one punch. "One
punch?" I say, and he says "That's right,
one punch." Well I always recognize a
bet when I see one so I say to him, "Why
don't you put your money where your mouth
is? I own the armed forces lightweight
title and one thing I know this handsome
face can do is take a punch. So if you
knock me out with one punch I'll pay you
five-hundred dollars."

The two Brits snicker.

BRITISH OFFICER

And what'd Mr. Haymaker wager in return
if you withstood his punch?

FACE

Why do you think the pub is now named
"Templeton Peck's?"

They all look at the nameplate on his uniform: Lt.
Templeton Peck... and then start laughing.

FACE (CONT'D)

That's a true story.

BRITISH OFFICER

(to his mates)

There is a Peck's pub there I think...

Just then, an American Colonel, JOHN "HANNIBAL" SMITH,
staggers up to them, a little drunk...

HANNIBAL

You're full of shit.

FACE

Whoa, easy there, Colonel. I think
you've had a little too much from
whatever flask you've tucked away.

HANNIBAL

Don't you... don't tell me my business,
Lieutenant. I...

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

still outrank you and... you should know... you are full of shit. That's an order.

FACE

Ohhhh-kay... What say you go sleep it off? We're just having a friendly get-to-know-your-allies discussion here.

Hannibal holds up a finger.

HANNIBAL

I guarantee I can knock you out with one punch.

Face sizes him up.

FACE

Thanks... but I don't think you've got a pub to name after me, so...

HANNIBAL

I'll bet you a thousand bucks. I can knock you out with either hand.

FACE

Come on, now. You've obviously...

The British officer interrupts.

BRITISH OFFICER

I'll take that bet.

Hannibal spins toward the officer...

HANNIBAL

You're on.

BRITISH OFFICER

Pounds.

HANNIBAL

Fine with me.

Face takes off his jacket, while Hannibal and the Brit count out the money and put it on a nearby table.

FACE

(to the Brit)

You're gonna have to give me some of those winnings...

BRITISH OFFICER

Half of it's yours.

Hannibal gets ready, trying to focus on Face...

FACE

Do you mind hitting my right side? My left's kinda my calling card. It'd be like punching a Renoir.

HANNIBAL

Whatever.

Hannibal shifts his stance to favor his left hand.

Everyone waits... tension building in the room... quite a crowd is drawn. Face gets himself pumped, ready for it... for just a moment, we're not sure Hannibal's going to be able to steady himself enough to even throw one.

Then suddenly, the colonel launches a haymaker that starts from around his belt area... WHAMMM!

QUICK SHOTS: Face drops. Hannibal scoops up the money. Walks out of the tent. The British officers just look after him, defeated, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Face walks down a row of barracks with an ice pack to his right jaw.

A STRUCK MATCH gets him to wheel... and just then, we see Hannibal lighting up a cigar.

Face smiles.

HANNIBAL

You know what they say, Face?

FACE

What's that Hannibal?

HANNIBAL

A Limey officer and his pounds are soon parted...

He slaps half the money into Face's awaiting palm.

FACE

Nice work, sir.

HANNIBAL

I love it when a plan...

WHAMMM! The British officer they grifted steps out of nowhere to deck him with a right cross, sending his cigar flying! One of his sidekicks is right there with him... *

BRITISH OFFICER *

(raging) *

You dirty cheating American bastards... *

Face doesn't wait for more, he dives at the second British officer, a snarl on his mug... *

...as Hannibal whips his leg around and knocks the first officer to the ground... he straddles the guy and WHAM! WHAM! pounds him in the face... *

...just then, a LIEUTENANT sprints up, pointing at a television that is visible through a canopy... *

LIEUTENANT *

It's starting! It's starting! *

He points at the TV and CNN is showing images of Baghdad being pounded by missiles. *

Face and Hannibal look up at the TV from where they are both straddling the two brits, fists cocked. Someone turns up the volume on the television...

CNN REPORTER

They are calling it "Shock and Awe" as Baghdad is being bombarded...

HANNIBAL

I like that. Shock and...

WHAM!!! He pounds the British officer one more time in the face...

BRITISH OFFICER

(groans)

Awwwww!

And we FREEZE FRAME on the guy's face as it gets knocked sideways...

...and the words THE A-TEAM splash on to the screen.

Just as quickly, the movie resumes, and we...

CUT TO:

DESERT:

Hard-pack sand. Bleak, scorched. A BLACK SHAPE on the HORIZON turns out to be a...

U.S. ARMY HUMVEE,

Kicking up DUST. Driven by a BRIGADE MESSENGER, matching his GPS MAP to TIRE TRACKS, scratched in the earth.

CARD: OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM. SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF BAGHDAD

The HUMVEE just stops. Precise middle of nowhere. The MESSENGER jumps out. Checks GPS again.

COMPANY MESSENGER
(tentative)
Colonel Smith?

Silence, except for wind. Now he cups his mouth.

COMPANY MESSENGER (CONT'D)
(shouts)
COLONEL SMITH.

PUNCH WIDE. RISING OUT of SAND. A hundred American SPECIAL FORCES. From their most perfect hiding places. Full desert camouflage. FACES striped with grease.

Hannibal strides over till he's in the Messenger's face. Whites of his eyes WIDE behind face paint.

HANNIBAL
(soft, tense)
Kinda loud, corporal.

BRIGADE MESSENGER
General Garner is sending a Chinook for you, sir.

Hannibal squints.

SOUND CUE: WHOMP-WHOMP of massive CH-47 rotors. They both look UP as the SOUND grows LOUDER.

PUNCH TO: U.S. RANGER UH-60 BLACKHAWK (MOVING FAST) - DAY

A dozen RANGERS in the HOLD. HANNIBAL, beside the PILOT. A MONITOR streams LIVE VIDEO of GENERAL HENRY 'HANK' GARNER (64), cropped gray hair, golf tan, blue eyes.

GEN. GARNER
 (VIDEO STREAM)
 We're getting creamed with chatter about
 looting when we take Baghdad.

HANNIBAL
 (wary)
 Okay...

INTERCUT: INT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE (FOB) 'THUNDER'

Hundreds of ANALYSTS watching dozens of live MONITORS.
 Showing the assault on BAGHDAD from myriad locations.

CARD: ARMY TACTICAL MONITORING CENTER (TMC)

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS, GEN. GARNER stands by a MONITOR
 where HANNIBAL STREAMS LIVE.

GEN. GARNER
 I'm gonna need you to secure the Iraqi
 National Museum. When you've established
 a safe perimeter, private contractors
 will bring in a heavy-lift chopper to
 take the artifacts to a protected
 location.

Hannibal's eyes ice the screen.

HANNIBAL
 This war's barely started. First I had
 to put up with the Red Coats and now
 you're giving me private contractors...
 (beat)
 Sir...

GEN. GARNER
 Get used to it. This is a diplomatic
 mission. 'Operation Friends of Liberty.'

HANNIBAL
 No offense, but I'd rather go back to
 securing oil fields in Basra.

GEN. GARNER
 Then you shouldn't have majored in art
 history.

Hannibal reacts.

HANNIBAL
 I took one course... to impress a blonde
 named Elizabeth Barbour.

GEN. GARNER

How'd that work out?

HANNIBAL

She divorced me six years ago.

GEN. GARNER

Smart woman. I pulled a team of Rangers for you. And one brilliant kid from motor pool...

HANNIBAL

An oxymoron if I've ever heard one.

INT./EXT. CH-4 CHINOOK - OVER BAGHDAD - LATER

At 30,000 feet. Hannibal joins his team as they put on HALO (HIGH ALTITUDE/LOW OPENING) equipment. HELMETS, OXYGEN tanks. Insulated SUITS. Heavy-duty PARACHUTES.

Hannibal is intercepted by SGT. B.A. BARACAS (22). Steel frame. Two-percent body fat.

B.A.

I'm the oxymoron, sir.

HANNIBAL

Welcome to the team, Sergeant.

A violent SHAKE. Fierce GRINDING OF ENGINES. CHOPPER dips.

Face is nearby. He watches B.A. shudder nervously as the chopper steadies itself again. Then he looks down at B.A.'s hand... the man is pumping a tennis ball, almost squeezing the air right out of it. Like he's channeling his tension into the ball.

*
*
*
*

FACE

Afraid of jumping, sarge?

B.A. turns his death stare on to Face.

B.A.

I'm not afraid of nothing. But until the good lord grows some wings out of my back, I'll keep right on preferring my feet on the ground.

HANNIBAL opens the HOLD DOOR. RANGERS assemble.

HANNIBAL

(shouts over the wind)

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

This is a High Altitude, Low Opening
jump.

B.A. doesn't look out the door, but the tennis ball
squeezing becomes even quicker. Hannibal measures him. *

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

You will not deploy till you pass through
the enemy radar zone at two thousand feet
so set your auto/open in case you lose
consciousness. We will assemble below
and move to the target. Go on green.

HANNIBAL waits for a DOUBLE GREEN LCD LIGHT. Signals.
Face is the first in the window.

FACE

(to B.A.)

See you in thirty-thousand feet,
Sergeant.

WIDEN. Face leaps out the hold door, followed by a dozen
RANGERS. In ten seconds, only Hannibal and B.A. are left.

B.A. is frozen, pumping that ball. *

HANNIBAL

(clips onto B.A.)

I'll piggy-back you down.

Finally, B.A. shakes his head, defeated.

B.A.

I can't.

HANNIBAL

Alright, sergeant, you stay behind.

B.A. relaxes, stops squeezing that ball, while Hannibal
UNCLIPS. Turns away. *

Hannibal suddenly wraps his arms in a vice grip around B.A.
and LEAPS FROM THE HOLD carrying B.A. OUT...

INTO B.A.'S POV - A 'HALO' FREE FALL

Dropping from the height of Mt. Everest. Resisting the
urge to open a chute. They simply FALL...

And FALL... And FALL... The GROUND rushing UP too fast for
the EYE to FOCUS. Too fast for the brain to comprehend.

HANNIBAL holds B.A. in the tandem JUMP. CLOSER ON B.A.
Mouth in a silent SCREAM. He finally PASSES OUT.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE IN AGAIN - CLOSE ON B.A.,

Eyes OPEN, FOCUS on a diminutive MAN with a gray goatee.

REVEAL: EXT. IRAQ NATIONAL MUSEUM - PLAZA - DAY

Staring down at B.A. is DR. FOUAD AL-MAHDI, the museum director, proud, refined. B.A. is on a field litter. Atop the museum STEPS... B.A. jumps to his feet.

HANNIBAL shouts orders as RANGERS drag their chutes into the Plaza.

HANNIBAL

Double up on the perimeter. Watch the roof tops. Face, put a team on the North side.

(seeing B.A. up)

Welcome back, sergeant Baracas. Ready to work?

B.A. growls as Hannibal hands him an M-16 and spots a beat-up CONTAINER (the trailer half of an 18 WHEELER) with Arabic graffiti being loaded with ARTIFACTS by MUSEUM STAFF. The CAB sits with some other rusty old RIGS.

Hannibal's Rangers take positions around the museum. Al-Mahdi looks openly disappointed.

DR. AL-MAHDI

Is this... *all* of you?

HANNIBAL

This is enough.

DR. AL-MAHDI

We cannot fit everything into one container.

HANNIBAL

Then you'll have to take what's most valuable.

DR. AL-MAHDI

(stares, then)

That would be everything.

Just then, a big ass CH-47 CHINOOK, heavy-lift helicopter, touches down. Painted GREEN with a CORPORATE LOGO. Feet dangling from the HOLD DOORS, like cowboys on a stage coach, are AMERICAN PRIVATE CONTRACTORS. They leap off.

CLOSER. Sleek hunter green body ARMOR, stitched LOGOS, like Polo shirts.

EX-SPECIAL FORCES MAJOR EDDIE PIKE (38), compact but bulked up, greets Hannibal like it's a backyard barbecue.

PIKE

Major Eddie Pike, Green Lake Security.

HANNIBAL

You sure you're still a major, Eddie?

Pike grins, used to the attitude.

PIKE

Don't underestimate us, Colonel. My boys and me were all Special Forces with combat experience.

HANNIBAL

Who now charge ten grand an hour.

Pike's smile seems to widen, if possible.

PIKE

Opportunity is what separates America from this shitbox.

(flicks Hannibal's
SPECIAL FORCES PIN)

And Green Lake knows how to treat a warrior.

HANNIBAL

Uh-huh.

PIKE

Don't tell me you haven't thought about what's next out there...

HANNIBAL

Oh, I've thought about civilian life.

PIKE

What's stopping you?

Hannibal turns away to move inside the museum...

HANNIBAL

Civilians.

He walks...

INSIDE THE MAIN GALLERY:

...and over to where Al Mahdi is gingerly lifting the case surrounding an exquisite VASE, sparkling like a star.

DR. AL-MAHDI

I'm afraid to move it. Afraid not to.
It's more than five thousand years old.

HANNIBAL

It's from Ur, the Babylonian city.

DR. AL-MAHDI

You know art history, colonel?

HANNIBAL

I took a class.

DR. AL-MAHDI

Cast by Nebuchadnezzar for the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Taken from Darius by Alexander the Great. The boy-king's ashes were hidden inside. The Prophet himself said one day the tears of the wretched would fill the golden vase, and peace would settle on the land.

HANNIBAL

That's a big story for a small vase.

Al-Mahdi smiles.

DR. AL-MAHDI

We Iraqi's love stories.

HANNIBAL

I'll put it on myself.

DR. AL-MAHDI

This is only a display copy.

He points to a small tin SEAL at the bottom.

DR. AL-MAHDI (CONT'D)

We were afraid Saddam would steal it. We hid the real vase.

A high-pitched WHISTLE. Hannibal's instincts take over. He pushes Al-Mahdi down, covers him with his body.

HANNIBAL

Incoming.

WIDEN. A MORTAR ROUND EXPLODES OUTSIDE. WINDOWS shatter.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
 (to Al-Mahdi)
 Grab whatever you can. We're moving out.

FOLLOW HANNIBAL, sprinting outside.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - FRONT STEPS (CONTINUOUS)

Hannibal meets Green Lake men running IN as he goes OUT. They've dropped everything by the container: statuary, rugs, stone tablets. Hannibal screams to B.A.

HANNIBAL
 You spot the enemy, sergeant?

B.A.
 Negative, sir.

The same piercing WHISTLE, times three. MORTARS hit the PLAZA. BAM! BAM! BAM!

CLOSER. An EXPLOSION rocks the CHINOOK. Its LOADING HOLD shredded.

HANNIBAL
Fall back.

RANGERS, including Face, sprint past Hannibal, waiting by the museum's stone pillars till everyone is in. PIKE joins Hannibal.

GEN. GARNER
 (over two-way)
 Air-Recon's got hostiles headed your way.
 And lots of them.

HANNIBAL
 (two-way)
 I feel them, but I can't see them.

PIKE
 We need to get that chopper out of here fast or we'll be stuck.

GEN. GARNER
 (two-way)
 I agree. I'm pulling you out.

Hannibal looks out at all the museum's artifacts on the ground by the CONTAINER.

HANNIBAL
 (two-way)
 What about 'Friends of Liberty'?

INTERCUT: FOB 'THUNDER' - TMC - LIVE MONITOR

LIVE VIDEO STREAM of the attack. Garner is Hannibal's mentor. Close as a father.

GEN. GARNER

(two-way)

Some things are worth dying for. 'Art' ain't one of 'em. Your mission is terminated. Get the hell out of there.

PIKE, anxious, agrees whole-heartedly.

PIKE

There's nothing in our contract about suicide runs.

HANNIBAL

There's nothing in mine about dealing with assholes, but here we are.

Automatic WEAPONS FIRE strafes the museum STEPS, forcing them back inside...

EXT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

RANGERS lay down FIRE as the MUSEUM STAFF rushes onto the CHINOOK. Blades spinning.

Hannibal spots Al-Mahdi with Face hanging back on the steps.

HANNIBAL

What the hell are you doing here?

FACE

Trying to convince DaVinci here he needs to get out while he still can...

DR. AL-MAHDI

(desperate)

If I leave our heritage to the barbarians, we won't be a country anymore.

HANNIBAL

Yeah. Listen professor, either you come with us or my man here...

(nods at Face)

...is going to have to stay with you and possibly get disfigured by a mortar explosion...

FACE

Would you want to be responsible for
disfiguring this face?

The curator doesn't know how to respond.

HANNIBAL

I didn't think so...

He grabs Al-Mahdi under the elbow and leads him to the
CHINOOK.

Pike is just about to close the door.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

We got one more.

PIKE

Sorry, we're full up...

HANNIBAL

Then you'll have to ride it out on the
ground like the rest...

PIKE

(cuts him off)

Have a nice life, Colonel.

Pike turns to call out...

PIKE (CONT'D)

Take her up, Andy!

...but Hannibal yanks him by the ankles where he falls
right out of the chopper with a THUD...

Another MORTAR ROUND explodes nearby and the GREEN LAKE
CHOPPER takes off without them...

PIKE (CONT'D)

Are you out of your fucking mind? How am
I gonna get out now?

HANNIBAL

I'll drive the rig. And you'll lead me
out. Or else I'll have the Sergeant here
break both your legs and you can crawl
out.

WIDEN. B.A. drags Pike to a CAB. Throws him behind the
wheel.

