AND NOW, THE NCIS MOVIE CHANNEL PROUDLY PRESENTS

A SPECIAL SEASON 27 EVENT!

"ACCOUNTABILITY STORM"

ACT 1

Author's Note: The secure meeting room described in this story, SCIF (Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility) is based on the actual rooms in use in Washington DC. The U.S. Government states there are approximately 20 of these. NBC News reports there are as many as 300. The one in this story, in the basement of the Capitol Visitor's Center, is a description of the actual SCIF that exists under that building)

NOW…Enjoy The Movie!

(screen opens with credits and actors...a view of terrified young girls, horrified young boys, all in a windowless room, crouching on blankets laid on the floor and ledges against the walls...The door to the dark room opens, light shines in, showing only the shadow of who is entering...)

Male Voice: "It is time. Time to earn your keep"

(screams and pleading are heard from the room)

(Screen goes black)

(Scene opens back up, NCIS sedan shown driving towards DC Capitol buildings...Through the windshield, the Washington Monument can be seen as the car drives by. A street sign with the words..)

CAPITOL VISITORS CENTER

(Windshield view shows the car turning toward the Center....Inside the car, Gibbs is driving, Dez sitting in the passenger seat...)

Dez: "Visitor's center, Gibbs? We're going on a guided tour?"

Gibbs: "Sort of"

Dez: "You haven't said much about where and why we're going here"

Gibbs: "I know"

Dez: "Are you being your normal functional mute self, or is there a reason?"

Gibbs: "There's a reason"

(Dez stops talking....they pull into the Visitors Center parking lot...Gibbs passes by the lot marked "Govt Agency Prkng"...Dez looks at the sign as they pass by)

Dez: "We're blending in?"

Gibbs: "Yea"

Dez: "Gibbs...When are you going to tell me what we're doing?"

Gibbs: “Can’t”

(silence....Dez nods, waits for Gibbs to park the car....They exit, Gibbs leads the way to the entrance to the Visitor’s Center...Inside, the lobby is packed with tourists....Gibbs leads them through the crowd, towards an unmarked door, a female dressed in blue skirt, blue blazer, white blouse, stands by the door...She sees Gibbs and Dez approaching...She opens the door for them without any conversation....Dez looks curiously at the woman...She follows Gibbs through the doorway...inside the door, another door is seen only 5 feet away...Gibbs opens the plain door, steps in...Dez stops...)

Dez: “Gibbs...that’s an elevator”

Gibbs: “Get in”

(Dez obeys....Gibbs closes the door, hits a button on the control panel...A metallic voice comes over the speaker)

Voice: “Voice Identification Please”

Gibbs: “Gibbs, L Jethro”

(Without a response, the small elevator begins a downward descent...)

Dez: “What would have happened if I’d answered that thing?”

(Gibbs gives small smile, nods at the panel)

Gibbs: “Go ahead...try it...”

Dez: “Uh uh...I don’t think so”

Gibbs; “Good call”

(Dez looks wide-eyed at the speaker grill...then up at the ceiling of the cab)

Dez: “I don’t see cameras”

Gibbs: “Aren’t any....Once we’re on our way down, no recordings, no pictures, no record of who visits”

Dez: “Uh...Gibbs? One question....”

Gibbs: “Yea?”

Dez: “Do people get on this thing...and you know...never come back?”

Gibbs: “Not lately”

Dez: “You’re such a comfort, Gibbs...”

Gibbs; “Glad to be of service, Dez”

Dez: “This reminds me of that movie, Men In Black”...(pause..looks wide-eyed a him) “Gibbs! Am I going to see aliens?”

(Gibbs shrugs)

Gibbs: “Hell...who knows, Dez?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Falls Church Virginia, suburb outside Washington DC...The scene moves down a neighborhood street, alternate one and two story houses, , driveways in front, well trimmed yards with bushes just beginning to flower...Every fourth house is identical, typical of planned communities...In front of one house, a middle aged man places a canvas duffel bag in the back of his Ford Explorer, closes the hatch...)

(scene switches to inside the house....a woman sits on the living room couch, crying, holding a family photo of a trip to the Bahamas...On the coffee table lays a paper flyer, a picture of a young girl, identical to the one in the family photo...Across the top of the flyer, in large letters...

MISSING
TARA BUTLER - 16

(The woman gets up from the couch, walks to the front window, pulls back the drapes enough to see her husband getting into her SUV...He pauses before getting into the truck, looks towards the open drapes in the window...He mouths to his wife...)

Husband: “I’ll find her”

(She nods, mouths back to him)

Woman: “Find her...then kill him”

(He nods, pats his heart, points to her...He gets in the SUV, starts the vehicle, backs out of the driveway....The wife closes the drapes, then looks at two framed pictures hanging on the wall between the window and the front door..The first picture is the man that got in the SUV, her husband, 15 years ago...He is appropriately stern-looking in the image, the way a Marine should look. The other picture shows her husband next to a man, the man has his arm draped over her smiling, handsome, proud, husband...The plaque beneath the picture reads...)

2017 Congressional Aide Of The Year

1st Lt James Butler, USMC (Retired)

Loyal and Faithful Aide To Congressman Harold Turner

(Across the photo, in black sharpie....)

“The Best Friend A Man Could Have” -

(The wife looks by the door, sees one of her son’s Little League baseball bats, upright, leaning against the door frame...She picks it up, draws it back, and smashes the picture...He continues smashing the picture as she screams her daughter’s name, over and over again until she’s smashing sheetrock....To the side, her son, 8 years old, dressed in his Little League Baseball uniform, stands on the bottom step of the stairway, watching his mother, afraid to move)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the small elevator room...Gibbs waits, Dez puts a hand out against the wall)

Gibbs: “Expecting something?”

Dez: “Yea...a sudden stop...”

Gibbs: “We’re about to stop”

Dez: “How do you know?”

Gibbs; “Been here”

Dez: “Is there a name for this place? I mean, other than The Disappearing Room, or Bye Bye Forever Box?

Gibbs: “It’s a SCIF”

Dez: “Skiff? As in....”

(Gibbs interrupts her...)

Gibbs: “S - C – I – F...Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility”

(She stares at him....then the elevator comes to a stop...)

Gibbs: “I’d let go of that wall”

Dez: “Why? Is it....”

(She shrieks as the wall she’s leaning against slide upward...She backs up against the far wall of the cube...Gibbs calmly walks out, nodding to the armed Capitol Police Officer standing outside the door...)

Officer: “Assistant Director...”

Gibbs: “Sam”

Sam: “They’re waiting for you, Director...all are accounted for”

(Dez finally steps out of the elevator cube...The officer nods to her)

Officer: “Mrs Nuncio”

(Dez nods back...)

Dez: “Thank you...Sam?”

(The officer smiles at her...)

Dez: “Gibbs..he smiled...is that against the rules down here?”

Sam: “No ma’am...we’re humans, not aliens....”

Dez: “Well thank god for that”

Sam: “Overnight is their shift ma’am”

(Gibbs seen suppressing a small grin...Dez stares at Sam, then turns to see a large door, one handle on it...Sam moves past her, puts a hand on the door handle)

Sam: “I’ll help you with that, ma’am”

Dez: “Thank you...Sam...but I can....”

(She reaches out for the handle, and pulls...the door doesn’t move...)

Gibbs: “He offered for a reason, Dez”

(Sam takes the handle, leans back, and the door slowly opens....Dez looks at the thickness of the door, at least 6 inches wide, metal with white layers in between)

Dez: “I stand corrected, Sam...thank you”

(The door opens....Dez stops, looks in...A huge room, at least 30 feet long, 25 feet wide, low ceiling, walls of brushed stainless steel...A 10 foot conference table sits to one side, multiple other tables line the far wall, all with large TV screens mounted on the metal walls....several uniformed officers sit at the tables...At the head of the table, SecState sits...to her right, Gerald Cohen...to her left, Vance sits...then Delilah...Next to Delilah, sits Nell, smiling at her, a stocking cap pulled over her hair...McGee grins at Dez, surprising her....then the final surprise....Dil gives her a small wave....Dez narrows her eyes at him....)

Dez: “Bubba...you never told me....”

SecState: “Unless you wanted to visit your brother in prison, he couldn’t”

Gibbs: “Captain Bosworth was offered the opportunity to participate...”

(Dez looks at Gibbs...)

Dez: “Participate?”

(Dez looks at McGee...)

McGee: “I was called back when the boss was”

(SecState is watching Dez, waiting....then...)

SecState: “Destiny Bosworth Nuncio,..welcome to one of the most secure rooms in the world....”

(Dez stares at her....)

Dez: “I saw a movie once...it started with “Where no one can hear you scream”...”

SecState: “That would be this room...and the others like it...it also blocks radio waves, mutes all audio waves that might vibrate the walls, no airborne electronic signals in our out...and in a pinch, makes a pretty damn good wine cellar”

(SecState nods to Sam as Gibbs and Dez sit at the table...Sam turns to the other officers)

Sam: “Ladies..Gentlemen...”

(Without another word, the Capitol Police officers get up, move towards the door)

Sam: “You’re all hooked up, Madame Secretary...As of now, you are a world unto yourselves”

(Sam and another officer push the door closed....It closes without a sound...A light on the wall turns from green to red...SecState stands....places her hands on the table, leans towards the group)

SecState: “With the help of NCIS and especially Agent Tim McGee, the laptop Thomaso Diego, as well as the storage server, gave up their secrets....”

(She clicks a remote...an image of several young girls huddled in a small room appears on one screen...She clicks again...another screen come to life...more young girls, dirty, scared, holding onto each other...She clicks..another...clicks again...another...Dez is staring at the girls, her eyes starting to water....)

SecState: “Tim...take if from here”

(McGee stands....he looks at the images....then to the group)

McGee: “We thought we were looking for United States politicians involved in pedophilia and/or underage sex for hire...We found it....We also found that Thomaso Diego had put together one of the largest child slave trade organizations we’ve ever seen....”

Dez: “My god...those poor girls...Are we...are we going to do anything?”

SecState: “Yes we are Mrs Nuncio....and you are going to be the key to making everything stick”

(Dez looks at SecState...)

Dez; “You mean legally....”

SecState: “Yes...your work on the previous case was so impressive, so air-tight, we wanted you to do the same for this one...”

(She stares at the images....nods her head)

Dez: “Yea....I’m in”

McGee: “Glad to have you aboard, Dez...I’ll go through the network we’ve uncovered...Director Vance will coordinate all ground movement, Delilah and Nell will coordinate eyes in the sky and underwater surveillance”

Dez; “Underwater?”

McGee: “Yes...several of these images were taken on high end yachts...They are used to transport the girls past International Boundary lines, offshore”

Dez: “God.....”

McGee: “After Director Vance finishes, Madame Secretary will walk us through who’s politically connected...”

(Dez looks over at Dil...)

Dez: “What do you do?”

McGee: “Once we locate the hostages, Dil will do what he does better than anyone in the world...Rescue them. I, along with Dawson, Kacie and Jimmy, will support and assist both Gibbs and Dil, along with Delilah and Nell leading CyberForce”

(Dil winks at Dez...She glares back at him)

Dez: “Dil...What about Tony...”

McGee: “The estimated time frame for this operation is 5 days max. Your ‘guests’ arrive in 7...Any longer than that and our targets will know we’re after them and begin mounting legal and political defenses. No one knows about us as of right now. That won’t last long”

Gibbs: “Dez...Bishop and Torres will leave Paris tomorrow”

Dez: “It will take them 2 days to get here...It could be over by then”

SecState: “The legal apprehension of the politicians that are active in this endeavor will be addressed by other members of this team that are in this room. We have located what we feel might be locations of kidnapped girls, but we need verification before we act. We will have that verification by the time the Paris team arrives, keep you in the loop, Mrs. Nuncio, and you will guide us through the legal waters”

Dez: “Gibbs....What does...”

SecState: “Two Senators and two Congressman, four of the most vile members of this horrid business, have not checked in for pending bills to be voted on...We believe they have fled, knowing what’s coming...So....Assistant Director Gibbs will do what he does best, Dez....”

Dez: “Which is.....”

(SecState stares at Dez...one eyebrow goes up...she replies with one word..._

SecState: “Hunt”

(Gibbs whispers to Dez)

Gibbs: “And you gotta keep me out of jail”

(Dez stares back at Gibbs...)

Dez: “Tell Sam I might need some of those night shift aliens to help me with that one”

(scene fades out to images on the screens...it zooms in on one, then on one young girl in particular...The terrified face of the girl that was on the MISSING poster fills the screen)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the parking garage of the U.S. Capitol Complex, office center for men and women of the Congress. Butler parks his SUV in a spot other than his assigned space. He exits, walks towards the garage entrance to the building)

(scene shifts to Butler getting off the elevator, using his passcard to enter the offices of several Congressman...He passes through the waiting area for Congressman Turner's office, pulls out a key ring, starts to open the Congressman's office door....He is interrupted by a female voice...)

Voice: "Jim, he's not in there"

(He turns, sees Phyllis Crowder, Turner's secretary, heading for her desk)

Butler: "I know...I just need to see his schedule. Has he checked in for the Bill vote?"

(Phyllis shakes her head)

Butler: "Any word on where he is?"

Phyllis: "No idea....This bill is important....if he's a no-show, there will be hell to pay"

Butler: "He traded his vote for the tax break, didn't he?"

Phyliss: "Yes...and the Speaker will be livid if he doesn't show"

Butler: "Then all the more reason for me to check his schedule...Right?"

(Phyllis thinks for a moment...then nods)

Phyllis: "Yes...go on in, Jim....let me know what you find...."

(Phyllis stops....looks at Butler...)

Phyllis: "Jim...Any word on Tara?"

(Butler stops...shakes his head)

Phyliss: "I'm so sorry Jim...surely they'll find her....And you know Congressman Turner will do anything he can to help you....He just adores your daughter"

(Butler looks down...nods...then looks up at Phyllis)

Butler: "Yea...I'm aware of just how much he....adores....my daughter"

(scene fades out to Butler entering the office)

(scene shifts to dark room...Tara Butler sits on the floor, knees drawn to her chest, face against her knees...The girl next to her, nudges her)

Girl: "I'm so scared"

Tara: "I know...I don't understand what's happening"

Girl: "I don't either..."

(The two girls lean their heads against each other...)

Tara: "I'm Tara"

Girl: "Keesha"

(there is silence, the two girls still leaning on each other)

Keesha: “Do you think we’re gonna die?”

(Tara doesn’t respond....)

Keesha: “I know....we are....”

Tara; “No we’re not”

(She pauses)

Tara: “My daddy will find us..”

Keesha: “You say that like you mean it....”

Tara: “I do....”

Keesha: “How do you know....”

(Tara pauses....leans closer to Keesha, slips her arm through hers...)

Tara: “He’s a Marine”

(scene shifts to Congressman Turner’s office, Butler sitting in his chair, clicky clacking on his computer...He has multiple files up.....)

Butler: “Come on Butler...think....”

(He starts putting key words in the File Search box...all come up unrelated or not found....He thinks...looks at a picture on the wall....scene shows a large yacht...on the rear, the name, “Gone Baby Gone” is painted in large gold letters)

Butler: ”That’s the boat!”

(He furiously starts inputting nautical terms....nothing shows up....Butler bangs the desk with his fist in frustration....he closes his eyes....then opens them....)

Butler: “Look for the obvious, Butler...Where does he keep that damn boat?.”

(He enters Gone Baby Gone in the search box....multiple files come up...he finds one named “Slip Rental”...he keys on it.....)

(scene shifts to Butler exiting the Congressman’s office....Phyllis looks up...)

Phyllis: “Find anything?”

Butler: “No...not a thing...”

Phyllis: “Well if you find him before I hear from him, please tell him to get to chambers for the vote!”

(Butler doesn’t reply....he hurries out of the office....Phyllis watches him leave....)

Phyllis: “What a dedicated aide....(shakes her head) “If anyone can find Harold, it will be Jim”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS sedan, Gibbs driving, Dez in passenger seat looking out her window)

Gibbs: “You got a lot on you”

(Dez nods)

Gibbs: “You up for it?”

Dez: “Yea”

(silence.....then...)

Dez: “I hate men”

Gibbs: ”I know”

Dez: “Not all of you...”

Gibbs: “I know”

Dez: “Those girls, Gibbs....They’re so scared....”

Gibbs: “Yea”

(Gibbs looks at his phone...a text signals...He hands it to Dez)

Gibbs: “Read it”

(Dez takes the phone...)

Dez: “It’s from Mcgee”

(she reads it....eyes get wide)

Dez: “Head for Falls Church...now!”

Gibbs: “Okay...why?”

(Dez picks up her own cell...dials....Mcgee answers...)

Dez: “Explain this text!”

McGee: “Gibbs got a call..I took it...the wife of Congressman Turner’s lead Aide called, screaming....”

Gibbs: “Why?”

McGee: “She just got into her daughter’s phone...there are pictures sent to her....nude pictures....and the daughter told the man she would turn him in to the police if he didn’t stop”

Gibbs: “Yea...can’t the LEO’s handle that?”

McGee: “It’s Congressman Harold Turner! He’s on our list! The daughter went missing 2 days ago! His wife said her husband is out hunting him and will kill him!”

(Gibbs takes nearest exit....)

Gibbs: ”Why’d she call me?”

McGee: “She said her husband told her if anything ever happened to him, to call you...I guess this qualifies...”

Gibbs: “Who is he?”

McGee: “Jim Butler”

(Gibbs is quiet....then...)

Gibbs: “On my way...McGee...get an APB out on Butler...”

McGee: “On it boss....do you know the guy?”

Gibbs: “Yea...I know him....text Dez the address”

(He ends the call....throws phone down on seat)

Gibbs: “Dammit!”

Dez: “This is bad?”

Gibbs: “Yea....”

(Gibbs pauses...)

Gibbs: “Jim Butler....U.S. Marine Intelligence Officer...”

Dez: “Brains?”

Gibbs: “Lots of brains....Met him on a case...assisted us in bringing down a drug ring at Quantico”

Dez: “So he’s one of the good guys?”

Gibbs: “He’s good with his guns....he’s damn good....”

Dez: “So....”

Gibbs: “Put smarts, guns, and the father of a kidnapped daughter together....what da ya got?”

(Dez thinks....)

Dez; “He can find him....and kill him”

Gibbs; “Yea....”

(Dez looks out her window)

Dez: “As much as I’m rooting for the dad, we have to stop him”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Dez: “He’ll end up in prison....the girl and her mom...they’ll be alone”

Gibbs: “I know”

(Dez looks over at Gibbs...)

Dez: “Then drive faster, Gibbs! GO!”

(The sound of the sedan accelarating can be heard...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Beltway Yacht Club....Butler exits the SUV, walks down wooden gangplank towards parked yachts...row after row of high end yachts sit in slips, gently bobbing up and down due to the wake of a small skiff moving out of the slip area....Butler looks up and down the rows, then he sees it)

GONE BABY GONE

(He begins walking towards the boat...)

(scene shifts to the dark room....Tara and Keesha give out a small shriek)

Keesha: “We’re moving! I can feel the boat rock!”

Tara: “Wait...it’s stopping.....”

(The boat comes to a stop..the small waves pass)

Keesha: “We’re not moving anymore...”

Tara: “We were just rocking....it’s okay”

Keesha: “It’s NOT okay! It’s never going to be okay!”

Tara: “The other girls are gone...It’s just us...maybe they decided to not take us and they’re letting us go!”

Keesha: “No...they’re not....we’re going to die here....or worse....we won’t die...I think this is about sex trafficing...You heard that man when he came in...He told the others it was time for them to earn a living....”

(Tara wipes her eyes...)

Tara: “Keesha...I promise! My dad will find us! I swear, I can almost feel him looking for me!”

