

The Nest

written by

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**OVER BLACK.**

JACKSON (V.O.)

The difference between life and death can come down to the twitch of a finger. The blood pumping from your left ventricle. The breath you're holding in as you start to squeeze. Did you have enough water, but not so much that you're going to piss your pants? Should you have had another banana to steady your hands? The margin is so small that hundredths of an inch matter. The hinge of fate can swing either way. And it's all riding on you.

**A FLASH**

To a 30 caliber .300 Winchester Magnum BULLET held up to an overhead light. A finger SLIDES across it, feeling for the slightest imperfection in the brass.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Some people who do this for a living keep track. Tally marks on the stock of their rifle. They hang the spent brass on a necklace, the shell casings clinking together like wind chimes. I never did any of that, because I didn't need any reminders.

**A FLASH**

The bullet is PUSHED into a magazine clip.

JACKSON (V.O.)

The first time you do it, you think, "Are they married? Do they have kids? What was their last meal? How long after they die will it take for someone to throw out their toothbrush?" You humanize them. Because if you don't, what kind of monster are you?

**A FLASH**

AERIAL PHOTOS of the UNITED STATES MALL. A HAND pulls a piece of STRING tight, measuring the distance between the CAPITOL and the WASHINGTON MONUMENT. Precision.

**ANOTHER FLASH**

Faces in an outdoor CROWD pass by. MEN. WOMEN. CHILDREN.

JACKSON (V.O.)

With each shot, you spend less time thinking about those things and more time thinking about the wind. The sun. The humidity. How close you are to the Equator, where gravity is weaker. It gets easier. And one day, you stop humanizing them. They're not a person, they're a dot in the scope. A line in the After Action Report. "Enemy K.I.A. For God and Country."

### **A FINAL FLASH**

The people are WANDED by SECURITY, then waved through METAL DETECTORS.

JACKSON (V.O.)

You tell yourself that you're doing the right thing, so you can sleep at night. So you don't see the puff of red through the glass on repeat while you stare at the ceiling. You board up the door and press your hands over your ears, so you don't hear the footsteps of all the ghosts you've made.

We hear breaths, calm and controlled, holding at their peak like a cresting, restless wave.

Interrupted by a SMASH to -

### **RIFLE SCOPE POV**

Looking out over the west front of the United States Capitol, toward the Mall.

The people we saw, part of a MASSIVE CROWD that stretches back as far as our glass eye can see, toward the granite obelisk of the Washington Monument.

The crosshairs float and scan rhythmically, jumping over the crowd, occasionally stopping to rest on a face, umbrella, or handbag.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Even if you're not big on God or the idea that the universe dispenses karmic justice, that day is coming.

(MORE)

JACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The day when it's time for each of  
us to pay off what we owe. To face  
the ghosts on the other side of the  
door.

As the scope moves again, we whip off this view to reveal the  
man whose words we have heard -

JACKSON HACKETT, 40s, elbows supported on a railing perched  
between pillars at the base of the dome of the Capitol.

Hidden 100 feet above the ground, only there if you know  
where to look. He wears a tactical vest and a three-day  
growth of stubble.

He looks down the scope of his MK13 sniper rifle with a  
casual confidence that is both chilling and comforting.

This is the man we need on that wall, the unseen angel on  
democracy's shoulder -

A Secret Service sniper.

Standing next to him with binoculars is his spotter -

BOBBY, late 30s. His shot caller, his wing man, his *wind man*.  
Despite the enormity of the crowd, they are calm and casual.

JACKSON  
How's she blowing?

BOBBY  
Like your sister on spring break.

JACKSON  
She's forty-eight.

BOBBY  
Like a fine Bordeaux.

Bobby looks down at a digital handheld WIND SPEED DETECTOR -  
he is just as efficient as Jackson, but wound a bit looser.  
They are a team and they are deadly.

BOBBY  
17 MPH, East North East, 56.25.

Jackson deftly makes a couple of TWISTS to the windage knob  
on his rifle.

As he makes these adjustments, we see his hand give a slight  
TREMBLE.

He squeezes the hand into a fist, looks up to see if Bobby saw -

But Bobby is looking through the binoculars -

STRAIGHT DOWN to the platform below, covered with even more of the CROWD, sitting on bleachers. These are the VIPs -

All here for the inauguration of the PRESIDENT of the United States.

#### **ON THE PLATFORM**

The new president to-be, EMILY MALLICK, 59, raises her right hand before the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
"I, Emily Walker Mallick..."

MALLICK  
I, Emily Walker Mallick...

CHIEF JUSTICE  
"Do solemnly swear..."

MALLICK  
Do solemnly swear...

#### **ON THE BALCONY**

Jackson looks down at the staircase that leads from inside the Capitol, bisecting the bleachers -

#### **MOVEMENT.**

Someone descending the stairs with purpose, directly toward the dais.

JACKSON  
Capitol PD...  
(into tactical throat mic)  
That CPD on the steps, where's he going, Dancer?

He waits for a response on the radio -

#### **ON THE DAIS**

AGENT KIERA BAKER, 30s, code name Dancer, dressed in a dark suit with a coiled earpiece in.

Even before knowing she is a Secret Service agent you wouldn't fuck with her, not with that glare she readily unholsters like her trusty sidearm.

She stands next to the temporary bleachers, cranes her neck to see the steps -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
I see him -

#### **ON JACKSON**

Jackson angles his weapon down -

Now we see what he did - a person heading down the steps toward the platform, wearing a US CAPITOL POLICE UNIFORM.

The MAN is not running, but he is moving quickly...directly TOWARD the new president, her husband, the Chief Justice...toward every government official of note.

BOBBY (ON RADIO)  
BAKER?

Jackson tracks the officer and trains the scope directly at the man's hip - where his weapon should be, there's an empty holster.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Where's his gun?

RADIOS CRACKLE with chatter.

Jackson swings his scope up to the officer's pocket, his HAND inside it -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Hand in his pocket, hand in his  
pocket -

#### **ON THE PLATFORM**

The man picks up speed. Things most definitely are not right.

The crowd on either side of the aisle starts to turn at the murmurs of growing commotion behind them...

CASSIE, 26, the president-elect's daughter, turns away from the pinnacle of her mother's life to see the man running down the steps.

Her BABY, 11 months, is PERCHED ON HER HIP. As she turns to the commotion, she inadvertently puts the baby into the would-be assassin's path.

#### **RIFLE SCOPE POV**

The crosshairs track the man as he pushes past Cassie and the baby, her giant pudgy cheeks shining apple red in the cold.

We see now that the SCOPE - and by extension the rifle - are a bit more SHAKY.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Jax, there's a baby in your line.

The Capitol PD Officer descends two more steps to the platform -

Jackson keeps tracking him but now -

THE HEAD of the baby blocks a clean shot of the ASSASSIN.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
No shot, Jax...

#### **ON THE PLATFORM**

The officer moves his hand from his pocket, revealing the missing Glock 22 -

#### **RIFLE SCOPE POV**

Jackson sees this all in slow-motion -

The baby SQUIRMS in her mother's arms, giving Jackson fleeting glimpses of the top of the cop's service cap.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
No shot, Jax! No fucking shot!

The baby laughs in the crosshairs, pulling her head back from her mother's -

This forms a perfect V shape of space between the baby and her mother, six inches...less.

In the space, the top of the officer's CAP appears.

Jackson tries to keep the crosshairs trained in one place, but the shaking is getting worse -

#### **ON THE PLATFORM**

AGENTS finally start to spring into action, catching up to what Jackson was tracking the whole time.

The assassin's finger slides toward the trigger of his gun, pointed at Mallick -

Kiera unholsters her handgun -



**RIFLE SCOPE POV**

The baby PUSHES its head back to her mother...the cap disappears -

Pulls back again - the cap back in view, but now only -

A TWO-INCH GAP.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
HOLD FIRE!

Jackson stops breathing.

**ON JACKSON'S FINGER**

Squeeeeeezing the trigger -

**ON THE ASSASSIN'S FINGER**

As it starts to pull back on the trigger -

It is a moment in history, where the hinge of fate could swing either way. All hanging in the balance -

**RIFLE SCOPE POV**

CRACK!

Follow the twisting rifled round -

**TO THE PLATFORM**

To the two-inch space between the mother and baby.

We PAUSE and the bullet hangs there, right between Cassie and her daughter, unbeknownst to either of them.

We see how close it is, that there is no margin for error.

UNFREEZE and the round rips toward the assassin's head -

BLOOSH!

Brains, blood, and skull fragments PELT the first row of the crowd.

The assassin falls to the ground.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Threat down, threat down.

The assassin's body is immediately riddled with SHOTS from the other agents, but it doesn't matter -

Jackson already took care of it.

The new president is TACKLED by agents.

CHAOS.

Agents dragging officials to safety, carrying Cassie to safety, cradling the baby.

#### **ON THE BALCONY**

Jackson removes his cheek from the stock, looks up at Bobby whose eyes are wide, wordless, shakes his head in awe.

BOBBY  
Holy fucking shit, dude.

Jackson exhales - almost can't believe it himself.

He looks down at his right hand as it SHAKES. Reaches out with his other hand and gives it a SQUEEZE in an attempt to stop the twitching.

He returns to the rifle, scans for more threats.

#### **RIFLE SCOPE POV**

Now, his breaths are quick and uncontrolled, the view through the glass SHAKES.

SHAKES.

And we RATTLE into -

A series of disorienting shots of Jackson's debrief -

- Jackson ejects the magazine from the rifle and turns the weapon over to a SECRET SERVICE OFFICIAL.

- He places the SPENT BRASS from the round he fired onto a table.

- Faces of OFFICIALS across from him, one after another - CIA DIRECTOR, FBI DIRECTOR. We see Jackson's lips move, but do not hear him giving the account of this day of days.

- He shakes hands with President Mallick in the Oval Office.

- He sits across from a GOVERNMENT SHRINK, if he's been rattled by any of this, he isn't showing it.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A soulless cinder block walled government doctor's office. No windows, bad lighting.

Jackson sits on a stool, bounces his leg up and down, ready to not be prodded like a guinea pig any further.

A DOCTOR sits across from him, flipping through a chart.

DOCTOR  
Well. Your psych battery was  
normal.

JACKSON  
You sound surprised.

The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR  
Former operators are hit or miss.  
(then)  
Pardon the pun.

Jackson's turn to smile. The doctor continues looking at the chart.

DOCTOR  
BP is normal, heart rate is  
positively reptilian...

He puts the chart down and looks at Jackson's hand resting on his leg -

THAT SAME TWITCH.

Jackson sees him looking - hadn't even noticed the twitch himself. He takes his other hand and SQUEEZES the shaking one.

DOCTOR  
How long has that been going on?

Jackson looks down at his hand, considers -

JACKSON  
You guys have been poking at me for  
hours, I haven't had a bite since  
breakfast.

The doctor smells the bullshit.

He flips back through the chart to the FAMILY HISTORY page.

The doctor reads, we don't see the words but it's clear he's trying to mask a bit of concern. He clears his throat.

DOCTOR

Given the mandate from the Service to do everything by the book on this one, I think it's best if we cross all our T's. I'd like to order some tests.

JACKSON

Tests...

DOCTOR

MRI. Dopamine scan. We want to rule some things out.

Jackson leans forward, a bit agitated.

JACKSON

Like what?

DOCTOR

Listen, you were under immeasurable pressure today. It could be nothing. It does neither of us any good to speculate, but maybe stay off of WebMD?

He stands up, extends his hand.

JACKSON

I don't need any tests.

Jackson leaves him hanging, the doctor lowers his hand.

DOCTOR

I'm not trying to dig up the past. But it's right here in your family history and, unfortunately, in 10% of cases, it can be hereditary. So let's just rule it out, okay?

Off this, Jackson stares straight ahead, not wanting to accept that there's a distant train chugging down the tracks.

#### **INSERT A CNN BROADCAST**

WOLF BLITZER (O.S.)

An Inauguration Day that could have been much worse, were it not for the heroic actions of Secret Service sniper Jackson Hackett.

(MORE)

WOLF BLITZER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hackett is the man federal authorities are now crediting with taking down U.S. Capitol Police officer and would-be presidential assassin, Mark Stewart Hancock, who has been described as a lone wolf with a litany of social media postings critical of the new president.

The news inserts a photo of the assassin MARK STEWART HANCOCK, 40s, in his official Capitol PD picture.

We see news footage of the chaos of the day - the President being dragged from the dais, people running.

Then, a photo of Jackson in a Navy Dress White uniform.

WOLF BLITZER (O.S.)

According to one Pentagon source, Hackett is a former Naval Special Operator and sniper with "more confirmed kills than anyone alive."

(then)

Agent Jackson Hackett, an American hero.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. HAWK N DOVE BAR - NIGHT**

A TV showing the CNN coverage. It hangs above a bar, PATRONS glued to it.

Jackson and Bobby enter the dimly lit space. Murmurs grow, people look at the TVs on the walls, back over to Jackson -

A cheer grows...a group of off duty AGENTS taking up a couple of tables start whistling and clapping and soon the entire bar is giving Jackson a standing ovation.

Chants of U-S-A! U-S-A!

JACKSON

(to no one in particular)

What country was the dead guy from?

He mouths - *thank you, thank you* a couple of times then makes his way to a table in the corner, accepting the fist bumps and back pats from fellow agents.

He sits down facing the entrance, his default placement, always on alert for threats coming through the door.

A Bud long neck is set down in front of him and he drinks in long pulls.

Kiera pulls up a seat next to him. She slides a shot of Jameson in front of Jackson and holds one for herself. They clink glasses and down them.

KIERA

Nice shot.

Jackson winces at the fiery liquid, Kiera doesn't.

KIERA

You killed Oswald. John Wilkes Booth. It could have been the worst day in American history. The fucking worst. But it wasn't.

JACKSON

Everybody else is kissing my ass, the least you could do is bring me back down to earth.

Kiera looks around the bar, sees patrons glancing at Jackson still, wanting to bask in his heroics.

KIERA

You don't have to play the reluctant hero. This country doesn't win anymore. And we needed a win. For everybody.

They're interrupted by Bobby sitting down, already half in the bag.

He leans over, puts an arm on Jackson's shoulder, squeezes.

BOBBY

We did it.

KIERA

What's this "we" shit?

BOBBY

When Batman saves the day Robin still gets his picture in the paper, Bakes.

He raises his hand for a fist bump with Jackson who obliges.

Then, a BUZZ on the table from Jackson's cell phone. He looks at it -

JACKSON  
Sorry, I gotta take this.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Jackson paces with the phone to his ear.

