SPECIAL NCIS CROSSOVER MOVIE PRESENTATION

OF THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM

“THE HELL IN PARADISE TRILOGY”

SPECIAL PREVIEW!

(scene opens in CyFo Ops Room, CyFo team present, Delilah leaning on cane, watching as door code sounds, opens, Torres, Dil, Gibbs, and McGee walk in...Gibbs looks around, mild surprise on face...)

Gibbs: “Dinozzo...Ziva...?”

Dinozzo: “Seems like this is a reunion, boss...”

Gibbs: “Yea...but what for?”

Delilah: “The reason will be here any moment, Gibbs....”

(Delilah looks at Dil...)

Delilah: “Thanks for coming, Dilbert...”

(Dil looks at Delilah, then at Nell...Nell walks to him, takes his hand....)

Nell: “Just listen, honey....”

(Dil shows confusion....door code heard again....door opens...Dil looks at the person walking in...Older black woman, apprehension on her face....Dil sees her...face in shock..)

Dil: “Mom?”

(Torres and Gibbs look at Dil, curious....The woman walks to Dil, both hug tightly...)

Woman: “My God, Dilbert...you have grown even more....”

(Dil smiles...kisses the woman on cheek..smiles, turns to the others...)

Dil: “Folks...this is Maggie Childs....when I joined the military, she was the mother I needed....”

Maggie: “Now son...don’t go on...”

Dil: “Her son....Brand...he was with me on my first tactical team....”

Maggie: “Because you drug him with you, Dilbert....”

(pause)

Maggie: “Like I could stop him....”

(She hugs Dil again...)

Maggie: “He always looked up to you, honey....and you always treated him like a brother...”

Dil: “Because he was...”

(Dil stops....looks at Delilah....)

Dil: “What’s wrong....What’s happened to Brand?”

(Black man steps out from the shadows....Marine uniform on, 3 stars on shoulder....uniform cap in his hands...Dil looks at the man...neither speak, Dil’s face stern..then...)

Dil: “General Childs...”

(The man approaches Dil....soft voice...)

Childs: “Son...I know we’ve had our differences...and I know you’ve hated me...”

Dil: “I don’t hate you, sir...I just wanted to get on with my life....”

Childs: “And I wouldn’t let you....I know....”

(The General looks down...lifts up his cap...)

Childs: “You can see that I’m here with my hat in my hand....”

Dil: “Sir...if it involves Brand...you don’t have to do this....”

Childs: “I do, son....i know what I’ve put you through....”

(Childs looks at Nell...Nell’s face firm...)

Childs: “...and your wife, as well...”

Dil: “You wanted to make me property, General...you wanted to station me in god knows where, for a year....and train others....I said ‘no’...It was that simple...”

Childs: “You’re the best son...you know that...”

Maggie: “Brandon...stop....”

(Childs nods....)

Dil: “We worked it out, General...I stayed home, I retired, and I got on with my life....I don’t regret anything I did...”

Maggie: “Dilbert, you don’t have to explain anything...you did what was right for your family, and that’s that!.....Now, will you help us?”

Dil: “Maggie...I don’t even know what’s happened!...And Why are the rest of these people here? What the hell is going on?”

(Maggie glares at Dil...Dil looks down...)

Dil: “Sorry mom....It slipped...”

(Nell gives small grin...Maggie looks at Nell...shakes her head...)

Maggie: “Girl..I hope you’ve had better luck with him than I did....It was that sister of his....”

Dil: “She’s doing better, mom...She’s trying....”

Gibbs: “Ma’am...General...would someone mind telling us what has happened?”

(Delilah nods at Nell and Bishop...both clicky clack...)

Delilah: “3 Days ago, an American tourist snapped some vacation pictures....”

Dil: “Where?”

Delilah: “Jamaica....”

(pause)

Delilah: “This tourist posted her pictures on Facebook....and Bella’s tracking team picked this up....”

Gibbs: “Tracking team....Why...?”

Delilah: “Captain Childs and his team had just completed an extremely sensitive mission in the Chinese Sea, between Taiwan and the mainland...”

(pause)

Delilah: “The CIA received information that the Chinese navy was running an exercise close to Taiwan...and on one of the ships, their battle plans for a potential invasion of Taiwan was the model for the exercise...”

Gibbs: “And the CIA wanted that battle plan...”

Delilah: “CIA, D.O.D., the Joint Chiefs...you name it, they wanted it....”

(pause)

Delilah: “Captain Childs and his team successfully managed to extract the information....”

Gibbs: “And?”

Delilah: “It’s coded...It’s coded beyond what the CIA can break...”

(pause...then..)

Dil: “Why do I feel like I’m getting the run around...Can we get back to why you’re asking my help, why it’s not a military issue, why you’ve invited the rest of our people here.....”

Delilah: “It’s complicated, Dil...”

Dil: “Uncomplicate it”

Gibbs: “Fast....I’m with him...You don’t get to the point fast, I’m outa here”

(Delilah stares at Gibbs...then...)

Delilah: “Which point do you want first, oh Great Gibbs...?”

Gibbs: “Answer Bosworth”

(Delilah nods...turns to Dil...)

Delilah: “Captain Childs and his team were sent to Jamaica on a much deserved R & R...”

Dil: “Bullshit...”

Delilah: “That’s what I thought...until this...”

(Bishop presses button on keyboard, large TV flashes picture of Jamaican harbor, tourists smiling in picture....)

Delilah: “Look behind those people smiling....”

(Dil stares at the TV....4 men, heads hung, single file, Chinese men on both sides....)

Dil: “God....that’s....”

Delilah: “Captain Brand Childs, Lt’s Hunt, Taylor, and Sands...Facial recognition has confirmed it...”

Dil: “How....no one could take that team....I know...”

Delilah: “You know because you trained them....you know because they were your first command in the Special Ops arena....”

(Dil stares at the image in disbelief....)

Delilah: “Best CIA can come up with is that they’ve been drugged....They pulled store security videos from some street shops and confirmed that they shuffle, often confused, and quiet...”

Dil: “But why? And why in Jamaica? The mission was what...3 days before this picture was taken?...”

Delilah: “The answer, they think, lies in those two Chinese men...”

(Image on screen zooms in, two Chinese men escorting the Americans come into view...)

Delilah: “Chang Sin....and the one to the left is Chin Lu....both are with the Chinese military intelligence agency, both are also connected with....”

(Bishop clicks...single image of Chinese man comes up...)

Delilah: “Wing Su....”

(Dil’s face falls...)

Dil: “The Surgeon....”

(Delilah nods...)

Dil: “Called the Surgeon due to his special interrogation talents using surgical instruments....That about says it...”

Gibbs: “Hold it right there....”

(They turn to Gibbs....)

Gibbs: “No offense, Fielding, but this is out of your ballpark....Why the hell are you briefing us on what is obviously CIA territory or Military territory?”

(Delilah says nothing...then....)

Delilah: “You think I asked for this Gibbs?....If you do, you’d be wrong....”

Dil: “You need sacrificial lambs..Neither the CIA or Military can be involved....and they dumped this in your lap to deliver the bad news....They need people that can do the job but if it goes bad, we can be written off....”

(silence in the room....then..)

Dil: “This crap is exactly why I left the military!...”

(Dil turns to General Childs...angry..)

Dil: “And don’t feed me that paid vacation R&R bit!...They were sent there for a reason!...”

Nell: “Dil...hold on....”

(Dil turns to Nell...surprised...face turns angry...)

Dil: “You know a hell of a lot more than you’re saying....Wife or no wife....tell me what you know, Nell...”

Nell: “We were the cover and intel for the mission that obtained the software....we were monitoring communications with satellite, and guiding with our drones the entire mission”

Dil: “I already figured that part out, Nell....Tell me something I don’t already know”

Delilah: “Nell...They’re not cleared for the next part....”

Nell: “If you don’t show it, my husband will walk out, Delilah....And I’ll bet Gibbs will be right behind him...”

Ziva: “I will be with them as well....I have seen what you are doing far too many times....and it has led to the death of too many people...”

(Delilah says nothing....)

Gibbs: “If you’ve gone spook, Fielding.....”

(Delilah’s face angers)

Delilah: “NO, GIBBS!...I HAVE NOT!....”

(pause)

General Childs: “For the record, Director, Ms Fielding told the Joint Chiefs to go to hell....She walked out of the meeting....”

Gibbs: “Ok...one for your side, Fielding....why’d you go back in?”

Delilah: “The same reason Nell is trying to calm her husband down, Gibbs...”

(Delilah nods to Nell...)

Delilah: “Go ahead...show them...”

(Nell clicky clacks...)

Nell: “More tourist photos were found...more video examined....and they found a tourist that had taken a video of his wife posing on the beach....the first floor of the hotel is visible in the background, and fortunately the tourist taking the video had an HD quality camera....The team had 4 rooms....all on the 1st floor...Here’s what they found...Tabby...pull up the video and zoom in on the room terrace...”

(Tabby clicky clacks...all eyes on TV screen...image of woman laughing on beach, turquoise waters behind her, waving at camera....image zooms, then Tabby stops....clicky clacks...digital pixels reconstruct on screen...image of young black girl on terrace, two Chinese men standing beside her....Dil whispers...)

“oh god no....”

Nell: “It’s her, honey.....”

(Dil’s voice pained...)

Dil: “Dee....”

(Nell turns to the group...)

Nell: “Dilberta Childs....12 years old....”

(pause)

Nell: “She is Dil’s god daughter..She was named after him.”

Maggie: “She’s Brand’s daughter....She lost her mother when she was 3, Brand became a single father....And due to how often the Marines take father’s away from their families....”

(Maggie looks at her husband, glares....)

Maggie: “She lives with us....We’ve raised her...”

Childs: “Our son takes her where ever he goes when he can...”

(Maggie glares again...)

Maggie: “When he’s not out doing your dirty work....”

Delilah: “She appears to be in good health...We feel she’s being held as insurance....”

Dil: “The team....why would they take the team....They’re not spies, Delilah.....”

Delilah: “But they have been on numerous missions that are considered hostile to the Chinese military....The Chinese know this, but they don’t know the details...And now, they’ve seized an opportunity to find out...”

Dil: “By capturing and torturing them...”

Delilah: “That is the assumption”

Dil: “And keeping Dee prisoner is their backup plan...”

Delilah: “Again....that is the assumption...”

Gibbs: “This explains why General Childs and his wife are here...It does not explain....”

Delilah: “It doesn’t explain a lot, Gibbs....there’s more...”

Gibbs: “Then talk”

(Delilah nods to Bishop....clicky clacks...aerial view of ocean seen, one military ship shown on water)

Delilah: “The Song of the Sea.....Advanced Chinese missile cruiser....it was also is the command flagship for the exercises...”

Gibbs: “Is this the ship they took the battle plans from?”

Delilah: “Yes...and houses 2 very high ranking Chinese Admirals....”

Bishop: “It’s heading for Jamacia...It will arrive in 4 days....”

Nell: “That Surgeon fellow...Wing Su...He’s reported on board...”

Gibbs: “Reported...intel says...our assumption is....Who the hell is feeding you all this and why isn’t Bella here?”

Dil: “Tell him, General...Tell Director Gibbs why neither the military or CIA can’t directly be involved...”

Gibbs: “If soldiers boarded the ship to get those men back, with VIP’s on board, it would be an act of war....”

(Childs nods...)

Childs: “Exactly, Director Gibbs...”

(pause)

Childs: “But an NCIS team, sent to Jamaica to investigate....”

Gibbs: “AWOL or missing Marines....yea...I get it...”

Ziva: “Excuse me...but you have not explained why I am here...”

Delilah: “The battle plans...they’re coded...”

Ziva: “You have already stated that...”

Delilah: “There is a Chinese Intelligence agent that is due to visit the Chinese Embassy in D.C. in 2 days....”

(pause)

Delilah: “He has the deciphering drive and is delivering it to the Chinese Ambassador....”

Ziva: “And you need that thing...whatever it is that can decode the information”

Delilah: “If we want to potentially stop a Chinese invasion of Taiwan...yes....And the two Admirals on the ship sailing for Jamaica will be waiting for the information...”

Gibbs: ”Wait!...The battle plans were stolen!...There’s nothing for them to follow...”

Delilah: “They are not aware it’s been stolen, Gibbs.....But if that man delivers the decoding system to the Embassy, and they enter it into their system....”

Gibbs: “Nothing’s there to decode....They’ll know....then all hell breaks loose...”

Delilah: “Unless someone can take the thumb drive from the Chinese Intelligence agent, and replace it with one of our own....Which would have the complete battle plans, plans that we built, we’d know about, and be able to stop before they started...”

Ziva: “If you have the decoding system, how long would it take you to construct the plan you wish them to have?”

Delilah: “A matter of minutes....”

Ziva: “I see....”

Delilah: “Do you, Ziva?”

Ziva: “Of course....you want me to steal the decoder system, deliver it to the CIA, wait for the new plans, and place it back in the intelligence agent’s possession, without him being aware any of that has happened...”

Gibbs: “Christ....”

Delilah: “There will be someone you’ll coordinate with to do the pickup, download, transfer, then give you the original drive back”

(Ziva thinks...then..)

Ziva: “I can do that”

(pause)

Ziva: “If....If I have a reason to be in the Embassy....”

Delilah: “That, we have partially worked out....”

(Bishop hits keyboard....image of woman comes on the screen...dark hair, dark eyes, petite...)

Delilah: “Amelia Braga...Ms Braga is the new Brazilian Ambassador to China...”

Ziva: “She looks quite familiar...”

Delilah: “Like looking in a mirror, Ziva? You were picked because of the strong resemblance between you and her...”

Ziva: “Have the Chinese met her before?”

Delilah: “No...she is new...but has very China friendly connections and thoughts..It is rumored she’s working with them on something bigger...but we don’t know what....”

(pause)

Delilah: “The problem is....”

Ziva: “The bodyguard....ambassadors from South America are always provided a Secret Service agent as a bodyguard....”

Delilah: “Correct...and they’re working on that part....”

Ziva: “Tony will be the body guard...”

(Tony shrugs..smiles...)

Delilah: “There has to be a reason, Ziva....you can’t just choose....”

Ziva: “If this woman is friendly to China, then she would refuse an American agent being able to watch her....She would have the alternative of hiring a private bodyguard, one that has no interest in political affairs....”

Delilah: “Guess that makes sense...I’ll run it by Bella....”

Ziva: “You will run it by no one....You are asking me to infiltrate an area that, if discovered, would make my children lose a mother....You may inform Isabella that there is no room for discussion”

(pause)

Ziva: “Unless of course, she has an alternate person in mind for this....one that has been inside the Chinese Embassy on numerous occasions, knows how to enter and leave without detection, and has the ability to fluently speak Portugues and Spanish....And of course, Chinese....”

(silence....then..)

Delilah: “I’ll tell her”

Ziva: “Thank you...”

(pause)

Ziva: “The real Braga...will she not be expecting to arrive?”

Delilah: “She is being detained, as we speak, at the Miami airport....”

(Delilah shrugs)

Delilah: “Seems they found some contraband in her luggage....she’s going to be busy explaining it for the next....oh...maybe 3 to 4 days....”

(pause)

(Torres looks at Bishop....studies....then...)

Torres: “There’s something else....”

(Bishop looks at Torres...nods...)

Torres: “What is it?”

Maggie: “I can answer that....”

(Maggie looks at a curious Torres...)

Maggie: “Both your wives....”

Delilah: “All three...”

Maggie: “All three women here agreed to be part of this....if you agreed...on one condition....”

(Torres looks at Bishop...she gives slight shrug)

Maggie: “They indicated that in return for full cooperation, all husbands’ security clearances would be broadened to be informed, or to be privvy to, all actions and involvements of CyberForce....and vice versus....”

Nell: “No more secrets....We won’t do it...”

Bishop: “I’m not hiding things anymore...It’s hurting us.”

(Dil looks at Nell...she stares back..Dil’s face shows surprise...)

Bishop: “Nick...”

(Torres looks at Bishop, same surprised look...)

Bishop: “I told you I’m all in on us....I meant it...”

Delilah: “Those were our conditions....”

Maggie: “In other words, they chose their families over their jobs....”

General: “This is entirely uncalled for.....”

Delilah: “Maybe...but it’s done....I have the papers already signed by POTUS...”

(silence in room....Torres still staring at Bishop, disbelief...she silently mouths...)

“no more secrets”

(Gibbs turns to McGee....)

Gibbs: “What do you think, McGee?”

McGee: “We’ll need the full team on site....including Kasie...”

Gibbs; “Daisy stays here with the kids....”

(Nell nods...)

Nell: “Thank you”

Gibbs: “Our kids will be housed at the Ranch....Dez and Nuncio will be there, but I’d like more...”

McGee: “One more...There are too many children...”

Dil: “I’ve got.....actually, we’ve got an idea on that....”

Gibbs: “Pam?”

(Dil nods....)

Gibbs: “I’ll talk to her...”

(Gibbs turns to Delilah...)

Gibbs: “You say you’re not going spook on this....but you know and are controlling too much....”

Delilah: “It was a condition”

(Gibbs waits....)

Delilah: “They’re using us, Gibbs....They’re using Dil’s love for that child, his loyalty to his team....and they’re using your reputation for both getting things done and at the same time going far enough outside the rules that if something goes wrong, they can tab you as rogue....”

(Gibbs looks at Delilah in mild surprise...)

Gibbs; “You told them no CIA...”

Delilah: “No...the CIA has information we’ll need....but I did tell them no one else is involved in the planning and execution of this....”

(Gibbs looks at Delilah in surprise...)

Gibbs: “You’re planning this, Fielding?”

Delilah: “No...you are”

(silence....then Gibbs looks at Ziva...)

Gibbs; “You good, Ziva?”

(Ziva nods...)

Gibbs: “Bosworth...”

Dil: “I’ll get with the knucklehead over here...we’ll think of something...”

Gibbs: “You have the girl....”

(Dil nods)

Gibbs: “Can you get her quick?”

Dil: “How quick do you need?”

Gibbs: “Quick...NCIS can locate, apprehend, and arrest the 4 Marines on AWOL charges....that’s our cover and jurisdiction...but we might run into some resistance...”

Dil: “Like trained Chinese special forces resistance.....?”

(Gibbs nods)

Dil: “We’ll grab Dee, get her to safety, then join up with you”

(Dil looks at Nell...)

Dil: “Can you two show us the guts of that cruiser?...Odds are they’re going to transfer my guys onto the ship”

(Nell nods)

Nell: “We do and now we can show you....We have the schematics of the entire ship....”

Bishop: “Including the yacht that they were taken to, and are currently being held...”

Torres: “That yacht docked or floating...?”

Bishop: “Floating....it’s sitting about 1 mile from the coast, directly in the middle of a line of reefs...”

Torres: “Man...”

Dil: “Sorry, amigo....”

(Torres shakes his head...)

Torres: “You know...they have sharks in Jamaica...”

Gibbs: “Fielding....”

(Delilah turns to Gibbs...)

Gibbs: “Ziva has to grab that information and do her thing before we go after the Marines...”

Delilah: “It works to your advantage...Once the Chinese find out that information was stolen, security will double, those prisoners will never be seen again....They’ll cut their losses and run....and that means killing those soldiers”

Dil: “And Dee”

(Delilah nods....)

Ziva: “Dilbert....Do not worry...we will do our part...”

(Dil looks at Ziva...looks down...)

Dil: “I wouldn’t agree.....”

(pause)

Dil: “If it was anyone else....”

(Dil nods to Ziva and Tony...)

Dil: “Thank you...both of you...”

(Tony nods back...cocks head...)

Tony: “Who knows? Maybe we’ll pull this off fast enough to join you in Jamaica...”

(Dil thinks..nods...)

Dil: “I’d like that....I’d like that a lot, Tony...”

Ziva: “Then we will do what we can, dear friend....”

(Gibbs looks up at the TV screen...then at Delilah)

Gibbs: “Ziva and Tony switch the drives, we grab the girl, then we grab those soldiers....”

(Delilah nods....Gibbs looks back at Delilah...)

Gibbs: “One thing bothers me....”

Delilah: “I know”

(pause)

Delilah: “CIA has given me a lot of leeway on this....”

Gibbs: ‘Yea...too much...”

Delilah: “Why?”

Gibbs: “You already know, Fielding...”

(Gibbs looks at the General....)

Gibbs: “At least he knows....”

(General Childs says nothing....Delilah stares at the man....then...)

Delilah: “If we do it...you win...you get the battle plans, your grand daughter, and your son....”

(pause...she looks at the man in disbelief...)

Delilah: “But if we don’t...all the blame lands on NCIS and my agency....and the Joint Chiefs end up with control of us...”

Childs: “That, Director Fielding, is the opinion of the Joint Chiefs...”

Delilah: “And you? You sit at that table”

(Childs nods....looks off...says nothing...)

Maggie: “He tendered his retirement papers, effective after this mission...”

(Maggie looks at her husband...)

Maggie: “I hate the Marines....i hate what it does to families....but when I found out my husband had done that....”

(She shakes her head...)

Maggie: “I was very proud of him....”

Gibbs: “Then, General...i guess you have a team....”

(Childs nods...looks at Dil...)

Childs: “I was wrong....I’m sorry....”

Dil: “Accepted, General...thank you”

(the General looks at Nell...)

Childs: “You and your partner there have some amazing wives...”

Dil: “We know....thank you”

(Childs looks at Maggie...)

Childs: “I think.....I think I’m finally seeing....that I have one too....”

(Maggie looks at him, amazement...)

Gibbs: “People...We have work to do....”

Ziva: “And a gizmo that I must take care of quickly....”

(She looks at Tony...)

Ziva: “I learned that word from my husband...he tells me it is useful for any technical device....”

(Gibbs gives small grin)

Gibbs: “Go get your gizmo, Ziver....”

(pause)

Gibbs: “The rest of us have some planning to do...”

(scene fades to black and white)

CHAPTER 1

“The Gizmo, The Dress, and Bond, Tony Bond”

(scene opens in Plaza Hotel Suite, Dinozzo standing in living room portion of suite, black tuxedo on, waiting....)

Tony: “Ziva!...Clock’s ticking!...”

(Ziva’s voice calls out from bedroom area...)

Ziva: “Anthony!....Where is my spanking?...”

(Tony looks towards the bedroom, puzzled...Ziva’s voice calls out again...)

Ziva: “I need my spanking before I can get dressed!.....”

(Tony grins...low voice...)

Tony: ”Well...it is a hotel room...”

(Ziva calls out again...)

Ziva; “Never mind!...I found it!...”

(Tony stops...slumps shoulders..shakes his head...)

Tony: “Spanks...she meant spanks....”

(pause)

Tony: “It was a nice thought for a moment....”

“And it will be again, Anthony.....but not now...”

(Ziva walks out from bedroom....long, black, figure hugging sequined dress, low cut....)

Ziva: “Well?...How do I....”

(Ziva stops...stares at Tony...)

Ziva: “Anthony...you look....”

Tony: “Yea...same here...”

(Ziva walks to Tony, runs her hands under the tux lapels...)

Ziva: “I had forgotten how dashing you look in a tuxedo....”

Tony: “And I’d forgotten how you could take my breath away...”

(Ziva looks up at Tony...then down...)

Ziva: “It has been a long time since you looked at me that way....”

Tony: “You’ve been kinda busy, Ziva...”

Ziva: “Yes..I know...I have been carrying a child....and since....”

Tony: “You’re beautiful, Ziva...that hasn’t changed...”

Ziva: “I hope not, Tony...I have had two children...a woman’s body does not look as it was before...”

(Tony gives her a light kiss on the ear....Ziva shivers...)

Tony: “Then why am I thinking about us skipping the event tonight?”

Ziva: “Because you are man....and a man...”

Tony: “No”

(pause)

Tony: “Don’t go there. Not right now....you can accuse me of a lot of things, Ziva...but not right now...”

(He steps back...looks at Ziva...shakes his head...)

Tony: “You look more beautiful than I’ve ever seen you look....”

(Ziva blushes...shy grin...)

Ziva: “Thank you, Tony....it is nice to know you still feel that about me...”

Tony: “Which is why you need a bodyguard tonight....”

Ziva: “Yes, Anthony Bond....”

(Tony grins...)

Tony: “That’s Bond...Tony Bond....”

Ziva: “I cannot believe that is the name you have chosen...”

Tony: “I’ve got ID and everything...it’s official...”

(knock heard at the suite door....both turn towards the door, alarmed...)

Ziva: “Tony...who...?”

(Dinozzo reaches under sofa cushion, pulls out pistol....Ziva pulls edge of dress up, reveals small pistol tucked into top of hose...)

Tony: “Stay here....”

(Tony walks to door...looks out peephole...man standing....he turns to Ziva...)

Tony: “Powell....”

Ziva: “Stanford Powell? He is the CIA agent that briefed us....Why...?”

(Tony opens door...Powell looks at Tony, then at Ziva...)

Powell: “Some things have changed....We don’t have much time....”

(scene shifts to D.C. Chinese Embassy....Older Chinese man sits behind desk, tuxedo on, looking at young Chinese woman sitting, nervous...)

Man: “Miss.....”

Woman: “Wong...Lisa Wong, Director Tron...”

Tron: “Do you know who I am, Miss Wong?”

(She shyly nods....)

Wong: “Yes, Director...you are the Defense Minister...”

Tron: “More importantly, Miss Wong, I am the Assistant Director of the Communist Party in our country...”

Wong: “Yes sir...I am aware...”

Tron: “You were sent here due to your work at our Brazilian Embassy....It is to be commended, Comrade Wong...”

Wong: “It us my duty, Director...it is the duty of every man and woman in our country...”

Tron: “Spoken well for a woman that knows many languages and is valuable to us....”

Wong: “To serve is to serve, Director...it matters not what the task may be...”

Tron: “And you know why you are here...do you not?”

(She nods)

Wong: “To validate the identity of Ambassador Amelia Braga....”

(Tron nods...)

Tron: “Yes...you are the only one here tonight that has seen her...Whereas she and I have had many conversations, and have exchanged digital words, I have never met her in person...”

Wong: “I assure you, Director Tron...I will know her...”

Tron: “Much is riding on your validation, Miss Wong....more than you know...”

Wong: “Director..I will have an acceptable vantage point from my position...”

Tron: “Yes...you will be one of the women tending our bar tonight....I assume you are capable?”

(She nods...)

Wong: “I have spent many years in the west, Director....I have had much training and exposure to the ways of a bartender...”

Tron: “Out of duty and committment, of course...”

Wong: “Oh yes, Director....Though I did appear to enjoy the experience, I assure you, I was detesting the western ways of shots and jello....”

Tron: “Thank you, Miss Wong....”

(pause)

Tron: “Do you think Ambassador Braga will recognize you?”

Wong: “Perhaps....She is the ambassador...I am an interpreter....there is a difference in our position of importance...”

Tron: “And one we may change, Miss Wong....You have proven yourself to be quite useful and dependable...You came highly recommended from our party

leaders in Brazil...You have shown a unique ability to discern tones and by doing so, alert our people to lies..."

Wong: "Everything is a lie, Director...until the truth reveals itself..."

(Tron smiles....)

Tron: "Yes...very well said, Comrade...."

(Tron thinks...then..)

Tron: "Miss Wong...what is your opinion of the Ambassador?"

(Wong looks at the man, shocked...Tron waves a hand...)

Tron: "Of course you are not qualified to answer that question....It was improper of me to remind you of your place below such things...."

(Wong says nothing....then...)

Wong: "Director...is there anything else? Though I am but a bartender tonight, I would like to prepare my station....I will be serving my countrymen and their guests...I would like to do the best I can, regardless of what I am doing"

(Tron looks at her...small smile...)

Tron: "You are not unattractive, Comrade Wong....perhaps there is more in your future than you realize...."

(pause)

Tron: "In service of your Party...of course...."

(Wong looks off...closes eyes...nods...)

Wong: "Yes, Director....May I leave now? My station...."

(Wong waves the woman off.....Wong leaves the room, closes the door to the office, stops in the hall...leans against the wall, takes deep breaths...whispers.)

"You @@#$%%^^& bastard...."

(scene shifts to Plaza Suite, Powell, Ziva, Tony, sitting in chairs around coffee table...)

Powell: “First....The courier with the thumb drive is a Chinese Intelligence officer by the name of...”

(Powell types keys on laptop...image of Chinese man comes up...)

Powell: “Sin Lu....”

(Ziva and Tony look at the image...)

Tony: “He’s easy enough to recognize....”

Ziva: “He is my target....is there more information on him that I do not already have?”

Powell: “No.....but do you remember Amber Chin?”

Ziva: “Yes!...She was in my first class at the Agency...”

Powell: “Do you remember where she was on the promotion list?”

Ziva: “Yes...and it was wrong....She is a very smart woman....and her shyness can be an asset...”

Powell: “Seems your opinion of her won out.... After leaving your class she was assigned to Brazil,...and.... managed to get a secretarial position at the Chinese Embassy in Brazil...”

Ziva: “Good...”

Powell: “And within 6 months, she was transferred into the translating room....then they appointed her as an interpreter...”

Ziva: “She knows the languages of the area, Stanford...It was my assessment that pointed that out...please let her know I am so very proud of her...”

Powell: “Tell her yourself, Mizz Dinozzo...”

(pause, Ziva curious)

Powell: “She will be at the gathering tonight...”

(Ziva’s eyes widen...)

Powell: “It seems the Assistant Director of the Chinese Communist Party has brought her in from Brazil to this function, solely for the purpose of identifying and validating that you are indeed, Ambassador Amelia Braga....”

(Ziva smiles...)

Ziva: “May I say it now?”

(Powell grins...nods...)

Tony: “She loves this part...”

(Ziva grins...)

Ziva: “I told you so”

(Ziva looks at Tony...grins...)

Ziva: “Yes...I do so love saying that...”

(Tony interrupts...)

Tony: “Does this woman know that it’s going to be Ziva, not Braga that shows up?”

(Powell shakes his head....)

Powell: “No..and we are not able to communicate with her....”

Ziva: “Then, I must...”

Powell: “Find her quick....if you recognized her first, and went to her, instead of them waiting for her to signal them that you are Ambassador Amelia Braga...”

Ziva: “I could tell her quickly and covertly who I am for the night”

Tony: “What is her cover name?”

Powell: “Lisa Wong”

Tony: “No...Lisa is Americanized....”

Powell: “Lee Fin Wong...but they know her as Lisa....”

Ziva: “My husband is correct, Stanford...Very few Chinese hard-liners welcome westernized names....”

Powell: “Good point....but hopefully it won’t be an issue...However...there is another issue...”

(pause)

Powell: “Tron...the Assistant Chairman...has purchased a large part of Petrobras...”

Ziva: “The largest offshore oil producer in Brazil...”

Powell: “And a current provider of 75% of the oil that Taiwan uses...”

(Ziva sits back....thinks...)

Ziva: “Ambassador Braga...her uncle is the majority owner of Petrobras...”

Powell: “Not anymore....her uncle had a stroke....as it stands now, she controls her shares at 10%, and until he recovers, she has power of attorney over his 45%….”

Tony: “That gives her 55%…"

Powell: “123 million....”

(silence...they wait...)

Powell: “123 million dollars worth of Bitcoin was transferred to your account, Miss Braga....”

Ziva; “From?”

Powell: “Tron Manufacturing....”

(pause)

Powell: “Funded by Red Star Bank, which is the Chinese Communist Party....”

(silence...then)

Ziva: “The Communist Party is buying an oil company....and buying the Ambassador....Why?”

Powell: “Because if the new President of Brazil cuts off any oil to Taiwan, then Taiwan becomes defenseless, unable to provide gas, oil, and other supplies to

their citizens...or to their military...If the country is crippled, and the Chinese act fast, an invasion of Taiwan by China will be a cakewalk”

Tony: “The Chinese Navy is already on there way, supposedly for training”

Powell: “Which puts them in place for an attack, with no one questioning it”

Ziva: “The Current President of Brazil is friendly to America....You are saying that China would use their control of the oil to place their own person as the President of Brazil....”

Powell: “Amelia Braga”

(silence....then..)

Tony: “How do you know all this?”

(Powell shrugs...)

Ziva: “Because the real Amelia Braga is not detained, as they have told us, she is in the custody of the CIA....and they are extracting information as they know how to do so well...”

(Powell says nothing....then..)

Ziva: “I approve”

Powell: “Director Stephens didn’t think you’d have too much trouble with that part...”

Ziva: “Please tell Isabella that she was correct”

Tony: “Excuse me for thinking past tonight, but if Ziva can pull off being Amelia Braga, then this goes beyond just getting a decoder ring....”

Powell; “The decoder ring...as you put it...is critical....It maps out the invasion plans for Taiwan....and from what little information we’ve been able to obtain...”

(pause...Powell takes a breath...)

Powell: “The plans are to turn the captured Seal team over to the Taliban....”

(Ziva and Tony both show shock...)

Powell: “There is chatter, at a very high level, to have a televised public beheading of the American soldiers, as a sign of what happens when you defy the new partnership...”

(Ziva’s face in disbelief)

Ziva: “No...they would not....”

Powell: “Would and have already started, Mizz Dinozzo....There is to be an agreement between the Taliban and the Chinese military....”

Tony: “Premier Chen...he would never....”

Powell: “Your friend, Premier Chen....and ours, by the way...will be one of the first casualties of this war....”

(silence....then...)

Ziva: “The Chinese military is planning a coup....They plan to take the country away from Chen....”

(Powell nods....)

Powell: “That’s how we see it...”

(Ziva looks away....then turns back...)

Ziva: “Why not kill Tron?”

Powell: “Because someone else will take his place...immediately...and we’d rather deal with the devil we know than figure out who the next devil is...”

(Ziva thinks...then nods...)

Ziva: “Perhaps when this over.....”

Powell: “Mizz Dinozzo....that statement was anticipated....”

(pause)

Powell: “Director Stephens told me to deliver her answer....”

Ziva: “It would be sanctioned?”

(Powell nods...)

Powell: “It would be sanctioned”

Ziva: “Then let us do what we do....”

Powell: “She’s counting on that, Mizz Dinozzo....”

Ziva: “No....those soldiers are counting on that, Stanford Powell....please let it be known that those men remain...and will remain....a priority...”

(Powell nods...)

Powell: “Of course...”

Tony: “Stan...this changes everything...”

Powell: “I know....”

(Tony taps on the laptop...)

Tony: “Open Sin Lu’s file again....”

(Powell types...image of Sin Lu comes up....)

Tony: “Scroll to bio...”

(Tony waits...reads screen...)

Tony: “Ziva’s going to be wrapped up with Din Tron and finding out what she can about Taiwan.....”

Ziva: “Yes...it will be difficult...but....”

Tony: “I’ll get the gizmo....”

(Powell and Ziva look at Tony in surprise...)

Powell: “Gizmo?”

Tony: “Or decoder ring...that’s not the point....Ziva is able to get information from a man because they are men, and Ziva....”

(Tony shrugs)

Tony: “She is Ziva....”

Ziva: “It has been necessary....”

Tony: “Not my point....read about his wife...”

(Ziva reads...then...)

Ziva: “His wife...she is..or was...also a spy...She was sent on an assigment 2 years ago, and has not been heard from since....”

Tony: “Sound familiar?”

(Ziva looks at Tony....slight nod...)

Tony: “He holds out hope....and he’s not....”

Ziva: “He is not going to be attracted to the charms of another woman....”

Tony: “No....I can tell you...he’s not...”

(Ziva reaches out, takes Tony’s hand...)

Ziva: “You are saying that I would have no effect, but you....”

Tony: “He might open up to someone that feels his pain...”

(pause)

Tony: “There’ aren’t many of us out there, you know...”

Powell: “Lisa Wong is your drop off....Get her the thumb drive, and she’ll have it back to you within 3 minutes, with the battle plan that we’ve devised...”

Ziva; “That fast?”

Powell: “She has a laptop designed for this...it will link with HQ, download the coding information we need, then rewrite the drive with the battle plan we have written, in that code language...”

Tony: “And you can stop the invasion....”

Powell: “Mr. Dinozzo...if we know what they’re doing, we can stop anything...”

Ziva: “Anthony....I do not know about this....”

Tony: “They’ve invested 123 million dollars in you....do you think they’re going to give you enough free time to do your song and dance with a courier?”

(silence...then..)

Ziva: “No...I do not...”

Tony: “Then I’ll get your gizmo, Stan....Ziva will save Taiwan....”

Ziva: “Yes...it seems there is very little choice...”

Tony: “One question before you leave, Stan....”

Ziva: “Has Delilah and Gibbs been briefed on this?”

(Powell nods...)

Powell “That is my understanding....”

(silence...Ziva looks at Powell...)

Ziva: “You’re answers to this point have been very straight forward, Stanford Powell...but that answer was not....”

(Powell says nothing.....then..)

Ziva: “I understand...”

(scene shifts to Powell leaving the suite....Ziva turns to Tony....her face glaring...)

Ziva: “They will easily sacrifice those men for their purpose...”

Tony: “I know”

Ziva: “I did not mean the Taliban...or the Chinese....”

Tony: “I know”

(Ziva thinks....then...)

Ziva: “We must do what we can to insure they become as much a priority to the CIA as they are to us...”

Tony: “Go touch up your hair....it’s fallen...”

(Ziva looks at Tony, curiously...)

Tony: “I need 5 minutes...”

Ziva: “To call Delilah and Gibbs....”

(Tony nods...)

Tony: “You do not trust that they have been informed...do you?”

(Tony shakes his head...)

Tony: “Neither did he....and in his way, he was trying to tell us...”

Ziva: “I agree with what you are doing...why then are you sending me out of the room?”

(Tony shrugs....Ziva looks at him, shakes her head...)

Ziva: “Your life is about protecting me, is it not?....And in this case, protecting me from knowing what you are going to tell them...”

Tony: “Never know what we’ll come up with, Ziva...”

Ziva: “And my position with the CIA puts me in a difficult position, legally, and ethically. By my oath and promise, if I doubt, I should be calling Isabella.....”

(Tony says nothing....then softly...)

Ziva: “I love you, Anthony Dinozzo...”

(pause)

Ziva: “Thank you”

(She gets up....walks to the bathroom...she stops...turns..)

Ziva: “Anthony...when you speak with this courier...”

Tony: “Sin Lu...”

Ziva: “Yes...Sin Lu...If you are going to use what you felt those years ago to connect with him....”

(she stops...says nothing...then..)

Ziva: “Please do not spend so much time in the past that you bring it back to life...”

(Tony nods...walks to her...kisses her...hard....)

Tony: “Kiss me like that and I’ll develop amnesia...”

(Ziva pulls her head back...stares at Tony...)

Ziva: “That kiss will be your future...always...”

Tony: “Deal...now...go fix your hair..”

Ziva: “And you will tell me what it is I do not know later?”

(Tony grins...)

Tony: “You’ll have to pry it out of me....It might be difficult...”

(Ziva shakes her head...)

Ziva: “No it will not, my handsome husband....I think you will give me what I want without much prodding...”

Tony: “Go...fix your hair....”

(Ziva nods....turns back to bathroom....Tony goes to his suitcase, pulls out satellite phone....dials...squeals and screech heard....connects...)

Tony: “D...get Gibbs....”

(waits...then...)

Tony: “Things have changed...”

Gibbs: “Want to tell us? We’re loading up gear now...”

Tony: “Load more”

Delilah: “What about area of surveillance?”

Tony: “Expand it”

Delilah: “You’ve got 2 minutes before they can detect a Sat phone call, Tony....start talking...”

(scene shifts to black van on D.C. street...inside van shows electronic equipment....One man looks at the screens...)

Man: “No calls?”

Man 2: “One...”

Man: “Who too?”

Man 2: “Nothing abnormal, sir...Mrs Dinozzo is on the phone with Caprice Gibbs, getting tips on keeping her hair from falling down...”

Man: “Did you start the satellite phone search?”

Man 2: “Affirmative....we’re nearing the 2 minute mark in 20 seconds...We’ll be able to jump on any call they make...”

(scene shifts to Tony....)

Tony: “I’ve got 10 seconds....any questions?”

Gibbs; “Got it”

Delilah: “Got it...”

(Tony ends call...lays phone down....)

(scene shifts to van...)

Man: “2 minutes...anything?”

Man 2: “Negative...no calls...”

Man: “Then maybe they didn’t loop the others in....”

Man 2: “Sounds like you may be right....”

Man: “Good....those people are valuable assets when they cooperate...”

Man 2: “And from what I understand, hard to kill...”

Man: “And have screwed up priorities....They’re willing to screw this whole thing up over 4 Marines and a little girl....”

(pause)

Man: “Hell...there are more Marines, and who’s going to miss one girl?”

(silence....then...)

Man: “Check Powell’s calls..He’s an X Factor...He’s loyal to that Ziva woman....”

Man 2: “How’s that?”

Man: “He was in this dumbass class she gives at HQ...It’s about staying safe and coming home...”

Man 2: “Huh..imagine that. I heard it was good...Lots more want to go...”

Man: “I don’t.....”

(silence...then..)

Man: “I’ve been CIA for over 10 years...She turned me down....Said I wasn’t the kind of agent she was looking for...”

(The second man looks up, shrugs...)

Man 2: “Guess you don’t get to go...”

Man: “It doesn’t end there.....She’ll pay....She’ll pay for shaming me...”