Hannibal helps Dr. Al-Mahdi into the passenger door...

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Get the doctor out of here. We'll take the artifacts...

PIKE

This is insane.

HANNIBAL

Insane is that ten grand an hour you charge.

Dr. Al-Mahdi looks at Hannibal as he closes the door on him, desperate...

DR. AL-MAHDI

Iraq's soul is in your hands.

Pike doesn't wait, drives OFF. Hannibal hurries back to his rig...

HANNIBAL

Jesus Christ...

He starts to move around to the driver's side but B.A. is standing there.

B.A.

I'll drive.

HANNIBAL

You know how to handle a wheel?

B.A.

If she's got an engine and can't defy gravity, I can handle her.

HANNIBAL

All right then.

He slides in next to Face as B.A. takes the wheel.

MOVING WITH THE 18 WHEELER (60 MPH),

B.A. catches up with Pike's CAB. Nose to bumper. Pushing the massive RIG onto a NARROW STREET. Bad combination.

B.A. blasts through anything in the way. Small CARS, outdoor CAFES, VENDOR STALLS. Glances over at his mates.

B.A.

You men should probably buckle up.

FACE

Soon as you take your foot off the brake.

Pike takes a corner sharply. B.A. barely makes it. The TRAILER slams into a BUILDING. Mortar, block SHATTERS.

Pike takes a second, 90 degree TURN. B.A. pulls the wheel hard. The TRUCK almost flips through the turn... A much LARGER EXPLOSION greets them.

A FIREBALL engulfs Pike's cab. Lost in BLACK SMOKE. When the SMOKE clears, Hannibal can't see them.

HANNIBAL
 (into two-way)
 Green Lake One, come in. Over?
 (then)
 Radio's dead.

PAN RIGHT as HANNIBAL'S WINDOW blows OUT. Hannibal ducks just in time, his HELMET showered by SHARDS.

B.A. keeps plowing ahead.

B.A.
 Where are we headed?

Hannibal taps the GPS SCREEN. SHATTERED.

HANNIBAL
 Find a highway south... this city's about to be invaded.

STREET OPENS into a MARKET... the RIG rams through deserted STALLS, splintering WOOD... HEAVY FIRE seems to come from everywhere...

They CLEAR the MARKET and find themselves headed straight for an OLD WOODEN BRIDGE, over a murky SLOUGH.

FACE
 Hit the black top on the other side of the bridge.

B.A.
 I'm too wide.

HANNIBAL
 I thought you said you could drive.

WIDEN. The BRIDGE comes up fast, smaller than it seemed. The RIG cracks through old beams. A TIRE EXPLODES, then ANOTHER, but B.A. keeps it moving.

ANGLE. The BRIDGE begins to COLLAPSE. The TRAILER DROPS, hanging at an angle. B.A. stomps the gas as the BRIDGE gives way... TILT DOWN. Front TIRES just grab the other SIDE and PULL the TRAILER up and across.

CRANE UP. The RIG veers onto a deserted TWO-LANE BLACKTOP. Huge SIGN in ARABIC with SADDAM's smiling FACE.

B.A.

What's that sign say?

HANNIBAL

"Leaving Baghdad" I hope.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMEWHERE WEST OF BAGHDAD - DAWN

The 18 WHEELER limps into a US CHECKPOINT on six good tires. Eviscerated like a whale's carcass on the beach.

IN THE CAB. Hannibal, Face, and B.A., fried. Coated in dust. No water.

A bevy of Army vehicles and tanks have taken over the road. Troops swarm over to the truck as our trio climb down. Some of the troops snap salutes to the tired men.

Soon, a MEDICAL EVAC CHOPPER touches down. GENERAL GARNER leaps out and hurries to our guys.

GEN. GARNER

You gave me a scare.

HANNIBAL

Did we miss the war?

GEN. GARNER

Just the fall of Baghdad.

(then)

The museum was looted. Every damn stone of it.

HANNIBAL

They didn't get the good stuff.

General Garner follows B.A., Face, and Hannibal to the BACK OF THE RIG. B.A. throws OPEN the doors... A 100 POUND SACK falls out. Splits OPEN... PISTACHIOS. But NO ART. Garner looks at the three of them confused.

GEN. GARNER

Where the hell is it?

EXTREME CLOSE ON HANNIBAL:

Monotone, as if repeating it for the thousandth time.

HANNIBAL

In the truck. Where we put it.

WIDEN. EXT. MILITARY TRIBUNAL - CAMP DOHA, KUWAIT CITY

U.S. CENTRAL COMMAND, KUWAIT. B.A. faces a JUDGE ADVOCATE (MAJOR) while THREE MILITARY JUDGES look on.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

You're telling the court it disappeared?

HANNIBAL

Things don't just disappear.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

You did.

PAN THE COURT, crowded. B.A. and FACE, up front. GENERAL GARNER, directly behind them.

Hannibal looks an OFFICER, intently making NOTES on a CLIPBOARD. CID CAPTAIN THOMAS V. LYNCH (32) tightens his square jaw as he writes. Crew cut, pug nose betray working class Irish roots.

Next to Lynch is his put-upon assistant, LIEUTENANT ANGEL SOSA, 23, Latina, stunning dark eyes. BRIEFCASE bulging with FILES.

JUDGE ADVOCATE (CONT'D)

You disappeared for twenty-four hours. Luckily, you were stopped trying to cross the Syrian border.

(beat)

I would like to show the court live video feed from the attack on the museum.

LIGHTS OFF. ROOM goes DARK.

VIDEO FILLS A COURTROOM SCREEN. Edited for effect. *Artifacts loaded on the RIG... Incoming MORTAR rounds... CHINOOK evacuating the staff... HANNIBAL locking the rig's doors... The rig driving away.*

The lights come back on.

JUDGE ADVOCATE (CONT'D)

Colonel Smith, you were ordered to evacuate with your men. You disobeyed those orders and stayed behind. 'Operation Friends of Liberty' was your chance for larceny. You planned it all along, didn't you?

HANNIBAL

As a soldier, you learn the same lesson over and over. Nothing ever comes together the way you plan it.

The Judge Advocate walks back. Stops. Turns.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

One last question. Isn't it true you majored in art history?

Hannibal just stares at the guy, his face going hot.

LATER: B.A. sits on the stand.

JUDGE ADVOCATE (CONT'D)

Sgt. Bosco Arnold Baracas was offered leniency to testify against Colonel Smith. He refused.

(a dramatic beat)

Now I offer it one last time. Tell us what Colonel Smith did with the artifacts, and you can avoid prison.

B.A. locks eyes with the Advocate.

B.A.

You want me to lie to save my ass. That's old army, sir. I'm new army. Army of one.

Hannibal smiles.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

Suit yourself. Not everyone is as stubborn or as stupid as you.

The Judge Advocate's eyes move to Face, who looks down, shamed.

LATER: Face is on the stand, looking squeamish. He won't make eye contact with Hannibal or B.A. *

JUDGE ADVOCATE (CONT'D)

Did you or did you not see Colonel John Smith and Sergeant Baracus switch out the trailer with the stolen goods. *

The advocate leans in, gently, like a father... *

JUDGE ADVOCATE (CONT'D)

(whispers) *

He can't get to you if you tell the truth. *

Face nods, like he's troubled... but then he sets his jaw, like he's going to do what's right. He locks eyes with Hannibal...

FACE

I can't lie for you anymore, Colonel...

Hannibal stands up...

HANNIBAL

You goddam Benedict Arnold...

The JUDGE is banging the gavel, trying to get control of these proceedings.

CHIEF JUDGE

That's enough!

FACE

(still to Hannibal)

Just tell 'em where you buried the art.

Hannibal sits down, stunned, realizing he's been played.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

No further questions.

Face stands up and starts to be led away, close to the table holding the defendants...

Suddenly, Hannibal launches for Face, even cuffed...

B.A. does the same, fighting through the MPs who are trying to restrain him...

It's a melee in the cozy confines of the courtroom... as Hannibal knocks Face to the ground...

FACE

Get 'em off me!

Finally, the MPs get Hannibal and B.A. restrained. Face gets up, breathing hard.

We don't think there's going to be any more said, but...

FACE (CONT'D)

I told 'em what I know, Colonel...

That's it! Hannibal launches again, but this time the MPs pull them in opposite directions.

As they're being pushed toward doorways on either end of the corridor, Hannibal kicking the whole way, B.A.

turns and gives Face one last death stare. Lynch watches the whole time, making notes. *

INT. MILITARY TRIBUNAL - LATER *

HANNIBAL and B.A. stand in front of the judge, Face conspicuously missing now. *

CHIEF JUDGE

On the twenty-six felony counts, the court finds you guilty as charged. You will serve two years on each count to run consecutively.

BANG, gavel down. CAPTAIN LYNCH is suddenly standing right in front of Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

We were railroaded. And woulda been found guilty even without Peck's testimony.

LYNCH

You were given a fair trial.

He reaches out. Takes OFF Hannibal's SPECIAL FORCES PIN. An insult, and a humiliation.

HANNIBAL

I'll be coming for that.

LYNCH

Somehow I don't think you will.

Hannibal just stares at him while he is led away. *

SLOW DISSOLVE:

STEEL GRATE OVER A DIRTY WINDOW,

INTO FRAME: HANNIBAL, peeking outside.

WIDEN. INT./EXT. MP BUS - U.S. ARMY BASE - DAY

Crossing the immense BASE on its own HIGHWAY, heavy with TRAFFIC. B.A. and HANNIBAL, the only ones inside.

CARD: U.S. ARMY CONFINEMENT FACILITY - MANNHEIM, GERMANY

BUS passes family HOUSING, SHOPPING CENTERS, an active AIRPORT... But Hannibal is staring at the flat-roofed PRISON COMPLEX in the distance. Three PERIMETERS of WIRE.

INT. PRISON - COURTYARD - DAY

BUS doors OPEN. B.A. steps down first. HANNIBAL behind him, his hands manacled and legs chained. LIEUTENANT SOSA is waiting for them with an ARMED MP escort.

HANNIBAL

Point the way, Sergeant.

SOSA

The prisoner will remain silent while being processed.

B.A.

You're addressing a colonel in the United States Special Forces.

SOSA

I'm addressing prisoner number 709821.

INT. 'C' DORMITORY - HANNIBAL'S CELL - DAY

6 x 10 cinder block. Vertical WINDOW. Steel TOILET. Hannibal arranges a few BOOKS, MAGAZINES. Sits on his cot with a NEWSPAPER, as the DOOR OPENS. An MP GUARD shouts.

MP GUARD

Attention.

Hannibal stands easily. CAPTAIN LYNCH strides in, plants his feet. Same CLIPBOARD we saw at the trial.

LYNCH

The prisoner's reading privileges have been rescinded.

He snatches the newspaper from Hannibal's hands.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Ditto all mail privileges. You will be limited to a single, half hour yard break. Visits to the library, weight room, and TV room are cancelled until further notice. Non-essential conversation curtailed.

HANNIBAL

You sure seem to be taking this personally.

Lynch lifts the clipboard, jots a note. Makes Hannibal feel like he's with the principal.

LYNCH

Maybe I'm an art lover. Maybe I get squeamish at the thought of priceless artifacts buried somewhere in the Iraqi desert, stolen for personal profit by a traitor to his uniform. Maybe I get a little piqued at every news channel and paper back home calling the army I love and respect and have dedicated my life to a bunch of incompetent, amoral idiots for allowing the Iraqi National Museum to get looted. Or maybe I just don't like you.

HANNIBAL

That's a lot of maybes.

Long beat.

LYNCH

Enjoy your day, prisoner.

He turns and leaves.

Hannibal gets up and moves to the door...

HANNIBAL

Can I at least have a cigar...

But all he gets is HEELS CLICKING down the hallway.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAWN

HANNIBAL slides along the COUNTER with his tray. Watches a KITCHEN WORKER spoon gray OATMEAL into a bowl.

HANNIBAL

(looks at bowl)

Okay, I give up. What is it?

FOLLOW HANNIBAL (TIGHT SHOT),

Jogging with other PRISONERS around the YARD. Drenched in sweat. Passing men ten years younger.

REVERSE: EXT. GUARD TOWER - PRISON YARD - MORNING

LYNCH adjusts MOUNTED FIELD GLASSES.

LYNCH

Give him just enough privileges to get comfortable and then take them away one by one.

(MORE)

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Eventually, he'll tell us what we need to know for the puff of one cigar.

Sosa looks over at B.A. in another section of the yard.

SOSA

What about the sergeant?

LYNCH

He doesn't know dick. Let him rot.

SOSA

Yes, sir.

Lynch looks over at Sosa...

LYNCH

By the way... I sent your reference out to General Tasker. I let him know I am considering giving you advanced responsibility on this.

*
*

She lowers the binocs.

*

SOSA

I appreciate that, sir.

*

...and we...

MOVE DOWN TO PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

HANNIBAL finds B.A. playing with a family of mangy FERAL CATS. Hannibal squats, a huge TABBY brushes back and forth against his leg. Meows like he demands attention.

HANNIBAL

Where'd you come from tough guy?

B.A.

They move back and forth, from the prison, to the town. Seein' who'll feed them the most.

HANNIBAL

Smart puss.

Hannibal scoops the tabby up and scratches its belly till it purrs.

He puts it down and starts jogging again...

INT. HANNIBAL'S CELL - NIGHT

Hannibal sews a TORN SHIRT while Lynch finishes making notes in his clipboard.

HANNIBAL

If you're waiting for me to break, you might want to buy a recliner and settle in.

LYNCH

Tell us where you buried the art and I'll get you better food, transfer to a nicer base, better climate...

HANNIBAL

I buried it in your mother's --

LYNCH

(cutting him off)

GUARD!

The MP GUARD appears. Swipes a CELL CARD to open the LOCK.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Keep it up. It'll just make it all the more satisfying to watch you crack.

Lynch moves off. The MP GUARD LOCKS the cell again. Hannibal falls back on his cot.

LIGHTS OFF. Beat... Hannibal rolls OFF, by the wall.

CLOSER. He pokes the wall with the NEEDLE. Plaster falls away. Hannibal feels it. Dry, brittle. Chips some more. Sweeps the mess into his pocket. Rolls back on his cot.

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN TO...

B.A.'S CELL:

...where it finds his cot empty. Empty because he's tied some rope to the roof of his cell and is busy doing chin ups... grunting... muscles popping out of his wife-beater.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUARD TOWER - PRISON YARD - DAY

LYNCH, bent over the FIELD GLASSES. Watching Hannibal intensely. Seeing the same daily routine...

INTO POV: HANNIBAL finishes a run around the yard. Sits with B.A. The FERAL TABBY jumps in his arms. He strokes it.

INT. PRISON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LYNCH leaves Hannibal's cell as the LIGHTS GO OFF.

Hannibal waits, rolls to the WALL. CLOSER. He scrapes congealed OATMEAL from the WALL into a BOWL. Thick as putty, it conceals his HOLE. Hannibal wriggles through.

INSIDE THE WALL. Hannibal moves between the WALL and the MECHANICALS. CLIMBS a steel LADDER. At the TOP, braces, kicks OUT a GALVANIZED EXHAUST. Wriggles OUTSIDE.

ON A NARROW LEDGE. BELOW, a FLAT ROOF, another 25' drop to the ground. HANNIBAL looks across... OVER PLAYING FIELDS... to WOODS outside the BASE... Not that far. If you discount three WALLS OF RAZOR WIRE.

He turns back. As he PULLS the EXHAUST into place, it SLIPS. FALLS TO THE ROOF BELOW. There's no retrieving it.

CLOSE ON CAPTAIN LYNCH:

Bright and fresh at 0500, walking with SOSA and the MP GUARD. They proceed round the corner to Hannibal's cell.

PAN THE CELL. Empty...

LYNCH
(tight, to Sosa)
Where is the prisoner?

SOSA stares at the MP GUARD, frozen in disbelief.

SOSA
Open the door.

He quickly swipes the LOCK with his KEY CARD. Pushes INSIDE. No sign of Hannibal.

Lynch looks around. Kicks the COT aside. Wets his finger, kneels, runs it over the floor.

CLOSE ON HIS FINGER, a trace of PLASTER DUST. ... Sosa runs her hand over the wall. Feels the oatmeal. PUNCHES THROUGH, revealing the HOLE... *

BETWEEN THE WALLS (CONTINUOUS)

Lynch follows Sosa through. She shines a FLASHLIGHT. The BEAM catches the HOLE where the EXHAUST used to be...

SOSA

Shit.

LYNCH

(into two-way)

We have a breach. Lock down the base.
Get the dogs.

CLOSE ON TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS,

Straining at their leashes. Crazy with a new scent. Held back by TWO SPECIALISTS.

WIDEN. EXT. PRISON - SECURITY GATE

Lynch watches as the dogs bark at one of HANNIBAL's SHIRTS. Snapping at the perimeter. Sosa stands back.

FIRST DOG SPECIALIST

Got him.

Lynch looks PAST the PLAYING FIELDS... to the WOODS outside the BASE...

LYNCH

He made it out.

(to Sosa)

I want a full search team.

SOSA

Yes, sir.

(then)

Rubber bullets, sir?

LYNCH

The prisoner spent the last two decades
in Special Forces. He's a weapon and a
danger. We go out 'live.'