(scene shifts to outside the yacht, Butler approaches the boat from the rear...A man walks up..)

Man: “You lookin’ for the Congressman?”

(Butler turns....)

Butler: “Yea”

Man: “You’re too late...He and some Chinese fellers just left...Maybe an hour ago?”

Butler: “Chinese?”

Man: “Yea....boat had some young gals on it...another boat came up, loaded the girls, took off...Congressman and those Chinese characters left in their car”

Butler: “If you don’t mind me asking....didn’t that seem off to you? Young girls?”

Man: “Brother..I just tend the boats here....and young girls? Hell brother...they came through here all the time...”

(The man pauses...)

Man: “I did report it once...Didn’t like what I saw...The girls was always scared...Once I told them who owned the boat, they told me to mind my own business...That was the end of that”

(Butler looks at the man, then he looks up and down the boardwalk...)

Butler: “You’ve got cameras”

Man: “Yea...these here boats are expensive....of course we got cameras”

(Butler pulls out his Congressional ID card..shows it to the man)

Butler: “Show me what you have”

(scene shifts to inside the boat.....)

Tara: “Keesha...I swear...I know daddy is looking...It’s like I can feel him!”

(scene shifts to Butler walking away from the boat towards the Marina Office....)

Keesha: “What’s wrong?”

(Tara starts to cry...)

Tara; “I don’t feel him anymore....”

(scene shifts to the boat...A Chinese man, looking through slightly pulled drapes on the sliding glass doors to the main cabin, slides the door open, steps out....He sees Butler walking away...The man puts his gun back in the back of his pants, pulls out a phone)

Man: “Father was here...we need to get girls and go”

(He listens...nods)

Man: “2 hour....good...I be here”

(listens...nods again)

Man: “Yes..I know drill...They come back before you get here, I kill girls, run...call you”

(scene shifts to Gibbs, Dez, driving...Gibbs’s phone signals another text...Dez picks it up, reads)

Dez: “It’s from Gerald Cohen...he wants us to meet us at an address...he says asap”

Gibbs: “Tell him we’re on our way to interview someone else....we’ll meet him after....”

Dez; “Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “What?”

Dez: “It’s the same address we’re headed to”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Falls Church suburb...Gibbs and Dez pull up to Turner’s house, another car, solid black, is parked in front of the house)

Gibbs: “Cohen’s already here..He should have waited...”

(The driver’s door to the black car opens, Gerald exits the car...)

Dez; “He did”

Gibbs; “Well, I’m surprised...he’s motivated”

Dez: “How so?”

Gibbs: “Later...let’s go”

(Gerald, Gibbs, Dez walk to the front door....it opens before they knock...Jennifer Butler stands in the door, eyes red, swollen...Gibbs shows his badge, identifies himself....They enter the living room, then sit down)

Jennifer: “Jim always said...if something happened to him.....”

(She hands Gibbs one of his own cards...old...)

Gibbs; “10 years...long time to keep a card”

Jennifer: “Jim keeps everything....”

Gibbs; “Good man...good Marine”

(Gerald is up, looking around the room...he sees the smashed picture laying on the floor, sees the holes in the wall...Gerald picks up the shattered frame, pulls out the picture...takes it to the group, hands it to Gibbs)

Gerald: “This looks personal”

Jennifer; “It is”

Gerald: “How personal?”

(Jennifer pulls a cell phone out of her pocket...hands it to Gibbs....)

Jennifer: “Pretty personal”

(Gibbs looks at the phone...)

Jennifer: “Sorry....the password is momdadrock..all lower case”

(Gibbs hands the phone to Dez...Dez starts entering the password)

Gibbs; “She’s with DOJ ma’am...we want everything by the book”

(Dez tosses the phone into Gibbs's lap....she gets up, walks away...Gibbs looks at the phone...Images of the Congressman....nude.....Jennifer starts to cry, but smiles...)

Jennifer: "Can't get much more personal than that...right?"

Gibbs; "Ma'am...I'm sorry..."

Jennifer: "Harold knew us...our family....it's like we were family...Then...Then last year, Tara...our daughter..."

Gibbs; "The one that's missing"

(She nods)

Jennifer: "Tara started telling us things.....That Harold was touching her....giving her hugs that lasted too long...We told her he was just part of the family....(cries) "We didn't listen...."

Gibbs: "Any times they were alone ma'am?"

(She shakes her head....)

Jennifer: "No...not that I know, anyway....but he started calling her...."

Gibbs: "That didn't sound strange to you?"

Jennifer: "No...Harold had a young teen Aide Apprenticeship Program....several Congressmen have them"

(Gibbs looks at the phone...he pulls up texts....reads...)

Gibbs; "She's telling him that she's going to report him to the police"

(Jennifer nods)

Jennifer: "She showed Jim....her father...She showed Jim those pictures...Then she said she was going to her friend's house, that she didn't feel safe here....I think it was more about not wanting to face her dad....after those pictures...."

Gibbs: "She never made it to the friend's house...did she?"

(Jennifer shakes her head, crying. She looks over at Gerald....)

Jennifer: "I know you"

(Gerald nods...)

Gerald: "Yes ma'am...your husband requested that I accompany Congressman Turner's group to Rio de Janeiro for an economic meeting"

Jennifer: "You refused....I remember....Jim told me you didn't want to have anything to do with Harold"

(Gerald lowers his head....)

Gerald: "Yes ma'am....he was...."

(Jennifer suddenly slaps Gerald hard across the face)

Gibbs; “MA’AM!”

Jennifer: ‘You knew! You knew then! You knew and didn’t do anything about it! MY DAUGHTER WOULD BE HOME RIGHT NOW!”

(The wife covers her face...weeps....Her 8 year old son, watching from the stairs....)

Son: ‘He has a boat”

(The mother snaps her head around....)

Jennifer: “Jimmy...baby...please go back upstairs....”

Dez: “Honey...you said a boat?”

Jimmy: ‘Yes ma’am...Uncle Harold has a big boat...He told Tara he’d take her there and they’d run away together....”

Jennifer: “Oh god...god...god....no....”

Dez: “Honey...do you think your sister is on that boat?”

(Shrugs)

Jimmy: “I don’t know...but dad would be there”

Gibbs: “Your dad?...”

Jimmy: “Yea...Uncle Harold sent me texts too....he said if Sis wouldn’t go...he’d take me..He sent me pictures of the boat...when I showed dad...He went and got his guns...”

(Jennifer screams...)

Jennifer: “WHAT IS HAPPENING TO MY FAMILY!...PLEASE GOD STOP THIS!”

(scene fades out to the mother repeatedly screaming....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS sedan, engine racing, Gerald’s car behind them...Dez on phone with McGee)

Dez: “Tim! We need a slip number for Gone Baby Gone, Beltway Yacht Club!”

(listens....)

Dez: “Our ETA is 15..Call me back!”

(ends call)

Dez: “Jesus, Gibbs...is this what you do, day in day out?”

Gibbs: “Sometimes”

Dez: “How do you stand it? I’m ready to hate everyone!”

Gibbs: “You learn to deal with it”

Dez; “How? How do you keep from becoming beyond cynical?”

(She looks at Gibbs....)

Dez: “Never mind...you are beyond cynical”

Gibbs: “Naw, Dez...you find a friend more bitter than you are, and call ‘em...they make you feel better about yourself”

Dez: “Well hell, Gibbs...someone more assholey than you? Who’d you call?”

(Gibbs gives small grin)

Gibbs: “You”

(Dez looks at him in shock...mouth open....then she turns towards the windshield)

Dez: “Drive, asshole”

(silence)

Dez: “You believe the boy? He said Butler never touched him”

Gibbs: “He sounds okay...but the psych is on her way”

(Dez looks over at Gibbs)

Dez: “Is that standard procedure?”

Gibbs; “Yea”

Dez: “So you have a procedure for this....small child, possibly molested, and it happens so much you actually have a procedure?”

Gibbs: “Yea”

(She turns towards the windshield)

Dez: “Gibbs....how the hell do you keep from wanting to shoot everyone?”

Gibbs: “You keep your eyes on the goal, Dez....”

Dez: “Which is....?”

(Gibbs is quiet for a moment...then...)

Gibbs: “Right now, it’s that man’s daughter that might be on that boat”

Dez; “Save who you can save?”

(Gibbs nods)

Gibbs; “Sometimes that's all you got, Destiny...(pause) “Sometimes that’s all ya got”

(scene shifts to Marina...Gibbs and Cohen pull up....they both exit...)

Dez: “slip 221”

Gibbs: “down the gangplank, to the left”

Gerald: “What do you want us to do?”

Gibbs: “Nothing....”

Gerald: “NOTHING?”

Gibbs: “Yea..nothing....We recon the boat first...”

(scene shifts to the Marina Manager’s office....Butler comes storming out, running down the wooden walkway towards the Gone Baby Gone...He gets halfway there, starts to pull a pistol out of his back holster...And he’s yanked off the walkway into the shrubs)

Gibbs: “Don’t!”

Butler: “Who the hell are.....Oh.....”

Gibbs: “Yea..it’s me, asshole! The one you should’ve called yourself!”

Butler: “My daughter! She might be on that boat!”

Gibbs: “And she might get shot by the guy that’s inside the boat! You want to get your daughter or who ever else is in there killed? THINK!”

(Butler, still sitting on the ground...nods...)

Butler: “Yea...you’re right...okay....”

Gibbs: “Get up...I’d tell you to get lost, but you won’t listen....You come with us....and you do exactly what I tell you to do! Which is NOTHING!”

(scene shifts to 20 yards from the boat...Dez looking through binoculars at the boat....The guard comes out of the sliding doors, lights a cigarette...looks at his watch)

Dez: “Chinese....one pistol, back of pants”

Gibbs; “We need him off that boat”

Dez: “Uh huh...”

Butler: “Why not just shoot him?”

(All three look at Butler....)

Butler: “Okay...just...Just do something”

Dez: “You open to an idea?”

Gibbs: “Yea...what?”

(Dez explains.....Gibbs’s eyebrows go up....)

Gibbs; “Seriously? That's the worst idea I’ve ever heard!”

(pause...Dez waits...then Gibbs shrugs)

Gibbs: “Let’s do it”

(He turns to Butler....)

Gibbs: “You don’t yell her name until Dez has him off the boat...Got it?”

Butler: “Got it”

Gibbs: “Okay Dez...you’re up”

(scene shifts to boat...the guard sees a beautiful woman walking towards the boat...he throws the cigarette into the water, places a hand on his weapon...The woman arrives, stops before getting on the boat... looks at him, glares...and in perfect Chinese, she yells...)

Dez: “You are a disgrace!”

Guard: “What?”

Dez: “A disgrace! We pay you more than you are worth and you give us this? Come here! Now!”

(The guard blinks....looks back at the cabin doors)

Guard: “But...but I am not to leave boat...”

Dez: “And you are paid to follow orders! Get here to me now!”

(The guard flushes.....then steps towards the rear of the boat...)

Dez; “Good boy...do as your told...”

(The guard steps off the boat onto the wooden walkway....Then his head snaps to the left....a man is standing on the walkway yelling)

Butler: “TARA! TARA! TARA! TARA!”

(scene shifts to inside the boat....Tara and Keesha hear the yelling)

Tara: “IT’S MY DADDY! I TOLD YOU!”

(Both girls start banging on the inside wall of the large boat....both screaming out that they are there)

(scene shifts to the docs...The guard pulls his weapon out....Then finds his world turned upside down as Dez pulls his arm, slips him over her hip, face down on the planks, pulling his gun out of his hand and pressing the barrel to his temple)

Dez; “Where are the girls?”

(The man groans)

Dez; “WHERE ARE THE GIRLS?”

(She hears banging....)

Dez: ”Gibbs! In the boat! Down low!”

(Gibbs and Gerald race by her, guns drawn....They enter the sliding doors....Butler comes running up....He stops...sees the open cabin doors....)

(scene shifts to inside the boat...Gibbs steps down small steps, gun out...he checks the closet in the narrow walkway, sees the door to the forward cabin in front of him, loud pounding sounds coming through the thin door..He readies his weapon, then pulls the door quickly open)

Gibbs: "NCIS! HANDS IN THE AIR!”

(He sees two young girls, clenched fists hammering furiously on the inner wall, screaming out....They stop and see Gibbs....Eyes wide....Gibbs lowers the gun...)

Gibbs: “We’re here to take you home, ladies...”

(Gibbs looks at Tara, recognizing her from the Missing poster...)

Gibbs: “Tara?”

(The young girl quickly nods...)

Tara: “I think there’s someone outside you want to see”

(scene shifts to Tara walking up the small steps...she reaches the main cabin, then, in front of her, she sees the open cabin door...She sees who’s out there waiting for her...A sob escapes her throat as she sprints through the door...)

Tara: (screaming) “DADDY!”

Butler: (whisper) “Oh God thank you....My baby....”

(Cohen brings Keesha out, wrapping her in a blanket....

(scene fades out to Tara running to her father, both embracing, both weeping joyfully...)

Dez: “Hey Gibbs”

(Gibbs is watching the father and daughter reunite, Dez takes it in as well)

Gibbs: “This is why you do it...”

(Gibbs nods...)

Gibbs: “I want you to remember something Dez....”

Dez: “What?”

(Gibbs walks towards the NCIS techs arriving)

Gibbs: “That happened because of you”

(pause)

Gibbs: “You did good back there”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at dockside, yellow tape on dock, NCIS techs present....Butler still holding his daughter..He has cell out, talking to Jennifer...her screams can be heard over the phone...Tara turns to Gibbs)

Tara: “Sir...it was Congressman Turner that did this”

Gibbs: “We know”

Dez: “Honey...I’m sorry to ask you this, but....”

Tara: “Yes...No...he tried..(she looks away) “He said he was in love with me...but if I wouldn’t have sex with him, he’d take it anyway...then sell me to people that I’d have to.....whatever”

(She looks at her hands...then looks up at Dez...she holds her left hand up)

Dez: “Honey?”

Tara: “Put a bag on my hand!”

(Dez looks at her curiously....Gibbs steps over, places a plastic evidence bag over her hand....)

Gibbs; ‘You scratched him”

Tara: “Damn right I did! Across his right cheek, twice! He has scars! I know it!”

Butler: ”Honey...you don’t have to do this right now...”

(She turns to her father)

Tara; “Yes I do! I will not play the helpless victim! Now...”

(Turns back to Dez)

Tara: “We need to go to the hospital...I need a rape kit done...He didn’t do it, but he tried while I fought... I know I have bruising...”

(She looks at her father...)

Tara: “I’m sorry...I didn’t do it.....it was him...”

(The father embraces the girl...holds her...)

Butler: “It’s okay, honey...I’m with you....I’ll be with you the whole time....”

(Tara turns to Gibbs...)

Tara: “I told Keesha...”

Gibbs; “Told her what?”

Tara: “That my daddy would come for me....”

(Gibbs shakes his head, looks over at Butler...)

Gibbs: “Yea...he did, honey”

Tara: “He’s a Marine, sir...I don’t know if you knew that...and sir, Marines never leave anyone behind”

(scene fades to black and white)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE NCIS MOVIE PRESENTATION OF

“ACCOUNTABILITY STORM”

WILL CONTINUE AFTER THESE WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR!

(commercial comes up....Gibbs sitting at his desk...looks up at the camera...frowns...)

Gibbs: “Hey you! Crime? Just don’t!, okay?” (Eyebrows raise)

Gibbs: “Jesus, people, use your head! I swear!”

(Gibbs shakes his head, looks up, slaps his monitor)

Narrator: “This has been a public service announcement from NCIS to you”

AND NOW, THE FINAL SCENE FOR ACT 1 OF

“ACCOUNTABILITY STORM”

(scene opens in CyberForce Ops Room...the team, Delilah, Nell, Tommy and Tabby, all watching a large ocean-going yacht leaving the Virginia coastline...)

Nell: “Tommy...how much time on that drone?”

Tommy: “One hour, give or take”

Nell: “What is Bingo?”

Tommy: “The point it can’t make it back? About 10 minutes ma’am”

(Nell turns to Delilah)

Nell: “ETA to satellite positioning?”

(Delilah clicky clacks)

Delilah: “30 minutes, Nell...it’s completing its orbit, and we’re fighting the gravitational pull plus centrifugal force”

Tommy: “Just crossed International waters, ma’am”

(Nell pulls out her phone...hits speed dial...they answer. Nell places her phone on a pad...the conversation now comes over Ops Room speakers)

Nell: “Tim...how sure are you that those girls are on that boat?”

Mcgee: (on speaker) “Better than 50%…The laptop information gave us the boat name and its previous delivery points...It’s following the same pattern”

Nell: “Tim...hold on....something’s happening”

McGee: “Patch us into MTAC, STAT!”

(Nell clicky clacks)

Nell: “Tommy....can we swing so we can get facial?”

(The screen shows the large boat cruising across the bright blue waters, then the camera swings...)

Nell: “Any closer and he’ll see the drone...”

(speaker comes alive...McGee comes over the speaker)

McGee: “We’ve got it in MTAC...do we know who that man is?”

Nell: “Negative, Tim...We’d have to get in front of him....We have clear skies, the drone will be seen”

(The front of the ship can be seen slowly bobbing up and down, rhythmically. Nell watches, starts counting as it falls and drops...)

Nell: “Tommy...I’m taking USD-1"

Tommy: “USD-1 to you, on 3-2-1-USD 1 is yours”

(Nell is sitting at the drone control desk....The drone can be seen dropping behind the vessel, then moving directly alongside the ship...)

Delilah: “Jesus, Nell...any closer and you’ll be peeling that bird out of the ocean”

(Nell is focused....her body starts moving back and forth in time with the ship moving up and down...The closer the drone gets to the bow, the further she moves back and forth....)

Delilah: (whispering) “Can’t be done...”

(Nell moves the drone in front of the ship, below the railing of the deck, unseen by anyone on the deck...Spray from the bow cutting through the water can be seen as droplettes on the camera, the view is the ocean in front of the ship..)

Nell: “Tommy, can you reverse the camera for me?”

(Tommy sees what’s she doing...without a word, he rolls his chair to be able to reach her console....He flips one toggle, then rotates a 3inch diameter wheel...Nell is still in motion, matching the ship’s up and down movement....)

Delilah: (whispering) “Can’t be done”

(scene switches to MTAC....McGee seen watching...Vance and Gibbs are seen behind him...)

Vance: ‘She’s trying to reverse the camera...she’s going to try....”

(Vance moves closer to the screen)

Vance: “It can’t be done..not on the seas”

Gibbs: “She’s good, Leon...”

Vance: “No one’s that good”

Gibbs; “I got $5 says she pulls it off”

Vance; “You’re on!”

(scene switches back to CyberForce Ops room...tension is high, no one talks...The image on the screen shows the view swinging....it comes around, then the side of the ship is shown...the drone keeping in perfect rythym with the falling and rising of the ship’s bow...The camera completes it’s turn...The view is now of the sharp point of the ship’s bow...The drone image shows the drone is only 5 feet away from the bow, still keeping in time, Nell still movng her body back and forth, her hands in sync with her body, the drone responds, mimicking the timing of the ship rising and dropping in the ocean as it cuts through waves...)

Nell: “Ok....let’s climb a little and peek through that railing....”

(the image rises up, the pointed bow gets wider as it expands to meet the width of the deck....The bottom of the railing can be seen now, the image still keeping time with the boat’s rise and fall....)

Nell: “Stay cool, Nell....make it look like part of the boat”

(The drone rises....the camera clears the top of the bow....and in the image, looking off in the distance, Congressman Harold Turner’s face, sunburned nose and all, can be seen)

Nell: “Got you, you filthy son of a bitch....”