(scene shifts to Stanford Powell, parking car, pulls $20 bill out of pocket, approaches woman on street...)

Powell: “Here’s $20...let me use your phone for 5 minutes...You can stand and watch...I just don’t encourage you to listen”

(The woman looks at him, shocked...he pulls out ID badge....her eyes widen, then hands him her phone...)

Woman: “1432 is password...”

(Powell punches code...dials....connects...)

Powell: “It’s gotten more complicated....”

(scene shifts to Gibbs on phone...split screen on TV shows Delilah with phone to ear...Powell begins talking....)

(scene shifts to Powell ending call, hands phone to woman, her eyes wide....)

Powell: “Ma’am...forget everything you just heard...”

Woman: “Or...or....you’ll kill me?”

(He scowls...)

Powell: “I don’t do that ma’am...”

Woman: “Oh...okay...I just thought...”

Powell: “We have other people that do that for me...”

(The woman stares at Powell, blank face....)

(scene shifts to Gibbs dialing phone....Delilah answers...)

Gibbs; “Same thing Dinozzo told us....”

Delilah: “Affirmative....We’re expanding our satellite coverage and listening area now...”

Gibbs: “Good...we’re loading extra now....I’ve briefed everyone...”

Delilah: “Your daughter is pissed....”

Gibbs: “So is her father”

Delilah: “All they had to do was loop us in....”

Gibbs: “Yea...but why didn’t they?”

Delilah: “They have to know Tony and Ziva would tell us...”

(silence...)

Gibbs: “But not until tomorrow...they’ll be busy tonight and dark...no communications....”

Delilah: “So...what could happen in the next 12 hours that they don’t want us to know?”

Gibbs: “It’s not about us not knowing...it’s about us not going....”

(pause...talking in background....Delilah comes back to phone...)

Delilah: “Gibbs...when is your team scheduled to leave?”

Gibbs: “24 hours...why?”

(silence...talking in background...)

Delilah: “Bishop thinks CIA wants to keep you from leaving....She thinks you should leave on the next C130 out...unscheduled...”

Gibbs: “That her emotions talking, or her tactical advice?”

(silence...more talking heard in background....then..)

Delilah: “She says bleep you and it’s tactical...”

(small grin from Gibbs...)

Gibbs: “I agree, Fielding...but even if I think she’s right, I can’t get a clearance and a plane that fast...”

Delilah: “We can”

(silence....then...)

Gibbs; “Do it....call me with the details...”

Delilah: “You know...if this is that big, us getting those soldiers out works against them...It will alert the Chinese that we know something...”

Gibbs: “Yea..and they’ll kill those men...”

(silence...then...)

Delilah: “Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Yea?”

Delilah: “No”

Gibbs: “Get us on a plane, Fielding....you have the juice to do it...”

(silence..more talking heard in background...)

Delilah: “Give us 30 minutes...Nell is on the phone with John Kirby”

Gibbs; “I’m calling my team now...we’ll be headed to the base airport...let me know what runway and plane to go to...”

Delilah: “On it....”

Gibbs: “Hey Fielding....”

Delilah: “Yes, Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Thanks”

(call ends....)

(scene shifts to Quantico airstrip...C-130 lifting off....)

(scene shifts to inside C-130 cargo area....Gibbs, McGee, Torres, Dil, Pankow, Dawson sit, leaning against fuselage wall...foot lockers marked NCIS seen sitting on floor, tied down....Aluminum briefcases with CyFo markings seen stacked...warning label attached...)

EXPLOSIVES – HANDLE CAREFULLY

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens outside D.C. Chinese Embassy...rows of limousines lined up, valet parkers opening doors for people in limos....)

(scene shifts to black limo, pulls up in front of doors to embassy....Tony seen getting out, stands, places one hand into the limo, signaling 'stop'..head swivels....then...)

Tony: "Ambassador Braga...We're clear...please exit the car..."

(Tony reaches out with one hand...black glove up to elbow seen laying on his hand...Ziva slowly exits the limo...stands...All eyes in parking area turn to her....Tony whispers...)

"Told you"

(pause)

"Now, be arrogant..."

(Ziva whispers back)

"I do arrogance rather well..."

(Tony seen leading Ziva inside....)

(scene shifts to inside Embassy...large entrance....two suited guards walk up....)

Guard: "Your name please...."

Tony: "Ambassador Amelia Braga...."

(The man checks the list...nods...)

Guard: "And you?"

(Ziva glares at the guard...)

Ziva: “My bodyguard!...Are you an imbecile?”

(Chinese men seen turning towards her voice...)

Ziva: “Or do you only understand Chinese....”

(Ziva asks the question in Chinese...)

Ziva: “Or perhaps Portugese?”

(She repeats it in Portugese...)

Ziva: “Or.....”

(A Chinese man in tuxedo, quickly comes up....)

Man: “Ambassador Braga.....”

(The man looks at the guards...)

Man: “She is a most welcome guest....”

(The two guards nod....)

Tony: “Excuse me....”

(Tony surprises the man...begins to frisk him....Ziva pales....)

Tony: “He’s good, ma’am...”

Ziva: “Please excuse my bodyguard...He is quite loyal, and sometimes too efficient...”

Man: “No apology necessary, Ambassador....”

(The man looks at Tony...)

Man: “I am....”

Tony: “Minister Din Tron....”

(Tron shows surprise....)

Tony: “Bond....Tony Bond....”

(Tron looks at him curiously...)

Tron: “Perhaps, Mr. Bond....you would like something to drink?”

Ziva: “Yes..I would love something...Tony...be a dear and get me something?”

(Ziva sees Lisa Wong at the bar....)

Ziva: “From that woman....”

(Tron looks over, sees Wong....)

Tron: “Any reason why you picked her out of all the servers?”

(Ziva smiles...)

Tron: “Her name is....”

Ziva: “Lee Fin Wong....”

(Tron nods...small smile...)

Ziva: “And she is brilliant....”

Tron: “Yes...we are beginning to recognize that....”

(Tony seen approaching bar...Wong looks at him....)

Wong: “And what may I serve you sir...?”

(Tony leans over...)

Tony: “She’s Ambassador Amelia Braga tonight...She is not Ziva Dinozzo....You are Amber Chen, and my wife said that your shyness could be an asset....”

(Tony looks up, Wong’s face in shock...then she recovers...)

Wong: “Sir...your drink?”

Tony: “Vodka martini...Shaken not stirred...”

(Wong smiles...)

Wong: “And your name for tonight?”

Tony: “Bond...Tony Bond....”

(Wong lets out a laugh...she speaks lowly...)

Wong: “You are exactly as she described you...”

Tony: “Handsome? Charming...?”

(She nods...)

Wong: “And goofy...”

Tony: “Listen...there is a courier I’m looking for....and I’ll need to buy some time....”

Wong: “30 minutes?”

Tony: “What have you been told the Ambassador would be giving you?”

Wong: “What is it you think she’d give me?”

(silence....then...)

Tony: “Thumb drive...”

Wong: “I have the device ready...as for buying you time....”

(She reaches below bar...pulls out small bottle of Visine...)

Wong: “Blend of Ipepac oil...two drops in his drink, and he’s violently ill within 3 minutes....”

Tony: “More than two drops?”

Wong: “A squirt will send the body into spasms...it’s fatal”

(Tony looks at the vial, then nods....)

Tony: “If Ziva and I ever break up, I’m coming to marry you...”

(Wong smiles....)

Wong; “I am now positive you are him....”

Tony: “And you, young lady....have my wife’s respect...”

(She smiles... nods...)

Tony: “Now...I’ll take the bar...you need to go over and meet the Ambassador as if you were old friends...”

Wong: “Do you think...”

Tony: “It’s important....they’re not just testing her, they’re testing you”

(scene shows Wong walking towards Ziva....Ziva’s face lights up...)

Ziva: “LEE CHIN!....How marvelous to see you!...”

(Wong comes up..embraces Ziva...)

Wong; “Ambassador Braga...you look stunning tonight!...I had no idea!...”

Ziva: “I hide it from people, Lee Chin...sometimes they do not take me seriously....but tonight....”

Tron: “I assure you, Ambassador...you are being taken seriously on both counts....As a friend to China, and as a woman...”

(Ziva looks at Tron..cocks her head...)

Ziva: “Perfect....you are as much a charmer as they say you are....”

Tron: “Oh? Do they say that?”

(Ziva waits...sly grin...)

Ziva: “Tonight, Minister Tron....Does it matter what anyone else but me says?”

(Tron stammers...)

Tron: “N..No...of course not....”

Ziva: “Then escort me, Minister Tron...and then there are things we need to talk about...do we not?”

(Tron nods...)

Tron: “Somewhere private....”

Ziva: “My Anth....”

(She stops...)

Ziva: “My escort....”

Tron: “Your body guard....I am afraid he is not too good at his job, Ambassador...he is over there...”

(he points to a bar, Dinozzo pouring a drink his eyes on them...)

Ziva: “I assure you, Minister...he is watching....”

Tron; “And if you were in danger?”

Ziva; “I would not be...If he wished, he could shoot your eye out from where he is standing....”

(Tron shakes his head...)

Tron: “Unfortunately, weapons are not allowed here tonight....”

(Ziva pats Tron’s cheek...)

Ziva; “No weapons?...How cute, Minister...”

(Tony continues to pour, while staring at them both...)

Tron: “Perhaps we could sit in this corner.....”

(Tron sits..Ziva still standing...)

Ziva; “For now....but later...”

(pause)

Ziva: “Who knows what the fates have in store for us?”

(Ziva lowers her voice...)

Ziva: “I am a woman attracted to power, Minister Tron....especially those who impart power upon me....Tell me...”

(Ziva leans over, places her hands on the small table...Tron’s eyes widen, Ziva’s low cut dress at his eye level.....)

Ziva: “...are you the one that can impart that power onto me?”

(Tron says nothing...staring at Ziva’s dress....)

Tron: “Perhaps I should call you President Braga....”

(Ziva smiles....then stands...)

Ziva; “Let us talk, you charming man...”

(She sits...leans towards him...)

Ziva; “Power is so seductive....do you not agree?”

(scene shifts to bar, Wong walks back up....whispers...)

Wong: “I have never seen her work....”

Tony: “She’s something...”

Wong: “The minister is about to faint...”

Tony: “And I’m about to shoot him....”

Wong: “Did you know she drove into each of us women that there should never be a time we crossed that line?”

(Tony stops pouring....looks at Wong...)

Wong: “She loves you very much, Tony Bond....”

(Tony looks up at Ziva and Tron...both talking...)

Tony: “Thank you”

Wong: “And your target has arrived...”

(She nods towards the entrance....Chinese man carrying metal briefcase comes in Embassy...the man looks around...)

Wong: “Sin Lu....”

Tony: “Yea...I know...”

Wong: “Perhaps you would like to speak with him?”

Tony: “Can you make that happen?”

Wong: “Of course....and the two of you could talk while I pour drinks...You could be my assistant...”

Tony: “My undercover undercover?”

(Wong grins...)

Wong: “You are so much as she described....”

Tony: “Yea...goofy....”

Wong: “Sir...she told us of her life....She told us so we could avoid hers.....and I am aware of those years you spent apart...”

(Tony takes a deep breath....)

Wong: “And she told us she would never jeopardize what she has....She said you..and your daughter... were her reason to live again....”

(Tony looks at Wong...disbelief...)

Wong: “It was the best session of all the ones she gave....It gave all of us hope that some day we too could have a life...”

(She shrugs...Tony still stares at her...)

Wong: “Stay here....I will be back...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens on Jamaican airfield, C-130 taxing away....Gibbs and team stand, looking...)

Gibbs: “There he his....”

(White passenger hotel van pulls up, Torres driving, reaches over, opens door with remote handle...)

Gibbs: “Torres!..Where did you get this?”

Torres: “The guy from some hotel had it..he was waiting on some people....he doesn’t need it anymore...”

Pankow: “My god, Torres!..You didn’t kill him, did you?”

(Torres looks at Pankow....shakes head)

Torres: “He is taking a siesta...”

Dawson: “This isn’t Mexico Torres...they don’t do siestas here...”

Torres; ‘They do now...Come on...load up...”

Dil: “Ladies...if you’ll allow me...”

(Dil starts to pick up Pankow and Dawson's baggage...)

Dil: "Kasie...Don't move..I'll be back for yours....We have a lazy driver that's good for nothing.."

Kasie: "And a gentlemen out here!...I'll take that anyday!..."

(Torres seen jumping out of van....)

Torres: "Hey Kasie!..I'm coming!...."

(Dil and Torres seen piling ladies's luggage in van....)

Torres: "Hey Gibbs!..Hold on!..Maybe someone from AARP will be along to help you!..."

Gibbs: "Keep that up, and you'll never reach AARP age!...."

Dil: "Hold on Gibbs...I'll be there in a minute..."

Gibbs: "Don't even think about it!...I'll handle my own!..."

(Gibbs stops...looks at the van...)

Gibbs: "Hey Torres..."

Torres: "Yea?"

Gibbs: "That driver you put to sleep?"

Torres: "Yea?"

Gibbs: "He was waiting on us....This van is going to our hotel...."

(Women start laughing....)

Gibbs: "We could have had a driver...."

Torres: "Yea...dang...that's no bueno..."

Gibbs: "That knew the way to our hotel..."

(Dil calls out from inside van...)

"It's got GPS!..."

(Gibbs shakes head...)

Gibbs: “Sometimes I wonder how I lived this long....”

“Uh oh...”

(Kasie points to grassy area near parking lot....long, lean black man running towards them...)

Kasie: “Torres...is that the driver?”

(Torres looks over...)

Torres: “Oh...yea...maybe....”

(The man comes running up....leans over, hands on knees...breathing hard....)

Man: “Mon..I am so sorry!...I was waiting...and stepped out to have a cigarette, and boom!...Someone knocks me on head!....”

(The man looks at the van...then the group....)

Man: “Whoa...how in the name of Bob Marley did this get here?”

(Torres steps out of van...)

Torres: “Hey, amigo...I saw the van, and like you know...I thought it was self service...and I got in....”

(The man runs to Torres...Torres backs up...fists clenched....The man hugs him...)

Man: “It is fate of island gods!....You are my hero!....”

(Torres backs up, puzzled...The man turns to the group...)

Man: “I am Benny...and I will be honored to be your guide, your messenger, your host, and your best friend during your stay!...And here...”

(Benny grabs Kasie’s suitcase...)

Benny: “Please allow a humble Benny to help the beautiful woman....”

(Kasie’s eyes widen....)

Kasie: “Oh hell yes!....You are allowed!...”

Benny: “Wonderful!....Please..get in van...and Benny will have you there in no time at all!...”

(scene shows van screeching tires as Benny races off the parking lot...tires squeal as he hits curb, crates tied to roof shift....)

(scene shifts to inside van...Torres looks up...)

Torres: “Maybe we should have put those drone boxes in here....”

Gibbs: “Oh...the ones marked explosive?”

(silence...then)

Gibbs: “Ya think, Torres?”

(Gibbs phone buzzes....he answers...)

Gibbs: “Yea”

(listens....looks at phone, punches button....image of young black girl standing on balcony seen in image...)

Gibbs: “Satellite...but not too clear....”

(listens....nods....)

Gibbs: “Thanks...”

(Gibbs turns to Dil...hands phone to him....Dil looks at the image...)

Dil: “That’s Dee...”

Gibbs: “Our hotel”

Dil: “How did we end up at the same hotel?”

Gibbs: “Delilah and the girls...They’ve been on this...They made our reservations after locating the girl”

Dil: “Not to be the doubter, Gibbs....but how did they do that?”

Gibbs: “I asked....They said they made phone calls....and asked for a young black girl staying with Chinese men....Bishop said it didn’t take too long”

Dil: “You know, Gibbs...those women....”

Gibbs: “Yea...they’re sharp”

Dil: “They don’t the respect they deserve...”

(pause)

Gibbs; “They do from me”

(Gibbs looks over, McGee clicky clacking...)

Gibbs: “McGee...what do you have?”

(McGee turns laptop around....floor plan of hotel room seen...)

McGee; “I got into the hotel data base, then into the emergency floor plan....It’s the only room rented to a Chinese corporation....”

Gibbs; “What corp?”

McGee; “Tron Manufacturing, boss....”

(Gibbs nods...)

McGee: “That’s our guy...”

Gibbs: “The one Ziva’s got a hook dropped for tonight...”

Torres: “Wonder how Tony and Ziva are doing...?”

Gibbs: “Ziva’s stealth...Dinozzo’s about distractions....one of them is going to win out...”

(scene shifts to Embassy, bar area....Wong seen leading Sin Lu to bar....)

Wong: “Honorable Tony Bond..please...pour our guest a drink...”

(Wong leads Sin Lu to bar....he nods politely to Tony...Wong looks down at metal briefcase, nods to it...Tony barely shakes his head....takes right hand and pats his left chest area....Wong looks back puzzled...)

Tony: “Let me guess...long trip, you’d like something refreshing....”

Sin Lu: “Please...yes...”

Tony: “I have a specialty drink....it’s just for men like you...”

(Sin Lu looks at Tony, curious...)

Tony: “It’s called the Hope drink....”

(Sin Lu says nothing...Tony looks at him...)

Tony: “I can see it in your eyes....”

(Tony begins mixing alcohol....)

Tony: “Sometimes hope runs out...and you need a refresher...”

Wong: “My apologies, Mister Lu...my assistant speaks too much...”

Sin Lu: “No...he is speaking what I need to hear....my question is...”

Tony: “How did I know?”

(Tony shrugs...)

Tony: “Those of us that have lost something we love and live to never give up hope.....”

(pause...Tony pours drink into glass...)

Tony: “We seem to recognize each other...”

(Sin lu stares at Tony..then picks up drink...takes a gulp....looks at Tony, smiles...)

Sin Lu: “It is just what I needed...Thank you...”

Tony: “If you’re waiting for someone, pull up a chair...”

Wong: “Sir...you must know everyone here...I am sure you are eager to see them...”

Sin Lu: “No..but you are most gracious....”

(Wong pulls up bar stool...Sin Lu sits...)

Wong: “Then welcome to our bar, sir....Where sadness is not allowed, and Hope is welcome....”

(Wong slides up next to Tony...)

Wong: “Why did you pat your chest?”

Tony: “Watch...he’ll reach up and touch his chest, feeling for something...the briefcase is a decoy...”

(She watches...then Sin Lu reaches up, presses against his left chest, drops his hand...)

Wong: “You’re right....”

Tony: “And the party is getting loud....it’s about time”

Wong: “Can you mix him another drink?”

Tony: “Yea...if I can remember what I put in the first one...”

Wong: “It won’t matter...two drops of these...”

(She reaches under bar counter...pulls out Visine bottle...)

(scene shows Tony mixing drink, Wong squeezing bottle over glass...)

(scene shifts to Ziva and Tron....)

Tron: “So you see, Ambassador Braga....they will not be able to do anything once the oil is cut off...chaos will reign...”

Ziva: “ So it would seem...”

(pause)

Ziva; “Tell me about Brazil, Minister Tron....”

Tron: “Din...please...”

(Ziva smiles...)

Ziva: “And I am Amelia....”

Tron: “Once victory is established, and Taiwan is ours, which will only take hours....We will then demand that your American friendly President step down, and a China friendly President step up...”

Ziva: “But what would induce our President to do such an thing?”

(Tron smiles...)

Tron: “Because with you, dear and beautiful woman....if we own the oil, we own the country...and if he still does not agree, we destroy the oil producing ability of your country...”

(Ziva's eyes widen....)

Tron: "Does that offend you, Madame President?"

(Ziva takes a breath...fists clench, then clench, then relax...she smiles...)

Ziva: "No...it excites me....it is about power....and you...you, you powerful man...are that power..."

(Tron smiles...)

Tron: "Then perhaps we should retire to somewhere....how do you say....more private?"

(Ziva reaches out, strokes the man's cheek...)

Ziva: "Words"

(Tron looks at her, curiously)

Ziva; "Show me more than words, Minister...and perhaps then you may smile..."

(scream heard across room...)

(scene shifts to bar...Sin Lu falls out of chair, vomits.....)

Wong: "DOCTOR!...IS THERE A DOCTOR!...."

(Wong looks down at Sin Lu...)

Wong: "GET HIS COAT OFF!...HE'S CHOKING!..."

(Tony seen removing Sin's coat...hands it to Wong....men seen rushing to the fallen man...Sin Lu retches....)

(scene shifts to Wong...pulls red thumb drive out of breast coat pocket....)

Wong: "He was right..."

(Wong seen plugging drive into small tablet under bar...she hits button....screen shows...)

DOWNLOADING

(She waits..looks over at Tony....she holds up 2 fingers...)

(scene shifts to screen...)

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE

TRANSMITTING DATA

UPLOADING NEW DATA

(Chinese man looks over the bar, sees tablet...yells out..)

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

(He grabs at the tablet....)

(scene shifts to bar, Tony’s hand grabs the man’s arm...)

Tony: “She’s looking up how to care for alcohol poisoning!...DO YOU KNOW HOW?”

(The man looks at Tony, in shock...then shakes head...)

Tony: “THEN BACK OFF, BUDDY!....”

(Tony looks at Wong...)

Tony: “Keep looking!....”

Wong: “Seltzer!...”

(she looks at the screen...screen shows..)

UPLOAD COMPLETE

REMOVE INPUT DEVICE

HARD DRIVE WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN 10..9...8...

(Wong pulls drive out, slips it to Tony’s hand....Tony places it back in coat...)

(scene shifts to Wong, handing Sin Lu glass of carbonated water....)

Wong: “Drink..it will help...”

(Sin Lu nods....gulps water down....)

Sin Lu: “I am...I am feeling better....”

(pause)

Sin Lu: “How disgraceful of me....”

Wong: “Nonsense...look...only these people saw this...the rest of the party is carrying on....”

Tony: “I grabbed you...pulled you behind the silk screen....It seemed to be the best thing to do...”

(Sin Lu looks at Tony..nods...Tony helps the man up...)

Tony: “Here..your coat...”

(Sin Lu panics...reaches into his coat pocket, feels thumb drive...breathes a sigh of relief...)

Tony: “Everything okay?”

Sin Lu: “Yes...it is...thank you...”

Wong: “Sir...there is a bathroom in the corridor down the hall...you can clean up in there...”

(Sin Lu nods....scene shows him walking quickly towards hallway...)

Tony: “Amber...”

Wong: “Yes, Dinozzo...”

(He grins...)

Tony: “We make a pretty good team....”

“Should I be getting jealous?”

(They look...Ziva stands at the bar, one eyebrow up...then a grin...)

Wong: “Ma’am...he is everything you said he was....”

Ziva: “Was he goofy?”

Tony: “Oh yea.....I was that....”

Wong: “He was fantastic....I’ve watched both of you...and I learned so much...”

Tony: “Where’s your poor victim?”

Ziva: “He followed Sin Lu to the bathroom....he said he had something to retrieve...”

Tony: “And what did you find out?”

Ziva; “That there is trouble....there is much trouble for Taiwan and for Brazil....”

Wong: “The data was transferred...It was a successful mission...”

Tony: “And it didn’t happen without her help....”

Ziva: ‘I will be sure to inform Isabella of your help, Amber...I’m sure Anthony will fill me in...”

Tony: “And now?”

(Ziva turns around...looks at the crowd...)

Ziva; “There is much information here....and the night is young....And Mister Bond....? Are you still my bodyguard?”

Wong: “Ma’am...I believe it is your husband that needs to be guarded...”

(Ziva looks at Wong, curiously...she nods towards a table....row of attractive Chinese women staring at Tony...)

Wong: “They have not taken their eyes off of him since he walked in....In fact, almost every woman here has become fascinated with your husband...”

(Tony grins...)

Ziva; “Say it Tony...go ahead....”

(Tony says nothing...)

Ziva: “I said it about myself...you may also...”

(Tony grins more...)

Tony: “I’ve still got it...”

(Ziva moves close to Tony...runs her arm through his...he looks down..grins...then...)

“OOWW!....”

(Ziva pulls knuckle out of Tony’s ribs....looks at Wong...)

Ziva: “At times I have to remind my husband that he belongs to me...”

(pause..Ziva smiles...)

Ziva: “And watch the women as they realize the Ambassador from Brazil is sleeping with her bodyguard....It is such a scandal...”

Tony: “Yea...it’s like having an affair...With your wife...”

(Wong smiles....)

Wong: “I just love both of you....”

Ziva: “And we love you, Amber Chen...Now...please...may we have a drink before we mingle?”

Tony: “Without the drops....please....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Tron’s office, Tron at desk, Sin Lu sitting, wet cloth to back of his neck...Tron clicks keys.....looks at screen...)

Tron: “The information is transferred....”

(pause...looks at screen...)

Tron: “The battle plan is completed and delivered to the naval commanders...”

(Tron nods at Sin Lu)

Tron: “You did well to hide the drive in your pocket...your illness could have given someone an opportunity to take the briefcase...”

Sin Lu: “Director....there is something else of value in the case....”

Tron: “Such as?”

(Sin Lu opens the case....takes out file...Tron opens the file...)

Tron: “The captured Americans....these are pictures...why...?”

Sin Lu: “Please...look at the other pictures....”

(Tron pulls more pictures out of the case....)

Tron: “Who are they?”

(Sin Lu taps one picture...Dil....)

Sin Lu: “He is known...or was...as the Ghost...”

(Tron looks over at Sin Lu...)

Tron: “The American soldier...”

Sin Lu: “The American soldier that has caused many widows and orphans in our country....”

(Sin Lu taps another one...)

Sin Lu: “This man is known as Gibbs....”

Tron: “The friend of Premier Chen...”

(Tron looks up at Sin Lu...waiting)

Sin Lu: “They arrived in Jamaica this afternoon....and they brought their entire platoon with them...”

Tron: “Platoon?”

Sin Lu: “A thousand apologies, Minister Tron...Their team...they work together....but the point is, they are in Jamaica, and have checked into the same hotel as our comrades....”

(Tron nods...)

Tron: “They are there to extract those soldiers.....”

Sin Lu: “Yes, Minister...”

(Tron says nothing...thinks...then...)

Tron: “Sin Lu....you are in intelligence.....What do you propose?”

Sin Lu: “I propose you send more well armed soldiers to the area....in civilian clothes...Then have them pose as tourists, milling about, but always cognizant of their location and the location of their prey...”

Tron: “Their prey?”

Sin Lu: “Yes, Minister....if they succeed, then Premier Chen will be alerted...then Taiwan alerted...then...”

Tron: “Our invasion of Taiwan will fail....”

(Sin Lu says nothing....then...)

Tron: “Have the American prisoners transferred to the yacht.....Once that is done, have them transferred to the battleship that is approaching the harbor.....And once that is done, have them transferred from the battleship to the submarine....”

Sin Lu: “Sir...I am not aware of a submarine in the area...”

Tron: “There will be...I am about to order it to set sail immediately...”

Sin Lu: “Sir...may I ask why?”

Tron: “Those American soldiers need to disappear, Sin Lu....and without any trace...without any DNA, fingerprints...they need to be taken out into the ocean and allow the animals of the sea to feast upon them....”

(pause)

Tron; “If we are proven to have killed those soldiers.....”

Sin Lu: “Those Gibbs and Ghost people...They know...”

Tron: “They believe they know...If they were certain, many more than this group would be here.....but even if they become certain, they cannot tell any stories if they are dead, Sin Lu...”

(knock at the door....Tron gets up...opens door...man bows...)

Man: “A thousand pardons, Minister...but I have come to give you important information...”

Tron: “BE QUICK!...”

(The man bows again....)

Man: “Minister...I have many friends in the agencies here in U.S...and I have received information....”

Tron: “What information?”

Man: “An imposter...here...tonight...”

Tron: “What imposter?”

Man: “One of our guests...or trying to be a guest..”

Tron: “What man? Stop with the riddles!...”

Man: “All I found out was that an NCIS agent will attempt to infiltrate this event...”

Tron: “A man, you say...”

Man: “They did not say man or woman, minister....”

Sin Lu: “Minister...this group in Jamaica....that is their name....NCIS...”

(Tron thinks....then...)

Tron: “Do we know a name?”

Man: “No Minister....this man I know...he is unhappy with his lot in life with the CIA...his treachery would only go so far...”

(The man bows again...)

Man: “Minister...there is a woman at the entrance....”

Tron: “So?”

(scene shifts to CIA safe house....agent on phone, eyes tightly closed, phone to ear....)

Agent: “Director Stephens....I had no choice!...Attorneys showed up!...They had cameras!....They claimed diplomatic immunity!....I didn’t want our kidnapping of the Brazilian Ambassador on the front page!....I had to release her!...”

(scene shifts to Tron’s office....)

Tron: “This woman....who is she...?”

Man: “Minister....she claims to be the Ambassador from Brazil...”

Tron: “What? That is impossible!...”

(Tron gets up...walks to open party area...looks at Ziva, talking to other men...her bodyguard laughing....Tron turns to the man...)

Tron: “Allow the woman in...let us see what happens....”

(Tron sits in bar chair, looks at the bartender...)

Tron: “Miss Wong....this should be interesting...”

(Wong pours the Minister a drink....looks at Ziva and Tony....closes her eyes, mouths a prayer...)

(scene shifts to front door of Embassy....voice sounds out....)

“Someone show me to Minister Din Tron”

(No one moves...then the voice yells out...)

“NOW!....”

(The woman takes a breath...)

“I AM THE AMBASSADOR FROM BRAZIL AND I DEMAND TO BE SEEN RIGHT NOW!”

(scene fades out to Amelia Braga, identical facial features of Ziva...)

(scene fades to black and white)

“The Gizmo, The Dress, and Bond, Tony Bond”

Part 2

(scene opens in doorway to Tron’s office, Ziva standing in doorway, Tron laying on floor, eyes open in shock, mouth open, gasping, Wong curled up in rear corner of office, clothes torn, face in shock, tears.....Amelia Braga laying on floor, two bullet holes in chest, eyes open, staring blankly.....Ziva screams loudly....)

(scene shifts to Jamaican luxury hotel, Gibbs and team in suite, open living room area, McGee with laptop open, floor plan to hotel room on screen....)

McGee: “It’s a large suite, at least 40 feet from door to balcony sliding doors...balcony is 10 feet wide, 8 feet deep...”

Dil: “How far does the balcony roof cover the patio?”

McGee: “All the way and more, I’m afraid....”

Dil: “Then we can’t drop on it and snatch her....”

McGee: “No....”

Torres: “That’s the third floor, man...too far to grab and jump....”

Dil: “i could do it...but not holding 100 pounds of terrified girl....”

Gibbs: “2 men in the room?”

(McGee nods...)

McGee: “Porters say the girl never leaves...She’s been in there for 3 days...”

(Dil turns away...McGee looks at Dil...)

McGee: “Dil...The porters say she’s not afraid....they describe her as sad....”

(Dil turns back...)

Dil: “So...you don’t think....”

(McGee shakes his head...)

McGee; ‘No...there’s no sign that they’ve done anything but keep her prisoner...”

Dil: “Is she eating...?”

McGee: “Yes..but she won’t eat anything but...”

Dil: “Burgers....Burgers and fries....When she got upset, or afraid....that was her thing....”

(McGee nods...)

McGee: “Burgers and fries...that’s what they brought her, breakfast, lunch and dinner...”

Dil: “Then if she’s eating....”

McGee: “Brother...she hasn’t been hurt...not like that....”

(Dil looks at McGee...nods....)

Dil: “Thanks....Guess I needed to hear that...”

(Torres turns to Gibbs....)

Torres: “Boss...you have any ideas?”

Gibbs: “Yea...lots...but all of them call for guns...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “Even if it’s just in case...”

Torres: “McGee...can we see the balcony view again?”

(McGee types...ground view looking up at balcony seen in picture....)

Torres: “Concrete railing....thick pillars...”

(Dil looks...)

Dil: “Each one is at least 6 inches thick....and the railing is wide...”

Torres: “Yea...it will hold...”

(They stare at the picture.....then...)

Torres: “That tree across from the balcony....it’s big...”

Dil: “That’s a Cotton Tree....Huge trees...native to Jamaica...”

Torres: “You know, amigo...the big branches...they’re like second floor level...”

Dil: “But not close enough or high enough to access that balcony...”

Torres: “Uh...you know...you could jump from that balcony onto that big branch....”

Dil: “I get it, brother....but not if me or you have that girl in our arms....We’d hit, never get a grip with our feet...”

(Torres shrugs...)

Torres: “Kinda not thinking that....”

(Dil looks at Torres, curiously....)

Gibbs: “No...No way that works....”

(Dawson looks at Pankow...they look at Kasie...Kasie mouths “I don’t know!”)

Dil: “But....”

Torres: “If I had her right there....just a one story fall...I could....”

Dil: “No...My arms are longer and stronger than yours...Your legs are stronger than mine.....I jump...You land....”

Gibbs: “What?”

McGee: “It’s only 8 feet from the balcony to the limb...”

(They stare at the image...)

McGee: “If Torres went up and out....”

Dil: “And I threw her....”

(silence....all eyes on screen....Dil looks at Torres....)

Dil: “We could do that...”

Torres: “Yea..maybe.....you know.....”

(Gibbs phone buzzes...walks away....answers....)

Dil: “10 feet from limb to ground....you could cushion that?”

Torres: “Yea...if she helps out...you know...”

Dil: “She’s 12....she’s going to be terrified....”

Torres: “Okay...then I roll...I can cover her....”

(Gibbs walks up...)

Gibbs: “Whatever you two are thinking, it better happen fast...Amelia Braga was sprung from the safe house....she’s on her way to the Embassy...”

McGee: “Which means those men are going to get a phone call....and that girl’s life....”

(pause)

McGee: “It’s not going to end well....”

(silence....then...)

Dil: “Torres...walk me through it....”

Torres: “You start from the roof above the balcony....”

(scene shifts to Tron’s office, Ziva in doorway, Tony behind her....)

Tony: “Again...louder...”

(Ziva screams louder.....)

Tony: “This is crazy...even for Tony Bond....”

(Ziva and Tony stare at Wong, huddled in the corner....)

30 MINUTES AGO

(scene opens in Tron’s office, Tron sitting behind desk, Amelia Braga, face scuffed hair messy, sits in chair, angry face.....side door opens....Ziva seen...)

Tron: “Ah...the Ambassador is here...Maybe....”

(Ziva walks in, Tony following, Ziva looks at Braga, curious face, looks at Tron...)

Ziva: “Who is she?”

Tron: “She claims to be you”

(Ziva stares at the woman....Braga yells out...)

Braga: “WHO ARE YOU?...”

(Ziva looks back at Tron...)

Ziva: “This is a game you play?”

(Ziva walks in...walks closer to Braga....the woman glares at Ziva....Ziva stops...turns to Braga...)

Ziva: “No...she is not me”

(pause)

Ziva: “I am quite sure...”

Tron: “She has a rather convincing story....”

Ziva: “Yes? Please...what is it...?”

Tron: “She claims she was detained by American authorities due to something in her luggage...then she was taken to a CIA safe house, tortured, made to talk, but her attorneys found her, and forced her release....”

(Ziva thinks...then turns to Tron...)

Ziva: “Then it is in your best interest that you kill her...”

(Tron looks at Ziva, curious...Braga looks on, disbelief...)

Ziva: “I had made the assumption, Minister Tron...that you were an intelligent man....”

Tron: “For the moment...assume I am an imbecile....educate me...”

Ziva: “Yes...that will be easy....”

(Tron frowns....)

Ziva: “The story is one of imagination and falsehoods....”

(She turns to Tron)

Ziva: “If she was captured...and tortured...and made to talk....”

(Ziva shrugs)

Ziva: “Why are not authorities here arresting you for what she knows and obviously spoke about?”

(Tron says nothing....looks at Braga...)

Ziva: “Treason...invasion...payment to overthrow a foreign president....Need I go on? Again, I ask...if what she says is true...why are they not here arresting you?”

(Tron stares at Braga....Braga’s eyes widen...)

Braga: “You cannot tell me you are believing her!...”

Tron: “She makes a most convincing case....Whoever you are...”

(Ziva looks at Braga....)

Ziva: “And please, Minister...tell me....and it is imperative that you be honest...”

(pause)

Ziva: “Have I not manipulated, seduced, teased, and led you to believe there would be much more?”

(She waits....Tron nods...)

Ziva: “And after you revealed to me what you did....Have I stayed? Or have I left, or contacted anyone?”

(Tron says nothing...then shakes his head...)

Tron: “You have stayed....and had every opportunity to leave”

Braga: “MINISTER!....NO!..”

Ziva: “And have I not shown you deceit and lies and deception? The exact qualities necessary for our plan to be fruitful?”

(Ziva looks at Braga...shakes her head...)

Ziva; “And I am sure she claims she speaks only truth....”

Braga: “I DO!...”

Ziva: “See? She is not a liar....and a liar is what you know and need a partner to be....”

(Tron silent....reaches over on desk, picks up pistol, silencer equipped...points it at Braga....)

Tron: “Whether you are who you say or not…I do believe I would rather work with this Brazilian Minister...”

Ziva: “Brazilian Ambassador...but either one...you are correct....”

(Tron moves the gun away from Braga...points it at Ziva...)

Tron: “But can you ever be trusted?”

(Tony steps in between Tron's desk and Ziva...)

Tony: "Me...point that gun at me..."

Tron: "And why?"

Tony: "Because I'm the most dangerous person in the room, you fool....Always point the gun at the threat..."

(Tron's face shows surprise....Tony reaches out...grabs gun barrel..pulls it to his forehead...)

Tony: "Now....this is what you want to do..."

(Ziva's face in shock....)

Tony: "Next...is proof of loyalty...."

(Tony, lightning quick, snatches gun out of Tron's hand....points it at Tron....Tron's face in shock...)

Tony: "See? I told you I was the most dangerous man in the room...."

(Tony grins....spins pistol in hand, puts it back in Tron's shaking hand.....Tony steps back....)

Tony: "Now...where were we...?"

(Tron speechless...he looks at the gun in his hand...then at Tony....)

(Ziva's eyes look past Tron....eyes widen....Wong slips through doorway, gun with silencer in front of her....She swivels the gun towards Tron.....fires twice.....Tron slumps....she moves the gun quickly to Braga...fires again....)

Ziva: "What?..."

(Wong moves quickly to body of Braga...places her gun in Braga's hand, lifts it, points it at dead body of Tron...fires...gets up quickly....moves to Tron's body....lifts his arm up, gun still in hand...wraps her fingers around his hand and the trigger, fires the gun into Braga's body....She quickly strips off rubber gloves....looks at Tony...)

Tron; "Hit me!..."

(Tony and Ziva in disbelief...)

Tony: “What are you....”

(Wong grabs Tony’s arm...swings it to her face, slaps her face hard....)

Wong: “People that know her are entering the building!....I know what I am doing!...”

Ziva: “We can get you out!...Come with us!...”

Wong; ‘NO!...I HAVE COME TOO FAR!...”

(She falls to the floor by Tron’s body, unbuckles his belt, unzips pants....)

Wong: “Help me!....Pull his pants down!...”

(Wong reaches to her chest, rips buttons apart on blouse....reaches into bra, rips the straps.....hikes up her skirt, slaps her inner legs hard, skin reddens....)

Wong: “Go out that door!...Take my gloves!....Go into the party, wait 3 minutes, and come in to discover Tron tried to rape me and this woman tried to stop him!....That is all you can determine!...”

(Tony quickly reaches down, pulls Tron’s pant’s legs....)

Wong: “NOW GO!...3 MINUTES!...”

PRESENT

(Ziva stands in the doorway, screams loudly.....men come running.....they enter the doorway...)

Ziva: “MY GOD!...We came to see the Minister!....This is what we found!....LOOK!...”

(Ziva points to Wong, curled up in corner, bouse torn, legs red, face red, crying....)

Wong: “He tried...He tried to take me...Oh help me....She tried to stop him...!...All I want to do is serve my country!.....HELP ME!...HELP ME!....”

(Wong’s screams ring out.....men rush to her...One men speaks...)

Man: “Get her to Embassy doctor!...She is highly thought of by party!....Get her help!...”

(The man looks at Ziva....Ziva's face in anguish...)

Ziva: "This woman...who is she...?"

Man: "I do not know...but Ambassador....I must ask...."

Ziva: "I know...I was not here...I was no where near...I saw nothing.....I understand..."

Man: "And as rude as it sounds..."

Ziva: "Yes...we must leave...."

(The man quickly bows....turns to Tron...)

Man: "His ways....we knew some day they would be his demise...."

(scene shifts to black limo...Tony driving, Ziva in back....)

Ziva: "Anthony....Amber...."

Tony: "I know..."

Ziva: "She could have come with us..."

Tony: "Yea...but she stayed...."

Ziva: "I believe also, she saved my life..."

Tony: "I don't doubt it..."

(Ziva quiet...then reaches into back of seat in front of her, pulls out cell...)

Ziva: "I am calling Isabelle..."

Tony: "No, Ziva...."

(She looks up at the front seat in surprise...Tony points upwards...)

Tony: "That embassy roof is full of antennas...You told me the top floor is electronic surveillance.....they'll pick up your call..."

(Ziva nods..lays the phone down....then leans up, hits Tony twice on shoulder...)

Tony: "OW!...ZIVA!...."

Ziva: "YOU STEPPED IN FRONT OF THE GUN!...."