*
*
*

She almost says something. His glare makes her hold her tongue. The SPECIALISTS un-clip the leashes. The dogs streak away like heat-seeking rockets.

INT. HANNIBAL'S CELL - SAME TIME

Silent, then... PUSH CLOSE ON THE COT. We HEAR a soft *ripping* sound from the MATTRESS.

EVEN CLOSER. A HAND appears. HANNIBAL digs out of the mattress. Falls to the floor, choking for air. Spits cotton fluff.

CLOSE ON B.A.:

Carrying a stack of SIX CINDER BLOCKS on his shoulder.

WIDEN: PRISON CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Prisoner LABOR detail. Most men carry TWO BLOCKS. B.A. sets EIGHT BLOCKS by a fresh HOLE. Walks back to the TRUCK. They react as an ALARM sounds.

Tug at B.A.'s leg. TILT DOWN. HANNIBAL, under the truck.

HANNIBAL

You ready to clear our names, sergeant?

B.A.

What took you so got-damn long?

INT. PRISON GARAGE - DAY

Hannibal and B.A. slip inside. Move along a ROW OF LIFTS, till they find a HUMVEE not pulled apart. Hannibal drops it down. Looks inside. No key.

HANNIBAL

Can you jump this?

B.A. just looks at him like he's insulted.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Okay... get her running...

IN THE HUMVEE - MOMENTS LATER:

B.A. sparks it up and the engine turns over... He throws it into gear, begins to slam on the gas... but Hannibal looks over at him...

HANNIBAL

If you run with me, there's no turning back.

B.A. matches his stare...

B.A.

I enlisted out of the blue. On my way to bust some guy's jaw, saw a picture of a black soldier in a store front window. Left South Central L.A. that day. Never even saw the ocean before. I trusted the spirit inside.

HANNIBAL

What's your spirit telling you now?

B.A. smiles.

B.A.

It's telling me to "drive."

WIDEN. B.A. takes off towards the METAL GARAGE DOOR.

SUDDENLY, an MP, right IN FRONT of them. Beefy, armed. B.A. blows past him and the MP races to the EMERGENCY PANEL. Slaps it. The OVERHEAD DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE... ALARM screaming.

B.A. (CONT'D)

I don't have it.

HANNIBAL

Do not stop.

B.A. pushes the HUMVEE, The STEEL DOOR SLAMS into the roof, B.A.'s door pops, a metal strip SLICES his ARM.

CRANE UP, as they speed onto the MAIN BASE ROAD.

INTERCUT: FORREST - MANNHEIM - SAME TIME

Lynch and Sosa run up, gasping for air. The DOGS claw at a CAVE OPENING in a rock cliff. Covered in shrubs.

LYNCH

(SHOUTS)

Colonel, I'm prepared to use gas if you don't come out.

No response.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

(then, to Sosa)

Fire a round.

Sosa fires a GAS CARTRIDGE into the hole. Beat... TWO FERAL CATS emerge. The TABBY runs to Sosa's arms.

CLOSER. A strip of Hannibal's SHIRT, tied around its girth. The dogs bark wildly. Sosa laughs suddenly.

SOSA

We followed the cat.

LYNCH, so pissed he can't speak.

LYNCH

Lock down the base.

EXT. PRISON BASE - IN THE HUMVEE (MOVING)

Hannibal checks a large GASH in B.A.'s left arm. He's bleeding profusely.

HANNIBAL

How bad, sergeant?

B.A.

I can handle it.

HANNIBAL

You won't stay conscious long enough to 'handle it'.

Hannibal looks around. POV: Sees a squat, four story BUILDING with AMBULANCES parked alongside.

A DOCTOR WEARING a WHITE LAB COAT is just about to climb in the back of one of the ambulances...

The HumVee roars to a stop and Hannibal jumps out...

HANNIBAL -(CONT'D)

Medic... we need help.

The doctor turns to look at them as Hannibal gets B.A. down from behind the wheel.

TALL DOCTOR

Sorry, I'm grafting a gastroepiploic artery at 0800.

HANNIBAL

Just look at him.

He relents, checks B.A.'s arm. Makes a yucky-face.

TALL DOCTOR

My God. Well, our soldiers deserve the best. And that'd be me.

He opens his medical bag and takes out a syringe...

B.A.

What's that?

TALL DOCTOR

A sedative.

B.A.

Just stitch me.

B.A. offers his arm. The Doctor shrugs, pulls out a needle, quickly threads in some sutures... and starts to sew up the arm... B.A. doesn't even blink.

Just then... a LOUD SIREN makes them all jump.

HANNIBAL

Can you sew on the fly, doc?

He opens the door to the ambulance as...

...B.A. climbs in back, followed by Hannibal. The doctor hops in behind them...

TALL DOCTOR

I can sew on a fly or a butterfly or a grasshopper or... hey... are you gonna turn the red lights on...

HANNIBAL

(that was random)

Excuse me?

Just then...

NURSE (FROM BEHIND)

Captain Murdock?

A middle-aged NURSE carrying a BOX of powdered DONUTS gapes at the Tall Doctor up in the ambulance.

MURDOCK

Not now, Nurse Crotched. You know my office hours.

He tries to close the doors. She catches them deftly.

NURSE

You know you can't leave the ward.

Hannibal processes this.

HANNIBAL

What 'ward' are you talking about, ma'am?

NURSE

Captain Murdock has been a guest in psychiatrics for the last six months.

MURDOCK

(laughs, too loud)

Clever, nurse. Clever. I am an attending doctor of internal medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical College, with a speciality in cardiovascular disease...

NURSE

You are a diagnosed psychotic with bipolar mania and dissociated identity disorder.

TWO MP's are walking their way.

HANNIBAL

(checks B.A.'s stitches)

I've seen field dressings and these aren't too bad.

B.A.

'Too bad' ain't good enough.

HANNIBAL

(to Nurse)

He'll be back in time for his afternoon meds. Thank you, Nurse.

Hannibal heaves Murdock back in. But first Murdock snags the DONUTS. DOORS SLAM on the startled Nurse. The AMBULANCE peels away.

FOLLOW AMBULANCE (MOVING)

Down a BLACK TOP ROAD. Hannibal turns from behind the wheel...

HANNIBAL

Keep stitching, Captain...

Murdock shrugs and gets his needle ready...

B.A.

Don't touch me, nut job.

MURDOCK

What if she hadn't said anything? I mean, if a word's misspelled in the dictionary, would we ever know?

B.A.

Your face is gonna be misspelled.

Hannibal pushes the ambulance... 60, 70, 80 MPH...

HANNIBAL

Shit.

A LINE OF M.P. HUMVEES, appear from the opposite direction. Hannibal slumps down.

POV: PASSING BY -- LYNCH and SOSA, in the lead HUMVEE.

CLOSE ON SOSA, eyes lock on a driverless window. She leans out, looks back.

HANNIBAL pops up, checks his REARVIEW. Well past them. Relaxes. Till he sees the entire column of HUMVEES TURN AROUND.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

We need to get off this base.

Hannibal veers down an EMPTY BLACK TOP, finds himself...

WIDEN. BASE AIRPORT UTILITY ROAD (CONTINUOUS)

The airport is the size of a small city facility. JETS, PROPS, HELICOPTERS, HANGARS, RUNWAYS... and lots of military personnel.

Hannibal checks the REARVIEW again. MP HUMVEES closing the gap. He looks around...

Sitting alone, away from everything else, on the last, and longest, RUNWAY... A massive C-130 HERCULES TRANSPORT CARGO PLANE. REAR LOADING BAY OPEN. THREE ABRAMS TANKS ready for loading by GROUND CREW.

B.A.

(to Hannibal)

You can't hijack a plane! There's too many ground crew.

Murdock is looking at a RED LOCKER in the AMBULANCE.

MURDOCK

Can I make a suggestion?

EXT. C-130 HERCULES (CONTINUOUS)

GROUND CREWMEN stare out at the commotion in the distance. Spooked by the ALARM SIRENS. Startled as the AMBULANCE jolts to a stop right at the CARGO BAY.

HANNIBAL, MURDOCK and B.A. leap out in HAZMAT SUITS. Weirds out the crew.

HANNIBAL
(filtered)
What the hell are you still doing here?
We have an anthrax situation on the base.

Murdock brushes by a CREW MAN. CLOSER. He dusts POWDER from a donut on his shoulder.

MURDOCK
(SHOUTS)
Sir, right here.

Hannibal runs over. The CREW MAN boggles. Hannibal pushes him into the ambulance.

HANNIBAL
Drive yourselves to the E.R. Stat.
Everybody in. Now.

The CREW squeezes into the ambulance.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Your lives are on the clock. Go, go, go.

The AMBULANCE wheels off. They watch as the M.P. HUMVEE COLUMN veers away to follow.

They strip off the HAZMAT suits. RUN UP the RAMP.

INT. C-130 HERCULES - CARGO HOLD (CONTINUOUS)

THREE ABRAMS TANKS, ONE BLACKHAWK, already loaded.

HANNIBAL
Anyone know how to drive a tank?

B.A.
We'd be strong, but we'd be slow. They'd catch us in a second.

Hannibal is looking around, thinking... he's frustrated...

*
*
*
*
*

HANNIBAL
 Goddammit. Okay. We're just gonna have
 to run for it. Let's hit the fence
 and...

*
*
*
*

Murdock speaks up...

*

MURDOCK
 I can fly you out.

HANNIBAL
 What?

*
*

MURDOCK
 I was... I mean... I am a pilot.

*
*

B.A.'s had enough. He grabs Murdock by the neck. Slams
 him against the BLACKHAWK.

B.A.
 You're a medic, too, right? What else?
 Senator? Astronaut?

MURDOCK
 Pssh. No...

He looks at Hannibal like B.A.'s the lunatic. Hannibal
 moves in, locks eyes with Murdock, dead serious.

HANNIBAL
 I've seen men crack in battle. And I've
 seen men pretend to crack to avoid
 battle. I don't need to know your story.
 But I need to know this... can you fly
this bird?

MURDOCK
 (steady)
 If it's got wings or rotors, I can fly
 it.

Hannibal nods.

HANNIBAL
 Then take her up.

IN THE COCKPIT,

Murdock goes through the pre-flight. Massive PROPS ROAR to
 life. Hannibal looks up to see B.A. offering his hand.

B.A.
 Here's where I go my own way, sir. You
 know I gotta have my feet on the ground.
 (MORE)

*
*

B.A. (CONT'D)

You want to put your life into Toucan Sam's hands, be my guest. But I ain't getting in no airplane with him.

HANNIBAL

I thought you might say that.

Hannibal plunges that sedative needle into B.A.'s arm. B.A. makes a face, then, drops like a stone, right next to the doctor's bag at Hannibal's feet.

WIDE SHOT - AIRPORT RUNWAY

LYNCH has stopped the AMBULANCE. The CREW CHIEF and his men have their arms up. Trying to explain about the powder...

ON SOSA: shielding her eyes. Staring at something... INTO POV: FAR RUNWAY. The C-130 moves slowly down the long RUNWAY. CARGO BAY RAMP, still OPEN.

SOSA

That Hercules is moving, sir.

Lynch turns and looks.

LYNCH

But neither man is a pilot.

INT. C-130 HERCULES (CONTINUOUS)

Picking up speed. Murdock is checking gauges. Now Hannibal can feel the wind from the OPEN CARGO DOOR.

HANNIBAL

Close the ramp, captain.

Murdock tries a lever. The RADIO comes on, playing MUSIC.

MURDOCK

It's around here... somewhere.

Hannibal watches Murdock fumble. Suddenly, a VOICE on their TWO-WAY.

AIR CONTROL

(through HEADSETS)

Apple-3-Delta-7-7-Victor, you are not cleared for take off. Repeat. You are ordered to come to a full stop.

HANNIBAL

Take us up, captain.

MURDOCK

Fine...

He pulls back hard on the stick.

EXT. AIRPORT - HANGAR - SAME TIME

Lynch spins, as the C-130 LIFTS OFF. Beat. One of the ABRAMS TANKS simply slips DOWN the CARGO RAMP... CRASH!... Leaving a CRATER in the tarmac.

LYNCH

(into radio)

Get the wing commander. I want jets in the air. Now.

WIDE SHOT - C-130 HERCULES - CLIMBING FAST

The Hercules struggles to ascend. Heading for the tallest BUILDING on the base. A FOURTEEN STORY APARTMENT complex.

MURDOCK

Uh-oh.

The APARTMENT BUILDING is right there. ...

CLOSE ON THE RAMP, the SECOND ABRAMS TANK slips OUT... Smashing into the ROOF. But providing just enough LIFT. The C-130 just clears the building by inches.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

Hahahah! I can't believe I just did that!

Hannibal looks at him like the guy really is nuts.

EXT. AIR FIELD - SAME TIME

TWO F-16's FIGHTER JETS (ALPHA, BETA) already streaking into TAKE-OFF...

INT. CONTROL TOWER - SAME TIME

LYNCH enters, with SOSA. Confronts the CHIEF CONTROLLER (at CONSOLE).

LYNCH

All flight op's are under my direct command now. Patch me through.

The Chief Controller puts a HEAD SET on Lynch.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

(into two-way)

Colonel Smith, I want you to hear my instructions to our commanders.

(then)

Commanders, you are hereby approved to use lethal force to bring down the Hercules. Fire on contact.

F-16 ALPHA

Rocketing towards the C-130, coming quickly INTO VIEW.

ALPHA PILOT

Roger control, locking-in target.
Releasing sidewinder.

A MISSILE streaks from its wings, VAPOR TRAIL tracing its path to the Hercules.

INT. C-130 HERCULES - SAME TIME

Hannibal sees an infinite range of majestic CLOUDS ahead. Some with the deep purple opaqueness of STORM CLOUDS.

HANNIBAL

Make for that storm bank.

MURDOCK

There's enough electricity in there to light up Berlin.

HANNIBAL

Outstanding.

WIDEN, just as the C-130 banks INTO the CLOUDS, they're rocked by an enormous EXPLOSION.

CARGO RAMP, blown AWAY by the SIDEWINDER. The remaining ABRAMS TANK begins to ROLL BACKWARDS, and FALLS OUT.

INT. ALPHA F-16 - SAME TIME

ALPHA PILOT

(into two-way)

Confirmed hit.

The Alpha Pilot's eyes widen suddenly.

ALPHA PILOT (CONT'D)

Wait... I'm being intercepted.

LYNCH

By what?

PILOT IN COCKPIT POV: The ABRAMS TANK tumbling at him.

ALPHA PILOT

A tank!

PUNCH WIDE. The PILOT has one second to EJECT. SHOT UP and FREE, as the TANK rips the jet in two.

INT. C-130 HERCULES - SAME TIME

Murdock fights to keep control of the big plane.

HANNIBAL

Stay in the cloud cover.

INTO FRAME - F-16 BRAVO,

Streaking after them. CLOUDS rumble. FLASH of LIGHTNING. Then, the BRAVO PILOT sees the HERCULES.

BRAVO PLOT

Target located. Target locked-in.

He rolls the jet behind the C-130. HAND punches the RELEASE. ... MISSILE streaks from the WING.

POV: DIRECT HIT on the C-130. A mammoth FIREBALL. And a zillion pieces of metal rain down in a cloud of SMOKE.

INTERCUT: CONTROL TOWER - SAME TIME

Lynch hears the Pilot's report.

BRAVO PILOT

(on two-way)

Confirmed kill. Repeat. Hercules intercepted with lethal force.

Lynch doesn't smile, just nods, satisfied.

LYNCH

(to Sosa)

Change the search-and-secure orders to search-and-recovery. I want the bodies ID'd. Every piece.

Sosa swallows hard.

SOSA

Yes, sir.

OUT OF THE CLOUD BANK - SAME TIME

The BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER, falling, spinning like a top.

INSIDE: HANNIBAL and MURDOCK, fighting for control. B.A., still unconscious, strapped to a seat.

HANNIBAL

Do you know what's wrong, captain?

MURDOCK

Well, let's start with the fact that I've never flown one of these before...

HANNIBAL

You said anything with rotors!

MURDOCK

Rotors! Right!

He flips a switch...

ON ROTORS. Start to spin, STOP, then FIRE UP. Murdock finds the HORIZON. ... The helicopter finally levels OFF. Speeding through the CLOUD BANK.

EXT. DESERT - AMERICAN/KUWAITI CHECK POINT - NIGHT

One of hundreds of small BORDER posts. Immensely hot, dusty. PIKE has his lap top balanced on a HUMVEE BUMPER. He closes it. Turns to face...

An AMERICAN MARINE CORPORAL, flummoxed at a stack of DOCK RECEIPTS.

MARINE CORPORAL

I don't want to hold you up. But these codes ain't in my computer.

CARD: KUWAIT - CHECK POINT 172

PIKE

Mind if we go inside outta the heat and call it in?

MARINE CORPORAL

Make my life easier.

Pike follows behind to a TRAILER set by barbed wire.

INSIDE THE TRAILER. THREE MARINES, plagued by paperwork. Don't even look up as the MARINE CORPORAL enters.

MARINE CORPORAL (CONT'D)
(turning to Pike)

What's your contractor ID again?

PIKE

M-16.

MARINE CORPORAL

What?

PIKE whips out an M-16 and opens FIRE. Killing the Marines before they realize what's happening.