(Delilah’s eyes get wide)

Delilah: “She did it! That was impossible!”

(The image now shows the bow of the ship, then the side, as Nell maneuvers the drone away from any deck crew that could see it....Everyone stares at Nell, all just now allowing themselves to breathe...)

Nell: “USD-1 back to you, Tommy...3-2-1...it’s yours”

(They are still staring at Nell...She leans back in her chair, big smile...)

Nell: “That was fun!”

(The speaker crackles...)

Vance: “Penelope Jones Bosworth...if you EVER...EVER do that again.....”

(pause)

Vance: “Damn girl....well done....very well done”

(Gibbs smiles....)

Gibbs: “Told you so....She’s good”

(Vance turns around)

Vance; “Nobody’s that good”

(Gibbs shrugs....Nell’s voice comes over the MTAC room speaker)

Nell: ”Pay up, Leon!”

(Vance hangs his head...He pulls out a bill from his pocket, hands it to Gibbs)

(Scene switches to CyberForce Ops room)

Delilah: “Jesus, Nell!”

(Nell smiles big....)

Nell: “See? My Gibbsy believed in me!”

(She turns to the screens...then in a lower voice)

Nell: “He always has...That’s why he’s my Gibbsy”

Delilah: “Tommy...you want to head that drone back before it does a splash down in an hour?”

Tommy: “Already heading back ma’am”

Delilah: “Satellite will pick that boat up in 15...People....take a break...You earned it”

(scene switches to MTAC...SecState on the screen)

Vance: “Positive ID on Congressman Turner...and if he’s on that boat, it’s a good bet the hostages are too”

SecState: “Agree, Leon....by the way...Helen and I watched that drone performance by Mrs Bosworth....”

Vance: “Yes...it was impressive’

SecState: “Tell her she’s going to have to do a repeat performance....underwater”

Vance: ‘And...for...what?”

SecState: “That boat’s heading for Cuban waters...We’re going to have to board it, get the girls, get them off, and back into International waters.....all without the crew on that ship realizing it’s happened”

Vance: “And how do you propose we do that?”

(Dil steps into the picture)

Dil: “I can do it..I just need some equipment, a VTOL to drop me and a boat, then a Pelican to pick us up over the International Water line”

Vance: “By yourself.....”

Dil: “No...Nell will be along with me....”

(crackle...Nell’s voice comes over the speaker)

Nell: “I’ve got Flipper 1 and Flipper 2!”

Vance: “You’ve got what?”

Dil: “She named the underwater drones, Director....I’d go with it”

(Vance moves his toothpick over...sees Mcgee grinning at him, Gibbs staring, eyebrows up..Vance turns to the screen...)

Vance: “Do I assume your boat is named too?”

Nell: ‘SKIPPY!”

(Vance rocks on his feet...toothpick jiggles....he shrugs)

Vance; “Then get the Flippers and Skippy ready..Loretta? You approve?”

SecState: “Approved Leon....I’ll fax you the formals”

Nell: “Hey Leon!”

Vance: “Yes?”

Nell: “Get ready to lose some more money to my Gibbsy!...We’re going to go bring us some girls back home!”

(scene fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

INTERMISSION IF OVER! GET BACK TO YOUR SEATS! ACT 2 OF

“ACCOUNTABILITY STORM” IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

(You’re standing in line at the Concessions Area, squirting more butter on your popcorn and carefully guarding your Ham Jerky Treats. (they ran out just after you got yours). The lobby lights go off, go on, go off, go on...You can hear the Theme Song, ‘Born To Rise’ start up in the theater...

We are the ones who were born to rise
We are the ones with the fire *inside*
I go to war with the family I *trust*
And there *ain't no stopping us, there ain't no stopping us*
We are the ones who will bring the *rain*
We are the ones who will break the *chain*
I go to war with the family I trust
And there *ain't no stopping us, there ain't no stopping us*

(You make it to your seat, just in time to see a recap of Act 1...)

(scene opens in MTAC....)

SecState: "Tell her she's going to have to do a repeat performance....underwater"

Vance: 'And...for...what?"

SecState: "That boat's heading for Cuban waters...We're going to have to board it, get the girls, get them off, and back into International waters.....all without the crew on that ship realizing it's happened"

Vance: "And how do you propose we do that?"

(Dil steps into the picture)

Dil: "I can do it..I just need some equipment, a VTOL to drop me and a boat, then a Pelican to pick us up over the International Water line"

Vance: "By yourself....."

Dil: "No...Nell will be along with me...."

(crackle...Nell's voice comes over the speaker)

Nell: "I've got Flipper 1 and Flipper 2!"

Vance: "You've got what?"

Dil: "She named the underwater drones, Director....I'd go with it"

(Vance moves his toothpick over...sees Mcgee grinning at him, Gibbs staring, eyebrows up..Vance turns to the screen...)

Vance: "Do I assume your boat is named too?"

Nell: 'SKIPPY!"

(Vance rocks on his feet...toothpick jiggles....he shrugs)

Vance; "Then get the Flippers and Skippy ready..Loretta? You approve?"

SecState: "Approved Leon....I'll fax you the formals"

Nell: "Hey Leon!"

Vance: "Yes?"

Nell: "Get ready to lose some more money to my Gibbsy!...We're going to go bring us some girls back home!"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in rear cargo hold of a Marine V22 Osprey aircraft...One lone figure, fully in black, black-hooded, stands facing the rear of the long, slanted wall...in front of him, on the floor, laying on stainless steel rails with rollers, lay 2 black bundles, one of which is 5 feet long, 4 feet wide, at least 3 feet high...the other bundle is equally black, nylon, one heavy duty inflated globe on top...The man can feel the others on the plane staring at him....He does not turn. He's been here before...)

(scene switches to front of the Osprey cargo area...2 crew members sit in their jump seats, staring at the lone man in the back)

Crew 1: "It's him"

Crew 2: "Who is 'him'?

(Crew 1 looks over at the other man, takes in his youth, looks back at the man in the back)

Crew 1: "Spend enough time in this outfit, you'll learn"

Crew 2: "Then help me out, Carl...."

(Crew 1 snaps his head back towards the young Marine...)

Crew 1: "No names!"

(Crew 2 closes his eyes, shakes his head...)

Crew 2: "Sorry man...."

(they both stay silent for a moment...then...)

Crew 1: "It's the Ghost"

(Crew 2 looks at the man he's referring to....)

Crew 2: "No way! I've heard the stories! He's like...."

Crew 1: "Like nothing you've ever seen....and when we get back, you'll keep that thought in your head..You didn't see him"

Crew 2: "Damn! What is he doing this time?"

Crew 1: "Don't know...don't need to know...Just shut up, do your job...then shut up after that..."

Crew 2: "We have orders to open the bay door at 150 feet...And he jumps"

Crew 1: "About right"

Crew 2: “That’s kinda high.....Sargent”

Crew 1: “A man doesn’t reach maximum velocity at that height...he’ll hit the water at about 75 mph...He’s done it before”

Crew 2: “Jesus! How do you know?”

(Crew 1 looks at the lone man)

Crew 1: “I’ve been on every water jump he’s done”

Crew 2: “What?”

(They see the lone man turn....he begins walking towards the 2 crew members, holding the rail on the fuselage for support as he walks....He reaches the 2...Crew 1 stands...shakes hands with the man)

Ghost: “Everything’s in order..as usual...Thank you, Sargent.”

Crew 1: “Welcome. You got your return trip planned out?”

(The man smiles from under the mask)

Ghost: “Yes...You’ll receive your orders when you return...I always ask for you”

(Crew 1 grins...)

Crew 1: “I was hoping to be picked...”

(The lone man looks down at the awed Crew 2, then back at the older soldier..)

Ghost: “He said your name....if the wrong person heard that, your family might be dead in 24 hours”

(Ghost gives Crew 1 a quick shoulder hug....turns and walks back...he stops...looks out the window towards the ocean floor...He sees whitecaps on the blue water)

Ghost: “Winds?”

Crew 1: “Yes...30 mph near the surface”

(The man thinks....then...)

Ghost: “Tell the pilot to take me up to 1000 feet”

(Crew 2’s eyes get wide...Crew 1 nods...opens the door to the pilot’s area...)

Crew 1: “We drop at 1000ft!”

(The man walks back to the rear...he kneels to his backpack, pulls out a nylon bundle...He shakes it out, then starts stepping into legs...then arms...)

Crew 2: “No way! A wingsuit?”

(scene shifts to CyberForce Ops Room....Delilah and Nell watch the satellite image as it follows the Osprey)

Delilah: “Why is the plane climbing?”

Tommy: ‘Reports of windgusts near the ocean surface ma’am. If he jumped, they could push him...he’d break up at that speed if he doesn’t hit right”

(Delilah looks at Tommy, curiously)

Tommy: “I’m on the pilot’s frequency ma’am...It’s relaying to the AACC”

Delilah: “Advanced Airborne Command Post”

Tommy: “Yes ma’am...this one’s code name is Nightwatch”

Delilah: “So.....”

Tommy: “I’m betting he’s doing a Batman, ma’am...”

Nell: “Batman?”

Tommy: “You may not want to watch this, ma’am”

(Nells eyes get bigger....)

Tommy: “Rear cargo door opening...”

(They can see a black object exiting the plane, falling to the ocean surface)

Tommy: “Gear out...hitting....it’s back up, floating...we’re good”

(Another black object falls out of the rear of the plane...)

Nell: “What’s that?”

Tommy: “That’s your husband ma’am”

(Nell’s eyes get mega wide....Then she watches as Dil’s arms stretch out, legs widen...The material between the arms and legs forming a wing...)

Tommy: “Batman.....ma’am...”

Nell: “When does he open his parachute?”

Tommy: “He doesn’t have one on.....ma’am”

Nell: “WHAT?”

Tommy: “Just watch ma’am...it’s the coolest thing you’ve ever.....”

Nell: ‘THERE’S NO COOL INVOLVED HERE!”

(She watches, one hand over her mouth, the other over her belly..She looks down at her baby bump..)

Nell: “I don’t want you to see this....”

(The satellite image shows Dil starting to glide in circles....lowering each time, moving closer and closer to the package floating in the water)

Nell: “Okay Alfred...what’s he doing?”

Tommy: “Circling...catching the crosswind, slowing his speed”

Nell: “I know I shouldn’t ask...but...how fast...”

Tommy: “He fell at approximately 85 mph..”

(Nell closes her eyes)

Tommy: “Each time he hits the crosswind, he slows...”

Nell: “To what?”

Tommy: ‘Uh....I don’t know, ma’am....”

(Nell glares at Tommy)

Tommy: “65”

Nell: “Oh lord....”

(They continue watching as he lowers....Then they see Dil spread his arms....his body seems to stand upright as he spreads his arms and legs, catching the high crosswind straight on....then he falls into the ocean, only 10 feet from the cargo....)

Tommy: ‘DAMN HE’S GOOD!”

Nell: “NO HE”S NOT!”

Tommy: “Ma’am...he practices...he hooked me up with the trainer, and him and me and.....”

(He stops talking.....Tommy looks straight ahead...eyes closed tightly shut)

Nell: “Tommy.....so....who is after the and?”

(Dil is seen reaching the black bundle bobbing in the water...All attention turns to the screen)

(scene shifts to the ocean surface...Dil approaches the floating bundle, finds the one loose cord he’s looking for, pulls it....The bundles unfolds, wrinkled black material, starting to

take shape....Dil pulls one side down, rolls his body onto the floating fabric, then pulls a valve on a small black metal cannister.....The hiss of air is heard, then the outline of the material takes shape as the outer tubes fill with air....Within 30 seconds, a fully operational Zodiac MilPro Special Operations boat is inflated..20 feet long, 8 feet wide, rigid nylon flooring....)

Dil: "Thank you mister air tank for working.....Now..."

(Dil is seen pulling the cover off a larger object towards the rear.. .He lifts a heavy electric boat motor out of the waterproof box, slides it across the rear hull, slides the hooks into the clips, then lowers the prop into the water....150 horsepower from the Evoy Electric Outboard comes to life as Dil turns the power on, then takes the handle extending out....he twists the grip, then the front bow of the boat lifts up, and he's soon running across the water at 25 mph....He stops the boat....)

Nell: "Distance to target?"

Tommy: "4 miles ma'am"

Nell: "Time to mission?"

Tommy: "2 hours until complete darkness"

Nell: "So Batman has time to talk?"

Tommy: "Yes.....but he.....uh..."

Delilah: "He's not putting the coms on...."

Nell: "I bet he's not!"

(Nell turns to Delilah)

Nell: "Well?"

(Delilah shrugs)

Delilah: "We married them....what do you expect?"

(Nell turns back to the screen)

Nell: "Tommy...can we play that back?"

Tommy: "Yes ma'am....is there...."

(Nell crosses her arms over her chest...smiles)

Nell: "It was badass...wasn't it?"

(She looks down....)

Nell: “You can watch this time....Your daddy’s doing cool stuff again...And mommy’s still trying to survive it”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens onboard the large private vessel...50 feet long, luxurious main cabin and staterooms...large open deck area in front of the boat....Harold Turner stands on the gently rolling boat, looking towards the far off mountains in Cuba that he can see from the boat...He turns to a crew member coiling ropes on the deck)

Turner: “How long until they come for our cargo”

Crewmember: “Midnight”

Turner: “I’m going with them”

Crewmember: “Okay...None of my business”

Turner: “That gives me maybe 5, 6 hours”

Crewmember: “Sounds about right”

(Turner looks back towards the main part of the boat)

Turner: “There sure are some pretty ones in this group”

Crewmember: “Then enjoy while you can, pal...They won’t be pretty much longer”

(scene shifts to Gordon House....Gibbs pulls in driveway in the rear, parks his truck, gets out....He sees Caprice standing at the back door to the screened in porch, holding a bottle of beer out, wiggling it at him)

Caprice: “I bet you could use one of these?”

(Gibbs nods....walks to her....she hands him the beer...He walks through the doorway onto the porch, sets the beer on the table he normally sits at....Caprice watches....He stares at the beer bottle, says nothing....Still turned away, he speaks to Caprice)

Gibbs: “You’re not asking”

Caprice: “No”

Gibbs: “I watched a dad today....we found his daughter”

Caprice: “I heard...it was wonderful. I’m proud of you”

(He says nothing....He pulls out one of the chairs from the table, turns it to face her...He sits in it, then pulls another out, directly across from him...)

Gibbs: “Please.....”

(Caprice moves to the chair, sits...Gibbs scoots his chair closer to her...She reaches out, places a hand on his knee....)

Gibbs: “Tell me....”

(He leans forward, places his head on her shoulder....She puts one of hers on the back of his head, gently smoothing his hair down)

Gibbs: “Tell me we’re going to find more”

Caprice: “You will”

Gibbs: “There were 10 girls on that boat....6 were gone”

Caprice: “I know”

Gibbs: “There are so many more. I can see their faces...scared...lost...I can see their eyes...”

(She begins stroking the back of his head....)

Caprice: “Tell me about the eyes of the two girls you found. What did their eyes look like when you walked into that room?”

Gibbs: “Scared...they thought I was one of the kidnappers”

Caprice: “And then?”

Gibbs: “I told them I was there to take them home...I told one of them that her daddy was waiting outside to get her”

Caprice: “And what did her eyes look like then....”

(He doesn’t answer for a moment.....then....)

Gibbs: “Hope....her eyes looked like hope”

(She continues to stroke the back of his head...)

Caprice: “You’re their hope, Jethro”

(pause)

Caprice: “You, the team, the others....all of you are hope”

(He says nothing)

Caprice: “Little girls and boys are lost. Evil men are behind it. And there’s no one in the world that can stop those men better than you and this family...That, Leroy Jethro Gibbs, is your truth....It’s their truth...And now, you’re going to drink that beer...You’re going to tell your wife how much you love her”

(Gibbs nods against her shoulder..he sits up...stares at her)

Gibbs: “I do love you”

Caprice: “I know”

Gibbs: “Danny still with Dawson and Terry?”

Caprice: “Uh huh...She got in, picked him up, took the three of them to get pizza”

Gibbs: “Was she....”

Caprice: “Yes, she was wearing her gun”

Gibbs: “Okay”

Caprice: “Now...go see your guest....He’s waiting in the kitchen...”

(He looks up towards the kitchen...)

Gibbs: “Guest? Who?”

Caprice: “Gerald Cohen”

Gibbs; “I was just with him!”

Caprice: “I know...But evidently, something happened today....He’s wanting to talk.....”

Gibbs: (voice rises) “Talk? About what?”

Caprice: “He says he’s about to lay out everything he knows about those politicians...He says he can also give you more of them”

Gibbs: “He can’t! A Secret Service agent cannot divulge...”

(She interupts him)

Caprice: “Go tell him that yourself”

(They are both surprised by seeing Gerald walk out of the kitchen onto the patio, holding a new bottle of beer....)

Gerald: “We never witnessed the acts...If any Secret Service Agent did witness any illegal activity facilitated by our charges, we are oath bound to report such activities....There is an urban legend out there that says different...it’s a lie...”

Gibbs; “Okay...so?”

Gerald: “I asked to be sent to Rio for a reason. For the last 5 years, word between protective agents have been circulating...word of their charges involved in bribes, prostitution, and recently, the land ownership business”

Gibbs: “Yea...we know”

Gerald: “What you don’t know is that the illegal sex trade business, specifically underaged girls and boys, has become centralized...and no one in our government will stop it, at least not with more than passing a law against it...Why do you think 90% of traded girls and boys are found and rescued by private agencies? Citizens that said ‘enough!’...?”

(Gibbs watches Gerald...Cohen looks away...)

Gerald: “We are only asked to provide protective details to major election candidates or when a meeting is held on foreign soil....Some of our charges...they have certain...appetites...”

Gibbs; “Women”

Gerald: “Young women, Gibbs...14, 15 years old. And in all of this, one name kept coming up as the supplier of these girls...”

Gibbs: “Thomaso Diego”

Gerald: “Yea....Thomaso Diego”

Gibbs: “And you witnessed this?”

(Gerald shakes his head....)

Gerald: “No...I knew who the players were and managed to avoid the details”

Gibbs: “I still don’t understand, Cohen? Okay...you can point us in the right direction....I get that, hell, thanks for that...but there’s something missing....Why are you doing this?”

(Gerald stares at Gibbs for a moment, takes a swig of beer....)

Gerald: “The girl today....”

Gibbs: “Tara”

(He nods his head....)

Gerald: “Her father was willing to do anything...everything...even kill...to get his daughter back, no matter what she’d gone through...how damaged, how hurt, how dirtied...”

Gibbs: “Yea....Fathers do that, Cohen....”

Gerald: “Not all fathers Gibbs....”

(Gibbs sits back....waits...Gerald takes a seat across from Gibbs and Caprice)

Gerald: “The official story about my daughter was she was raped in college...”

(Gibbs nods)

Gerald: “She wasn’t raped Gibbs.....She got involved with the wrong people...they got her to start trying drugs....after her first semester she was addicted to heroin....We cut off her money, told her we’d come get her and get her into treatment....She said no...just begged us to send money.....We didn’t hear from her for months....I took emergency leave, the Marine Corp granted it..I went up there looking for her...I was in Intelligence, Gibbs....I didn’t find her, but I found out about her....and I was ashamed....I stopped looking and came home”

Gibbs: “I’m sorry”

(Cohen looks off again)

Gerald: “Then one night, about a month later, we get a call....The man on the other end of the phone told us she was used up, dirty merchandise....and couldn’t make him any money anymore....He gave us an address where they’d dumped her on the street”

Gibbs: “Cohen...it wasn’t you....”