(pause...she hits at him again...)

Ziva: “YOU PUT THE GUN TO YOUR HEAD!....”

(she swings...Tony ducks...)

Ziva: “YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!....”

(swings, stops..Tony ducks...she hits the side of his raised arm...)

Ziva: “STAY STILL SO I CAN HIT YOU!....”

(She slumps back in seat, breathing hard....looks up at Tony....then leans up, Tony ducks again...Ziva wraps her arms around his neck...)

Ziva: “My angel....You did that for me.....”

Tony: “Yea....”

Ziva: “You make me so angry sometimes....”

Tony: “For doing what I did?”

(She hugs him tighter)

Ziva: “Yes...you are always protecting me....and it is I who should protect you....”

Tony: “You’re Mossad...so in Israel, you protect me...here in America, it’s my turn....”

(silence....then...)

Ziva: “Agreed”

(pause)

Ziva: “But when we leave America, it is my turn to protect you....”

(silence...Ziva leans back in seat...)

Ziva: “Anthony....Amber could have come with us...”

Tony: “I know”

Ziva: “She said she was too far in....She had built a trust with the Chinese....”

Tony: “And it might have just gotten bigger....”

Ziva; “Yes...it was a perfect opportunity to show her loyalty to the party...”

Tony: “And save our rear ends....and keep that woman from talking...”

(Ziva thinks...then nods...)

Ziva: “Yes..she was quite efficient....”

Tony: “And on time....”

(Ziva lets out a breath....)

Ziva; “Yes...and on time...”

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

Tony: “Hey...you hungry?”

Ziva; “Famished”

Tony: “You know, at the restaurant upstairs at the Plaza, it’s formal....”

(Ziva looks up...smiles...)

Ziva; “And you are quite dashing....”

Tony: “You are still beautiful”

Ziva: “And possibly we could dance?”

Tony: “If that means holding the most beautiful woman in the world, then yea....”

(Ziva grins...)

Ziva; “If it means the one holding me is the most dangerous man in the room....then yes....”

(silence...then Ziva grins again...)

Ziva; “Bond...Tony Bond....”

Tony: “That’s me....”

(Tony smiles.....scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaica, night...immaculate gardens outside suite balconies....Diletta Childs stands, arms crossed, looking out off balcony....She looks back, 2 Chinese men playing cards on bed...she looks back to the gardens...)

(scene shifts to gardens...two large men walk between bushes, hoodies on, baseball caps, heads looking down....Dee watches them, curiously....both men look up at her...)

(scene shifts to balcony.....Dee's eyes widen.....she looks down, one man places a finger to his lips....The young girl smiles, nods....mouths...)

"UNCLE DIBERT!"

(Dil nods...then reaches over to Torres, he raises his head, smiles big...waves....Dil touches his chest...mouths...)

"Friend"

(Dee nods....watches both men walk towards the balcony, then disappear under her line of sight...then a voice...)

"Remember when we played good guys and bad guys? Remember when you got caught, you raised your arms up high...?"

(pause)

"In 5 minutes, raise your hands, and leave them there...."

(Dee listens...wipes eyes...nods....)

(scene shows Dil running down hotel hallway, service door, exits on rooftop, runs along roof towards edge...)

(scene shifts to gardens...Torres faces huge tree trunk....begins running towards tree....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops Room, Delilah and team watching live satellite feed of Torres running....Isabella stands behind them, watching....)

Bishop: "Nick...what in the hell are you doing?"

(TV screen shows Torres leap upwards, pull body up tree trunk, then scramble onto huge lower limb, then squats, facing the balconies...)

(scene shifts to roof of hotel...Dil seen lowering body into sitting position near edge of roof....he looks outward, sees Torres on tree limb....Torres motions towards Dil's right, holds up 3 fingers....Dil nods, scoots over three feet....Torres seen nodding....Dil points downward....Torres looks at balcony, then Torres raises both arms up in air, nods....Dil pushes forward, begins sliding down sloped roof towards roof edge...)

(scene shifts to Dee, her arms raised, both Chinese men still in room playing cards on bed...Dil seen reaching edge of roof, flipping over, grabs roof edge with both hands, swings inward, landing silently next to the young girl....Dil immediately wraps one arm around Dee, her eyes open in fear, as Dil leaps up, plants one foot on concrete balcony railing, then with both feet, pushes off into the air, towards the tree limb, one hand over the girl's open mouth....)

(scene shifts to Torres...he watches...Dil grabs the girl, leaps up, then out...Torres pushes hard with both legs, leaps upwards and out off of the limb....)

(scene shifts to Dil, seeing Torres leap.....Dil releases Dee, pushes her quickly towards Torres, coming at them, Dee suspended in the air, then Torres snatches her with both arms, starts falling....)

(Scene shifts to large limb, Dil lands on limb, feet slip forward, Dil falls backwards, flips body over, lands on ground on all fours....)

(scene shifts to Torres, holding girl close to his body, lands on soft grass, powerful legs cushion fall, both fall forward, Torres flips over, lands on back, girl safe in arms....)

(scene shifts to Dil running towards them, Torres cradling girl in arms, both running into hotel open stairway....)

(scene shifts to suite...both Chinese men look at the balcony..)

Man: "Where...?"

(Both men dart up, run to balcony.....both look over balcony....then at each other...)

Man: "She did not jump!..We are too high!..."

Man 2: "But where then is she?"

Man: “She has disappeared into thin air!....”

(Both men run into the room, then run out, into the hallway....)

(scene shows both Chinese men standing in grass, looking up at 3rd floor balcony....)

Man: “It is impossible!...”

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room....Bishop with hand over mouth, eyes in shock...Nell with both hands covering face.....Tommy and Tabby open mouth awed....)

Delilah: “HOW DID THEY DO THAT!...”

Bishop: “THEY DO IT ALL THE TIME!..IT PISSES ME OFF!....”

(They all look back at Isabelle...her mouth open, eyes wide.....then Bella smiles big...)

Bella; “Play it back!....Let’s watch it again!....”

Nell: “NO!....I CAN’T!....”

Bishop: “ME EITHER!...”

Bella: “WE KNOW THE ENDING!...PLAY IT AGAIN!...”

(Bishops’ phone buzzes...Nell’s phone buzzes...Delilah’s phone buzzes...all three women pick up)

Bishop: “NICK!...YOU STUPID WONDERFUL MAN!.....”

Nell: “OH MY GOD DIL!...I DON’T BELIEVE!.....”

Delilah: “TIM!....DID YOU SEE THAT!....”

(Bella seen clapping....smiling....)

Bella: “Again!...Play it again!.....”

(scene shifts to hotel suite, Dil holding onto Dee, then the others come up...)

Dil: “Dee...our team....”

(Group joins in hugging Dee, girl crying.....happy....)

Gibbs: “Young lady....your dad and his friends are next....”

(Dee wipes her eyes....nods....)

Gibbs: “I’ve placed a call....A local agency rep is coming to pick you up and get you somewhere safe until this over...”

(knock on door...)

Gibbs; “That’s him or her now....you go, and we’ll be in touch with you...”

Dee: “Thank you!....”

(She turns to Dil..hugs him again...)

Dee: “I knew you’d come...I just knew it.....”

Dil; “Of course I came, you knucklehead....”

Dee: “Thank you....”

(Gibbs seen walking to door...looks through peep hole, puzzled look on face...opens door....)

“Hey mon!...You have someone for me?”

(Gibbs looks at the man...bewildered...)

Gibbs; ‘Benny?”

(scene shows tall black man, smiling...)

Benny: “Didn’t I tell you I would be your best friend while on the island?”

(Benny bows...group in shock...)

Benny: “Benjamin Radcliff...CIA...At your service....”

(pause, Benny pulls out ID wallet, picture ID..smiles big.)

Benny: “And I do accept tips, you know mon?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Plaza Roof Dining Room, Ziva and Tony dancing, elegant tables, floor to ceiling windows overlook D.C.....Music stops, Tony escorts Ziva back to table, all eyes on both of them...)

Tony: “i believe they are staring at you...”

(Tony pulls chair out, Ziva sits...)

Ziva: “And you....”

Tony: “Think we should call in?”

Ziva: “No...I am enjoying this wonderful time...”

(Ziva’s phone buzzes....)

Ziva: “I will not answer it...”

Tony: “Might want to...it might be about Amber...”

(Ziva answers...)

Ziva; “Yes, Isabella?”

(She looks at Tony...)

Ziva: “I am dancing with a beautiful man...And what is it you are doing?”

(Ziva listens...jaw drops....looks at Tony....Ziva goes back to phone...)

Ziva: “You are not serious..!”

(Ziva looks at Tony...covers phone...whispers...)

Ziva: “They placed Braga’s body in the incinerator...”

(Tony’s face shows surprise...Ziva uncovers phone...)

Ziva: “That is surprising..but then again not....They could not afford to have authorities come in....”

(she listens...then...)

Ziva: “No, Isabella, I did not...it was Amber Chen....This young woman proved most courageous and resourceful....She is a good one...”

(listens....nods....)

Ziva: “Okay....yes.....okay.....Yes, We will file the report, but it will be tomorrow....not tonight...”

(listens...then)

Ziva: “Yes, they have a number to call me....”

(listens....then ends call...she smiles at Tony...)

Ziva: “Guess what?”

(Tony grins...)

Tony: “They still think you’re the Ambassador to Brazil....”

(Ziva smiles..nods...)

Tony: “That means.....”

Ziva; “That means we will continue to carry out the masquerade....”

Tony: “And....?”

(Ziva smiles...)

Ziva; “Bond...Tony Bond...rides once more into the sunrise...”

Tony: “Sunset, Ziva...”

Ziva: “No...sunrise...the sun has already set and we shall enjoy this time together until the sun rises again”

(Tony raises his hand, signals for waiter....waiter comes over...)

Tony: “Vodka Martini please.....”

Ziva; “And please ask them to shake it...do not stir it...”

(The waiter nods...walks away....)

Ziva: “Anthony....”

Tony: “Yea?”

Ziva: “After dinner....and another drink.....”

Tony: “We still have the room, Ziva....”

(Ziva nods...smiles at Dinozzo, and stands....)

Ziva: “Then dance with me again, you dangerous man....It has been a wonderful evening...A Minister of the Communist Party and a Brazilian Ambassador are dead, and I did not kill either”

(Dinozzo grins..)

Tony: “That’s my girl”

(scene shifts to Jamaican luxury hotel, Gibbs and team in suite....Gibbs on phone....)

Gibbs; “Okay, Stephens....get that to McGee, and brief Fielding and team...”

(listens...)

Gibbs; “You’re there with Fielding?...Good....let us know what they come up with....We need that intel”

(Gibbs ends call...looks at McGee...)

Gibbs: “Your wife is downloading the location of the 4 Marines...”

(Gibbs looks at Dawson...)

Gibbs; “Phone numbers they picked up from Chinese coming your way...”

(He looks at Pankow)

Gibbs: “They’re on a yacht, but might get transferred to a Chinese Cruiser named the Red Lion....get with your Navy Intel buddies and see what you can find”

(Gibbs looks at Torres and Dil....)

Gibbs: “You two up to joining us?”

(Torres looks at Gibbs, disbelief)

Torres: “You need to ask?”

Gibbs: “Trying to be polite”

Torres; “Since when?”

(Gibbs thinks...shrugs...)

Gibbs: ‘Yea...you’re right....”

(Gibbs turns to the group...harsh voice)

Gibbs; “Get your intel then gear up!...Kidnapped Marines!...We’re going in hard!”

(scene fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

Chapter 2,

“Extraction By Subtraction”

Part 1

(scene opens in CyFo Operations Center, Team at consoles, two large TV screens on wall in front, Delilah, John Kirby, Isabella Stephens, another woman sitting by Isabella, all behind CyFo team...)

Bella: “Director Fielding, this is Kristi Adams, our...”

Delilah: “Resident CIA satellite expert...I know....”

(Delilah, still looking at TV’s, nods...)

Delilah: “Welcome...”

Adams: “Thank you...but I still don’t know why we’re not doing this from our center....CyberForce is good, but they don’t have the assets we do....”

(Delilah nods towards the consoles, Nell standing on left, Tommy sitting next to Nell, Tabby sitting in wheelchair next to Tommy, Bishop standing on the right, all focused on TV screens...)

Delilah: “You don’t have them....”

(Adams looks at the CyFo team....leans back...)

Adams: “We’ll see....”

(Bella leans over, whispers to Adams...)

Bella: “Careful...everyone that questions them ends up looking stupid...”

Adams: “I won’t”

(Bella gives small smile...pats Adams on leg....)

Bella: “Which one? Ask questions, or look stupid?”

(Adams looks at Bella, curiously...Bella grins..)

Bella: “Have fun”

(scene shifts to Nell...)

Nell: “Ellie...progress?”

Bishop: “China 1 and China 2 are in position....They are currently linking to their fleet”

(Delilah leans over to Bella and Adams)

Delilah: “We keep it simple...those are the names given to the two Chinese military link satellites that will be controlling both the navigation of the Chinese warships and the missile guidance calculations of the Chinese missile cruisers...”

(scene shifts to Team...)

Bishop: “China 1 and 2 are both following predicted SOP battlefield tactics....”

Nell: “Which one..?”

Bishop: “Chiang Kai Sheck...1934 tactical maneuver....Total abilities shared by two divisions, insuring one would survive a loss and the other could still fulfill the attack....”

Nell: “Thank you, Ellie...”

(Delilah leans over again...whispers...)

Delilah: “Nell is the tech brain, Bishop is the tactical expert....They work together well...”

Adams: “I get it...but Chian Kai Shek? 90 years ago? We’re dealing with satellites!...Not ground troops!...”

Delilah: “Granted...but the Chinese revere classic leaders...they implement the same tactics in modern warfare...and they are very good at it”

(Kirby leans over..)

Kirby: “D.O.D. has paid attention to what these ladies do...we’re implementing these tactics into our defensive field strategies”

Nell: “Tommy....give me 24% boost on CF 122....and ramp up CF – 411 to 30%...Both on headings of 234....”

(Tommy clicky clacks....)

Adams: “What are they doing?”

Delilah: “In about 24 hours....They’ll be giving the Taiwanese and American naval force a window of 3 hours....”

Adams: “What window?”

Delilah: “My people are going to blind the Chinese satellites....There will be 3 hours of dead time that the Chinese naval forces will be flying blind...no contact with their satellites...”

Adams: “That’s impossible!....We’ve tried to interrupt those satellites!...It can’t be done!...Their defenses are too good!...”

(Nell turns to Adams...)

Nell: “Yes ma’am...they are...that’s what we’re counting on...”

Bella: “In other words, Kristi, if our people can wreck the coms to the Chinese navy, and allow our ships to maneuver into place without being detected, then that in itself may deter the Chinese from invading Taiwan...”

Bella: “And you feel certain that this Chinese Naval exercise is a precursor to an actual invasion?”

Adams: “Well...We’ve run the stats....We don’t think it’s going to happen..”

(Delilah nods to Nell and Bishop)

Kirby: “They do...”

(Adams scoffs)

Adams: “And what leads them to that, pray tell? We’re spending millions on satellite time, not mention trying to move an old bird into position that does not have the fuel to make the trip!...”

(Nell hangs her head...Bishop looks over....Nell turns to Adams...)

Nell: “China 1 moving into position is standard for an exercise....”

(pause)

Nell: “China 2 is strictly missile guidance. It is not standard procedure..unless it’s for actual combat....Why do they have both linked to the Chinese Navy?”

(Adams looks at the screen....)

Adams: “I...I don’t know....”

Nell: “And for the record, CF-122 was put into orbit in 1984...it has the old fuel cell design of having one main fuel supply for all retro rockets instead of the modern design of having individual cells for each retro...We changed fuel designs in 2005”

(Adams lets out a breath...nods)

Adams: “And since you’re only needing one direction, so you can pull from the main cell to operate the retros you need....”

(pause)

Adams: “You’re right....the old design does allow that...”

(Nell nods...turns back to the console...)

Bella: “Kristi...be quiet and watch...”

Nell: “Tommy...do you have the attack program ready to upload?”

Tommy: “Ready and waiting ma’am...”

Bishop: “Tabby...HamBurglar ready?”

Tabby: “HamBurglar is ready ma’am...just waiting on the word...”

(Bella leans over..whispers to Adams)

Bella: “Once the Chinese satellites shut down to prevent hacking, they’re going after some data on the Chinese bird...”

Adams: “They can’t...not the data we want...”

Bella: “But what we want will be unprotected..”

(Adams looks curiously at Bella...)

Bella: “Bishop and Nell want the food shipment orders....”

Adams: “What? Why the hell....?”

Bella: “Ask her...”

(Adams says nothing....then...)

Adams: “Director Torres?”

Bishop: “Ma’am...?”

Adams: “I’m almost afraid to ask...but why do you want the Chinese food shipment data? It’s fascinating, but it’s useless for military application”

Bishop: “Chain Kai Shek, 1929...An army travels on its stomach”...”

(pause)

Bishop: “Food shipments to the troops tell us where the troops are going to be....but if we can lock in on the beef and chicken orders, we’ve struck gold...”

(Adams says nothing.....then...)

Adams: “Because.....Only Colonels and above get chicken and beef....”

Bishop: “Generals only are allowed beef....”

Adams: “Which tells us where the commanding officers are going to be sent...”

(Bishop nods...turns back to console...Adams leans back, crosses her arms....)

Adams: “I’ll be damned....That makes sense....”

Nell: “Good...now stop being a distraction”

(Tommy and Tabby’s eyes widen...both focus on keyboard...John Kirby seen with small grin on face...)

Tommy: “Both our birds are fired up and moving towards designated areas....ETA to target area 22 hours”

Nell: “Thank you, Tommy...be sure and increase reverse thrust when you’re approaching target area....”

(Adams looks at the screen....leans over...whispers..)

Adams: “If they reverse, they’ll never reach the target area....”

(Bella looks at the screen...)

Bella: “I know...I don’t understand either....”

(Nell looks down again....shakes her head....turns...)

Nell: “We have to or we’ll overshoot the target...”

Adams: “No you won’t!...You will not overshoot it!...”

(Nell turns back to console...lets out a long breath...)

Nell: “Tabby...explain it to her please...She’s wearing me out..”

(Tabby turns...timid look...)

Tabby: “Ma’am...respectfully.....”

(pause)

Tabby: “Currently, the TSS and ISS..the International Space Station and the Chinese Space Station are docked, sharing weather data....”

Adams: “Yes..I know...”

Tabby: “And because there is so much combined mass, they increased their orbit level to escape earth’s gravitational pull....”

Adams: “I don’t see what that....”

(Nell turns, face angry....)

Nell: “The two stations will pass within 200 miles from our bird!....What’s going to happen when our satellite reaches the target point?”

(Adams thinks...closes her eyes...)

Adams: “The two space stations together have so much mass, they are creating their own gravitational field....”

Nell: “And will pull our satellite right out of its position!....That’s why I want full retro when it arrives!....”

Adams: “But....but that orbit change isn’t in any data bases....how....how did you know it changed altitude?”

Bella: “Because it always has, and that data is stored in Nell’s memory bank...”

Adams: “What memory bank? There’s no memory bank that keeps it....”

Bella; “The one on top of her shoulders....”

(Adams looks at Nell...mild shock...)

Adams: “Her memory?”

Bella: “Yes...she knows those orbits by heart...it’s how her mind works...”

(Adams staring at Nell, disbelief...)

Bella: “Before you ask Kristi...I’ve tried to steal these people for the longest time...”

Delilah: “I’ll blow up your building if you try....”

(Adams looks on...looks at Bella....puzzled face....)

Adams: “Who are these people?”

(Delilah chuckles...Kirby grins...Bella pats Adams’s leg again....Adams’s face frustrated)

Adams: “No!..I mean it!...Who are these people?”

(scene shifts to Nell...)

Nell: “Tabby...give me live Jamaica....”

(Tabby clicky clacks...)

Bishop: “Targeted dock please.....”

(more typing....view shows Chinese men leading shuffling Americans down deserted dock)

Bishop: “They’re moving the soldiers....those men are still drugged..”

Nell: “Get Gibbsy....”

(pause)

Nell: “Tommy...everything on the Red Star, the battleship approaching Jamaica...download it to Tim....”

Bishop: “Calling Gibbs now...redirecting the assault....”

Nell: “Tell him to launch his drones...and his coms...We’ll be online with them immediately...”

Bishop: “Affirmative...”

(Adams looks at screen...curious...)

Adams: “Director Stephens? This part is a foreign land assault...why aren’t we involved?”

Bella: “The same reason we’re doing the satellite warfare from this office and not ours...”

(silence.....then)

Adams: “We have a leak...don’t we....?”

Bella; “Yes we do...someone got word to a Chinese agent that Gibbs and team left the ground early....and they participated in delivering information that is against the best interest of our country, and almost got two of our people killed at the Chinese embassy...”

(pause)

Bella: “Worst of all, that leak has been traced to our equipment, our communication device....”

Bella: “We’ve been compromised, Agent Adams....and I intend on finding out who and where that leak is. In the meantime, this is the safest place to conduct this operation”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaican hotel suite, McGee, Dawson, Pankow at long table, monitors up, all three with headsets on...)

Dawson: “Confirmed?”

(Dawson listens....clicks switch...turns to Gibbs...)

Dawson: “NCIS Tech has confirmed that there was a satellite call, CIA equipment registered frequency, to a receiver approximately 15 miles away..”

Gibbs: “Why make a local call with a sat phone?”

Dawson: “Don’t want it monitored...”

Gibbs: “Do we have who the receiver was?”

Dawson: “Sat ID belongs to the Chinese Intelligence...We’ve seen the frequency before”

Gibbs: “Sender?”

(Dawson shakes her head...)

Dawson: “Not yet, but we’re narrowing it down. Director Stephens has given us access to their calls records...”

Gibbs: “If it was logged...yea...”

McGee: “Boss....we’ve got a problem....”

Gibbs: “Go”

McGee: “Our boys are being moved....”

Gibbs: “We know where?”

McGee: “Bishop has picked up the Red Star battleship moving offshore towards the port....”

(pause)

McGee: “The soldiers are being moved as we speak....They were in a warehouse on the dock, now being transferred to a large private boat....”

“That would be the Danger Zone...”

(They turn, Benny shrugs...)

Benny: “It belongs to the Chinese, mon...It big enough to carry many people, and small enough to navigate the reefs....”

Gibbs: “Reefs?”

Benny: “Many...It is reason the Chinese warship being taken offshore....That ship never move in between those rocks....They tear a boat up, or stop a ship, no matter how big that boy is....”

Gibbs: “Hiding places in there?”

Benny: “Yea..so much hiding, mon, or you can park a boat in the plain sight of all, but no one can come get you....Not before you can get away...”

Dil: “So...how are we going to get to them? If they take a boat, park it in the middle of a reef stream, we’d have to swim to the boat....I don’t mind that, but getting 4 drugged Marines off and out of there, does not sound easy...”

(silence....then Gibbs looks at Benny)

Gibbs: “You know this island...”

Benny: “Like the back of my hand, mon....”

Gibbs: “You have any ideas?”

(Benny shrugs...)

Benny: “Maybe....but maybe not...”

Gibbs: “Tell me the maybe...”

Benny: “Tell Benny you not going to judge, and maybe Benny tell you the maybe...”

Gibbs: “We don’t judge”

Benny: “Maybe not in the D.C. you do not...but this is Jamaica....we do things a might different here...”

Torres: “Hold on....”

(Torres walks to suitcase, opens....pulls out envelope....)

Torres: “One hundred dollars....”

(Torres turns...holds up cash...)

Torres: “Dude...this get us a maybe?”

(Benny smiles....)

Benny: “Oh mon...you think Benny can be paid for....that is so unkind...”

(Torres pulls out 4 more bills...)

Torres: “5 hundred...”

(Benny smiles...white teeth gleaming...)

Benny: “As Benny said...I am your best friend on this island....”

Gibbs: “Then talk...”

Benny: “No...Benny not talk...Benny show you....”

Gibbs: “Where are we going?”

Benny: “You go....”

(He looks at Dil...)

Benny; “And you...The rest, meet us on the hotel dock, one hour....and bring your fishing gear....”

Dil: “Fishing?”

Benny: “Ya mon...you going fishing for the men you want...right?”

(pause)

Benny: “Then bring what you need to catch fish with....”

(scene shifts to older jeep, Benny driving, mountains seen to left of car, clear turquoise waters seen to the right...)

Benny: “We almost there....”

Gibbs: “Where are we going?”

Benny: “To get you what you need.....”

Dil: “You wanted me along....why?”

Benny: “Because you the Ghost, mon....you know what to do with what Benny have...”

Dil: “And what does Benny have?”

(Benny smiles...turns onto sandy road...)

Benny: “Oh mon...Benny have it all....”

(jeep drives through palms, white sand on both sides of road, small black children seen running alongside the jeep....)

Gibbs: “They live around here?”

Benny: “They live with Benny...”

(Gibbs looks out, multitude of children running, laughing....)

Gibbs: “All of them?”

Benny: “Yea mon...all of them mine...”

Dil: “What? All those are yours?”

(Benny shrugs...)

Benny: “What can I say? Benny love the women and the women love Benny!...”

(Dil looks out...face in disbelief...)

Dil: “You must love a lot....”

Benny: “Oh yea...Benny loves to love....”

(Jeep pulls past palms to clearing...large white sandy beach, beautiful waters....rickety dock seen...Gibbs and Dil look at the dock...)

Dil: “Whoa....”

Benny: “She is beautiful, is she not?”

(view pans to dock....35 foot cigarette boat seen tied to dock, 4 large outboard engines seen on back....)

Dil: “The other side....”

(View of other side of dock seen...two modern jet ski’s seen, swimmer raft attached to rear of skis...Dil’s face in disbelief...)

Dil; “Who did you steal these from?”

Benny: “Your government steal them....”

Gibbs: “These are confiscated from drug dealers....right?”

Benny: “Only one dealer....biggest dealer in all of Jamaica....fine man...good man...Then U.S. government shut him down and take his things...”

(Benny shakes his head)

Benny: “It is so sad, mon...so wrong....”

Gibbs: “Let me guess.....the drug dealer....”

Benny: “I said you would judge...you said you would not....Do not lie to Benny...”

(Dil looks on in disbelief)

Dil: “You were the drug dealer?”

Benny: “Yea, mon...it was good life....”

Gibbs: “You were given a choice...join the CIA and work for them or go to jail...”

Benny: ‘Pretty much....but it not so bad....”

(pause)

Benny: “All my children, they get the insurance....I get paid....and I charge the CIA to store their boat on my land....”

Dil: “Those jet skis....”

Benny: “That why I brought you, soldier man....”

Dil: “There are hookups on the back of that boat to tow them...”

Benny: “Quick release hook ups...and the swimmer platform on back of skis will hold two men each...”

(The men all exit the jeep....walk down dock, come to boat....)

Dil: “Benny....I love this boat...”

Benny: “1200 hungry horses on back, and only sits 2 feet in water....This boat, if you know the reefs, can get you in and out, quick...”

Dil: “Full speed....”

Benny: “No mon...only way you go full speed through those reefs is if God in the clouds guiding you....”

(Dil looks at Gibbs...Gibbs shrugs..)

Gibbs: “Works for me”

(Dil walks to jeep, pulls out duffel bag...pulls out headset, clamps it over his head, keys mic...)

Dil: “G to CyFo base....G to CyFo base...you copy?”

(crackle)

Nell; “Hi baby!...Is it pretty there?”

(Dil looks at the boat...)

Dil; “Gorgeous...”

Nell: “We want to come!...”

Dil: “Affirmative...right now, I need you and Bishop to take a down look at our area...We are going to need some quick guidance through some reefs...”

Nell; “How quick?”

(Dil looks at Benny...)

Dil: “Top sustained speed?”

Benny: “Oh mon...maybe 80...”

Dil: “80 mph, Nell...”

(clicky clacking heard on headset...)

Nell: “Dil!...It’s so beautiful there!...”

(Dil looks up...waves...)

Nell: “Hi baby!...We see you!...”

(crackle...)

Bishop: “That boat is so cool!....”

Dil: “1200 hungry horses...or so Benny says...”

(laughter heard in background...)

Bishop: “Sorry...Bella is laughing....”

(pause)

Bishop: “She assumes you’ve met Benny...”

Dil: ‘Yea..he’s a character...”

(pause....then...)

Bishop: “Dil...he’s also very dangerous....”

(Dil looks towards Benny, Benny and Gibbs going over controls on boat)

Dil: “How dangerous?”

Bishop: “Past and probably present high volume drug dealer...got to the top by eliminating the competition...”

(pause...then...)

Nell: “She says he’s been a good source...seems to be trustworthy....”

Dil: “I appreciate the info...now...can you navigate us through those reefs at high speed?”

Nell; “If you listen...yes...”

(Dil looks on, curiously....)

Nell: “I can guide you, but there won’t be time for questions or hesitation....The reef line is tight and narrow...If I say go right, you better go right quick....”

(crackle...)

Delilah: “Dilbert...one more thing....”

Dil; “Go, D....”

Delilah: “He’s also a weapons runner....”

Dil: “Is?”

Delilah: “Affirmative....”

Dil: “small arms?”

Delilah: “Well...when we need something...he’s been able to provide what we need....”

Dil: “Hold on....”

(Dil looks out...boat leaving dock....)

Dil: “I think Gibbs is taking a test drive....”

Nell: “Gibbsy knows boats...”

Dil: “Yea..so I’ve heard...”

(scene shifts to view of long racing boat, travelling straight, fast, rooster tail from rear spraying up in air....boat suddenly cuts left, then right, water sprays up high, boat circles, engines gun, front of boat rises up, flattens out, cut to right, then left, then dead stop, then engines roar....)

Dil: “I think he’s got it....”

Bishop: “That boy loves his boats...”

(Boat seen coasting back up to dock...Benny jumps out, takes rope, ties boat to dock....Benny stands, smiles at Dil...)

Benny: “MON!...THIS MAN COULD MAKE SOME MONEY!...”

Dil: “Nell...”

Nell: “Yes, baby...?”

Dil: “I think Benny is recruiting your father image into the drug running business...”

Nell: “Well...I think Gibbsy would make a wonderful drug runner...”

(Gibbs seen walking up...Gibbs smiles...)

Dil: “Nell..he’s smiling...”

Nell: “He’s happy!...Yay!...”

(Gibbs looks back at the boat...)

Gibbs: “She’ll get us there....”

Dil: “You seemed to be having fun out there...”

(Gibbs shrugs..)

Gibbs: “A man should enjoy his work...What can I say?”

Dil: “Nell..I think he’s found his calling...”

Nell: “My Gibbsy!...The smiling drug runner!....”

Bishop: “You two are insane...”

Dil: “Nell..you got this?”

Nell: “All the way, baby....”

Dil: “Torres and I are going to launch off the boat on jet skis....but we need equipment...”

(silence...then)

Bishop: “Delilah says to see Benny...”

(Dil looks at Benny....)

Dil: “Hey...She said to see you for what we need...”

Benny: “That Miss B?”

Dil: “Bella...yea....”

Benny: “Ask her if I get paid....”

Dil: “Already asked..she said to invoice her office directly...”

(Benny smiles...)

Dil: “Nell..I think we have a go here...”

Benny: “You come with Benny.....”

(Benny turns, walks towards small hut....)

Benny: “I show you how to eliminate the competition...”

(scene shifts to inside small hut, Gibbs and Dil in small room, metal lockers open on floor....)

Dil: “Oh yea....”

Gibbs: “Benny...can I ask where you got these?”

(Benny smiles...)

Benny: “No”

Dil: “I don’t care, Gibbs.....”

(view pans out, boxes contain hand held grenade launchers, fully auto pistols, assortment of other weapons...)

Benny: “And in this one...”

(He opens top of crate...)

Benny: “Mini breathers, underwater pistol, and something I know you will need...”

(Benny reaches in, pulls out two black wrapped 4 inch square packages.....)

Dil: “Benny...are those what I think those are?”

Benny: “Guaranteed to mess up any boat’s day....”

Dil: “Thermite packs...”

Benny: “Or as I like to call them, underwater welding help”

Dil: “Timer?”

Benny: “You pull this ring, then you got 30 seconds to get out....and don’t look at it...it be mighty big time bright...”

(Dil takes the packages.....)

Dil: “You never know...right?”

Benny: “Oh yea, mon...things happen, opportunity comes up....life is that way...”

(Gibbs looks up, looks at Benny....)

Gibbs: “My friend....thank you”

Benny: “Like I said....”

Gibbs: “yea I know...you’re our best friend on the island...”

Benny: “And I invoice Miss B....”

Gibbs: “Yea...”

Benny: “So, what you say we get you loaded up and go get your people?”

Gibbs: “Like I said, Benny...Works for me...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at luxury resort dock, tourists walking, sun setting, aqua waters sparkle....motor heard in distance...)

Torres: “You know...it’s about time....”

Pankow: “Oh...my....god....”

(Cigarette boat comes roaring towards the dock...engines shut down, boat eases back down, coasts to dock...)

Pankow: “Okay...That’s a boat!...”

Torres: “And look....”

(Torres points to rear of boat...two jet skis perched on ramps....)

(boat bumps against dock...Gibbs at wheel, looks up and grins...)

Gibbs: “We have transportation...”

Dil: “And more....”

Torres: “Hey dude...just so you know, Dee is at the hospital, and she’s checked out okay...”

Dil: “Thanks, buddy...”

Torres: “The police have guards on her room...She’ll be okay...”

Dil; “Then what say we go get her dad?”

Torres: “Yea...but first, you gotta show me the toys you brought...I can tell by the look on your face, that Santa Claus came...”

Dil: “Brother...you don’t know the half of it...”

Gibbs: ”Let’s go people....We approach, then go in when the sun sets...”

McGee: “The men were transferred to the yacht....That boat’s already anchored in the middle of the reef line...”

Gibbs: “How bad?”

McGee; “Bad, boss...sky view looks like a maze getting in there”

Gibbs: “We have a count on how many guards?”

McGee: “Yea...3..”

Gibbs: “That’s all? 3?”

McGee: “3 on that boat....and it seems more men were sent....”

(McGee pulls out laptop, opens it..image comes up...scene shows large yacht anchored in reef area....3 smaller boats surround the yacht...)

McGee: “Speedboats...3 more armed men on each one...”

(Gibbs looks at the scene on laptop....looks at the setting sun.....then...)

Gibbs: “We wait...”

(The team turns to Gibbs, waiting...Gibbs looks at Dil...)

Gibbs: “Dark...you and Torres, jet ski, then underwater....You can take the 3 guards on the yacht...”

Dil: “And what about the other boats?”

Gibbs: “I get them to chase us...”

(Torres looks at Gibbs, suspicious...)

Torres: “Gibbs...those reefs...Those boats are smaller than ours and more maneuverable”

Gibbs: “Yea...but they don’t have my daughter...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “And they don’t have these...”

(Gibbs open side storage lid...weapons show under the seat...)

Torres: “Aw dude.....”

Gibbs: “Might even let one catch us...”

Torres: “And it’s boom time...”

(Torres turns to Pankow and Dawson...)

Torres: “Hey...either one of you ever shot a grenade launcher?”

(Pankow and Dawson slowly shake their heads, eyes wide...)

Torres: “It’s so bueno!....You aim, pull the trigger, and wait...”

Pankow: “Wait for what?”

Dawson: “The boom....”

(Torres smiles....nods head...)

(Torres looks at Dil....moves closer to him....whispers...others watch, curious...)

(Dil backs his head away, eyes in disbelief...then looks off into distance...)

(View shows Chinese battleship far off....)

Dil: “You think so?”

Torres: “Yea...you know...maybe....if Gibbs and these guys do what they are supposed to...”

Gibbs: “Torres!...What?”

Gibbs: “Nothing, boss!...Just talking!...”

(Gibbs looks at both of them...scowls...then presses mic button...)

Gibbs: “Hey”

(crackle)

Nell; “Hey back”

Gibbs; “You said you could see the reefs at night...”

Nell: “Affirmative...the ones above the water level retain heat from the day...they show up as red blobs on the water...”

Gibbs: “All I have to do is listen to you and do what you say...”

Nell: “Yes...and quickly....”

Gibbs: “Then let’s do this...”

(Gibbs turns to Dil and Torres...)

Gibbs: “Pack up...we’re a go...”

(Gibbs looks at Pankow and Dawson...)

Gibbs: “Help me and McGee get these jet skis into the water...”

(scene fades out to both jet skis being pushed off rear ramp into water)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens, dark, on water, Dil and Torres in black diving suits, each on jet ski, both skis have waterproof pouch strapped to rear seat...both skis weave in and out between reef tops....)

(scene shifts to CyFo, Team watching drone view of both men...)

Nell: “Tabby....you and Tommy have the drones...)

Tabby: “Got them ma’am...you have lense control...)

(Nell clicky clacks, greyscale heat image view of both men shown, both weaving in water)

Bishop: “They’re approaching from the cluttered side....there’s more room between reefs on the other...”

Nell; “Cover....they want to get as close as possible....”

Bishop: “Before they do this....”

(scene shifts to water, Dil and Torres both in water, bobbing, both throwing black ropes over top of reef jutting out of water...)

Dil: “Those should hold the skis....”

Torres: “Knife?”

Dil: “Two”

Torres: “gun?”

(Dil reaches into water, touches holster underwater)

Dil: “4.5 millimeter dart, range 25 feet....4 barrels, 4 shots”

Torres: “Dude...knives or darts, people gonna bleed...”

Dil: “Remember...Benny said sharks aren’t a problem out here”

Torres: “You trust a drug dealer?”

Dil: “Ex drug dealer...”

Torres: “With like 15 kids....The man’s not shooting blanks...”

Dil: “Torres....chill....It’s fine....”

(Both men pull mask and fins off skis...)

(scene shifts to underwater, Dil and Torres seen swimming 4 feet below surface...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs....clicks mic...)

Gibbs: “Keep us in the loop, Nell...”

(crackle)

Nell: “Gibbsy...McGee has you live....”

(Gibbs looks over, Pankow and Dawsin behind McGee, both watching laptop screen...)

Gibbs: “Oh....”

(crackle)

Bishop: “Come on, mister low tech...”

(Gibbs moves to McGee...)

Gibbs: “How are they doing?”

McGee: “Getting close, boss....”

(scene shifts to smaller boats, all three start engines....all three rise up as engines are gunned...)

(scene shifts to yacht, control console, Chinese man at monitor...another man behind him, points to screen...)

Man: “They come....!...”

(screen shows two small blips...)

Man: “Lights!..Now!...Radio others to come fast!...”

(scene shifts to underwater, Dil and Torres, swimming underwater, dark...suddenly water lights up...both stop swimming, suspend in place...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs...)

Gibbs: “It was a trap!...They were waiting!....”

(Gibbs moves quickly to steering area of large boat...starts engine...)

Gibbs; “Hold on!...We’re going in!...”

(large cigarette boat rises up out of water, speeds ahead towards reefs....Gibbs keys mic)

Gibbs; ‘OPEN MIC!...LEAD ME TOWARDS THE YACHT!...”

(crackle)

Nell: “50 yards...then 45 degrees left in 8..7...6...”

(scene shows boat quickly veering left...)

“90 right now!...”

(boat darts right...)

“45 LEFT!...”

(boat turns left..)

“STRAIGHT 100 FEET THEN 90 RIGHT THEN IMMEDIATE 90 LEFT!..ON MY COUNT....”

(scene shows boat racing ahead, then snap turn to right, then snap turn to left...water spraying up...)

“CLEAR 100!...FIRST BOAT 100 AT YOUR 10 O’CLOCK AND APPROACHING FAST!...”

(scene shows cigarette boat stopping....)

Gibbs: “McGEE!...REAR!...GRENADE!...180!...”

(McGee seen scrambling to rear tanning deck, grenade gun in hand...McGee grabs side of boat...)

McGee: “NOW!..”

(Gibbs guns boat, yanks steering wheel over, boat spins around rear facing approaching boat....McGee waits for bobbing boat to settle...aims...)

Gibbs: “McGEE!...”

(McGee does nothing...aims...boat still bobbing...other boat racing toward them...)

Gibbs: “McGEE!...FOR GOD’S SAKE!....”

(McGee pulls trigger...loud ‘whoomp’ sound...)

(scene shifts to racing boat, one man standing, aiming rifle....)

(Boat explodes into fireball, debris filling air....)

McGee: “PANKOW!.....LEFT SIDE!...”

(Pankow drops to knee....Dawson drops to her knee..both women pointing grenade launchers...)

Gibbs; “WE’RE MOVING NOW!....”

(Gibbs guns boat, large geyser of water erupts 15 feet behind them....Gibbs cuts motors...)

Gibbs: “NOW!...”

(Pankow and Dawson pull triggers...two loud ‘whoomps’....)

(scene shifts to speeding boat, driver pulls steering wheel, one exploding geyser of water near side of boat erupts, driver guns boat, boat speeds forward...then front of boat disintegrates into tower of flame, boat dives front first into water, flips up into air....explodes second time when hits water upside down...)

(scene shifts to third speedboat....slows....waits....)

Gibbs: “Nell!...We’ll take the boat!...Tell them it’s between them and the guards!...”

(scene shifts to underwater, Dil and Torres both treading underwater...Dil presses ear..nods....turns head to Torres...nods...both men dart forward underwater...)