JACKSON (INTO PHONE)  
Well you don't have to worry, baby.  
(beat)  
That's what they pay me to do.  
(beat)  
I love you, Caity. Can you put your  
mom back on?

He waits for a beat and then moves the phone down from his ear, looks at it - the call has disconnected.

He sighs and turns, sees Kiera pulling on a cigarette, leaning against the wall.

KIERA  
Exes, huh?

Jackson sighs, then looks up at the bar, doesn't feel like going back in.

KIERA  
Give you a lift?

**INT./EXT - KIERA'S CAR - DAY**

Jackson dumps himself into the front seat as Kiera puts the key in the ignition but doesn't turn it.

JACKSON  
Heads of detail don't survive  
assassination attempts. Shaw gets  
bumped up to director, you're  
probably in line for deputy.

Kiera shrugs. *Maybe.*

KIERA  
I'd be lying if I hadn't thought  
about it.

Jackson gives a half nod, she can see his mind is elsewhere.

KIERA

I understand today was a lot, but  
can we not do the mopey, morose  
drunk thing?

JACKSON

It's not that.

KIERA

Then what's the problem?

JACKSON

It's fine.

KIERA

Seriously? It's me. Come on.

Jackson sighs, relenting.

JACKSON

The doctor wants to run some tests.

KIERA

And you're worried it's something?

He gives her a look, definitely concerned it is something.

KIERA

He just wants to cover his ass.

(beat)

If it is something, I got your  
back.

She slides her hand over to his leg. Jackson shifts but not  
uncomfortably.

JACKSON

If you're gonna be my boss...

KIERA

I'm not your boss yet.

Kiera straddles Jackson in the front seat, she frantically  
pulls at buttons on her shirt, he pulls at his belt.

She grinds on top of him, it's a mess of hands and hair,  
nothing pretty or sensual.

#### **TWO MINUTES AND SEVENTEEN SECONDS LATER**

Gasping, Jackson opens his eyes, both of them breathing  
heavy, the windows fogged.



Kiera flips her hair back from her face, looks at Jackson who closes his eyes.

KIERA  
Post nut clarity?

Jackson tries to buckle his pants back up with Kiera still straddling him.

JACKSON  
No, I just forgot...  
(then)  
Mind driving me across the river instead?

**INT./EXT. KIERA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Jackson rests his head on the passenger side window. Kiera looks over at him as the car comes to a stop at a darkened guard shack. Kiera rolls down her window.

GUARD  
Cemetery's closed -

He sees Kiera holding out her Secret Service badge, gives a nod and waves her forward.

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Jackson stands amidst ROWS of grave markers in ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Wind battering him. Flecks of wet snow land on his face and melt.

Kiera sits in her car, watching from a distance.

We see the headstone he stands in front of: CAPTAIN ARTHUR HACKETT, USN - January 20, 1943 - September 9, 1998.

The top of the marker is covered with coins, flight wings, Navy Football pins, an Admiral's shoulder boards.

All of these mementos from visitors paying their respects.

He holds an uncapped nip of Grey Goose in his hand.

JACKSON  
Happy Birthday, Old Man.  
(beat)  
I hope...

He doesn't finish. Clears his throat, swallows, still hears his father's admonishments to *stop crying. Be a man.*

JACKSON  
Sometimes it's a lot. Everything.

Off this we pull away from him as he takes a sip of the Grey Goose, places the rest on top of the headstone.

He walks back toward the car, through crusty snow and rime, the wind whipping a metal pulley against a flagpole with a tonk...tonk...tonk...and we -

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**OVER BLACK.**

The tonk tonk tonk becomes a tick tick tick tick...

It's the 60 Minutes stopwatch...

**SUPER OVER BLACK: ONE YEAR LATER**

60 MINUTES NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Tonight...for the first time, the man who saved the president, Secret Service sniper Jackson Hackett sits down with us for his account of that day one year ago...

**INSERT 60 MINUTES INTERVIEW**

Jackson, dressed in a dark blue suit sits in a chair across from LESLEY STAHL.

LESLEY STAHL  
What was running through your mind when you pulled the trigger?

Jackson is uncomfortable, like he doesn't want to be there.

JACKSON  
Nothing. I had the shot and I took it. Like we're trained to do. Any of the other agents in my position would have done the same.

LESLEY STAHL  
Prior to stopping Mark Stewart Hancock, you were a legend in the special operations community.

He shifts uncomfortably again.

LESLEY STAHL  
Do you feel like a hero?

We push in close to Jackson's face, clearly wrestling with this question - he opens his mouth but nothing comes out.

If he does get around to answer, we don't hear it because we pull back to see -

**INT. PLANE - NIGHT**

The interview is being played on the seatback TV on a plane.

A FRIENDLY WOMAN (possibly had a couple of vodka sodas) watches it and slowly cranes her head to the side -

Jackson sleeps in the window seat next to her.

The woman looks to the TV, back to Jackson - *yep, it's him.*

Whatever innate sense he possesses lets him know someone is watching. He cracks an eye and the woman looks away, embarrassed.

Jackson sees himself on the TV, his turn to be embarrassed.

JACKSON  
Guy gets on TV one time and jets  
off to Hollywood.

She laughs.

FRIENDLY WOMAN  
It was a nice interview. Really.  
And thank you for your service.  
(beat)  
*SECRET SERVICE.*

Jackson gives this a polite chuckle. The woman nods her head toward the window.

FRIENDLY WOMAN  
Business or pleasure?

JACKSON  
A bit of both, actually.

On Jackson's seat back TV a commercial plays for the SUPER BOWL - THIS SUNDAY.

FRIENDLY WOMAN  
Who you rooting for?

JACKSON

I just want both teams to have a good time.

She laughs and Jackson looks out the window at the twinkling lights of L.A., stretching grid-like to the north.

#### **A SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Sun rises over the San Gabriels, creeping across the Los Angeles Basin...

- We fly over SoFi Stadium, a giant, futuristic alien ship that crash-landed in Inglewood.

- A rolled up banner begins to drop...

- The banner unfurls with a SNAP and we see it features a giant Lombardi Trophy.

- Two more banners on each side - the Cowboys and the Raiders. An old school, dirty 70's match-up.

#### **INT. PANN'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

Jackson sits in a red leather booth wearing aviator sunglasses.

CAITLIN (O.S.)

Are you hungover?

He smiles across the table at -

CAITLIN, 11. She eats ice cream for breakfast and doesn't miss a thing.

**She also wears a cochlear implant. She communicates verbally but she and her parents will sporadically pepper in American Sign Language out of habit or to underscore a point.**

Jackson self-consciously takes off the glasses, a bit bleary-eyed, maybe had a few too many after landing.

JACKSON

No - what - how do you know what hungover is?

Caitlin rolls her eyes.

JACKSON

Don't tell your mother.

CAITLIN  
That you're hungover?

He taps his finger on the bowl of ice cream -

JACKSON  
That I let you eat ice cream for  
breakfast.  
(then)  
How is she?

CAITLIN  
The same. Only she doesn't say  
"dad" anymore, just "your father  
your father your father."

JACKSON  
I put in my papers. For real, this  
time. And I'm moving out here.

Caitlin has heard this one before.

CAITLIN  
You said you were going to fly in  
for the Ed Sheeran concert.

JACKSON  
I had to go to Tokyo for work last  
minute. I'm sorry, hon. It's the  
last time. I promise. You're going  
to be so sick of me up in your  
business.

CAITLIN  
It's fine, James took us anyway.

She's twisting the knife here a bit.

JACKSON  
James?

CAITLIN  
He works at the firm with her and  
comes over for dinner sometimes.

Jackson sags a bit, Caitlin clocks his disappointment, tries  
to soften the blow -

CAITLIN  
She never lets him stay over.

Jackson winks at her, appreciates the effort. He reaches out  
and brushes her hair away from her cheek, touches her  
cochlear implant.

JACKSON  
How's this new bad boy working?

CAITLIN  
Bluetooth. I can get calls on it.

JACKSON  
Then you don't have an excuse for  
not answering.  
(then)  
School?

CAITLIN  
Not bad. Except for Tyler.

JACKSON  
It's always a Tyler.

CAITLIN  
He said girls can't play football.

JACKSON  
So what did you do?

CAITLIN  
I tackled him and got detention.

JACKSON  
Good form?

CAITLIN  
Head up and back straight.

Jackson does his best to suppress a smile.

JACKSON  
You shouldn't tackle people when  
you're not on the field. Not even  
Tylers.

CAITLIN  
So what are you even out here for?

JACKSON  
Oh -

Jackson reaches into his jacket pocket, digging for  
something. Caitlin's eyes go wide -

Jackson slides the two tickets across the table -

CAITLIN  
The Super Bowl!?

JACKSON  
I have to work the game, so I  
figured mom would take you.

She gets up, scrambles over and hugs him. She pulls back from  
the hug and signs -

CAITLIN (IN ASL)  
*I love you.*

Jackson signs back -

JACKSON (IN ASL)  
*I love you more.*

Caitlin looks at Jackson's hand atop the table -

It is SHAKING.

Jackson sees her noticing, quickly retracts it onto his lap.

JACKSON  
Too much coffee.

A SERVER passes by with the ORANGE DECAF POT -

SERVER  
You want more decaf, hon?

Off this, Caitlin gives Jackson a curious look.

#### **EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Caitlin bounds in the front door as ZOE, 30s, Jackson's ex-  
wife, stands with a hand on her hip. She's giving off major  
disapproving co-parenting energy.

ZOE  
How much did these cost?

JACKSON  
Bobby got 'em.

She arches an eyebrow -

JACKSON  
He has robust contacts on the  
secondary market.

ZOE  
Of course he does.  
(then)  
This doesn't fix anything.  
(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

She needs you. Nearby. Not flying  
in every couple months with fucking  
horse back riding lessons or -

She shakes the tickets -

ZOE

Super Bowl tickets.

JACKSON

I'm retiring.

Zoe is skeptical, has heard that one before -

JACKSON

For real this time. End of the  
month, that's it.

ZOE

Wow. So what are you going to do  
with yourself?

He swallows hard, caught off guard without an answer.

JACKSON

I don't know.

Zoe sees there's something he's not telling her.

ZOE

Everything ok?

Jackson takes a breath, summons the courage to even utter the  
word -

JACKSON

It's Parkinson's. Early onset. It's  
not that bad yet, but it's gotten  
worse lately. And you know how it  
goes. I can manage it for now, but  
you don't outrun this.

All of the banter and needling between the two of them now  
dissipates. Zoe's face falls.

JACKSON

I don't want to tell Caity yet.

Zoe's eyes well up, nods, understanding. She clears her  
throat, her voice a whisper -

ZOE

I'm sorry, Jax. Really. Whatever  
you need.



Jackson swallows hard, also trying to hold back the tears. So he exhales and kicks his toe at the front walk.

They stand there, both maybe wanting to go in for a hug.

JACKSON

Maybe it's not hereditary? Maybe  
it's just karma coming to collect.

She shakes her head.

ZOE

This isn't your fault.

Jackson doesn't quite believe this.

ZOE

Well I should - I have to cancel my  
brunch plans.

Zoe turns to head inside, more to hide her tears than an urgent need to cancel the plans.

ZOE

Thanks for the tickets.

JACKSON

Sorry I didn't get one for James.

Zoe smirks to herself as she goes up the steps, shaking her head at his ability to always get a laugh out of her.

Jackson stands there alone with a sinking feeling of inevitability hanging over him.

A silence descends, the world quieting as if to emphasize his solitude. After a moment, the silence is shattered by -

**PRELAP: CRACK! CRACK!**

**EXT. ANGELES SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

The retort of gunfire.

Shooting targets lined up in a sand pit, backdropped against scrub-pine peaks of the San Gabriels.

Jackson is in the prone position, 600 yards away from his target, his cheek to the stock of his rifle.

Bobby is a couple of shooting stalls away.

Jackson's breaths are calm but -

His trigger finger SHAKES slightly.

He stares daggers at his hand, like he's trying to Jedi mind trick it into calm.

His hand shakes just enough so that when he SQUEEZES -  
CRACK!

The round MISSES the target and embeds itself with a thud into a dirt berm.

JACKSON  
Nice shot, asshole.

**EXT. ANGELES SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

Jackson stands next to his rental car. He shakes out a couple of pills from a prescription bottle labelled Levodopa.

He pops them in his mouth and swallows without water.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
How you hit 'em?

Jackson quickly sticks the pill bottle in his pocket, turns to face Bobby.

JACKSON  
The Santa Anas.

BOBBY  
Blowing like your-

JACKSON  
Shut up.

Bobby watches as Jackson climbs into the driver's seat.

**INT./EXT RENTAL CAR - DAY**

Jackson and Bobby sit in gridlocked traffic trying to get to the stadium. Bobby whistles. It's annoying.

The Super Bowl pregame plays on the radio. Jackson stares straight ahead. His hand on the steering wheel gives a slight TREMOR. Bobby sees this.

BOBBY  
Nervous for your last hurrah?

JACKSON

Excited.

(beat)

About not having to work with you every day.

BOBBY

What are you gonna do, write your fucking memoirs?

Jackson looks out at the PEOPLE of Inglewood holding signs for parking in their driveways. 200 bucks a pop.

His eyes move in the opposite direction, toward where they are headed -

SoFi Stadium looms like a monolith, its existence bringing gentrification and all that entails.

Jackson stares at it, the sheer scope drawing him toward it.

#### **INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY**

Somewhere in the bowels of the stadium. A giant wall of screens showing every camera in the place.

Aerial views. Hallways. Suites. Outdoor areas.

Rows of chairs are filled with every possible manner of LAW ENFORCEMENT. LAPD. LASD. FBI. CHP. NFL security. Other three letter agencies we can't even mention.

And of course, the Secret Service.

Jackson and Bobby sit in the back row, perfectly on-brand as the wise guys in class.

At the front on a small riser is KIERA, dressed in a dark suit. She got that promotion, and she acts like it.

KIERA

I'm your Special Agent In Charge, Kiera Baker. As a designated National Special Security Event, all communication will flow through the USS.

Bobby leans over to Jackson, Irish whispers -

BOBBY

She makes *me* want to take early retirement too.

JACKSON

Just wait it out until she runs for Congress.

Jackson looks at Kiera who makes eye contact with him, momentarily breaking her concentration. She continues -

KIERA

If you have Level 3 access or higher, please review all known threats on the secure server as soon as we break. Everything so far is marked as non-actionable. That means it's the usual mother's basement 4chan chatter.

(beat)

That's all I have. Good luck.