NEW ANGLE. PIKE runs back to his HUMVEE and waits for a second set of HEADLIGHTS to move out of the darkness. He leads the 18 WHEELER across the border.

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE ON B.A.,

Eyes flutter, OPEN slowly. ... INTO B.A.'S POV: curlicues of CLOUD glide by in a golden DAWN, like a Baroque mural.

Glazed smile, until... RACK FOCUS, B.A. looks BELOW...

INTO B.A.'S POV: GLIDING OVER A THICK MOUNTAIN FOREST, the chopper looks for an open spot to touch down.

WIDEN, as the CHOPPER lands. B.A. sees MURDOCK at the controls. Murdock gives him a big grin.

B.A.'s eyes go wide... he's furious. *

HANNIBAL *

Good morning, sergeant. *

Hannibal helps him out of the chopper... *

B.A.

You did not do to me what I think you did. *

HANNIBAL *

It was that or back to cat wrangling behind razor wire. And look, your feet are already on solid ground again. *

B.A. is still groggy, but he scowls. *

B.A.

Where they're staying from now on. Where are we anyway?

HANNIBAL

Italy. Not far from Naples.

B.A.

What the hell we doing in Italy?

HANNIBAL

Checking up on someone.

WIDE SHOT - NAPLES, ITALY - DAY

Choked with traffic and smog. Highest crime rate in Italy. Some neighborhoods off-limits even to the police.

WIDEN: EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Old stone building in a neighborhood of winding narrow LANES. SIX ITALIAN MEN linger sullenly in front. Young thugs for the *Camorra*, the Napoli crime syndicate.

INT. WAREHOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

A storehouse of STOLEN GOODS. Piled haphazardly before being sold on the black market. FIND GIOVANNI AGOSTELLI (42), canny, bullish, smoking an expensive cigar. A shrewd survivor of frequent local gang wars.

AGOSTELLI

(in ITALIAN;
subtitled)

L'avete portato?
(Did you bring it?)

The CAMERA FINDS Face, examining a RED FERRARI parked in the warehouse.

FACE

Si, si, attesa.
(Chill.)

Face kneels, runs his hand over the front BUMPER. Stops when he catches his REFLECTION in the chrome. Runs his hand through his hair, admiring himself.

FACE (CONT'D)

This car has been rebuilt.

AGOSTELLI

I swear on my mother's grave. It is untouched. *Perfetto*.

(piqued)

Are you calling me a liar?

Face raises the hood.

FACE

They built three 1962m TRI/LM's. One for Prince Ranier of Monaco, one for Marcello Mastroianni, and this. Not one was ever welded... here.

Caught in a lie, Agostelli just laughs.

AGOSTELLI

I'll knock off ten thousand.

FACE

Fifty.

AGOSTELLI

Bastardo. Thirty. But I want to see the big *machina* first.

FACE

No problem.

Face starts to leave.

AGOSTELLI

Wait. My brother Antonio will go with you. Just so there aren't any problems.

ANTONIO, a skinny, weasely looking gangster wearing dark sunglasses with a toothpick wedged in his mouth steps over to Face.

FACE

The more the merrier.

EXT. NAPLES - STREET

Face moves quickly down a LANE. Descends stone STEPS. Toward a PARKING LOT. TWO YOUNG ITALIAN WOMEN pass him. ONE WOMAN blows a kiss.

Face clutches his heart but keeps walking. Antonio hustles to keep up.

PAN A FLATBED TRUCK,

A canvas TARP over the BACK, covering something BIG. Face lifts the tarp to check on it.

PUNCH: MURDOCK, sitting in front of a huge ENGINE.

MURDOCK

I love the sound of an F/A-18 jet engine.
Like a panther in heat.

Face is stunned.

HANNIBAL, appears behind, drives a fist into Face's side, doubling him over, and takes his gun.

Antonio turns to run and moves right into a hard elbow from B.A., knocking him completely off his feet. The guy is down for the count.

HANNIBAL

Hiya, Face.

FACE

Oh...uh. Hi, Colonel. Sergeant. Uh...
you guys...um...must've... you got out?

HANNIBAL

Yeah. Early release.

FACE

Oh, good. That's great. Seriously. I
mean... I just wanted to get out so I
could... um... work from the outside to
help clear... all of our... uh...

HANNIBAL

Work the outside huh?

Hannibal hauls back and punches him in the gut again. He crumples to the ground.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

How're your outsides feeling now?

Face gets to one knee, tries to get his breath.

FACE

I probably deserved that... but listen...
I got dishonorably discharged, man. Sir.
After 12 years. I gave up a lot...

B.A.

Not as much as you're going to give up.

B.A. grabs him, is about to smash his face in...

HANNIBAL

Wait.

B.A. stops.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

How'd you get the engine to an American fighter jet?

FACE

EBay. I was the final bidder. *

Hannibal nods at B.A. who pulls his fist back...

FACE (CONT'D)

Whoa whoa... Okay. I've got a deal going.

HANNIBAL

With?

FACE

(admitting)

Giovanni Agostelli.

HANNIBAL

Agostelli is Comorra.

B.A.

What's that?

HANNIBAL

Napolian crime syndicate.

(accusingly to Face)

Well known for fencing famous works of art. You got some art to sell, Face?

FACE

Who? Me?

B.A. slams Face against the truck, where Face sees Murdoch sitting on the engine like he's riding a horse.

FACE (CONT'D)

Who's the cowboy?

B.A.

A nut-cracker we picked up on the way. And he's still more of a man than you.

Hannibal leans in close.

HANNIBAL
Take us to Agostelli.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Agostelli watches as Face strolls back into the warehouse, empty handed.

AGOSTELLI
Where's my engine? Where's my brother?

FACE
Uh... I have a problem.

AGOSTELLI
What problem?

HANNIBAL
Me.

The thugs in the room all point guns at Hannibal as he walks in, puffing a cigar.

AGOSTELLI
If this is a raid, you will die first.

HANNIBAL
If this were a raid, I'd be running too.
I just escaped military prison for a
crime I didn't commit.

AGOSTELLI
That's very moving and all but I don't
give a shit.
(eyeing Face)
We were in the middle of a business
negotiation...

HANNIBAL
Then let's talk business. The Comorra
fenced the Rembrandts from the hit on
Lord Beit's estate in Ireland. And 'The
Scream' theft in Norway. And probably a
lot more I don't know about. My guess is
you know who's big enough to move art
looted from the Iraqi National Museum.

AGOSTELLI
Americans are naive like children. Art
is never looted. Orders are taken in
advance. Customers satisfied. What
makes you think I'd tell you?

Just then, they HEAR THE SOUND of a jet engine revving up outside the warehouse.

HANNIBAL

That sounds like someone's being cleared for take off...

All the men step...

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE:

...to reveal B.A. has rigged the ENGINE to a truck BATTERY. The rotors SPIN, blowing back a jet stream.

B.A. and Murdock are holding up Antonio, just to the side of the engine.

HANNIBAL

You wanted to talk business, let's talk business. You have something I want... the name of the fence. I have something you want, your brother still alive.

Agostelli turns and points his finger into Face's face.

AGOSTELLI

(furious)

I will not kill you. I will disfigure your face to the point that even your mother will turn away in shame...

Face swallows hard.

HANNIBAL

(shouts over the engine)

Murdock... what size shoes does Agostelli's brother wear?

Murdock quickly takes off one of Antonio's shoes, examines it...

MURDOCK

(shouts)

I don't know... where are the sizes on these... Forty-three, what kind of a size is forty-three... whoops...

He dramatically tosses it INTO THE ROTORS. GRIND. The shoes blow out the other side as leather DUST.

HANNIBAL

Wow.

Hannibal locks eyes with Agostelli.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
The name, Agostelli.

Agostelli eyes him, hotly. Hannibal turns to B.A...

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Shred him, Sergeant...

B.A. lifts up Antonio's body over his head as easy as lifting a doll. He heads towards the INTAKE.

AGOSTELLI
Basta!... Stop. Okay... okay... Dimitri Grushko.

Hannibal waits for more.

AGOSTELLI (CONT'D)
Grushko has friends in the Kremlin and can middle-man anything he wants. I've heard rumors he's bringing in big clients for a new auction. Something about a golden vase.

Hannibal signals and Murdock shuts off the engine.

He gets in close to Agostelli.

HANNIBAL
(intense)
You may be Comorra, but we're the blackness Uncle Sam won't talk about. If you open your mouth about this, you'll see us again, and then you won't see anything again. Ever.

He turns and walks over to B.A. and Murdock. Calls out over his shoulder...

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Keep the engine and the car. Your brother will call you as soon as we're safely out of here.

They start to walk away... B.A. notices something...

B.A.
Hey... where's Peck...

HANNIBAL
Doing what he does best. Saving his own skin.

EXT. STREET - NAPLES - DAY

FACE, moving quickly, looking over his shoulder. On his CELL.

FACE

(talking as he runs)

I want to speak to Lieutenant Angel Sosa.

INTERCUT: MANNHEIM BASE - AIRPLANE HANGAR - SAME TIME

LT. SOSA pulls off RUBBER GLOVES. Exhausted, a night without sleep. Steps back to gaze at her work.

WIDEN. The reconstructed C-130, and all its contents. TANKS and BLACKHAWKS. From thousands of teeny PIECES. Mounted on frames. A jigsaw puzzle from Hell.

LYNCH appears.

SOSA

We've recovered everything... except one Blackhawk helicopter.

Lynch nods, knowing what this means.

LYNCH

Godammit. How am I going to explain this?

Sosa's CELL VIBRATES.

SOSA

(into cell)

Sosa.

BACK TO FACE. Intercut:

FACE

This is Templeton Peck. What the fuck? A little warning that those maniacs got out...

SOSA

(to Lynch)

It's Peck.

Lynch grabs the cell phone.

LYNCH

(into cell)

This is Captain Lynch.

STAY WITH FACE:

At a street corner, we realize Face is watching Hannibal, B.A. (holding Antonio), and Murdock walk down an alley toward a black van.

FACE

(into the phone)

Shut up and listen. I know you're tracing this so I'll be quick. I bring you your missing prisoners AGAIN and the Iraqi loot and I get an honorable discharge... tell me we have a deal...

LYNCH

I can't just...

FACE

You got two seconds or I lose them forever...

LYNCH

It's a deal.

FACE

I'll be in touch.

Face snaps the cell phone shut... and we cut to:

INT. VAN - DAY

B.A. starts it up but suddenly Face is standing in front of it, his arms out.

He moves around to the window... speaks past B.A. to Hannibal...

FACE

I want in.

HANNIBAL

I don't give a damn. Kill him B.A.

B.A. shoots his hand out and grabs Face by the throat.

FACE

Look, I wanna make it up to you. I'd never survive prison. You know what they do to guys as good looking as me. I got nervous. I lied about you and the art and I'm sorry.

*

*
*
*

HANNIBAL

Then why were you with Agostelli?

FACE

I'd like to clear my name as much as you.

B.A. squeezes harder...

FACE (CONT'D)

Look, you know I can deal better than anyone, and what you need now is a sophisticated negotiator. Those Russians will smell a rat a mile away.

B.A.

You got a lot of nerve talking about rats.

Face chokes... Hannibal just watches, semi-amused. Finally...

HANNIBAL

Hop in, Lieutenant. There might be some use for you yet.

B.A. reluctantly lets him go and we quickly cut to:

THE VAN:

...peels out, the back doors open, and Antonio is tossed into the street as the van roars away.

AERIAL OVER - PORT OF VARNA, BULGARIA - DAY

Crowded with CRUISE SHIPS off-loading. Capitalism pouring into the former Communist stalwart.

Title: Port of Varna, Bulgaria.

CONTINUE OVER the DOCK, now we see private YACHTS and CRUISERS... the new ruling class...

HOLD ON ONE YACHT, out of scale with the others. Worthy of royalty. RADAR, HELIPAD, CAR PORT with BENTLEY. ON STERN, in ENGLISH and CYRILLIC: **GORKY**

PULL BACK - SAME SHOT THROUGH FIELD GLASSES,

Hannibal watches from a small BALCONY adjoined to a crummy HOTEL overlooking the port. Counts CREWMEN. Half of them must be security. This is a floating fortress.

He's talking on a cell phone. We hear both sides and intercut...

GEN. GARNER

I was getting worried.

HANNIBAL

Not as worried as I am.

GEN. GARNER

After you find the vase, get across the Turkish border. I'll have a chopper waiting to pull you out. The court will have to overturn your charges.

(pointed)

Be careful, Hannibal, the guy who's going to slam the knife in your back is usually standing right next to you.

Just then, Face pops his head out...

FACE

You ready?

HANNIBAL

(into the phone)

Message received, sir.

He hangs up and steps with Face back into a...

HOTEL ROOM:

A crooked ceiling FAN goes *thwap-thwap*. Murdock and B.A. are wearing CUSTOMS uniforms. Face is in a full tuxedo. Hannibal is wearing a dark suit.

HANNIBAL

(to B.A. and Murdock)

Wait for my signal. Then board strong. Seize the vase. Arrest us. Get off fast. We need to be long gone before Grushko knows who we are. And tap that radar tower. I don't want any surprises.

B.A.

I bet cover boy will provide the surprises.

Meaning Face, who is brushing his hair in the mirror. Face stops in mid-preen, turns, and walks over to B.A. gets in his face.

FACE

You know what, Bosco? I'm getting tired of the accusations.

B.A. looks like he's ready to rip him limb from limb... their noses inches apart.

FACE (CONT'D)

I know I didn't swipe the art. I'm pretty sure the Colonel didn't swipe the art. Loony Tunes wasn't there. The only thing I'm not sure about is what hand you played in this.

B.A.

You finished?

FACE

It depends.

B.A.

Then let me tell you something, Face-man. There are nine commandments in the Bible that I try to live by. "Thou shalt not steal" is something Mrs. Baracas taught me when I was a pup and I've never broken it.

Murdock pipes up...

MURDOCK

Aren't there ten commandments?

B.A.

I tend to look past the one about not killing. Especially when we're talking about rats.

He and Face are still eye to eye. Hannibal finishes tying his tie.

HANNIBAL

Enough. They'll be plenty of time to kill each other later. Right now, let's save it for the Russians.

And with that, we cut to...

EXT. ON THE DOCK - NEAR THE *GORKY* - DAY

A shiny black QUATTROPORTE stops. HANNIBAL watches the *Gorky* for a moment. Face and Hannibal get out.

FACE

You're just leaving the car? It cost me a Rolex to bribe the dealer.

HANNIBAL

A knock off, right?

Face starts to deny it, then smiles. Hannibal is already walking away.

ON THE GANGWAY. Hannibal whispers last minute instructions to Face.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

When the auction starts, don't do anything to signal a bid. Don't cough, scratch your ear, smile.

FACE

Don't worry about me.

HANNIBAL

And Grushko has a wife. I don't know what's Russian for 'Pet of the Year' but if she drops a napkin, walk away. Don't even look at her.

FACE

What year was she?

SECURITY MEN in tuxedos frisk them as they step on board.

INT. GORKY - MAIN DECK - COMMON ROOM

Appointed in teak and brass. Attractive RUSSIAN HOSTESSES serve well-dressed MEN and WOMEN, Grushko's clients.

Face enters with Hannibal, like he's the buyer and Hannibal's his assistant.

HANNIBAL

There it is.

A SPOTLIGHT hits a TABLE. Draped in black velvet. The GOLD VASE.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Keep an eye out for Grushko.

FACE

Do we know what he looks like?

HANNIBAL

Like dirty money.

Face locks eyes with a BLONDE (20's), legs so long they seem to bestride the world. She makes a beeline for Face.

TALL BLONDE
(Russian accent)
Are you as bored as I am?

FACE
Not anymore.

She sips from a flute of champagne. Face suddenly realizes her OTHER hand is IN his pocket.

TALL BLONDE
I misplaced my hotel keys in your pocket.

FACE
If I find them, I'll run them over to you tonight.

Hannibal pulls, leading Face away.

FACE (CONT'D)
Hey. It's a party. I'm being social.

HANNIBAL
It's a mission. You're being suicidal.

A short MAN with the pallor of a vampire blocks their way.
DIMITRI GRUSHKO, 40's, kinky black hair, dead black eyes, fake smile.

GRUSHKO
I see you've met my wife.

FACE
Yeah... she's uh...

GRUSHKO
I don't know you.

FACE
You don't need to know me. You just need to know my black American Express.

GRUSHKO
Really?

He laughs dryly, like he's not really amused.

GRUSHKO (CONT'D)
Tell me one thing you own. Something impossible.

Hannibal sees several SECURITY MEN close in. For a second, we don't think Face is going to answer. Then...

FACE

I bought the original sketch for *Ren and Stimpy*.

Grushko stares. Hannibal is sure Face has just gotten them killed. Just when we think that's all he's got...

FACE (CONT'D)

Which I traded for Maradona's cleats from the 1994 World Cup. I turned that for a small painting of St. Francis that turned out to be a Zubaran stolen from the Prado.

Grushko expression is slowly turning into a smile...

FACE (CONT'D)

Flipped that for twelve Mark Rothko's stolen from his Soho loft. Which let me finance the Gardner Museum theft in Boston. Which got me my first Leonardo. Don't you hate the riff raff calling him 'DaVinci'?

Grushko laughs a belly life.

GRUSHKO

Okay, friend. A collector like you will be satisfied here.