(scene shifts to yacht....3 guards stand around edges, rifles in hand, looking into lighted water....)

(one guard moves to rear of boat, steps over railing onto swim deck....Hand quickly raises up out of water, grabs leg of guard, pulls guard into water.....water clouds with red color....)

(scene shifts to two guards, both run towards rear of yacht, guns ready....Dil seen climbing up anchor chain in front, rolling over railing onto yacht....)

(scene shifts to both guards at rear of boat....then voice...)

“AMIGOS!...”

(Torres seen raising hand in water...both guards straighten up....)

(scene shows long knife piercing back of guard on left....)

(scene shifts to Torres...kicks hard, chest rises up out of water, right arm flashes forward)

(scene shifts to yacht, guard on right turns, knife sticking out of chest, eyes wide in shock..)

(Dil seen moving quickly to rear, steps over railing, helps Torres on board....)

Dil: “Get their pistols....There are two down below with our men...I could see them through the porthole...”

(Dil and Torres reach down, pull pistols out of dead guard’s holsters, both pull slide back, release....)

Torres: “I’m good...”

Dil: “Me too”

Torres: “Let’s go get us some Marines, amigo...”

(scene shifts to Gibbs....they look for the third boat...)

Gibbs: “He’s waiting...”

McGee; “Yea..for what?”

Gibbs: “Us to make a move...”

(Gibbs speaks into mic)

Gibbs; “Still there?”

(crackle)

Nell “Still here...”

Gibbs: “We can’t see the third boat...”

Nell: “hold....”

(silence...then...)

(crackle)

Bishop: “Gibbs...you read?”

Gibbs: “Go, Bishop”

Bishop: “Reef is big...120 yards from you....”

Gibbs: “Hard to drop a shell on that small a target...”

Bishop: “You don’t have to...”

Gibbs: “What?”

Bishop: “That reef is 150 feet wide...it’s made of lava....”

(scene shifts to Pankow, Dawson, McGee, kneeling, all three pointing grenade launchers in air...)

(crackle)

Bishop: “65 degrees high....”

(scene shows three barrels tilting upwards...)

Bishop: “Launch one...”

(McGee seen firing grenade....)

(scene shifts to 3rd boat...water geyser and explosion erupts behind them...men on boat smile...laugh...)

(scene shifts to cigarette boat...)

Bishop: “Too far...raise to 70 degrees upward...”

(McGee reloads...all three barrels tilt further upward...)

Bishop: “All fire...”

(scene shows three grenade launchers firing, loud ‘whoomps’ heard....)

(silence...)

(scene shifts to third boat....side of reef explodes violently.....pieces of reef seen flashing through air, boat splintering, men thrown backwards, pieces of reef shred boat and men...)

(scene shifts to cigarette boat...)

Gibbs: “Daughter?”

(silence...then...)

Bishop: “They’re gone”

Gibbs: “They left?”

Bishop: “No...they’re gone...gone gone....The reef shrapnel shredded boat and bad guys....barely anything left in water...”

(crackle)

Nell: “Gibbsy?”

Gibbs: “yea, daughter?”

Nell: “Go get our husbands....”

Gibbs: “They successful?”

(scene shifts to yacht...Dil and Torres leading shuffling soldiers up stairs onto deck of boat...)

Gibbs: “On our way, ladies....nice job....very nice job....”

(crackle...)

Nell: “Oh...it’s not over”

Gibbs: “We get those men and we head in...what’s not over?”

(crackle)

Dil: “There’s a battleship in the water, two jet skis, and thermite....”

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

Gibbs: “We’re coming....”

Dil: “Copy that...get our boys, get them to safety, then we’ll meet you back at the hotel...”

(pause)

Dil: “We’re going Chinese battleship hunting....”

(scene fades out to Dil and Torres loading Marines onto cigarette boat....Brand Childs seen hugging Dil....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room...Kristi Adams stares at the TV screen, mouth dropped open, watching the Marines being loaded onto boat...)

Adams: “I don’t believe what I just saw...”

Bella: “Hang around these people and you’ll see more...it’s not over...”

(Adams stares at Nell and Bishop....turns to Bella..calls out loud.)

Adams: “WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?”

(scene fades to black)

Chapter 3

“The Witch, The Demon, and Latoria”

(scene opens at The D Ranch, the Thomas House, Cal and Dez sit at the kitchen table, looking outside at the lawn, base of mountains seen on other side of lawn)

Cal: “It would appear she is happy...”

Dez: “That’s not the word, angel boy...she’s in heaven...”

Cal: “I wonder....what fantastic tale is she spinning now to entertain them?”

(Dez laughs...)

Dez: “Probably a monster story...”

(Cal looks at her, curiously...)

Dez: “Where the monster Gibbs terrorizes the entire squad of NCIS....then decides not eat them, and everyone has a happy ending....”

(scene shifts to outside deck, Pam sitting in rocking chair, holding both Benedict and Rivka in her arms, Tali and Danny sitting on blanket, tending to Andreas, listening as Pam talks....Daisy lays, her ears perked, facing Pam, her eyes worried,...Song sits by Daisy, watching with wide open eyes...Caprice stands in yard, shaking her head....)

Pam: “Then the horrible man called Gibbs, who was transformed into a normal human by the wonderful sorceress Capricalia, decided to play nice with his people....”

Tali: “My Pappa Gibbs is not a horrible man!...”

Pam: “Not now he’s not...but honey...oh my....”

Tali: “He was only sad....that is my story and I am sticky to it!...”

(Pam smiles....)

Pam: “You go right ahead and sticky to it, honey....That man loves you...”

Caprice: “Yes he does...and so does the powerful sorceress Capricalia...”

(Caprice nods at Pam....)

Caprice: “Thank you, Pam...”

(Pam looks down at the two infants in her arms...)

Pam: “And you two have been spared the horrible fate of....”

Tali: “MISS PAM!....”

Pam: “.....missing out on the famed head slap....”

(Tali smiles...)

Pam: “Better, honey?”

(Tali smiles..nods her head...)

Tali: “Much....thank you...”

(Daisy barks twice...)

Tali: “Daisy approves as well....”

(scene shifts to kitchen....)

Dez: “You still thinking what you were thinking?”

Cal: “Yes...more than ever....”

Dez: “You know you have my vote....”

(Cal looks out at the scene, then nods towards the edge of the mountain...)

Cal: “She sits, ever vigilante...”

(scene shifts to large rock ledge, Kitty lays, watching...)

Dez: “I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to a guardian mountain lion....”

Cal: “Do not forget.....”

Dez: “And an eagle....”

(Cal gets up, takes coffee cup to sink, rinses it, turns back...)

Cal: “They know things”

Dez: “I know”

Cal: “They do not lie, hence they know when someone lies....”

Dez: “I know that too....but it’s still mondo weird, angel boy...”

(Cal looks out...)

Cal: “Indeed...”

Dez: “It’s time to put our daughter to bed....”

Cal: “And it is, as they say...My turn....”

(Dez looks at Cal, grins...)

Dez: “How come it’s always your turn?”

Cal: “Due to a commitment to excellence...”

Dez: “Cal...just because I’m on leave and still going into the office for a while, does not constitute my commitment to excellence...”

Cal: “I did not mean yours, beautiful woman...I meant mine...”

(Cal shrugs)

Cal: “I change diapers with an excellence only known to a few...”

(Cal walks towards rear door....)

Cal: “The ways of the world are strange indeed....are they not?”

(Cal walks out, Dez watches, shaking her head...)

Dez: “I wonder if Benedict will ever realize how lucky he is...”

(She gets up....walks to the sink....)

Dez: “Hell..I wonder if I know how lucky I am....”

(Looks in the sink at the rinsed cup)

Dez: “A man that cleans up after himself...”

(pause)

Dez: “And geeks out over changing a diaper....Face it Dez...you’ve hit the jackpot...”

(scene shifts to country road in front of Ranch entrance, a man stands, looking towards the Thomas House....man is tall, stunningly handsome, immaculate combed back black hair, black suit, black shirt, black tie, shiny black reptile skin Italian shoes...the man stares at the house....scene shifts to closeup view of man’s face...)

Man: “It is time, Caelesti”

(Black specks swim in bright red eyes, then eyes morph into bright green eyes..)

(Man turns, walks away, talking to self, turns head towards the house...view of house seen)

“It is time for the joy you feel to end....today...”

(scene shifts to roadway....man is gone...view shows empty road both ways, grassy ditch, fence along road....)

(scene shifts to back patio...Cal lifts Benedict out of Pam's arms, smiles at the infant...his face changes...He looks towards the front of the property...waits...looks at Daisy...the dog is up, standing, eyes focused towards the country road...Cal looks towards the mountain base, Kitty up, pacing, rumbling....)

Cal: "Something is wrong...."

Pam: "What, Cal? Is Benedict fussing?"

(silence....then...)

Cal: "No...it is nothing...."

(Cal looks back down at the infant, pulls the baby closer to his chest...)

Cal: "I am sure it was nothing...."

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaican hospital, armed military men standing in hallway, Dil and Torres walk into large hospital room, 4 beds...4 Marines lay, IV's hooked to arms...)

Dil: "Hey buddy...."

(Captain Brand Childs lays still, looking away from Dil...he turns his head back to Dil...)

Brand: "Cap...I don't understand what happened....one moment we're in a van, the next, we wake up, shackled, and they're injecting crap into us..."

Dil: "The doc says it was a pretty strong sedative....The good news is that it's easily flushed...you should be good to go in no time..."

Brand: "Your team....your buddy...they..you...They were good..."

Dil: "Some of the best I've ever worked with..."

Brand: “They came...”

(Dil lays a hand on Brand’s arm...)

Dil: “Of course we came...you’re a U.S. Marine....”

(Brand nods...)

Brand: “You hear about it...and you believe it....but it’s not real until it happens...”

Dil: “I know...been there...”

(Brand looks at Torres...)

Brand: “You...You’re Nick Torres....”

Torres: “All my life, amigo...”

(Brand stares at Torres, curious...)

Brand: “You bounce...”

Dil: “It’s called Parkour...Kinda cool, you know?”

Brand: “Cool? Brother...it was surreal....I watched you run, bounce off a wall, then wondered if the dragon was going to catch you...”

(Torres laughs...)

Torres: “That was the drugs....”

Brand: “Which part?”

Torres: “The dragon...at least I think so....Now if you’d have seen a shark chasing me, that might have been real....”

(Brand looks at Torres, curious...)

Dil: “He’s got a thing about sharks....He’s afraid one might eat him...”

Brand: “Hell!..Who doesn’t?”

Torres: “See? This man is smart, dude...”

Dil: “You’re coming along fine....you’re going to be transported later today back to the states..Now...I want to see the others...”

Brand: “They want to see you, too...both of you...”

(Dil pats Brand’s arm, starts to walk away...Brand grasps Dil’s hand...)

Brand: “You were always my hero....you know that...don’t you...”

Dil: “No hero, buddy...just a friend....”

Brand: “Hero....you saved my little girl...”

Torres: “Dude..I hate to break it to you, but your daughter isn’t so little!...I mean, she must weigh maybe 100?..I know!...”

Brand: “She told me....”

(pause)

Brand: “I owe you, Nick....”

Torres: “Just get better, man...Dee is in the next room, chowing down...”

Brand: “Burger and fries...yea....I know...”

Dil: “No..she’s trying some Jamaican pulled pork....She’s fine, brother....”

(Brand nods...closes his eyes...)

Brand: “I owe you...”

(Dil and Torres walk away, scene shows both moving to next bed, soldier reaching up, taking both Dil and Torres’s hands....)

(scene shifts to hotel room, team on computers, Gibbs on patio, cell to ear...)

Gibbs: “Yea...they waited...We didn’t have evidence that the ship was part of it...”

(Gibbs listens....nods...)

Gibbs: “We do now?”

(Gibbs listens....hears sound, turns....Dil and Torres walking into room....)

Gibbs: “I’ll tell ‘em....”

(Gibbs ends call...turns to Dil and Torres)

Gibbs: “You’re back on. The ship’s in play”

(Both men look up, start grinning)

Gibbs: “That was John Kirby...They intercepted talk from the ship that confirmed they were part of the kidnapping...They were prepping to take our Marines on board and to a submarine....”

Torres: “So seriously? We can...you know...”

Gibbs: “Yea, Torres...you want to sink a battleship, you can knock yourself out...”

(Torres looks at Dil....Dil grins...)

Dil: “Best vacation ever...”

Torres: “Muy best!...”

Gibbs: “Just wait until tomorrow.....we’re having company tonight, and both of you need to go shopping...”

(Dil and Torres frown...)

Dil: “Why the hell would I want to go shopping? And for what?”

Gibbs: “You’re going to the governor’s banquet, here at the hotel center....”

(pause)

Gibbs: “The Ambassador from Brazil is coming to visit....”

(Both men stare at Gibbs...say nothing...then...)

Dil: “Which Amelia Braga?”

Gibbs: “Our Braga....The Chinese still think Ziva’s legit...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “And there’s word that the Chinese still want to work with her....That battleship has a guest on board....”

(pause)

Gibbs: “That guest is the Director of the Chinese Communist Party and his daughter...”

Dil: “Boss of the guy that was working with Braga on the Taiwan thing...”

Gibbs: “Yea...and now Stephens has an opportunity to get inside the head of that man...”

Dil: “By using Ziva....”

Gibbs: “Yea...but Ziva’s good with it...She thinks she can pull it off...They’ve never met, and the real Braga is dead...”

Torres: “Hey...what about the leak that tipped the Chinese here that we were on our way?”

Gibbs: “Our techs and Stephens’s techs are working on it....They know it was someone inside, maybe with a personal grudge..”

(Dil looks at Gibbs, curious...)

Dil: “Us? Who at the CIA would hate us?”

Torres: “Dude...that place and Gibbs go way back....It wasn’t pretty...”

Gibbs: “Enough....we need to take a walk, check out any Chinese here...They’ve sent more men, most of them on the ship, but we need to know if they’re here at the hotel...”

McGee: “The answer’s yes, boss...”

(McGee turns laptop screen around, numerous thumbnail images on screen...)

McGee: “I’ve been in the hotel video system....These men are not tourists...”

(Gibbs looks at the laptop..)

Gibbs: “Not a one of them sunburned, and all wearing long sleeve shirts....”

McGee: “No..and no records of them buying any gifts in the shops....They’ve been staying in their rooms, rarely leaving”

Gibbs: “Can you get a count?”

McGee: “Sure can...on it, boss...”

(Gibbs turns to Pankow and Dawson...)

Gibbs: “Any luck on the leak?”

Pankow: “Been busy, Gibbs...we’re leaving that up to HQ for now...”

Gibbs: “Busy with what?”

Dawson: “Tagging which Chinese here at the hotel have been calling individuals that are members of the Jamaican police...That’s what...”

(Gibbs stares at both women...)

Gibbs: “How bad?”

Pankow: “Bad enough they call....worse that money’s been transferred to individual accounts...Not big money, but enough to pay off an island cop to look the other way...and to cease patrols for tonight around the hotel....”

(Gibbs waits....then...)

Gibbs: “How do you know they’ve ceased patrols?”

McGee: “Me, boss....”

Pankow: “He got bored with the hotel security system...He decided to hack into the Jamaican police department system...”

McGee: “Tonight’s patrol instructions say to leave the hotel alone...Let the international people do what they do and don’t interfere”

Pankow: “That says to me, they’re expecting trouble here and don’t want any part of it”

Gibbs: “The lady governor is going to be here...That’s the event....”

Pankow: “I know...and why would the Jamaican police leave the Governor of the island, unprotected?”

Gibbs: “Good question”

Torres: “You know...maybe we...like could....”

Gibbs: “Protect her?”

Torres: “Yea...This is a cool island, man....nice place...lots of our people here on vacation...”

(Gibbs turns...)

Gibbs: “Benny? You’re awfully quiet...what do you think....”

Benny: “Latoria be loved by some, not so loved by others....The police? They full of people taking money...The military here? The Defense Force, they be straight....”

Gibbs: “Latoria?”

Benny: “Governess, mon...she one badass lady...Some say she a witch....Some say she Obeah...”

Gibbs: “Obeah..?”

Benny: “Jamaican version of voodoo, mon...many believe she come from the Obeah...She seem to know things others don’t, and she fight the bad people...She is called the White Witch by some, she is called the devil by others....”

Gibbs: “What do you think?”

Benny: “Oh mon...Latoria just one smart woman, that’s all....She good people....she want to do right by Jamaica...”

Gibbs: “You know her?”

(Benny smiles...)

Benny: “Ya mon...Benny know her...she the one that busted Benny...”

(Gibbs looks at Benny, disbelief...)

Benny: “It okay...she just do what is right...Benny holds no grudge....She also one that set up my deal with the CIA...Save me so much money on insurance for my babies...”

Dawson: “How many did you say you had?”

Benny: “15....”

Dawson: “YOU HAVE 15 CHILDREN?”

Benny: “Ya, pretty lady...and Benny got room for more....”

(He smiles at Dawson....Dawson glares...)

Dawson: “Don’t look at me...don’t get near me....”

Benny: “But Benny...He be so good to you....”

Dawson: “I will shoot that thing right off if you even touch me!...”

(Benny turns to Gibbs...smiles...)

Benny: “I think your girl there...she likes me...”

Gibbs: “Oh yea, Benny....looks like it to me, too...”

Dawson: “I...Will.....Shoot....it....off...”

Benny: “She be playing the hard to get.....It is many times Benny see that...”

(He turns to Dawson....winks...Pankow laughs, Dawson glares at Pankow...)

Gibbs: “You guys fight it out....I’m calling Caprice...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “She needs to pack...”

(Torres and Dil’ faces brighten...)

Gibbs: “Just Caprice....”

Torres: “Man...that’s no bueno....”

Gibbs: “Your wives are busy saving Taiwan, guys....”

Dil: “Kinda don’t care”

Torres: “Me either”

Gibbs: “Sorry...I’ll ask my wife to buy them a T-shirt...”

Dil: “Cold, Gibbs....”

Torres: “Muy cold....Okay, but you’re telling ‘em...”

Gibbs: “Already did”

(Dil and Torres look at each other...shake heads...)

Dil: “This is going to cost us...”

Torres: “Yea...like I was hoping the government would pay for it...you know...”

Dil: “We might have to pay...”

Torres: “No way...”

(silence...then...)

Torres: “We’re paying for it...”

Dil: “Yea...”

Torres: “I’m voting for someone different next time...”

Dil: “Other than that, you think Ziva still has it?”

Torres: “I don’t know, man..it’s been a while, and she just had a kid...”

(Dil thinks...turns to Gibbs...)

Dil: “You said the Commie Director and his daughter....he’s bringing a kid?”

Gibbs: “Don’t know how old she is....doesn’t matter...”

(scene shifts to Chinese Battleship Red Star, anchored in Jamaican harbor...Older Chinese man, suit on, stands on an observation deck, looking out....)

“The water is beautiful, father...”

(Stunningly beautiful oriental woman, long black hair hanging to her waist, walks to the man, takes his arm..)

Man: “Daughter....it is best you do not show yourself so boldly...”

Woman: “They will survive...in any case, it is something I have grown used to”

(Chinese sailors in background seen staring at the woman)

Man: “Did you need something?”

Woman: “Yes...please, father..tell me who this man is...”

(Woman hands file to the man, man opens, looks at photo...)

Man: “The bodyguard for the Ambassador....”

(The woman takes the file, looks at the picture)

Woman: “He is a handsome man...and in his work, he would be a formidable man as well...and he is large and strong...one can tell by the shape of his chest.”

(The man looks to the woman, nods....)

Man: “Happy hunting, daughter”

Woman: “I do not think this one will be a trophy, father.....”

Man: “No? That is unusual”

Woman: “It is this picture that says so to me...”

(She pulls another picture out of Dinozzo showing big smile...)

Woman: “What woman would not want to see that smile each morning?”

Man: “Allow me to conduct my business, daughter.....then you may play as you wish to play”

Woman: “I may play to keep, father”

(The woman bows, turns, walks away, graceful, elegant strides.... all eyes on her)

(scene shifts to Plaza Hotel, Ziva standing, on cell phone, Tony watching...)

Ziva: “Of course we are up for it...If the Chinese feel Amelia Braga is still playing their game, it is too good of an opportunity to miss....”

(pause)

Ziva; “Where would we be going?”

(Ziva’s eyes light up...she looks at Tony, mouths...)

“Jamaica”

(Tony smiles...)

Ziva: “Yes..I will be sure and tell Anthony that Bond Tony Bond would never wear an Hawaiin shirt....”

(Tony’s face falls...)

(Ziva ends call...looks at Tony...)

Ziva: “The Director of the Chinese Political Party is in Jamaica to meet with the governess...It was on my schedule to be there as well....”

Tony: “Your schedule?”

Ziva: “Of course...I am Amelia Braga...”

Tony: “That’s where Gibbs and crew are...”

Ziva: “Where the soldiers were kidnapped...it is surely no coincidence...”

Tony: “The Chinese were afraid of those soldiers interfering...”

Ziva; “Yes, that is my guess as well...but interfere with what?”

(Tony grins)

Tony: “Guess we’re going to find out...”

Ziva: “Yes....but I am fearful that is not the only thing they will find out...”

Tony: “Yea? What else?”

(She moves to Tony...puts her arms around him...looks up...)

Ziva: “That I have feelings for my bodyguard....”

(Tony grins...)

Tony; “How could any woman resist Bond...Tony Bond...?”

Ziva: “I do not know....but...”

(She moves away...)

Ziva: “I will simply have to try...”

(Tony’s face falls...)

Ziva: “You cannot have it all, Anthony...me or the horrid shirts....which one shall it be?”

(Tony thinks...scrunches mouth...)

“OW!...”

Ziva: “Think again and I will hurt you again!...”

Tony: “You!...Of course!....”

Ziva: “Thank you!....Now...”

Tony: “I bet they have great shirts in the gift shops there...”

“OW!....”

(scene shifts to Tony and Ziva entering stairway to private jet, boarding, Ziva looks towards the rear seating area...)

Ziva: “Caprice!...Do you know what this horrid husband of mine had the audacity to do?”

(Caprice seen sitting, sipping from a wine glass..)

Caprice: “I don’t know, Ziva...let’s have some wine and figure it out...”

(Ziva smiles...sits..)

Caprice: “However, if it was like what Jethro asked me to bring, it’s unforgivable...”

Ziva: “And what did Gibbs request?”

(Caprice leans over, whispers...Ziva’s eyes widen, she glares, snaps an arm out...)

“OW!...OW!...”

(Tony grabs his ribs..)

Tony: “What was that for?”

Ziva; “For Gibbs!...He is not here to hurt, so you are the handy one!...”

(Ziva scowls...yells out...)

Ziva: “What is it with you men and those terrible shirts?”

(Caprice raises her wine glass, toasts Ziva..)

Ziva: “Now...wine...The Ambassador of Brazil is entitled...”

Caprice: “And the medical consultant too!...”

Tony: “Hey? What about me?”

Ziva: “Bodyguards get peanuts, Tony Bond....Now sit like a good protector and be prepared to cater to our whims...”

(pause)

Ziva: ”We are VIP guests, after all..However....You may ride along if you wish....”

Tony: “Huh...that’s a shame....Ride alongs don’t give expensive presents to VIP’s....”

(Ziva turns...)

Ziva: “Present?”

Tony: “Yea...but I’m just a bodyguard...so I’ll hold onto it...”

Ziva: “Expensive present?”

Tony: “It’s nothing...just a dress...”

(Ziva’s eyes widen)

Tony: “I’ll leave it here...”

Ziva; “The one we saw in the shop next to the Hotel? Is that the one? The beautiful formal gown?....Did you really get it for me?”

(pause..Ziva sits up straight)

Ziva: “ANTHONY!....”

Tony: “No..can’t have it”

(Ziva’s face scrunches...irritation)

Ziva: “ANTHONY!...GIVE IT TO ME!....”

Tony: “Nope”

(Ziva pauses..face softens.....soft voice...)

Ziva: “Bond...Will Tony Bond give it to me?”

(Tony looks up, grins...)

Tony: “The irresistible Tony Bond...”

(pause...then...)

“OW!..”

(scene shifts to Ziva taking lid off fancy dress box, smiling...Tony sitting, sipping wine, holding hand on his side...)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops Room, Bella on phone, Kristi Adams sitting, John Kirby standing...CyFo team at consoles...)

Bella: “Thank you...keep on it...”

(ends call)

Bella: “We’re closer...the call was Sat to Sat, but only 15 miles away....that makes it local...the troubling issue is that the caller made multiple calls to numbers that are flagged in our “Watch” system...That means they’re being monitored, but not a threat right now...”

Delilah: “Who do the numbers belong to..?”

Bella: “Chinese diplomats...”

Delilah: “Embassy diplomats?”

Bella: “For the most part, yes, and those calls aren’t unusual....but there’s one call to a man by the name of Sin Lu...He’s a courier...he makes runs for both us and the Chinese, carrying memos and official documents between the U.S. and China....but...he’s also the one that carried the decoding tab into the embassy...”

Deliah: “Which happened about the same time the information that Gibbs and team launched early...”

Bella: “Yea..I know...”

Delilah: “Bella...who on your team would want to hurt our side?”

Bella: “Not hurt..just slow down....the breach was a timing thing, not a set up...It’s more like someone was pissed off rather than taking money...Hell, money I understand...but no cash, payments, or wires that we don’t know about have changed hands...”

Delilah: “Bella...I know it sounds like that, but I can’t help but feel the information was more about Ziva at the Embassy....That could have gone very, very bad...”

Bella; “Fortunately, we had a good agent on site...Amber Chen....”

Delilah: “Speaking of which, how is she?”

Bella: “On her way to Jamaica....”

(Delilah’s eyes widen...)

Bella: “She’s to meet with the Director of the Chinese Communist Party....”

(silence...then...)

Delilah: “Bella...why is everyone but us going to Jamaica?”

(Bella looks over Delilah, sees Nell and Bishop glaring at her...)

Bella: “Uh...because we’re saving Taiwan?”

(Nell and Bishop keep glaring...)

Bella: “Not good enough, huh?”

(Both women shake their heads...)

Bella: “Well crap...save the day and I’ll see what I can do....”

(Nell and Bishop immediately turn to consoles, begin clicky clacking...)

Nell: “ETA to position?”

Tonny: “10 hours ma’am...”

Bishop: “Upload ready?”

Tabby: “Hamburglar is on deck and ready...”

Nell: “Check retro fuel again please...”

Bishop: “Check space station location again please...”

Nell: “Check Jamaican beaches please...”

Tabby: “Checking ma’am...”

(scene shifts to Delilah, shaking her head....)

Bishop: “Ma’am?”

Delilah: “Yes, Ellie?”

Bishop: “Chinese standard tactic is to challenge the new ally...It’s a test...”

Delilah: “Okay....what do you have in mind?”

Bishop: “Ziva challenges the Party Director first...and it’s impressive....”

(scene shows Bishop talking to Delilah...Delilah nods....)

Delilah: “If you can do that, do it...get the information to Tim...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Jamaican luxury hotel, Ziva and Tony exit white limo, walk casually into the lobby...)

(scene shifts to Hotel suite, knock at door....Gibbs opens the door...)

Gibbs: “Hey”..

(Gibbs pulls Caprice in, gives her a quick hug....)

Torres: “Hey!...Look who’s here!...”

Dil: “Caprice...how mad are our wives...”

Caprice: “Get your credit cards out and it’ll be all good, boys...”

Torres: “Man...I was afraid of that...”

Gibbs: “You bring your gear?”

Caprice: “Always, Jethro..Wounds, cuts, burns, I can handle it”

(Caprice pulls rolling bag behind her....)

Caprice: “You want me to set up in here?”

Gibbs: “No...you and I have the suite next door...Set it up in there..”

(Caprice looks at door on side wall)

Caprice; “Connecting?”

Gibbs: “Yea..it’s open...”

(Caprice sees Benny...Benny smiles...)

Caprice: “This must be the famous Benny...”

Benny: “And you must be the woman they should not have allowed leave the country...”

(Caprice looks at him, puzzled...)

Benny: “You, lady....you should be a national treasure....”

(Caprice looks back at Gibbs...Gibbs’s eyes roll...)

Caprice: “I like him”

Gibbs: “No, we can’t keep him...We have enough pets already”

(Benny’s face falls..)

Benny: “Mon...that one hurt...”

Caprice: “I hear you’re on our side now....”

(Benny smiles)

Caprice: “Keep it that way and you don’t die.....”

(Benny’s face falls again...)

Benny: “She your wife, huh, Mister Boss man?”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Benny: “Good for you....She fine woman...”

Caprice: “Excuse me gentlemen, it’s been a long trip, and I have a formal party to get ready for...”

Gibbs: “Ziva and Dinozzo okay?”

Caprice: “Yes...they’re in their rooms....but....”

Gibbs: “But what?”

Caprice; “Ziva....”

(Gibbs stares at Caprice, waiting...)

(scene shifts to luxury suite, Ziva laying back in recliner, eyes closed tight, Tony massaging her hands...)

Tony: “Feeling better?”

(Ziva says nothing....then nods...)

Tony: “You’ve wound yourself too tight...”

(She nods again...Tony picks up her hand, places it over his heart...)

Tony: “Breathe with me, Ziva....calm....calm....”

(tear runs down Ziva’s cheek....)

Ziva: “Anthony...why...?”

Tony: “It’s happened before, Ziva....we’ll get through it...”

Ziva: “Why now...?”

Tony: “Doesn’t matter...”

(Ziva bolts upright in chair, desperately wraps arms around Tony’s neck...)

Ziva: “Help me....”

(softly)

Tony: “I’m here...”

Ziva: “Help me, Tony....”

(Ziva’s body trembles...)

Tony: “I’m here, Ziva....it’s okay...everything’s okay...”

(She nods her head against his face....)

Tony: “Breathe....in...out....”

(Ziva breathes....pulls away...)

Ziva: “I am better....thank you....”

Tony: “You sure?”

(She wipes her eyes, nods...)

Ziva: “Now I am a mess...look at me...”

Tony: “It’s all taken care of....don’t worry...”

Ziva: “But I have to worry!...I have to do this and I have to look beautiful and I am not beautiful and I have to be calm and I am not...”

Tony: “Ziva....I got this...”

(Tony gets up, picks up phone...)

Tony: “Send them up”

(lays phone down...)

Tony: “Massage, manicure, pedicure, hairdresser, and makeup....they’re on their way up...”

(She stares at Tony, then nods..whispers..)

Ziva: “You are so wonderful”

Tony: “And you’re going to be fine...”

Ziva: “It is important...this thing tonight...”

Tony: “Yes it is...but you’re the best there is, Ziva...and I’ll be there beside you”

Ziva: ”You promise?”

Tony: “Yes...”

Ziva: “Do not allow anyone to take you away...”

(He nods...Knock at the door...)

Tony: “Pamper Team is here...”

Ziva: “I am already pampered...by you...”

(Tony opens door, 3 women walk in, all carrying boxes and table..Tony nods to Ziva.)

Tony: “Ladies....your victim...”

(One of the Jamaican women smiles at Ziva)

Woman: “Oh lady....your mon, he says to take such care of you....He is good mon...very good mon...”

(scene shifts to Ziva laying on table, on back, one woman massaging feet, one working on hair, one painting nails...Ziva’s mouth forms a small smile, breathing slows....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in ball room of hotel, huge area, formal place settings, waiters and waitresses delivering champagne....Ziva walks in, Tony behind her...Ziva in long, figure hugging white satin gown, long slit up side, 5 inch heels, diamonds on neck, large diamonds on fingers...Tony comes in, Black tux pants, white tux jacket, white shirt, black bow tie....Ziva whispers...)

Ziva: “You look wonderful...”

Tony: “You look better tonight than you did at the Embassy...The Director doesn’t stand a chance...”

(pause)

Tony: “How are you doing?”

Ziva: ‘Much better, my darling....much...”

Tony: “Hold on...”

(Gibbs walks to Tony...extends a hand...)

Gibbs: “Jethro Gibbs, NCIS...I’d like to introduce my wife to your escort...”

(Ziva turns...eyes widen..Caprice standing, natural hair piled elegantly on head, soft green dress, large emerald necklace, stunning....)

Ziva: “Madame...I do not know who you are, but you are absolutely beautiful...”

Caprice: “Caprice Gibbs, Ambassador...I simply wanted to make your acquaintance....I am an admirer of your country...”

Ziva; “And I yours...”

(Caprice sweeps her arm...behind her, Dil, Torres, Pankow, Dawson, McGee...all formally dressed...)

Ziva: “Your friends?”

(pause)

Ziva: “They seem like wonderful friends, and so elegantly dressed...it is good to know men and women still know how to carry themselves...)

(Torres scrunches face, crosses his eyes....Ziva looks down, grins..)

(Gibbs pulls Tony to side...whispers...)

Gibbs: “Texting you a number...Ziva calls it, it buys 5 seconds of the Chinese satellites going blind....she calls, they answer, and when she says “Blink”, she gets the 5 seconds”

(Tony nods...looks at Gibbs...)

Tony: “NCIS? What is NCIS?”

(Gibbs glares...raises one eyebrow...)

Tony: “Oh!..That group in D.C.....yea...I’ve heard of you...”

(Tony escorts Ziva towards the tables....pulls chair out, Ziva sits...Tony leans over, whispers...)

Tony: “Texting number...call it, when you say “Blink”, 5 seconds of blind Chinese satellites...”

(Ziva says nothing...looks back...)

Ziva: “Thank you Mister Bond...”

(A Chinese woman, beautiful, seductive, dressed in classic gold silk hugging dress, walks to table...)

Woman: “I am Swan....”

(Ziva looks up...)

Swan: “You are doing business with my father, I believe?”

(Man walks up behind the woman...bows...)

“I am Kim Hun, Ambassador...”

(Ziva nods....)

Ziva: “I believe we do have business....However, the one I have dealt with is no longer with us...”

Hun - “Most unfortunate...”

Ziva: “Is this what I need to expect?”

Hun: “No....”

Swan: “Please...you and my father have much to talk about....and I would be most happy....”

(She looks at Tony....bows her head...blushes...)

Swan: “To be protected by such a man as this...”

(Tony smiles...Ziva looks at the woman...they make eye contact....both stare at each other....)

Swan: “Ambassador? I believe you were leaving?”

(Swan turns to Tony....)

Swan: “I would love to dance.....Do you dance,…..I’m sorry...your name...”

Tony: “Tony Bond...”

Swan: “A simple name for what is most definitely a complex man...”

(pause)

Swan: “Then the question remains....Do you dance, Mister Bond?”

(pause)

Swan: “I must warn you...I have recently injured an ankle...)

Ziva: “Then perhaps it is best you do not dance....”

Swan: “No...if my partner holds me closely, it will not be an issue...”

(She looks up at Tony...)

Swan: “Will it?”

(Tony looks at Ziva, Ziva’s eyes glaring....)

Tony: “I need to stay with my client...but thank you...”

(Swan shows shock..recovers...)

Swan: “Perhaps later....”

Ziva: ‘Yes..much later...”

Swan: “We could walk on the beach...”

(She turns to Ziva....)

Ziva: “Your relationship...it is only professional...correct?”

(Ziva says nothing....then...)

Tony: “I’m sure I’ll see you later....until then, I have a job to do...”

Swan: “A focused man....interesting....Tell me Mister Bond...do you focus this well on a woman?”

(Tony says nothing....then...)

Swan: “I see by your silence that it is a focus worth waiting to see for myself...”

(The woman stares at Ziva..small smile..)

Swan: “I love delayed gratification...”

(Ziva glares....the woman leans forward kisses Ziva’s cheeks, hollywood style... whispers...)

“You are nothing compared to me”

Hun: “Come Ambassador...let us walk...your man may keep you in eyesight, but not within hearing...”

Ziva: “I understand, Director...”

(Hun leads Ziva out, her hand on his arm...Tony follows....Swan looks at him, Tony feels it, turns to her....she smiles...kisses the air..)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room, Bella reading laptop...)

Bella: “Just got the file on Swan Hun, the Director’s daughter....It’s interesting...”

Delilah: “How?”

Bella: “Trained in the Chinese army, then trained in hand to hand by Special Forces....Went on to obtain 2 black belts in two styles of fighting, and....”

(Bella pause...looks at the screen...)

Bella: “Massage therapist?”

Delilah: “A what?”

Bella: “I don’t know!...But here it is, she’s a trained and certified massage therapist....”

(pause)

Bella: “Pressure points that parallel acupuncture treatment....”

Delilah: “My god....I want her here...”

Bishop: “Sounds like a Chinese Ziva...”

Delilah: “Oh lord...and they are in the same room...”

Bella: “I doubt if they even see each other....it’s a large gathering...”

(pause..Bella’s eyes widen...)

Bella: “It’s also said she has the nickname Praying Mantis....”

(Bishop laughs)

Bishop: “Why? Because she kills her mate after the horizontal bop?”

Bella: “Something like that....It’s said she is quite vindictive if a man spurns her advances...”

Bishop: “How vindictive?”

Bella: “It doesn’t say...we aren’t that deep in the Chinese Party Center....Wish we were...”

(scene shifts to ballroom, Hun leading Ziva outside onto marble terrace, couches, firepit, palms....)

Hun: “We have much to talk about...but I am not sure it is appropriate to discuss...”

Ziva: “I can blind your satellites. Specifically the two controlling the Taiwan naval force”

(Hun looks at Ziva, face blank...)

Ziva: “It is customary for you to challenge me...however...tonight, I will challenge you...”

Hun: “Interesting....how?”

Ziva: “Will you be comfortable working with someone that has the power I do?”

(Hun looks at her...confused...)

Ziva; “Are you brave enough to partner with someone that is capable of doing what I can do, but you have not been made aware of it?”

(Hun says nothing....then..Ziva smiles...)

Ziva: “Din Tron knew....Did he not tell you?”

(Hun is silent....then slowly shakes his head....)

Ziva: “Perhaps a demonstration....”

(silence...)

Hun: “Please”

(Ziva takes her phone from her small clutch, scrolls to texts, sees number Tony texted...)

Ziva: “I assume you have contact with those that are monitoring the satellites over the navy vessels approaching Taiwan?”

(Hun still says nothing...then takes out his phone...dials....connects...speaks into the phone)

“When I say, tell me if there are any disruptions...”

Ziva: “Speaker please...I would like to hear...”

(Hun clicks ‘speaker’)

Ziva: “I will dial a number just as you did...I will allow you to tell me when....upon your command, I will give mine...then let us see...”

(Hun nods...)

Hun: “What you are saying is impossible...”

Ziva: “Everything is impossible until it is possible....and when the possible becomes fact, then you know who to trust...”

(Hun slowly nods...Ziva hits the phone icon by the number....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room....line buzzes...)

Nell “We’re on!...”

(Bishop hits speaker button....says nothing....)

(scene shifts to Ziva and Hun....he waits....then...)

Hun: “Now”

(Ziva holds phone to mouth...speaks...)

“Blink”

(scene shifts back to CyFo....)

Bishop: “Tabby!...ATTACK!...”

(scenes shows Delilah leaning over to Adams...)

Delilah: “They are bursting a hack code....The Chinese satellite will read it, freak out, then shut down for 5 seconds to protect the data, then re arm with anti hacking software....It’s useless to us, but does allow us to do this....”

(Tabby clicky clacks...hits ‘enter’...)

Tabby: “Burst on the way!...”

(scene shifts to space...satellite seen with red star on side...lights on satellite go out....5 seconds later, lights come back on...)

(scene shifts to Ziva and Hun....phone speaker blurts out...)

“DIRECTOR!...WE ARE DOWN!...WE ARE DOWN!...ALL SYSTEMS DOWN!....”

(Ziva gives small smile...speaks into phone...)

Ziva; “Please give them back their satellite...Thank you”

(she ends call...Speaker on Hun’s phone blares again...)

“WE ARE ONLINE!....DIRECTOR!..WE ARE ONLINE AGAIN!...”

(Hun ends the call...stares at Ziva....)

Hun: “What do you want? We have given you money....We will be giving you power....What else is there?”

Ziva; “I have money...and obviously, Director Hun, I have power...what I want is far different...”

Hun: “Then what?”

(Ziva smiles....shrugs shyly...)

Ziva: “I want to own a country...and I want to be part of destroying another country....”

(pause..then shyly...)

Ziva; “Is that too much for a woman to ask?”

(Hun stares at Ziva, blank face...then..)

Hun: “For the first time in my life, I have met an equal....”

(He bows...)

Hun: “Madame President...”

(Ziva moves her arm through his...)

Ziva; “Now that we know we can trust each other...tell me about the power that you have....You do know a woman is helpless in the presence of power...”

(Hun places a hand on her arm...they walk....Hun begins talking...)

(scene shifts to CyFo...Delilah’s phone buzzes....)

Delilah :”Tim?”

(She answers...)

Delilah: “Tim?”

(she listens...then)

Delilah: “You want this on speaker...yes...”

(She presses speaker...)

Delilah: “Go...”

McGee; “Of all the things your agency has done, honey...and of all the tactical suggestions Bishop has thought about...”

(pause)

McGee; “This one might be the most brilliant of them all....It went perfect....Hun is talking a mile a minute and Ziva’s mic button on the necklace is functioning perfectly....I’m about to patch you in....Director Stephens....This is for you...”