The meeting breaks up and Kiera strides down the aisle, past Jackson and Bobby.

KIERA

Play nice up there, boys

They fall in a couple of steps behind her. As they reach the back of the room, NFL COMMISSIONER PAUL BELL, 60s, flanked by SECURITY steps toward them. He extends his hand to Jackson -

COMMISSIONER

Agent Hewitt, Paul Bell, NFL commissioner. I want to thank you for your service. I'm a big fan - my father played for your old man at the Academy. He was a legend.

Jackson, a bit embarrassed. Kiera stops and watches -

JACKSON

Oh. Right. Thank you. I'm - I'm a big fan of...your league, sir.

The Commissioner slaps Jackson on the shoulder a little too hard and Jackson gives Kiera a private eyeroll.

#### **EXT. NEST - DAY**

Way up in the top level of the stadium, on the concourse beneath the seats, Jackson and Bobby climb a set of stairs.

An LA COUNTY DEPUTY guards the bottom step. She's on high alert, taking her responsibility very seriously.

Jackson gives her a nod.

DEPUTY  
Holler down if you need anything.

JACKSON  
If you can watch the game without  
commenting on EVERY. SINGLE. PLAY.  
I'm begging you to trade places  
with my partner here.

BOBBY  
He's very grouchy and no one likes  
him.

At the top of the steps there is a twenty-foot LADDER.

Bobby in front, starts to climb. Jackson follows, both  
carrying their gear bags. Bobby huffs and puffs, pauses.

JACKSON  
Cardio's free.

They get to the top of the ladder and push up a hatch door  
that leads into -

#### **INT. NEST - CONTINUOUS**

This is the Nest.

No one on TV will see it. Fans at the stadium won't give it a  
second glance, but its existence keeps them safe.

It's a ten-by-ten box, enclosed on three sides. The front is  
open and looks down from above the last row of seats.

For now, the stadium is relatively empty, the sun casting  
shadows on the field through the glass paneled roof.

BOBBY  
Quite a view.

Jackson doesn't waste time gawking, he starts setting up.

#### **A SERIES OF SHOTS**

As the guys set up their equipment.

- Jackson places a tripod near the front of the Nest.
- He takes out his rifle and attaches it to the tripod.
- Jackson looks through the scope, adjusting it.

- Bobby attaches his digital wind speed reader to the front of the Nest's roof.
- Jackson puts in his radio EARPIECE, then puts on a tactical throat microphone. Finally, he clips a radio to his belt.

**END OF SHOTS**

The stadium is starting to fill up. Bobby looks at his watch.

BOBBY

Think I better hit the head before  
we're stuck up here. You good?

Jackson gives him a nod, he's starting to get himself locked in, ready for showtime.

**INT./EXT. ZOE'S CAR - DAY**

Zoe sits in traffic on the 110. A total clusterfuck. Dua Lipa blasting on the radio.

CAITLIN

Dad seemed weird.

Zoe tenses.

ZOE

Retirement is hard, especially for  
somebody like him.

Caitlin doesn't fully buy that, but changes the subject -

CAITLIN

A Raider is just a pirate, right?

ZOE

I think so. Eye patches and funny  
hats?

CAITLIN

So if Raiders are pirates. And the  
Buccaneers are pirates, there're  
two teams that are pirates?

ZOE

Yaaar.

Caitlin smiles.

**INT. NEST - DAY**

Jackson is all set up, on his stomach looking through the scope of the rifle.

He gets to his feet, looks around, Bobby still isn't back.

He checks his watch. *Huh.*

Looks out at the giant scoreboard hanging above the field -

The COUNTDOWN TO KICKOFF reads just under three hours.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Apex to Caller.

Waits. Waits. Static.

He takes out his phone, punches up Bobby's contact -

Rings. Rings. Rings.

Nothing.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Apex to Dancer.

Waits a beat -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Go ahead, Apex.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Go secure?

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME**

Kiera takes her own radio off her belt and pushes a button, switching to an encrypted channel.

**INTERCUT THE OPERATIONS CENTER WITH THE NEST**

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
What?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Bobby. I can't find him.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Where is he?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 Buying a foam finger? Eating a hot dog? I don't fucking know. He went to the bathroom and hasn't come back.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 Ok, what do you want me to do, go peek under every stall?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 I think you need to up the threat level.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 This isn't like him.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 He's probably sniffing the seat cushions in the Cowboys Cheerleaders' dressing room. If he's not back in five, let me know.

They both hang up. Jackson looks at his phone and it BUZZES with a TEXT from an Unknown Number.

The TEXT reads: **Go to 165.375**

He hesitates for a moment. Finally, he adjusts the frequency on his radio.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 ...go ahead?

Static.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 Bobby?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
 Hello, Jackson.

A Marlboro Red soaked voice, raw and unfiltered.

A look of concern washes over Jackson.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
 I'm a big fan of your work.

Jackson pokes his head out the front of the Nest and looks around, as if this Voice is watching. He tries to stay cool.



JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Well come and see me, I'll give you  
an autograph.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Let me know when you're ready to  
take this seriously.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
This is me taking you seriously,  
guy on a ham radio in his mother's  
basement.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
A dangerous man is going to do  
something here today that will have  
global consequences.

Jackson again tries to mask a growing wariness.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Carter is a helluva QB, very  
dangerous. I'll lay the points.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Don't get cute or people are going  
to die.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
So you're a dangerous man?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
If the mood catches me right. You  
tell anyone about this conversation  
or leave that nest, you'll find out  
how dangerous I am.

Jackson doesn't respond.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
I'll take the silence to mean  
you're ready to listen?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Who's the target?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
You're asking questions like you're  
in control. All you need to know at  
this point is that it's happening  
at halftime.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
That when you're gonna go upstairs  
and raid the fridge for chicken  
tendies after mom passes out?

The voice chuckles, dismissive.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
You know nothing about me and I  
know everything about you.

Jackson's eyes scan the stadium frantically -

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
This is real life, pal. There're no  
medals at the end for this one.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
What? You're going to kill someone?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
I'm not killing anyone. You are.

The channel goes silent.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Hello?

Nothing.

A shell shocked look grows on Jackson's face.

This is real.

He takes a deep breath, tries to figure out his first move.

The scoreboard clock tells us it is two-and-a-half hours  
until kickoff.

Jackson changes the channel on his radio.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Dancer, go secure.

He clicks his radio to the secure channel again.

#### **INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY**

Kiera switches her radio channel.

#### **INTERCUT THE OPERATIONS CENTER WITH THE NEST**

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I got a text from an anonymous  
number.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Last chance on your car warranty?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
It said to go to a secure channel.  
This...voice. He told me someone is  
going to die. Here. At halftime.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Bobby still M.I.A.?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
No word.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Who's the target?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
He wouldn't say.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
We're approaching shut it down  
territory here.

BZZZ

A text buzzes in on his phone, from the anonymous number. It  
reads:

"GET ON THE RADIO. NOW."

Jackson hesitates, thinks about how much he needs to tell  
Kiera - how much he *wants* to tell her.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Don't do anything yet, he's  
contacting me again.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
I have to meet with the agency  
heads in two minutes, I'm supposed  
to go in there and pretend  
everything is normal?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Yes.

We stay with Jackson in the Nest.

He looks down at his phone, is about to switch radio channels again but instead opens his phone and scrolls to ZOE in the contacts.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

A private driveway. A TEENAGER who may or may not actually live here stands in front of Zoe and Caitlin.

Zoe's phone buzzes in her hand, she looks down at it: JACKSON. She ignores it, sticks it in her pocket.

She counts out ten twenty-dollar bills into the teenager's hand. The teenager gives her the "keep it comin'" signal.

Zoe grimaces and peels off another \$20.

**INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson holds the phone to his ear. There's a BEEP for Zoe's voicemail -

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
Hey. Listen - don't come. Go home.  
Just get away from the stadium.

*I love you?*

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
I hope you get this.

He hangs up and switches his radio to 165.375.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I'm here.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
I know. I can see you.

Jackson freezes and slowly backs further way from the front of the Nest.

Silence for a beat, then -

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Who did you tell?

Jackson hesitates -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I was talking on the Service  
channel, checking in -

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
I didn't hear you.

Jackson closes his eyes, mouths a silent *fuck*.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Why were you on the phone?

*Caught.*

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I just told my wife -

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Your ex-wife.

Jackson's eyes snap back open - *how does he know?*

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I left her a message and told her  
not to come to the game. If you  
know all the answers, why the fuck  
are you asking questions?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Because you need to understand who  
you're dealing with. Do you  
understand now?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Let's cut to the chase and you can  
tell me where you want the twenty  
million dollars wired.

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
This isn't about money.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Why don't you spell it out for me  
then?

VOICE (ON RADIO)  
Every place you've gone in the  
world. As a SEAL. As an agent. I'm  
the fucking guy that you needed to  
worry about. Not some fifteenth  
century Taliban or ISIS shithead.  
I'm the guy that doesn't have a  
side. I'm the one who is moving the  
chess pieces around the board.  
(beat)  
I still don't think you get that  
quite yet. But you will.

There's silence on the other end of the radio.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Hello? Hello?

Nothing. He's gone.

**INT. STANDS - DAY**

We look down from the upper deck of the stadium and slowly move our gaze toward the Nest.

We see Jackson inside, silhouetted by the tinted windows.

Standing behind the back row of seats watching from this vantage point we find GORDON WEBB, 50s, our VOICE.

That's what we'll call him and that's a name he has gone by, but it is not on any ID he carries, official or otherwise.

A world traveler with no passport, a man without a country, a man who if he is in your country, he is there to change it, an agent of chaos. Because that's what he is paid to do.

Today, he has a full salt and pepper beard and is dressed in a caterer's uniform.

A tiny earpiece is draped over one lobe, a mic peeks out from under his lapel.

Anyone who cared to look closely would notice this guy could use the duller knife in the drawer to sever a major artery.

He gives the Nest a final look before he disappears, which is what he does best.

**INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

CLOSE ON Bobby's face as he sits on the toilet. His breaths are ragged and deep.

His face glistens with sweat.

CLOSE ON his hand as his fingers wrap around the support railing attached to the wall, a white-knuckle death grip.

Something here is very off.

**INT. BOWELS OF STADIUM - DAY**

An elevator door dings open and Webb steps out. He moves through a food service area to a walk-in freezer. Opens the door to see pallets stacked to the ceiling.

**INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - CONTINUOUS**

He steps into the freezer and walks behind the pallets.

There we meet -

COWGIRL, 30s. She wears a cowboy hat, pulled low on her face, to hide from prying security cameras.

Her features are vaguely Eastern European, which is where she has done her best work. Work that usually entails poisoning slobbering businessmen with polonium.

Opposite her is SKULLFACE, 40s. His face is painted like a black and silver skeleton. His arms bulge from beneath a Raiders t-shirt.

This guy did a middling job of blending in among Afghan tribesmen when he was on the tip of the spear after 9/11.

WEBB

Ok, let's go.

They turn to a giant wooden crate stamped SEAFOOD. Cowgirl takes a crowbar and pops the cover to reveal mounds of ice.

She pushes some ice to the side and we see lobsters and shellfish. Pushes some more and we find the true purpose of the container -

It's filled with RUGER MARK IV HANDGUNS. The three of them start taking out the weapons.

They dig some more and find SUPPRESSORS, then affix to the end of their weapons.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Still in his caterer's uniform, Webb stands with Skullface and Cowgirl. In front of him is a wheeled serving cart draped in white linen, a silver-domed tray on top of it.

Skullface and Cowgirl watch the numbers on the elevator click up to the S level. Webb stares straight ahead.

**INT. SUITE - DAY**

The elevator dings open and the gang of three steps out into the height of American decadence on our midwinter national holiday.

This is no suite for commoners.

This is the rich of the rich, no one with a net worth anywhere close to eight figures. Old money. Oil. Real estate.

There is a marble countered kitchenette and a living room area with couches. It all opens up to four rows of seating in the middle tier of the stadium.

Webb pushes the cart into the suite and despite the sideways looks at the riffraff that are Cowgirl and Skullface, a couple of the PATRONS stare greedily at the tray.

In the center of the suite, RICK ROBBINS, 60s, holds court. Too much sun lamp, too white veneers. An impeccable suit.

He owns a football team. Fuck you money doesn't begin to describe his wealth.

Next to him is his wife, MARILYN ROBBINS, 60s. The Botox is good, the best, but it will betray her. Sapphire and silver earrings and a blue sapphire star brooch - Cowboys colors.

ROBBINS

(to the group)

So I said to Marilyn, "I don't particularly like the statue, but getting rid of it? That's like tearing down history!"

The group nods at the depth of his privileged wisdom, Marilyn pats him on the arm. *You're so brilliant, dear.*

Webb grandly removes the silver dome cover to reveal:

Lobster tails. Oysters on ice. Foie gras.

Several people grab plates and start loading up. It's free, and there's nothing the uber-rich love more than free.

Webb glances at Cowgirl, gives a barely perceptible nod.

Cowgirl moves to the door of the suite.

Marilyn makes her way to the cart, sticks her face right down to the oysters, making sure they are up to par - Wellfleet or Narragansett, at a minimum.



WEBB

Freshen your champagne, ma'am?

Cowgirl sticks her head out into the concourse and sees two SECURITY GUARDS standing outside the door.

COWGIRL

We have an issue that needs your attention.

The guards look at each other and shrug, then head into the suite.

Cowgirl follows, closes the door to the suite and locks it.

One of the GUARDS turns back to Cowgirl -

GUARD

What's the problem?

Cowgirl points to the TV, the Guard looks at it -

COWGIRL

Can you adjust the picture?

He turns back around to Cowgirl, annoyed and -

BLAP BLAP

His brains are SPLATTERED on the flat screen. Cowgirl stands there with the Ruger, pulled from inside her jacket.

Before the other guard can even react, Skullface puts two in his chest.

POP POP

SCREAMS

The people in the suite start to scatter, but have no place to go. Cowgirl blocks the door.

One YOUNGER DUDE makes a break for the front of the suite, toward the rows of seats

Webb pulls his own gun from beneath the cart and in a beat has it planted in the middle of the younger dude's forehead.

Webb looks him in the eyes. He looks at the cart and takes a SHRIMP FORK and stabs one of the little crustaceans with it. He pops it into his mouth, chews.

WEBB

What was your plan? Stab me in the  
eye with this? Take my gun?

(to everyone)

Heroes get toe tags, understand?

He lowers the gun. The Younger Dude finally takes a breath.  
Webb looks around at the rest of the hostages -

WEBB

Anybody else?