Gerald: “It wasn’t? The phone rang again...it was our daughter...She was begging for us to come get her...She kept telling my wife she was sorry...She kept saying, ‘tell daddy I’m sorry.”

(a pause)

Gerald: “My daughter started college at the age of 16, Gibbs...she was smart...she was so damn smart....and at the age of 17 she started selling her body to buy heroin....and when she was ready to come home, broken, humiliated..needing me more than any other time in her life...her own father refused to go get her!”

(Gerald pauses....then..)

Gerald: “Oh...did I tell you? She was pregnant…Didn’t know who the father was, but damn, she knew she had a baby inside her”

(Gerald stares at Gibbs...)

Gerald: “Hear that, Gibbs? Her own father was ashamed of his pregnant, addicted, (pause) “...and other things..daughter...”

(Gibbs says nothing....)

Gerald: “My wife wasn’t ashamed...She got up, got on the phone, then flew to Vanderbilt...she got our daughter...My wife calls me telling me all my daughter wanted was to see her daddy....My wife didn’t tell her why I wasn’t there....My daughter...she just wanted her father...”

(Gerald allows one tear to fall)

Gerald: “I wasn’t going to Rio to check on a gut feeling Gibbs....I was going for another reason...”

Gibbs: “The man on the other end of that phone call”

Gerald: “Yea...the man, 25 years ago, that sold my daughter to other men....”

Gibbs; “Thomaso Diego...”

Gerald: “Yea..Thomaso Diego”t

Gibbs: “You were going to Rio to kill Diego”

(sarcastic smile from Gerald)

Gerald: “Damn, Gibbs...you should’ve been an investigator”

(pause)

Gerald: “I never got to see my daughter again. I never got to see my granddaughter live...I never saw my wife again. They died on the way home....coming home to a father, a husband, that was too ashamed to look at his daughter”

(Gerald faces Gibbs)

Gerald: “I ask her forgiveness every day, Gibbs...I tell her I love her and was proud of her, every day”

(another pause)

Gerald: “I can tell you who the players are, and maybe help find those girls....And maybe....maybe help fathers, mothers, hold their kids again”

(pause)

Gerald: “Like I wouldn’t....So Gibbs...what do you think? Still want to work with me on this?”

(Gibbs stares at Cohen.....Gibbs gets up from his chair)

Gibbs: “Come on...Let’s get to work”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens on the ocean, dark...Dil looks through the binoculars, sees the outline of the vessel, lights on, people on deck...He clips on his com unit, hits the power button...)

Dil: “G1 to CF Base...copy?”

(crackle)

Nell: “CF Base to Batman..I copy”

Dil: “Oh....you saw...”

Nell: “Uh huh....scared the crap outa me...and your baby!”

(another crackle)

Delilah: “Come on now....G1, are you ready?”

(Dil opens the second black box on the small boat...He lifts two round devices, approximately 18 inches in diameter, 4 inches wide, glass on one edge...a small, blue, rectangular box is mounted on top of each, a metal claw, extending out a foot, is attached under each drone. Twin propellors in protective tubes extend from each side)

Dil: “I think I’ve got the Flippers....(he reads Deep Trekker X2 on side of each device) “What’s the box?”

Nell: “Sonar”

Dil: “Sonar?”

Nell: “Affirmative, G1...there are two lights on each one, but you may not want to announce your arrival?”

Dil: ‘Copy that CF1...”

Nell: “I’ve got the sonar readout here, G1. If visibility gets limited, I’ll guide you”

Dil: ‘Copy that, CF1...so far the water looks clear”

Nell: “Then Batman....get the Flippers in the water, and let’s go”

Dil: “Roger that”

(Dil hits the power button on both drones...He drops them in the water, watches them drop deeper...Then the propellors engage, and the drones do a test maneuver, going in circles around the small boat...after one circle, they both head to the front of the boat, only a foot below the surface, and stop....Dil twists the handle on the small boat’s electric motor, and he surges forward)

(scene switches to CyberForce Ops Room....)

Delilah: “We’re not going to have eyes on him. Too dark for skyview”

Nell: “I know...too far for our birds to go without charge”

(They both turn towards the wall....One of the monitors on the wall shows an overhead GPS map of the area....The boat is marked by a green triangle, Dil is marked by a yellow triangle, the large boat shows as a red 'X'...both triangles are blinking, showing movement)

Nell: "One mile and closing, G1"

Dil: "Affirmative..."

(Dil reaches on his chest, touches the waterproof pouches attached by Velcro to his vest..each one contains a 9mm pistol, equipped with silencer..He feels the weight of the automatic rifle on his legs...only 26 inches long, the QCBR, Close Quarter Battle Receiver, was the weapon of choice for Navy Seal and Special Ops hostage rescue situations, light, small, deadly in close quarter firefights)

Dil: "Distance CF1?"

Nell: "100 yards G1..."

Dil: "Affirmative...Depth?"

Nell: "28 feet"

Dil: "Going semi-dark CF1"

Nell: "Copy G1...you'll hear me, you'll respond with clicks"

Dil: "Testing clicks now, CF1"

Delilah: "Oh hell...here we go...Nell code for I love you"

(a single click is heard...then 4 rapid clicks....then 3 rapid clicks...143..Nell grins)

Nell: "1432, G1"

(A single click reply...'yes'..then another single click....then another single click..Delilah rolls her eyes)

Delilah: "Yes Yes Yes.....Barf"

(scene switches to the ocean surface)

Dil: (to self) "Dilbert...let's go get us some girls"

(He slips into the water, large, webbed fins propel him across the top of the water, his head above the small waves...He grabs the black nylon tow rope in front of the boat, and pulls it with him, steering self and the boat towards the rear of the large ship....at approximately 50 yards, he releases the gear on a pulley mounted on top of the boat, and the line spins freely...He continues swimming towards the direction of the ship, pulling the cable with

him, as the small boat bobs up and down, stationary...Dil stops, turns in the water, looks at the boat...)

Dil: “Tide taking it out..good..”

(He continues swimming, carefully...silently, using only his legs to propel him...He gets a glimpse of one of the drones passing under him...his headset comes alive)

Nell: “Clear front and back under the boat...no swimmers”

(He replies with one click)

Nell: “Hold, G1...Hold...”

(Dil stops in the water, starts treading...)

Nell: “The ship has underwater sonar, G1...give me 2..”

(scene switches to CyberForce Ops room....watching the sonar image, Nell is able to maneuver the drone directly under the ship....Once completely under, she switches on one of the low light lamps...the TV screen on the wall lights up, bright aqua water, and the hull of the ship, underwater....She moves the drone sideways, then sees the large bulb on the front of the bow of the ship, protruding outward at the very bottom of the pointed area...She flips the light off...)

Nell: “G1...Forward facing lower bow mounted sonar only..you’re clear for approach from the rear”

(one click)

(Dil swims quietly to the rear of the yacht...A swim platform stretching across the entire beam, 5 feet deep, gives him convenient access to the boat...He slips the cord to the small boat through an eyelet attached to the hull, then lays his backpack on the platform....He slowly rises up out of the water, onto the platform)

(scene switches to the ship’s main cabin....Harold Turner looks at his watch....gets up...smiles to himself...)

Turner: “Time to test the merchandise”

(He calmly walks out of the cabin onto the side walkway...)

(scene switches to Dil, crouched on the swim platform...the rear hull extends 5 feet above him, a stainless steel tubular railing wraps around the back of the boat...He hears talking....)

Voice: “What are they going to do with us?”...”Why is this happening?”...”I can’t eat this!”

(Dil listens..the voices are female..young....Another voice barks...)

Man: “SILENCIO!...EAT!”

(Dil waits for a second voice....none...He pulls a small viewer out of his pants pouch, extends a flexible tube with a small camera mounted on it...he clicks it on..He raises the end of the tube to the very bottom of the top wall, moves it from side to side...6 girls...wrapped in blankets...one guard, leaning against the rear railing....He pulls the camera down, lays it on the platform...He pulls out a 6 inch blade from its sheath, starts to raise his body....)

Voice: “Hey Gonzo....Mind if I take one for a few?”

Gonzo: “Si, Si..it is as you always do....go ahead....”

(Dil crouches....and a scream is heard as Turner picks one of the young girls up, carries her in his arms away from the eating area, the girl fighting Turner with all she has, cursing Turner...)

Dil: (to self) “Damn!...(pause) “No...it’s not going to happen....”

(Dil raises up, he can see the girl screaming and punching as Turner carries her away....The guard is directly in front of him now....He places one foot on the swim ladder, pushes upwards, wraps the blade across the guard’s neck, slices it sideways, while pulling him over the railing onto the swim platform...The guard lays there, bleeding out, eyes wide in shock, only able to make gurgling sounds....One of the girls screams as he lifts himself over the railing....lands on the deck, immediately placing a finger to his lips..)

Dil: “American...I’m here to take you home....Quiet...all of you...not a sound...”

(Each girl looks at him in shock...One points towards the side walkway, Turner walking and laughing as the girl in his arms keeps screaming and fighting...)

Dil: “I’ll go get her...Now...one by one, quickly...climb down..There is a black rope tied to the boat...get in the water, hold that rope...follow it....not too far out, is a small boat..Get to the boat! Get on it, don’t touch anything, and wait for me!”

(The girls all nod....but stay in place)

Dil: “You!” (points to one) “Go first!”

(The young girl, only maybe 14yrs old, nods...runs to the railing, climbs over....and screams....)

Dil: “The body...crap!”

(He knows the scream was heard...He runs towards Turner....Turner turns, his eyes wide in surprise, until they get wider....Before he can make a sound, a knife blade races across his throat...Dil grabs the girl as she falls to the deck, her face and front covered with blood spray from Turner’s throat...)

Dil: “Get up! Follow your friends!”

(She runs frantically,...Dil pulls Turner to the deck, starts dragging him backwards on the polished wood flooring...He sees the blood trail he’s leaving...He looks back, the last girl is over the railing....He drops the dying man to the deck, pushes him with his boot under the side rail cable, and finally shoves him overboard...He races towards the rear, hearing the splash of Turner’s body...)

Dil: “6..I need 6...”

(He leaps over the rear railing, lands on the swim platform, and sees heads in the water, starts counting....He counts 5...He looks back...Two men, guns out, are running down the side walk area towards him..He clicks his mic)

Dil: “I’ve got 6 souls in the water! I can only count 5! Find the other one! Taking fire..”

(He aims the automatic rifle, fires 6 rounds in 1 second...)

Dil: “...Now!”

(Bullets chip the fiberglass around him....He reaches in one pocket, throws a black fabric patch onto the deck, a patch that shows a skull with crossed machine guns underneath it....He slashes the nylon rope tied to the hull, then dives off the platform into the water...In the distance, coming from the shore, Cuban Patrol boats, lights flashing, can be seen heading to the boat...He looks towards his small boat, so far away...just as two bullets tear into his left arm)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the Gordon House....Gibbs, Caprice, and Danny, all watching Gerald write names on Danny’s white marker board)

Gerald: “So...you can see that Senator Gooding...”

(Gerald draws lines from his name, to each of the other politicians listed)

Gerald: “...is where it all started...Each of these politicians listed here, at one time or the other, were candidates for the Presidency, or headed up a Committee that visited a foreign land, on our behalf, and it warranted either Secret Service protection or we were sent as a lead team to check the meeting site out”

Gibbs: “Those properties....”

Gerald: “All owned by one or more of these men”

Gibbs; “We only have 8 politicians we got from Deigo’s computer”

Gerald: “That’s because each one that’s under these...”

(draws a circle around the first row under Gooding’s name)

Gerald: “....are paid by the men above”

Caprice: “Oh my god! It’s a Tupperware sales pyramid!”

(Gerald looks at the diagram....eyebrows go up...)

Gerald: “Wow...yea...it is...”

Gibbs: “Tupperware?”

Caprice; “Yes! You join under someone...you sell, they make a little bit of what you make...You get people to come in, they work and sell, you make some off of them....”

(Gerald looks at the diagram....)

Gerald: “Damn! She’s right!....That means....”

Danny: “More politicians are selling Tupperware!”

Gibbs: “Tupperware?”

Caprice: ‘It’s just an example, Jethro....Kind of like our code”

Gerald: “Yes...the Vampire Code...brilliant, I must say”

(Caprice beams....)

Caprice: “Thank you, kind sir!”

Gibbs; “Vampires? Tupperware?”

(Gibbs stares at the diagram.....He places X’s over the Senator that committed suicide)

Gibbs; “There could be more...”

Gerald: “Probably”

Gibbs: “The information here...You got it by listening to other agents?”

Gerald: “That and digging”

Gibbs; “Any of these...(pauses) “....the ones I want?”

Gerald: “If you’re talking about what I think you are.....”

(Circles 4 names)

Gerald: “These are the ones that would give their agents the night off...And were visibly seen in the company of....”

Gibbs: “Ok...I get it”

Caprice: “Gerald...this information....won’t it hurt you?”

(Gerald shrugs)

Gibbs: “It’ll mean the end of your career....and more”

Caprice: “What more?”

Gerald: “He means they’ll come after me....Guilty or Innocent, it won’t matter....these are very, very, powerful people, and as well connected as anyone on the planet...”

(Gibbs stares at Gerald)

Gibbs: “You sure you want to do this....it means I have to get a signed statement from you”

Gerald: “Can you ignore what I’ve just told you?”

(Gibbs shakes his head)

Gerald: “Then it seems it’s a little late for that question isn’t it?”

Gibbs: “Yea...it is”

Caprice: “So....what next?”

Gerald: “I need to inform Loretta what I’ve done...I’d like to do that before you take this further, Gibbs”

(Gibbs nods)

Gibbs: “Okay...but I can’t sit on this long”

Gerald: “I'll be in her office first thing in the morning”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens on ocean surface, Dil treading water furiously, keeping his torso out of the water...His left arm pouring blood as his efforts pump his heart faster...He’s holding his weapon entirely with his right arm, face snugged against the stock, steadying it instead of with his left hand..firing his weapon at the boat, then looking for the small boat..He clicks the mic)

Dil: “Taking fire! Returning fire....Cuban patrol boats heading towards the ship!”

Nell: “Get to your boat!”

Dil: “Negative, honey...can’t....Did you find 6?”

Nell: “Yes, one was already on the boat! What do you mean negative!”

(Dil looks at his arm..lifeless in the water, blood turning the water pink)

Dil: “Can’t....I’m hit twice in the arm, maybe the shoulder...must have hit an artery....I’ll never make it...Those girls need to head out without me. I’m signalling them now”

(Dil sees the boat...The young girl he took out of Turner’s arms is standing, looking for him...He lifts his good hand up, laying his weapon across his chest as he leans back in the water..He motions them to go....his hand moving forward and backward, his finger pointing towards the open sea...The girl nods her head....)

Dil: “Get outa here...go...go...get out...”

(He sees the front of the small boat rise up out of the water, the rooster tail behind it telling him.....)

Dil: “One of them knows how to drive a boat....(pause) “just go...get home to your life...”

(He turns away, looking back at the large vessel...More crewmen have joined the forces in back...He raises his weapon again, fires off a 3 second burst...30 of the 60 bullets fired hit the rear of the ship, crewmen diving off the back, some dead)

(scene switches to CyberForce Ops Room...Everyone looking at the screen)

Nell: (whisper) “Baby...please...hang on”

(Nell looks at the TV screen...The green blinking triangle shows the small boat is moving, fast...., small yellow triangle, steady light, shows Dil’s location...the red X still marks the large vessel)

Nell: “Honey...listen to me....you have a daughter that wants to learn to be Batman...”

Dil: “Can’t...”

(He fires another burst at the rear of the deck...the crewmen scatter as 30 rounds of lead shatter the fiberglass around them...One screams, falls off the boat)

Dil: “Nell....Too much blood...I’m going to fight as many as I can...But they’ll get me if they don’t kill me..”

(Dil closes his eyes, leans his head back on his flotation vest, now inflated...An underwater drone surfaces...)

Nell: “Dilbert! You hang on for just 10 seconds! You hear me! 10 seconds!”

Dil: “Boat’s gone, baby....I can’t....I’m sorry....I love you....I love you so much....”

Nell: (screams) “TURN AROUND DIL!”

(His eyes open....then a wave crashes over him as the small boat, heading fast for him, takes a sudden left turn, the small craft dramatically sliding to a stop just before hitting him, bobs up and down next to his head...He hears a young girl yelling)

Voice: “Haul his ass in girls! We gotta get the shit outa Dodge!”

(He feels small, petite, soft hands grab his clothing....and 5 young girls, all angels to him..pull him over the inflated tube into the boat...)

Voice; “Hang on gals!”

(The girl...14 years old...blood still on her face, hair and blouse from Turner, twists the handle all the way, and the front of the boat lifts out of the water, and 150 horsepower of electric motor races the boat across the water)

Dil: “How....”

Girl: “Lisa Sue”

Dil: “Lisa Sue...how...”

Lisa: “Hell, sonny...My daddy’s a fisherman...If I can drive his bass boat, I sure as hell can drive this thing...”

Dil: “Why...I told you...I told you to get away.....”

(He tumbles on his side as Lisa Sue guns the 150 horsepower motor in a circle, points the bow towards the open sea)

Lisa: “Sonny...I was raised in Texas...we don’t leave our heroes behind....”

Dil: “Flipper...both Flippers...”

Lisa: “You mean those space ship looking things? We got ‘em...They popped up next to us...said U.S. Navy on the side...figured they belonged to you”

(Another girl, opening the first aid kit from the boat, starts cutting his sleeve with his knife..His head is resting in the lap of another girl, her hands on each side of his face, staring down at him)

Dil: “You...you know what you’re doing...?”

Girl: “We’ll figure it out....you just lay still....You’ve got some holes in you...we gotta plug ‘em up”

(Dil blinks his eyes..looks around at the faces tending to him...for the first time, he's looking at their faces...so young...his voice reveals the awe he has)

Dil: "Girls..you're just little girls..."

Lisa: "Carla...give me that headset he's got on..."

(The girl holding Dil's head in her lap pulls Dil's headset off...Another girl relays it to Lisa...She puts it over her head...taps the small mic in front of her mouth.)

Lisa: "Hey! Anyone there?"

(Lisa's face jumps at the response she hears over the earpiece)

Nell: "YOU ARE AN ANGEL!"

(the young girl grins)

Lisa: "My daddy says that too!" (pause) "..but my name's Lisa...Lisa Sue..."

Nell: "I'm Nell, honey, you just keep heading straight, as fast as you can.....you're almost over the Offshore water line and they can't follow you past that"

(Lisa looks back...Sees a Cuban Patrol boat bearing down, only 200 yards away...The men on the patrol boat start to fire the 50 caliber gun mounted on the front of the racing water craft..geysers only 15 feet away erupt out of the water as the bullets fall short)

Lisa: "Ma'am...Do you think that Cuban Bear Boat back there knows about that line?"

Nell: "No...but we're about to remind them.."

(scene shifts to cockpit of a military jet...The pilot looks at screen on the console, then ahead in the dark waters...The gunfire from the Cuban patrol boat can be clearly seen)

Female Pilot: "Tower, we have visual on a gunboat...repeat, visual on gunboat firing on American citizens...permission to blow the son of a bitch out of the water"

Tower: "Negative Prom Queen, not today...but feel free to lay down a reminder"

Prom Queen: "Copy that, tower...heading for 50ft"

Tower: "Negative Prom Queen..that is below the hard deck...repeat, Prom Queen....that is below the hard deck"

(The pilot looks over at her wingman...She can see his helmet move up and down...)

(scene shifts to sky view...Both F-14 jets peel off, heading downward...scene shifts back to cockpit, the ocean waves can be clearly seen as the two jets streak across the ocean, only 50 feet above the water...)