(Bella looks up, surprised...)

(speakers crackle....then Hun’s voice...)

Hun: “We will mistakenly cross the barrier line, which will cause the Taiwan navy to confront us...at that time, when we have them in position, the submarines will fire their rockets, destroying the command centers of the Taiwan army....Our missile cruisers will be aimed at the population centers, and.....”

(Bella listens, mouth open...John Kirby paralyzed....Kristi Adams shakes her head....mouths silently...)

“Brilliant...F’ing brilliant....”

(Hun’s voice continues, Ziva asking questions, Hun responding....)

Bella: “My god!...That is why they are in Jamaica!...They are going to offload missiles, using it like Russia used Cuba to threaten the United States!...This is not just about Taiwan, it’s about the F’ing Caribbean!...”

(Bella looks at Delilah, mouth still open...)

Bella; “And we can stop them!....Because of your team!...My God, Delilah!...Do you know what you’ve done?”

(Nell seen walking to Bishop, both bump knuckles...Bishop hugs Tabby and Tommy....)

Bishop: “Team....we did it....all of us...we hit the jackpot....”

(Delilah seen looking at her team....shaking her head....whispers...)

“Look what we can do when we do it together...”

(scene shifts to ballroom, Hun seen talking, Ziva nodding....)

Ziva: “Oh yes...tell me more....I did not know you had the power to do that....”

(pause)

Ziva: “And I agree...this country would be perfect...for men such as you in its beauty, and to use as a geographical advantage for your missiles....”

(Ziva smiles...)

Ziva: “When Brilliance and power are combined....the possibilities are endless...”

(Hun smiles...then talks more....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in ballroom, Hun escorting Ziva in, he bows...)

Hun: “This evening is about you visiting, Madame Ambassador...and I have taken so much of your time.....but we will see each other again...?...Soon?”

(Ziva gives shy smile...)

Ziva: “Very soon....I hope....so much....”

(Hun smiles...walks to an older black woman dressed in large island print dress...)

Hun: “My apologies Governess....I give her to you...”

(The woman turns...looks at Ziva....says nothing...then extends a hand...Ziva takes it...)

Woman: “Madame Ambassador..it is such a privilege to have you here on my humble island...”

Ziva: “Governess Latoria...your island is an example of magnificence....I cannot say enough about the land, the people, and the hospitality your people have shown me....It is me that is honored...”

(Latoria takes Ziva’s arm...)

Latoria: “You have already had one walk...would you entertain another?”

Ziva: “With you...of course...”

(The woman and Ziva walk outside....Latoria looks back at the ballroom...)

Latoria: “Do you see those waiters? Do you see the Chinese guests so loud, so boisterous?”

Ziva: “Yes...of course...”

Latoria: “Those are Chinese agents...all of them deadly...and if one such as me were to give the word that there was a spy in their midst, they would...regardless of how many protectors the spy had....kill him...or her....immediately...”

(Ziva says nothing....then...)

Latoria: “Did you know, many many years ago...I cared for the child of a prominent family when they visited....That child’s name was Amelia Braga.....”

(Latoria smiles at Ziva...)

Latoria: “And you are not Amelia Braga....”

(pause)

Latoria: “I think the best option is to give you to the Chinese...”

(scene shifts to Thomas House road....man in black suit walks up the gravel road, humming to himself....)

('Sympathy For The Devil" song rises up...Mick Jagger singing...)

Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long years
Stole million man's soul and faith

And I was 'round when Jesus Christ
Had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate
Washed his hands and sealed his fate

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name

(scene fades out to the man walking, song continuing in background)

"The Witch, The Demon, and Latoria"

PART 2

(scene opens in Jamaica, luxury hotel ballroom area, outside on patio...Latoria, Governess of Jamaica, walks with Ziva.... Latoria looks back at the ballroom...)

Latoria: "Do you see those waiters? Do you see the Chinese guests so loud, so boisterous?"

Ziva: "Yes...of course..."

Latoria: "Those are Chinese agents...all of them deadly...and if one such as me were to give the word that there was a spy in their midst, they would...regardless of how many protectors the spy had....kill him...or her....immediately..."

(Ziva says nothing....then...)

Latoria: “Did you know, many many years ago...I cared for the child of a prominent family when they visited....That child’s name was Amelia Braga.....”

(Latoria smiles at Ziva...)

Latoria: “And you are not Amelia Braga....”

(pause)

Latoria: “I think the best option is to give you to the Chinese...”

(Ziva says nothing....then..)

Ziva: “Just as you have given your island to the Chinese?”

(The old woman stops...looks at Ziva...)

Ziva: “They promised you growth...they promised to open a bank here....and the island would share in the revenue...”

Latoria: “I know they are liars....the question is...how do you know? And what do you care?”

Ziva: “They promised to purchase the military base you no longer use, for far beyond the value...”

(Latoria stares at Ziva.....starts to raise her arm to a nearby waiter...)

Latoria: “Enough of this.....”

“Bad choice, Governor....”

(Latoria looks towards the voice...Dinozzo steps out from the shadows, gun pointed at the woman....)

Latoria: “Do you not think I did not know you were there? I have my own people watching...”

Tony: “Like the guy over there?”

(Latonio slowly turns her head towards the gardens...)

Tony: “He looks upset...”

(Black uniformed man standing near far wall, face fearful...)

Tony: “That’s our man making sure your man plays nice....”

(McGee steps out from behind a row of shrubs, gun pointed at the guard’s head...)

(Latoria stares at Tony....then turns her head to Ziva....)

Latoria: “So, this is your plan? To shoot me?....”

Ziva: “No...it is not my...or their...desire...”

(pause)

Ziva: “I heard from someone that knows you, that you want to do what is best for this island....”

(pause)

Ziva: “It is our wish as well....”

(Latoria says nothing....then...)

Latoria: “A gun to my head and to my guard is hardly the way to accomplish that....Whoever you are....Once a trigger is pulled, then both of us have failed...”

“Tony!....McGee!....Guns down!...”

(Gibbs walks out towards Latoria...Tony seen lowering his weapon....McGee slowly lowers his...guard breathes sigh of relief....)

Gibbs: “Ma’am...do you remember the last U.S. politician to visit here?”

(Latoria nods....Gibbs raises his hand, cell phone in hand...)

Gibbs: “Here...talk to her....”

(Latoria looks at the phone...then at Gibbs....reaches out, takes the phone, puts to ear...)

Latoria: “Hello?”

(scene shifts to Oval Office, Loretta stands, cell to ear...Simon stands near, watching...)

Loretta: “We had too many drinks in hollowed out coconuts, slipped away from our bodyguards, and tried to go surfing....”

(pause)

Loretta: “It wasn’t a good look for either of us...”

(scene shifts to Loretta...her eyes wide....)

Latoria: “Loretta?”

(stutters...)

Latoria: “Excuse me!...Madame President!....”

(pause...)

Latoria: “One more...please indulge me....I must be sure...”

Loretta: “Go”

Latoria: “We discussed a possible lease....we could not come to terms....but it was left open...”

Loretta: “Your military base....and I have a suggestion that might solve the problem you have...”

(silence...)

Latoria: “What would that problem be?”

Loretta: “Your people are hurting.....you’re unemployment is at an all time high, and it’s because of the drug trade...Your police are useless and your Defense Force is loyal, but way understaffed....And you don’t have the money to add more...The Chinese offer of 130 million to buy the military base is what you think will go towards solving that problem...”

(Latoria stares off....blank face...)

Latoria: “You have a solution....?”

Loretta: “Yes...The U.S. will lease the base from you...20 million a year, 10 year lease....”

Latoria: ”That does not solve my immediate problem of fighting the cartels on this island....”

Loretta: “It does if we staff that base with our soldiers and their families....A U.S. Military base on a paradise island will house around 8,000 men and women, their families, and all the money those people will be spending in your shops, real estate, banking, restaurants, and more.....It also puts you a position to use the lease as collateral with the International Bank, allowing you to obtain approval for the 500 million dollar loan that you’ve asked for, but have no assets to back it with...”

Latoria: “At the end of 10 years...”

Loretta: “If you want us to leave...we leave...and we leave you with a fully modernized base, over 50 million in improvements, plumbing, electrical, and housing....It’s a win win, Latoria...and the U.S. Navy police on that base would assist you in your fight against those gangs causing you so much grief....”

Latoria: “The Chinese....They have told me that they would do the same....improvements...”

Loretta: “Have they told you they want to use the base as a storage area for chemical weapons? Have you asked why they want your island and that base?”

(Latoria’s eyes widen more...)

Latoria: “I would never allow that...”

Loretta: “How would you know? Lab equipment and storage canisters can be offloaded, without being identified, and you’d never know. Your security people are hardly equipped to detect anything of the sort. You would never know, Latoria....Until my military...and the forces of the entire NATO partnership, comes down hard on that base, and you..your people....end up pariahs in the eyes of the world, the island that allowed the Chinese military to stockpile and hide weapons of mass destruction, away from China, viral death so terrible they cannot allow it stored in their country....They’re using you, Latoria....They’ll turn your island from a Paradise into a Hell....”

(Latoria looks at Ziva....)

Latoria: “This woman....the one that is posing as Ambassador Braga...”

Loretta: “One of the finest patriots I know, Latoria...I assume there are men and women with her?”

Latoria: “Yes...surprisingly competent...”

Loretta: “See the big one?...”

Latoria: “None of them are small, my friend...”

Loretta: “The biggest one....looks like a hollywood movie star...”

(Dil stands in the doorway, black suit...)

Latoria; “Yes...”

Loretta: “Remember the lawyer with DOJ that drafted the proposed lease terms?”

Latoria: “Yes...A miss Destiny....Very abrupt...but precise...”

Loretta: “That man is her brother....her twin brother...Look at him closely, Latoria....”

(Latoria stares at Dil....then nods...)

Latoria: “Yes...I see....The resemblance is there...”

Loretta: “Now....what is your answer? Do you and I partner on prosperity, or do you choose the path of the pariah....Either way your island gets the money....The choice comes down to what you want for your people....”

(Latoria turns away from Ziva...talks on phone...she ends the call, hands the phone back to Gibbs...she looks at Ziva, bows...)

Latoria: “Please, Ambassador Braga. Let us go inside.....there are people eager to meet you...”

(Ziva breathes a sigh....small smile....)

Ziva: “Thank you, governor...It would be an honor...”

(Gibbs breathes easier....)

Latoria: “One question...your bodyguard...would he have pulled that trigger and killed me?”

(Ziva looks at Tony, his eyes still on Latoria...)

Ziva: “He is my husband, Latoria...and the father of our two daughters...”

(Latoria nods...)

Latoria: “Then to save you, he would have....”

Ziva; “I assure you, it would have been a quick death, my friend....he is quite proficient with a handgun...”

(Latoria looks at Tony...Tony shrugs...)

Latoria: “How comforting....”

(pause)

Latoria: “One more question...”

Ziva: “Yes?”

(Latoria looks over the group, all standing in the double doorwars to the ballroom...puzzled look on face...)

Latoria: “Who are you people?”

(Ziva smiles....)

Latoria: “We are NCIS...”

(silence...then with puzzled face...)

Latoria: “Who is NCIS?”

(Gibbs eyes roll, shakes his head...Tony looks at McGee, both shrug...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in ball room, Latoria escorting Ziva, Tony standing, leaning against pillar in room, watching...)

“She is quite beautiful”

(Tony turns...Swan stands, small smile..)

Swan: “She is a confident woman...and I would assume very forceful...”

Tony: “Yea...what...?”

Swan: “I wonder, Mister Bond....what is it like for a man such as you, confident and forceful as well...to have a woman that adores him...caters to him...that this woman’s only desire is to please her husband....”

(she shrugs)

Swan: “In any way he desires....”

Tony: “I don’t think that woman exists, ma’am...”

Swan: “Please...call me Swan...”

(pause)

Swan: “And that woman does exist....if she has set her eyes and heart upon that one man...”

Tony: “Then I would say that man is a very lucky man...”

(She nods...)

Swan: “You never answered an earlier question, Mr. Bond....”

(She surprises Tony, takes him by the arm, leads him onto the dance floor...)

Swan: “Let us see if you indeed do dance...”

(Tony looks over at Ziva, he mouths...)

“I don’t have a choice”

(She glares....then people see Tony and Swan on the floor, begin quietly clapping...)

Swan: “See? The people approve....”

Tony: “Swan...your ankle....maybe you should...”

Swan: “Hold you close...yes...Thank you for reminding me...”

(She takes Tony's right hand, raises it in dancing position, wraps her own right arm around his waist, pulls him close against her...)

Swan: "There....I am safe now....because of you"

Tony: "Yea..but I'm not...."

Swan: "You are adored, Mister Bond....and the woman pressing against you is signaling that feeling...."

(Scene shifts to Ziva, her face angry....she steps towards them...)

Gibbs: "Ziva...not here..."

(Ziva turns, angry...)

Ziva: "Do you not see what she is doing?..."

Gibbs: "Yea...I see....but if you blow your cover in the middle of the dance floor, her men in the room will end up killing all of us..."

(Ziva looks to the dance floor, Tony and Swan gliding gracefully, turning, spinning, then the woman presses against Tony again...)

Ziva: "It would be worth it..."

Gibbs: "Ziva..Dinozzo's a big boy...he can handle it..."

(Ziva glares again...)

Ziva: "Yes...that is what I am afraid of..."

(scene shifts to dance floor....Swan's eyes widen...)

Swan: "You have taken my breath away!....Mister Bond!...You dance beautifully!..."

Tony: "Arthur Murray...."

Swan: "Who is this Arthur Murray?"

Tony: "Old school dance instruction...."

Swan: "Then I will celebrate this Arthur Murray forever...."

(She slows....looks up at Tony...then softly...)

Swan: “And I will adore you forever....”

(scene shifts to Ziva....her eyes widen....)

Gibbs: “Ziva....”

Ziva: “No Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “Ziva...not here...”

(She turns...face furious...)

Ziva: “I will not lose my life!....She will not take it from me!...”

Gibbs; “Ziva...it’s a dance....you’re not losing anything....”

Ziva: “I know that look in her eyes!....I know what that woman wants!...”

Gibbs: “Ziva...look in Dinozzo’s eyes....what is he looking at...”

Ziva: “HER!...”

(Gibbs takes Ziva’s shoulders, turns her towards the dancers....Tony seen, holding the woman, the side of her face pressed against his chest...His eyes focused on Ziva...)

Gibbs: “What do you see, Ziva...?”

(silence...then...)

Ziva; “He is looking to me...”

Gibbs: “What do his eyes say?”

(She calms...nods....)

Ziva: “That she has not taken him...That he wants me to know that....”

Gibbs: “Yea Ziva....ya think?”

(Gibbs shakes his head...)

Gibbs: “Christ, you two....it never ends....”

(Ziva gives small smile, looks down...)

Ziva: “Tony and I were something....were we not?”

Gibbs: “Drove me nuts, Ziver....”

Ziva: “I know....that was part of the fun...”

(silence...then...)

Ziva: “I shall calm myself, enjoy the evening, and I have cast that woman out of my mind...”

(silence)

Gibbs; “How’s that last part working for you?”

Ziva: “Not well...I think before the night is over, I will have to speak with that woman...”

Gibbs: “Try not to get blood on the dress, Ziva...”

Ziva; “Of course...it is a lovely dress...”

(Song ends...Ziva escorts Swan to a table, then walks to Ziva....)

Tony: “Ziva...I had nothing to do with that...”

Ziva: “Anthony, I am aware...it was for our mission, and whatever enjoyment you felt was purely professional...”

(She takes his hand...)

Ziva: “You and her danced well together....”

Tony: “I guess....”

Ziva; “The people here enjoyed and admired it...”

(He says nothing, cocks his head...)

Ziva; “However.....they have not seen....”

Tony: “Seen what?”

Ziva: “You and I”

(Ziva takes his hand, leads him to the floor...they stand, hands in classic dance position...Ziva looks at the bandleader...nods....The bandleader smiles, turns to the orchestra....waves his wand....)

(Music from Les Miserables, "I Dreamed A Dream" begins to play...)

Tony: "Shall we?"

(Ziva nods...)

Ziva: "We shall..."

(Tony spins Ziva, catches her, then they glide across the floor, graceful, moving fast, turning, then spinning, both smiling at each other.....people begin to stare...then nod....Tony and Ziva twirl together, her dress flashing, feet gliding, Tony expertly showcasing Ziva, both of them in step and time.....The music comes to the ending, slows tempo, Tony and Ziva slow, moving together, closer now, her eyes locked on his, then Tony extends his arm, Ziva twirling gracefully at the end of his hand, they let go, she stops, then pulls her arms in, twirls back to him, takes his hand, spins into Tony's arms, then he slowly dips her, his face coming closer to her...Ziva reaches up with hand, touches his cheek, whispers...)

"Tony...you are so loved"

(Tony barely nods...whispers back)

"I know"

(He raises Ziva up, Ziva bows to Tony, Tony bows deeper...they take each others hands, walk back to the table, the crowd clapping loudly, the orchestra starts up again...)

(scene shifts to Ziva, her eyes locked on Swan...Swan standing, glaring at Ziva...Swan turns, walks swiftly out of the ballroom....)

Tony: "Mission accomplished?"

(Ziva gives small smile..)

Ziva: 'Why Mister Bond...I have no idea what you are referring to..."

Tony: "That the Mission was accomplished..."

Ziva; "Of course...did you have any doubts?"

(Tony says nothing...then)

Tony: "It was a nice feeling..."

Ziva: “What? To have another woman close to you?”

Tony: “You know that’s not what I’m talking about....”

(Ziva places her arm through his...)

Ziva: “I know, dearest...”

Tony: “Careful....They’ll see...”

Ziva: “They will see an Ambassador that has feelings for her bodyguard...it is not unheard of, Tony...”

Tony: “So...you’re good with little Miss China?”

Ziva: “I will start nothing....”

Tony: “And if she does?”

Ziva: “Then I will finish everything....”

(Tony nods...)

Tony: “That’s what I thought...”

(scene shifts to Gibbs and Caprice....)

Gibbs: “McGibbs? It would be a shame...”

(Caprice smiles...)

Caprice; ‘I thought you’d never ask, Jethro...”

(Gibbs leads Caprice out to the floor, other couples enter the floor...)

Caprice; ‘Shall we show them?”

Gibbs: “That’s a hard act to follow...”

Caprice: “We can manage....”

Gibbs: “Night is winding down...I think we might actually get through it...”

(pause)

Gibbs; “Ziva is still Braga, no one’s killed anyone....might be okay...”

Caprice; ‘And tomorrow?”

Gibbs: “I don’t know...Davis and the governor seem to have reached an agreement....Might solve the problem...”

Caprice; ‘And maybe we can enjoy this beautiful place?”

Gibbs: “No...There’s a Chinese navy waiting to invade Taiwan....That’s our job...”

Caprice; “Not tonight, Jethro....”

(She takes his hands, dance position...)

Caprice; “Right now, I’m your job....”

(pause...then the music starts...)

Caprice; “And you so, so good at your job...”

Gibbs: “Dawson and Pankow seem to be having a good time...”

(Caprice looks over, sees both dancing with Chinese men....both smiling...)

Caprice: “Oh god...they’ve gone undercover...”

Gibbs: “They’re dancing McGibbs....”

Caprice: “And talking...look at the men’s faces....”

(scene shifts to Pankow and Dawson, both smiling at the Chinese men...”

Pankow: “Why Mister Chow...you dance divinely....”

Dawson: “Hey Shirley...mine has rhythm....”

(Dawson looks up at the stunned face of the man holding her...)

Dawson: “Now...what is it you do, Ting Lu? You look important....I can always tell when a man looks important...”

(The man stammers....then...)

Man: “I am humble communications man...”

(Dawson smiles...)

Dawson: “How fascinating!..I don’t know anything about communications....Tell me about what you do...”

(scene shifts to hotel hallway....door to NCIS main suite...electronic card slips into slot, light on door turns green...door opens...)

(scene shifts to footlockers...lids open...hands seen lifting automatic weapons out of trunks....lids close...shadows seen leaving room, door to room seen closing....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens on narrow walkway leading from ballroom to main hotel room building, lights in gardens illuminating palms and flowers, Ziva and Tony walking, her arm through his...beach area seen on left, walkway turns towards hotel...)

Ziva: “It was a wonderful night, Anthony...”

Tony: “Yea...it was touch and go for a moment....but we recovered pretty well...”

Ziva: “Do you know what I want to do?”

(Tony grins....looks down at her...)

Ziva: “I want to call Tali and see her and Rivka....I miss our children...”

Tony: “Spoken like a true mother....”

(She pulls his arm closer...)

Ziva; “It is a good thing to be, Anthony...”

(Tony stops...)

Ziva: “Tony?”

(Tony looks out towards the beach....single person standing, watching...)

Tony: “That’s Swan....”

(Ziva looks out, sees the woman standing still, then the woman paces back and forth, swinging her arms...she stops...looks at Ziva...)

Ziva: “She has been waiting....”

Tony: “Yea..I know....”

(Ziva pulls her arm out...steps towards the beach...)

Ziva: “It would be impolite of me to not find out for what....”

(Tony watches Ziva walk towards the woman....)

Tony: “Oh boy....”

(pause)

Tony: “A little jealousy was nice...but this....”

(scene shifts to Swan, watching Ziva walk towards her....)

Swan: “I knew you would come...”

Ziva: “And here I am....”

Swan: “I want him”

Ziva: “I do not own him...he is free to make his own decisions...”

(The woman looks over Ziva towards Tony...)

Swan: “I think you do own him...”

Ziva; “A man that allows that would never be a man I would be with...What he does, he does of his own free will...”

Swan: “I disagree....”

(Swan takes a step towards Ziva, Ziva drops her hands, clenches her fists...)

Swan: “I see you are familiar with the stance...”

(pause)

Swan: “My father tells me I am the best there is....”

(Swan starts to circle Ziva....)

Ziva: “Your father lies...”

(Swan gives a small smile...)

Swan: “Perhaps you can make it interesting?”

Ziva: “Perhaps...”

(Ziva turns to her..)

Ziva: “You propose a winner takes all scenario?”

Swan: “Yes...”

(Ziva bows....Swan bows back....)

Ziva: “Then let us begin....”

(Tony pulls out cell...dials quickly...)

Tony: “Trouble, boss....big trouble....”

(scene shifts to Swan...her hand darts towards Ziva’s face....Ziva blocks it easily...)

(Swan turns to her side....right leg flashes up, Ziva slaps it down....)

(Swan stands, studying Ziva.....)

(Swan attacks, both arms flashing towards Ziva’s face, Ziva’s hands move the attacking hands away from her face, easily....Swan backs off, stufying Ziva)

Swan: “Who are you..?”

(Ziva flashes a hand out, slaps Swan’s face....backs off...)

Ziva: “No one”

(Ziva drops to the ground, sweeps one leg out, knocks Swan off her feet...Swan falls back in the sand, flips up to her feet....)

Swan: “You are not no one...”

(Swan kicks, Ziva blocks, Swan slashes out with her hand, Ziva gracefully moves an arm downward, pushing Swan’s attacking hand away....)

Swan: ”NO!...”

(Swan attacks, her hands flashing, Ziva’s arms flashing, both sets of arms a blur....Swan’s hand grazes Ziva’s cheek, Ziva punches forward, heel of palm ramming Swan’s chest, Swan staggers back....then attacks again, spinning, leg extended, Ziva squats, Swan’s leg creates swooshing sound as it flies over Ziva’s head, Ziva dives forward, pulling Swan to the side, then planting foot, Ziva flips Swan over, lands the woman on her back....Ziva pounces, slamming fist into Swan’s chest, then stands immediately.....Swan looks up with awe....)

Swan: “Only one woman could fight as you....and she is dead.....she was killed years ago!...”

(Ziva paces, looking down...)

Ziva; ‘Was she?”

(Swan rises...raises hands...)

Swan: “She was killed in an explosion!....My father told me!....”

Ziva: “Perhaps your father lies....”

Swan: “NO!...I have been trained all of my life!....To be the best!...My father promised I was the best!...”

Ziva: “You are good...but you are not the best....”

(Swan glares...her hands flash out again, Ziva easily blocks them, then slaps Swan’s face lightly....)

Ziva: “Enough...”

Swan: “NO!...”

(Swan spins, Ziva catches the sweeping leg, lifts it up suddenly, high, Swan falls back into the sand....Ziva yells out...)

Ziva: “ENOUGH!...”

(Ziva pounces again...sits on Swan’s chest, both Ziva’s hands pinning Swan’s arms to the sand, her face directly over Swan’s stunned face)

Ziva; “I know what it is like to have no choice....”

(Swan stares, eyes flashing...)

Ziva; ‘I know what it is like to be told what a life will be, to be told I would never have a life because my life belonged to my country....”

(pause)

Ziva; “And I know what is like to know I would never have love, or children, or happiness....I know what that feels like...”

(Swan looks at Ziva, disbelief...)

Ziva; “And I know you steal the men of other women, then finding out there is no love in that, you cast them off, angrier each time....emptier each time....”

(Swan’s eyes show recognition....disbelief...Ziva rises...Swan gets up...stares at Ziva...)

Swan: “No...it cannot be....”

(Swan backs up....)

Swan: “My father promised me...That woman is dead....she was killed....”

Ziva: “Was she?”

(Swan yells out...)

Swan: “WHO ARE YOU?”

(Ziva says nothing....then...)

Ziva: “She lived.....”

(Swan’s eyes show shock...)

Ziva; “And now she loves...”

(Swan shaker her head back and forth)

Swan: “No....no.....no.....”

Ziva: “And because she loves...she lives....”

Swan: “You lie....you lie.....”

(Swan screams...)

“YOU LIE!....”

(Swan turns, dashes across the beach towards buildings....Ziva watches her leave....)

Tony: “Feel better?”

(Ziva turns.....nods...)

Ziva: “Much...”

Tony: “Good...because we’re going to need it....She’s going to go back to her father and tell him...”

Ziva: “Tell him what? I did not admit who I am.....She merely met someone better, and her father will admonish her, and she will be punished...”

(Tony looks at Ziva, curiously....)

Ziva: “It is what my father did to me.....It is what hers will do to her...”

(scene shifts to hotel room...Swan’s face shown, mouth bleeding....Swan’s face in shock....Kim Hun, Director of Chinese Communist party, slaps her face again...)

Kim Hun - ‘HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME OF LYING!....”

(Swan’s face turns to the side as the hand slaps it....)

Swan: “No father....no....”

Kim Hun: “THAT WOMAN DIED!...IT IS AS I SAID!....”

(Swan backs off....face pleading...)

Swan: “Please...father...I am your daughter....”

(He slaps her again...)

Kim Hun: “YOU ARE THE PARTY’S DAUGHTER!....YOU LIVE TO SERVE YOUR PARTY!....”

(Swan’s face in disbelief...)

Swan: “No.....please...father....please....I love you....”

(The man strikes her again....Swan falls to the floor...)

Kim Hun: “Get up....get up and think why you lost...learn....learn from your defeat...”

(Swan slowly gets up...wipes her mouth...looks at the blood on her hand...)

Swan: “I believe I have, father....”

(Swan runs to the sliding patio doors, races outside....The man turns to guards...)

Kim Hun: “Go after her....See where she goes....”

(guards seen running out of the room)

(pause...the man pulls out a cell...dials...connects...)

Kim Hun: “We can wait no longer....The governor woman is talking to the Americans...We cannot take a chance on our plans changing....”

(listens...nods...)

Kim Hun: “The fleet has their plans....We have the satellites to guide them....Tell our men here to attack....and to kill Ambassador Braga first....”

(pause)

Kim Hun: “She is dangerous....She is not Ziva David, but she is dangerous none the less...We cannot risk her blinding our eyes in the sky....”

(listens...nods)

Kim Hun: “Yes...at least 15 of our men...silenced weapons, knives, anything silent...We cannot risk a panic at this hotel...We cannot risk the attention while this governor is here...”

(scene shifts to hotel suite, Gibbs and team talking, laughing....Tony reenacting Ziva’s battle with Swan, Ziva shaking her head, small grin...)

(knock at the door....knock again...Ziva goes to the door, looks through the peephole, backs up...reaches out, opens door...)

(Swan stands in the doorway, mouth bleeding.....)

Ziva: “You...why are you.....”

(Swan bows....head facing down...)

Swan: “I know who you are.....”

Ziva: “I did not say...”

Swan: “I know”

Ziva: “And....?”

(Swan rises....looks at Ziva...)

Swan: “I am Swan Hun...daughter of the Director of the Chinese Communist Party....”

(pause)

Swan: “And I wish to defect....”

(faces in room shocked....)

Ziva: “And I am Ziva.....”

(Ziva reaches out, takes the woman’s hand....)

Ziva: “I am Ziva, and I know the life you have led....Please...come in....and live it no more...”

Gibbs: “Get her in...I’ll call Loretta....And get ready to move quick....Everyone gear up...this is just starting....”

(scene fades to black and white)

PART 3 Of

“The Witch, The Demon, and Latoria”

(scene opens in Jamaican hotel suite, team on laptops, Dil and Torres checking weapon crates, both looking at each other, then they begin checking again....)

(scene shifts to next door suite, Gibbs, Ziva, Tony, and Swan in living room area, Swan with head down, Ziva sitting next to her, wet cloth in hand, helping the woman clean her bleeding mouth...Swan pushes Ziva’s hand aside, extends her arms to Gibbs...)

Swan: “I am ready....”

(Gibbs stares at the woman, then...)

Gibbs: “For what?”

Swan: “I am your prisoner...it is your duty to imprison me, then interrogate...However, I am aware of Geneva Convention, and you are not allowed to torture me. It is my right...”

Gibbs: “Sorry...not how this works”

Swan: “So, I made mistake...you will torture me?”

Gibbs: “Ran your file...you’re not wanted anywhere...”

Ziva: “Unfortunately, Swan, you are not a criminal...So, I do not get the satisfaction of strapping you to a table and pouring water down your throat”

Swan: “You dislike me...I understand....”

(Ziva goes back to wiping Swan’s face...)

Ziva: “No..I do not dislike you...I hate you...”

Swan: “Then why are you helping me?....”

Ziva: “My husband asked me to help you...that is why”

(Swan looks over at Tony, he shrugs....)

Ziva: “He asked me to see the you that is me, and I see me, therefore I forgive me...You are merely a recipient of what I give myself...”

(Gibbs and Tony look at Ziva, puzzled...)

Swan: “And that your husband denied my advances...”

(pause)

Swan: “I did not know your husband did not like women.....It is commendable of you to be in a marriage such as that...”

(Tony’s face goes into shock...Ziva scrunches her face, forces smile away...)

Tony: “Hold on....”

Swan: “It is nothing be shame about....many Chinese men have same desire...”

Tony: “No!...Wait....”

Ziva: “Swan...I promise you...that is not the reason my husband spurned your advances...”

(Swan holds Ziva’s hand still, looks at her, then at Tony....then she nods...)

Swan: “Ah...I see...he lives in constant fear of the pain you could inflict if he were to stray from you....It is obvious....forgive me for not seeing that...”

Ziva: “Swan...as unbelievable as it may sound, my husband turned your advance away due to his commitment to us...It is what we both do....Nothing more, nothing less...The fact that yes, I can inflict pain on Anthony is inconsequential...”

Tony: “She does have her moments...”

Ziva: “I do it lovingly, dearest...”

Tony: “Love hurts....”

Ziva: “As it should...”

Gibbs: “Now that we’ve got Dinozzo’s sexuality figured out, we’ve got to get you out of here, Mizz Hun...I just got off the phone with Stephens, and she....”

(Swan’s eyes widen...)

Swan: “Stephens? Isabella Stephens....the Butcher Queen...you have spoken to her....”

(Gibbs looks at the woman curiously...)

Ziva: “Gibbs....allow me...”

(Ziva moves her chair to face Swan....)

Ziva: “You have been told many lies....It is not evil, it is not unusual, but they are lies...We are not going to imprison you...we are not going to shackle you....You will not be tortured, waterboarded or subjected to a butcher queen....Those are bedtime stories told to adult children to keep them in fear...”

Swan: “Then what is to become of me?”

Gibbs: “You talk....We check out your stories....If they’re the truth, we’re going to help you...If you’re here to lie, then we’ll turn you loose, after we’ve told the intelligence world that you told us everything...”

(Swan's eyes widen again...)

Swan: "They would kill me..."

Gibbs: "Yea...I know"

Ziva: "What happens to you, Swan, is totally up to you....You have defected...Perhaps it was an emotional decision, and you regret it...That is common...but if you wish..."

Swan: "No...There are emotions...yes..but they are not the driving force...."

Gibbs: "Then what is?"

(Swan lowers her eyes....)

Swan: "There is much to tell...."

"I might be able to help with that..."

(They turn, Kasie standing in the doorway...)

Kasie: "I just spent the last 24 hours in the Autopsy center at the local Police building....I've examined the tissue samples and blood of the men you guys blew up in those boats...."

(Kasie looks at Swan....)

Kasie: "That's why she's here....Am I right, ma'am?"

(Swan nods....)

Gibbs: "Someone want to tell me what the hell you two are talking about?"

Swan: "Those men....they came from the ship..."

(pause)

Swan: "They were ill...."

Kasie: "Try dying and didn't know it....folks...those bodies were carrying some bad mojo...Which means that battleship out there is carrying it too"

(Gibbs, frustrated...)

Gibbs: "Kasie!....Bottom line!..."

(Kasie nods...looks at Gibbs...)

Kasie: “Okay...I’ve got bad news, good news, bad news...The last bad news is really good news, but some people think it’s bad news..”

Gibbs: “Kasie...focus....”

(pause...Kasie takes a breath...)

Kasie: “Everyone in this room is dying. The ship is carrying containers, something...whatever it is, it’s airborne, not viral...”

(Gibbs stares...then...)

Gibbs: “Good news better be real good, Kasie...”

Kasie: “Those soldiers you boys blew up were infected...There must be some nasty stuff on that ship....but....caught early, it’s a quick fix....”

Gibbs: “Yea? How?”

Kasie: “That’s the bad news again part....”

(Kasie holds up both hands, multiple syringes with long needles fill both hands...)

Kasie: “The bad news is it’s gonna hurt....after that, it’s good news..”

(yelling heard behind Kasie...)

Torres: “OH HELL NO!.....”

(Dil heard yelling out)

Dil: “BLOCK THE DOOR!....HE’LL BOLT!...”

(Ziva looks at Tony, his face staring at the needles...)

Ziva: “Anthony...are you okay?”

(They look at Dinozzo, eyes flutter....Ziva reaches for him)

Ziva: “Anthony!...It is only a small needle!....”

Tony: “Huge...needle....”

Ziva: “Anthony!....Bond Tony Bond would not act like this!...”

Tony: “Bond.....is dead.....”

(Tony falls back on the bed, taking deep breaths....Kasie shrugs...)

Kasie: “Told you....Those boys do not like needles...”

McGee: “Boss, hate to break up your fun, but.....we’re about to have company...”

Swan: “They have come for me!...”

McGee: “Boat’s at the hotel dock, unloading some men....and they don’t look like they’re here to shop for souvenirs....”

Ziva: “If they came for her, they cannot have her...”

(Ziva looks at Gibbs....)

Gibbs: “What do you have in mind, Ziva....?”

(Ziva looks at Swan....)

Ziva: “Are any of them feeling ill?”

(Swan nods...)

Swan: “Many”

Ziva: “Then prepare to be what you would have been should you have not run tonight...”

Swan: “I do not understand...what would I have been?”

Ziva: “Dead....”

(Gibbs turns to Kasie...)

Gibbs; “I think she wants a body bag, Kasie....”

Ziva: “Yes...”

(Kasie looks at Ziva in surprise....then face lights up...)

Kasie: “Ohhhh.....Okay....”

(Kasie turns, walks quickly away....they wait....Kasie returns, hands Ziva a black dress bag...)

Kasie: “It’s not like I carry body bags, guys...but this might do the job....”

Ziva; “We will make it do the job....Miss Hun...prepare to no longer be among the living...”

Kasie: “I want that bag back!...”

(Tony sits up....)

Tony: “This sounds like voodoo stuff...”

(Swan looks at both of them, disbelief....)

Swan: “I cannot!...This is....”

Ziva: “You may cooperate willingly, or I will render you unconscious....it is your choice...One way they come and take you, the other way, it may work to your advantage...”

Swan: “How could this work to my advantage?”

Gibbs: “No one comes looking for a dead person, Miss Hun..”

Kasie: “I’ll go get the gurney from the hotel clinic....”

(scene shifts to hotel door, four Chinese men standing, all have hands inside coat, touching pistols....Door opens...)

Gibbs: “Yea?”

(The man in front looks at Gibbs....)

Man: “We have come for Swan Hun....We know she is here...”

(Gibbs steps to one side...)

Gibbs: “Yea..come on in...saves us the trouble...”

(The man looks inside....curious...)

Man: “Saves you from what trouble?”

Gibbs: “Take her off our hands.....You people should take better care of your own...”

(Kasie, white lab coat on, steps through connecting door in suite, pulling rolling hospital gurney, body in black dress bag on gurney...)

Gibbs: “Make sure you quarantine the body....and after that, I’d visit the hospital if I were you....”

(The man stares at the gurney....)

Man: “Who.....?”

Gibbs: “Your boss’s daughter...she came here asking for help....collapsed in the room....”

(The man’s eyes widen...)

Gibbs: “Doc here says she’s contagious....They don’t know what the hell it is....”

(Man continues to stare at the gurney...)

Man: “That...That is Swan Hun?”

Gibbs: “Yea....come look...but don’t touch....”

(Gibbs walks to the gurney...looks at Kasie...she blurts out in imitation Jamaican accent...)

Kasie: “Oh mister boss man, I do not think it be so wise....She is too gone gone....Not even the witches bring her back...”

(Gibbs unzips the bag...Swan lays inside, eyes wide open in shock, mouth open, red jelly flowing out of side of mouth onto cheek....The Chinese man recoils...)

Man: “IYEEEE!...”

(Gibbs quickly zips the bag....)

Gibbs: “Doctor...take her..or these men can take her...either way, get her out of here....”

Kasie: “Yes, Doctor lady be going...but you people remember...you spray the room, your bodies, and get another room...this one be hot hot hot, you know, mon?”

(Kasie nods towards Tony on the bed, still laying back....)

Kasie: “He be the next one...I drop this one off, come back and collect him....He not be long for this world...you can tell....”

(Ziva pulls out syringe from pocket, hides hand against stomach, shows needle to Tony...Dinozzo sits up, looks at the needle, falls back...)

Kasie: “So sad mon....he seem like nice man....”

(Kasie pushes the gurney out the door...the Chinese men in the hallway scatter away....)

Kasie; “No matter...you already breathe in the death thing.....”

(Kasie pushes the gurney down the hall....)

Gibbs: “Hey!...”

(The Chinese man snaps his head around...)

Gibbs: “Tell her dad we’re sorry for his loss...”

(The man stares at Gibbs...then)

Man: “He will want to see for himself...”

(Gibbs shrugs...)

Gibbs: “His funeral....”

(Gibbs starts to close the room door....The man reaches out, stops the door...)

Man: “Our business is not concluded....”

(pause...Gibbs waits...the Chinese man looks into the room, sees nothing....)

Man: “We will speak again...”

Gibbs: “Like I said, bubba...your funeral...”

Man: “Bold talk for a man with so few men himself and women as well...”

Gibbs: “Might want to be careful with that talk...Our women seem to be able to take care of themselves...”

(The man scoffs...then turns...all 4 Chinese men seen exiting the hotel...)

(scene shifts to suite....connecting door opens, Dil and the others walk out...)

Dil: “We checked...there were 10 more waiting outside the hotel....They only sent those 4 in to see you...”

Gibbs: “They’re right...We don’t have the people to go head to head...”

Dil: “Maybe...”

(pause)

Dil: “And maybe we’ve underestimated some people...”

(Gibbs looks at Dil, curiously....Torres comes out of the adjoining room...)

Torres: “You know...they let anyone in these places now days....”

Dil: “We found them outside, waiting to talk to you....”

Gibbs; “Who?”

(Brand Childs walks out of the adjoining room....3 Marines behind him...)

Brand: “We decided to hang around....Home will be there when this is over...”

(Gibbs stares at the man....then...)

Gibbs: “You were the ones that took the guns...”

Brand: “Sorry...we were here earlier...we saw how outnumbered you were at the party...We needed to be able to pitch in if you needed us...”

(Gibbs says nothing....then surprisingly, nods at Brand..)

Gibbs: “Semper Fi, Marine....”

Brand: “And Oo Rah back at you, Gunny...”

(Gibbs looks at the 4 men..nods...)

Gibbs; “Thanks”

Marine: “LT Travis Hunt, sir...We’re good...and we’d like a little payback...”

Marine 2: “LT Al Taylor, sir...Kind of an embarrassment sir...But you and your team, you came for us...We can’t turn our backs on that...”

Gibbs: “Might get messy, soldiers....you up for that?”

Brand: “I just talked to my daughter...She’s in a Miami hospital as we talk, and she’s good....She’s the one that told me I didn’t have a hair on my head if I didn’t help her Uncle Dilbert...”

Dil: “Good men, Gibbs...all of them....”