There are no takers. Webb looks at Robbins. Pats him on the  
cheek.

WEBB

Good.

**INT. CONCOURSE - DAY**

Zoe and Caitlin walk through the concourse.

Zoe looks at the ticket in her hand, then up at the signage  
above the concourse that points the way to their section.

She takes her phone from her pocket, sees the voicemail from  
Jackson she still hasn't listened to.

She lifts the phone, about to play the message.

Before she can, someone grabs her arm -

She turns to see -

CAITLIN

Uncle Bobby!

It's Bobby. Smiling. No longer sweating like he was back in  
the bathroom. Calm and Cool.

BOBBY

Hey you!

He gives Caitlin a hug, looks over her head at Zoe.

BOBBY

Zo, how are ya?

Zoe, surprised to see him -

BOBBY

I was just taking a loop to check  
things out and boom, who did I see?  
Two of my faves.

Zoe, still a bit confused as to how he saw them in this sea  
of people. Nonetheless -

ZOE

Thanks for the tickets.

She's not *totally* sincere, but polite enough.

BOBBY

Hey, it's nothing.

CAITLIN

Where's Dad?

BOBBY

A secure undisclosed location.

He gives her a wink.

BOBBY

(moving along)

So where are those seats?

Zoe hands them to Bobby who inspects them, shakes his head.

BOBBY

Nosebleeds. I'm sorry.

(then)

I think I can get you guys  
something a bit better. You ever  
been in a suite before?

Caitlin signs furiously to Zoe, BEGGING. She relents -

ZOE

Fine. You're sure you can do that?

BOBBY

No prob. Follow me.

Bobby and Caitlin take off.

Zoe follows but we can tell something about this whole  
exchange has left her uneasy.

**INT. SUITE - DAY**

The DOZEN HOSTAGES are crowded into the living room area of the suite. Cowgirl and Skullface collect their phones.

Along with the fans there are a few WAITERS and BARTENDERS.

Webb steps from inside the suite's bathroom, his caterer's uniform gone. He wears a black t-shirt, showing off the guns.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open to reveal Bobby with Zoe and Caitlin.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
This is the part where you realize  
this isn't amateur hour, Jackson.

**INT. NEST - SAME**

In the Nest, Jackson paces back and forth.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
You do anything besides make vague  
threats?

**INTERCUT THE NEST WITH THE SUITE**

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
I don't make threats or break  
promises. But a couple people you  
care about have just joined us.

Zoe and Caitlin step out of the elevator first and Zoe clocks the gun in Webb's hand, grabs Caitlin and pulls her toward her. She spins to see -

BOBBY HOLDING A GUN. An apologetic look on his face.

Confusion has now turned to fear.

Jackson hears some cross-talk over the radio.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
CAITY!?

Webb casually walks to a marble counter covered in food.

There's a high-end coffee machine. Webb slides open the compartment for the grinds, pinches a fingerful and sticks it in his lip.

As he does this we see that his fingertips are nothing but a mass of scars - *he's burned them off.*

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
If you try and get cute, this ends badly, Jackson. Especially for two people that mean something to you.

Webb gestures for Bobby to bring Zoe to him. He brings her over. She tries to look defiant as she glares at Webb.

Webb pushes a button on his radio, so the sound comes from it and not his headset.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Zo? Are you there? What the fuck is going on?

ZOE (ON RADIO)  
We're here - oh shit they're holding us.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU!?

Zoe looks at the other hostages.

ZOE (ON RADIO)  
We're ok. Just do what they say, please. It's Bobby -

Jackson's eyes narrow, realizes -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Bobby...

Webb smiles.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
"It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgive a friend."

Zoe looks at Bobby who shakes his head at her apologetically. Mouths *I'm sorry*.

ZOE  
Fuck you.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You didn't take what I said seriously. You took me for someone without balls. I told you not to tell anyone and you did. So now I'm going to have to use ex-wifey to make a point.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I won't tell anyone else.

Webb looks at Bobby.

WEBB  
Do it.

Bobby, wide-eyed -

BOBBY  
What?

WEBB  
Was my order unclear?

BOBBY  
Come on - we don't need to do this.

WEBB  
(gestures at Zoe)  
Shoot. Her.

BOBBY  
No.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Zoe, what the fuck is happening?

WEBB  
SHOOT. HER.

Bobby stands there defiantly, not intimidated by Webb. Webb gives him a look - *Fine, if that's how you want it.*

Webb points his gun at Zoe.

BOBBY (ON RADIO)  
Jax, I'm fucking sorry, I swear,  
they made me -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
YOU WERE MY FUCKING BROTHER!

Webb looks at Caitlin -

WEBB  
Close your eyes, honey.

With shocking speed -

Webb turns the gun to Bobby and SNAP!

SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEART

He falls to the ground. Zoe screams. Caitlin staggers back in shock. The hostages scream as Skullface trains his weapon on them to keep them quiet.

On the floor, Bobby coughs, blood coming from his mouth.

Webb looks at him. Pities him.

WEBB

His heart just wasn't in it.

He PUMPS a couple more rounds into Bobby, his body giving off a final death rattle.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)

Zo!?

WEBB (ON RADIO)

She's fine, relax, buddy.

Webb looks down at Bobby, his blood oozes across the rug, creeping toward Zoe's feet.

WEBB (ON RADIO)

Everything is planned. I'm thirty-seven moves ahead and your late partner here was just a pawn. So get used to it.

Webb gestures for Cowgirl to take Zoe away, lifts the phone back up to his ear.

WEBB (ON RADIO)

Heart beating a little fast,  
Jackson? I've been there. What do  
you do to slow it down in those  
moments?

Jackson tries to steady his breathing, not used to being rattled to this degree.

The stakes of this are now intensely personal, his usual detachment will not save him.

WEBB (ON RADIO)

This is a new thing for you, I get  
it.

Jackson takes a deep breath - realizes that he needs to get his shit together -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)

I'll play your game if I have to.  
But then it's my turn.

(MORE)

JACKSON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
And you're going to have to live  
your life wondering if today is the  
day that I decide it's over.

Webb gives a mocking, exaggerated applause.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Wow. Wow. That was...Jackson, I  
mean, that monologue. I have to  
tell you? That moved me. In my  
pants. Really. Just brilliant.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
You don't have the balls to do this  
yourself, is that it?

*He's probing for information, keeping him talking.*

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
I was neutralizing threats about  
the time you were fortunate enough  
to escape through the tip of your  
daddy's busted out rubber, you  
understand? This is my job. I do it  
around the world from Banana  
Republics to shining cities on a  
cocksucking hill.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Whoring yourself out on the street  
to the highest bidder?

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You don't work for free, you're a  
wholly owned subsidiary of the  
American taxpayer. I do what I have  
to in order to set my table. But  
I'm not a mercenary. I fix things.

Jackson doesn't respond.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
And the next time you step foot out  
of that nest, the next time you  
tell anyone anything, I'm going to  
start executing hostages. And we're  
going youngest to oldest.

The radio goes dead. Jackson realizes what Webb is saying -  
*Caitlin goes first.*

We stay with Jackson. He looks down at the phone to see  
frantic texts from Kiera.



HE TEXTS HER:

**SECURE CHANNEL.**

Jackson switches to the secure channel.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME**

Kiera ducks into a corner, away from the chaos around her.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Where the fuck were you?

**INTERCUT THE OPERATIONS CENTER WITH THE NEST**

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Bobby was in on it. He's dead.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
You need to slow down -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
They killed him.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
IN ON WHAT!?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
They have hostages. Here. They took  
Zoe and Caitlin.

Kiera's eyes narrow, suspicious -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Why you?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Kiera, I fucking swear, I have no  
idea what this is about. Trust me.

Kiera is quiet, not sure if she should believe him.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Please. Believe me.

Though Jackson can't see it, she nods slowly.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
We need to pull the plug. Evacuate.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 We can't. He'll kill them if I tell  
 anyone. I'm telling you because  
 you're the only person I can trust.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 I won't go to Leavenworth for you.  
 We can't just...ignore this. Are  
 you crazy?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 I'm just trying to stop people from  
 getting killed.

Kiera sighs, relenting -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 We'll both be going away for a very  
 long time when this heads south.

She thinks it over, the wheels turning -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 Something's missing...

She thinks. Jackson realizing he needs to come totally clean.  
 But she's already putting it together -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 You. They took Caitlin and Zoe so  
 you'd do it. So you'd have to do  
 it.

(realizing)  
 When were you going to tell me?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 Apparently you just figured it out.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 I put my ass on the line for you. I  
 let you take your weapons  
 qualifications medicated to the  
 fucking gills which is enough to  
 get me fired. Not to mention still  
 putting you in the field because  
 American Hero Jackson Hackett can't  
 handle the horror of being behind a  
 fucking desk.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 I appreciate it. You gave me one  
 more good year and I owe you. But  
 this is bigger. He's got Caitlin  
 and Zoe, Bakes.

She thinks this over for a beat, finally relenting -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
So who's the target?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I don't know, he won't tell me.

Kiera thinks this over, tries to organize everything in her mind -

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
If they've got hostages somewhere  
in the building, how do they get  
enough people together, keep them  
contained, keep them quiet...

Kiera looks at the monitors of the operations center, Jackson  
stares out at the stadium, both searching for answers.

They both seem to arrive at the conclusion at the same time,  
but Jackson verbalizes it first -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
A luxury box.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
And the target? It's got to be  
someone big, someone they can't get  
to.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
They're making a statement. The  
Super Bowl. Halftime. Who are the  
biggest names here? Not  
celebrities, but political.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
A few senators are here. Two  
cabinet members. A Supreme Court  
justice. The governor.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
If it was a senator or a justice  
they'd do it in a parking garage in  
DC. He does this shit for a living.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Does what?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Assassinations? Fixing elections?  
Overthrowing governments? He wasn't  
very fucking specific.

(MORE)

JACKSON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 What about international leaders?

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 A Canadian MP? The Mexican  
 ambassador? A Saudi prince? Anyone  
 else is small potatoes and their  
 government hasn't even bothered to  
 tell us they're in the building.

Jackson looks out of the Nest, looks below to a bank of TV  
 cameras, thinks, then realizes -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 Cameras.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 Every suite has them.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
 Can you pull that up?

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
 There're 250 suites to comb  
 through, but I'm on it.

#### **INT. SUITE - DAY**

Cowgirl stands guard over the hostages, along with Zoe and  
 Caitlin who sit on the floor in a corner.

Two MALE HOSTAGES whisper to each other, Cowgirl sees this.

COWGIRL  
 (waves her gun)  
 Your faces bother me.

Zoe sits slumped against the wall next to Caitlin. Caitlin  
 looks up at Cowgirl, whose back is to them. She then looks to  
 her mother, signs -

CAITLIN (IN ASL)  
*Dad will save us.*

Off Zoe not nearly as confident as Caitlin, given her  
 knowledge of his condition.

ZOE (IN ASL)  
*I know.*

Skullface comes over. He looks at the Cowboys owner Robbins  
 who is seated next to his wife.

Skullface points a crooked finger at Robbins. Robbins looks around like - *me?*

SKULLFACE

No, the other asshole who fell ass backward into three billion of daddy's money.

Webb stands behind the four rows of seats that look out onto the field. The teams warm up.

Robbins walks up behind him, Webb knows he's there.

WEBB

The biggest day of your life.

Robbins doesn't respond.

WEBB

A team you bought. Coaches you paid. Players you drafted, free agents you signed. Cheerleaders you fucked. Like playing God. I've never been one for team sports. Relying on other people to have their shit together? Recipe for disaster. And when I do work with people...

He gives a glance toward Cowgirl and Skullface.

WEBB

It tends to end badly for them.

ROBBINS

I'll do anything -

Webb holds on this thought for a moment then turns to meet Robbins' eyes. There is none of the playfulness in Webb now, just a soulless, icy glare.

WEBB

You will sit in these seats and you're going to watch the game and you will smile and you will clap like a bunch of fucking seals.

Robbins nods slowly.

ROBBINS

I'll do that. Everyone will do that, I'll make sure of it.

WEBB

Good. That makes it easier. People who have more to lose tend to be reasonable about these things.

**INT. NEST - DAY**

Jackson lies on his stomach, looking through the rifle scope. A diagram of the stadium unfolded on the floor next to him.

On it, he has crossed out twenty of the SUITES that ring the middle tier of the stadium.

He returns his cheek to the stock -

He moves the rifle one suite to the left, looking across the field, from one sideline to the other.

His view is partially obscured by the giant video scoreboard that hangs over the field.

Jackson adjusts the scope and sees -

Webb and Robbins stand behind the four empty rows, no sign of anyone in the suite behind them.

JACKSON

Huh...

His phone buzzes with a TEXT from Kiera and he switches to the secure channel.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME**

Kiera sits at a console by herself.

KIERA (ON RADIO)

I checked every camera, and there's one suite that's offline -

**INTERCUT THE OPERATIONS CENTER WITH THE NEST**

JACKSON (ON RADIO)

217?

Kiera, a bit surprised -

KIERA (ON RADIO)

How'd you know? It's Rick Robbins' suite, he owns the Cowboys.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I only see two people in that one.  
Robbins, and he's standing next to  
another guy. All the other suites  
are full of people.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
Maybe that's our guy and Robbins is  
the target?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Then why doesn't he just take him  
out himself?

Neither of them have a good answer for that one.

Kiera looks at a clock in the operations center -

Ten minutes to kickoff.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
We should have sounded the alarm on  
this from the start.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I'm not willing to put my family or  
those people at risk.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
I'm sure that'll stick before the  
House Select Committee.  
(beat)  
Just sit tight until after kickoff.

We stay with Jackson in the Nest.

He looks in the scope and sees that the two people in the  
suite are gone.

His phone buzzes with a text from the Unknown Number.

#### **INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb sits on a couch, swirls his finger in a cup of coffee  
grinds, lifts the cup to his lips and pours the grinds  
directly into his mouth.

#### **INTERCUT THE SUITE WITH THE NEST**

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
How's she hanging, pal?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Be a lot better if you told me the target.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You seem to do ok spur of the moment don't you?

Webb lets this hang there.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You still see her, don't you? That little head in the snowsuit, exploding all over the platform. At night, when you toss and turn, alone in your bed, that's what you see isn't it? How fucking close it was. That's life pal. It's a game of inches. All those bodies over the years you piled up. You managed to beat back their footsteps pounding down the hall in the dark. But it was the one that you *didn't* shoot that rattled you. Is that irony? I always forget the definition, it's been so bastardized these days.