Grushko leaves with his wife.

HANNIBAL

Shit.

FACE

What?

HANNIBAL

We're moving.

B.A.

(two-way)

You're moving.

AT THE STERN,

Massive engines are churning water. The *GORKY* is pulling away from the dock.

ON B.A. AND MURDOCK. B.A. starts loping down the dock.

HANNIBAL

(two-way)

Got it. All right. Find something that floats and follow us out. We stick with the plan.

WITH B.A. AND MURDOCK. Moving to a BULGARIAN CUSTOMS HSV (High Speed Vessel). Mounted 50mm. TWO JET SKIS at back.

B.A.

Can you drive this boat?

MURDOCK

These things are fast. I like fast.

MURDOCK jumps on board, moves into the CABIN. Starts the supercharged engines. A SHOUT below.

A BULGARIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER lumbers up, just awake. B.A. grabs his wrist, pulls him out... flips him overboard.

B.A.

Move us out.

WIDEN. Murdock maneuvers the HSV into the HARBOR. Immediately clips the back of a KETCH, over-corrects, caroms off a POWER BOAT...

B.A. (CONT'D)

Thought you could drive this thing.

MURDOCK

I'm directionally challenged.

B.A. gets in his face.

B.A.

My foot's about to be directionally challenged.

MURDOCK

Take it easy, sergeant. Maybe you'd like some of my medications... they'll sort out your anger issue....

B.A.

(interrupts)

My cousin Jamal? So whacked-out nobody ever bothered him. Till we realized he was picking off our girlfriends behind our backs, like a dog. You can't bullshit me. You ain't crazy.

But Murdock is watching something LAND IN THE HARBOR. An AMPHIBIOUS SEAPLANE, huge, majestic.

MURDOCK

Whoa... check it out. A Beriev Be-200 Flying Boat. Holds eighty people. You can fly around the world and never need an airport.

Murdock bursts into happy tears.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

I dreamed that plane before they built it.

B.A.

Never mind. I take it all back.

INT. GORKY - MAIN DECK - COMMON ROOM

Face watches Hannibal, by the VASE. Studying it.

GRUSHKO holds up his hands at the front.

GRUSHKO

Ladies and gentlemen. Lately, I've become dead to the beauty of what I sell. My eyes only see money...

(with emotion)

Today, I am born again. Today I offer you what I believe is man's first great work of art. Bids begin at one hundred million euros.

A GERMAN DEALER calls out.

GERMAN DEALER

Verify its provenance.

Grushko aims a REMOTE. PUNCH ON SCREEN. DR. AL-MAHDI, wide-eyed. The shot is CLOSE UP, so he can't see where Al-Mahdi is.

GRUSHKO

You all know Dr. Al-Mahdi and trust his opinion.

(to screen)

Professor, tell my clients what you see.

Al-Mahdi's face is rigid, fighting fear.

DR. AL-MAHDI

This is the golden vase displayed in the great hall of the Iraqi National Museum.

Hannibal leans close to Face.

HANNIBAL

(softly)

I need to see if Al-Mahdi is on board.

Face nods.

FOLLOW HANNIBAL ALONG THE MAIN DECK RAIL,

Down a STAIRWAY to the SECOND DECK. Through a TEAK DOOR...
into the SECOND DECK CORRIDOR. STATE ROOMS on each side.
Hannibal checks the first. Sumptuous, but EMPTY.

B.A. (O.S.)

(suddenly on two-way)

Hannibal, Grushko is heading for the
Russian side of the lake.

HANNIBAL

If there's trouble, they'll provide back
up for him. Give me five minutes.

B.A. (O.S.)

(two-way)

You might not have five minutes.

FACE:

He's snuck out to the rail.

FACE

(into his phone)

Where are you?

INTERCUT: CHINOOK (MOVING),

LYNCH on his mobile. SOSA points to the GPS SCREEN.

LYNCH

(into phone)

We're turning south... just minutes away.

FACE

Do not move in until I have the vase.

BACK TO HANNIBAL - SECOND DECK CORRIDOR,

Trying the last door. This one is LOCKED. Hannibal forces
it. Steps inside...

Converted to a work room. SATELLITE RECEIVER. LAP TOP MONITOR. ... CLOSER ON MONITOR. AL-MAHDI, tele-conferenced in from SOMEWHERE ELSE.

EVEN CLOSER. Al-Mahdi sits on a folding chair, in an empty room, cinder block walls. SILHOUETTE OF A MAN O.S. with a RIFLE, a shadow on the wall behind Al-Mahdi... *

HANNIBAL

(two-way)

He's not here.

B.A.

(two-way)

See if you can source the data-stream...

HANNIBAL

Listen to you...

B.A.

I got talents you don't even know about...

Hannibal is still watching the monitor... Al-Mahdi starts to get out of his chair and a hand reaches into the frame and pushes him back down. Hannibal focuses in on that hand... *

Just then, a security guard enters, looks at Hannibal. The longest SECOND in history. Both startled. *

The GUARD reaches in his tuxedo for a PISTOL, but Hannibal pulls him into the room by his gun hand. *

The Guard kicks out Hannibal's knee, dropping him. An elbow to the Guard's stomach bends him over. Hannibal slaps the GUN free and it skitters UNDER the equipment. *

CLOSE-IN FIGHTING. Hannibal springs to his feet. Trades vicious blows with the Guard, then snatches up the lap top and swings it like a baseball bat right into the guard's face. *Crack!* The Guard drops flat. Hannibal leaves quickly, locking the door behind. *

BACK TO THE COMMON ROOM

Face steps inside. Looks for Hannibal.

GRUSHKO

The bid is one hundred and twenty million euros. Do I have one-thirty?

A portly CHINESE BILLIONAIRE flicks his wrist.

GRUSHKO (CONT'D)
 (points to him)
 One hundred and thirty million Euros.

Face is sure SECURITY MEN are staring at him. He checks his watch anxiously. Hannibal appears alongside.

B.A. (O.S.)
 (two-way)
 Hannibal, a Russian patrol ship is hauling ass your way.

HANNIBAL
 (two-way)
 Board.

INTERCUT: B.A., ON BOW,

He can see a RUSSIAN NAVY BOAT speeding into view.

B.A.
 (calls to the cabin)
 Murdock! Sound the siren. Let them know we're boarding.

B.A. looks around. Murdock is not on the ship.

B.A. (CONT'D)
 Murdock?

He zeroes in on the spot where the two jet-skis were...
because one of them is now conspicuously gone.

BACK TO COMMON ROOM. Face keeps looking outside.

GRUSHKO
 (auction continues)
 The bid is one hundred and thirty million Euros. Do I have one-sixty? Anyone else? Once? Twice?

HANNIBAL
 (to Face)
 Buy it.

Face nods, raises a HAND.

GRUSHKO
 (points at Face)
 One hundred and sixty million Euros. Do I have one-eighty? Anyone? This is a bargain.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

GRUSHKO (CONT'D)

Once. Twice... The bidding is closed.
Bravo.

Grushko picks up the VASE and carries it to Face while the guests applaud. Places it in his arms.

GRUSHKO (CONT'D)

Of course, we need a bank confirmation.
If you'll come with me.

Grushko directs Face to a TABLE with a solid gold PHONE.
Hannibal acts like he's Face's assistant...

HANNIBAL

I'd use the Bahamian bank, sir. The
Swiss are so lethargic.

Face picks up the phone, trying to stall...

FACE

Did you bring my glasses, Reginald?

WIDEN, as the SIREN of the CUSTOMS BOAT, loud and shrill,
penetrates the room. The GUESTS are immediately freaked.

FACE (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

Grushko calmly signals a GUARD. Puts his hand on Face's
shoulder, pressing him into the seat.

GRUSHKO

We will handle it. Call.

Grushko has perfected a way of smiling that seems like a
death sentence.

COMING ALONGSIDE THE **GORKY**:

B.A. powers down the HSV, but not nearly enough. He slams
INTO the GANGWAY, caroms into the hull.

ON HANNIBAL, as the collision rocks the boat. Grushko
shouts something in Russian to his men.

The yacht's huge ENGINES suddenly kick up a strong wake.
The **Gorky** starts moving away from the CUSTOMS BOAT.

B.A.

(into two-way)

He's running for his Russian friends.

Hannibal can feel the boat moving.

GRUSHKO

Relax, ladies and gentlemen, we are simply adjusting our position.

A SECURITY GUARD appears. Whispers in Grushko's ear. His eyes are pure steel as they turn on Hannibal. Hannibal takes the VASE, hurls it across the ROOM. GUESTS scream. The GUARDS jump for it... too late.

The VASE explodes into SHARDS.

GRUSHKO (CONT'D)

What have you done?!

HANNIBAL

(announces)

It's the display vase from the museum. A fake. Our friend here was scamming his clients.

And the CLIENTS know now. They all grab their CELL PHONES, screaming for their private yachts.

Grushko reaches for a small, gold WALTHER HAND GUN. Hannibal's fist fires like a piston to his gut as the gun FIRES. Face pushes his way through the ensuing chaos...

ALONG THE RAIL.

Face sees the CHINOOK moving in. He calls LYNCH.

FACE

(on his phone)

It's a fake. I repeat the vase here is a fake.

INTERCUT: LYNCH - IN THE CHINOOK,

Skimming over the water towards the **GORKY**. SOSA watches the yacht in her FIELD GLASSES. LYNCH is putting a clip into his M16 as he hears Face's VOICE.

FACE

(over the intercom)

And right now it's in a million fake pieces.

Lynch shakes his head, pissed. The pressure getting to him...

*
*

LYNCH

(roars)

Goddammit!

(to Face)

(MORE)

*
*

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Okay... don't leave the colonel's side
till you locate the art.

(to Sosa)

Abort. Turn back...

Face keeps moving along the rail as he sees the CHINOOK
turn back.

FIND HANNIBAL. Looking for Face. A SECURITY GUARD
challenges him. Hannibal flips him over the rail.

INTERCUT: B.A., steering the HSV alongside the GORKY.

B.A.

(two-way)

Port side.

B.A. looks through field glasses. Ball of SMOKE from the
RUSSIAN SHIP. Delayed ECHO.

PUNCH WIDER. A 50 MM SHELL explodes close enough to the
HSV to shower B.A. with seawater.

Hannibal appears with FACE.

FACE

What the hell have we gotten into?

HANNIBAL

Right now... the water.

He spins Face into a full Nelson, and bulls him OVER THE
RAIL... They drop hard into the sea.

IN THE WATER - SAME TIME,

B.A. veers the HSV to Hannibal. Pulls him and Face inside.
Turns sharply away from the Gorky.

The HSV increases speed. Tries to out-run the Russian
ship... RUSSIAN GUNFIRE traces across the water in front of
them. B.A. turns the HSV sharply.

Just then The FLYING BOAT drops from the sky. Sending up a
wall of spray. Coasts alongside. HOLD OPENS.

MURDOCK, peers out.

MURDOCK

It's a boat, it's a plane... it's a party
on wings.

Hannibal leaps on the strut. Pulls Face inside.

Murdock runs to the cockpit. But B.A. is still on the launch.

HANNIBAL

Get on.

B.A. is frozen.

B.A.

Can't. Move.

The RUSSIANS are coming round for another attack.

FACE

Let him swim. Take off.

Hannibal looks at B.A., extends his hand.

HANNIBAL

Good luck, soldier.

B.A.

Thank you, sir.

B.A. clasps his hand into Hannibal's, but Hannibal locks on. B.A. realizes he isn't letting go... just as...

WIDEN. FLYING BOAT PICKS UP SPEED AND LIFTS OFF:

...Hannibal has B.A. dangling in the air, murder in his eyes.

Just as the RUSSIANS launch a shell. It EXPLODES, destroying the CUSTOMS BOAT in a huge fireball, right beneath B.A.'s feet.

Hannibal pulls B.A. in the rest of the way, where he just collapses on the plane's floor.

HANNIBAL

I just saved your life, sergeant. Yet, you look annoyed.

B.A. shuts his eyes...

B.A.

Don't talk to me.

ON GENERAL GARNER - FOB 'THUNDER' - DAY

He scurries in the shadow of a building. Choppers land and take off in the b.g.

GEN. GARNER
 (into mobile)
 So you almost died and ended up with
 nothing to show for it.

INTERCUT: FLYING BOAT (MOVING)

Hannibal in the cockpit beside Murdock.

HANNIBAL
 (into mobile)
 Oh, we got something. ... a shadow on a
 wall. Holding a gun on Dr. Al-Mahdi. A
 Special Forces soldier.

GEN. GARNER
 All our men are at war.

HANNIBAL
 Not the ones who carry custom-made M-
 16a's...

FLASHBACK: SILHOUETTE BEHIND AL-MAHDI,

The outline of an M16A...

HANNIBAL
 And have Green Lake insignia's on their
 sleeves...

FLASHBACK: THAT HAND PUSHING AL-MAHDI DOWN... now we ZOOM
 IN CLOSER and can see a tiny "GLS" sewn into the cuff. We
 didn't notice it before, but Hannibal sure did.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
 I'm going straight to Green Lake.

GEN. GARNER
 Dangerous move, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL
 If I find Al-Mahdi, I find the museum
 artifacts.

Garner blows out a deep breath... then...

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
 I know they run security for the Dubai
 Tower. Biggest in the world.

GEN. GARNER
 It's a fortress, Hannibal... a well-
 funded, well-protected death trap.
 (MORE)

GEN. GARNER (CONT'D)

You can't do it alone. Do you have an
"A" level team?

*
*

Hannibal turns and looks around the plane. ... INTO POV:
B.A. with his eyes shut. FACE, brushing his mussed hair.
And MURDOCK, swatting wildly around his head at imaginary
bugs...

Hannibal just shakes his head.

HANNIBAL

(back to Garner)

I definitely have a team.

*

DISSOLVE:

INT. SOSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Sosa is watching her PRINTER spew out typed pages. The
DOOR OPENS. LYNCH, steps in. He's brought a file folder
in and sets them on her desk.

She flips through the files...

SOSA

Sir, you didn't sign these reports.

LYNCH

Just sign for me.

SOSA

Yes, sir. But... well, this is a paper
trail. Literally.

LYNCH

Means go away when the ends are good.

(then, a smile)

I've got everyone at the Pentagon and
half of Congress calling for some sort of
symbol we can show the world that we
actually give a damn about these people
we're liberating. I guarantee they don't
care how we recover the artifacts, just
that we do it.

SOSA

Yes, sir. Also... um... you said I'd be
given more responsibility...

*
*

LYNCH

Colonel Smith broke out so that he could
off-load those goods... we stay close and
he'll lead us right to them.

(beat)

(MORE)

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Check in with Peck. That is your responsibility.

*
*

SOSA

Yes, sir. Bur I'd like to talk about the direction...

*
*

But he's already walking away, not interested...

*

CLOSE ON B.A.:

As his eyes flicker AWAKE. He sits up...

WIDEN. A small, dumpy BEDROOM. Curtains closed. Dark. Hears a VOICE from behind a SLIDING DOOR. B.A. stands up. Listens.

FACE

(whispered, intense)

I'm saying I want to set some things straight. In person.

B.A. opens the door. Steps onto a wrap-around BALCONY. Sunlight almost blinding. FACE snaps his cell phone shut.

CARD: DUBAI - UNITED ARAB EMIRATES

A MOTEL on the outskirts of a smog enshrouded CITY.

B.A.

Who were you talking to?

FACE

(challenging)

My mother.

B.A. looks at him for a long second, then...

FACE (CONT'D)

You want to say something?

B.A.

I don't make cracks about people's mothers.

MURDOCK

Is that another commandment?

He looks over to see Murdock is perched like a bird on the railing to the deck.

B.A.

It should be.

Just then, Hannibal steps out on the porch...

B.A. (CONT'D)

Where are we now and what are we doing here, sir?

Hannibal walks to the rail. Points. The others join him looking out at...

POV: LONG SHOT - DUBAI TOWER

Even at this distance the tower looms over the city. United Arab Emirates' contestant for the tallest structure on the planet.

MATCH CUT:

DUBAI TOWER:

Only this time we're looking UP at it from the STREET. Miles of glass WINDOWS. WIND howls around it. The team walks by and disappears inside...

INT. A MCDONALDS - MOMENTS LATER

Hannibal, Murdock, Face and B.A. at a TABLE. Hannibal sets down the TRAY and stacks HAMBURGERS into a tower.

HANNIBAL

Green Lake occupies floors 102 through 104. They use internal Wi-Fi to link the offices. But one office has a separate secure system.

(finger on his tower)

Here. Classified information. A guard stays on the steel door, 24/7. Ex-Special Forces. Required to sweep the room for bugs every five minutes. And there's always a suit on the desk. That's two we have to handle.

(to B.A.)

How long would you need access to get into these files?

B.A.

After I'm locked on? Four, five minutes. But I'd have to be close.

HANNIBAL

How close?

B.A.

On the business side of that steel door
with a relay link to the outside of the
building.

FACE

What are you going to do, Colonel? Walk
right in and ring the bell?

Hannibal grabs a handful of fries, smiles.

HANNIBAL

Green Lake wants me. They can have me.

ELIZABETH (38):

Refined, Yankee features. Dashes in from her garden to
catch the KITCHEN phone. Sprawling, designer house.

ELIZABETH

Hello?