Prom Queen: “Irishman....Let’s remind ‘em of what can happen when you mess with little girls”

(The radio crackles...the other pilot can be heard)

Irishman: “Roger that Prom Queen...lead the way”

(scene shifts to the small boat...they hear something in the distance...a faint sound, like far off thunder..then the far off gets close up...quickly)

Lisa: “What the....”

(A sudden, deafening roar is heard...Two F-14 Tomcat jets come straight for them, flying only 50 feet above the water...The 20 mm Vulcan cannons on the jets open up, the tracer rounds can be seen walking on the water, then a thousand 20mm cannon shells create hell on the water....A wall of 50 feet high geysers erupts in a straight line for over 300 feet, between the small boat of girls and the Cuban boat...)

Lisa: “SHITFIRE!”

Nell: “Lisa Sue!”

Lisa: “Sorry ma’am...what in damnation was that?”

(They can hear, then see the two jets climb in the air, then circle back around....The Cuban boat has reversed course and heading back to shore....The jets do a low flyby over the boat as a reminder...two crew members can be seen diving over the side of the boat as the roar engulfs them)

Nell: “That, my new best friend, was the United States Navy reminding them that you girls are under their protection”

(The young girl looks up at the departing jets....then at Dil...)

Lisa: “Ma’am...if you don’t mind me askin’...Is all this for us?”

Nell: “Oh yea, honey....Lots of people have worked on this”

Lisa: “Wow...us...(blinks) “..Hey...Captain America here...we’re getting him patched up....He’s getting all sorts of attention”

Nell: “Give him all you got, honey...That’s my husband....”

(She looks at Dil, eyes open, bloodied arm...the weapon still held to his chest, masked eyes searching the ocean....still ready to defend them if needed....She recalls this man saving her, one moment her life was over, the next...this angel ghost of a soldier appears...)

Lisa: “He did good ma’am.....you got you one hell of a man there”

Nell: “Yes, darlin’...I do”

LIsa: “I bet he’s cute under that mask”

Nell: “Honey...he’s beautiful”

(Lisa stares at the wounded soldier that changed their lives this night)

Lisa: “I imagine he is...No matter what, ma’am...We all think he’s wonderful”

(The thump of helicopter blades can be heard in the night...The girls look up....The orange stripes against white of the U.S. Coast Guard can be seen on the huge Pelican Rescue and Extraction Helicopter)

Lisa: “Ma’am..that’s one big ass helicopter...”

Nell: “Yea...it’s for you”

(Lisa is quiet...then in a small voice....)

Lisa: “It’s real....?”

(The girls stare at the huge helicopter now hovering over them....Their hair and the waves begin kicking up from the propwash)

Lisa: (whisper) “We’re going home....it’s real....”

(The girls begin crying....hugging each other...more crying)

Lisa: “Ma’am..We’re kinda scared...and I think we held it together to get off that boat to hell...and to get this hero man outa the water...But...(pause) “I think we’re kinda tapped out...Do you think...”

(Lisa, still looking at the helicopter, watches 2 divers jump from the aircraft, both landing in the water only 10 feet away....The divers begin swimming towards them)

(The girls look over at the ocean surface 50 feet away....The Orange and White stripes, the letters that read United States Coast Guard...this enormous savior landing on the water...The side door opens, more divers jump out into the water and start swimming to them...the sound of the rotors slowing down can be heard)

Lisa: “Do you think...”

(Her chin quivers...twin lines of tears fall from her eyes)

Lisa: “....we could.....”

(Nell can hear the trembling in the young girl’s voice)

Nell: “Honey…you go right ahead…you’re the bravest girls I’ve ever met….And I’ll be here when they bring you home...I promise...So....go right ahead...Let it go honey...The nightmare is over...it’s really over...You’re coming home.”

(Lisa slowly takes the headset off....she takes a look at the soldier, laying in the boat)

Lisa: “.....home.....”

(She drops the headset to the floor of the boat, covers her face with her hands, and weeps)

(scene fades out as divers reach the boat...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the Gordon House, Gibbs and Caprice sitting, still looking at Gerald, standing by the diagrammed white board)

Gibbs: “So...after you tell SecState...what then?”

Gerald: “I help you find the men we want...and I help you find the girls...There’s more out there, and they’re still here in our area”

(Gibbs stares at Gerald...thinking....)

Gerald: “I know what you’re thinking...is this man too close to this...Can he be controlled?”

(Gibbs nods)

Caprice: “I understand the why, Gerald...but that was so long ago”

Gerald: “Feels like yesterday”

Gibbs: “How much time will we have after you tell her?”

Gerald: “Depends....”

Gibbs: “On....?”

Gerald: “On Loretta...If she agrees to go after these men, I’m good. If there’s any hint of covering it up, I’m not”

Caprice: “So...if you’re not...what then?”

Gerald: “I make sure those men are held accountable”

Caprice: “How do you do that?”

(Gerald gives her a shrug)

Gerald: “I go to the media....I make sure the world knows what they have in Washington”

(Gibbs stares, no expression...Caprice looks over at her husband...Gibbs nods)

Gibbs: “Works for me”

(lights go up in the theater)

INTERMISSION

(Commercial shows on movie screen)

(commercial opens to Mark Harmon, with Daisy wearing her NCIS and SECRET SERVICE vest, looking pitiful, her head turned towards her hind end...Harmon looks at Daisy..)

Harmon: “No, Daisy, that vest does not make your butt look big”

(Turns to the camera, holds up hunk of ham jerky)

Bishop: “But if it did, Ellie’s Ham Jerky could help her lose weight fast...The fat has been burned out, the calories too...and your dog will love it!”

(Daisy leaps up, snatches the ham jerky out of Harmon’s hand)

Harmon: “See?”

(commercial fades out)

AND NOW, THE MOVIE IS BACK!

(scene opens in D.C, aerial view of Capitol Building, Washington Monument, White House, and more...scene shifts to a large, spacious office, one man sitting in chair across from an equally large and ornate desk...The man, Senator Lawrence Gooding, pounds the desk in front of him, voice dramatic...)

Gooding: “This will bring down Democracy! This will bring into question every election we’ve had! Investigations will be ordered! Appointments put on hold! By God, this must be stopped, stopped quietly, and now!”

(The man sitting at the desk across from Gooding responds)

Man: “What do you suggest, Lawrence?”

Gooding: “We can’t make it public...The Washington press will want to know why...Now..if there was someway to discredit her..Make an offer in exchange for her commitment to sweep this under a rug...”

Man: “Lawrence..you and I both know Loretta is squeaky clean....”

(Gooding turns his head, scowls)

Gooding: ‘I know, dammit...”

Man: “Explain to me again, Lawrence, what she’s after that is so damning...”

(Gooding waves his hand in the air, like brushing away an imaginary fly)

Gooding: “Nothing of consequence...Something about campaign funds, donations that if you squint, they look like money for votes...”

Man: “Hell, Lawrence...that’s what we do here in Washington”

Gooding: “Of course it is....But if it comes from the Secretary of State, a non-elected official...it gains credibility...She has no skin in the game, no reason to investigate it, unless....”

Man: “Unless it’s blatantly true, Lawrence?”

(Gooding nods....gives a sheepish grin...)

Gooding: “Perhaps....some of us have gotten....lax in our screening of the donors”

(The man chuckles....)

Man: “Hell, Lawrence, just give back the donation from one, fall on the small sword, pledge your sorrow for allowing a staffer to betray the trust you’ve built over the decades, and the voters will fall all over you come election time, praising your integrity....It’s what I do....”

(A conspiratorial wink...)

Man: “Works every time”

Gooding: “I would be remiss.....if I did not mention, I’d heard....and please be sure you hear me right...I heard, mind you, that she had somehow linked your VP’s nonsense to your election...”

(silence)

Man: “Get her out”

Lawrence: “Do you think that wise?”

Man: “Find a way....fabricate evidence....get her off this now! I knew nothing about his dealings...but...”

Lawrence: “Yes...yes...very wise sir...even the perception of your involvement could drop your popularity in the polls by at least 5%”

Man: “Then put something together, Lawrence...enough truth to be concerning, enough untruth to be damning”

Lawrence: “That would take time...But I see your gears turning....”

(silence..the man nods in agreement)

Man: “Lawrence...I was thinking....”

(Gooding looks at the man in awe)

Gooding: “You were thinking about ordering her to cease and desist....My god...I had hoped...but never would have asked you to do that....You...You are incredible!”

Man: “Uh....yes! Yes, that is what I was thinking....I will do it immediately!”

(Lawrence sits back, shakes his head....)

Gooding: “And that’s why, sir...You’re the President of the United States of America...And I’m not”

(Scene zooms out, shows the Oval Office...Two Secret Service agents stand against the far wall, both showing no expression on their faces)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in SecState’s office....SecState standing behind her desk, listening as her personal agent and friend, Gerald Cohen relays the events of the previous evening at Gibbs’s house...)

SecState: “Gerald! No!....You didn’t!”

Gerald: “Sorry ma’am....it was time...it was past time”

SecState: “But your reputation! My god, Gerald...it’s sterling!”

(Gerald considers the words SecState just spoke...He shakes his head)

Gerald: “Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not”

(SecState stares at him.....)

SecState: “Henry Wadsworth Longfellow”

(Gerald gives her a small smile...)

Gerald: “I always liked that about you, Loretta...you’re smart in ways people don’t know”

SecState: “So, Gerald...you're doing this due to some secret sorrow you carry”

Gerald: “There are 6 young girls that will be reunited with their families in about 2 hours..Fathers and Mothers will have their children back...”

SecState: “Gerald, I don’t understand....”

Gerald: “There are more”

SecState: “We know...and we’re looking for them, Gerald...”

Gerald: “The men that prey on them sit across the hall from you...”

SecState: “I know...and we’ll get them”

Gerald: “And the public will never know...”

(He turns his head....)

Gerald “I came in here, wanting to find out if you’d do something about it or not...I was naïve...You have my apologies for putting you in that position.”

SecState: “Again, Gerald...I don’t understand...What position?”

Gerald: “You’re not in Law Enforcement...Even Gibbs has limitations....Neither of you can really do anything except gather the evidence, maybe even arrest them....but it’ll be hushed up, details kept from the public....”

SecState: “You know I have no jurisdiction....no control over that part...I wish I did...”

(Gerald smiles at her)

Gerald: “So do I, Loretta....I believe in my heart you’d do something....If you could”

SecState: “But Gerald...going to the press? With no confessions, no evidence other than what you’ve gathered as a Secret Service agent? My god...the press would eat it up, but D.C? They’d hang you every day of your life”

Gerald: “I’ve already hung myself every day of my life….They can’t do anything to me that I haven’t already done to myself...”

SecState: “Gerald, you don’t have to do this”

Gerald: “Would you say no?”

SecState: “No...Yes..I don’t know”

Gerald: “I already know you can’t protect me, ma’am...I accept that. It’s best you don’t”

SecState: “There has to be some in-between, Gerald! Let me talk to Gibbs...That man has wriggled out of more messes than anyone I know”

Gerald: “Ma’am....I’m about to reveal what I know. By the grace of God, ma’am, I was never assigned to the security details of those men on the list....But I knew...God forgive me, I knew...”

SecState: “You swore an oath, Gerald! Silence is what the Agents of the Secret Service do! You can’t do this, Gerald!”

(Gerald’s face turns crimson.....He yells...)

Gerald: “I KNEW! I KNEW AND DID NOTHING! MY OWN DAUGHTER, MY WIFE, REST THEIR SOULS, WOULD BE ASHAMED OF ME! I KNEW AND DID NOTHING!”

(He turns, tears of rage run down his cheeks....He smashes his fist into the lamp by the entry door to SecStates office....shards of painted porcelain fly, blood splatters from his fist...Gerald pulls open the door, walks out, slams the door behind him....Loretta places her face in her hands, and the tears start falling...She wipes her eyes, then lifts her cell phone up....punches a speed dial...they answer..)

SecState: “Jethro...stop him from doing this! Help me save him, Jethro!”

(silence)

Gibbs: “No”

(The lines goes dead)

(scene switches to the Gordon House..Gibbs ends call...Caprice looks at him, waiting)

Gibbs: “Loretta asking me to stop Cohen”

Caprice; “That was your ‘no’?”

Gibbs: “Yea...”

Caprice; “Don’t you think you should at least talk to him?”

Gibbs; “Not my call, Caprice...it’s his choice...”

(She looks at him.....says nothing...Gibbs turns away from her)

Gibbs: “Spit it out”

Caprice: “No”

Gibbs: “Come on..say what's on your mind”

Caprice: “Like you said, it’s your choice...and it’s not my call”

(Gibbs stares at her.....)

Gibbs: “What does that mean?”

(she stares back....does not give any....)

Caprice; “One question, Jethro...you answer it honestly, I’ll accept it, I’ll not bring it up again”

(He looks at her....nods)

Gibbs; “Okay...ask”

(She sits...looks up at him)

Caprice: “Your decision. That ‘no’...How much of it is because it’s best for what you want, or is it because it's best for those girls out there?”

(He stares.....)

Gibbs: “...Explain”

Caprice: “It’s about their truth, Jethro…it’s about you being their hope...What happens after Gerald goes to the press? What do the guilty men he’s naming do?”

(Gibbs’s eyebrows go up....he turns his head.... He thinks...processes...Then he takes his phone, dials...they answer...)

Gibbs: “Cohen! Stop what you’re doing!”

(listens...)

Gibbs: “Yea I know it’s what I want...But dammit, Cohen, the minute the press gets hold of this, the guilty ones will erase evidence, which means erasing those girls we’re looking for! Cohen, (voice raises) “We WILL KILL THOSE GIRLS!”

(Listens...hangs his head, nods)

Gibbs: “Yea...I said ‘we’....”

(He looks over at Caprice...she mouths, “thank you”)

Gibbs: “Meet us at the Coast Guard HeliHangar.....”

(listens)

Gibbs: “Because I want you to meet the people you’re saving, Cohen! Just meet us there!”

(He ends the call....looks at Caprice...)

Gibbs; “Well...what are you waiting for...Come on!”

Caprice; “Come on?...Where?”

(He turns, starts walking out towards the back door...Caprice gets up, quickly follows)

Gibbs: “To the hangar!”

Caprice: “What? Why?”

(He stops...turns to her)

Gibbs; “Because you’re doing exactly what I asked you to do....You’re grounding me...And you’re seeing things I don’t...And I want you to see the girls coming in: (she looks at him, wide-eyed) “...COME ON! WE’VE GOT WORK TO DO, McGIBBS!”

(She follows, big smile on her face)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in old brick building, old wooden floors....A Chinese man on the phone, talking...)

Man: “They took what?”

(listens...starts yelling)

Man: “WE LOST ALL OF THEM?”

(Listens more...)

Man: “Good...the congressman had outlived his usefulness...We have more politicians that we own than we need”

(listens more...nods head)

Man: “Agree...We will continue to monitor the information. If the woman continues to push this, we kill her...It is the Triad way...”

(listens)

Man: “Yes...Yes...we will see...If they come too close to finding these girls, we kill them, dispose of them in normal way, then wait....we can afford to be patient”

(He ends the call...He walks to large double doors, takes out a keyring, opens the doors..He walks in, descends a short flight of stairs, immediately facing a 20 ft wall of bars in front of

him. He takes another key, opens the barred gate...Inside, he enters a large room, old wooden tables, waist high, dot the area. On one side, a large vault door is open, the room behind it empty..Then he looks around, and along the walls on each side, barred doors that open to small rooms, rows of metal drawers line the walls. And on the floor of each room, young faces look up at him, staring. A few are crying, most lay on the blankets, curled up, eyes open and staring at the wall in front of them ..The man smiles, turns, walks back up the stairs, closes the gated door behind him, locks it...he ascends the stairs, opens the doors, and enters a kitchen area, chefs and other workers, all oriental, busy with preparing food....He reaches over to a countertop, takes a wooden skewer with sauce covered chicken on it, starts eating it as he walks out into a busy dining room. No one in the kitchen looks at him)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at the Coast Guard Station Washington, Arlington...Gibbs and Caprice drive through the gate, check with the guard, then go onto the base...Large, white Cape Cod style buildings, all looking like wealthy homes from the 1700's, line the roads on base...)

Caprice: "Gibbs! I had no idea these were all here!"

Gibbs: "Yea...it's scenic"

(They take a road bordering the water, Gibbs slows down to show Caprice something)

Gibbs: "See that orange chopper just over the water?"

Caprice; "Yes...."

Gibbs: "Now watch..."

(The chopper moves forward, increases speed, then drops a rope looking line with a large donut on the end...The donut skips across the water, the chopper slows, then suddenly, the donut comes up as the chopper rises upward, a man hanging on the donut...)

Caprice; "Oh my god! That is so cool!"

Gibbs: "Quick Recovery Training....They'll do that over and over until it's right"

Caprice: "Seriously? Have you seen this before?"

(Gibbs chuckles...)

Gibbs; "Yea...I've been the poor schmuck in the water"

(Caprice looks in shock at Gibbs...He shrugs)

Gibbs; “What do you want me to say? I fell off the ship!”

(She looks at him for a moment....)

Caprice: “Is there a story that goes along with that?”

(He grins)

Gibbs; “Not a pretty one”

Caprice: “Does it involve a woman?”

(Gibbs looks at her, a ‘seriously?’ look on his face)

Gibbs: “No!”

(She smiles....)

Caprice: “Good...then you can tell me about it later”

(Gibbs shakes his head, starts driving again...in minutes, he’s pointing at a large landing area, with multiple large hangars...)

Gibbs: “Helipad and hangars”

(They look up ahead, and see the parking lot with multiple vehicles, several ambulances lined up on the concrete landing area)

Caprice: “Taking them for physicals?”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Caprice: “Thank god they didn’t get sold...it could be so much worse”

Gibbs: “It is....for one”

(She looks over at him...)

Gibbs: “Melody Rollins...went missing at the age of 13...that was 2 years ago”

Caprice: “Oh god, Jethro....”

Gibbs: “Yea”

(They enter the parking area, see Nell walking out to meet them....)

Caprice: “There’s one of your daughters!”

Gibbs; “She guided the entire rescue operation...She did a good job”

Caprice: “I heard...I know you’re proud of her”

Gibbs: “Always am”

(They park, exit the car...Nell comes up, hugs Gibbs)

Nell: “They’ll be here in about 15”

Gibbs: “Any word on Dil?”

Nell: “Lost a lot of blood, but I hear there are 6 nurses in training that won’t leave his side”

Gibbs: “Guess so...it was close”

Caprice: “Are the girls okay?”

Nell: “As far as we know...but each one has to be inspected, tested, interviewed...”

Gibbs: “I’ll need their clothes”

Nell: “Evidence?”

Gibbs: “Clues...”

(They can see a group of adults, mostly men and women in pairs, looking outward over the water)

Gibbs: “The parents?”

Nell: “Yes...it’s both wonderful and sad....”

Gibbs; “I know...They don’t know what the girls have been through until they get here and they have a chance to interview them”

Nell: “Gibbs...there’s one...”

Gibbs: “Melody Rollins...I know”

Nell: “Her dad is here”

Gibbs: “Mom?”

Nell: “Died 4 months ago....heart attack”

Caprice: “Nell...is there a Gerald Cohen here?”

Nell: “The Secret Service guy?..Yea...he’s here”

Gibbs: “And...?”

Nell: “He doesn’t look like he wants to be here”

(Gibbs looks over at the crowd, spots Gerald, standing off by himself...)

Gibbs: “He doesn’t”

(scene switches to NCIS Autopsy Room...McGee standing with Palmer and Kasie....The body of Senator Vance Erickson, suicide, lays on the table)

Palmer: “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to working with suicides”

McGee: “Easy to know the cause of death, though”

Palmer: “Yes, but there are always reasons why...sometimes that reason is in the body”

McGee: “Not this one....guilt did it...You find anything, Jimmy?”