Jackson's breaths grow shallow.

Sweat glistens on his brow.

He looks down -

His hand SHAKES.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You wouldn't have taken that shot if it was your own kid though. Do you dream of that mother's cries? Her anguished wails? Can you feel your finger twitch one-sixteenth of an inch the other way?

Webb rubs the grinds on his gums, listens to Jackson's breaths.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You hate that God cursed you with one gift and that's exterminating life from great distance. It hooked you, and it was better than any drug.

(MORE)



WEBB (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
You lost your wife because the only  
thing that made your dick hard is  
the recoil of that rifle.

Jackson takes the prescription bottle from his pocket, shakes  
out a couple of pills into his palm.

Webb hears the rattle.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
How goes the twitching, by the way?

Jackson tenses.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Parkinson's is a helluva disease.  
(then)  
You were already deteriorating a  
year ago. Those balls must clank  
when you walk. Talk about a risk,  
taking that shot when you're  
already shakier than a Kardashian  
marriage?

Jackson realizes there are no secrets, not with Webb.

His life is laid bare, and because of that, he grows more  
defiant -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
How fucking dumb are you? You chose  
a sniper with shaky hands for the  
job? You got a blind wheelman  
waiting in the parking lot too?

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Take it as a compliment. Even with  
that, we still chose you. That's  
how good you are.  
(beat)  
Captain Arthur Hackett was trapped  
in his body and he took the  
honorable way out. I admire that. I  
don't have it in me, personally.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Keep my father's name out of your  
mouth.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
At least he didn't live to see that  
he passed it on to you. Genes are a  
bastard, aren't they?  
(MORE)

WEBB (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
I got a high metabolism and you got  
a case of the Big Twitch.

Jackson seethes.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I'm going to gut you, and it's  
going to be slow.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Was it slow for the old man? Or did  
his neck snap right away?

Jackson tenses, doesn't want to go there.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
I've seen a few. Not a pretty way  
to go.  
(beat)  
Military man like him, his shoes  
must have been spit shined. Did the  
tips of them leave little black  
streaks on the white tile floor of  
his office as he dangled from the  
rope? No matter how bad someone  
wants to die, that instinct still  
kicks in. They point their toes to  
try and bear weight as the oxygen  
supply to the brain is cut off. But  
those Navy knots are tough.

Jackson swallows hard, doesn't want to give Webb the pleasure  
of a response.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
That was your plebe year wasn't it?  
Your psych file says you found him.  
Were his eyes bulging out like one  
of those brown trout you'd pull out  
of Sebago Lake when you were a kid?

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Fuck you. You're so obsessed with  
my father, I'm starting to think  
you have daddy issues of your own.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Ooh there he is. That's our  
fighter. Counter-punch me, baby.

Jackson senses that maybe he's getting somewhere -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
What's wrong? Can't handle when the  
rabbit's got the gun?  
(realizes)  
It's not daddy. Is that it? No no  
no no, I was wrong. There was no  
daddy. I can tell you cover up that  
Midwestern accent, but it still  
pops up when you get mad. So you  
probably grew up in some shit dump  
apartment in Chicago or Detroit.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
(dismissive)  
Not even close.

He's full of shit. It's close.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Mother was never around. Had to  
work multiple jobs to make ends  
meet. But it was the revolving door  
of men she brought home to fill the  
daddy void that really got to you.  
(off Webb's silence)  
Oh yeah, that's it. You can still  
hear the squeak of the springs on  
that shitty mattress...

There's silence for a beat -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Looks like I know just as much  
about you as you do about me.

Jackson senses he has him back on his heels a bit -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
And I know you're in suite 217.

Despite Jackson having poked around under the hood, Webb is  
nonplussed by this.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
If you get cute I activate my exfil  
plan and I think you know how ugly  
that's gonna be.  
(then)  
Of course you were going to figure  
out where I was. You're good.  
You're very good.

There's a BUZZ and Webb takes out his cell phone and we stay  
in the suite.

**ON CAITLIN AND ZOE**

Caitlin watches Webb on the phone.

CLOSE ON his mouth as he lifts his phone to his ear.

Sees his lips move -

Caitlin reads Webb's lips.

Zoe watches Caitlin, looks at Cowgirl who is looking in the opposite direction. Caitlin signs Webb's words to Zoe -

CAITLIN (IN ASL)  
*"Is KBF in the building?"*

Zoe, confused, signs back -

ZOE (IN ASL)  
*K-B-F?*

Caitlin shrugs. *No idea.*

Webb disconnects the call and sees Caitlin staring at him. He gestures to Cowgirl.

WEBB  
 Get them out there.

**INT. SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Webb watches the hostages being led out of the living room, toward the suite's seats.

Caitlin walks with Zoe, holding hands.

Webb steps to them, smiling. Zoe squeezes Caitlin's hand harder. Caitlin looks up at Webb, tries to summon some measure of defiance, but she's scared.

Webb reaches out and pushes the hair behind Caitlin's ear where she wears the cochlear. He leans down.

WEBB  
 Maybe you'd like to watch the game  
 with me?

Zoe, horrified, holds onto Caitlin for dear life -

ZOE  
 I'm staying with her.

Webb smiles.

WEBB

I'm sure they'll place her with a foster family that fully understands the needs of a deaf child.

Zoe's face falls, realizing what this threat means, Jackson isn't getting out of this alive.

Her hand slips from Caitlin's. Turns her daughter's face to her, signs -

ZOE (IN ASL)

*You're strong.*

In the stadium, the lights dim for the pregame festivities.

Zoe is pulled toward the seats by Cowgirl.

Caitlin looks up at Webb, defiant. She reaches up and CLICKS OFF her cochlear, the BLUE LIGHT on it going dark.

#### **INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson looks through the scope and sees the hostages being led through the suite toward the four rows of seats by Skullface and Cowgirl.

Jackson follows Zoe down to the first row of the suite then he whips the scope around looking for Caitlin.

He finds her -

WALKING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF WEBB.

He realizes now the man he saw with Robbins is our Voice.

JACKSON

There you are.

#### **INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb puts a hand on her shoulder and Caitlin stops. They stand behind the rows, the top of Caitlin's head coming up to Webb's chest -

Webb is using her as a human shield.

He stops her behind the row of seats. He points across the field, up to the upper level where Jackson is.

WEBB  
Wave to your father.

**INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson looks down the scope, his hands begin to tremble as he sees what Webb is doing with Caitlin.

Caitlin starts to wave slowly.

Jackson sees this and backs away from the rifle as if it will go off just from his touch.

JACKSON  
You sick fuck.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb looks over the hostages. Caitlin gives him a glance to make sure he isn't looking down at her. When she is sure he isn't, she starts to sign in Jackson's direction -

**INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson looks into the scope, sees Caitlin signing -

JACKSON  
"Is...K-B-F ...in...  
the...building?"  
(beat)  
KBF...what the...

Jackson removes his cheek from the stock, a look of confusion on his face as to what these letters mean.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY**

Kiera stands with arms crossed, concern on her face. She watches the wall of monitors.

**INTERCUT THE OPERATIONS CENTER WITH THE NEST**

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
KBF? That mean anything to you?

Kiera thinks for a beat, realizes something.

She moves to a computer terminal and clacks on the keyboard.

She pulls up a list of dignitaries, scrolls them and finds the one she is looking for -

KIERA (ON PHONE)  
Khalid bin Fahd. Saudi prince. His  
uncle is King Faisal and on  
dialysis which isn't public  
knowledge. The word is the old man  
wants KBF to push out his hard line  
brother, the crown prince, so he  
can take the big seat when the king  
dies.

Jackson now realizes that this is his target.

Over the P.A. system, NBC's lead football play-by-play guy  
MIKE TIRICO welcomes the crowd at home and in the stadium -

MIKE TIRICO (O.S.)  
Welcome to Super Sunday.

The CROWD EXPLODES

The noise becoming too loud on Jackson's end.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
HE'S THE TARGET!

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

Jackson, frustrated -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
WHAT'S HIS SUITE NUMBER?

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
IT'S NOT LISTED!

Kiera's voice cuts in and out on Jackson's end.

Frustrated, takes out his phone and starts to text Kiera  
instead. He texts:

**WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOT LISTED?**

He SLAMS his hand on the floor of the Nest.

While he waits for a response, he looks down onto the field  
and sees the RAIDERS bouncing up and down in their tunnel,  
preparing to run through a BLOW UP REPLICA HELMET.

MIKE TIRICO (O.S.)  
 Please welcome first, the American  
 Football Conference champions...the  
 Las Vegas Raiders.

Half the stadium cheers.

**INT. FIELD - DAY**

We hear the rumble of iconic NFL FILMS music, Sam Spence's  
 THE AUTUMN WIND.

Now, the narration of the piece kicks in, NFL Films. The  
 Voice Of God, John Facenda.

JOHN FACENDA (ON P.A.)  
*The Autumn Wind is a pirate.  
 Blustering in from sea,  
 With a rollicking song, he sweeps  
 along,  
 Swaggering boisterously.  
 His face is weather beaten.  
 He wears a hooded sash,  
 With a silver hat about his head,  
 And a bristling black mustache.*

ON THE VIDEO BOARD iconic shots of Raiders Super Bowl past.

And then, from the tunnel - a FOG MACHINE BELCHES SMOKE

Two figures appear...

JOHN FACENDA (ON P.A.)  
*The Autumn Wind is a Raider,  
 Pillaging just for fun.  
 He'll knock you 'round and upside  
 down,  
 And laugh when he's conquered and  
 won.*

One of them wears a short sleeved dress shirt and a  
 tie...floppy hair. JOHN MADDEN.

The other, a track suit. Hair slicked back, sunglasses,  
 tanned. It's AL FUCKING DAVIS, the original NFL bad boy,  
 except...

They are HOLOGRAMS

The Raiders burst out of the tunnel, following these ghosts  
 of the past.



**INT. NEST - DAY**

Jackson looks down through the hatch in the floor. He sees the Deputy who he met on his way up standing guard below.

JACKSON

HEY!

She can't hear him so he gives a sharp whistle. She looks up at him. He waves her up to the Nest.

MIKE TIRICO (O.S.)

And now, please welcome the  
National Football Conference  
champions, the Dallas Cowboys!

**INT. FIELD - DAY**

ON THE VIDEO BOARD we see shots of Cowboys Super Bowl glory.

The Cowboys fired up in their tunnel -

A smoke machine spits out fog and out of the helmet comes a  
FIGURE in a FEDORA and a SUIT...it is -

HOLOGRAM TOM LANDRY!

He leads the Cowboys out onto the field.

FIREWORKS shoot off the top of the stadium.

**INT. NEST - DAY**

The Deputy stands at the top of the ladder.

Jackson takes a black cap from his bag and places it on her head, pulls it down low.

She looks up at him skeptically as the NATIONAL ANTHEM begins on the field.

DEPUTY

I just lay there?

JACKSON

Keep your eye pressed up against  
the scope.

DEPUTY

What am I looking for?

JACKSON

Nothing.

DEPUTY

Nothing?

JACKSON

You're a decoy. You're me.

DEPUTY

And you can't tell me what this is about?

JACKSON

It's a matter of national security.  
I know this is a lot.

DEPUTY

Nobody would make this shit up.

He gives her a smile.

DEPUTY

What happened to your partner?

Off this, Jackson gives a sad shake of his head.

As the final strains of the anthem are played, the fans join singing the final lines.

As it finishes, fireworks on top of the glass roof EXPLODE into the gathering twilight.

F-16s ROAR OVERHEAD in formation, deafening.

ANTHEM SINGER (OVER P.A., PRELAP)

AND THE HOOMME  
OF THE BRAAAAVE

# **INT. CONCOURSE - DAY**

Jackson sprints through the concourse that rings the suite level of the stadium.

Many of the suites have SECURITY GUARDS standing outside of them, Jackson looking at all of them.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)

Why wouldn't his suite be listed?

KIERA (ON RADIO)

The Saudis, Jax? They aren't widely known for transparency.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Then I'll have to check them all.

KIERA (ON RADIO)  
You're going to get people killed.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
It's already trending that way.

He continues running.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

The Cowboys KICKOFF to the Raiders. The crowd roars as flashbulbs POP.

**INSERT TV COMMERCIAL**

The first commercial of the Super Bowl plays.

MCLOVIN walks into a man cave basement and finds MICHAEL CERA and JONAH HILL as their older SUPERBAD characters.

Mclovin holds up a six-pack of BUD ELITE, the guys keep their eyes on the video game they're playing.

CERA  
Beer me, Fogel.

**INT. KBF SUITE - DAY**

On a TV in this suite, the commercial continues silently.

House music BLASTS. Strobe lights flash.

If there's a football game taking place, this makeshift dance club hasn't received the word.

PEOPLE move to the music.

In this crowd we find KHALID BIN FAHD, 30s, thin, hip, and oozing with charisma.

He sips directly from a bottle of Louis Treize which costs as much as a Toyota Corolla.

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, leans in close to him, dancing, shouting over the music.

He leans in close to her ear and whispers sweet nothings.

**EXT. KBF SUITE - DAY**

Jackson runs past two BADASS SECURITY GUARDS standing outside a suite. He clocks them and slows down.

He walks over to them and they eye him skeptically.

JACKSON

I'm with the United States Secret Service and I need you to tell me who's in this suite.

He pulls out his badge and the guards aren't impressed.

BADASS GUARD

That's private information.

JACKSON

Let's stop dancing around. I have reason to believe KBF isn't safe.

The two guards look at each other, Jackson detects a slight flinch from one of them, a tell. The second guard crosses his arms.

BADASS GUARD

I don't know anyone by that name.

Jackson charges forward, makes a sprint for the suite door. The two guards GRAB him, holding him back, but Jackson keeps churning his legs like a running back.

**INT. KBF SUITE - SAME**

KBF looks toward the door and sees Jackson struggling with the guards.

Curious, he approaches and settles down the chaos.

He and Jackson speak. We don't hear the conversation over the music. Eventually, Jackson follows KBF into the suite.

We follow them to the living room area and KBF slides a glass door closed to give them some privacy and quiet.

KBF puts a hand on Jackson's shoulder, like he's trying to placate him.

KBF

My friend, people have wanted to kill me my whole life and death has not yet caught me.

(MORE)

KBF (CONT'D)

It's a burden I am willing to carry  
and if I am to die for the causes I  
believe in, then that is my  
destiny.

JACKSON

What are those causes?

KBF

Liberalization. Equality.  
Democracy.

The crowd cheers for a big play. But even with the increased  
noise, KBF lowers his voice.