INTERCUT: CLOSE ON HANNIBAL,

Taken back. Her VOICE freezes him.

ELIZABETH

Who is this?

WIDEN. EXT. DUBAI - STREET - DAY

Hannibal tries to remember why this seemed a good idea.

HANNIBAL

Don't hang up, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's face goes through a series of emotions:
recognition, wonder, rattled, pissed off.

ELIZABETH

Jesus. Hannibal?

HANNIBAL

What's it been, six years?

She looks through a picture window. A MAN, chinos,
docksiders, plays with TWO small BOYS.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(unraveled)

I can't talk to you.

HANNIBAL

Great to hear your voice.

Awkward, then.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I need a favor.

ELIZABETH

Friends ask for favors.

HANNIBAL

We weren't friends?

ELIZABETH

We were married. But friends? I never received that honor.

On shaky ground, he tries another tack.

HANNIBAL

How's your son?

ELIZABETH

Sons. Three of them.

Another shock.

HANNIBAL

Really. Wow. That's, well, must be a lot of work for you.

ELIZABETH

Arthur always takes paternity leave. To be here for me. Everyday.

HANNIBAL

Is that the good part or the bad part?

She just waits...

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I'm happy for you Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's voice softens.

ELIZABETH

I'm happy, too.

HANNIBAL

Hey, question.

Lousy transition, and he knows it.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

What's the chance of you sending a FAX for me? On your personal bank stationery? To Dubai?

ELIZABETH

You don't care how I am.

HANNIBAL

You're reacting like a cynic.

ELIZABETH

I had a good teacher. Good-bye,
Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Wait. Please, Elizabeth. I really need
your help.

He's waiting, waiting, waiting... and before we hear her
answer, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT - DUBAI TOWER - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

OFFICE WORKERS, SHOPPERS move in and out. UAE FEDERAL
POLICE keep traffic moving.

A VAN stops. B.A. drives. DOOR OPENS. MURDOCK steps out.
Suit, tie, maybe a little dishevelled. Briefcase.

He looks at the entrance, stops. Swallows hard.

HANNIBAL

What's the problem, Captain?

MURDOCK

I... uh... heh-heh... it's nothing.

They watch Murdock stride towards the entrance.

B.A.

Only one reason why people pretend to be
shit-bird crazy. 'Cause they scared to
go into battle.

HANNIBAL

He doesn't seem scared to me.

B.A.

Then you got no clue what he's gonna do.

HANNIBAL

That's right. And neither do they.

INT. DUBAI TOWER - LOBBY

Sprawling, gleaming. A tasteful SECURITY CHECK POINT run by UAE POLICE. Black goatees. Professional.

Murdock freezes. He has to pass his BRIEFCASE through a METAL DETECTOR.

He wipes sweat from his cheek. Steps through. Closes his eyes as the BRIEFCASE glides through.

Nothing set off. A particularly large UAE GUARD watches Murdock intently. All the way to the ELEVATORS.

AT THE ELEVATORS,

Murdock waits in a crowd. Seems like forever. Finally, DOORS OPEN. Everyone else steps ON. Murdock is left alone. Appears like he's going to implode.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)

(two-way)

On your way up, captain?

Murdock steps ON. Just as DOORS CLOSE...

REVERSE ANGLE. HANNIBAL, passing through the METAL DETECTORS. Under the fierce gaze of the UAE GUARDS.

Hannibal continues to an ELEVATOR. Steps ON.

ON THE ELEVATOR,

Packed. Hannibal looks UP. A SECURITY CAMERA is set inside the ceiling.

MATCH TO FISH EYE SHOT OF HANNIBAL. Staring at the SECURITY CAMERA. We can HEAR the *clicking* sounds of a DIGITAL PHOTO rendered.

HANNIBAL

Okay, they got me.

PUNCH: GREEN LAKE. SECURITY AREA. A computer MONITOR. HANNIBAL'S PHOTO appears. Matched against one in the FILES.

CLOSER: AN ARMY PHOTO OF HANNIBAL SUPERIMPOSED.

A low BEEP brings over a GUARD (34, ex-Ranger, Okie accent). He looks at Hannibal's PHOTO. Calls over the SECURITY SUIT (call him DANIELS).

OKIE GUARD

We got a match. It's flagged.

DANIELS

Call Pike. I'm gonna make a sweep.

The Okie picks up a phone...

INT. HELICOPTOR - SAME TIME

Pike sits in the front of a helicopter traveling over Dubai. He gets the call over his headset and clicks it through...

PIKE

This is Pike.

(he listens,
incredulous)

Hannibal Smith is in the tower!?

IN THE SKY, the helicopter makes a sharp bank and heads for the massive tower in the distance...

INT. GREEN LAKE SECURITY - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Sprawling, busy. Large art-directed POSTERS flaunt Green Lake's services. Saving the world. A pretty European RECEPTIONIST, at a desk, suddenly notices MURDOCK, looking around.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

Murdock adjusts his tie.

MURDOCK

(mumbles)

I, um... need to... see someone. It's very... important.

The Receptionist touches a SECURITY ALERT on her desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment, sir?

Murdock's eyes widen.

MURDOCK

Yes. I believe I do. I mean, I think I do.

INTERCUT: B.A. AND FACE. Parked on a SIDE STREET just OUTSIDE the TOWER. They HEAR it all.

B.A.
(two-way)
He's the Titanic, Hannibal.

FACE
(two-way)
We're all going down.

TO HANNIBAL. Stepping OFF the ELEVATOR on ANOTHER FLOOR.

HANNIBAL
(two-way)
Give him a chance.

BACK TO MURDOCK. Daniels appears.

DANIELS
Can I see ID, sir?

MURDOCK
I don't understand. Don't you know who I am?

Daniels puts his hand firmly on Murdock's elbow.

DANIELS
Come with me.

Murdock is losing his nerve fast. His mouth suddenly dry as sand. Voice trembling.

MURDOCK
I'm Edward Althorp. I'm expected.

Daniels starts to pull Murdock along. Away from the public spaces.

TO HANNIBAL. Listening in. Stops at a STAIRWAY DOOR.

BACK TO MURDOCK. Dragged around corners, far into the back by Daniels. Daniels punches a KEYPAD at the STEEL SECURITY DOOR. Pulls Murdock INSIDE...

IN THE SECURITY AREA,

Daniels sets Murdock in a seat. Turns a chair facing him.

DANIELS
I want to know who you are. And I want the truth.

Murdock blinks. What a time to be perfectly sane. Knowing he's going to fail.

MURDOCK

I'm... Edward... Althorp. I'm... expected.

Daniels smirks.

DANIELS

Well this is going to be fun...

He gets up and takes off his jacket, cracks a knuckle, and right then...

STEEL DOOR OPENS again. A handsome WOMAN (ARCHER, 40's, business suit, frosted hair) pops through.

ARCHER

(out of breath)

Mr. Althorp?

Murdock's eyes slowly focus on her.

MURDOCK

Yes.

She shoots a disapproving grimace at Daniels.

ARCHER

(embarrassed)

I'm Ms. Archer. We just received your FAX. I'm so sorry. A big misunderstanding.

Daniels senses he's in deep shit.

DANIELS

I guess I didn't understand... who you were, are,...

Murdock jumps to his feet. The 'character' flooding into his being. As it often does. He erupts in a torrent of words.

MURDOCK

(strong Boston accent)

MIT. Discrete Probability Distribution in Information Systems. Getting by on sixty K. Who can live on sixty K? Patches on the patches on my tweed jackets. Six floor walk up in Brookline. Burning rent. Next thing I know, he's in my office. Couldn't remember his name.

(MORE)

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

I have so many former students. He's at the Pentagon. Said they used my system for security. Wanted to outsource work to my company. I *did* have a company, didn't I? All I had was a Honda Civic. Said my first contract was small. A hundred million. ... Four years later, we go public. Now the numbers all start with a 'B'. And I need to outsource my outsource work. That's why I came to Green Lake. I thought I'd be treated with respect.

Daniels has shriveled.

ARCHER

I'm setting up the meeting now, sir. In the meantime, Mr. Daniels will bring you tea.

MURDOCK

That'll be fine.

They both leave. Murdock waits, opens his BRIEFCASE. Takes out a WIRELESS RADIO RELAY. Peels off sticky-strips. Sets it on the wall behind a CABINET.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

(two-way)

The tap is open.

IN A HALLWAY:

Hannibal hurries through the FIRE DOOR and reaches the next landing. The first thing he sees is a 9mm pointing at his face. The OKIE GUARD throws him against the wall.

HANNIBAL

(acting befuddled)

I think I'm lost.

OKIE GUARD

Shut up.

OKIE bends Hannibal's arms back. Ties on plastic CUFFS.

EXT. DUBAI TOWER - HELIPAD - MOMENTS LATER

One of many TOWER DECKS. The guard has to use a SECURITY CARD to get them out there. Hannibal is shoved outside toward a railing.

HANNIBAL

Are we going somewhere?

Hannibal back to the railing where he slips a small disc the size of a quarter from his pocket. He sticks it to the railing...

OKIE GUARD

Short chopper ride over to Kuwait. Ever see what happens to a body in the desert? No need to bury it. After a day or two, it's gone. Even the bones.

IN THE VAN, B.A.'s laptop lights up, connected. But the signal is weak.

B.A.

I gotta get closer.

He jumps out of the van with a BACKPACK. Looks around. Raises an ANTENNA in the pack. Attached to a small HARD DRIVE. Face slides behind the wheel.

B.A. (CONT'D)

(looks back at Face)

Five minutes.

FACE

I'll be here.

B.A. heads for the LOBBY. As soon as B.A. is gone, Face slams the gas pedal. Rockets away.

INTERCUT: DUBAI - UPSCALE BAR - SAME TIME

Could be Aspen or Acapulco. The universal kingdom of Cosmopolitans and flavored martinis.

FIND FACE. AT A TABLE. LOOKING SMUG.

Turns his head to find LYNCH, who sits on one side. SOSA, the other.

LYNCH

Did they scam Green Lake?

Face smiles at Sosa. He can't help it. She's cute.

FACE

We need to go over a few things first.

Grabs a WAITER.

FACE (CONT'D)

Vodka gimlet. Rocks. Fresh lime juice.

(to Sosa)

And for the lovely lady?

LYNCH
 (to Waiter)
 Disappear.

He does, quickly. Face turns to Lynch, his smile disappearing too.

FACE
 New deal. Here's what I need. New identity. Seychelles, Greece, any tropic will do. Monthly stipend, goes without saying. I won't be piggy, but I have standards.

Sosa drops a FILE on the bar. FACE'S NAME on it.

SOSA
 Trading stolen military equipment, smuggling, conspiracy. That's an easy ten years.

FACE
 You knew all that before we made a deal and you let them escape prison. Plus you don't have your art. Obviously, your careers are pinned to finding both the escapees and the goods or you would've taken the Colonel already. I know bullshit better than anyone, remember that.

Lynch eyes him like he's the scum on the bottom of his shoe. Finally...

LYNCH
 We believe Colonel Smith is going to use Green Lake planes to move the art. I want you to stay close to him. Do not let him ditch you.

FACE
 No problem.

LYNCH
 You sure?

FACE
 I'm on it.

LYNCH
 Good. Then pass me the salt.

Face does... and when he reaches over...

Suddenly, Lynch pulls out a NEEDLE GUN, and pops it into Face's wrist, inserting an electronic MONITORING DEVICE. It raises a small BUMP on the skin.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

When they show you the art, press this once. We'll find you.

FACE

You could've just given me a damn cell phone.

LYNCH

If you've got one dying breath... it'll take less energy to press the button.

FACE stands, trying to think of something to say. Fuck it. He leaves.

SOSA

(waits, then)

I don't trust him. We're leaving too much to his discretion. I should follow him.

*
*
*

Lynch eyes her...

*

LYNCH

He finds you doubling him, that means you're out to dry.

*
*
*

SOSA

Sir?

*
*

LYNCH

I need this, Lieutenant Sosa.

*
*

Collects himself, whispers... eyes hot.

*

LYNCH (CONT'D)

This has been a black mark on my head. If you do something to take this mission down, I will not be there to wipe your nose and hold your hand. Do I make myself clear?

*
*
*
*
*
*

SOSA

I'm doing this for the good of the mission, sir.

*
*
*

Lynch measures her...

*

LYNCH

Then go if you're going.

*
*

PUNCH TO:

B.A., striding out of the TOWER LOBBY, into daylight.
Squints, shields his eyes with his hand.

No sign of Face.

B.A.

(two-way)

Hannibal? Peck ain't here.

(no response)

Hannibal? Colonel?... Sir? Shit...

*

FIND MURDOCK:

Feet up in a private ROOM. Sipping tea. Munching cookies.
Daniels walks in sheepishly. A jar with Arab script in his
hand.

DANIELS

They only have local honey.

MURDOCK

(stares)

But I said, 'Tupelo honey.' Tupelo is
local only in Mississippi.

Daniels' radio buzzes. He listens for a second...

DANIELS

I'll be right there.

He turns and walks out. MURDOCK looks at the door,
thinking...

ON THE LANDING PAD:

Hannibal stares out across the city. In the distance,
Pike's helicopter can be seen bee-lining for the
building...

OKIE GUARD

There's your ride.

HANNIBAL

Let me guess...

OKIE GUARD

Guess what?

HANNIBAL

Your accent. It's too little of a drawl to be Texan... and there's just a hint of Cherokee... I'm gonna say northern Oklahoma...

The guard breaks into a smile...

OKIE GUARD

Stillwater.

HANNIBAL

I thought...

Before he finishes the sentence, Hannibal launches and headbutts the Okie with a sickening crack. Okie falls, stunned. One kick to the chin, and he's out cold.

Hannibal kneels. Stretches the cuffs to reach the Okie's KNIFE. Starts to cut himself free.

Just then, he sees Daniels appear with a Pistol. BANG! The gun FIRES...

...wildly. RACK FOCUS. MURDOCK stand behind Daniels. Used his briefcase like a club.

MURDOCK

I said Tupelo Honey!

Hannibal just looks at him like he's a loon.

IN THE HELICOPTER:

Pike sees his two guards down on the landing pad.

PIKE

Shit! Take me down!

CLOSE ON A ROW OF NUMBERS:

The list GROWS before our eyes. INTO FRAME. A FINGER, taps a screen.

B.A.

Flight plans. There. Coordinates. Find that air strip and we find their desert base.

WIDEN: EXT. DUBAI - STREET - DAY

HANNIBAL and MURDOCK lean over B.A., on a bench, lap top balanced on his knees. DOWNLOADING from his mini-hard drive. The TOWER in the b.g.

B.A.
(bringing up a new screen)
What's this? Whoa.

ON SCREEN. ROWS OF SIXTEEN DIGIT NUMBERS. Moving incredibly fast.

HANNIBAL
Those are routing numbers. They're moving money.

B.A.
Moving it? Looks more like ping-pong.

B.A. keeps scrolling through DOWNLOADS.

B.A. (CONT'D)
Check this out. They're throwing an anniversary party for themselves. Texas barbecue at their desert compound. Flying in live bands. Cocky suckers.

SCREEN goes DARK.

B.A. (CONT'D)
That's everything.

MURDOCK
Where's Lieutenant Peck? *

B.A.
No sign of him.

FACE (O.S.)
(suddenly; over two-way)
The local cops were following the van. I parked it in a lot and took a hike. I'm just a few blocks away.

HANNIBAL
Tell us where you are. We'll come to you.

INTERCUT: STREET - SAME TIME

FACE moves down on a crowded sidewalk. Looks at a row of stores: Dior, Hermes, Cavalli.

FACE

All these places look the same. Um, it says...

(a courtyard arch)

Burjuman Center.

HANNIBAL (O.S.)

(two-way)

Don't move.

PULL BACK - SOMEONE IS WATCHING FACE

From across the street. We assume it's SOSA... NEW ANGLE. But SOSA appears down the block on the other side of the street.

REVERSE AND REVEAL

PIKE, with a silenced SNIPER RIFLE, SCOPE. Perched on the top of a PARKING GARAGE. Waiting for Hannibal.

SOSA lets a BUS by, darting across in its cover.

FIND LYNCH:

In a SEDAN, parked around the corner.

LYNCH

(into two-way)

Has he made contact with Smith yet?

SOSA (O.S.)

(two-way)

I don't see him.

SEDAN DOOR OPENS. HANNIBAL sits next to Lynch.

HANNIBAL

He's actually pretty close.

Hannibal punches Lynch in the ribs. Takes his GUN.

LYNCH

You're insane.

HANNIBAL

That'd be Murdock.

Strips OFF his EAR PIECE. Pops the WIRE. Takes his CUFFS.
Locks his wrists inside/out on the STEERING WHEEL.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I didn't steal anything. Green Lake Security. That's who you should be checking out.

LYNCH

(in a fury)

Do you think I didn't do my job? I investigated Green Lake. They lost four men. Every bit of evidence points to you.

HANNIBAL

Send a CID team to search their base in Kuwait.

LYNCH

You were found guilty by a military court and even had one of your own testify against you.

HANNIBAL

We were the A-Team.

LYNCH

I don't know what that...

HANNIBAL

It's combat slang. We were the scapegoats, the fall guys for every overconfident military mistake the army made on the road to Baghdad.