(Palmer leads McGee to a stainless steel bowl....Palmer reaches in with gloved hands, pulls up a length of intestines...McGee turns his head)

McGee: “Palmer! Please!”

Palmer: “No, Agent McGee...look! It’s your clue!”

(Palmer takes his fingers, runs them over the intestine, small leaf like particles squeeze out...McGee pales)

McGee: “I’m going to puke, Palmer”

(Palmer grabs another bowl, puts it in front of McGee without looking....)

Palmer: “Okay...but look while you vomit....These leaf looking things?”

(McGee nods...turns a light shade of green...Palmer reaches in the ooze in the pan, pulls out a small leafy particle....)

Palmer: “This is a delicacy....and quite yummy!”

McGee: “Jimmy.....”

Palmer: “And the fact that I didn’t find any bread in the stomach...”

(Palmer squeezes more ooze out of the intestine, then swirls the muck with his fingers....)

Palmer: “Means he had Crispy Duck, not Peking Duck!”

(McGee is gone....He hears retching...McGee can be seen outside the autopsy doors, holding the metal bowl in his hands...)

Palmer: “Agent McGee? Do you need a sample? I can cut you a piece of intestine to take!”

(McGee retches again....Palmer smiles...)

Palmer: “Gets him every time”

(scene shifts to the old building....The Chinese man descends the stairs again...He enters the long room with the old tables, and this time, he walks past the barred rooms, each one filled with 2 or 3 young girls...They are all crying, pleading..."Not me...no..not me...please...."..The man ignores them...He reaches the end of the cell block, takes a key out, opens the solid wooden door at the end of the hallway...)

Man: "You have made a choice?"

(Inside the door, a freshly painted room, posters of boy bands on the walls..a double bed, clean sheets, and pillows are seen...An older Chinese man sits in a chair, silk suit on, smoking a cigarette..The first man bows to the older man...)

1st man: "Have you made a choice?"

(The older man nods his head)

Older man: "I will take all of them"

(The man smiles...)

Man: "Excellent...I will prepare them for travel"

Older man: "Intact"

(The chinese man turns...)

Older man: : "I want them untouched"

Man:"Unfortunately, there are two that have already been introduced to clients. They have been with us for a time"

(The older man considers what he's been told...he nods)

Older man: "A small portion of all shipping is always damaged. That is acceptable"

Man: "When do you wish the merchandise delivered?"

Older man: "I have made promises...Money has been paid. No longer than 2 days"

Man: "It will be done, honorable one"

Older man: "I will have the money in your account within the hour"

(scene shows the older man walking out of the large room, through the gate, up the stairs. He does not look at the girls as he passes)

(The 1st man watches the older man leave...He then turns to the caged areas, watching as the girls turn away, afraid to look at him....He smiles, enjoying the moment...He senses

something..he turns..on the other side, in one of the barred rooms, a young girl stands at the bars...eyes full of hatred, the face slightly covered by ringlets of curly red hair, matted)

Girl: “Before this is over…..”

(She doesn’t finish the sentence, only continues to stare at him...unnerved by the small girl’s intensity, he is the first to break the stare....he turns and walks out the same way the older man did...After he leaves, the red headed girl walks to the back of the small room, looks around, then opens one of the sliding drawers., an ancient index card holder...She pulls the thin metal side of the drawer out of its slotted niche..She closes the drawer, sits on her blanket, ignoring the crying of the 2 girls in the room with her..She takes the long metal sheet and begins to scrape it on the brick floor...holding it up, she looks at the edge...evidence of her previous work shows...the edge is getting sharper..)

Girl 2: “Darlene....you’re going to get caught...”

(The redheaded girl continues her work)

Darlene: “Not before I kill one of them”

Girl: “No! We have to hope! We have to keep hoping! Someone will come for us!”

(Darlene looks up at the girl, sees her face is unbattered, her eyes still hope. Darlene stands, lifts up her short dress....The other girl recoils at the sight of bruises, burns, cuts on the girl’s legs..)

Darlene: “Where was hope when this happened?”

(The other girl turns away, crying...)

Darlene: “You do hope...I’ll do killing”

(She goes back to her work, slowly, back and forth, the edge sharpens more)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Coast Guard hangar...Gibbs and Caprice standing next to each other towards the rear, Cohen with them....Nell is up front, waiting on the large chopper to land...Sets of parents stand in a closed office, waiting for clearance to leave the room.....The chopper lands, the motor is cut off....Nell waits, impatiently, for the side door to open....It does...)

Nell: “Baby...I’m going to take such good care of you....”

(As the door opens all the way, a stretcher is lowered to the ground, legs and wheels lock in place...Nell starts tearing up....Then a corpsman, holding a bag of blood, tubes attached to an arm, steps out...Then the corpsman yells out...)

Corpsman: “NURSE DETAIL! TO YOUR STATIONS!”

Caprice: “Oh god...this is so wonderful!”

(The six girls, all still wrapped up in blankets, step off the chopper, then 3 get on each side of the stretcher...)

Corpsman: “NURSE DETAIL – FORWARD TO THE WOMAN WITH THE BIG SMILE AND THE BIG HAT!”

(The 6 young girls, all refusing to leave Dil’s side...roll his stretcher towards Nell, the only woman wearing a hat....a big, floppy hat, and the smile was indeed big...Nell squeals as she sees Dil lift his head up, then grins at her...The chopper pilot comes up to Nell...)

Pilot: “Damndest thing I’ve ever seen....They wouldn’t leave his side”

(They reach Nell with Dil’s stretcher....Nell grabs Dil, kisses him, then kisses him again)

Gibbs: “His mask is off...”

Caprice: “Is that bad?”

Gibbs: “means people have seen his face...”

(Of the 6 girls, the smallest one, petite, hair curled from the water, walks up to Nell...She looks up at Nell, and smiles....Nell’s eyes get wide....)

Nell: “Lisa Sue?”

Lisa Sue: “Yes ma’am....”

(The girl grabs Nell, hugs her....Nell hugs her just as fiercely back....)

Nell: “I love you so much! Thank you...thank you! You came back for my husband!...”

(Nell begins to cry...Lisa Sue is way ahead of her)

Lisa Sue: “The man had me...he was taking me to a room...I was going to die....!”

Nell: “Not if my husband had anything to say about it...right?”

LIsa Sue: “What he did! What all of you did!...I still don’t believe it’s real..!”

(Dil sits up, reaches out for the girl)

Dil: “We’re bonded now, girl...you, me, my wife....our baby...”

(Nell proudly pats her bump)

Nell: “Lisa...this baby? She doesn’t have a daddy if not for you....My husband’s right...because of you, she gets to know her daddy”

(Lisa looks at the bump...then at Nell...then at Dil....smiles...)

Lisa Sue: “Shitfire! You’re preggo!”

Nell: “LISA SUE!”

(At the shout of her name, the door to the office bursts open....A man exits, begins looking to the chopper...Lisa looks back...then bursts into tears as her father screams her name and comes running to her...The other parents, set free, come out....and the scene is chaos, but no one is unhappy about it.....)

Caprice; ”Oh my god, Jethro! This is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen!”

(Parents, recovered children, all crying, hugging, some screams, but all joyful, fill the image....)

Gibbs: “Except one”

(Caprice looks where Gibbs is nodding...A lone girl stands by herself, wrapped in a blanket, head hanging down)

Gibbs; “Melody Rollins”

(Her face is hard, her eyes almost dead....She looks across the small ocean of joyful parents and children and sees a man, standing, looking at her...)

Gibbs; “Her father”

(The man slowly walks to her...the girl doesn’t move....The father reaches her, clumsily hugs her, the girl still doesn’t move or return the hug....)

Gibbs: “Almost 2 years...she’s been through hell”

(The girl steps back from the father..She slowly takes off the blanket from around her....The 14 year old girl looks down, tears fall....)

Melody: “Father...I’m sorry...I couldn’t stop them”

Gibbs; ‘Oh god”

Caprice; “Jethro....she’s...she’s...”

Gibbs: “Yea”

(The father stares at his child’s swollen belly....The father kneels to the ground, face level with his terrified and humiliated daughter....His own eyes fill with tears...and softly...)

Father: “i never stopped looking for you...I never gave up hope...I can’t believe...you’re here....”

Melody: “Father....? I’m going to have...I’m so sorry....”

Father: “Melody...We will get through this...the three of us...All that matters....is.....”

(The father breaks apart, embracing his daughter....the daughter finally cries out)

Melody: “DADDY! I WAS SO SCARED! I WAS SO SCARED!...”

(She sobs, hugs her father, both weeping, sobbing, holding on to each other)

(Caprice cries, Nell cries, even Dil is teary eyed....Gibbs looks over to Gerald...He’s staring at the reunion of pregnant child and her father, the father overjoyed to have his daughter back, no matter what....Gerald closes his eyes, turns and walks away)

(Scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at NCIS Laboratory....McGee stands next to Kacie, looking at monitors..Kacie looks at McGee.)

Kacie:”McGee? You look a little....empty”

McGee: “Appropriate choice of words...”

Kacie: “Okay, you do empty, I’ll do evidence”

(McGee nods....Kacie pulls up a graph on the screen)

Kacie: “See that red line? That’s duck skin....no MSG on it...that means authentic Chinese food...This one? An absence of any preservatives or chemicals....that means Crispy Duck, not Peking Duck...this duck was soaked and marinated for at least 4 hours before it was fried..”

McGee; “And that means....?”

Kacie: “I looked...there are only 3 Chinese Restaurants that offer authentic Crispy Duck in the DC Metro area...According to Palmer, the duck was only in the stomach for maybe 10 hours or less...”

McGee; “So..if we narrow down...”

Kacie: “Hold on hot shot.....”

(She moves to the evidence table, picks up a piece of scotch tape....on the tape are reddish brown specks)

Kacie: “100 year old brick dust”

McGee: “Seriously?”

Kacie: “The analyzer confirmed it...I got this dust off the jacket of the Senator...he leaned on a wall or brushed up against it...These specks are pure sand and shell...they would dredge river bottoms to get this stuff, then fire it in a kiln...Nowadays, the bricks have lime and concrete mixed it...This dust? Old, McGee..real old....”

(she moves to another table...She picks up an ultraviolet wand, turns it on...both of them place the goggles on their faces...Kacie takes tongs, picks up a pair of men’s boxer shorts....She waves the wand over the shorts....multiple patches of bright blue come up...)

Kacie: “Sperm”

(She takes off her goggles...McGee does the same....She points to tiny dark brown specks on the underwear....)

Kacie: “You don’t have to guess...It’s blood”

(McGee stares at Kacie.....)

Kacie: “Your dead body in there had Crispy Duck, went to a 100 year old building, got himself a hooker, hurt the woman, and then went to his office....All in less than 10 hours”

(one of her monitors beeps...)

Kacie: “After seeing this, I went and combed....(looks at McGee)..”certain areas on the body...found some hair that wasn’t his....I just ran DNA....results are ready....Maybe we get lucky and the working girl is in the database”

(They both look at the monitor....the program runs the DNA through the database...It stops..an image comes up...Kacie looks at the screen, her hands fly to her face....Her eyes widen in horror...tears run down her cheeks....)

Kacie: “No...no god no...."

(The monitor shows an image....)

MISSING CHILDREN DATABASE

Darlene Stringer – 15

Missing Since 01/01/2020

(Kacie sits in her chair, in shock..McGee stares at the picture. His eyes are drawn to the happy smile, bright blue eyes...the beautiful red, curly hair....)

McGee: “She’s on our list...Her name was on Diego’s server....”

(McGee turns to Kacie...she’s staring at the girl’s image....She gets up, runs her fingers over the monitor, touching the cheek area...)

Kacie: “Tim...she was alive 3 days ago...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at NCIS conference room...Gibbs, Caprice, Bishop, Torres, Dawson, sit, Dez stands by the large TV screen, laser pointer in hand. Gerald stands on the other side of the TV screen...SecState stands in the rear, leaning against a wall, arms crossed, next to Vance)

Dez: “So there you have it...this is complete breakdown of the politicians involved, and, thanks to McGee and Dawson, we have bank records, deposits, and the ownership documents of each individual, right down to which ones are owned by who, crossed-referenced with multiple references and documented lists on Thomaso Diego’s server....”

SecState: “How solid is this evidence right now?”

Dez: “Rock solid...Right now, I can go get a warrant for the arrest of 5 Congressmen, 5 Senators, 3 long term military supply vendor company CEO’s, and 2 Congressional aides”

Bishop: “Jesus....our people?”

Dez: “Our elected officials...yes”

SecState: “Okay...then we’re done?”

(no one speaks....then...)

Vance: “People...excellent work...”

SecState: “Why is no one moving...?”

(Gibbs looks to one side....)

Gibbs: “McGee....tell ‘em”

(They wall watch as McGee stands...walks to the screen...Dez hands him the remote...McGee clicks...The image of Darlene Stringer come up)

McGee: “Darlene Stringer, she would be 15 now...abducted on New Year’s day, 2020...”

(thumbnails of 8 girls come up....He calls out their names and ages)

Mcgee: “These girls were part of group rescued 2 days ago by an NCIS/CyberForce joint op...”

(He clicks again....multiple images of young, bright, smiling girls....)

McGee: “All missing, all listed in the files of Thomaso Diego...All are tied to these politicians we have warrants on....”

(McGee stops....then he scans the room, looking at each one)

McGee: “We can arrest them today...we can charge them with financial crimes...Or....Dez? DOJ perspective?”

(She pauses...looks at Gibbs...he nods to her)

Dez: “Or we can use them to break the back of the most highly organized, ruthless, and evil, Child Slavery Organization the world has ever known....”

(She lets the words sink in...then she continues)

Dez: “But we don’t know how they work...We only have the players in Diego’s computer and that is limited....We need an expert on trafficking…and to date, not one exists. At least not one that will talk to us...Until....”

(Dez walks to the conference room door....she opens it.....and in walks....)

SecState: “Oh...my....god...”

Gibbs: “Folks...this is my son’s grandfather....the head of the largest Syndicated Crime family in the United States....Don Pietro”

(scene fades to black and white)

PSA ANNOUNCEMENT

(Destiny’s face fills the screen....She walks to a large TV screen..images of missing children flash by as she talks)

Dez: “Children make up 27% of all Human Trafficking Victims”

(More images flash by on the screen)

Dez: “Between 20,000 and 30,000 children are abducted each year, then sold into abusive slavery conditions”

(More images...)

Dez: “It is the most horrifying crime against humanity there is”

(More children show on the screen)

Dez: “In the next part of this movie, how these traffickers work, who they target, and who some of the people involved are, will be accurately described and portrayed. The

information will be real. The horror is real. If you know, or suspect you know, any information that may help a child, call the **National Human Tracking Hotline, at 1-888-373-7888"**

INTERMISSION

"Accountability Storm" will be back after the Intermission

On the NCIS MOVIE CHANNEL SPECIAL THEATER PRESENTATION

AND NOW...WE CONTINUE!

(scene opens in NCIS conference room...Don Pietro talking, everyone listening...view zoom in on Gerald, looking over at SecState...He closes his eyes for a moment...)

12 Hours Ago

(scene opens in suburban home, night...A man sits on his couch, looking at his wife...She reaches out to touch her husband's knee...He looks at her hand, places his on top of it..)

Wife: "I'll back you no matter what"

Husband: "It could mean..."

(he pauses...She finishes the sentence)

Wife: "Whatever happens, we'll get through it..."

(He nods...)

Husband: "What did I ever do to deserve you?"

Wife: "You were a good man, Mark...you are a good man. Good men have to make choices. A good wife helps her husband make those choices"

(He lightly kisses his wife....then picks up his cell....calls...the other party answers...)

Husband: "Gerald....I need to tell you something..."

(Scene zooms out, husband on his phone, wife holding his other hand...The ID badge laying on the coffee table reads...)

Mark Harris

Department of Treasury – Presidential Detail

(scene switches back to NCIS Conference Room, present moment....Don Pietro speaking)

Don: “It is believed, by the people in this country, that child sex trafficking is more common in other countires than ours....that is an untruth....In America, there are over 300,000 children, mostly female, that are current victims of this abomination”

Bishop: “How many?”

Don: “Over 300,000...but the number is higher, I assure you...that is only the ones that can be counted..”

Bishop: “Sir..excuse me, but that many abductions, kidnappings.....we’d know...”

Don: “Yes, you would...if the majority of these poor souls had been abducted”

(Bishop waits.....)

Don: “But they are not....only a small percentage are taken from homes, parent...It is deemed too dangerous”

Bishop: “Dangerous?”

Don: “Yes....Imagine if you will, Eleanor...10 years from now...your child, taken, gone...”

(Bishop’s jaw drops..Torres looks away)

Don: “Imagine your grief.....(voice raises) “Imagine your horror, your sadness.....”

Gibbs: “Don....”

Don: “How long would it take for you to give up looking! How much money would you spend...”

(Bishop yells)

Bishop: “I”D NEVER GIVE UP!”

(The room hushes...Bishop is red-faced, eyes moist....Don’s voice becomes calm...)

Don: “And that is why abductions are dangerous...You, mother...You (looks at Torres) “..you, father...any of you...You would never give up...”

Gibbs: “Explain where they come from Don...”

(Don nods to Gibbs...)

Don: “Somewhere between 75 to 80% of all child sex victims in our country come from the Foster Care system...”

(The room changes....)

Dez: “He’s right”

(Don nods to Dez...)

Don: “Please, Mrs Nuncio...explain...”

Dez: “You all know Dil and I are orphans...we both entered into the foster care system at the age of 13. For several years, we were shuffled back and forth between multiple families, some good, some.....not so good”

Don: “And that system?”

Dez: “Broken...it’s broken so bad. I don’t blame the workers, they try their best...but they are given so little to work with, and so few places that will take in children”

(Caprice nods her head)

Dez: “I saw girls come and go....I saw young men, 18, 19 years old, pretend to become boyfriends to 14 year old girls....And trust me, when you’re alone, lost, scared, a boyfriend becomes your only shining light In a very very dark world”

Bishop: “Dez....I hate to ask...but...”

Dez: “I was no different...Except I had Dil....Even at 13 years old, Bubba was....protective..If not for him....”

(She nods to the images still on the TV screen...)

Dez: “I would have ended up like them”

Don: “The foster care system is known as the Breeding Ground for Child Prostitution...The recruiters, for a very low fee, paid to under compensated, overworked social care workers, have names, ages, sex, past history, addresses everything...They have available to them a lead list of sorts....It allows them to target, plan, and prey on the fears of the young girls, posing as protectors, promising them a love they can only dream of....And then.....”

(Don lowers his head....)

Don: “The nightmare begins....The average underaged female child, once pulled into this evil act, are subjected to abuses beyond anyone’s imagination....If you believe, because of what you have seen in your career, that it would not shock you...You would be mistaken...”

Bishop: “You keep mentioning females...”

Don: “It is because for the young boys, it is a nightmare within a nightmare...The girls are chosen at an age they reach puberty...The boys? The men that request their...’company’, prefer ages starting at 10 years old...They make up only 20% of those in child slavery, but it is a 20% that is a hell beyond imagination”

(No one talks....they stare at Don....)

Don: “Each recruiter...the pimps...once they recruit, then the love stops and enslavement begins...They have quotas to reach....and each child....”

(He stops...takes a breath)

Don: “Each child is subjected to over 5000 acts of prostitution over what is normally a 2 year period of time”

(Gasps can be heard...Don continues)

Don: “It is not unusual for a young child to be subjected to 13, 14, horrors each night....13, 14 different men....each night”

Dez: “And after a year, maybe 2 years, their little bodies are so broken, so damaged....”