KBF

These things will not come to the  
Kingdom today or tomorrow. Not five  
years. Maybe not twenty.

JACKSON

If you die here today they'll never  
happen.

KBF

If that is the path that has been  
prepared for me, then I accept it.

JACKSON

Let me spell this out for you -  
someone is forcing me to kill you,  
by threatening people that are very  
dear to me.

KBF takes a step back. Death in front of him is a bit  
different than it is as an abstract concept.

JACKSON

I don't want to do that for a lot  
of reasons. I need you to live.  
Your country needs you to live. The  
world needs you to live.

KBF

You have a much higher opinion of  
me than I do of myself. If it is my  
time, at least I will see my  
favorite American band, up close  
and personal.

Jackson realizes what he's saying -

JACKSON

Up close?  
 (then)  
 You're going to watch the halftime  
 show on the field?

Jackson pieces this all together -

JACKSON

That's where they want me to do it.  
*Why* they want me to do it. It's the  
 biggest stage there is, with the  
 eyes of the world watching. And  
 it's a message to the U.S. to not  
 meddle in your country's affairs.

KBF looks through the glass, into his life of privilege and  
 contemplates it. Considers his place in the world.

KBF

Do you have a brother?

JACKSON

I don't -  
 (realizes)  
 There was someone. We were close,  
 like brothers.

KBF

Then you understand what it is  
 like, to have your own blood put a  
 price on your head?

Jackson nods slowly.

KBF

And backing down in the face of  
 that, it would not be acceptable to  
 the essence of who you are.

JACKSON

I understand.

KBF

So how do I help you?

Jackson gives a slight nod, grateful to have some help.

He studies KBF. Looks at KBF's torso. Looks down at his own.

We pull back and rise up into the corner of the suite and  
 take the -

**SUITE CAMERA POV**

On a screen, this scene plays silently. We watch as Jackson and KBF enter -

**INT. KBF SUITE BATHROOM - DAY**

KBF and Jackson stand in a cramped private bathroom off the living room.

Jackson puts his own BULLET PROOF VEST over KBF's thin frame. The vest hangs off of him, a bit too big.

JACKSON  
I want you right on the fifty-yard  
line, so I can find you.

He leans down to tighten the straps on the vest.

KBF  
Which one is the fifty-yard line?

Jackson looks up at a smiling KBF, realizes he's joking. The smile fades as KBF looks down at the vest nervously.

JACKSON  
You're gonna get knocked on your  
ass. So make sure you stay down.  
Face down. And don't move. It needs  
to look real, you're playing dead.

KBF displays none of the confidence he had before. Now, he is just a scared young man. Jackson sees this.

JACKSON  
What you're doing is...most people  
would run.

Jackson pats him on the arm. KBF swallows and nods. He's made up his mind. He looks down at Jackson's hand -

It's SHAKING. This is a bit concerning...

KBF  
You sure you're that hero sniper?

Jackson looks down at his hand.

JACKSON  
I don't know about the hero part.

KBF not exactly reassured by this.

BZZZZZ

Jackson's phone -

A text from the UNKNOWN NUMBER: **RADIO**

*Fuck.*

Jackson switches to the right channel.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
What?

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb holds a handheld optical telescope up to his eye and looks across the stadium toward the Nest.

**INTERCUT THE SUITE WITH KBF SUITE**

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Question for you, buddy, how many  
fingers am I holding up?

Jackson freezes. Closes his eyes.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Come on, look through that scope  
and tell me.

Jackson sucks in a deep breath. Swallows hard. Shaking.  
Guesses -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Zero.

That is correct. Webb extends his middle finger up toward the Nest.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
How about now?

Jackson thinks, takes a swing -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Still none.

Webb's eyes go cold.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You think I didn't know?

*He knew all along.* Jackson's stomach drops.



JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I'm sorry -

Webb snaps his fingers at Cowgirl.

WEBB  
(to Cowgirl)  
Robbins and his wife.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
No no no -

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You think I'm some fucking asshole  
that wants his name on the news  
running at the president with a  
death wish? Some doughy fuck  
cosplaying in a tactical vest?

Cowgirl leads Robbins and Marilyn up the steps from the seats  
into the suite.

Robbins looks at Webb, eyes pleading. Webb puts the radio on  
speaker -

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
The owner of America's Team gets  
what's coming to him because of an  
American Hero. A bit heavy-handed  
for my liking but we have to play  
the cards we're dealt.

Robbins puts his hands up, begging -

MARILYN  
Please, we have money. Lots of it.

WEBB  
The people paying me have resources  
that you can't even imagine.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
PLEASE -

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
It's this guy or your little girl.  
You choose.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
NO -

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
This is twice now that you didn't  
listen.

(MORE)

WEBB (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
I gave you the conditions and you  
had to fuck around and find out. So  
here we are.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
I WON'T LEAVE AGAIN.

Webb's blood pressure goes up in a way we aren't used to.

He is fired up, getting off on the thrill of a kill.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
Make your choice, Jackson. Who is  
it? Your sweet, innocent daughter  
or the guy who had a dead girl turn  
up on his yacht and then made the  
problem go away by paying her  
family a cool thirty million?

ROBBINS (ON RADIO)  
That's bullshit.

Jackson collapses back onto the couch in the suite.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
C'mon Jackson. It's your call.  
Whose life is worth more? This rich  
scumbag's, or your daughter's?

Marilyn looks at Caitlin, then her husband. Despite the  
glamour, the money, the privilege - being married to Rick  
Robbins has not been a treat.

MARILYN (ON RADIO)  
Yes. He did it. He did it.

Robbins' eyes whips to her, can't believe the betrayal -

ROBBINS  
You fucking bitch.

WEBB (ON RADIO)  
You hear that, Jackson? His own  
wife said to choose him. A real  
storybook romance. So make the call  
and I'll abide by it.

Jackson closes his eyes. A calculus he has made many times  
over the years.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
Ok. If that's the choice I have to  
make to keep everyone else safe.  
(MORE)

JACKSON (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Robbins.

We stay with Jackson as we hear a quick -

PFFT PFFT

As the silenced gun fires. Caitlin shrieks.

There's a THUMP on the other end of the radio as Robbins keels over.

Whoever he might have been, and whatever he might have done, guilt washes over Jackson for the choice he had to make.

#### **INT. CONCOURSE - DAY**

Jackson runs through the concourse, weaving through people.

#### **INT. NEST - DAY**

Back in the Nest, Jackson gives the Deputy a nod as she climbs back down through the hatch in the floor.

She sees his catatonic look, but is unsure what to say.

JACKSON  
Thank you.

She nods and starts to descend the ladder.

DEPUTY  
Whatever this is. I hope it turns  
out ok.

She leaves and Jackson looks out at the scoreboard as the final seconds of the first quarter tick away.

He moves to the rifle and looks through the scope.

Caitlin is still in front of Webb, who talks to Skullface.

Then Webb looks at this phone and answers it.

While Webb is distracted, Jackson takes out a long-distance LASER SIGHT from his bag. He aims it at Caitlin's chest.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

A green dot flits across Caitlin's chest. She looks down, sees it, immediately realizes where it's coming from and that her father is trying to get her attention.

She looks at Webb who is still talking on the phone.

**CAITLIN'S POV**

*She reads Webb's lips.*

**INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson watches through the scope and sees Webb hang up the phone, returning to his conversation with Skullface.

Caitlin moves her hands up just a bit to the middle of her chest and starts to sign, tries not to let Webb see.

Jackson squints his eye closed harder, trying to make out what Caitlin is signing -

JACKSON  
"Get...your...shit..."

Caitlin signs, one open palm over the other, moving her hands back and forth.

JACKSON  
What the hell...

He leans back into the scope, makes a couple of adjustments.

JACKSON  
"Get...your...shit...together..."  
(then)  
Come on, do it again -

Jackson doesn't quite get the last word.

JACKSON  
"Get your shit together..."

Caitlin's palms hover close together, moving over each other.

JACKSON  
"Get your shit together - "

He reflexively says it out loud, realizing the implication -

JACKSON  
...Baker.

The ASL word for an actual **baker**.

Now, the world comes cascading down on him.

Things dropping into place, everything becoming clear.

Jackson tenses as he senses something behind him.

Someone.

Jackson slowly turns his head to see -

KIERA BAKER WITH HER GUN POINTED DIRECTLY AT HIM.

Her face is cold, emotionless.

KIERA

Tough break from a one-time fuck  
buddy, I know.

Jackson is stunned, can't fully comprehend it.

The crowd ERUPTS as the Raiders score a touchdown. Kiera  
flinches at the noise.

KIERA

We knew you'd get tunnel vision  
because it was personal, but this  
was a Swiss watch. You actually  
thought I'd keep putting you in the  
field with your condition? That I'd  
assign you to the fucking Super  
Bowl detail?

(then)

Slowly. And I mean slooowly, toss  
your phone over to me.

Jackson takes his phone out and slides it across the floor to  
Kiera. Using extreme caution, she picks it up.

JACKSON

You'll get caught, there's no way -

KIERA

All the evidence on your laptop  
says otherwise. Everything on  
Bobby's. The burner phones we  
planted on both of you. It's gonna  
be ugly for the agency. I'll be  
fired. But it was two agents who  
went rogue. Very sad for the  
Service.

JACKSON  
Fucking traitor.

KIERA  
If it makes you feel any better, we had to force Bobby into it. He'd do *anything* for his mother, decrepit old thing that she is.

JACKSON  
Not you though. You wouldn't do anything for anyone other than yourself.

Kiera scoffs, rolling her eyes at him.

KIERA  
It's not that I didn't like you, it's that I don't care. It's a business decision. Same as it is for you. You kill people for a living. It's the same as the game on the field, it all depends on who you're rooting for. It's all laundry, Jackson. Football. Politics. Countries. You choose a side and you play. I was a free agent and signed a big deal. A big fucking deal. You're not morally superior because Uncle Sam signs your check.  
(beat)  
Now if you want them to live, get back on your weapon.

We move in close on Jackson's face and see shots of the game clock counting down the time -

5 minutes left in the half...

MIKE TIRICO (V.O.)  
And the Cowboys trail by six here as they take over at their own thirty-seven.

4 minutes...

MIKE TIRICO (V.O.)  
Handoff, headed left. NO! He tosses it back to Walsh, flea-flicker, going deep...yes! Moss! TOUCHDOWN COWBOYS!

3 minutes...

MIKE TIRICO (V.O.)  
 A reminder to stay with us after  
 the postgame for the reunion  
 America has been waiting for - The  
 Office returns for one night  
 only...on NBC.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

Cowgirl walks out of the living room area, carrying a mesh bag of the hostages' cell phones.

COWGIRL  
 What are we doing with these?

Skullface looks at her.

SKULLFACE  
 Leave 'em.

Cowgirl tosses the bag on the marble counter.

Caitlin turns her head slightly, eyeing the bag.

She carefully slides her hand up to her cochlear and turns it back on. The blue light glows.

Her Bluetooth is back in range of her implant.

We hear the same electronic voice she does -

*SEARCHING....SEARCHING....*

*DEVICE FOUND...CONNECTED.*

**INT. NEST - NIGHT**

Kiera holds her phone to her ear.

After a beat, she slides it on the floor toward Jackson with the SPEAKER ON.

KIERA  
 Speak.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb stands with his phone to his ear.

**INTERCUT THE SUITE WITH THE NEST**

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
He'll be out there.

WEBB (ON PHONE)  
I'm not worried. Whatever that little excursion was, I've got your balls in a vice and you should have visions of child sized coffins dancing in your head.

Jackson keeps himself calm, betraying nothing.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
We're good.

WEBB (ON PHONE)  
It's a fair trade, Jackson. And your family won't have to take care of you as your body betrays you, pissing and shitting the bed. Not a bad deal. Your father spared his family the pain. You don't want to be an old, broken sniper with shaky hands, do you? Like a porn star with a limp cock. You're an old racehorse that's headed for the glue factory and the trainer thinks if he shoots him up with enough drugs he can get one more good race out of him. And I'm going to the whip pretty fucking hard to get you to the finish line, buddy.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
You proud this is what you've done with your life?

WEBB (ON PHONE)  
My life? Why'd you kill Hancock? Those seventy-eight people overseas that were fathers and mothers, sons and daughters? Because your government called them "insurgents" and "terrorists?" It was your job. This is mine.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
I did it to protect innocent people. You terrorize them.

WEBB (ON PHONE)  
Is that how you rationalize it? Because hillbillies thank you for your service?



JACKSON (ON PHONE)

At least I try to rationalize it.  
You cash the checks and don't  
bother to ask any questions.

WEBB (ON PHONE)

I don't ask any questions because I  
already know the answers. Swift  
chaos creates opportunity and  
gradual change doesn't. There's a  
vacuum that needs to be filled. I  
don't choose who fills it. I don't  
care. I just make sure it happens.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)

So you create another Iraq? Syria?  
Afghanistan? Another civil war?

WEBB (ON PHONE)

No wars are civil as far as I know.  
And you did a pretty good job of  
losing a couple of those yourself,  
so that's more of a you problem.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)

Why didn't you just do it yourself?  
Why me?

WEBB (ON PHONE)

Oh, poor you.

(then)

I don't take any pleasure in  
bringing you into this. Of making  
you and your partner collateral  
damage. But if I was the one who  
pulled the trigger, they'd never  
find me. I'm a ghost. We need  
villains with faces, people to  
blame. And dead men are easier to  
blame than ghosts.

Jackson tightens his jaw. As he listens, he takes his hand -  
hidden from Kiera's view -

Slides it into the pocket on the chest of his tactical vest.

We see a GREEN CORD slipping between his fingers.

WEBB (ON PHONE)

Baker will take it from here, so  
let's consider this our formal  
goodbye. I admire you. Your old man  
would be proud. You tried.

(MORE)

WEBB (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
But sometimes you just have to tip  
your cap to the other guy.

He hangs up.

We stay in the Nest. Kiera still holds her weapon on Jackson.

KIERA  
Slide the phone back.

Jackson looks out at the scoreboard. The two-minute warning is upon us. He slides Kiera's phone back toward her.

Kiera slowly moves to reach down for it -

As she does, Jackson tosses something out from his hand.

A coiled up length of 550 parachute cord that he pulled from his vest pocket.

The green rope unwinds like a snake, headed toward Kiera's outstretched hand.

A LOOP materializes from the end of the green string.

Settles on her wrist, a look of recognition on her face.

SNAP!

Jackson yanks it tight, the loop closing like a miniature lasso. There is a frozen moment of PANIC -

A look between her and Jackson, Kiera conceding she's in a spot of trouble.