He locks eyes with Lynch.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Now some soldiers might just take their medicine and say that's just the army, shit rolls downhill, but it's not the army I believe in. I believe if a man can prove his innocence than he should do it or die trying. And I don't plan on dying.

(beat)

Where is it?

LYNCH

Where's what?

HANNIBAL

A guy like you. I know you're still carrying it...

He pats down Lynch until he stops on his front pocket... Hannibal quickly unbuttons it and withdraws his Special Forces pin.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I told you I'd come back for this.

With that, he puts the sedan in 'D'. Jumps out as the car lurches forward. Lynch can't reach the wheel.

LYNCH

Goddammit!

He slams into a CAR, jamming the street.

BACK TO FACE:

Sosa is still on his tail. He looks up to see the sedan CRASH. That's weird...

...and suddenly MURDOCK and B.A. are walking with him.

FACE

Where's Hannibal?

B.A.

You're being followed.

B.A. takes Face's arm and ducks him between two buildings. Sosa hustles to catch up. Just as she pops around the building, B.A. is waiting for her, and grabs her.

SOSA

Get off me!

Face looks up. Sees a glint of LIGHT from the PARKING ROOF.

ON THE PARKING GARAGE:

Pike FIRES.

INTO FRAME. Face slams them all to the ground. The high-powered BULLET smashes an ARMANI STORE WINDOW. Glass SHATTERS. B.A. shields her.

AT THE CURB. HANNIBAL appears with the VAN. Throws open the side DOOR. They all leap inside and take off, B.A. at the wheel.

INT. VAN (MOVING)

Face and Murdock set Sosa on the back bench.

HANNIBAL

See him?

B.A. checks the mirrors.

B.A.

No.

Groggy, Sosa sill tries to pull her gun. Hannibal reaches back and grabs her wrist. The car swerves.

HANNIBAL

(to B.A.)

Do you mind?

SOSA

You're all under arrest.

Murdock presses a handkerchief to her cut.

MURDOCK

It's okay. I'm a doctor.

EXT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

B.A. takes a DIET COKE from a vending machine by the elevator. Walks over to the VAN.

INSIDE. B.A. pops the can for SOSA.

B.A.

My sisters live on diet soda.

SOSA

Their brother lives on larceny.

She sips it anyway. Hannibal sits beside her.

HANNIBAL

Okay, I'll give you a choice. You can walk away.

SOSA

Good-bye.

B.A.

Wait for the other choice.

HANNIBAL

Or you can help us. You know we didn't shoot at you from the rooftops.

SOSA

He wasn't shooting at me.

HANNIBAL

Fine. But Lynch just told me that Green Lake checked out clean. Do you really believe that? And why is everyone at Green Lake so keen on killing us if they don't have their hands in the jar.

*
*
*

She just stares at him... thinking. Hannibal sees his opening.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Twenty-four hours, that's all I want. And if I can't prove to you that Green Lake framed us, we'll turn ourselves in.

B.A.

Not me.

FACE

No way.

MURDOCK

What was the question?

HANNIBAL

All of us.

Sosa looks at Face. Figures there's two of them to con Hannibal now.

SOSA

All right. I have nothing to lose. What's your plan?

*

HANNIBAL

It involves you.

DISSOLVE TO:

*

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN ROAD - DAWN

*

Hannibal, Face, B.A., Murdock, and Sosa all head down a dirty, wind-swept road just as the sun is coming up on the horizon. They look like bad-asses, and like... well... a team.

*

*

*

*

They crest...

*

A HILL:

...and find themselves looking down on the sprawling mess
in the desert that is Dubai, and the airport.

HANNIBAL

If we don't make it, if we don't find the
goods before they fence 'em or find
something that ties Green Lake to the
museum heist, then this window closes
forever.

SOSA

My amnesty clock is ticking.

B.A.

We have to find it. They ain't dragging
me back to jail. Not for something I
didn't do.

Face eyes B.A., looks down at that welt on his wrist.

FACE

You guys ready?

MURDOCK

Ready steady like my cousin Eddie.

Everyone looks at Murdock, but he's just staring ahead,
like he's focused on the mission at hand.

HANNIBAL

All right then... let's show them why
they fucked with the wrong soldiers.

With that, they head toward the airport...

DUBAI INTERNATIONAL - BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

MURDOCK and FACE, in a crowd of PASSENGERS. Long,
international flight. Loud BEEP. BAGS start coming round.

A curvy FEMALE COUNTRY SINGER, dozing on a hand cart.
Lanky MUSICIAN, cowboy-ed up, expensive boots, hat. FACE
looks across at... SOSA, sizing up the girl.

FACE

(walks up to COWBOY)
Tough flight?

COWBOY MUSICIAN

Tougher than a one-eared alley cat.

The cowgirl gives Face a once-over.

FEMALE SINGER

You from the tour company, sugar?

FACE

There's a whole army of lonely guys waiting to hear some real country & western.

COWBOY MUSICIAN

Well, shit, padner... that's why we came half way round the world.

FACE

Here's your driver.

B.A. appears. The cowgirl reaches for a bulging suitcase. B.A. beats her to it.

B.A.

Let me get that. You got to be careful. You're not in America anymore.

Face hooks the cowgirl's arm.

FACE

We'll take good care of y'all.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY AIRPORT - TERMINAL - LATER

A VAN at the curb. GREEN LAKE logo. The DRIVER, ex-Ranger, hops out... as a COWBOY and COWGIRL exit: He's tall, skinny. Dark glasses. Unshaven. Very Hank Williams, Jr. She's a dark-haired Tejana, sultry eyes.

CLOSER. The cowpokes are MURDOCK and SOSA.

DRIVER

And I was afraid I wouldn't spot you.

He hands them blindfolds...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I can't let you see where you're going till we get there.

Murdock encourages Sosa with a look.

SOSA

Honey, you can put a bag over my head, as long as the road ends with a warm shower and plenty of Bourbon.

Murdock stares at her, like he's smitten.

REVERSE: ANOTHER VAN,

B.A. and Hannibal watch them leave. Face hops in, lugging a heavy trunk. Slams door closed. B.A. pulls out.

FACE

It took a few phone calls. And declaring personal bankruptcy. But I got everything.

B.A. speeds after the Green Lake van.

AERIAL OVER - GREEN LAKE COMPOUND - KUWAIT - NIGHT

A secret base in the KUWAIT DESERT. Hidden in ROCKY HILLS. A HERD of desert GOATS passes like shadows.

A private army within the private army.

VARIOUS SHOTS: GREEN LAKE BASE - NIGHT

QUONSET HUTS. BARRACKS. A black-topped LOT with ARMORED VEHICLES, DPV's (DESERT PATROL VEHICLES), GRIZZLIES. M1A1 ABRAMS TANKS...

And behind the buildings, a LANDING STRIP.

ANGLE - AN OUTDOOR STAGE,

Rock concert caliber. LIT UP by tall LIGHT TOWERS. And a C&W party. Long GRILLS serving barbecue to Green Lake SOLDIERS. All CONTRACTORS. All ex-Army.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - CLOSE ON MURDOCK

Feet propped on an AMP. Chatting up the STAGE MANAGER.

MURDOCK

I've backed most of the ladies. Reba, Shania, LeAnn, Wynnona... but this gal's something special. Reminds me of Emmy Lou when I first met her at Willie's ranch. Not that I remember much of it. You know Willie...

STAGE MANAGER

Where is she? We need a sound check.

MURDOCK

You don't want to push these tejana gals.
What a temper. Same ritual, every show.
Hair first. Major construction. Then
vocal exercises, you know, oo-oo, ee-ee,
aa-aa.

Murdock picks up his GUITAR.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

In the meantime, I'll plug in.

PUSH INSIDE GUITAR. A COMPUTER BOARD, soldered where the
pick up should be. SIX RED LIGHTS. Blink in succession.

EXT. GREEN LAKE BASE - OPPOSITE SIDE - SAME TIME

SOSA, moves along the perimeter. Costume glitters with
spangles. Passing by flat-roofed WAREHOUSES.

PULL BACK INTO POV: HANNIBAL and FACE, in the rocks,
quarter mile away. Hannibal sites SOSA in an INFRARED
SCOPE on his tri-pod mounted BARRETT SNIPER RIFLE.

While B.A. disperses Face's trunk into 80 lb. packs,
Hannibal follows Sosa to a WAREHOUSE WINDOW.

HANNIBAL

(into two-way)

Hold the unit to the window.

SOSA takes off her hat. Lifts an tiny CAMERA on a snake
cord UP to the WINDOW.

BACK TO HANNIBAL, watching the image on a 4x4 MONITOR.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Just supplies... Go on to the next one.

SOSA turns for the next warehouse. Notices a ROAD, at the
rear of the base. To a distant WAREHOUSE. Half mile away.

SOSA

Can you see that?

She holds the CAMERA UP... BACK TO HANNIBAL, studying the
MONITOR. Turns his SNIPER SCOPE on the road. ZOOMS IN...
TIRE TRACKS.

HANNIBAL

(in two-way)

Takes eighteen wheels to make tracks like
those.

SOSA
 (two-way)
 I'll take a peek.

Hannibal is caught off guard.

HANNIBAL
 (two-way)
No. Go back. That's an order.

SOSA
 Sorry, you're not in my chain of command.

HANNIBAL
 Goddammit.

SOSA jogs down the road. Hannibal HEARS her YELP. OUT OF THE DARK. A GREEN LAKE GUARD, snags her wrist.

GUARD
 You're in big trouble, sweetie.

HANNIBAL fixes the GUARD in his BARRETT RIFLE.

SOSA
 (trying to stay calm)
 Did I do something wrong, sugar?

GUARD
 You were supposed to be on stage five minutes ago.

He smiles, leads her away... BACK TO HANNIBAL. Lowers the rifle. Checks his watch. Looks at Face.

HANNIBAL
 Let's move.

Each one grabs a pack.

ON THE CAMP PERIMETER - MOMENTS LATER,

B.A. plugs in a LOOP WAND with an ELECTROMAGNETIC pulse. Waves it. BURST of STATIC register on his gauge.

B.A.
 Motion detectors. I can short it for about ten seconds. Assuming this surge bar works.

FACE
 It'll work.

B.A.
How do you know?

FACE
'Cause the General I grifted always
commissions the good shit.

Face turns UP the wattage and the wand *crackles*.

FACE (CONT'D)
Go.

WIDEN. They scamper across the perimeter. Race to the
cover of GROUND FUEL TANKS. Hannibal aims his SCOPE.

INTO POV: THE ISOLATED WAREHOUSE. No Guards.

HANNIBAL
Looks clear.

No one moves.

B.A.
Shouldn't be clear.

Now what.

HANNIBAL
Well, we either caught a lucky break,
or...
(beat)
We found it.

B.A. and Hannibal move off toward the WAREHOUSE as Face
slides his hand to the MONITOR, under his skin. Press.
Faintest *click*, he triggers it, then runs after them.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT - THREE BLACKHAWKS

Wait in darkness. LYNCH, in the ONE CHOPPER, watches his
ON BOARD GPS start *BEEPING*. Lynch locks in the location.

LYNCH
(to his PILOT)
He found it. Move out.

WIDEN. THREE CHOPPERS rise, in formation.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GREEN LAKE BASE - NIGHT

B.A. steps INTO FRAME. Hannibal and Face behind. It's the
size of a football field, and empty.

They cross to the far side. Cinder BLOCK WALL. Hannibal runs his hand over it.

HANNIBAL

You ever hear of Browning?

B.A.

The rifle?

HANNIBAL

The poet.

Hannibal is studying the wall.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

He wrote one for a sick boy, called it *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. It focused on a mountain wall, which could magically close over everything precious.

He taps the wall... listening.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Trapping them inside, forever.

B.A.

You think this Browning fella ever head of Sementex?

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

BAND rolling into a MUSICAL INTRO. GREEN LAKE SOLDIERS, stand, clapping in UNISON. Rebel yells, *howls*. ... MURDOCK strums his guitar. Beaming at the crowd.

INTERCUT: MIXING BOARD, TWO TECHIES. ONE hears Murdock's guitar, isolated in his head phones. It sounds terrible.

ONE TECHIE

(to his partner)

He's kidding, right?

WIDEN. SPOTLIGHT HITS SOSA, strutting on stage. Fringed mini-skirt, red boots, spangled *bustier*. Throws a kiss. Steps to the mike.

SOSA

Y'all ready for this?

The ROAR back is animal.

SOSA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Man, I feel like woman!

Has a human VOICE ever been more off key? Sosa seems oblivious...

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

B.A. triggers the TIMER. Runs back with Hannibal. Beat... SEMTEX rips a HOLE in the wall. Well, more than a hole. More than they wanted. By a lot.

B.A.
(coughing from dust)
A little heavy?

The CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HANNIBAL, worried...

HANNIBAL
Yeah.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME TIME

PIKE, monitoring the show. A tilt of his head. HEARS the low ECHO of an explosion. Quick shake of the ground.

Pike signals his ex-SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS, already reaching for guns.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Hannibal, B.A., and Face hurry through to a large, windowless SPACE. Hannibal shines his light. Empty.

B.A.
They moved it.

Hannibal shakes his head... rocks on his feet.

HANNIBAL
The floor. Hydraulics.

He scans the wall with his light. POWER BOX, in the corner. Hannibal pulls a large LEVER.

The FLOOR begins to shimmy, then DROP. A LIGHT appears BELOW and the floor jolts to a STOP.

WIDEN. UNDERGROUND GARAGE,

Vast space. A dozen 18 WHEELERS, in formation. Facing a RAMP, to a rear passage. COT, BASIN, by the wall.

Standing in a dusty suit is DR. AL-MAHDI. Chained by his foot to the wall. By a COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM. COMPUTERS, MONITORS, VIDEO.

DR. AL-MAHDI

(blinks, then)

Have they captured you, too, colonel?

HANNIBAL

Hell, we just captured them. Turn your head, professor.

Al-Mahdi looks away. Hannibal uses an iron rod to pop the chain from his foot.

DR. AL-MAHDI

They sold some of the art. But most of it is here.

He opens a TRUCK and we see the MUSEUM ARTIFACTS. Packed in bubble wrap, for shipping.

Al-Mahdi unwraps a small package revealing the real GOLDEN VASE. Rather than shining gold, it's actually more dented metal. But something about that makes it more majestic.

Al-Mahdi holds it like a newborn.

FACE

I'll go watch the flank.

Hannibal nods and Face takes off.

Hannibal walks deeper in the garage and finds A PREDATOR DRONE. A ground-controlled, unmanned vehicle. About the size of a small car.

And just then it hits him...

HANNIBAL

I saw it.

FLASHBACK: HANNIBAL, on the ground in front of the museum. A SHADOW ripples past.

Now we see what really happened: Hannibal is knocked to the ground as GREEN LAKE MEN set off MORTARS.. One RIG moves out and a SECOND RIG driven in by GREEN LAKE MEN.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Green Lake attacked us as a diversion. They even killed some of their own men to make it look better.

B.A.
They're armed like their own country.

HANNIBAL
They are their own country.

BARRACKS - GENERAL GARNER - MOMENTS LATER

Steps from the shower to pick up a call.

HANNIBAL
Operation 'Friends of Liberty' is back
on.

General Garner sits down.

GEN. GARNER
You found the stolen art?

Hannibal looks over the artifacts.

HANNIBAL
A whole museum's worth.

GEN. GARNER
Can you get it out?

B.A. catches Hannibal's attention, puts a finger over his
lips like *Shhhh*. Points UP.

HANNIBAL
(quickly)
I'm texting coordinates. Send a Ranger
platoon to meet me.

Hannibal clicks off as the LIFT begins to RISE. He shows
B.A. TEN FINGERS. *Huh?* Then B.A. nods, thumbs up. Opens
his pack. Takes out a WIRE SPOOL.

EXT. STAGE - SAME TIME

SOSA, at the mike. No matter how good she looks, her
singing is now getting catcalls.

SOSA
*The girls need a break tonight / we're
gonna take the chance...*

SOSA's singing, but she shoots a look to MURDOCK. He walks
forward and Pete Townsend's his guitar. One wind-milled
POWER CHORD. SOUND TECHIES throw off their HEAD PHONES,
grabbing ears.

PUSH INSIDE MURDOCK'S GUITAR. An ELECTRIC SURGE travels to the POWER RELAY... EXPANDED THROUGH THE CHORD... ALONG THE STAGE... UP THE LIGHT TOWERS.

LIGHTS brighten, for a second. Then they EXPLODE.

WIDEN, as the entire BASE GOES DARK. Murdock grabs Sosa's hand. They start running.

EXT. ON THE BASE - SAME TIME - FIND FACE:

Moving past the rows of ARMORED VEHICLES. Trying to get his ass out of there. Slips into a GRIZZLY APC. Keeping headlights OFF, he drives away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - HYDRAULIC FLOOR

Pike and his EX-SOLDIERS DROP INTO FRAME. FLASHLIGHTS crisscross the garage. Start moving FORWARD.

WITH PIKE: checking each RIG. TRAILER: then CAB.

CLOSE ON HANNIBAL, flat on his stomach. Al-Mahdi beside him, eyes wide. We can't tell which RIG they're in.

BACK TO PIKE, throwing open DOORS. Two MEN point rifles while Pike sweeps the trailer. Empty.