(Gibbs says nothing....then...)

Brand: “What’s the plan sir?”

Gibbs: “Insanity...”

(Brand grins...)

Brand: “I’d expect nothing less, sir....We are the good for nothing, wild men, out of control Marines...”

(Gibbs nods...small grin...)

Gibbs: “McGee....take ‘em through it....”

(McGee clicky clacks...large flat screen in room comes to life....image of Chinese battleship comes up....)

McGee; “The Red Star, gentlemen...and she’s the coms center for the Taiwan invasion...”

Brand; “Taiwan?”

Gibbs: “Might tell them why the Chinese are here, McGee....”

15 MINUTES LATER

(The Marines stay quiet....then...)

Brand: “They took us to keep us out of the way...”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Brand: “This whole thing is about invading Taiwan...”

McGee: “No...it’s also about taking over this island to use for a threat to the U.S....They want to buy the military base, then store the chemicals they have on that ship in the underground bunkers here”

(The Marines look at each other....shake their heads...Brand turns back...)

Brand: “Me and my boys want in....What are you going to do about it?”

Gibbs: “Stop them, what else?”

Brand: “Sir..we know your team...we know what they’ve done...We’re fans...but can you pull it off?”

McGee: “We take out the communication room on top of that ship’s tower, and we cut off the coms to the invasion force...”

Brand: “Do they have backup?”

McGee; “Direct satellite link....They can move everything with that if they have to”

Brand: “So...if they can do that, what good will taking out the coms here do?”

Gibbs: “We’ve got that part handled....”

McGee; ‘My wife is Director of CyberForce....Her team can handle the satellites...”

Brand: “Okay then...Now...do you have a plan to take out the ship tower?”

Gibbs: “Yea...we do...”

(Gibbs turns to Dil and Torres....)

Gibbs; “Loop ‘em in, Bosworth...”

10 MINUTES LATER

(The Marines stand, staring at Dil and Torres....no one speaks...then...)

Brand: “You were right sir...insane seems to cover that...”

Gibbs: “Yea?...So?”

(Brand nods....)

Brand: “It’s insane...but it’s Marine insane....We’re in, sir...what do you want us to do?”

Dil: “We need a distraction.....A particular distraction....”

Brand: “What particular distraction?”

(Dil grins....)

Dil: “How’s your underwater skill set?”

(Brand looks at the men...then back at Dil....big grin comes over his face...)

Brand: “Outstanding”

Dil: “Good...as if I didn’t know already, jarheads....”

(pause)

Dil: “Here’s what we need....and there’s a man getting the equipment as we speak...”

Brand: “Man?”

Dil: “Yea...he’s a legend on the island...He’s a drug dealer...”

(silence...then..)

Brand: “Might want to put a capital ‘I’ on that Insane part....”

Lt. Hunt: “Pardon the interruption sir...but that ship has underwater sonar and radar....we’ll never get that close without being spotted...”

McGee: “Jamming...”

Hunt: “You can do that?”

(One of the other Marines speaks out...)

Marine 3: “LT Sands sir...and you’re Timothy McGee...right?”

McGee: “Yes...”

Sands: “My father knew your father, sir...they served together....I’ve followed your work the last 3 years, ever since you wrote the anti hacking program for your wife’s agency....”

Brand: “Sands is our tech...he’s wired funny, but he’s good...”

McGee: “How good?”

Brand: “Damn good...”

McGee: “Then since 3 can provide what we need in the water, Lt Sands...you have a problem staying here and helping us?...The lady over there is Shirley Pankow....”

Sands: “Naval Intel Pankow?”

Pankow: “One in the same....”

(Sands looks at Dawson...)

Sands: “That makes you Mary Dawson.....”

(Sands breaks into big smile....)

Sands; “Royal is one of my best buddies.....”

(Dawson’s face lights up....)

Sands: “I’d be honored sir....This is where the brains are....and like I tell Captain here...”

Brand: “Sands here says he can do more damage with one laptop than all of us together can do with all our guns....”

Sands: “Damn right...”

McGee: “Then brush up on your jamming skills, LT....”

Sands: “Signal emission field output, sir... omnidirectional in the horizontal plane, sector in the vertical plane, and you need a set of hands on each....I can handle the omni if you like, sir...”

(McGee begins grinning....)

McGee: “Pull up a chair, LT...”

Pankow: “Linking the spare laptop with our intel base...”

Dawson: “Programming coms set for him now...”

(pause)

Dawson: “Giving him access to CyFo....I’ll do the intro...”

Sands: “CyFo? I’ll be talking to CyFo?”

Dawson: “Eagle 1 and Momma Bear themselves....They’ll be tasking the drones that are coming along...”

Sand: “Drones?....Oh....god....”

Gibbs: “Captain...I think your boy there is overloading....”

Brand: “He’s in his place sir....He’s good with his weapon, but he’s right...He’s saved our bacon plenty of times with his computer stuff....Gets us in and out pretty slick...”

Gibbs; “Bosworth...Torres...we’ve settled...So take us through it one more time....”

(scene shows Dil pointing to TV screen, aerial view of battleship....)

Dil: “We drop from 2000 feet, open immediately to slow, hit tower ledge, plant what we have, get the hell off...”

Brand: “Off...how do you plan to get off....?”

Dil; “Dive...”

(Brand looks at Dil..curious...)

Brand: “Captain...that tower is 190 feet in the air....you’re talking about a 190 foot dive....free jump is what they call it...”

Dil: “Yea...it’s a ways up...we get it...”

Hunt: “World record for free jump is 193 feet....Sir...are you sure...”

Torres: “We’re good...we’ve both jumped out of choppers at 180....It’s bueno...”

(Pause....then..)

Torres: “Hey...you’re gonna be talking on coms with my wife...like...maybe don’t mention that we’re way high up?”

(pause)

Torres; ‘She gets kinda nervous....you know how they are...”

(Marines look at each other...all shake their heads...Hunt looks at the others, whispers...)

“This is either going to be greatness or it’s going to be real ugly....”

(pause)

“Right up our alley...”

(scene shifts to Jamaican airport, Swan entering small jet door, Ziva following....Ziva leads Swan to rear of private jet...door to jet closes....)

Ziva: “We are safe...”

(cockpit door opens....woman steps out....)

Woman: “Miss Hun...the United States of America welcomes you....”

(Swan looks up, eyes widen....)

Woman: “I am Isabella Stephens.....Director of the CIA....”

(scene shows Bella standing, looking down at shocked Swan...)

Bella; “Now...what is it your father has planned?”

(scene shows jet taking off from runway.....Ziva and Bella stand on runway, watching....)

Ziva: “You trust what she gave you?”

Bella: “I already knew the answers before I asked....She told me the truth....”

Ziva; “She still has some good in her....It is not her fault that she was raised as she was...”

Bella: “Anything personal in that observation, Ziva?”

(Ziva says nothing...then..)

Ziva: “Perhaps”

(Bella turns to Ziva...)

Bella: “We have to stop that battleship....It’s the communications center for the invasion of Taiwan....”

Ziva: “And Kim Hun is the one behind the scenes, yanking the chains.....”

(Bella looks at Ziva, curiously...)

Bella; “Did you mean he’s the one pulling the strings?”

Ziva: “Pulling strings...yanking chains...it is all the same...”

(Bella watches the jet climb in the sky...)

Bella: “Yea...kinda is the same....”

Ziva: “Of course it is....It is so rude to correct me....”

Bella: “I’ll make a note of that....Now..look...The second part of the plan starts...”

(Bella looks over, loading truck moving casket onto back of UPS Cargo plane, men in haz mat suits lifting casket onto the ramp, more Haz Mat suits waiting on the ramp....)

Ziva: “Impressive...”

Bella: “Well, Ziva...if it’s anything the CIA can do well, is sell a lie....”

Ziva: “It would seem you have sold it well enough to them....”

(second private get seen waiting near UPS plane...jet engines running...)

Bella: “Chinese Communist Party jet....they’ll follow the plane to Cayman, where it lands to refuel....”

Ziva: “And what will they find?

Bella: “A woman’s body in the casket...beyond identification...locks of hair from Swan Hun are intact in the casket...They’ll do DNA ID and find what they need to find....”

(Ziva nods....)

Ziva: “As I said...impressive...”

Bella; “We’re the best liars in the world, my good friend....It’s what we have to do to keep the truth alive...”

(scene shows UPS plane climbing, Chinese private jet taking off from runway, falling into place behind the cargo jet in the sky)

Ziva: “It is not my place to ask, but why did you not accompany Swan?”

Bella; “I am”

(Ziva looks at the woman, curiously....)

Bella: “Over there....”

(CIA jet seen landing....)

Bella: “We needed to be sure we hadn’t been sold out again....If we had, that jet would have been blown out of the sky, with me in it....”

(Ziva looks at the woman, puzzled...)

Ziva: “And you would have sacrificed Swan?”

(Bella looks at Ziva...shakes her head...)

Bella; ‘And give up the best intelligence asset we’ve gained since the Cold War? Are you kidding?”

(Jet lands....luggage loader pulls up to plane, hydraulic lift raises to meet open rear door...)

Bella: “Swan was taken onto the plane, then taken out the opposite side door onto that same luggage truck...She’s on that truck now, being put back on the plane...”

(Ziva nods....)

Ziva; “To protect the truth, you had to sell the lie...twice”

(Bella leans over, places an arm on Ziva’s shoulder...)

Bella: “Ambassador Braga...thank you for all you’ve done...”

Ziva: “What I do, I do for my country....Brazil...”

(Bella grins..)

Bella; “Spoken like a true spy, Ms Braga....”

Ziva: “No...the true spy is my husband.....I am only the wife of Bond, Tony Bond....”

(Bella chuckles...)

Ziva: “He is in heaven...He is the star of his own spy movie....”

(silence...)

Bella: “You know, Ziva...you’re still very good at this....”

Ziva: “Thank you...”

Bella: “And if you wanted, we could...”

Ziva: “Thank you....no”

(silence...)

Bella; ‘A girl has to try....”

Ziva; “I know”

(pause)

Bella: “By the way, those boys of yours....Bosworth and Torres? They’re insane..”

(Ziva chuckles)

Ziva: “Sometimes they do defy belief...”

Bella: “You do know what they’re going to do....”

(Ziva turns to Bella, curious)

Ziva: “No...I do not....”

Bella: “Well.....they’re going to....”

(Bella talking, no sound....Ziva’s eyes widen, mouth drops open....then...)

Ziva: “Do Penelope and Eleanor know this?”

Bella: “Nope....But they’ll find out... They will be watching...”

(Ziva looks at Bella, curious...)

Bella: “We need evidence that we didn’t shoot first...Those drones will record everything. Whatever happens, we didn’t start it....”

Ziva; “What thing?”

Bella: “A war....”

(Ziva says nothing....then...)

Ziva: “Then we should wish for the best...”

(Bella watches the two planes disappear into the clouds...)

Bella: “Always do, Ziva....I always do...”

(scene opens in hotel suite, McGee clicky clacking....)

Gibbs: “McGee...what is that thing telling you....”

McGee: “Confirmation boss...”

Gibbs: “Confirmation of what?”

McGee: “That they are sending satellite commands through the cell signal...”

(Gibbs says nothing...waits...)

McGee: “We can’t listen in, but we’ve both picked up the cell burst from the tower on that ship to the cell tower, then the tower sends a burst after each one towards the sky....The burst can be traced from tower to satellite...and there are two satellites...”

Gibbs: “That’s important?”

McGee: “Sure is, boss...it tells us the target is exactly where we think it is...”

Gibbs: “The girls know this?”

Sands: “Sir...they’re the ones that found it to begin with...We’re confirming their data, they’re not confirming ours...”

(Sands shakes his head...)

Sands: “Those ladies at CyFo...they’re like badasses....”

(McGee grins...)

Sands: “Agent McGee...Have I told you what an honor it is to be part of working with them?”

(McGee nods...types...)

McGee: “Yes...3 times....”

(crackle in earpiece..)

“The honor’s ours LT...”

(Sand’s eyes widen...he looks at McGee, McGee taps his earpiece....nods..)

CyFo: “You did the cavitation frequency study on the Iranian submarines...”

(Sands face curious....)

“This is Tabitha, LT Sands...”

Sands: “Tabby? Is that you?”

“Affirmative LT...”

Sands: “You read that?”

“Affirmative...I used your study to track an Iranian sub leaving Cuba, inputting your data and adjusting it by 2.04% to account for varying temperatures...”

Sandy: “And you used that variance to track depth...Didn’t you?”

“Copy that, LT...”

(Sands sits back...grins....leans forward...)

Sands: “You coming here after this is over? I’d like to buy you dinner, Tabitha...”

(scene shifts to CyFo, Tabby blushing, Tommy typing, scowling....Bishop and Nell look down, both grinning....)

Tabby: “I...I don’t know if we’re coming or not, LT....”

(crackle)

Sands: “I’ll see what I can do to make that happen....”

(Tabby’s eyes widen....Tommy scowls deeper...)

(crackle)

“SANDY!...ON POINT!...”

(Sands sits up straight, types fast...)

Sands: “I have you, Captain....you are clear to approach....night vision on...”

(scene shifts to port water, three small fishing dinghies seen floating, slowly moving towards the Chinese Battleship, each dinghy manned by a Marine, all dressed in civilian clothes, rowing each boat...)

(crackle)

“Approaching target, base....confirmation on our angels?”

(crackle)

“Eagle 1 confirms angels approaching.....Showtime boys...”

Brand: “Affirmative Eagle 1....Walk us in, ma’am....”

(crackle)

“Momma Bear has the angels....”

(crackle)

“Hey Momma!....You might want to kinda like, you know...hide your eyes on this one...”

(silence...)

Bishop: “Nick...what are you going to do....?”

(scene shifts to Jamaican helicopter, Island Sightseeing printed in bold letters on side...Torres and Dil seen leaning against open doorway, both in black suits with breathing apparatus on...)

Dil: “Pilot has us on track....”

“Ya mon!...You have best pilot in all of Jamaica!...”

(view opens, Benny in pilot’s seat, headset on....)

Nell: “Benny...take care of our angels...”

Benny: “Oh yea, missy....Benny be dumping them soon...”

Nell: “Dumping?”

Dil: “Approaching target....altitude 2000....”

(view shows lights of Chinese battleship below, sailors on deck, moving towards one side....)

Torres: “Hey...our guys are doing their jobs...”

(view shifts to water, three dinghies lined up, front to back, Brand, Hunt, and Taylor, standing, waving at the Chinese sailors lining up on the rail of the huge ship...)

Brand: “HEY BOYS!...REMEMBER US?”

(all three Marines stand, waving at the sailors....)

Brand: “YOU CAN’T KEEP YOUR OWN PRISONERS!....YOU GOT NOTHING!...”

(crackle)

Gibbs: “Men..do not fire unless fired upon....”

(Brand seen nodding...waves and yells out...)

Brand: “CAN ANY OF YOU ACTUALLY SHOOT A GUN?...YOU’RE ALL LIGHTWEIGHTS!....YOU’RE SAILORS, NOT REAL SOLDIERS!...”

(scene shifts to hotel suite...McGee clicks mic...)

McGee: “Boss...they’re baiting...”

(crackle)

Gibbs: “Yea...I know...”

McGee; ‘You good, boss?”

(scene shifts to view through rifle scope....Man standing on edge of ship in sights, Captain’s uniform on....cross hairs over man’s chest...)

Gibbs: ‘I’m good....”

(scene shifts to ship Captain, glaring at the men in the boats...face reddens...screams out...)

“SHOW THEM!...FIRE!....”

(Sailors on railing of ship pull out pistols, start firing at the Marines in the dinghys....)

(scene shifts to water, all three Marines flip over backwards, off the boats and into the water...edge of boat seen, rifles clipped to side of boat, Marines pull rifles out of clips, kick hard, bodies raise up, arms over edge of boat, rifles pointed at the ship sailors....bullets chipping boat, small geysers erupt in water around the boats...)

Sands: “RETURN FIRE!....”

(Automatic weapon fire erupts from side of boats, sailors on ship ducking, bullets ricocheting off metal railings and walls...)

(scene shifts to chopper....)

Dil: “That’s our cue....”

Torres: “DUMP US BEN!....”

(helicopter seen banking sharp, Dil and Torres tumble out of the door, immediately opening chutes in the dark sky....)

(scene shifts to CyFo, all eyes on live satellite screen, watching the two men fall, then chutes open...)

Bishop: “They are landing on such a small area....”

Nell: “From 2000 feet...they’re too fast....”

Bishop: “Pull!...PULL YOUR HANDLES!....”

(scene shifts to Dil and Torres, black chutes open, top of battleship tower racing towards them...both pull hard on handles, chutes tighten, feet hit small metal landing area on tower, both Dil and Torres hit, then slam into metal wall....)

(scene shifts to CyFo, all watching, both men slam into wall, both drop to the metal floor....)

Bishop: “Get up...get up....”

(scene shifts to tower...Dil and Torres, laying on landing, both open eyes...both slowly move eyes over edge of railing, looking down...scene below shows sailors firing at Marines in water, Marines firing back...)

Dil: “We’re good....let’s move...”

(Dil and Torres seen standing, pulling chutes in quickly, standing by metal door)

(scene shifts to inside tower room..., small room seen, computer terminals, two Chinese sailors sitting at consoles, both shocked, looking at terminals.....)

Sailor 1: “MY SONAR IS BLANK!...”

Sailor 2: “RADAR OFF!...WE ARE BLIND!...”

Sailor 1: “COMMUNICATION!...HIT EMERGENCY!....ALERT FLEET!”

(scene shifts to outside door...Dil yells into mic...)

Dil: “NOW McGEE!...”

(scenes shifts to hotel suite, McGee and Sands both clicky clacking furiously...)

McGee: “SONAR ENGAGED!...”

Sands: “RADAR ENGAGED!...”

McGee: “COMMENCE VIRAL ATTACK!...”

(Both men typing fast....)

(scene shifts to Tower room, first sailor yells out...)

“EMERGENCY CALL DEAD!...”

(room door swings open, both sailors look at the scene in the door, both shocked...)

Dil: “Time to go swimming, boys...”

(Dil and Torres both dash into the small room, both grabbing the sailors by collars, pulling them, screaming, out the door towards the ledge...)

(scene shifts to CyFo...)

Nell: “There they go.....”

(TV screen shows two sailors, falling through sky, both plunging into harbor waters....)

(scene shifts to tower room...Dil and Torres taking black plastic squares, attaching to consoles, pulling ring on each bag...bag markings show..)

THERMITE

Dil: “Timer set at 90 seconds.....”

Torres: “Time to leave bro....”

(scene shifts to CyFo...all eyes on screen....)

Bishop: “Has anyone figured out how they’re going to get down?”

Nell: “They better do it soon.....look...”

(armed sailors seen climbing stairs towards tower...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs, laying on dock, covered by tarp...rifle aiming....he fires...)

(scene shifts to tower ladder....one sailor screams out, falls off ladder, body slams into deck below, spins in air, falls to main deck....)

(scene shifts to Gibbs...pulls trigger...)

(2nd sailor slumps on ladder rungs....)

(scene shifts to CyFo...Nell grinning...)

Nell: “My Gibbsy...”

(Bishop keys mic...)

Bishop: “Boys....ladder is clear...you can come down....”

(crackle)

Torres: “Sorry Bish....”

(Bishop looks at Nell, curious...)

Bishop: “What did he mean by that?”

Nell: “I have no clue...”

Bishop: “They have to climb down...they’re almost 200 feet up in the air....”

Tommy; “Uh...ma’am..you two may want to close your eyes....”

(satellite screen shows Dil and Torres, both diving off tower towards the water...both women scream....)

(scene shifts to water, Marines watching....)

Sands: “Oh...my.....god.....they’re diving..”

(Sands yells out...)

Sands: “GIVE THEM COVER!...FIRE HARD!....”

(all 3 Marines begin laying automatic fire down at battleship railing....sailors scatter...)

(scene shifts to water...Dil and Torres seen, arms stretched out, feet pointed upwards, both knife into the harbor water....)

(scene shifts to CyFo...all eyes on screen, Nell and Bishop both with hands over face, both looking through spread fingers.....all eyes watching water surface...)

Nell: “Come up...come up...come up....”

Bishop: “NICK!....COME UP!....”

(scene shifts to water....)

Sands: “GET THEM!.....THEY’RE UNCONCIOUS!.....”

(scene shows both Dil and Torres, face down, floating, bullets ripping water around them....)

(scene shifts to underwater, Sands deep, kicking upwards...)

(scene shifts to top of water...One Marine at dinghy firing two weapons at ship....Sands and Hunt break surface, grab Dil and Torres, strongly pulling both men towards dinghies, bullets ripping water and boats..)

(scene shifts to CyFo, all eyes on screen, faces in anxiety.....)

(crackle)

“Angels secure....repeat...angels secure....both men are okay.....”

(Nell and Bishop hang heads....wiping faces....they look up at the screen...clik mics...)

Nell: “Thank you, boys.....”

Bishop: “Yes....what you did...it was stupid....”

(pause)

Bishop: “It was a wonderful, stupid, dangerous.....”

Sands: “It’s what we do ma’am.....”

(Both Nell and Bishop nod....)

Nell: “We know....”

(crackle...)

“Hey Bish....”

(Bishop looks up at the screen, drone view swings around dock, Torres and Dil seen, both eyes open, bobbing in water....)

Bishop: “YOU ASSHOLE!....”

(Bishop seen throwing post it note pads at TV screen....pads bouncing off screen...)

Bishop: “YOU FEEL THOSE!...HUH? I HOPE ONE HITS YOU SQUARE IN THE NOSE!....”

Torres: “Hey Eagle 1...She’s throwing post its at me....right?”

(Nell laughs, wiping tears....)

Nell: “Affirmative....She’s landing some good shots...”

(Bishop seen pulling desk drawer open, grabbing more pads, throwing them at the screen...)

Bishop: “DON’T YOU SCARE ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!...WHAT WERE YOU THINKING!....”

Dil: “My fault, Momma Bear...”

Bishop: “YOU THINK I DON’T KNOW THAT?....”

(Bishop throws note pads at image of Dil’s head bobbing in water...Nell laughing....)

(crackle)

Sands: “Taking the angels under the dock ma’am...they’re delirious...something about post it note pads being deadly....”

Bishop: “DAMN RIGHT THEY ARE!.....”

(Post it note bounces off image of Torres....)

(scene shows Dil and Torres swimming under dock...)

(scene shifts to battleship....thermite ignites....all sailors look upwards...)

(scene shifts to tower view....blinding white flash, white smoke pouring out of tower....consoles melting, tower satellite dishes melt, antennas melting, tilting over....)

(scene shifts to Chinese missile cruiser, Taiwan coastline....Captain listens to communications officer....Captain nods...)

Captain: “All contact with Comrade Hun is gone...The Americans have disabled the battleship command center.....switch to satellite communication....”

(The captain looks out over the water, the coastline of Taiwan in sight....)

Captain: “Commence Invasion....”

(scene shows multiple Chinese warships raising their deck cannons up.....missile doors on cruisers opening.....)

Captain: “Fleet....lock targets!...”

(scene zooms out, entire Chinese fleet shown in ocean...)

(scene fades to black and white)

“Face Off”

Part 1

(scene opens in CyFo Ops Room, Nell, Bishop standing in front of consoles, Tabby and Tommy sitting between them, small monitors in front of all 4 keyboards, two large TV screens on wall across from consoles. Delilah sitting at lone desk behind them, desk phone to ear. Kristi Adams, CIA satellite expert, stands behind Nell, watching...)

Adams: “I’m almost afraid to say it..but....”

Nell: “I know, I know..we heard.....it can’t be done...”

(Kirby looks up at TV screen, digital CGI representation of two large satellites, both with large red stars on side of each seen....below the two satellites, two smaller satellites seen moving towards area below the Chinese satellites....)

Tabby: “ISS and TSS space stations coming over horizon ma’am....”

Tommy: “Getting readings on gravitational pull....”

(Nell focuses on screen, turns head to Adams...)

Nell: “What we’re about to do can’t be done...”

(Nell types several times on keyboard...turns, shrugs...)

Nell; “No one told us...We didn’t know any better...”

Adams: “Those satellites are travelling at over 17,000 miles an hour....You’re lined up to block Line of Sight, but you’re 5 miles off....All the variables are too complicated....Ms Bosworth, that’s like diverting a landslide a quarter of an inch at a time”

(Bishop focused on screen...)

Bishop: “Starting propulsion burn on lower port side at 2.5% capacity….”

(image on screen shows one satellite shooting jet out, lower bottom left...)

Bishop: “Starting burn lower starboard jet, 3.72%….”

(image shows jet shooting out, bottom right...Adams looks at the screen, puzzled)

Adams: “What.....why.....”

Nell: “Tommy....give her a hand up top....”

(Tommy clicky clacks...)

Tommy: “Correction burst at 4%, top port side...”

(images shows top left satellite jet flaring...)

Nell: “You’ve got good motion now, Ellie....”

Tabby: “Gravitational pull of both space stations increasing....”

Bishop: “Lower starboard, 3% please...”

(image shows satellite jet, lower right, flaring...Nell watches, smiles...)

Nell: “Perfect....Continue the motion, people...”

Tabby: “Continuing motion...copy...”

(Bishop, Tommy, Tabby, all seen clicking clacking....)

Tommy: “Ellie...”

Bishop: “I see it...”

(Adams whispers to Nell...)

Adams: “What does she see....I don’t see....”

(Nell nods at the small monitor in front of console...)

Nell: “See those numbers, bottom right hand corner...?”

(View shows monitor, rapidly shifting 3 digit numbers seen...)

Nell: “Gravitational pull of the two docked space stations...they came over the horizon fast, and the pull on both satellites is growing exponentially as opposed to gradual...She needs to compensate”

(Bishop seen repeatedly tapping one key on keyboard, ...CGI satellite image on TV screen shows jets shooting out short rapid bursts....)

Tabby: “starboard side leveling out....”

Tommy: “Hold!...”

(Bishop lifts her fingers off the keyboard, waits....)

Tommy: “Orbit duplication confirmed....locking in motion readings now, your bird is on autopilot, ma’am...Nice job”

(Nell smiles big..looks at Bishop....)

Nell: “That was so cool....”

(Bishop nods, beams...)

Bishop: “Thank you, teacher....”

(Adams looking on, disbelief....)

Adams: “You did it....you moved a 17,000 mile an hour object 5 miles into perfect position, stopped it, fed memory reading into it, and it worked!.....I don’t believe it!...”

Nell: “We call it the Rocking Chair move.....”

(Adams thinks...then looks up...question on face)

Adams: “You used the physics of a pendulum?..”

Nell: “Yeppers....we did....”

Adams: “...Why...?”

(Nell shrugs)

Nell: “No one told us it couldn’t be done....So we figured it could....It was Tabby and Tommy that gave us the idea of the pendulum...the two forces fighting each other could be used to our advantage....”

Tabby: “No friction, ma’am...zero gravity, fluctuating gravity pulls but they were measurable....It wasn’t that hard to figure out...”

(Adams still in disbelief...)

Adams: “Okay....wait...What did you do....experiment on real satellites? Do you know how much money that costs?...How did you get it by budget?”

(Nell grins...nods at Delilah, still on phone....)

Nell: “Tim took a space wars video game, adjusted the controls to mimic zero grav and our lag time on coms link, and created.....”

(Nell nods at Tommy...He grins, hits key....Nell looks at the second large TV screen....smiles...)

Nell “...Voila!....”

(TV screen lights up, rows of digital satellites seen...large letters on screen)

PICK YOUR BIRD!

Nell: “Our very own training and testing CGI simulation game....”

(Adams looks at the screen, wide-eyed....she turns to Nell...)

Adams: “It’s a satellite movement simulator!....We’ve been working on developing one for years!..But....”

Nell: “Why? Why do you need to develop one when gamers have been building them for years...And some of them are pretty darn smart....Tim took one, added some, we consulted, he adjusted, then boom! We have a simulator”

Adams: “But the intricacies!...The variations in satellites...Did they...Are you saying they took publicly accessible information did all that?”

Nell: “Well..... I’m not so sure it was just public info...those folks have been in and out of NASA’s servers forever...Oh.....and you can choose retros, fuel type, you can even adjust gravitational pulls to mimic the real thing....”

Adams: “Like the space stations linking....”

(Nell nods....)

Nell: “What you just saw happen, we’ve done dozens of times on our simulator....”

(Adams staring at the screen, shaking her head.....)

Nell: “Now...if you’ll excuse me, I have to move my satellite into position....”

Bishop: “Whatever....”

(Adams looks at Bishop....Bishop shaking her head...Adams puzzled...)

Adams: “Whatever?....what do you mean....”

(Nell reaches down to keyboard, hands begin furiously moving over keyboard....TV image of second satellite seen shooting rocket bursts rapidly....)

2 MINUTES LATER

(Bishop throws her hands in the air)

Bishop: “You are such a butt!....”

(Nell grins, typing, fingers blurred on keyboard....Nell stands back, smiles....)

Bishop: “And a showoff!....”

(Nell smiles big...taps ‘Enter’, raises her hands in touchdown motion)

Nell: “TA DA!....”

(Adams stares at the TV screen...Tabby heard in bored voice...)

Tabby: “Alignment confirmed...”

(pause, bored voice again)

Tabby: “Surprise, surprise...”

Bishop: “Butthead...”

(Adams looking at screen...mouth open....she looks at Nell, soft voice...)

Adams: “You did that solo....”

Bishop: “She’s such a showoff!....”

(Nell smiles big....then...)

Nell: “Booyah....”

(Delilah seen looking up from desk, staring at screen, then at Nell...shakes her head, goes back to talking on phone....)

Adams: “I’m speechless....”

Nell: “Have a seat....”

(Nell moves back....pulls chair out for Adams....)

Nell: “Our satellites are still smaller than the Chinese wave path....We need to do an adjustment to compensate....Any idea what that might be?”

(Adams looks at the screen....)

Bishop: “Tabby, give our guest a view of the Chinese Sat to Ground coms wave path...”

(Tabby clicks....two yellow lines, from Chinese satellite to earth pop up, the CyFo satellite in middle of two lines..space shown on each side..Adams stares...)

Adams: “It actually has physical boundaries...The stream widens as it gets closer to our atmosphere, but up there, close to the bird, it’s a very finite and instinctive stream....”

(Nell nods....)

Nell: “Yes...go on...”

Adams: “That transmission path is not circular...it’s flat....”

Nell: “Almost...but yes, flat will get you there....keep going....”

(Adams looks...then turns to Nell...)

Adams: “Shift your bird diagonally....take up more space in the beam path...”

(Nell grins...)

Nell: “Bingo...”

(Nell pulls the chair out further....motions to Adams to sit...)

Nell: “Tommy....help her out....”

(Adams looks at Nell, surprised...then...)

Adams: “Oh hell yes!....”

(Adams sits...clicky clacks.....)

Adams: “fuel limitation?”

Tommy: “None, you’re good”

Adams: “Space station gravitational variation”

Tommy: “Steady for the next 9 hours, ma’am...no measurable fluctuations”

Adams: “Lag time from keyboard to bursts?”

Tommy: “3 seconds ma’am...”

(Adams grins..lays hand on keyboard...)

Adams: “Let’s move the bottom port side with a 2.7% burst...”

(Adams taps key..)

Nell: “And why the bottom left?”

Adams: “Because of the space station gravity....once the satellite is moved, it will lock on the orbit gravitation and be there for the ride...”

Nell: “Excellent.....”

Adams: “Starting move now...”

(she taps...screen shows satellite moving into diagonal position...)

Adams: “Position accuracy?”

Tommy: “Overshoot, 1 degrees...”

(Adams taps...screen shows right bottom jet burst....)

Adams: “Adjusting....”

Nell: “Be sure you...”

Adams: “I got it....rock it back....”

(Adams taps key...screen shows bottom left jet flaming....)

Tommy: “You’ve got a nice crawl going....and....”

(pause)

Tommy: “Position locked.....transmission beam path and line of sight 100% blocked, ma’am...”

(Adams beams...looks up at Nell...)

Adams: “You didn’t have to let me do that....”

(Nell shrugs...)

Adams: “Uh...there’s the other satellite.....”

(Bishop steps back...pulls out chair...)

Bishop: “You took 2 minutes and 10 seconds on that one....”

(pause)

Bishop: “Think you can beat it?”

(Tabby reaches out, pats the empty chair)

Tabby: “Ma’am...you’re mine now.....sit your CIA spy butt down and let’s show them what girl power can do...”

(scene shifts to Delilah, watching....then turns back to phone..)

Delilah: “I’m sorry sir...I was just watching Nell and her team turn what started as a confrontational situation with an observer, into an interagency cooperation summit....”

(pause)

Delilah: “Sir...I’m about to get the word...It’s almost showtime...”

(scene shifts to consoles...Tabby and Adams high fiving....smiling...)

Nell: “Ellie....it’s time....”

(Bishop moves to keyboard...clicks,,,view of Taiwan and ocean seen, Chinese fleet shown in red....blank squares shown outside the fleet, marked...)

Table 1

Table 2

Table 3

(total of 10 squares seen, each numbered...)

Nell: “This is where Ellie shows off...”

Adams: “What is she doing?”

(Nell grins...)

Nell: “Giving kitchen orders....”

(Bishop seen standing, headset on....she taps keyboard, then...)

Bishop: “Ladies..Gentlemen....it’s time to start the dinner service....”

(pause)

Bishop: “Table one has Borchst...Tables 2 and 3 ordered Lasagna and Manicotti respectively...Table 4 requests Croissants.....”

Adams: “What the hell....?”

Nell: “She’s doing her thing....like we said, I do birds....She’s a rockstar on tactics...”

(pause)

Nell; “And due to the potential leak, you are now an observer again....Please back away....We’ve got it from here....”

(Bishop seen watching screen....she nods to Nell...)

Bishop: “I’m good....”

(pause)

Nell: “Folks...time to turn out the lights....”

(scene shifts to Jamaican ocean, Taiwanese battleships seen moving....)

(scene shifts to underwater...submarines seen starting propellors....)

(scene shifts to aircraft carrier....fighter jets seen launching....)

(scene shifts to Nell...)

Nell; “Tommy...Tabby....start the music....”

(Adams looks on in awe...)

Adams: “You’re doing it....you’re actually going to do it!...”

Nell: “Damn right we are....”

(pause...Nell types...)

Nell: “Those are free people on that island.....And we’re bound and determined to keep it that way”

(Nell keys mic...)

Nell: “Ladies...Gentlemen...Your 3 hours commence in 10..9..8....”

(Nell nods to Tabby and Tommy...they both hit keys....)

Tommy: “Attack burst to Red Star 1, active!...”

Tabby: “Red Star 2!...Burst active!...”

(scene shifts to space, Chinese satellite lights seen blinking rapidly...)

(scene shifts to CyFo...)

Tommy: “RED STAR 1 HAS GONE DEFENSIVE!...”

Tabby: “PULSING RED STAR 1 NOW!....”

(scene shifts to space....lights on satellite blinking rapidly....blinking stops...all lights glowing....then lights go off....)

Tommy: “RED STAR 1 IN REBOOT!...”

Tammy: “RED STAR 2 IN REBOOT!...”

Tommy: “They’re Blind!....”

(scene shifts to Delilah....talks into phone...)

Delilah: “Admiral...You’ve got your 3 hours starting now.....”

(pause)

Delilah: “Go save a country....and may God be with you”

(Delilah hangs up phone...leans back...looks at team...)

Delilah: “It’s started”

(Adams looks at Delilah, puzzled...)

Adams: “What’s started?”

Delilah: “Simple....”

(pause)

Delilah: “We’re about to be in a face off with 75% of the Chinese Attack Fleet, locked and loaded to force an ally into submission....”

(scene fades out to Adam’s shocked face)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaican hotel suite, McGee clicky clacking, then stops....takes deep breath, leans back in chair...)

Gibbs: “Started?”

(McGee nods...)

McGee: “Satellite coms for the Chinese fleet are down...They’re cut off...”

Gibbs: “Kim Hun know that?”

McGee; “No way of telling, boss....”

Torres: “I don’t think that matters...you know...after what’s happened...”

Gibbs: “Personal?”

Torres: “Yea..I think it’s way personal now...And the man’s lost face, you know....That’s like no bueno to them...”

Gibbs: “To anyone”

Torres: “Maybe...but it’s a bigger deal to them. Hun’s lost his daughter, lost his battleship....”

Gibbs: “Lost his command of that invasion fleet...”

Torres: “Boss, hate to ruin your day, but that man’s not going to go back to China with his head hung, like, you know....real low...”

(Gibbs studies Torres, then nods...)

Gibbs: “He’ll come after us”

(Torres shakes his head...)

Torres: “No, Gibbs...he’s going to come after Chinese public enemy numero uno....”

(pause)

Torres: “That’s you, Gibbs...”

McGee: “I’m with Torres, boss...he’s still got 15 or more soldiers still on this island, and they’re equipped....”

(Gibbs says nothing....then...)

Gibbs: “I don’t want a shoot out here...too many innocents...”

Ziva: “Then we leave”

(They turn to Ziva..Gibbs surprised...)

Gibbs: “You’re back...”

Ziva: “Obviously, Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “You think we should leave...”

Ziva: “Yes...but only after Anthony and I do what needs to be done...”

(silence....then..)

Gibbs: “What’s on your mind, Ziver...”

(Ziva steps up...faces the room....)

Ziva: “I have recently learned something....and now, I share it with you...”

15 MINUTES LATER

(No one speaks...all thinking....then...)

McGee: “I can do my part”

Hunt: “I’ll help”

Ziva: “Thank you....”

(Ziva turns to Dil)

Ziva: “Dilbert?”

Dil: “You know I’m in...”

Torres: “Hold on...how come he gets to do that...What about me?”

Dil: “Torres...you can’t fly a plane...I can...”

(silence...then..)

Torres: “So?”

Dil: “It’s kind of a qualification....”

(Torres scowls...)

Torres: “Dude...when we get home, someone’s teaching me to fly....this is like the 3rd or 4th time you’ve gotten to fly the plane....It’s getting old, man...”

Ziva: “Then it is settled...I suggest all of you pack your belongings, and be prepared to leave...I will contact Isabella and let her know we are coming...”

(Gibbs looks at Ziva...one eyebrow goes up....)

Gibbs: “Stephens already knows what you want to do?”

(Ziva shrugs....)

Ziva: “Perhaps...”

(Gibbs shakes his head...)

Gibbs: “Okay team....time to move....Let Ziva and Dinozzo do their thing....”

Ziva: “Thank you, Abba....we will return shortly....”

Torres: “If you don’t mind...where are you going?”

Ziva: “Why, to the source of our threat...of course...”

(pause)

Ziva: “Ambassador Braga and her bodyguard are going to pay Kim Hun a visit...”

Tony: “That would be Bond....Tony Bond...”

Ziva: “Yes...He is quite charming, you know...and he has his gizmos...”

Gibbs: ”His what?”

Ziva: “Gizmo...the term encompassing all things that blink and whir and buzz...It is a useful term...Gizmo...yes, I believe I love the word...”

(Dinozzo seen smiling big...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in CyFo Ops Room, all eyes on large TV screen, sky view of Taiwan ocean shown, naval vessels lined up, huge guns on deck rising....)

Delilah: “Come on....come on....”

(Kristi Adams, at solo desk, headset on, raises her hand up....they turn to her...)

Adams: “Our Taiwanese Station is picking up the Chinese command center cruiser transmission now...”

(Adams looks at Tommy...)

Adams: “Frequency 194.33 will patch us in....”

(Tommy quickly clicky clacks....speakers in room crackle...Chinese language yelling heard...)

Adams: “Tommy...Closed Caption translate will show on screen 2 if you hold Control Shift Z then link it to your screen...”

(Tommy types...clicks....Screen 2 comes to life..speaker sounds out Chinese language screaming, TV screen types out translation...screen reads....)

“WE HAVE NO COMMAND TO FIRE!”

“ADMIRAL!....ORDERS!...”

“I CANNOT!...COMMUNICATIONS!...WHAT IS HAPPENING?”

“NO TRANSMISSION, ADMIRAL! NO INCOMING OR OUTGOING SIGNALS!..”

“SWITCH TO SATELLITE!...”

“WE HAVE, HONORABLE ADMIRAL!...IT IS THE SAME AS SHIP IN TAIWAN!...”

“SIR!...SATELLITES SHOW TO BE IN REBOOT FOR PROTECTION!...”

“HOW LONG?”

(Silence)

“I ASKED YOU HOW LONG UNTIL WE HAVE CONTACT!...”

“SIR....”

(Admiral screams out...)

“HOW LONG!....”

“3 HOURS SIR!...”

“SEND SIGNAL DEMANDING REPLY!...”

“SIR!..WE HAVE DONE THAT! IT IS AS IF THE SATELLITES CANNOT SEE US!...IT IS AS IF OUR LINE OF SIGHT HAS BEEN BLOCKED!..”

“IMPOSSIBLE!....”

“YES SIR!...NO ONE HAS THAT CAPABILITY!...”

“SIR..THE SHIPS ARE WAITING FOR ORDERS....”

(scene shifts to Delilah, phone to ear...she looks at Bishop....Bishop nods...)

Bishop: “He’s about to make the decision for himself, ma’am...he’s not going to do nothing for long....”