Don: “They can no longer be of service to the pimps...”

Caprice: “Disease....”

(Don nods...)

Caprice; “Their poor little bodies....their immune systems are not fully developed enough to fight off diseases....”

Don: “Correct, Caprice...they are often thrown onto the street, not only broken and damaged, but ill with things no child, no adult, should be suffering from”

Dez: “And once they are thrown away? There is no to take them, and they, in their broken minds, have learned a trade...It’s the only thing they know..So they attempt to survive the only way they know how...Prostitution”

(Don looks around the room.....)

Don: “Tell me, people...are you mad? Are you angry yet?”

Gibbs: “Yea...ya think?”

Torres: “I’ve seen it...I’ve been undercover and seen this...yea, I’m mad....”

Bishop: “Of course we’re mad! What would you expect! And dammit, we’re going to do something about it!”

(Don watches as heads nod, eyes flare in anger....)

Don: “And that is why you will fail”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in DC office of Senator Gooding...on the phone....)

Gooding: “Dammit, tell me something!”

(listens..shakes his head)

Gooding: “You find me something on her or I swear to God I’ll block every bill you put on the Floor!”

(he ends the call, throws the phone on the desk....The man across from him, Senator Simon, chuckles...)

Simon: “Told you, Larry....the woman’s like teflon...”

Gooding: “No one’s clean in this city!”

Simon: “She is....why do you think she’s been kept on as Secretary of State for the last 4 administrations, no matter what party’s in power?”

Gooding: “Okay...point taken....Then I guess there’s no other alternative...”

(Simon looks up at him....)

Simon: “What are you talking about...?”

Gooding: “We’re going to have to get creative....”

(Simon looks at him surprised)

Simon: “Hey pal...there’s no WE in that plan...I don’t like the woman, and she’s sure as hell shot my foreign bills down with just a shake of her head, but I’ve got nothing personal against her...”

Gooding: “Maybe not...but you owe me, Simon...”

(Simon gets up...leans forward on the desk...)

Simon: “Let’s get this straight right now, Senator Gooding...I don’t know why you’re so damned motivated to get rid of that woman, but what I owe you? Some votes on bills? Some support for my campaign? I don’t think those are the kind of things that would make do what you’re thinking of doing....So…Count me out, Gooding...”

Gooding: “Wait! Wait, Simon...let’s calm down.....”

Simon: “What happened to the President talking to her?”

(Gooding hangs his head....)

Gooding: “He did....”

Simon: “And...?”

Gooding: “The President directly instructed her to cease and desist any involvement with her investigation...”

Simon: “Can he do that?”

Gooding: “No...he cannot instruct any Cabinet Member to cease any legally viable investigation of any crime against the U.S. taxpayer”

Simon: “...without showing due cause or substantiating that the investigation is a threat to national security...I know the speech, Lawrence.....Now...What did she do?”

(Gooding stares at Simon for a moment....)

Gooding: “She wet her pants laughing”

(Simon grins....)

Gooding: “Then she asked the President if he’d like to hear a recording of their conversation”

Simon: “SHE WHAT?”

Gooding: “Yea...the bitch had her phone recording the entire conversation....it’s within her rights to do so...I’ve done the same thing numerous times”

(Simon stares at Gooding for a moment...then begins to smile...)

Simon: “I think I’m beginning to like Loretta, more and more....”

(Simon laughs out loud...)

Simon: “She recorded the President of the United States demanding she stop an investigation....”

(Simon laughs more..)

Simon: “My god...the woman’s got bigger balls than most of the men in this building!”

(Simon gets up, walks out of Gooding’s office, laughing more.....Gooding is seen throwing a paperweight at the door as it closes....)

(scene shifts back to NCIS conference room...)

Don: “You will fail...just as the FBI has failed....”

(The room stares at him...Bishop nods...)

Bishop: “He’s right”

(Everyone except Gibbs turns to her, surprised....)

Gibbs: “Tell ‘em why, Bishop”

Bishop: “We’ll make mistakes...and we’ll shoot too quick...”

Dez: “And ignore due process....losing case after case because you did”

(The Don watches...nodding)

Don: “You will need to decide what you want to do....Do you wish satisfaction? Or do you wish to stop this evil?”

Gibbs; “We want the girls first”

Don: “As well you should, Jethro”

Vance: “Don, forgive me for interrupting....but why are you doing this? You’re involved in...”

(The Don raises a hand)

Don:”I have been involved in many things...but this? Never..and my families....Never...”

Torres: “You know a lot about it...I mean, I’m grateful for you doing this...but how....”

Don: “One must understand an evil before one may defeat the evil”

(They take his words in...several nods)

Don: “And....I am motivated due to you...many of you in this room....”

Bishop: “What?”

(The Don smiles for a moment...)

Don: “My Daniel...He visits my home...He talks incessantly about his Aunt Ellie...How she is so smart, so funny...And his Uncle Nick...” (Torres blushes) “Who one day, when the crutches are no longer needed, will teach my Daniel to climb walls...”

(Don looks over to Vance)

Don: “And he believes, that he, a black child, a crippled child....That because a black man is the head of a major government agency...That his Aunt Delilah, crippled more so than he is, and is a woman...”

(Don shrugs)

Don: “Each of you are part of raising my grandson, who I love more than my own life...Each of you inspire him, (looks at Gibbs and Caprice) “...love him as your own child...”

(He pauses)

Don: “If you cannot put your emotions aside...If you cannot approach this evil without your feelings ruling you....I will not be part of watching you.....any of you...leave my Daniel’s life, and be witness to the grief he would feel”

(Pause)

Don: “If you approach this with Purpose...you will succeed...If you think getting mad will help you? You will fail”

(He looks around the room...the eyes he sees are clear, focused...He nods)

Don: “Then allow me show you the people that control this endeavor...We start with The Triad...”

Vance: “Triads?”

(Don nods his head)

Don: “It is their specialty....So lucrative, they have a group within a group....they are known as Snakeheads...and all they do is traffic children. They begin here, then to England, then to Europe...the annual profits, after expenses deducted....Over 99 Billion dollars, American, per year”

Torres: “Expenses deducted? You’re talking like it’s a business...”

Don: “It is a business...and it is organized and treated as such....”

McGee: “They form corporations, produce financials...We found those on Diego’s computer”

Don: “Yes...the amount of money is too large to be traded in cash...The transactions are done by cards, transfers, currency trading....Everything they do is there for you find...”

McGee: “If you know where to look?”

Don: “Exactly, Timothy...and possibly, together, we can find where to look..”

SecState: “Don Pietro...please do not take my question as disrespectful….but...”

Don: “Please, madame secretary....go ahead”

SecState: “I understand your motivation for helping us... but...you...coming here...”

Don: “You are asking me what I want from you for helping you?”

SecState: “Yes...that is what I’m asking...Immunity? Charges dropped....what?”

(Don smiles)

Don: “What charges? There are none pending or existing...Immunity? From what crime? I have not nor plan to confess any existing or previous crimes I may or may not have been

involved in...I am, Madame Secretary....(smiles) "..a businessman...conducting legal transactions..."

Vance; "As our frustrated FBI can attest to"

Don: "Ah....the Bureau....such passion...such commitment..."

Vance "And come up with nothing"

(Don shrugs)

Don: "Perhaps there is nothing there to find?"

(Gibbs laughs)

Don: 'No, Madame Secretary....it is as it appears...I offer my assistance..you may take it, or not take it....It is up to you"

(SecState shakes her head....)

SecState: "Well hell, Don Pietro....we've worked with the Mafia before...."

Don:"Yes...on a Cuban dictator....."

(SecState covers her ears and yells)

SecState: "I DON"T WANT TO KNOW!"

(Torres jumps up)

Torres; "Hey..I do! Who was the man on the grassy knoll? Do aliens exist?"

Don: "Ah...the Kennedy tragedy...I am sure I do not know, good friend....But in regard to aliens?"

Torres: "Yea...Area 51...you know...."

Don: "For that answer, Nickolas...I recommend you visit any one of the secure meeting facilities that inhabit your city...check with the night shift"

(Dez goes big time wide-eyed)

Dez: "I KNEW IT!"

Don: "As far as tracking the behavior of the Triad...I would start with Chinese restaurants...Those are typically run as a front, and well so, I might add, and allows for multiple paths to cover large money transactions"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS Bullpen...Gerald sees SecState descending the stairs, waits for her...)

SecState: “Gerald? Are you doing okay? I know some of this is so difficult for you...”

Gerald: “Yes ma’am...and uh..if you’ll send me a bill for the lamp, I’ll gladly pay it”

SecState: “I’m not worried about the lamp, Gerald...it’s you, I’m..”

Gerald: “Ma’am...you have other things to worry about”

SecState: “Other than the norm, what?”

Gerald: “It would need to be private, ma’am....”

SecState: “Then walk with me, Gerald....Gibbs taught me a trick...”

(scene shifts to elevator....SecState pushes the emergency stop button)

SecState: “There...we have our own private meeting room....Now...what..?”

Gerald: “Senator Gooding and the President are planning on ousting you”

(She looks at Gerald...)

SecState: “And may I ask how you came to this conclusion?”

Gerald: “A fellow agent....he overheard it...”

SecState: “And relayed it to you, on my behalf, stepping over a rather fuzzy line...”

Gerald: “Yes ma’am...well, no ma’am...technically, it was not a state secret, or national security...”

SecState: “Gerald, you sweet sweet man....It is so like you to do this...”

(He stares at her, dumbfounded)

SecState: “Agent Cohen...Gibbs and his team...they are the undisputed champions of law enforcement..But politics? Back-stabbing? Honey...I am queen of all the lands I survey...”

(She turns the elevator back on...)

SecState: “I knew, Gerald...I knew before the President walked into my office and made that ridiculous demand...”

Gerald: “Well...I feel kind of stupid right now....”

SecState: “Stupid? You tell me that a fellow agent was looking out for my welfare, you bring it to me, worried about my welfare...Vance does the same, even that evil Gibbs (chuckles)

sees to look out for me....and you feel stupid? Gerald....I am honored to be among those that care enough to tell me the truth...I am grateful beyond what you know"

Gerald: "Thanks..I think...so what are you going to do?"

(SecState smiles..)

SecState: "Scorched earth, counterattack, Gerald....nothing less than complete devastation..."

(scene switches to NCIS bullpen, McGee, Torres, Bishop, Dawson present.)

McGee: "Okay...we've got the information Kacie and Palmer found..."

Torres: "Mr. 'We have aliens on the night shift' said look for Chinese restaurants"

Bishop: "Crispy Duck places..."

Dawson: "Old old buildings...like where I live"

(They look at Dawson....)

Dawson: "Hey! We get what we can afford!"

Bishop: "The restaurants were easy to find...there's only 2"

McGee: "Kasie said there were 3"

Bishop: "Yep...but one of them stopped offering it on the menu 2 weeks ago...said Peking Duck was just as good and cheaper to make"

Torres: "They told you that?"

Bishop: "Kinda...there was a language barrier...all he said was Crispy Duck too high...Peking much cheaper"

McGee: "Torres, I'm sending you the addresses for the restaurants...check on how old the buildings are...Bishop, you and me, banking...Trace the owners of the two restaurants, check secretary of state listings...Dawson...you still have contacts in Metro?"

Dawson: "Only been gone 3 weeks, McGee...I don't think anyone has forgotten me yet"

McGee: "Dawson...I don't think anyone ever forgets you"

Dawson: "Those boys that asked me out sure did"

Bishop: "Huh?"

Dawson: "No lie! 4 dates...not one second date call"

Torres: “What did you do to scare them off?”

Dawson: “Nothing!”

(They all stare at her....all have one eyebrow lifted)

Dawson: “Okay...I see how you are...I’m getting the one eyebrow thing...”

(They wait)

Dawson: “All I did was test them”

Torres; “Test them! You mean, like sample of...”

Dawson: “Oh hell no, Torres! That’s for later...you know...the third date thing”

McGee: (grins) “I remember that!”

(Bishop and Torres look at him....McGee blushes....)

McGee: “You know...when Abby and I....third date....coffin...”

Dawson: “Third date coffin?”

McGee: “Nothing....now...the tests?”

Dawson: “Yea...I gave them personality tests”

(They stare...)

Dawson: “You know...like...do you have a personality?”

(McGee shakes his head...)

Bishop: “Dawson...we need to talk”

(Torres looks at his monitor....starts clicky clacking...)

Bishop: “NIck...what’s wrong?”

(Torres looks at his screen closely)

Torres: “Shift everything to Tri-Dragon Chinese Restaurant...Dawson...Can you get me blueprints for the place? Like original 1882 blueprints?”

McGee: “Torres....what do you have?”

Torres: “4 story building, built in 1882...old bricks..Chinese restaurant...”

Bishop: “Okay...but that’s not much...”

Torres: “It was originally a bank...the lower floor has a vault, and the basement room was just wired....3 years ago...for an alarm system!”

McGee: “Okay, that fits....but lots of places install alarm systems”

Torres: “On a floor with no windows, and it has 6 barred cages that they used for safety deposit boxes 100 years ago, and the whole floor has a barred gate?” Why does anyone need an alarm system just for that, on top of the one, state of the art, that was installed 7 years ago for the restaurant?”

(No one speaks.....then...)

Bishop: Because it’s the perfect set up to house kidnapped children...That’s what it’s good for”

McGee: “And....hold on...”

McGee: “Owner is Jimmy Chon, aka Ho Chon, arrested twice for gang related activities, including prostitution!”

Dawson: “You don’t have to ask! I’m calling my people!”

(They all begin clicky clacking....Torres stops.....)

Torres: “Hey Dawson...stop...Dont’ call”

(Dawson puts the phone down.....)

Torres: “These folks own politicians...right?”

McGee: “Yes...so...”

Torres: “Then it’s a good bet they own cops too”

Bishop: “Which will warn them, and then...”

McGee: “Either move the girls, if they’re there...”

Bishop: “Or kill them”

(McGee thinks....then...)

McGee: “Torres...Electric Company...check on usage spikes..Dawson, we still need those blueprints...”

Bishop: “And me?”

(McGee thinks....)

McGee: “Call your buddies at NSA...see if Ho Chon, aka Jimmy Chon, or any known associates, turn up on immigration violations...Don Pietro talked about girls going from here to England...Check on Snakehead or any connection between Ho and travel plans to England...”

Torres: “Now that’s a plan, McGee!”

Dawson: “You guys are pretty cool..gotta say....If we went on a date, I might even skip the Rorschach test”

Bishop; “Dawson! You did not!”

Dawson: “Well? If they see the butterfly, it’s a dead giveaway they’re bums!”

Bishop: “After this is over.....We really really need to talk”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Tri-Dragon Restaurant...the manager visits each table, shaking hands, checking quality of food, smiling at the customers....Another Chinese man waves him over....)

Man: “Money was received, Ho Chon”

Chon: “Good...they move in 48 hours”

Man: “Same boat?”

Chon: “Yes...same boat, same shipping container”

Man: “We also have a special request....”

Chon: “From?”

Man: “Senator Gooding”

Chon: “What for?”

Man: “He would like someone.....eliminated”

(Chon shakes his head)

Chon: “So...the powerful Westerner feels that is something he can request of us?...How typical”

Man: “You wish for me to refuse the request?”

Chon: “No...tell him an elimination will proceed....”

(Chon looks out towards the restaurant)

Chon: “Move the girls in 36 hours....The Senator would not request such a drastic thing unless he feels threatened...and if he is threatened, that means so are we....”

Man: “Start to close it down?”

Chon: “Yes...in fact.....order 4 barrels of Sulphuric Acid, and 4 empty barrels....Give it 36 hours, and then we decide to move or dispose of the bodies”

Man: “Yes..immediately! May I ask why we are waiting?”

Chon; “It is possible the Senator is only requesting this due to some other reason, nothing to do with our business”

Man: “Such as?”

Chon: “Someone may have taken his parking space, someone tweeted an insult, who knows....These people take offense over nothing, retaliate with unmerciful efforts”

Man: “Agree...then we wait”

Chon: “Yes...we wait...but order the acid....it may be what we do no matter what the outcome”

(scene shifts to the bank vault room...The girls are sleeping, all except Darlene...She is seen slowly scraping the edge of the metal piece, back and forth on the brick floor...She holds it up, looks at it...She picks up a magazine the girls had been given, runs the blade across the page edges...The slice is clean, deep, and precise)

Darlen: “Ok Darlene...now you need the bait.”

(Darlene picks up the string mop provided each cell to use for clean up...She grabs a handful of corded string from the middle of the mop head and cuts it off with her new blade...She’s satisfied with the ease in which her blade cut the thick strings....She begins to securely tie cords together, end to end to end....Finally, she has an 8 foot rope created...she pops the new rope between her hands, satisfied that the knots will hold. She cuts another group of cords off the mop, creates another length of rope, and begins to work the ropes together...)

Darlene: “Make it look good girl...you only have one shot at this”

(After several minutes, she is holding up a near perfect hangman’s noose....)

Darlene: “Now...the last piece”

(She takes the mop’s wooden handle, and begins slowly shaving the end of the handle...slice by slice, it takes on the shape of a point...She finishes, looks at her work. The edge is long, pointed, sharp...)

Darlene: “All you have to do is go through his heart once...Then you can go back to mopping..”

(She hides her new spear in the corner, careful to cover the point...The noose goes under her blanket, as well as the wood shavings...She sits, cross-legged, and after shaving the mop handle, she begins resharpening her 8 inch blade, slowly...back and forth...back and forth...back and forth)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens outside Senator Gooding’s official office, the assistant to the senator protesting...SecState stares at the girl...Dez stands to one side, Gibbs leans against a wall)

Admin: “Ma’am! Of course I know who you are! But the Senator is not in! And he only takes appointments...”

(Gibbs looks down at the crack under the Senator’s office door, sees a shadow moving slowly...he smiles to himself...He looks at the admin...)

Gibbs; “The door locked?”

Admin: “I ...I’m sure it is....”

Gibbs: “Key....”

Admin: “It’s a private office! I do not have a key!”

Gibbs; “I was hoping you’d say that...”

(Gibbs walks to the door, takes a step back, and viciously kicks the door in....it swings inward, with a loud yelp coming from inside the office....)

Gibbs: “I found the key....(looks inside, smiles at the admin) “He’s in”

SecState; “Thank you, Agent Gibbs...Destiny? Ready?”

Dez: ‘Of course ma’am...always ready to exercise my duty as a duly-appointed officer of the Federal Court”

(The admin pales, picks up her phone....Gibbs reaches down, rips the wires off the back of the phone)

Gibbs: “I wouldn’t do that...I bet you ten bucks he won’t want security here...”

(SecState walks into the office briskly, smiles at the terrified senator, now standing behind his desk..Dez and Gibbs walk in, SecState takes a seat across from the desk, Dez sits in the other chair...Gibbs takes a place against a wall, leaning....)

Gooding: “Loretta! What....what...”

SecState: “Lawrence...you are a sleazy, lying, poor excuse of a man...But god help me, I’m here to make a deal with you”

(Dez throws her official DOJ card on the desk...Gooding looks at it....starts trembling....)

SecState: “You have a choice, Lawrence...10 years in prison, or life in prison....Mrs Nuncio is here to ensure the legality of the deal and to witness your signature on the plea bargain”

Gooding: “What the hell are you talking about?”

(SecState nods to Dez....Dez pulls out some photographs....lays them on the table...It shows the Senator in multiple compromising positions with very young girls)

SecState: “Might as well pull the big guns out up front...Right Mrs. Nuncio?”

Dez: “It’s always worked for me, madame Secretary”

Gooding: “NO! THAT’S NOT ME!”