A TRUCK ENGINE starts. Somewhere else. PIKE races to the sound. Signals his guys to surround the TRUCK. Pike waits until they're in place. Yanks OPEN the DRIVER'S DOOR.

EMPTY... CAMERA RUSHES TO THE ENGINE GRILL. A WIRE runs from the block along the floor.

PUNCH WIDE. EVERY RIG IN THE GARAGE STARTS UP. BRIGHTS FLASH ON. HORNS GO OFF.

PIKE and his EX-SOLDIERS spin in circles, not sure which one to run to.

TIGHT ON B.A., underneath a STEERING WHEEL. Twisted like a pretzel. Slams on the CLUTCH. Rams the GEAR forward. Punches the GAS PEDAL.

HANNIBAL has snapped off the REAR VIEW. Uses it to REFLECT off the SIDE MIRROR. Navigates.

PIKE boggles as one of the RIGS lurches FORWARD.

PIKE

(shouts, as he runs)

There.

Pike unloads a clip from his automatic rifle into the cab.
The TRUCK keeps lumbering. UP THE RAMP.

Pike's MEN move with it. Shredding the CAB and TRAILER with concentrated fire. BEAT. Then the truck ERUPTS in flames, burning so bright they have to step back.

PIKE: kicks the cab door, which FALLS OFF. Pike leans through the smoke. What the hell? Empty.

RACK FOCUS. A DIFFERENT TRUCK rumbles through the SMOKE.

PIKE (CONT'D)
(bellows)

There.

IN THE CAB. B.A., jams the gear shift. Sits UP.

IN THE TRAILER. Hannibal keeps Al-Mahdi's head low as bullets cut through the trailer. Al-Mahdi *groans* as ammo explodes a STATUE.

B.A. blows through the GARAGE DOORS. PIKE chases after, backlit by flames, unloading a clip. One of his EX-SOLDIERS appears.

PIKE (CONT'D)
Send a team of Grizzlies out. I'll find them from the air.

INT./EXT. 18 WHEELER - DESERT - NIGHT (MOVING)

Hannibal leaps from the trailer, runs to the cab. B.A. accelerates over the rough terrain.

ANGLE. IN FRONT OF THEM. The ground suddenly rises up with a deafening percussive ROAR.

HANNIBAL
(shouts over)
Kill your lights.

The world turns BLACK. B.A. can't see a thing. Hannibal leans out the WINDOW.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Try to lose him in those hills.

INTO VIEW. PIKE, piloting a BLACKHAWK, overshoots the truck and turns back.

B.A.

My cousin D'Andre used to turn the lights out and drive Route 2 in the hills over Eagle Rock. Freaked us all out.

HANNIBAL

Bet he didn't have a Blackhawk on his tail.

B.A.

Worse. LAPD.

ON THE BLACKHAWK. PIKE comes round. Sprays rounds in FRONT OF A RIG, just close enough to make B.A. turn.

HANNIBAL

He won't hit us. Not with a billion dollars worth of art in the back.

B.A.

He's herding us.

IN THE TRAILER. Dr. Al-Mahdi is tossed around like a rag doll. He grabs a precious BOWL as it starts to fall. Tries to hold as many things as he can.

The BLACKHAWK strafes around the rig, pushing towards a BLIND CANYON IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The RIG follows along a sandy bottom. It winds for a quarter mile. Now B.A. leans forward.

B.A. (CONT'D)

There's no way out, colonel.

(no response)

Hannibal?

But Hannibal is not in the truck anymore.

TILT UP: Pike's CHOPPER zooms over them. Fires two ROCKETS in succession. The rockets slam into the CLIFF. ROCKS fall, blocking any retreat.

The rig is now literally stuck between a rock and a hard place.

B.A. has no choice but to slam on the brakes. The trailer starts to jack-knife. Finally, skids to a STOP.

TO PIKE: hovering in the narrow canyon between two high CLIFFS. RIG directly BELOW.

PIKE

(into two-way)

He's stuck. Send out a crew to tow the rig back.

ON THE CLIFF, HANNIBAL leaps from solid rock... THROUGH the AIR... ONTO the BLACKHAWK. CLINGS to the HOLD DOOR.

PIKE, feels the impact. Looks LEFT. Nothing. RIGHT, the HOLD DOOR is OPEN. He reaches for his 9mm and spins, just as HANNIBAL lands a punch.

PIKE yanks the STICK back, sending the BLACKHAWK both UP, and banking RIGHT.

HANNIBAL is thrown towards the OPEN PASSENGER DOOR. Braces his arm. Pike fires, shatters the WINDOW. Lands a rabbit punch to Hannibal's back. Hannibal shoots his elbow, catching Pike's cheek, and grabs for the stick, but it's too late...

The BLACKHAWK clips a ROCK, its blades sliced away. With a lurch the helicopter flips to its side, CRASHES.

INSIDE. HANNIBAL and PIKE, neither is moving. LONG BEAT. Finally PIKE bolts up to see a growing FIRE. Disoriented, he Pulls himself OUT.

EXT. BLACKHAWK - ON THE ROCK OUTCROP (CONTINUOUS)

PIKE emerges from the burning chopper. Sees HEADLIGHTS, moving his way. Reaches for a side arm with his bloody hand. Turns... FINDS HANNIBAL, already charging. Hannibal knocks his hand and the gun skips OVER the edge.

ON HANNIBAL and PIKE, each grips the other's gun belt. Landing blows. Eye to eye. Pike's enormous upper body strength starts to overwhelm Hannibal.

The next blow propels Hannibal back OFF the rock. Drops eight feet, hits hard. A FLAT LEDGE. No time to recover. Pike is on him.

CLOSER. Pike uses a rock. Slams it to Hannibal's temple. Hannibal is losing consciousness. Pike, suddenly stops.

EVEN CLOSER. A trickle of BLOOD from Pike's mouth. PAN DOWN. Hannibal has jammed his SPECIAL FORCES PIN, deep into Pike's neck. Pike goes slack, dead.

WIDE SHOT - CANYON - THREE GRIZZLIES

Racing to the RIG. A Green Lake GUNNER sights the TRAILER with his MOUNTED 7.6 mm.

ON B.A.: takes a position in front of the TRAILER. DR. AL-MAHDI, hides behind.

B.A.

They want to take us... they're gonna have to get through me.

ANGLE. The ARMORED VEHICLES almost there. A LIGHT, out of nowhere, suddenly, BLINDS THEM. All THREE GREEN LAKE DRIVERS STOP. Eyes adjust to the LIGHT.

REVERSE. A GREEN LAKE ABRAMS M1A1 sits in front of them. Turret shifts towards them.

ONE GREEN LAKE DRIVER radios to a SECOND DRIVER.

FIRST DRIVER

(relieved)

Easy. He's one of ours.

No doubt, the Green Lake EMBLEM, painted on the side.

LEAD GRIZZLY starts AROUND the TANK. Other TWO follow. But what's this? The tank's TURRET turns with them.

INT. ABRAMS M1A1 TANK - SAME TIME

MURDOCK, behind SOSA. At the SCOPE, of the 120 mm smoothbore CANNON.

MURDOCK

Objects in the scope may appear closer than they are.

Sosa squints through the scope, slips her finger on the RED GUN TRIGGER..

SOSA

Then I'll aim low.

She FIRES the 120 mm. BOOM!!! The GRIZZLY is in FLAMES.

SOSA aims again... BOOM! The second APC goes up in flames...

But the third APC rips around the wreckage and makes a beeline for where B.A. is standing with the professor in front of the truck.

IN THE FINAL APC:

The passenger barks at the driver.

APC PASSENGER

Run 'em down!

The driver grits his teeth... mashes the accelerator...

IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK:

B.A. has nowhere to go... he grits his teeth, the APC baring down on him... he's a goner...

...when all of a sudden, another GRIZZLY comes flying out of nowhere, and...

INSIDE THE GRIZZLY, we see Face at the wheel!

It barrels into the side of the other APC, SMASH! Knocking it over so it rolls like a spare tire and smashes into the canyon's walls.

B.A. looks up at Face... grateful. Face just winks from behind the wheel. He wipes the sweat off his brow with the back of his hand and the CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIS WRIST... which is bloody, like something's been cut out of it.

DISSOLVE:

INTERCUT: EXT. CID BLACKHAWK FORMATION - NIGHT

LYNCH follows the MONITOR SIGNAL on his GPS.

LYNCH

Take me down.

WIDEN. CID BLACKHAWK formation touches down. CID OFFICERS dismount with LYNCH. Heavily armed. Moving along the ridge. LYNCH follows the SIGNAL on a HAND MONITOR.

TILT UP. A CLIFF FACE,

And a network of CAVES. MP's form a perimeter. A GRIZZLY is parked by ONE CAVE.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

(calls into cave)

We're prepared to use lethal force,
Colonel Smith.

He watches his HAND MONITOR.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

He's coming out.

Metallic *click* of safeties released.

OUT OF THE CAVE. MOUNTAIN GOATS. Moving lazily past the MP's. CLOSER. Face's MONITOR DEVICE, tied to the foreleg of the last GOAT.

Lynch's face is bright red... raging.

WIDE SHOT - SOMEWHERE IN KUWAIT - DESERT MOUNTAINS - DAWN

DR. AL-MAHDI stands by the 18 WHEELER. Dishevelled, but the pride back in his eyes. Face and B.A. are there. HANNIBAL watches as the ABRAMS M1A1 rumbles INTO VIEW.

MURDOCK, hops out first. Lends a HAND to SOSA. She climbs out... looks at Face in wonder...

SOSA

You were never with us...

FACE

(smiles)

Nahhh, really?

SOSA

(in wonder)

Which means, even back at the trial...

FACE

The colonel was being railroaded...

HANNIBAL

And I needed a man who could work from the outside.

FACE

And keep tabs on the pursuers...

HANNIBAL

...while we were clearing our names.

Hannibal sets the SPECIAL FORCES PIN back on his chest.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I love it when a plan comes together.

B.A. looks at them in wonder.

B.A.

But why wouldn't you tell me, sir?

Hannibal walks over to him, eyes soft... looks him in the eye.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry, sergeant. You were the last man put on the mission and even though I was convinced you weren't doubling us, I had to be sure.

B.A. looks a little hurt, but nods.

B.A.

It was the smart thing to do.

(beat)

But if you ever doubt me again...

HANNIBAL

I'll beat anyone through a wall who doubts you again, sergeant.

Hannibal salutes him, and B.A. returns the salute.

Hannibal checks his watch.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

One phone call and we get our lives back...

Dr. Al-Mahdi locks eyes with Hannibal.

DR. AL-MAHDI

If you take possession of our art, I will never see it again. You know that. It will be held as evidence. Shipped back and forth while the world fights over jurisdiction.

Hannibal shifts on his feet.

MURDOCK

If we don't deliver all this to the United States Army we're still criminals.

DR. AL-MAHDI

I understand your position.

Hannibal goes to Al-Mahdi.

HANNIBAL

What would you do with it, professor?

DR. AL-MAHDI

When Saddam took over, exiles hid some valuable things in another country...

(MORE)

DR. AL-MAHDI (CONT'D)

to wait until the madman fell from power
and there was peace again. I can wait,
too.

FACE

Might be a long time.

DR. AL-MAHDI

My country is ten thousand years old. A
few more lifetimes won't matter.

Hannibal, Face, B.A., and Murdock all share looks. Finally
they all nod in agreement.

HANNIBAL

Freedom is overrated anyway.

Face looks over at Sosa, who is sitting by herself over on
a rock, the weight of the world on her shoulders.

He slides over to her.

SOSA

I'm screwed. You played us and I'm
screwed...

FACE

You were screwed anyway. Lynch was
hanging you out on this from day one.

Sosa stands up, sets her jaw.

SOSA

So now what?

They all look at her. Hannibal's thinking. Then...

HANNIBAL

One other thing doesn't add up...

HOLD ON HANNIBAL, realizing this is not over.

DISSOLVE:

HANNIBAL (TIGHT SHOT),

On a PHONE. Not sure if he wants the call to go through.

INTERCUT: ELIZABETH - IN HER BANK - STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

Staring as the PHONE *blinks*. Stands. Sits. Answers.

ELIZABETH

You would expect me to drop everything for you.

HANNIBAL

That wouldn't be fair.

But he did, and she did.

ELIZABETH

I called a Federal A.G. I know. There's a bank in South Carolina under investigation. They think Green Lake has been laundering money through it.

HANNIBAL

Okay.

ELIZABETH

It's in one of those silly small towns. With a patriotic name. 'Friends of Liberty, South Carolina.'

HOLD ON HANNIBAL, mind racing.

HANNIBAL

I owe you.

ELIZABETH

You do. So don't call me again, Hannibal.

And with that, she hangs up. He looks at his phone, chagrined. Then smiles an appreciative smile, and we cut to...

CLOSE ON A BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS,

A GLASS set down, now empty. And a stack of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Shrink-wrapped.

WIDEN: INT. FARM HOUSE - RURAL SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

GENERAL GARNER finishes packing a leather BAG with cash. Modest place. Lonely in its way. Maybe a few years since a woman lived there. Maybe the man's savings long gone.

EXT. FARM HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

Paddocks given to weeds. Garner loads the bag in the back of a ten year old EXPLORER.

Garner slams the TAIL GATE. HANNIBAL is there.

HANNIBAL

You had a feed of the Baghdad raid. You knew it was Green Lake the whole time.

GEN. GARNER

They're a persuasive bunch.

HANNIBAL

You're looking at the last guy who should be giving advice about the military justice system...

(beat)

What if I said you can give it back?

They hold each other's eyes.

GEN. GARNER

Green Lake billed three hundred million last year. Imagine.

HANNIBAL

I'd get a headache.

GEN. GARNER

At some point I realized the whole country didn't care about anything anymore, except getting rich. And why not? Whoever said money can't buy happiness was dead broke.

Then.

GEN. GARNER (CONT'D)

(bitter)

To Hell with the army. And to hell with you.

(shouts)

You were supposed to come back with the chopper. That was the plan. But you had to...

WHAM!!! Hannibal levels him with a haymaker left, sending him down to where he falls across his money. His lip bleeding.

HANNIBAL

Fuck you, Hannibal. You're a wanted man... they'll never believe you.

Garner looks up at him, malevolently.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Military police are on the way. You can explain to them yourself where you got the money. I won't be around.

Garner stands back up, faces Hannibal.

GEN. GARNER

You can't run forever.

HANNIBAL

You know something, sir?

GEN. GARNER

What?

Hannibal WALLOPS him with his RIGHT... knocking him out.

HANNIBAL

I'm better with my right hand.

He walks off, shaking his hand. *

UP A RURAL HILL: *

Hannibal looks back at the small farm house... so peaceful out here... as a BEVY OF MILITARY SQUAD CARS roar into the front yard and stop. *

He starts to walk away, when a GUNSHOT rings out from near the truck... *

Hannibal turns around quickly, looks down at the truck... and sees General Garner lying there, a gun in his hand, slumped over... a suicide. *

Hannibal just shakes his head, and hustles away. *

DISSOLVE:

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

FACE and B.A., on a BENCH. Hannibal appears.

MURDOCK, watches the MALL: PARENTS push carts filled with bags of stuff, FAT LITTLE KIDS whine, TEENAGE GIRLS half-dressed, BOYS with iPods, pants around their thighs.

MURDOCK

You know what's crazy?

B.A.

You, nut bird.

Murdock just shrugs...

WIDEN, AS THEY WALK ALONG THE CARS. They feel vulnerable in public. But can't quite leave each other yet.

HANNIBAL

The CID lists us as escaped felons.
There's a million dollar reward on me.
Oh, and General Garner's suicide pretty
much closed the door on us proving our
innocence. Everyone thinks we were all
tied into it with him. The case is
officially closed.

*
*
*
*
*
*

The others just shake their heads, this sinking in.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

So I guess this is it, boys. We're too
easy to spot as a group.

*
*

FACE

Try not to look like soldiers. Buy some
clothes, get a good hair cut.

Hannibal smiles.

HANNIBAL

And watch your back.

B.A.

Hard for one man to watch his own back.

MURDOCK suddenly lowers his head.

MURDOCK

Some lady's following us.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, sneakers, jeans, nervous, walks right
up to Hannibal.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Colonel Smith?

Hannibal doesn't know what to say.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

My son is... missing.

HANNIBAL

Lady... I think you got the wrong...

Her eyes well up.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I can't go to the FBI. My son is ex-military. I think he was mixed up in some serious government business...

HANNIBAL

I don't know what you're thinking I can do...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I'll pay you a retainer.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry... I just...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I don't want some second rate security agency to track him down. I need the best.

(beat)

I'm extremely wealthy, colonel. I'm willing to pay a million dollars if you can find my son.

Everyone looks at her, suddenly interested.

HANNIBAL

How'd you find me, ma'am?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

She told me.

PAN RIGHT. SOSA, appears, looking pretty spectacular in a sun dress.

SOSA

Face was right. Lynch set me up, had me signing all the paperwork instead of him. The entire mission was off the books.

HANNIBAL

I'm sorry.

Sosa shrugs...

SOSA

You know how it is in the army. They always need a scapegoat.

HANNIBAL

An A-Team.

SOSA

Yeah.

MOVE from HANNIBAL, to B.A., to FACE, to MURDOCK.

HANNIBAL

You soldiers want to do this?

And before they can answer, we...

FADE OUT.