Delilah: “You think he’ll fire without higher command?”

Bishop; “Without a doubt....It’s in their DNA ma’am...taught since 1100 A.D. in the Song Dynasty...”

(pause...Bishop continues)

“It is far better to die in glory than retreat and live in shame”

Bishop: “Yue Fei...the first Chinese general recognized by China as a war hero”

(Delilah nods...speaks in to the phone....)

“Go”

(She hangs up phone...looks at the screen....)

Delilah: “Eleanor...how does it feel to responsible for what’s about to happen?”

(silence..then..)

Bishop: “Not worth a damn, ma’am.....”

(Delilah nods...)

Delilah: “Good...the best ones hate giving the order you just approved...”

(Bishop takes a deep breath....looks at the screen...all eyes watch...Bishop stares at the screen, whispers to self...)

Bishop: “Please be right....please be right....So many are going to die if I’m wrong...”

(crackle on speaker....Chinese voice screams out...translation calmy types out...)

Prepare to fire

(Ops Room stares at live satellite view...waiting...)

“Born To Rise” instrumental intro by Redlight King heard ....

(scene shifts to Taiwan sea....corner of island seen, rocks, waves crashing....3 American battleships round the corner, ocean crashing against huge bows of ships, all ships full speed ahead, guns forward aimed at the Chinese fleet...)

(Music rises...)

We were born to rise

(pause)

We were born to rise

So what'd you know about sacrifice when the lights go out?
The price to pay when you're digging down
The skin of your teeth and the pain in your back
What'd you know about hope? What'd you know about that?

(scene shifts to other end of island, calm seas...battleships showing Australian flags round the corner, guns aimed at the fleet...)

We are the ones who were born to rise
We are the ones with the fire inside
I go to war with the brothers I trust
And there ain't no stopping us, there ain't no stopping us

(scene shifts to D.C. safe room...John Kirby stands in front of satellite screen...)

Kirby: “TABLES 1,2,3,4,5...ENGAGE MISSILE LOCK!...FULL POWER!...LET THE SONS A BITCHES KNOW YOU’RE THERE!”

(scene shifts to underwater...deep floating submarines, stationary, come to life...speaker in Kirby’s room blares out...)

“RUSSIA 1 COMMENCING MISSILE LOCK!...”

“ITALIANO 2 ITALIANO 3 COMMENCING MISSILE LOCK!...”

“MISSILE LOCK ON!...VIVA LA FRANCE! VIVA LA FREEDOM!...”

(scene shifts to surface of Taiwan ocean....Chinese fleet looks out, a circle of International warships seen in the distance, guns pointed at them, threat warnings on radars screaming, warning sounds on ships blaring, sailors running, chaos....The Chinese admiral stares...disbelief....)

(roar in sky heard....The Chinese sailors look up....)

We are the ones who will bring the rain
We are the ones who will break the chain
I go to war with the brothers I trust
And there ain't no stopping us, there ain't no stopping us

(American jets roar overhead, all planes roll, then climb, turn, head back towards fleet... Chinese radars screech out missile lock threat warnings...)

(scene shifts to CyFo...all watching, all holding breath...speaker crackles...)

"This is Premier Chen....Stand down....You have been misled by rogue commanders that wish to take a country as their own...."

(scene shifts to Chinese missile cruiser....Admiral listens to voice on speaker...)

Admiral: "NO!...I WILL NOT RETREAT!...."

Chen: "Admiral Min...I command you to close the doors to your missile bay...I am relieving you of your command....immediately..."

Admiral: "NO!.....NO!....MEN!...I ORDER YOU TO FIRE!...."

(scene shifts to Kirby's safe room...Kirby calmly gives the order...)

Kirby: "Skyboys...Cruiser 1...Light it up...Slash and burn, gentlemen.."

(scene shifts to sky over Taiwan sea....3 American jets release missiles from under wings...)

(scene shifts to Chinese missile cruiser....doors to missile bays open, fire erupts, sailors screaming, ship explodes, fireball hundreds of feet in the air...American jets roar overhead....)

Chen: "This is what awaits you should you not lower your guns....Once again...."

(pause)

Chen: "Lower your guns....Return to your homeland....you will be dealt with fairly and justly...."

(scene shifts to Chinese fleet....battleship guns seen slowly lowering, turrets turning away from island....missile doors close on 2 cruisers....)

(scene shifts to ocean surface....submarines begin to surface.....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room...Kristi Adams's eyes light up...)

Adams: "Borscht! Russia!...Lasagna and Manicotti!..Italian submarines....Croissants was France!....Your table orders were positioning cues for all those submarines!...."

Bishop: "Yes ma'am...We didn't know who was listening in....That scenario was pre-arranged by John Kirby with the appropriate naval commanders..."

(Nell clicky clacks....2nd TV screen lights up....satellite view of Jamaican airport shown...NCIS team waiting by large Jamaica Island Transport plane seen....)

Adams: "Who...What am I looking at?"

Nell: "Our team...they're leaving the island...."

(scene shifts to runway....Team standing, watching luggage load via raised rolling ramp...)

Gibbs: "Who are they?"

(scene shows people disembarking plane...)

Ziva: "Tourists...this is a transfer plane...."

(Ziva points to other side of plane...rolling luggage ramp shown taking luggage off of plane...)

Ziva: "The passengers are off. Their luggage is almost off...We may board now..."

Gibbs: "Wait...How did your meeting go with Hun?"

(Ziva grins....)

Ziva: "It was very informative..."

Gibbs: "Gonna tell me about it?"

(Ziva says nothing....Dinozzo stands, huge smile on face...)

Ziva: "Our plane is waiting, Abba...."

(scene shows NCIS team climbing steps onto plane....all disappear inside plane, door to plane closes...)

2 MINUTES LATER

(scene shows both luggage loaders back away from plane. Staircase pulled away from plane)

(scene shows plane taxiing down runway, then taking off, flying out over aqua ocean....)

(scene shifts to runway, black man, Chinese eyes, bald headed, watches plane take off, dials cell, connects..)

Man: “They have boarded”

(listens)

Man: “Yes, the woman you specified is on the plane...”

(listens)

Man: “Her death, and the rest, it is arranged. You do not need to know any more. I will deliver the message that it is done. I will also relay that the information from you has been invaluable. Your reward is between you and them....I am but a messenger”

(The man ends the call, dials again...phone to ear...)

Man: “The group is on the plane”

(listens...then)

Man: “Yes...it is in the baggage area, awaiting your command”

(Man ends call, walks towards waiting limo. Limo door opens, man gets in back...Jamaican accent female voice heard)

“Well done, Chu.....”

(The man looks at the sky...)

Chu: “There are times I wish my father had been a man such as the men on that plane...”

Woman: “No, my son...then you would not have grown to be the man you are today”

Chu: “My father was a soldier that took you against your will....It is, and always will be, a source of sadness...”

Woman: “I do not regret it Chu...The act, as horrid as it was, produced a fine son...a good and honest son”

Chu: “And yet it is dishonesty we do....We play both sides of the Americans and Chinese....”

(Latoria allows small smile)

Woman: “Do we?”

(Chu turns to his mother, puzzled...)

Woman: “This is Jamaica, my son....things are never as they seem”

(scene shifts, Latoria shown sitting in seat of limo....bald headed Jamaican/Chinese man reaches over, takes his mother’s hand)

Chu: “The calls I made....who where they too?”

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

Latoria: “A young and promising Chinese officer once visited our island...He took me against my will, seeing me as his right, as so many of the Chinese do...”

(silence...then..)

Latoria: “The first man you called is a traitor....The second call you made was to the officer that took me that night so many years ago”

(Chu sits back...thinks....squeezes his mother’s hand)

Chu: “Then I am glad....”

(Latoria squeezes back)

Latoria: “I know”

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

Chu: “It was wrong what he did, yet you gave me a Chinese name....”

Latoria: “Yes...I did...”

Chu: “Why, mother?”

Latoria: “So you would not forget”

(Chu nods...)

Chu: “I have not forgotten”

Latoria: “I know that as well”

(Latoria pulls cell out..dials...connects...)

Latoria: “It is done...do what you do, my friend...I will do what I do...”

(call ends...Chu looks at her, curious...)

Chu: “Who did you call?”

(Latoria thinks...then...)

Latoria: “She is a dear friend..She is responsible in part for what I am on this island..She is also responsible for what you do....Her name is Isabella....”

(scene shifts to Washington D.C., inside unmarked van, communications gear covering walls...Frank Soldano, CIA Hand to Hand instructor, seen sitting, looks at cell phone, phone reads..)

Call Ended

(Hesitates...whispers...)

Soldano: “No one shames me, bitch, like you did and doesn’t pay....No one will blame anyone but the enemy you and your friends created. Hell, you created enemies all your life. People will be able to take their pick, guessing who did it”

(Soldano dials...)

(scene shifts to Jamaica house, Kim Hun stands, phone to ear, listens, nods...ends call, closes eyes, whispers in Chinese.)

“Ancestors, show me favor...Redeem the pride in me...Allow me to return to my homeland welcomed as a hero”

(Hun turns to man waiting by front door of house, nods...the man turns towards the door, nods to man inside, sitting at table, laptop open....The man taps a key on the laptop, cell phone by laptop lights up..)

(scene shifts to sky over ocean, plane in air shows large letters on side)

Jamaica Island Transport

(scene shifts to inside cargo area of plane, duffel bag marked NCIS seen next to small box... light on box comes on...)

(scene shifts to sky view of plane....)

(Huge fireball, plane explodes in air, flaming pieces falling to the ocean....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room, Team gathered around Delilah’s desk...Kristi Adams looks at screen, face in horror....screams...)

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!....”

(Team turns quickly to Adams, she points in horror at the exploding image on screen)

(scene fades out to faces of team turning to the screen)

(scene shifts to Jamaican ocean, debris floating in ocean...tattered, burned pieces of brightly colored cloth material from Hawaiin shirts floats on the surface)

(scene fades to black and white)

“Face Off”

Chapter 2

(scene opens in China, Hainan Province, view shows tall chain link fence, razor wire on top, electric gate, armed guards standing, black limo pulls through gates, guards snapping to attention...limo pulls through, heads towards docks...guards let out relieved breaths, all watching the limo travel away from them....gate closes, sign on gate shows Chinese lettering, translation appears below sign...)

Longpo Naval Base

(scene shifts to inside limo, back seat, Premier Chen rides alone, looking out the window...driver and older soldier sit in front seat, looking forward, both with faces showing apprehension...then..)

Chen: “Colonel Min....are they waiting?”

(The soldier in the front seat, heavily decorated uniform, nods...)

Min: “Yes, Premier...as you requested”

Chen: “Are the sailors that were aboard those ships present?”

Min: “Yes Premier....as you requested...”

(silence...then..)

Chen: “General Min...how long have you been by my side?”

(The soldier looks confused....then...)

Min: “42 years, Premier Chen...since we were young”

Chen: “As you requested”....the phrase you used twice....”

(Min waits, curiously...)

Chen: “What have I requested of our military?”

(silence...then...)

Min: “What should be...”

Chen: “And that is?”

Min: “That the men and women in our military serve to serve, rather than fear your wrath”

(Chen nods...looks out the window again...)

Chen: “Sometimes wrath is necessary..”

(Chen looks up towards the front seat....)

Chen: “Hong Min....you have been both faithful and loyal all these years...”

(Chen reaches up, grabs the soldier’s shoulder, squeezes...Min covers Chen’s hand with his own...)

Min: “I have been loyal to the man, Premier Chen....before I was loyal to the throne”

(Chen nods...leans back...)

Chen: “After this task is completed, I will not need my general....I will need my friend...”

(Min nods...)

Min: “I will be there, dear friend...”

(Chen nods....view through windshield shows docks approaching....Harbor filled with battleships and cruisers....)

Min: “We are here, Premier...”

Chen: “Yes....”

(pause)

Chen: “What I need is present?”

Min: “Yes...It is on the presentation table...”

Chen: “And the 15 admirals?”

Min: “Lined up and waiting as well...”

(silence...then)

Chen: “Why does my heart grieve as it does?”

(silence...Chen waits....then...)

Min: “Because these men brought us, and many more...to the brink of a war that insured nothing but destruction”

Chen: “Are you aware that America and 5 other countries readied their nuclear weapons, all of them trained on our military bases and cities?”

Min; “Yes Premier”

Chen: “All because of a thirst for power and a misplaced desire to make One China a reality against the will of those people...”

(limo stops....large ships seen out windows...)

(scene shits to dock....15 older men, all in dress naval uniforms, line up, side by side on dock...In front of them, a table, on table is one long black lacquered box...Chen, gleaming white Chinese Naval uniform on, walks slowly to the table, looking at the 15 Chinese officers standing, all looking straight ahead, sweat running down some faces....Chen stops at the table, turns from the officers reaches down, opens box...long, gleaming ancient Chinese sword lays in black velvet, the handle wrapped in black silk strips....Chen lifts the sword, one hand on handle, one hand under end of blade...He turns, all eyes on the sword....)

Chen: “Admiral Tong...I believe it was you that led the fleet into the ocean....please...please step forward and be recognized...”

(Chen looks at the huge gathering of sailors from the ships...his voice raises to the crowd...)

Chen: “When one surrenders, it is customary for the defeated to present their sword to the victor...”

(pause...Chen looks at Tong, Tong puzzled....)

Chen: “When I was informed of this mutinous action...I confess....it was as if defeat had entered my soul....”

(Chen slowly slides both hands towards the handle of the sword....then suddenly snatches the handle with both hands, he emits a high pitch scream, spins quickly, his arms and the blade a blur....)

(scene shifts to Admiral Tong..face in shock, eyes wide..blood sprays then pours from the slice in his throat....Chen backs up.....Tong falls at Chen's feet....Chen looks from Tong to the shocked gathering of sailors...)

Chen: "Then there was no more defeat in me....There was only the need to feel my hands upon this sword"

(Chen turns to General Min...)

Chen: "General Min...please..do your duty...."

(Min steps up...15 naval officers behind him....Min speaks loudly to the hundreds of sailors watching, all wide eyed, fearful...)

Min: "I give you your new commanders...."

(Min turns, bows to the 15 new naval officers....)

Min: "Gentlemen...You have the Premier's permission to take your command...."

(14 officers step to the line of waiting disgraced officers, facing them...One, older, stands by the dead body of Tong...)

(scene shifts to dock...Volley of shots heard, 14 disgraced officers fall to the dock, bullet hole in each forehead...The older officer, standing over Tong, fires a bullet into the body....Chen bows to the new naval commanders....then stands straight...looks out over the sailors, all fearful...)

Chen: "I killed the first traitor....Your new commanders killed the remaining 14...."

(pause)

Chen: "Let today be a reminder of what waits for you should you ever again obey a traitor"

(Chen turns, walks towards the limo, his white naval uniform streaked with blood....)

(scene shifts to limo, Chen in back, silent...then he speaks softly...)

Chen: “It is a pity that we did not have enough sailors to replace every man there”

Min: “I believe those men know that, Premier...”

(Chen nods)

Chen: “Then may the vision of my sword haunt their nightmares forever...”

(scene fades out to limo driving away...)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops room...all eyes staring at the live satellite view of the Chinese docks....)

Delilah: “Nell? Ellie? Does that change your mind about your friend?”

(silence...Nell and Bishop think....then both shake their heads...)

Bishop: “No....but I can’t tell you why”

Nell: “I can...at least for me...”

(They turn to Nell, waiting...)

Bishop: “We have husbands...we know our family...and each of us love the men....and women...that live in our lives...All of them are the most loving people....”

(pause)

Bishop: “Put them into a war zone, and there’s hell to pay....They turn into what they have to be to survive and to protect us....”

Bishop: “And Chen’s country is one...big...perpetual war zone...I get it...”

Nell: “Yea...I guess so....”

Bishop: “Question is, when Chen comes to visit us, is he who he really is, or who he wants to be?”

Nell: “Both”

(Kristi Adams stares at Nell and Bishop, then at Delilah....)

Adams: “Chen...the Premier of China....comes to visit them at that Ranch?”

(Delilah nods...shrugs...)

Delilah: “They’re all good buddies....”

Adams: “Holy crap.....”

Delilah: “You should see it when President Akhov comes to visit at the same time....”

(Adams eyes open in disbelief.....)

Tabby: “Boris is sending me a pair of prosthetic legs....He’s a sweetheart...”

(Adams stares at Tabby...then falls back into her chair....shakes her head...voice in disbelief...)

Adams: “I’m never going to be the same again.....”

(Nell looks at Bishop...small grin...Bishop whispers...)

“Here it comes...”

(Nell nods head, grinning...whispers back...)

“5...4..3....”

(scene shifts to Adams...she leans forward, yells out....)

“WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?”

(scene fades to Nell, Tommy, Tabby, Bishop, Delilah, all laughing....Adams turning to Delilah...yelling again...)

“NO!..I MEAN IT!...WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaican house, Kim Hun sits alone at an outside table, looking off over the ocean...He turns to a noise...Ziva and Tony walk out of the house onto the back deck...Hun looks at both in disbelief....)

Hun: “No...it is impossible....”

Ziva: “Why? Perhaps because the plane was destroyed, with us hopefully on it?”

(Hun starts to get up....Tony moves quickly, pushes the man back into the chair...Hun’s face panics....He looks around...)

Tony: “Your men are busy....the ones left, that is”

(scene shifts to front of house, small group of Chinese men kneeling on ground, some faces bloodied, hands clasped behind their back, Dil, Torres, Dawson, Pankow, the 4 Marines, all standing, weapons on the men....several bodies lay on ground, dead...)

(scene shifts to back deck, Hun looking at Ziva, disbelief)

Hun: “How...?”

(Ziva pulls chair up to table, sits....she looks at Hun...)

Ziva: “You chose the wrong person to underestimate....”

Hun: “I did not underestimate you!....I knew you were brilliant and resourceful!...It did not matter who you were....!”

Ziva: “No..I did not mean me, Kim Hun....I meant him...”

(Tony grins....)

Ziva: “He name is Bond....Tony Bond....The most brilliant spy in the world...and he has gizmos...”

(Hun looks at Ziva, curiously...)

Ziva: “Do you remember our visit only this morning?”

(Hun thinks...nods....)

5 HOURS AGO

(scene opens at Jamaican house, Kim standing in kitchen area, full uniform on, turns towards the front..face surprised...)

Hun: “Ambassador Braga....you are still here...”

Ziva: “Of course I am here....”

Hun: “I was under the impression you had lost faith in me...After all, my ship is useless, the invasion was thwarted....”

Ziva: “And you are still planning on coming to Brazil...are you not?”

(Hun says nothing....)

Ziva: “It is not about me having faith in you, perhaps it is about you having faith in me....”

(Hun, still silent...then he nods...)

Ziva: “He who controls oil, controls an economy, controls the leaders of government, controls their own destiny....”

(she waits...then..)

Ziva: “Am I right?”

(Hun nods...)

Hun: “If you would still have me as a partner....”

(Ziva smiles...leans forward...)

Ziva: “You would obviously have to hide for a short time until we completed our original plan....and where else better to hide than in my house?”

(Hun stares at Ziva....she leans back...)

Ziva: “Would that be so terrible a prison?”

(Hun says nothing...stares at Ziva....then..)

Hun: “It would be paradise...”

Ziva: “Power attracts power....is that still true?”

(Hun nods...then Hun looks at Tony, standing next to him...)

Hun: “I thought.....”

(Ziva waves a hand in the air)

Ziva: “Convenience for my needs....”

(Tony shrugs...)

Tony: “It’s not so bad...”

(Hun stands...bows to Ziva....)

Hun: “I salute your magnificence, Amelia Braga...”

(Tony moves to Hun...places his hands on the Chinese man’s shoulders...looks at the medals on Hun’s chest...)

Tony: “We need to get you presentable....”

(Tony begins brushing the sleeves of the uniform...)

Tony: “We have people picking us up later....You want to make a good impression, don’t you?”

(Tony fingers one of the medals...a single star on a red ribbon...)

Tony: “This is the Hero Of China medal.....They don’t give out too many of those...”

(Tony’s finger seen running under the metal star, placing round circular patch on backside of medal...)

Tony: “Sorry...had to see if it was real....”

Hun: “Of course it is real!...”

(Tony raises his hands, backs off...leans against table against wall...)

Ziva: “The only problem we face is that accursed NCIS team...They are much more capable than I thought...”

Hun: “They will all die....”

(Ziva looks at Tony, nods...Ziva moves around the table, walking purposely towards Hun...Hun’s eyes locked on Ziva...)

(scene shifts to Tony at table...he reaches into inside coat pocket, lifts ink pen out, pushes pen into dirt in flower arrangement, small pinpoint camera hole seen pointed at Hun...Tony slips a second camera pen into same pot, pinhole pointed at doors from deck to kitchen...)

Hun: “Ambassador....”

(Ziva smiles shyly...)

Ziva: “Considering our future living arrangement, perhaps you could call me by my name?”

(Hun stammers...)

Hun: “Yes...yes, Amelia....”

(Ziva smiles...)

Ziva; “Now...what is it you have planned?”

Hun: “I have information....information given to me from one of the American CIA people....”

Ziva: “Oh my!...You are a devil, are you not?”

Hun: “He has informed me of much....”

Ziva: “And you pay him well?”

Hun: “Very little....he is driven by a personal offense....A woman should never shame a man, Amelia...it is a lesson to always be held as a truth...”

Ziva: “And how was this man shamed?”

Hun: “That, I do not know...I only know he wants the death of a woman by the name of Ziva....”

(Ziva blinks..Tony freezes...)

Ziva; “And how are you going to fulfill the promise to kill her?”

Hun: “She is reported to be on the island...I know not where, but she is with the NCIS group...They are leaving on a transport plane in only a few hours....”

Ziva; “So?”

(Hun smiles...taps his phone...)

Hun: “The plane will be loaded with enough explosive to scatter it and them all over the ocean...”

Ziva; “And how do you plan to place an explosive that effective onto the plane?”

Hun: “Money....a relative of Governor Latoria...one that makes much money trading information and favors...”

(Ziva smiles...glances at Tony...he nods...)

Ziva: “Then I have placed my faith in the right man....”

(Ziva steps back...)

Hun: “You are leaving?”

Ziva; “Of course I am....a woman needs time to pack and prepare her face for her man....”

(Hun grins...)

Ziva: “I will be back...do not worry....”

(Tony pulls out cell..Hun looks at him, wary...Tony answers, sarcastically..)

Tony: “You mind if I let our transportation know you’ll be coming along?”

(pause..Tony lowers the phone...)

Tony: “...Or have you changed your mind....?”

Ziva: “Of course he has not...have you darling?”

(Hun stares at Ziva...whispers...)

“darling...”

Tony: “Thought not....Personally, I’m glad you’re coming...this woman and her needs....sheeesh..”

(Ziva gives slight glare at Tony)

(Tony punches buttons on cell...)

(scene shifts to NCIS hotel suite, McGee and Hunt at keyboards....McGee looks at pulsing red light on screen...)

McGee; “That’s Dinozzo’s phone...It’s sending a bluetooth signal....”

(McGee clicky clacks....image of Kim Hun at outside table, on zoom call, laptop screen shown....McGee grins...)

McGee; “He strikes again....”

Hunt: “Excuse me?”

McGee: “Tony picked up camera pens from Best Buy before we left...$139 each...they’re bluetooth to his phone, he’s transferring the video to me....”

(pause...clicky clacks...)

McGee; “And there’s a GPS transmitter planted somewhere on Kim Hun....This is perfect!...”

(pause..clicky clacking)

McGee: “Bringing Isabella’s people in...they’re going to want to hear this....Hun just spoke a name...CIA Agent Frank Saldano.....”

Hunt: “It’s great!...This is grade A spy stuff!...”

McGee; “Of course it is....”

Hunt: “Who’s sending this?”

(McGee grins, looks straight at Hunt...serious tone.....)

“Bond...Tony Bond...”

(pause...McGee shakes his head..)

McGee; “Dinozzo’s never going to let us forget this...”

PRESENT

(Hun looks at Ziva, disbelief...lifts his medal...startles...rips circular patch off of medal, throws it into the sand..)

Ziva: “And soon thereafter, one of your men came to you, informing you that he received intelligence from the informant at CIA that Ambassador Braga and Ziva David Dinozzo were the same person....”

(Ziva raises an eyebrow...)

Ziva; “Did you really think a woman such as I...with a man such as my husband...would be attracted to a traitorous person such as you?”

(Hun stares at Ziva....blank face...then..)

Hun: “You were not on the plane....”

Ziva: “Yes, we were....”

(pause)

Ziva; “But I will leave that explanation alone....You spoke enough to people in China..you made several calls on your video thing ....all of which were picked up by the gizmo on your medal and the gizmos in the plant....”

(Ziva looks up at Tony...)

Ziva: “Gizmos placed expertly by Bond...Tony Bond....”

(Dinozzo grins...)

Ziva; “But I do admit...it was a brilliant and daring escape....”

Tony: “Should be a movie...”

(Ziva nods...face brightens)

Ziva: “Yes!...It should!...”

4 HOURS AGO

(NCIS crew seen entering the plane’s inside....door closes...Ziva calls out...)

Ziva: “NOW!..Everyone into the off load luggage ramp! Just as we discussed!...Quickly!...”

Gibbs: “Bosworth!...You sure about this?”

Dil: “I got it, Gibbs....Pickup has been arranged...As soon as we’re over water, I’ll put the plane on autopilot and bail...”

Gibbs; “You sure about the pickup?”

(Dil waggles his hand....)

Dil: “It’s for that very reason that I won’t stay on this thing too long....The shore might be a pretty sight if the pickup doesn’t come through”

(Pause)

Dil: “Now get going!...You’re the last one...”

(Gibbs seen climbing down metal stairway into cargo area of plane, rolling rubber mat seen in cargo door...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs on tarp covered ramp, sliding down ram into cargo hold container...Team seen, pushed up against each other...)

Caprice: “Jethro!...Hurry!...We want out of here!...”

(scene shifts to airport trolley truck, pulling covered trailer, moving away from plane, travelling towards hangar...)

(scene shifts to cockpit of plane, Dil looking out the windows, down at the water...)

“Hey bro...it’s time to go....”

(Dil jumps, looks at Torres....)

Dil: “TORRES!....WHAT THE HELL!...”

Torres: “If you think I’m trusting that drug dealer to pick you up quick, and maybe leave you alone out in that ocean, you’ve got the wrong amigo.....Amigo....”

(Torres seen strapping on parachute....Dil moves buttons and switches on dashboard....)

Dil: “Thanks, Nick....but it was still stupid”

Torres; “De nada....”

(scene shows Dil and Torres, opening side door to aircraft, wind blowing hair....both grin...)

Dil: “600”

Torres: “550”

Dil: “You can’t do it....you open too low then..”

Torres: “Don’t tell me I can’t do it...”

Dil: “You can’t do it..”

Torres: “Then we don’t open the chutes!...We free fall into the water!...”

Dil: “How about we do it normal, then argue later...”

(scene shows two parachutes floating downward.....Plane explodes in air above them....both look up...both wide eyed....)

Torres: “DUDE!....”

(Dil yells out...)

Dil: “CUTTING IT A LITTLE CLOSE, DON’T YOU THINK?....”

Torres: “IT WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE TALKING!...YOU’RE ALWAYS TALKING!...”

(Both chutes seen floating towards the water...Speedboat seen racing towards them....)

(scene shifts to speedboat....Benny helping both men in, pulling chutes onto boat...)

Benny: “Just so you know, mon...Benny gets to keep the chutes....”

Dil: “Brother..keep whatever you want...we’re just glad you’re here...”

Benny: “I bet you are...you have company....”

(Benny nods towards water...3 shark fins seen circling the boat...)

Torres; “Oh hell no!....”

(pause)

Torres: “I should have left you up there alone!...This is too no bueno!...”

(Dil looks at Benny...grins...)

Dil: “He doesn’t like sharks....”

Benny: “Benny do not either...lost too many friends to them...You know...the Jamaican waters have so many...”

(Torres looks at Dil, glares....)

Torres: “Man...you told me there weren’t any sharks here...I dove off that boat thinking it was cool....”

(Dil grins....shrugs)

Torres: “Now I know for sure I should have left you up there alone”

Dil: “Aw brother, don’t be mad...I was just trying help you face your fears...”

Benny: “Hey mons, I not want to be the bad mon, but isn’t that your luggage floating in the water?”

(Dil and Torres look at each other, then out over the water....pieces of Hawaiin shirts floating...they both grin at each other...)

Torres: “Dude...Tony’s gonna be so pissed...”

Dil: “You don’t think Ziva left his shirts on board on purpose do you?”

(They look at the water, then at each other....both nod...)

Torres: “Yea...”

Dil: “Yea....She did it...She hates those shirts...”

(scene shifts to speedboat circling, heading back to shore..)

PRESENT

(scene opens at outside table, Hun’s face fearful, begins looking around...)

Hun: “My guards....where are they..?”

Tony: “Like we said before....they’re busy...”

Ziva: “..the ones alive...as Bond, Tony Bond said before...”

30 MINUTES AGO

(Childs, Hunt, Taylor, Sands, crouch behind thick bushes, Gibbs beside them....)

Childs: “Gibbs...I sure wish you’d leave this part to us...”

Gibbs: “Nah...my people are getting lazy...”

(Childs looks towards the Jamaican house, armed guards seen walking the perimeter)

Childs: “I know Captain Bosworth knows his stuff...Christ..the man invented stuff...but your man Torres....He okay in a firefight?”

(Gibbs nods towards far end of house....)

Gibbs: “You’re about to find out...”

(scene shifts to edge of house, white sand surrounding house, 4 guards walking, one looks out towards palm grove....)

Guard: “I heard something...”

Guard 2: “You heard one of those coconuts fall....No one’s going to dare approach....”

(scene shifts to bushes, rifle barrel extends between leaves, silencer on end....two whispered shots seen leaving barrel....)

(Scene shifts to the two guards....both looking outward...)

Guard 2: “That was not a coconut....”

(Guard 1’s head snaps back, Guard 2 looks at him in shock, Guard 2’s throat sprays as bullet rips through....both fall...)

(scene shifts to Torres and Dil, both up, rifles raised...they wait...)

(scene shifts to edge of house, 2 more guards come running around corner...)

Guard 3: “You two are not answering our calls!...Why...”

(both guards jerk backwards, fall to sand....)

(scene shifts to Dil and Torres, lowering rifles, both look over at Gibbs....both give thumbs up....both disappear into cover of bushes...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs...)

Gibbs: “Might not be a firefight....”

Childs: “Damn!...Where’d they go?”

(Gibbs nods upwards....)

Gibbs: “Up there...”

(scene shifts to roof of 2 story house....Dil and Torres both seen on stomachs, sliding down towards eave of house....)

Childs: “WHAT THE HELL?”

(scene shows Dil and Torres reaching eave...both slide over, both fall, flipping over, both pulling knives out... landing on feet....)

(scene shifts to Childs...he looks at Gibbs....)

Childs: “So...I guess your man’s okay...”

(scenes shifts to Dil and Torres, two Chinese guards lay on ground, dead, throats cut open....Dil and Torres both run towards front door, both leap upwards, both hit wall, push upwards, both land on porch roof, both seen leaping up towards 2nd story window, both seen planting feet on window sill, pushing upwards, then disappearing over roof of house...)

(scene shifts to Childs...looks at Gibbs in disbelief...)

Gibbs: “Yea...I know...”

Hunt: “Captain...maybe we better engage before those two make us unnecessary....”

Childs: “YOU THINK?”

(scene shows Childs and other Marines stand...Gibbs squats, rifle pointed upwards away from house...Gibbs pulls trigger....)

Childs: “Sir? What are you....”

(scene shifts to tall palm grove towards beach...Chinese guard seen falling out of top of palms, landing on beach, dead...)

(scene shifts to Childs....)

Childs: “That was a lookout....”

Gibbs: ‘Uh huh...”

Childs: “He would have had clear shots at us...”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Childs: “Any more out there?”

(whispered shot heard....Chinese man seen falling from tree closer to them...)

Gibbs: “That was Pankow...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “Or Dawson...but my money’s on the older gal...”

(scene shifts to small storage shack near road...rifle barrel sticking out of window, barrel slowly pulls back, disappears inside building...)

(scene shifts to Gibbs...)

Hunt: “My money’s on my boy....”

Gibbs: “You mean McGee?”

Hunt: “Yea...he hung back...guarding the road into this place....He took your Dawson lady with him...”

(scene shifts to sand road between tree grove....one brightly colored jeep sits, empty....one armed Chinese soldier lays on each side of the Jeep, both face down in sand....Two Chinese soldiers seen kneeling in sand, hands behind back, McGee and Dawson seen pulling zip ties tight on wrists....Dawson places foot on the back of one, shoves hard, guard falls face down in sand...Dawson yells out at the man)

Dawson: “I know what ‘bitch’ sounds like in Chinese!...”

(Dawson seen wrapping zip ties around guard's ankles....)

(scene shifts back to Gibbs, still kneeling in thicket)

(Gibbs nods towards side of house....group of Chinese soldiers come walking, slowly, hands in air....)

Gibbs: "I guess you took too long.."

(Dil and Torres seen behind group of Chinese guards, rifles up, pointed at guards...)

Gibbs: "Any more questions about Torres?"

(silence...then...)

Childs: "Uh....no..."

Gibbs: "Good...now let's go baby sit while my other two wrap this up..."

Childs: "I feel stupid..."

Gibbs: "Maybe Ziva and Tony will let you put the cuffs on Hun...They're pretty nice people when they want to be..."

Childs: "Wait...you have two more...."

Gibbs: "Yea..my wife and Kasie...."

Childs: "They don't do this?"

(Gibbs shrugs...)

Gibbs: "Caprice said they weren't dressed for it....Besides...They're unpacking our suitcases again....And getting ready"

Childs: "Getting ready for what?"

Gibbs: "There's still that bio stuff on the Chinese battleship....Latoria and Loretta signed an agreement...The old Jamaican base is officially a U.S. Navy base now..."

Childs: "And what does that have to do with your wife?"

Gibbs: "Well....Besides being my wife...and med tech for our team, she's also a fair nurse..."

Childs: “The bio stuff....”

(Gibbs nods)

Gibbs: “My wife is going to organize testing sites for the people here...Both countries don’t want a replay of that virus that shut us down...”

Childs: “And your other girl is a lab tech...”

Gibbs: “No...she’s not just a lab tech...She’s smart, and she knows how to handle that crap....”

Childs: “So, this thing...It isn’t over...Is it?”

Gibbs: “I don’t know...”

(Gibbs pulls out cell....)

Gibbs: “Might as well check on them...They have equipment being flown in, and they’re about to have their hands full....”

(Gibbs texts...text reads..)

You okay?

(Gibbs waits...phone beeps...text reads..)

McGIBBS

1 Trash bag needs to be taken out

They are coming for the stuff on the boat

(Gibbs looks at the text, shakes his head....)

Gibbs: “No...It’s not over”

(scene shifts to hotel suite, Caprice and Kasie taking clothes out of suitcases, placing clothes in chest drawers...)

Kasie: “Front desk called...the other rooms are ready...”

Caprice; “Good...How about our equipment?...”

Kasie: “Being offloaded at the airport....They’re taking it directly to the naval base...The med folks here that we’ll be working with will be setting it up”

(pause)

Kasie: “Girl, I just want to sit back, drink umbrella drinks, and enjoy the scenery...”

(Caprice turns...looks across the room)

Caprice: “I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!...”

(view opens, Chinese man seen sitting in corner, forehead wrapped with medical gauze, blood splotch on wrap....man has knees drawn up to chest, body wrapped in white medical tape....man moaning through gag of large gauze pads stuffed in mouth...broken lamp seen on floor by man, pieces scattered...)

Caprice: “I’m not paying for that lamp....I’ve paid for too many hotel lamps since I met Jethro....I’m telling you, Mary...I’m NOT paying for that lamp!...”

(Kasie stares at the man, blood soaking through head bandage...Dawson looks back at Caprice...)

Kasie: “So...you’ve broken lamps before?”

(Caprice stops unpacking...thinks....then..)

Caprice: “Russia...two lamps....Bermuda, one lamp...Paris, Baghdad, one each....then there was...”

Kasie: “Never mind....”

Caprice: “Italy!...I forgot that lamp in Italy!...”

(pause)

Caprice; “But Jethro is so sweet about it....”

(Kasie looks at Caprice, unpacking Gibbs’s underwear...shakes her head....pulls out men’s T shirt....)

Kasie: “I don’t see any of Dinozzo’s shirts....”

Caprice: “Boom...”

Kasie: “Boom?”

Caprice: “Boom...Ziva took care of them...She hates those shirts...”

(Kasie nods...shrugs...)

Kasie: “So boom it is....”

(Caprice turns to moaning man...)

Caprice: “I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!....I CAN’T CONCENTRATE!...”

(Caprice picks up small lamp on chest...Gagged and taped up Chinese man’s eyes widen in fear....)

(shattering sound heard....)

Caprice: “That man wanted to come in here and question us!...”

Kasie: “Uh, Caprice....that man wanted to come in here, torture us, and make us give up what we were doing....That’s a little ways away from questioning us...”

Caprice: “And one man is a long ass away from being curious....”

Kasie: “They want those cannisters....don’t they...”

Caprice: “32 gallon sized sealed containers of a highly transmissible bacteria...Yes, Kasie...I’d want it too if I were them”

(pause)

Caprice: “And honey...you and me are going to identify it, log it, and get it transported off that ship into safe storage before they get to it....That’s our job...”

Kasie: “Think we can do it before they get bad guys here to stop us?”

(Caprice looks at Kasie, shakes her head...)

Caprice: “Does this group ever do anything simple?”

Kasie: “No..of course not”

Caprice: “Maybe one more person helping us would be a good idea...”

(Kasie stares at Caprice...waits...)

Caprice; “What are you looking at?”

Kasie: “You...I’m waiting for you to tell me what you’ve already done....”

(Caprice loads shirts into drawer....)

Caprice; “Jimmy...”

(Kasie smiles.....)

Kasie: “Seriously?”

Caprice: “Uh huh....U.N. disease crisis management rules state an M.E. should be on site...Just in case..if someone dies, they’ll want to know why....He’ll be here this afternoon...”

(scene shifts to rear deck of Jamaican house...Ziva sits, looking at Hun....)

Ziva: “Now...it is time for you to go....”

Hun: “Go....where am I to go?....”

(pause...Hun looks at Ziva, curiously...)

Hun: “Why am I not bound? Why am I not a prisoner?”

(Ziva says nothing....waits....Hun nods....)

Hun: “I am expected to run, am I not?”

Ziva: “Yes”

Hun: “But you will shoot me...there is no escape...”

Ziva: “I have no gun...my husband has no gun...”

(Ziva nods towards thick palm grove behind house...)

Ziva: “If you reach that area, then you may escape detection....You have a chance...”

Hun: “Why?”

Ziva: “Your daughter”

(Hun’s eyes look away....)

Hun: “My daughter is dead”

Ziva: “Is she?”

(Hun looks at Ziva, blank face....)

Ziva: “Or perhaps she is alive...and traded information for your life....”

(pause)

Ziva: “That you do not deserve....”

Hun: “She would not talk....”

Ziva: “And if she did? Would you not be grateful?”

Hun: “If she talked...if she betrayed our party...then she deserves to die....”

(Ziva looks up at Tony....Tony nods....Ziva looks back at Hun...)

Ziva: “Run...”

(Hun looks at Ziva, curious...then...)

Hun: “She talked...she needs to die....”

(Ziva stares at Hun, blank expression...)

Ziva: “Run”

(Hun shakes his head....then suddenly upends the table, throwing it towards Ziva, then bolts off the deck onto the sand, towards thick grove of palms....)

(scenes shifts to Ziva...hand flashes to her neck, hand flashes forward....)

(scene shifts to Hun, running...small black knife drives into his neck....Hun takes a step...his hand reaches for the knife handle protruding out of neck....stops...falls face down in sand....)

Ziva: “Fathers that show no love for their daughters deserve to die”

(She stares at Hun’s body....crosses her arms over her chest...)

Ziva: “My father could be a monster...but he loved me....”

(Ziva walks to the body, pulls knife out of neck...wipes blade on Hun's uniform shirt...places knife back in sheath behind her neck....)

"Guess he tried to run, huh?...."

(Ziva turns...Gibbs stands on the deck, looking at Hun's body...)

Ziva: "Yes"

(Gibbs shrugs...)

Gibbs: "Bad idea"

(Ziva walks to Gibbs....stops...looks away...)

Ziva: "I should have not done that...I know....he was much more valuable to us alive..."

(Gibbs stares at Ziva....then..)

Gibbs: "Feel better?"

(Ziva turns back to Gibbs...small nod...)

Ziva: "Yes...I do"

Gibbs: "Good...now we need to go...Latoria's people are on their way to collect the bodies and the others"

Ziva: "Latoria?"

Gibbs: "Her island....let her do what she wants..."

(pause...Gibbs looks at Ziva...)

Gibbs: "Jamaica is an ally...The Chinese wanted to steal the island by making people sick..or die....The Chinese brought stuff on the ship that could kill her people....She deserves her satisfaction"

Ziva: "Then the men still alive deserve what they receive..."

Gibbs: "I don't know, Ziva....I've heard what the Jamaicans do can be pretty ugly..."