(Dez pulls out more papers...)

Dez: “Documents showing payment to a known dealer in underage sex slavery, copies of voice transcripts, and more...”

SecState: “We got the server that belonged to Thomaso Diego, Lawrence....You’re screwed”

Gooding: “I know my rights! You cannot....”

(Gibbs moves from the wall, unhooks handcuffs from his belt...Gooding sees Gibbs coming...)

Gooding: “No! No...no....let’s not get hasty.....”

(Gibbs goes back to his wall)

Gooding: “Allow me to call my attorney”

(Gibbs moves again for Gooding....)

Gooding: “No! Wait...No!...There has to be something we can work out....”

(Gibbs returns to his wall)

Gooding: “I’m a sick man, Loretta...The things those pictures show...it’s really not me....I have an illness....a psychological....”

(Gibbs draws his weapon..)

Gibbs; “Let’s get this over with. Let me shoot him”

(Gooding shrieks....Then bends over and vomits in his waste basket....Dez and SecState both wrinkle their noses...Gooding straightens up...wipes his mouth.....then...)

Gooding: “Tell me about the deal....”

SecState: “Good choice Larry....Mrs Nuncio? Please give the senator his choices...”

Dez: “With pleasure ma’am...”

Gooding: “And you understand, Loretta...Me ordering you killed....that wasn’t anything personal...”

(Everyone looks at Gooding...surprised...)

Gooding: “Oh...you didn’t know about that.....”

SecState: “No Larry...but I’m about to, aren’t I, Mrs Nuncio?”

Dez; “Absolutely, Madame Secretary...The DOJ always rewards transparency”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen...Torres stands...looks at Dawson...)

Torres: “Dawson...that was badass how you got the blueprints”

Dawson: “Thank you, Torres...always glad to help the team”

(McGee and Bishop look over at Dawson...)

Bishop: “What does mean?”

Torres: “They refused to send her the blueprints....She talked them into it!”

Bishop: “Cool! How?”

Dawson; “Artful persuasion”

Torres: “Oh yea....(imitates Dawson) “If you don’t send me those #$#$#% blueprints, I’ll personally come up there and plant my boot right up your ass!”

(Torres pauses...McGee and Bishop, open-mouthed)

Torres: “I mean, she did say thank you...and did promise not to call the Inspector’s union and claim the girl wasn’t going to pay her union dues...You know...she was nice about the ass boot thing”

(McGee smiles at Dawson)

McGee: “Dawson...you’re fitting right in...”

Torres: ‘Yea! And you know, Dawson...that’s not a bad approach to use on your dates....I mean, instead of the brainy approach, do the Act Right or Boot in Ass approach!”

(Dawson stares at Torres...then at Bishop)

Dawson: “Think it would work?”

Bishop: “Oh yea...absolutely.....yea...go for it”

Torres: “Bish worked it on me!”

Mcgee: “Torres! Blueprints!”

Torres: ‘Perfect match...there were cages, there is a barred doorway, and Hocus Pocus, there are electricity usage spike in the last 4 months……”

Bishop: “Plus...2 months ago, 3 barrels of sulphuric acid delivered”

McGee: “Acid?”

Dawson: “The preferred method of body disposal by the Triad”

(Gibbs comes walking in,,,fast....hits the bullpen...)

Gibbs: “Someone tell me we know where the girls are!”

Torres; “99% sure,Gibbs”

Gibbs: “Gear up then....”

McGee: “Boss?”

Gibbs; “Let’s go! Gooding made a deal...he called about his assassination order on Loretta, and they told him there’s a 50/50 chance they kill the girls! Let’s go...NOW PEOPLE!”

(scene shifts to the bank vault...A Chinese man walks into the open area, begins speaking to the terrified girls in the cages)

Man: “We are moving you! Gather belongings! NOW!”

(The girls don’t move...He can see they are staring at one cage....He turns to the cage...He starts yelling, pulling out his keys...)

Man: “NO! No can lose girl...She paid for!”

(He runs to the cage...through the bars, Darlene Stringer can be seen...hanging from a rope tied to the ceiling light, the other girl in the cage holding Darlene around the waist...)

Girl: “HELP ME! I CAN’T HOLD HER ANYMORE!”

(scene fades to black and white

INTERMISSION

"Accountability Storm" Will Be Back!

THE MOVIE IS BACK!

(scene opens outside NCIS elevator, McGee, Bishop, Torres, Dawson rushing towards the opening doors...Gibbs heads for the stairs)

McGee: "BOSS! Doors are open!"

Gibbs: "Go on! I'll meet you there! Cohen's in my car!"

(McGee hesitates...Gibbs shouts back up as he quickly descends the stairs)

Gibbs: "He picked up something for me! Text me the address! Go McGee!"

(team enters the elevator....scene switches to service dock, NCIS evidence area..Gibbs runs to the waiting NCIS sedan, Gerald seen sitting in front seat...Gibbs opens the driver's door, quickly slides in, puts car in reverse, smokes tires turning car around)

Gibbs: "Thanks for getting her"

Gerald: "Welcome"

Gibbs: "She give you any trouble?"

Gerald: "No...sat there with that bag in her mouth...I opened the back door, in she jumps"

(Gibbs looks to the back seat...Daisy sitting up, NCIS vest on, her gear bag sitting on the seat)

Gibbs: "Yea...she knows"

(Gerald looks back)

Gerald: "Good partner?"

Gibbs: "The best"

(Gibbs's phone signals a text...He hands it to Gerald...)

Gibbs: "Address...punch it into the GPS"

(Gerald takes the phone...reads...start working the GPS on the sedan...)

Gerald: "Take us 20 to get there"

(They drive...silent...then)

Gibbs: "You follow my lead. Do what I tell you to"

Gerald: "I know"

Gibbs: “There are girls in this place. I want them out safe....I don’t want them in a crossfire”

(silence....then..)

Gerald: “I know they’re not Pearl”

Gibbs: “Pearl?”

Gerald: “My daughter. Her name was Ovella...after her grandmother. We called her Pearl”

Gibbs: “Okay”

Gerald: “When she was 12, we knew she’d advance fast...”

Gibbs: “Smart girl?”

Gerald: “That’s not even close.....She was brilliant...”

(Gibbs doesn’t reply...)

Gerald: “She was just a kid...but I told her she could do anything...Told her the world was her oyster”

Gibbs: “Good words”

(Gerald looks out his window at the buildings rushing by the car...)

Gerald: “I would tell her that all the time...She’d smile and tell me, if the world’s my oyster, then I’m your Pearl”

(pause)

Gerald: “It was kind of our thing...When she left to go to Vanderbilt, I gave her a small pearl ring...told her to look at it when she missed me....”

(silence)

Gibbs: “Cohen.....”

Gerald: “She’s gone...I know...These girls are not her...I know that too”

Gibbs: “Cohen....”

Gerald: “Gibbs...I know!”

(Gibbs looks at the GPS...)

Gibbs: “I lost a daughter too”

(Gerald looks over at Gibbs....face questioning)

Gibbs; “They’re never gone...not really”

Gerald: “Maybe...but my daughter...Pearl...she’s never coming home again”

(The GPS shows ETA of 5 minutes to the Tri-Dragon Restaurant....)

Gibbs: “When we get there, McGee and the team will go in the front....We’re going to the back....”

Gerald: “We entering hard?”

Gibbs: “No...McGee’s entering hard...We’re waiting to see who runs out the back”

(scene shifts to the Vault area....Darlene is whispering to the other girl in her cage...)

Darlene: “All I need you to do is hold me up....That’s all”

Girl: “NO! They’ll get mad!”

Darlene: “They’ll get mad at me! Not you! I need your help!”

Girl: “What if it’s that man that comes?”

Darlene: “Ho Chon? I hope it’s him....”

Girl: “NO! He’s the one that.....”

Darlene: “Comes and gets me every night? Yea....him....I hope it’s him...”

(The girl stares at Darlene as she loops the makeshift rope through the light fixture grill...)

Darlene: “Me and him are gonna have a come to Jesus moment...”

(She finishes tying off the rope...)

Darlene: “I’m either going to be dead, or he’s never going to touch me again...Either way....It’s okay with me”

Girl: “I’M SCARED!”

(Darlene stops what she’s doing...she turns to the frightened girl...)

Darlene: “I was too...A long time ago...Then I went dead inside...it’s what you have to do to survive this...I’m not going to let that happen to you...I’m getting you out...I’m getting all of us out...”

(The young girl looks at Darlene....)

Girl: “Promise?”

Darlene: “I’m sure gonna try, honey....I’m sure gonna...”

Girl: “He’s here! I hear the gate!”

(Darlene quickly moves the sharpened mop against the wall next to her...She pats the blade she’s made, tucked in her dress....She slips the noose she made over her neck, pulls out a lower cabinet drawer, stands on it....)

Darlene: “Hold me up!”

(She hears the iron gate close.....She sees who is coming in.....It’s Ho Chon...She tightens the noose around her neck, nods to the terrified girl standing below her....Darlene purses her lips, closes her eyes....and kicks the drawer shut....And she swings....She hears a shout...)

Ho Chon: ""We are moving you! Gather belongings! NOW!"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at the entrance to the Tri-Dragon Restaurant...McGee and the team run through the front door, terrifying the lady at the front desk...McGee has his badge and ID up..)

McGee: "Federal Agents!"

(Every face in the entire eating area stops...stares at McGee and the team...McGee stands in the entrance, Bishop, Torres, Dawson, all head towards the kitchen doors....)

McGee: "Everyone stay exactly where you are! Do not move! We are doing a search of the premise for possible hostages! DO NOT MOVE!"

(He sees two waiters bolt towards the kitchen....He pulls his weapon, darts after them...)

(scene shifts to the Vault area....Chon looks curiously at the girls)

(The girls don't move...He can see they are staring at one cage....He turns to the cage...He starts yelling, pulling out his keys...)

Chon: "NO! No can lose girl...She paid for!"

(He runs to the cage...through the bars, Darlene Stringer can be seen...hanging from a rope tied to the ceiling light, the other girl in the cage holding Darlene around the waist...)

Girl: "HELP ME! I CAN'T HOLD HER ANYMORE!"

(Chon unlocks the cage door, quickly runs in, pulls a knife out of his pocket, slices the rope as he instinctively wraps an arm around Darlene to hold her body, her head hanging to one side, her eyes open, staring straight ahead, dead....then a whisper as the eyes come alive..)

Darlene: "You'll never touch me again"

(Chon startles...Then his eyes widen beyond belief....He feels warmth running down his stomach....He drops the girl...She stands..He looks down at his stomach and sees his own blood...)

Darlene: "Ever...."

(Darlene is holding the makeshift blade, blood dripping from it....Chon is sliced from groin to stomach...He stands, in shock, as he sees the girl he abused so often reach for a mop....)

Darlene: ".....again"

(He screams as the small girl plunges the sharpened point of the mop into his chest, then she pushes it again, driving it through his body...Darlene screams as she keeps pushing the spear..)

"NOW DIE!"

(He obeys the command...his eyes close, his body crumples to the ground...Darlene yells at the girl that held her up)

Darlene: “Help me get them out!”

(Darlene takes the key Chon left in the gate lock, dashes for the other cages....)

(Scene shifts to the rear of the Restaurant, Gibbs, Gerald, Daisy, parked, waiting...text comes in)

Gibbs: “McGee’s in..”

(Gibbs looks at a cargo truck parked, rear door open...the truck is empty except for a stack of blankets and a few cases of water...then....)

Gibbs: “What the....?”

(He sees a young girl panic-running out of the rear restaurant door....she heads for the open cargo truck, opens the drivers door...The motor starts on the truck...)

Gibbs: “That’s one of them! Go!”

(The girl is seen running back towards the rear restaurant door....only now can Gibbs see she is drenched in blood....The girl yells at the back door)

Darlene: “OUT! GET IN THE TRUCK! NOW!”

(Gibbs and Gerald exit fast....Daisy leaps out the open back car window....They begin running towards the girl, only to see a dozen or more terrified girls pouring out of the deliver door, coming at them...Gibbs yells)

Gibbs; “Federal Agents! We got this! We’re here to help you!”

(Darlene runs past him, heads to the back of the open cargo area of the truck....stops at the door, turns...yells to the running girls)

Darlene: GET IN HERE! IT’S RUNNING! GET IN THE TRUCK!”

(Darlene finally sees Gibbs and Gerald....)

Darlene: “IF YOU WANT TO HELP US....”

(She points to the rear door of the restaurant....Asian men are running out, guns drawn, they start firing at the girls)

Gibbs: “COHEN! COVER THE GIRLS!”

(Gibbs and Gerald both kneel....they start returning fire, two asian men drop to the ground...)

Gibbs: “GET THOSE GIRLS ON THAT TRUCK!”

(Gibbs finds some cover beside the large metal dumpster...He can see Darlene helping smaller girls into the cargo area. Bullets can be seen hitting the back of the cargo truck...A shot ricochets above Gibbs’s head, he ducks, then stands, takes two more shots at the men on the service drive..another asian man falls....Then the screams of men start...)

Gibbs: “Atta girl....”

(Daisy leaps off a car top onto a group of 4 men exiting another restaurant door, heading straight for the girls, all firing their guns....Their guns stop, their screams begin....The beast is out, ripping into flesh, tearing, snarling, from one man to the next, the men's scream blending with those of the girls, all scrambling onto the truck, Darlene helping each one up, directing them towards the rear, to get on the floor, cover their heads with their hands)

Gibbs: "...McGee...."

(The rear door to the restaurant blasts open again, and McGee, Torres, Bishop come running out, their weapons firing too....more men drop....Then...one waiter....he screams at Darlene...)

Man: "YOU! YOU DID THIS!"

(The waiter stops, lifts up an automatic rifle....aims at Darlene....She sees him...glares, stands up straight, not running...and extends her middle finger to him....)

Darlene: "Bring it...."

(Gibbs sees the man pulling the trigger....and he sees Gerald running, lunging towards the girl...his voice screaming....)

Gerald: "NOOOOOOOO!"

(The man pulls the trigger of the weapon....It fires 10 automatic rounds, straight at the girl...just as Gerald reaches her, wraps his arms around her, lifts Darlene, and spins....8 bullets rip his back to shreds....)

Gibbs: "Oh god...."

(The shooter dances standing up as McGee, Bishop, Torres, all fire into his body....then another scream...)

Darlene: "HELP HIM! SOMEONE HELP HIM!"

(Darlene is seen kneeling on the ground, holding Gerald...his eyes open, staring at Darlene....)

Gerald: (weak) "Go home, baby girl...go home...."

(Gibbs reaches Gerald....)

Gibbs: "Ambulance is on the way, buddy...hold on...."

(Darlene screams at Gibbs)

Darlene: "WHY DID HE DO THAT! WHY?"

(She cries as Gerald, one more time whispers to her...)

Gerald: "...go home...."

(Gerald's eyes open wide.....)

(His eyes are failing....a cloudy mist starts to cover them....he waits to die....then he hears a soft voice....)

“I’m home daddy....”

“It’s time for you to come home too”

(He looks through the mist, a petite hand reaches through. A hand that takes his...A hand with a small pearl ring on one finger...,)

Gerald: (whisper) “..I’m coming....”

(his eyes close)

Gibbs; “He’s gone....dammit....”

(Darlene, crying, still in disbelief that a man gave his life for hers....)

Darlene: “WHY? (voice fails) “why did he do it?”

(Gibbs looks at Gerald, then at the blood drenched girl....He nods..)

Gibbs: “He just wanted you to be able to go home...So....Let’s get you home. Let’s get all of you home”

(scene fades out to McGee, Torres, Bishop helping crying girls off the truck...ambulances pulling into the alley...)

(scene fades to black and white)

EPILOGUE

(scene opens at The D Ranch, Dez seen stopping her jeep in front, exiting....a young girl steps out, her arms crossed over her chest, face afraid, but defiant)

Dez: "Honey, it's just for a few days...Until we find your parents"

Darlene: "I don't understand why you're doing this"

Dez: "Maybe we care, honey"

Darlene: "Why?..I'm damaged goods"

Dez: "Because every person you meet on our land, every NCIS member, every CyberForce member, all the people that worked together to bring you and the others home...."

(She pauses)

Dez: "...we're all broken too"

(scene switches to NCIS Conference Room, NCIS team, including Vance, standing, watching large TV screen..ZNN Special Report banner rolls across the bottom of the screen)

ZNN Reporter: “We are reporting from the Capitol Building with the most world changing event we’ve witnessed since 911! We are witnessing 18 members of the United States Congress and Senate being led out of the building in handcuffs, all being led into waiting FBI vans. The charges are the most devastating crimes we can imagine, including, but not limited to Child Sex Trafficking, Pedophilia, Bribery. Murder for hire, and more. This reporter has learned....Hold on...wait....”

(Reporter presses her hand to her ear)

Reporter: “Glen? Did I hear you correctly?”

(The reporter nods, looks at the camera)

Reporter: “It has just been confirmed, Israel has announced the arrest of 6 government leaders, all linked to this event. We are getting reports from London, Rome, Moscow....The numbers we are getting from the Secretary of State’s office is that this event, this discovery of documents, files, videos, and more, all found by law enforcement officers at the Tri-Dragon Chinese Restaurant.....”

(Gibbs looks away from the screen....)

Gibbs: “There are more”

(scene fades out to reporter talking, images of politicians being led away in handcuffs fill the screen)

(scene shifts to Quantico Marine Air Field....night time....Gibbs, the teams from NCIS and CyberForce, all stand on an airport runway, watching 4 C-130's land, one after the other....Scene shows the cargo planes lining up, all dropping their rear cargo ramps at once...Marines in full battle gear come trotting off, then stand to one side as the ramps fill with young girls, some boys, all walking slowly down the ramps, wide-eyed, looking around, until they see mothers and fathers behind a fenced area, sreaming their child’s name as they spot them....The fence does not last long, as a wave of parents break it down, then run to their children they thought were lost forever...)

(Gibbs watches, then turns and walks to his car)

Gibbs: “There are more”

(scene shift to the Gordon House...late at night...Gibbs pulls up to the front of his house. He sits in the car, looking at the house...He gets out, slowly walks to the front door...Before he can open it, Caprice does....Gibbs stands there, saying nothing, looking at Caprice...His face confused, tired...He tries to speak, only a whisper comes out)

Gibbs: “Caprice...There are so many more”

(.he hangs his head...Caprice reaches out, places one hand behind his neck, gently pulls him to her, burying his head in her neck...She strokes the back of his head, then pulls him tighter as his shoulders begin to shake....Caprice reaches out, closes the door)

(scene fades out to closed front door of the Gordon House..)

THE END

Now, a PSA from NCIS to You

(Don Pietro stands by the TV screen in the NCIS Conference Room...He speaks...)

Don Pietro: “The movie you have just seen is fictional, but the victims are not”

(Actual Missing Children Images go by behind him)

Don Pietro: “The numbers and statistics we gave you in this movie are factual. The methods used by Traffickers are taken from actual cases worked by the FBI. The network in England, Europe, and Russia, the Triad, their sub-gang, The Snakeheads, are real. The only statistic that can be challenged....”

(Bishop moves into the screen)

Bishop: ‘The numbers are too low”

(Torres joins Bishop)

Torres: “They are only the ones documented. World Traficking Authorities estimate the real figures are closer to double what we gave you in the movie”

(Dawson steps next to Bishop)

Dawson: “These girls, these young boys, they need your help”

(Gibbs steps in)

Gibbs: “If you think you have any information that would lead to the rescue of a child, or to the arrest of a Child Trafficker..(pause) “..Please...please call the number on your screen”

National Child Sex Traffic Hotline

1-888-373-7888

(screen fades to black and white)