KIERA  
Oh, fuck -

She is VIOLENTLY yanked forward. Jackson gets up into a crouch and CLOTHESLINES her back on the floor.

Kiera's gun is knocked loose, skitters forward and...

They both CRAWL for the gun as it spins toward the front of the Nest...

Jackson ahead of Kiera reaches his fingers out for the twisting weapon as it teeters on the edge of the Nest...

Gets a fingertip on it but -

IT FALLS OUT OF THE FRONT OF THE NEST and disappears.

This gives Kiera an opening and she dives on top of Jackson from behind, in a camel-clutch position riding his back.

One end of the paracord around her wrist, she grasps the dangling end in her other hand and brings it up to Jackson's throat.

She DRIVES her knee into the back of his neck and pulls back on the CORD, choking him. Jackson GASPS for air.

KIERA  
(gritted teeth)  
Just tap out. Go to sleep like  
daddy.

On the field, the first half ends, the players head for the tunnels. Jackson gasps for air.

JACKSON  
Eat shit.

A stage is wheeled out onto the middle of the field for the halftime show.

Jackson begins to blink, the life draining from him.

We catch glimpses of his POV, blinking in and out - his focus on the other side of the field on the suite.

Toward Caitlin. Toward Zoe.

His air supply grows low, his toes digging into the floor, searching for a way out...

About to die the same way that his father did, with a rope around his neck.

#### **JACKSON'S POV**

He blinks again and it is dark...but then -

SNAP

#### **ON THE NEST**

As Jackson flips onto his back, getting the cord off his neck with his hands, he bucks Kiera up, flipping her over him as -

SHE STARTS TO TUMBLE OUT OF THE NEST!

The CORD SLIDES THROUGH JACKSON'S FINGERS and Kiera falls away, but at the last second Jackson SNATCHES the end of the cord in his FISTS.

Kiera hangs in space, swinging.

Thirty feet below, fans look up at her dangling there.

SCREAMS. Fans CLEAR OUT OF THE SEATS BELOW HER.

The stadium lights FLICK OFF and we are -

PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.

Cheers in anticipation of the halftime show.

Cell phone lights flicker on everywhere.

Jackson struggles to hold onto the cord, trying to pull Kiera up but she is FIGHTING him, a fish on the end of a line.

KIERA

LET GO!

Jackson grits his teeth and reels her in, the cord digging into his skin.

With her free hand, Kiera turns on her radio -

KIERA (ON RADIO)

ROGUE AGENT! APEX IS COMPROMISED,  
REPEAT: APEX IS COMPROMISED. SHOOT  
ON SIGHT! JACKSON HACKETT!

On the field we hear the familiar opening riffs of a hard rock song...

The crowd holds up cell phones, lighting the stadium.

The cord slips through Jackson's fingers and Kiera gives a final VIOLENT thrash on the end of the cord, JERKING it.

She TUMBLES toward the now empty seats below.

We follow her DOWN and she lands with a

CRUSHING SNAP over the back of a row.

Her body is draped over the seats, her back sickly inverted, neck broken.

SCREAMS from the crowd. A couple FANS record on their phones. OTHERS rush to help her, but it's of no use.

She won't be continuing on with us.

Jackson rolls to his rifle and looks through the scope -

In the darkened suite, he sees the BLUE GLOW atop Caitlin's ear.

**INT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

A platform begins to descend from the center of the scoreboard as the guitar riffs build.

There is a HOLLYWOOD SIGN across the back of the platform.

On the platform is AXL ROSE. Next to him is SLASH, absolutely shredding his guitar.

AXL ROSE  
*You know where you are? You're in  
the jungle baby...you're gonna  
fucking die.*

That's right. We're giving Guns and fucking Roses the halftime show they deserve.

And the FCC just had a stroke.

The rest of the BAND on the stage below EXPLODES into the song.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT**

A quick response SWAT TEAM stands assembled. A SENIOR AGENT, 40s, jerks his thumb toward a screen showing Jackson's face.

SENIOR AGENT  
This is Agent Jackson Hackett. He  
is compromised and dangerous. Use  
deadly force.

**INT. NEST - NIGHT**

Jackson looks at Kiera's phone and closes his eyes, trying to remember Caitlin's phone number.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

The bag of phones sits on the floor, up against the base of a counter. Inside, Caitlin's phone LIGHTS UP with a call.

Caitlin stands with her eyes closed, scared. Webb's hand on her shoulder.

**INTERCUT THE SUITE WITH THE NEST**

Jackson holds Kiera's phone to his ear while looking through the scope.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Caity, it's me. Don't react.

Her eyes snap open. She sucks in a breath. Jackson's call is directed to her Bluetooth Cochlear Implant.

She silently mouths *Dad*.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Listen to me. If you can hear me, I want you to scratch your cheek.

She scratches.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Good. I'm going to get you guys out of this but I need your help.

Caitlin nods imperceptibly.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Other than the guy that's holding you I need to know how many other people he has with him. Touch your cheek for each person. Pause for two seconds after each one.

Caitlin touches her cheek once. One, two. Touches again.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Two people? Sign yes if that's right.

She signs "yes" in ASL.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
Good. Is one of them Skeleton face?

Yes.

JACKSON (ON BLUETOOTH)  
And the other one?

Caitlin makes a sign with two finger guns at each hip - ASL for cowboy.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
Cowboy?  
(then)  
The Cowboys?

Caitlin signs no. Jackson scans...scans.

*There.* The scope lands on Cowgirl seated in the front row of the suite, right next to Zoe.

On the field GnR go into *Civil War*. Slash absolutely melting all of the Botox in people's faces with his intro.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)

No matter what happens, I need you  
to focus on doing what I tell you.  
That's how we're going to get out  
of this.

Caitlin makes a small heart sign in front of her waist, a silent message to her dad that she's got this.

#### **INT. SUITE - SAME**

Webb takes his attention off of the field and looks down - sees the BLUE LIGHT on top of the cochlear glowing.

He realizes what she's doing and snatches the implant, ripping it off of Caitlin's ear.

He looks down at her, glowering. He tosses it on the floor and STOMPS it, crushing it.

WEBB

You better hope he finishes the job  
or you'll both be together again  
really fucking quick.

#### **INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson watches this, sees that Caitlin has been made.

He scans through the faces around the stage. Lights flash so the features of the FANS are tough to make out -

#### **RIFLE SCOPE POV**

His aim jumps from person to person -

JACKSON (O.S.)

Fifty-yard line, come on, come  
on...

*Where is he?*

Jackson moves the scope over faces in the crowd right along the fifty-yard line, looking for KBF.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
Where are you, buddy...

**INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Webb uses a pair of binoculars and looks down at the field, the same as Jackson is, searching for KBF.

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

We find KBF. He is not jumping and singing along like the rest of the crowd. The vest protrudes slightly from beneath his shirt.

**INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

**WEBB'S BINOCULARS POV**

Webb spots KBF.

WEBB (O.S.)  
There you are.

**INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Jackson finds KBF. People jump around him. Clear views of him to take a shot are intermittent with all of the movement.

Jackson's breaths are now slow and steady. But then -

His hand shakes.

He closes his eyes, takes his other hand and SQUEEZES it, trying to calm himself.

The stress is making his condition worse. But he breathes.

In and out.

JACKSON  
Here goes.

He opens his eyes.

And SQUEEZES the trigger.

The rifle fires.

CRACK!



We follow the round out of the rifle, out of the Nest.

We freeze below the ringed scoreboard, in silence.

We spin around in a 360, at the marvel of the moment.

Halftime at the Super Bowl. A hundred and twenty million people glued to their TVs across America.

We unfreeze and there is noise. We follow the spinning bullet toward -

#### **THE FIELD**

KBF is SLAMMED back onto the ground by the round, like he's been tackled by a linebacker.

In the chaos, the people on the field don't realize what has happened, only those immediately around KBF take notice.

KBF rolls flat on his stomach, doesn't move. People try to help him, but he stays face down.

#### **INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Webb raises his binoculars, tries to see in the crowd what happened to KBF, if he's actually been shot.

He lowers the binoculars, looks at Skullface.

WEBB

He's down.

Skullface gives a whoop at the same time Axl does.

#### **INT. NEST - NIGHT**

Jackson holds on Webb, moves down to Caitlin. Back up to Webb.

A close shot. Too close for comfort.

He moves the scope to Skullface instead.

#### **INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Skullface whistles at Cowgirl.

SKULLFACE

Let's go!

Skullface looks at Webb who is back looking through the binoculars at the field.

Something is not sitting right with Webb.

Skullface grabs Webb by the shoulder.

SKULLFACE

Come on!

BLOOSH!

Skullface's head EXPLODES!

A rain of blood splatters onto Webb.

Unbothered, he watches as Skullface's body flop over in front of him.

Webb looks to the Nest, then down at the field and realizes -

Whatever is happening up there, Baker is not in control in the Nest.

Jackson is.

#### **ON ZOE AND COWGIRL**

Zoe sticks out her foot and TRIPS Cowgirl as she heads into the aisle. Cowgirl scrambles up the stairs on all fours back into the suite.

Webb grabs Caitlin and starts pulling her away toward the elevator. He looks down at the field and eyes the platform that lowered Axl onto the stage.

He drags Caitlin along by the arm. She tries to fight him, but he's too strong.

Cowgirl runs toward Webb, ducking and crouching low, afraid of being the next to be shot.

COWGIRL

We're gonna haul the fucking kid around?

Webb pushes the button on the elevator.

WEBB

We need her for cover. We're going to the field.

Off this, Cowgirl gives him a confused look -

WEBB  
To make sure.

**INT. NEST - SAME**

Jackson looks through the scope -

Cowgirl blocks Jackson's view of Webb and Caitlin as they wait for the elevator to open...maybe he has a shot -

But ZOE pops into view, running toward the elevator, a desperate one woman charge to save her daughter.

Zoe comes into his view.

JACKSON  
Fuck, Zo, get out of the way.

**INT. SUITE - SAME**

DING!

The elevator opens.

Webb drags Caitlin into the elevator. Cowgirl turns back to see Zoe running toward her.

As the door to the elevator is about to close, Cowgirl RIPS off a shot at the desperate Zoe...

MISSES!

Cowgirl ducks into the elevator with Webb and Caitlin.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Cowgirl looks at Webb, wide-eyed.

COWGIRL  
HE'S SHOOTING AT US! SHE DIDN'T  
TAKE HIM OUT!

Webb turns ever so slowly to meet Cowgirl's eyes.

WEBB  
Oh. Do you fucking think so?

**INT. NEST - NIGHT**

Jackson gets up from his rifle with no real plan. He switches his radio to the SECRET SERVICE CHANNEL -

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
This is Apex. Dancer is...

He stops. Realizes he might be calling in a strike on himself.

He scrambles to his knees, opens the hatch and looks down -

THE SWAT TEAM MEMBERS scrambles around, coming for him.

He looks to the open front of the Nest - his only option.

He gets up into a crouch and grabs his rifle. He stands, tosses it OUT the front of the Nest, backward and onto the roof.

He backs up. Pauses to gather himself.

He takes two steps, and we definitely think he's going to launch himself into space -

JACKSON  
Hail fuckin' Mary.

Two steps, JUMPS -

Hangs in mid-air for a beat, above the stands below.

SNATCHES

Onto the top outer edge of the roof in a reverse chin-up grip. His FINGERS dig into the roof -

Banging at the hatch now.

He PULLS himself up onto the roof of the Nest just as the HATCH IS banged open and a flash-bang grenade is tossed in -

BANG!

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The elevator opens into the tunnel beneath the stadium. SECURITY and CREW stream around.

Cowgirl exits and turns one way, Webb and Caitlin turn the other. Their weapons are concealed.

Webb walks toward a GOLF CART parked along a wall, no one attending to it.

Cowgirl looks at the cart, then at him, confused -

WEBB

Fight your way out on your own or  
come. It doesn't matter to me.

**EXT. SUB-ROOF - NIGHT**

With his rifle slung over his shoulders, Jackson climbs the metal framing above the very last row of the upper deck.

Some FANS have turned around to see this man with a gun scaling the framing.

Below him, the SWAT team members climb up onto the roof of the Nest.

Jackson reaches the point where the metal framing meets the bottom of the stadium roof.

The only place to go is up.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Webb GUNS the golf cart down the tunnel toward the field. Cowgirl in the seat next to him, wrapping Caitlin up tight in her arms.

WORKERS throw their hands for him to stop as the field materializes up ahead.

An LAPD OFFICER steps out to block the cart's line of travel, draws his gun, puts a hand up -

LAPD OFFICER

HEY! HEY! STOP!

Webb FLOORS it and the officer DIVES out of the way, the cart just clipping him.

**INT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

On stage, Axl stops singing. The band stops playing.

AXL ROSE

We're gonna fucking die!

They run off the back of the stage.

Then -

POOF POOF POOF

The stadium lights are flicked back on, growing brighter as they warm up, bathing us in an uncomfortable glow.

Webb stalks through the crowd, taking hard looks at faces that run past him.

Webb spots KBF, his body face down on the turf. Webb moves to him, grabs the back of his shirt, about to roll him over -

Sees the BULK OF THE BULLETPROOF VEST.

Webb rolls the very much alive KBF over.

KBF is panicked, puts his hands up -

KBF

Please...

Webb gives a quick look up to the Nest -

WEBB

Well fucking done.

KBF tries to get to his feet but stumbles and falls back on his ass.

Webb looms over him, gun on him. He holds Caitlin to his side with his free hand.

Webb looks at Cowgirl -

WEBB

You can have the honors.

#### **EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

On the roof, 300 glass panels cover the stadium, one out of every ten is slid open to allow for air to circulate inside.

Jackson rushes to an open panel and gets on his stomach.

He sees the fans on the field scattering - they are moving away from something - someone -

Jackson spots Webb standing with Caitlin and Cowgirl. Sees KBF on the ground.

Jackson looks through the scope. Caitlin is in the shot.

Cowgirl raises her weapon - Webb lowers his.

Cowgirl with her finger on the trigger -

Jackson does a split second calculation, has a clear shot at Cowgirl's hand -

CRACK!

The round twists toward her hand that holds the gun -

#### **ON THE FIELD**

Cowgirl's hand EXPLODES before she can complete the trigger squeeze.

Jackson chambers another round. Webb grabs Caitlin and HOLDS HER UP above his head, shielding himself.

In that brief moment of confusion for Webb, KBF is up and running.

Webb turns to see him running and FIRES at KBF while still trying to hold up Caitlin, his shots missing the mark.

KBF disappears into the crowd.

WEBB

You slippery fuck.

Webb realizes now that it is over. He barks at Cowgirl -

WEBB

Abort.

She stands there in shock, blood pumping from two shot off fingers.

Webb drags Caitlin along, Cowgirl eventually follows, squeezing her spurting finger stumps with her other hand.

COWGIRL

Just leave her!

Webb whips around to Cowgirl -

WEBB

He won't shoot if she's close.

Cowgirl holds up her hand -

COWGIRL

SPEAK FOR YOUR FUCKING SELF!

**EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

Jackson's view of Webb, Cowgirl, and Caitlin is now blocked by the scoreboard.

The stadium is in chaos. Fans are streaming out of the stands, trampling each other.

The PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER fruitlessly tries to keep everyone calm.

PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Please remain claim. Do not run.

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

Webb steps through an opening in the railings onto the platform that lowered GnR to the field.

Webb pushes a button on one of the railings.

The cables that are attached to the corners of the platform start retracting on pulleys, returning it to the roof.

Cowgirl rips a piece of fabric from her shirt and wraps it around her fingers.

WEBB  
It's all fun and games until  
somebody loses a finger.

As they rise up over the field the cables begin to groan and the motor whines. The platform struggles to rise.

COWGIRL  
It's too heavy to go up, we need to  
drop some weight!

Webb is a little hesitant.

Cowgirl snatches Caitlin from him, pulls her toward the opening in the railings.

Caitlin drags her feet, Cowgirl pulls, not strong enough with just one hand. Her back is to the opening in the railings.

Cowgirl looks at Webb for help, then sees it in his eyes.

COWGIRL  
You're shitting me.

Webb grabs Caitlin by the wrist and without a fight, Cowgirl lets her go.



Cowgirl looks at him, feels deeply betrayed.

WEBB

Easy way or the hard way?

Cowgirl locks the fingers of her good hand around the railing and grits her teeth. The hard way.

COWGIRL

This how it was always going to end?

WEBB

It had to.

He PUMPS A ROUND INTO HER NECK.

She coughs as her carotid artery evacuates blood.

But she still holds on.

He FIRES again into her chest but she still hangs on for what remains of her dear life.

Webb sighs. He brings his hand up in a mock salute, then -

Takes one step toward her and lifts his boot, casually placing the bottom of it into her chest.

He PUSHES it into Cowgirl, her fingers slipping from the railing.

She tumbles off of the platform backward.

Webb watches as she SLAMS into the turf, dead.

As soon as Cowgirl's weight is removed, the platforms starts to cruise toward the ceiling.

Caitlin looks up at Webb who gives her a wink.

#### **EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

The platform heads for a catwalk that runs across the width of the stadium like a bridge, beneath the roof.

Jackson sees this. Then looks over his shoulder as the SWAT team crests the edge of the roof, coming for him.

JACKSON

Great.

He runs toward an open panel. He looks down and it's about a fifteen-foot drop to the catwalk.

It's not the worst drop, but is very narrow, he really needs to stick the landing.

He lowers himself down, hanging onto the lip of the panel frame and DROPS...

#### **INT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS**

His outstretched foot SLAMS into the railing with a sickening tear of ligaments, a nice Grade 3 sprain.

The rest of him lands in a heap on the catwalk. At least and he's not plummeting to the turf.

JACKSON

FUCK.

He sits up groaning in pain and grabbing at his ankle.

#### **INT. CATWALK - NIGHT**

Webb steps off the platform onto the catwalk, pulls Caitlin along. He looks in one direction, sees Jackson hobbling toward them.

WEBB

I don't know if I can bring myself  
to kill a gimp.

He tosses Caitlin over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and runs in the opposite direction.

He holds her by her feet, dangling her back over his shoulders as protection, a human turtle shell.

He heads for a flight of metal stairs leading from the catwalk back to the roof.

#### **EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

Jackson gets out on the roof in a crouch.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)

Director Shaw, I know you're  
monitoring this channel. Please.  
Tell the QRF to stand down.

(MORE)

JACKSON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
If you want the Service to have one  
shred of credibility left you have  
to trust me...let me finish this.

Up ahead, Webb continues toward the south end of the stadium,  
where the fan shaped roof forms a point and begins to slope  
toward the ground in a curve.

Above us, a helicopter circles.

WEBB  
Almost the end of the line for us.

Hanging upside down, Caitlin catches glimpses of something on  
Webb's belt -

A KNIFE in a leather sheath.

She reaches out her fingers, trying to grab it - strrrretches  
but can't quite reach.

Stretches again, gets her fingers on the buttoned flap of the  
sheath and slides the knife out.

Webb glances back over his shoulder and sees Jackson closing,  
then looks down at his hip, sees the now empty sheath -

WEBB  
Shit...

Caitlin SLAMS the knife into the back of Webb's thigh.

WEBB  
Argggggh!

Webb pitches forward -

He falls on his stomach, Caitlin is free, tries to get up and  
run, but -

Webb DRIVES the muzzle against her temple and she freezes.

Jackson approaches slowly from thirty yards away.

DIRECTOR SHAW (ON RADIO)  
Hackett!? What's going on there!?

Behind Jackson, the SWAT team approaches. Shouts to drop his  
weapon. He doesn't.

JACKSON (ON RADIO)  
Director, please, CALL OFF THE KILL  
ORDER.

Webb in a crouch, has Caitlin standing in front of him.

The helicopter shines a spotlight on them.

Jackson shouts to Webb to be heard over the rotors.

JACKSON  
LET HER GO! DROP YOUR GUN!

WEBB  
You first!

Jackson looks for an opening to shoot, can't find one.

The SWAT LEADER moves slowly toward Jackson.

SWAT LEADER  
DROP YOUR WEAPON! LAY IT DOWN!

Jackson keeps it trained on Webb.

JACKSON  
That's my daughter!

The SWAT leader looks at his guys, unsure of what to do.

Webb digs in, not giving an inch.

SWAT LEADER  
HACKETT, YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS!

WEBB  
Do the right thing, Jackson!

Jackson looks his daughter in the eyes.

The SWAT Leader signals for his team to advance, then there's a SQUAWK on his radio.

DIRECTOR SHAW (ON RADIO)  
Quick response, stand down!

The SWAT Leader throws up a hand and his team stops.

SWAT LEADER  
STAND DOWN!

Jackson gives a quick glance over his shoulder, sees the SWAT team lowering their weapons.

It's just him and Webb now. Webb gives him a sinister smile.

WEBB

Come on, Shakes! Let's see what you got!

Jackson looks at Caitlin, trying to calm her with a look.

WEBB

You haven't had make-up sex until it's with your ex after you've fucked up a hostage situation with your daughter.

Jackson looks for an opening, can't find one.

WEBB

Let's end it on the field. Right now. Ten paces.

Jackson knows better than to trust anything he says.

He looks at Caitlin again and -

Signs something.

Caitlin looks down slowly at her feet.

*We see she is standing on A DIFFERENT GLASS PANEL than Webb.*

Jackson signs something else and we see it in SUPER -

JACKSON (IN ASL)

*Hold on.*

Caitlin gives him a subtle nod.

We see his rifle is pointed directly at Caitlin!

*What is he doing?*

Jackson then lowers his aim to a spot in front of her -

Aimed at the glass in front of her feet.

Webb moves his gun from Caitlin's head and aims it at Jackson instead.

At the exact same moment, both men FIRE

The glass panel at Caitlin's feet SHATTERS, Jackson intentionally shooting it out.

Caitlin FALLS through the empty space.

The round from Webb's gun RIPS into Jackson's shoulder and he drops his rifle, staggers down to a knee.

**ON CAITLIN**

As she tumbles toward the pavilion below.

Even here where the roof is sloped to the ground it is still a twenty-five-foot drop to pavement, will still mean death -

But she SLAMS down onto a giant FOOTBALL FIELD BOUNCE HOUSE with blow-up Lombardi Trophies around it -

She bounces a couple of times but settles safely in the middle of the house.

**EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

Webb is up and running, disappears down the curve of the roof, the SWAT team doesn't have a shot at him.

We follow him as he slides down the curve of the roof on his butt and LAUNCHES off the edge of the pointed tip.

He flies down the final fifteen feet where he lands on the ground in a heap.

Jackson grabs his rifle and moves over the curve.

Below, FANS run away from the stadium.

Jackson searches the crowd...searches -

THERE -

Webb limps toward the MAN-MADE LAKE on the stadium grounds.

Jackson takes aim -

People run in and out of view. Brief glimpses of Webb in the crowd.

*No shot.*

Webb approaches the lake, glances back over his shoulder at Jackson on the tip of the roof -

This brief pause just as the CROWD parts gives Jackson an opening.

He looks through the scope again. Finds his target.

Webb turns, starts to DIVE to get underwater.

Jackson FIRES

CRACK!

We follow Jackson's shot, one last time.

It spirals toward its target perfectly, dead center mass.

The round finds flesh in the small of Webb's back.

Tearing into his body, certainly not the first bullet to penetrate his skin.

It bounces around off organs and bone.

Mushrooming into a shredded ball of lead.

# UNDERWATER

Looking up, the stadium lights shine eerily above us.

Webb's body floats toward us, moves past our POV and descends into darkness below.

All that he leaves behind is a slight trickle of bright red arterial blood, appearing like a puffy contrail in the water.

Game over.

# EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

Jackson sits on the back of an ambulance, a PARAMEDIC finishes stitching up his shoulder. Jackson tries to get up before it's finished -

PARAMEDIC  
Sir, please let me finish, they're  
bringing her here.

Jackson looks up and sees her -

CAITLIN.

Jackson gathers himself, fights back tears. Caitlin smiles.

Signs -

CAITLIN (IN ASL)  
*Nice shot.*

She rushes toward him and he snatches her up. She buries her face in his neck.

After a beat, Jackson looks up and over Caitlin's shoulder and sees Zoe.

She stands there looking at the two of them, giving them a moment. Then she steps forward.

JACKSON

I tried calling but you didn't pick up.

She smirks, trying to hide whatever feelings she has.

ZOE

Next time just text and don't call like a lunatic?

(beat)

You did good, Jax.

We hold there, not seeing their happy reunion, but we are as hopeful as they are that it will indeed happen.

**We bleed into quick snippets of news footage:**

- Wolf Blitzer on CNN

WOLF BLITZER

...officials remain perplexed as to the identity and whereabouts of the man who orchestrated the attack, with one federal law enforcement source telling CNN that "without a body, we have to assume this person is still out there."

- A WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENT

WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENT

President Mallick announcing wholesale changes with the entirety of Secret Service leadership being replaced...

- Jackson in the Oval Office with President Mallick as she places a Presidential Medal of Freedom over Jackson's neck as he stands next to a smiling KBF.

A CHYRON READS: JACKSON HACKETT FIRST AMERICAN TO BE AWARDED TWO PRESIDENTIAL MEDALS OF FREEDOM WITH DISTINCTION.

Cameras clickclickclick

REPORTER (O.S.)

Agent Hackett, are you going to accept the Director position?



Jackson considers the question.

JACKSON  
I told the President that I was  
humbled by the offer...but I'm  
retired.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Jackson sits at a desk, a laptop in front of him. Printed out pages of a MANUSCRIPT sit stacked next to it.

**SUPER: FALL**

Jackson's fingers are at motion as they glide over the keyboard clack-a-clack-clack.

JACKSON (V.O.)  
I've tried to atone for some of  
what I've done, but there's no  
wiping the slate clean.

We realize that the VOICEOVER we heard in the opening of this story were these words that Jackson has now written.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Hey, Coach! Your quarterback is  
about to start driving the bus  
herself!

Jackson smiles, looks at his watch.

JACKSON (V.O.)  
For now, there are no footsteps in  
the hall and my hands are not  
pressed to my ears. The door is  
open. And one day, I'll have to  
face those ghosts, and pay off what  
I owe.

**EXT. YOUTH FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Jackson stands with his hands on his knees leaning over on the sideline of a football field. For now, his hands are steady.

Caitlin in a helmet and shoulder pads stands in front of him in a jersey that says BULLDOGS on the front.

JACKSON  
 896 H-Shallow F-Curl on two.  
 (beat)  
 Tyler's coming off that edge.

Caitlin gives him a nod and she runs back onto the field toward her team's huddle near the opponent's end zone.

Jackson gives a glance over his shoulder up toward some metal bleachers, Zoe seated on the end of a row. She gives Jackson a double "fingers crossed" sign.

Caitlin breaks the huddle with her team and lines up under center. She looks at the defense. Barks out her cadence -

*HUT HUT*

The ball is snapped, the RUNNING BACK plunges toward the line, Caitlin brings the ball toward his stomach -

He slips through the line of defenders...without the ball!

Caitlin sells the play-action fake. A linebacker, her nemesis TYLER, 12, of "girls can't play football" fame, bears down.

As he closes, Caitlin flips the ball over his head, over both lines, to the back who has planted his feet in the end zone.

Tyler lands on top of Caitlin with a crunch.

TOUCHDOWN!

The parents in the stands cheer. Zoe cheers.

Tyler gets himself off of Caitlin and offers her a hand, helps her to her feet.

TYLER  
 Nice pass.

There are sparks between them for sure. But Caitlin turns away, no time for flirting.

Caitlin shoots finger guns toward her father on the sidelines and celebrates with her team.

Jackson turns to Zoe and gives her a look - *not bad*.

He turns back to the game just as a MAN wearing sunglasses, leans up against the railing of the bleachers next to Zoe.

**ON ZOE AND THE MAN**

Zoe gives him a bit of a glance because he's *kinda* in her space but not really. It's just that there's plenty of room.

The man gazes out at the field.

MAN

Some player you got there.

*That voice.*

It sends a chill through her, but she tries to play it cool.

She turns slowly to look at the man behind the sunglasses.

The face is puffy. Clean shaven. Scars beneath the jawline, as if he's gone under the knife at a strip mall plastic surgeon.

The face isn't Webb's...not the one we know, anyway.

But the voice...she knows that voice. She swallows -

ZOE

Which one is yours?

The man rolls something tiny around between two fingers, something gold, metallic. Damaged.

*Mushroomed.*

He chuckles and shakes his head.

**ON JACKSON**

Who walks back toward the sideline, sees the man standing next to Zoe. He stops. Uneasy.

Tries to shake it off but can't.

**ON ZOE AND THE MAN**

He lowers his sunglasses, piercing eyes boring into Zoe.

MAN

No kids. I'm just...a big fan.

**THE END.**