Ziva: “I have seen what the Jamaicans do....and yes...it is cruel....but this is a small island, and a message needs to be sent....They are in part, like Israel”

Tony: “What now, boss? We headed home?”

Gibbs: “Nope”

(Tony and Ziva look at Gibbs, curiously...)

(Tony and Ziva look at each other, disbelief...then both speak at the same time)

“Caprice”

Gibbs: “And we might get the Uncle Sam to foot the bill...”

(Tony and Ziva speak out again...)

“Caprice”

Ziva: “However...as beautiful and warm as this island is, Gibbs....Anthony and I wish to get back...We miss...”

Gibbs: “Faith, Ziva....”

(Ziva looks at Gibbs curiously...Gibbs, Tony, Ziva, McGee climb in jeep, Gibbs starts the engine...)

Ziva; “Faith in what, Abba?”

(McGee seen dialing cell....connects...hands phone to Ziva...)

Ziva: “I do not understand...who am I speaking to?”

(Ziva holds phone to ear...)

Ziva: “Yes?”

(Ziva’s face lights up.....voice breaks...)

Ziva: “My beautiful Tali.....Your father and I have missed you and our Rivka so much...we are coming back today....I promise....”

(Ziva listens...her face shows shock....She looks at McGee....)

McGee; “Caprice”

(Ziva hands the phone to McGee, then kicks the back of the driver’s seat...)

Ziva; “Get out Gibbs!...Let me drive!.....”

Tony: “Oh boy...Hang on folks...”

(scene shifts to parking lot of Jamaican hotel, Jeep comes to a sliding stop, front tires jump curb, Jeep stalls.....Ziva jumps out of driver’s seat, starts running...a young voice cries out....)

“MOMMY!...DADDY!....”

(scene shows Tali, running towards them....Tali embraces Ziva....)

(scene shifts to hotel suite....Kasie hugging Palmer....Kasie leans back...looks at Palmer...)

Kasie: “Uh oh...”

Caprice: “Uh oh is right...”

Palmer: “What? What did I do?”

Kasie: “Jim...you mind changing shirts before Dinozzo comes in here?”

(scene pans out, Palmer wearing bright Hawaiin shirt...Palmer looks down, then up at Caprice, face anxious...)

Palmer: “This is what they wear here...right?”

Caprice: “It’s a long story, Jimmy....just change shirts....and help us get ready...There’s trouble coming, and maybe we can do our jobs before it gets here.....”

(scene shifts to the Thomas House, Cal embracing Dez and Benedict, leaning down, kissing Song on cheek...)

Cal; “Go to the house, and take Miss Pamela, begin preparing the meals, and I will join you shortly...”

Dez: “Don’t take too long, angel boy....”

Cal: “Of course not....I will be there quickly....Allow me to complete the summary of the surgery, and once I send it, I will be there as soon as possible...”

(Dez looks at Cal, studies his face....)

Dez: “Cal...what are you hiding from me?”

(Cal cocks his head....)

Cal: “My Destiny....how could you ponder such a question...?”

Dez: “Because you don’t lie worth a damn...that’s how...”

Cal: “Beloved....it is nothing....only a thought that will not leave.....Now please....go....”

(Dez stares at Cal....face concerned...then she nods...)

Dez: “I trust you”

Cal: “As you should”

Dez: “But I don’t believe you”

(Cal says nothing.....then...)

Cal: “I will be there when I can”

(Dez looks away..then back at Cal...kisses him on the cheek...)

Dez: “Behave”

(She turns, walks outside...Dez, Pam, Song, seen in golf cart, Benedict in Pam’s lap, driving away...Cal watches them leave....Cal turns....walks to the living room....looks around...searching...)

Cal: “I know you are here...show yourself....”

“Greetings, Caelesti...”

(Cal quickly turns....A man, black suit, black shirt, black shoes, black hair combed perfectly back, pale skin, dark lips, stands in the living room...)

Cal: “Forcas....”

(The man closes his eyes, bows his head....)

Forcas: “I am flattered, Caelesti...so few know who I am...”

Cal: “Or what you are....”

(The dark man circles in the room, Cal’s eyes follow...)

Forcas: “A simple request into their technology...”

Cal: “It is called a search engine, fool....”

(Cal advances....then growls...)

Cal: “Get out of my house....”

(Cal raises his voice...)

Cal: “BEGONE!...”

(The man stands in place, barely moving...Cal moves closer towards the man...)

Cal: “Why are you here?”

(The man, head still bowed....voice deep...dark...)

Forcas: “Why....to steal your joy, Messenger....why else?”

(scene shifts to Dez driving cart....)

Pam: “What’s bothering you, dear?”

Dez: “Cal...he’s a mystery sometimes....”

Pam: “Honey...a man without mystery is not much of a man at all....”

(Dez gives small grin...nods...)

Dez: “Then he’s all man....that’s for sure...”

(cart seen driving towards main D Ranch House....)

(scene shifts back to Thomas House living room...)

Cal: “Why?”

(The man slowly raises his head, opens his eyes....eyes show solid black...eyes slowly morph to normal dark blue eyes...)

Forcas: “It is what I do”

(evil grin forms on Forcas’s mouth...)

“And you are powerless to stop me”

(scene fades to black and white)

THE CONCLUSION

(scene opens in Jamaica, luxury hotel, small meeting room, rectangular banquet tables in room, men in Jamaican Royal Guard uniforms carrying technology equipment into room....)

“Table 3....line them up...”

(McGee stands, directing men bringing in equipment....)

McGee: “Cables and connections...Table 2...”

(Guards with boxes seen moving quickly to the table, setting boxes down, moving away...)

McGee: “Hunt....Sit Rep...”

(LT Hunt, opening boxes, looking inside...)

Hunt: “We’re good...these are the right cables...”

McGee: “Power?”

Hunt: “I’ve directed them to spread the cables out....They’re shutting off all power to unused rooms and areas to avoid overload...”

McGee: “ETA?”

Hunt: “Me? 1 hour and I’ll have us up and running....”

McGee; “With me?”

Hunt: “With your help, we can do this in 40 minutes....”

McGee: “That will give us time to do a test run....”

Hunt: “Connection to CyFo?”

McGee: “It’s set up....I just have to link....”

(Hunt nods...both Hunt and McGee turn to Caprice....)

McGee: “We’ll be fully operational in one hour....What else do you need?”

(view expands, Caprice seen standing, looking out over the men and women bringing equipment in....)

Caprice: “It’s time....”

(Caprice turns to smaller table behind her...Pankow and Kasie sit, laptops open, waiting...)

Caprice: “Shirley?”

Pankow: “I’m on a secure line to the Navy Intel Crisis Team....They’re tracking the sub...ETA to port, 4 hours...”

Dawson: “I’ve got the transmission codes to the cell towers....If someone calls out of that ship, I’ll know...If someone calls into that ship, I’ll know....If a link goes up from a tower to a satellite, and it’s bounced to China, I’ll know...”

(scene shifts to side of room, Gibbs and NCIS team standing watching....Dil leans over to Gibbs, whispers...)

Dil: “She’s in her element...”

Gibbs: “Yea...”

Dil: “Every time I see her do this, I’m still blown away....She’s a natural born leader...”

Gibbs: “You think this is something? Wait for her call....”

Dil: “Call...who’s she calling?”

Gibbs: “It’s not just the who, it’s the why and how....”

(pause..Gibbs nods to Caprice...)

Gibbs: “There’s a Chinese sub with a rogue captain, coming here, with orders to take that battleship, offload the virus containers, and take them to whoever he’s supposed to...”

Dil: “We can’t stop that sub?”

Gibbs: “No...every available U.S or allied sub in the area was sent to Taiwan...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “Wouldn’t matter if we had one or not....We don’t have the right to stop it...”

(Dil thinks....then...)

Dil: “Chinese battleship, Chinese submarine....Warships are deemed the property of the host sovereign nation....”

(Gibbs looks at Dil, curiously...)

Dil: “Me and Torres, we were going to sink that battleship...I called Sis and asked her if we could...”

Gibbs: “That’s what you got?”

Dil: “That and more.....something about they’d put me and Torres in some jail somewhere, forever and a day, and there was no way to get us out...”

(pause)

Dil: “There were a lot of curse words in there, but I left those out...”

Gibbs: “Too bad”

Dil: “So...what is it your wife is trying to do?”

Gibbs: “Stop the transfer...”

Dil: “Dez said we can’t..You said it too....”

(Gibbs nods towards Caprice, phone to ear...)

Gibbs: “She can”

Dil: “Caprice? How.....”

Torres: “Juice, amigo...”

(Dil turns to Torres, puzzled...Torres looking at Caprice with big smile on his face)

Torres: “In that world, the lady has the juice to pull this off....”

Gibbs: “Sure does...that’s why we’re standing against a wall and she’s got her team on the move...”

Dil: “Would someone please tell me what a nurse is going to do to stop the Chinese?”

Gibbs: “Shock and Awe, soldier.....”

(pause)

Gibbs: “She’s been on the advisory board of the World Health Organization for 10 years....She advises on nurses....”

Dil: “Okay...but what do nurses have to do with this?”

(Gibbs gives small grin....)

(scene shifts to Caprice, phone to ear, firm voice...)

Caprice: “Again...Caprice McNalley Gibbs, W.H.O. Administrative ID #11043, Level 1 Authorization...I am repeating....We have detected potential Bio-Hazard substance...The substance has been tested and confirmed by an independent laboratory...The threat level has been upgraded from Potential to Crisis...Repeat...the threat level has been upgraded from Potential to Crisis...Mass casualties threat....Emergency Response Procedures have been ordered, approved, and are in process....All teams, note.....The United Nations Sovereign Nations Property Act has been ruled temporarily suspended due to the threat to human life and property....Repeat...we are clear to intervene and act....We are clear to intervene and act...”

(pause)

Caprice: “People...do your jobs....”

(Caprice ends call....turns to Pankow...)

Caprice; “Trucks?”

Pankow: “Landed..they are offloading now...”

(scene shifts to Taiwan airport, rows of C-130s and other large cargo planes simultaneously open rear cargo door....small moving vans, each with the Bio-Hazard symbol on the side of truck, quickly drive off the planes....)

(scene shifts to edge of runway...Jamaican ambulances lined up, lights flashing....3 men stand, waving red flags, signaling hazard trucks.....)

(scene shifts to runway, ambulances leading 3 long convoys of bio hazard disposal trucks....)

(scene shifts to Caprice...she looks at Dawson...)

Caprice; “Traffic?”

Dawson: “Jamaican police have cleared the roads and evacuated the surrounding population...”

Caprice; “Bad actors?”

Dawson: “We are prepared to identify and locate any individual from the police department that calls, warns, or gives locations....I see the call, I tag GPS location, CyFo is alerted, skyview from CyFo uses my coordinates, ID’s the individual caller, relays the information to Jamaican Royal Guard, and the caller disappears....”

(pause)

Dawson: “Latoria is online with me, giving the command to her Guard....We’re good”

Pankow: “Hold on....”

(They wait...Pankow clicky clacks...reads screen...)

Pankow: “The sub must know something’s up...Intel indicates the sub has increased speed....New ETA to port is 3 hours...repeat...3 hours...”

(Caprice nods....looks over the room....)

Caprice: “We’ll be done in 2....”

(scene shifts to skyview of Jamaican airport, rows of trucks seen racing down city streets, ambulances in front of each row....)

(scene shifts to D Ranch, main house....Pam and Dez in kitchen....Pam looks up....)

Dez: “You hear a car pulling up...It’s Donald Simon and Margaret Hart....They’re coming out to give us a hand with the kids...”

Pam: “Good...that’s good...”

(Pam turns, looks outside....)

Dez: “Now it’s my turn...something bothering you?”

(Pam says nothing....shakes her head....turns back to Dez...)

Pam: “Honey...now that Donald and Margaret are here...do you mind if I take a walk? I’d like to see more of this place...”

Dez: “You go right ahead, honey....The kids are in their cribs, down and out....Danny’s in the garage, tinkering...”

Pam: “He sad that he didn’t get to go to Jamaica?”

(Dez grins....)

Dez: “Yes and no....He volunteered to stay back and help out here....but he does miss Tali...”

Pam: “He’s such a sweet boy....”

(pause)

Pam: “In spite of being raised by a wicked and cruel man...”

Dez: “You left out mean, stubborn, and arrogant...”

(Both ladies grin....Pam gets up...)

Pam: “I believe I’ll go see that boy....he’s in the garage, you say?”

Dez: “Yes ma’am...where the golf carts and ATV’s are stored....”

(scene shifts to front yard of main house, Donald and Hart seen looking off into the pasture...Dez walks out...)

Dez: “You two see something interesting?”

(Simon nods...Dez looks out towards the pasture...)

(view shows gas powered ATV racing across the pasture, speeding....)

Dez: “She’s in the ATV!....”

“It’s the one she asked for...”

(They turn...Danny trots up....)

Danny: “She asked me which one of the carts was the fastest one, and I showed her....”

Dez: “Danny....did Pam say anything else?”

(Danny nods....)

Danny: “Sure did...she told me to get in the house, stay with the babies....”

(Danny stops...thinks...Dez looks at him concerned...)

Dez: “Danny...what else?”

Danny: “She asked me to please don’t let anything happen to those babies...”

(pause)

Danny: “And if she wasn’t back soon, to tell you to get them out of here”

(Dez’s face shows shock...She looks at Simon and Hart...)

Dez: “Please...help me get the children together....”

(scene shifts to Pam, racing along pasture, ATV bouncing, sliding, then straightening out, speeding towards Thomas House...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in CyFo Ops room, Nell and Bishop standing, headsets on, Tommy and Tabby sitting, all watching live satellite screen on wall, view of harbor area....Kristi Adams sits by Delilah, watching...)

Adams: “They’re all geared with coms...why?”

Delilah: “Nell”

(Adams waits...then..)

Delilah: “We’re trained and experienced at tactical walk ins for military and covert ops...We’ve never experienced a bio hazard situation...”

(Pause...Delilah nods at Nell...)

Delilah: “Nell wanted to turn this from an observation exercise to a training exercise....Those headsets are linked to Caprice and Tim....Caprice is going to relay what she’s doing and why to Eleanor...”

Adams: “Why her? Why not Nell?”

Delilah: “Nell is the whiz....Ellie there is tactical....This is an opportunity for Ellie to learn what they do in a situation like this...What we’re about to see is the actual ground removal of bio hazards...That’s Ellie’s field...”

Adams: “So...Nell doesn’t mind handing over the reins?”

(Delilah shakes her head...)

Nell: “We don’t do ego’s here, Kristi...We do results...”

(pause)

Delilah: “It was Nell that saw this as on opportunity, set the links up, and cleared it with Caprice...Don’t be fooled...Nell is running this show....”

(scene shifts to Nell...)

Nell: “Convoy is approaching the port....Team....Ellie has the lead...”

(crackle)

Caprice: “Copy that, Eagle 1...You ready Momma Bear?”

Bishop: “Yes ma’am....teach me...”

Caprice: “You see the recovery convoy took the straight and fast line to the harbor....We’ll be leaving the long way...”

Bishop: “Destination airport?”

Caprice: “Yes...but those trucks are going to be carrying hazardous material when they leave....”

Bishop: “Your exit path is the least populated....”

Caprice: “Affirmative, momma bear....Rule 1 in a bio emergency...Speed in, Safety out...”

Bishop: “Speed in, Safety out...copy that ma’am...”

(Bishop leans to Tabby, next to her....)

Bishop: “Tabby...give me a red square on all hospitals, nursing homes, and schools....”

Caprice: “Ellie...”

(pause)

Caprice: “You’re getting ahead of me...”

(Bishop looks embarrassed...)

Caprice: “You’ll want to identify all hospitals, nursing homes, and schools...”

(Bishop scrunches her mouth...)

Caprice: “Nice job, girl....”

(Nell grins...)

Bishop: “Thank you, ma’am...”

Caprice: “1st group of retrieval trucks arriving....I’m giving the command to commence primary sweep....”

Bishop: “Sweep?”

Caprice: “There are always yahoos that don’t leave...there might be innocents on board...Sweep team cleans out the entry and exit paths....”

Bishop: “Ma’am...do you send in men to do that?”

Caprice; “Affirmative....”

Bishop: “Can I suggest something?”

(silence..)

Bishop: “When we loaded our team with the drones for this mission, due to the presence of Bio Materials, we loaded the MUVE B330 drone....It’s a drone with an onboard biothreat detector....”

Caprice: “So...you’re saying we can go in without risking human life?”

Bishop: “Affirmative...Get Tim to link you....we have that drone on site....You can tell him where and when, and he can relay your commands...he’s good with those things ma’am....”

Caprice; “Again...you can detect a bio threat with that thing....”

Bishop: “Yes ma’am....It not only detects bio, it can give you a live view of any bad guys hanging around....”

(silence...then)

Caprice: “Tim’s hooking me up now.....Thank you Momma Bear...”

(scene shifts to Delilah...she leans over...)

Delilah: “See what happens when we work together? I think you’re going to see this agency start to get involved in bio threats....”

(Adams glares...shakes her head...)

Adams: “You piss me off...”

(Adams turns to Delilah...)

Adams: “We’d never see this in our agency!....Too many prima donnas, too many people paranoid about territory and authority!...”

Delilah: “Then when you get back, Kristi....”

(Adams nods...)

Adams: “Change it....I know...”

(pause)

Adams: “Still pisses me off, though...”

(Delilah gives small grin, turns to watch the TV screen....)

Tommy: “B330 screen is live....sharing with Jamaica Control Center live....We’re good to go ma’am...”

(Bishop nods...)

Bishop: “Jamaica 1...he’s all yours...”

(crackle)

Caprice; “Tim...sweep exhaust ports...Any airborne threat from the cargo area would come up through those first...”

(scene shifts to 4 propellor drone, box with long wand shown zooming over deck of battleship...)

(scene shifts to Jamaica, meeting room....)

Dawson: “Caprice....we have a problem...”

Caprice: “Go?”

(Dawson clicky clacks..)

Dawson: “We’ve got a traffic cop that’s made 4 calls to a satellite police station....Those calls started just as the extraction trucks showed up....”

Pankow: “Location?”

Dawson: “Getting Long and Lat now....”

Caprice: “Relay it direct to Ellie, Mary...”

Dawson: “Copy.....Bishop...you ready?”

(crackle)

Bishop: “Ready...Tommy is on with us....go...”

(Dawson relays longitude and latitude numbers....)

(crackle)

Tommy: “Inputting now....”

(pause)

Tommy: “Coming up...relaying to screen...”

(pause)

Tommy: “Ma’am...your caller is positioned directly at the entry point to the ship....repeat...entry point to ship...lone man, blue uniform, standing against a wall...”

(scene shifts to Royal Guard team, standing near battleship....One guard clicks his mic....)

Guard: “Yes ma’am....enroute, ETA 3 minutes...”

(scene shifts to Jamaica harbor....Jamaican policeman watches trucks pull up, leans down, unzips small duffel bag....)

(scene shifts to CyFo Ops...live satellite image shows 3 Royal guards converging....policeman thrown backwards, dragged into ally....)

(crackle)

Guard: “Royal Guard 2 confirming threat....our mon had explosives ma’am....he has volunteered the information that he was paid to explode the entry gangplank to ship....”

(silence...then...)

Caprice; “Thank you, Guard 2....tell your friends thank you too....”

Guard: “We be here, ma’am....you tag, we bag....”

(pause)

Caprice: “Thank you again, sir....Tim...how do we look?”

McGee: “All clear ma’am..no airborne threat detected....While you were talking, we ran the drone inside, heat sensor did not pick up any body heat....you’re clear to begin...”

Caprice: “Gotta love those little birds....All that without one human being put at risk....”

(pause)

Caprice; “Eleanor...you have just taken what we have and made it better.....Thank you...”

(pause)

Caprice: “Jamaica 1 to all off load teams....Commence loading now...Repeat...commence loading now...”

(scene shifts to cargo hold of battleship....rows of bio hazard cannisters seen stacked....Bio Suited men seen entering....)

(scene shifts to docks...suited men seen handing cannisters to waiting man by truck, man gently places cannister in small freezer in each cargo hold of truck...lid closes, man gets into cargo hold, pulls down rolling rear door, slaps side of cargo hold twice....Truck seen moving away from dock...)

(scene shifts to Jamaica meeting room....large TV screen in room shows rows of Bio Removal trucks driving away from ship....)

(scene shifts to airport...1st removal truck seen driving up ramp of C-130...view shows rows of trucks entering area, each heading for cargo plane, multiple trucks seen driving up ramp of cargo planes...)

(scene shifts to runway, one C-130 taking off, long row of C-130's waiting in line)

(scene shifts to empty battleship cargo hold,....4 Chinese men enter hold, look around....puzzled....voice in Chinese calls out...)

“Sorry..you’re too late”

(The men quickly turn....view shows Gibbs standing by far exit door....)

Gibbs: “We’ve already taken it.....”

(Chinese man, black suit on, face turns red...)

Man: “You cannot!....Sovereign Property Laws say this is our property!...”

Gibbs: “Not during a bio threat, it’s not...It’s gone...you can’t hide it....The world’s going to know”

(Gibbs moves forward...Dil and Torres step into the cargo hold...)

Gibbs: “And by the way....you’re under arrest....”

(Dil and Torres pull out pistols, train pistols on men in room)

Man: “I demand to speak to Kim Hun, Commander of....”

Gibbs: “Hun’s dead...”

Dil: “Your Taiwan invasion failed....”

Torres: “This ship is yours, though....sorry about the melted tower....”

Gibbs: “Now...you men have a choice.....Get back on your submarine, get the hell out, and go home....You’re not going to get the greeting you thought you would, but that’s not our problem...”

(pause)

Gibbs: “Or, we cuff you....we bring you up for kidnapping, bio threat charges, and whatever else we can think of....but that’s a lot of paperwork, and it will take all day to do it....So...what do you want to do, Bubba...?”

(scene shifts to dock, Gibbs, Dil, Torres standing, watching suited men descend ladder on submarine docked by pier....)

Dil: “Shame to let ‘em go...”

Gibbs: “No real evidence....We know they were part of it, but we can’t prove it...So, why waste the time....”

(Gibbs watches as the hatch on sub closes...)

Gibbs; “Anyway...Where are they gonna go?”

(Dil nods...)

Dil: “They’ve got no where to go...Their plan failed...Their leader, Hun, is dead...”

Gibbs: “Yea....”

Dil: “The lead man...you and him know each other...I could see it in your eyes”

Gibbs: “Chin Lau Sin....Head of the Chinese Intelligence Bureau....Ran into him last time we were in China. Nice guy...he was loyal to Chen...He still is”

(Dil and Torres look at Gibbs, curiously...)

Gibbs: “Chen got wind of this operation before it even started....he put his own man on that sub to stop it....Chin Lau Sin was going to take that sub down if our Marines were going to be transferred to it....”

(Dil and Torres look at Gibbs, surprised....)

Gibbs: “Man was walling to die to stop that kidnapping....There was no way I was going to arrest him”

Dil: “Mind if I ask how you know this, Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Same way we knew the sub was coming to take the stuff....”

(pause)

Dil: “Gibbs...?”

Gibbs: “Little gal by the name of Lisa Wong.....real name is Amber Chin...She saved Ziva and Dinozzo’s tails at the Embassy about a week ago...The Party rewarded her for not talking about a rape....gave her a job in Bejing Party Headquarters...She’s CIA...”

Dil: “I remember...Ziva really likes her...”

Gibbs: “Yea...and if that guy we just let back on the sub is part of the Commie Party information circle....”

Dil: “He’s loyal to Chen...It would benefit Chen and us to let him go....”

Gibbs: “Stephens is on cloud 9...It’s the deepest they’ve ever been into the Communist Party, and they have someone that can think on their feet. That girl, Amber Chin...She’s good people”

Torres: “Dudes...this spy stuff is confusing....I don’t know how they keep track...”

Gibbs: “I don’t know either....but we can ask a master spy...”

(pause...Gibbs grins...)

Gibbs: “Some knucklehead named Tony Bond....”

Dil: “That guy....”

Torres: “That guy is back at the pool, dude...and we have some pretty chicas coming...”

Dil: “Our wives, Torres....those pretty chicas are our wives...”

(Torres shrugs)

Torres: “Same thing...so it’s all bueno...”

(scene shifts to Thomas House....Cal and Forcas face each other in the living room....both begin to circle, both starting at the other...)

Cal: “Why are you here, Forcas...?”

Forcas: “Why...balance of course....”

(Cal says nothing....then..)

Forcas: “Without the dark there can be no light...without sorrow, there can be no joy....You should thank me, Caelesti.....It is because of the sorrow I give you that you will have joy later...”

Cal: “Liar....you are not part of balance....you are simply a being that exists to destroy joy....”

Forcas: “Then take my being here as a validation of my existence....But we tarry too much, Caelesti....”

Cal: “Get out....”

Forcas: “No”

Cal: “Get out or I will tear you to pieces....”

(Forcas stops...small smile...)

Forcas: “Have you chosen one to give me?”

Cal: “I shall give you no one....and you will take no one...”

(Cal stops...cocks his head...puzzled look on his face...)

Cal: “You are not here for the balance...you are not here due to a misperceived purpose of anything...”

(Forcas opens his mouths slightly....growl comes out...)

Cal: “You are here because I dispatched your sisters...”

(Forcas screams...)

Forcas: “YOU DESTROYED THEM!...”

(Pictures fall from wall, lamp falls over, furniture slides....)

Cal: “Inessa and Ulyana...and of course your twin, Anna.....”

(Cal nods....)

Cal: “Yes...I did kill them...In fact, it was the very pasture outside.....But...kill them? I wonder...can you can kill that which does not live...”

Forcas: “Do...not....speak their names....”

Cal: “You have come claiming to be part of Balance...to be something I cannot fight....to be something that I have to obey....”

Forcas: “GIVE ME ONE!....”

(air shimmers around Forcas...)

Cal: “And if that is so....then you and I....”

“Get out”

(Cal snaps around.....face in disbelief...)

“Get out of this house right now...”

(Pam stands in the doorway, glaring at Forcas...butcher knife in one hand....)

Cal: “Miss Pamela!....Leave!....”

(Pam ignores Cal, takes a step towards Forcas...Forcas’s face confused....)

Pam: “You’re wrong....you don’t belong here....”

(Forcas looks at Cal, sees terrified look on his face...)

Forcas: “Caelesti...who is this old woman?”

Cal; “No one!...”

(pause)

Cal: “Miss Pamela...I beg you....you must leave...you do not know what this man is....”

(Pam stares at Forcas...)

Pam; “You’re all wrong....There’s no car out front, so you walked up a gravel road, and your shoes are spotless....”

(Forcas looks down...shows polished, shiny)

Pam: “You’re standing in deep carpet, but you haven’t left any footprints....”

(view of carpet is smooth...)

Pam: “I can feel you...and I can smell you...and I can taste you....and you are wrong...You just don’t fit.”

Forcas: “Old woman...Do you know what I can do to you with merely a thought?”

(Cal’s face in panic...)

Cal: “Pamela!....LEAVE US!...”

(Pam takes a step towards Forcas, her eyes glaring...)

Pam: “Take me”

(Forcas cocks his head...)

Pam; “Take me instead....”

(pause...she takes another step...)

Pam; “You need to take someone, take me instead of those children....I’m old..I’ve led a life....So if you are so hell bent on some kind of revenge....”

(pause)

“Take me”

Cal: “No Pamela...no...I beg you.....No....”

(Pam, still looking at Forcas, speaks to Cal)

Pam: “It’s okay, Cal, honey...I know what I’m doing....I’m not letting this thing take one of my babies....I’m not letting this thing take anyone I love....and if it’s a life he needs....”

(Pam glares again at Forcas...)

“He can have mine....”

(Pam drops the knife....)

“Take mine....”

(Forcas’s face shakes.....eyes in shock....body begins to tremble....)

Pam: “Take me you filthy son of a bitch.....”

(She screams..)

“OR GET OUT!...”

(Door blasts off hinges, part of wall shreds, table flips up, flies out hole in wall...wind rushes through the room then out the door, flowers, papers, cushions fly out hole in wall....)

(scene shifts to Cal, disbelief, shock....Pam’s voice trembles..)

Pam: “Cal, honey...Where did he go?”

(Cal stares at Pam, still in disbelief....)

Pam: “Cal....?”

(Cal walks to the gaping hole in the wall...touches the edges....looks outside...nothing....)

Pam: “He’ll come back...won’t he...”

(Cal turns to Pam, disbelief still on his face...)

Cal: “No....I do not think he will ever return....”

(Pam looks at Cal....)

Pam: “I’m sorry I spoke to someone in your house like that...but he was just not right.....He scared me....”

Cal: “Pamela....”

Pam: “I’m.....I’m....”

(Tears begin falling..Pam’s face shakes.)

Pam: “Cal...what just happened?”

Cal: “Sacrifice....”

(Pam turns to Cal, face now fearful....)

Cal: “You were willing to die for those children.....”

(Pam tries to speak....)

“...my....babies....”

(Cal nods...moves to Pam....embraces her...)

Cal: “You wonderful woman....”

“Cal...Where is my door...Where is my wall?”

(Dez stands in doorway, staring at the huge hole in the front wall....)

Pam: “I did it....I’m sorry, Destiny...”

(Dez looks at Pam...then back at the front wall...thinks...)

Dez: “Well...I always wanted a big front porch....Guess I’ll get one now...”

(Dez turns to Cal...raises one eyebrow....)

Cal: “Yes...of course...we can build you what you desire...”

Dez: “Good....but someone still needs to tell me....Where did my wall go?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Jamaica, poolside bar, Ziva sits on stool....)

“I saw you across the pool and would never forgive myself if I did not come and introduce myself to the most beautiful woman on this island....”

(Ziva looks up...Tony stands, one eyebrow arched....)

Tony: “Bond...Tony Bond....”

(Ziva nods...)

Ziva: “Ah...Tony Bond...the incredible and charming secret agent....”

Tony: “Right now, I’m just a man with a hotel room key....”

Ziva: “Oh? And you do not even know my name....such confidence, Tony Bond...”

(Ziva extends her hand...Tony takes it, lifts it, kisses the back...)

Ziva: “I am Pleasure....”

Tony: “Oh?”

Ziva: “Pleasure Much....that is my name...”

(high pitch scream...)

“AUNT PENELOPE!...AUNT CAPRICE!...MOMMY AND DADDY ARE BEING MUSHY AGAIN!....THEY ARE ALWAYS BEING MUSHY!....IT IS DISGUSTING!...”

(Ziva hides her face against Tony’s chest, giggling....Tony laughing....Tali turns back, hands on hips, scowling...)

Tali: “Why are you always mushing? Mush here and mush there!....Always the mush!...It is embarrassing!...”

Tony: “Sorry, honey...i guess we’re just mushy people!...”

(Tony reaches out, grabs Tali, pulls her up into his lap....)

Tony: “And I think I'm going to mush you too!....”

(Tali heard squealing and laughing....Tony kissing her head....he lets the wriggling girl down, Tali runs off, laughing....)

Tali: “Help me Aunt Nell!....”

(Tony turns to Ziva...curious face..)

Tony: “Pleasure Much?”

(Ziva laughs...)

Ziva: “I attempted to find the most offensive chauvinistic name I could...those movies always name those women...”

Bond: “Be careful...Those are Bond girls....”

(Ziva looks up at Tony, face serious...)

Ziva: “I love that I can be what I am with you, Anthony...”

Tony: “Yea? What’s that?”

Ziva: “A happy woman...I told myself long ago I could never have this...”

(Tony gets off bar stool, moves closer to her)

Tony: “You are still the mysterious, diabolical, brilliant and seductive undercover agent...”

(She kisses Tony...)

Ziva: “We are being mushy”

Tony: “Yes we are...”

(Ziva smiles....then far off female screaming heard....)

Nell: “LOOK!....”

(Nell stands, points out over the ocean....)

(view shifts to parachute towed behind boat, high up, Dil in straps, Tabby strapped to his chest, Tabby screaming and waving at the beach....Team waves back...)

Nell: “She is having so much fun!...”

“She’s not the only one...”

(Delilah seen walking slowly up, Nell’s eyes widen...)

Nell: “Delilah!...No cane!...”

Delilah: “And I swam!...It’s been so many years since I could swim!...”

(Nell grins...looks at Delilah..)

Nell: “You know what that means...”

Delilah: “Yes, Nell....I think I do...”

Nell: “That plot has a perfect place for a pool....”

Delilah: “I know that too....”

Nell: “It would be such good therapy for your legs...”

Delilah: “Nell....You know Tim....He’s not big into always being around a bunch of people....”

(Nell leans over, whispers in Delilah’s ear...Delilah’s face lights up...)

Delilah: “You’re not serious....”

(Nell smiles..nods...)

Delilah: “She said yes?”

Nell; “Not yet...Sis and Cal are going to talk to her about it tonight....”

(Delilah thinks...then...)

Delilah: “Close that deal and we’ll talk....”

(scene shifts to Thomas House....Cal, Dez, Pam sit at kitchen table, bottle of bourbon on table, shot glass in front of Pam...Dez's face shocked, mouth hanging open....)

Cal: "So...that is when you came into the house...and that is what happened to your wall."

(Dez says nothing..face still in shock...)

Dez: "She....Pam....She was willing to.....Then she.....and he....My door and wall...."

(Cal nods...)

Pam: "I miss my Gerald...."

(They both turn to look at Pam....She looks back...)

Pam: "I'm sorry...I was just thinking about how I wish he were here...He would have known what to do...He always knew what to do....and I miss him..."

Dez: "Your husband....?"

Pam: "30 years of being married...then he and Tom Tom die..."

Dez: "Pam...Tom Tom?"

(Pam nods)

Pam: "Thomas...he was 4 years old....he was with Gerald when the car went off the road...."

Dez: "Pam..I didn't know you had a son...."

Pam: "I know...I don't talk about it....but this made me miss my Gerald...."

(pause)

Pam: "Maybe I thought if I did what I did, I could go see him quicker....or maybe I was just tired of being alone....I don't know....I don't know why I did such a stupid thing...."

Cal: "Pamela....your husband....was he good to you?"

(She lights up)

Pam: “Oh god, Cal...he was so good to me....I was in heaven and I knew it.....it was wonderful....but he’s gone...and I’m an old woman acting silly...and I broke your wall...”

(Pam gets up...Cal and Dez watch her...)

Pam: “Please excuse me....”

(She walks outside....sits in one of the chairs.....and begins crying....)

Dez: “Cal...I feel so bad....”

Cal: “Perhaps....Perhaps I can help her....”

(Dez looks up at Cal, surprised...)

Dez: “You don’t like doing that.....It’s not right, you say....”

(Cal gets up... looks down at Dez...then through the kitchen door at the hole in the front wall..)

Cal: “Pamela came and was willing to die to protect our children....She offered herself as a sacrifice for others....That is what drove Forcas away...not me...It was her....”

(Cal shakes his head...)

Cal: “That which is evil cannot withstand the power of sacrificial love...It was..is...and will always be”

(pause)

Cal: “How can I not do this?”

(Dez takes his hand...nods....Cal turns, walks outside...)

(scene shifts to patio, Pam sitting in chair, wiping her face...)

Pam; “I’m sorry....It just gets to me sometimes....”

(Cal sits across from her...leans over, takes Pam’s hands....)

Cal: “Did you mean what you said when you voiced a desire to die so you could be with Gerald?”

(Pam nods...then shakes her head...)

Pam: “Yes...no....sometimes.....”

Cal: “Pamela....close your eyes...”

(Pam looks at Cal, curiously...)

Cal: “Trust me, dear woman....close your eyes...”

(Pam slowly closes her eyes....Cal leans over....)

(scene shifts to Pam’s mouth...Cal’s lips lightly touch hers....)

(bright flash....)

(Pam seen opening her eyes....eyes widen...looks around...Tall golden grass in endless rolling field....one lone large tree seen in the distance....Pam reaches down, touches the top of the golden grass, grass shimmers in bright sunlight....)

“Pammy”

(Pam looks up towards the voice.....A young man, handsome, stands.....)

Pam: “Oh god.....”

(she screams out...)

“GERALD!....”

(She runs through the grass, jumps up, the man catches her, swings her around....kisses her....)

Pam: “I’m dead...I’m dead...I don’t care....oh god I don’t care.....”

Gerald: “Hi sweetheart....”

Pam: “Is it you? Is it really you?”

Gerlad: “Yes, sweetie....and someone else wants to see you....”

(Grass parts, young boy runs out, arms extended....)

“MOMMY!.....”

(Pam falls to the ground, catches the young boy....)

“Tommy Tommy Tommy Tommy Tommy Tommy.....My Tom Tom.....”

(Pam weeps, squeezing the boy tight to her chest....She looks up at Gerald...)

Pam: “I want to die so I can be with you...I want to be with you....please Gerald...I want to be with you...”

(Gerald kneels....)

Gerald: “No.....It’s not time, Pammy....”

Pam: “I don’t understand!...Then why am I here? Am I dreaming? Is this real at all?”

Gerald: “It’s real...”

Pam: “Then why.....”

Gerald: “You are being rewarded, Pam....you are being told Thank You in the most loving of ways....but it’s not your time...you have so much to do...”

Pam: “No....it’s been so long...and....”

Gerald: “It was just this morning that you kissed me good bye and told me to have a wonderful day....Time is not the same here, honey....It hasn’t been long at all...not for us...”

(Pam stares...confused...)

Gerald: “I love you so much....Tommy loves you....”

Pam: “No...don’t...”

Gerald: “I’m always with you Pammy.....Tommy is too...We’re with you.....”

(“We’re with you” echoes...)

(scene shifts to patio...Pam opens her eyes.....Cal sitting across from her, Dez standing, arms crossed....She looks at them both....then breaks.....)

(scene shifts to Cal and Dez holding Pam....)

Dez: “Cal...that thing we talked about asking her?”

Cal: “I know....yes....it must be done....”

(pause)

Cal: “Now more than ever...”

(scene fades to black and white)

3 DAYS LATER

(scene opens at D Ranch Main House, back patio, Dil, Nell, Torres, Bishop, Dez, Tony, Ziva, sit at the picnic table....Dez finishes talking...there is silence....)

Dez: “I know..hard to believe....”

Nell: “No...It’s not..not really....We already knew about Cal...we just didn’t know...”

Dez: “You knew, Sis....”

(Nell nods...)

Nell: “Okay...maybe...”

(Tony raises his hand....They look at him...)

Tony: “The night our kids were born...Cal and I....we talked....”

Ziva: “They both got drunk, sat on the grass in the road....it was very much a man thing...”

Tony: “Yea...we might have had a few....”

(pause)

Tony: “He spilled the angel beans....”

Bishop: “ My god...what did you say?”

Tony: “I asked if he could grant me three wishes....”

Ziva: “Anthony!....He is not a genie!....”

(Tony shrugs..)

Tony: “So sue me!..I was drunk!...I’d just had a baby!....It was emotional!...”

(laughing at table...)

Tony: “Anyway...it just wasn’t much of a surprise...”

Ziva: ‘I knew...”

(They turn to Ziva...)

Ziva: “I cannot tell you he told me, but I can tell you that I knew....”

Dez: “Maybe we all knew....but in any case, that’s what happened....and that thing we’ve talked about...that we certainly need....and the one person we’d trust with our children is here.....We’d like to ask her...”

Torres: “Oh man, I’m in...I’m so in....We split costs, we split the increase in value....”

Dil: “Value?”

Torres: “Si, amigo...you do this on property, it increases the value....You have a 3 year moratorium on property tax, and you get the up front deduction all at once or you amortize it....Then the utilities expansion...if you...”

Dez: “Hey..big brain land baron....we get it....”

(Torres looks at Dez, shocked..he turns to Bishop)

Torres: “She called me big brain..”

Bishop: “That’s because when it comes to real estate, you are the big brain”

(Torres looks at Bishop...wide eyed...)

Torres: “Daaaaang!...”

Ziva: “Anthony and I are a yes...”

Nell: “Yes yes and yes for us...”

Dez; “Good...so....I’ll go get her....She’s in with Cal, feeding the kids...”

Nell: “The very safe and loved kids...”

(Dez thinks...then..)

Dez: “Just to warn you, Cal is sort of still shook up...”

(pause)

Dez: “And when have you ever seen him knocked off dead center?”

Dil: “Never”

Nell :”He saw something he thought he’d never see.....”

(Dez shakes her head...)

Dez: “He said he saw it once....a long time ago.....and I didn’t want to go anywhere near opening that up for discussion....”

(pause)

Dez: “I’m marred to an angel boy...I’m still processing it....One miracle at a time for me, please....”

Nell; “I understand....now go get Pam....”

20 MINUTES LATER

(scene shifts to picnic table...Pam sits, wide eyed...looks around the table...Nell’s face pleading...)

Nell: “Please say yes please say yes please say yes....”

(Pam says nothing.....then her face crinkles.....her head starts nodding, she covers her face with her hands, and weeps....)

Torres: “Hey...I think we got a yes....”

(Pam’s head bobs up and down...)

Dil: “Greatness!...Now she gets to pick...”

(Pam uncovers her face, looks at Dil...)

Pam: “Pick?”

Dil: “Yes, girl...there are several places, just at the base of the mountains, and 2 of them have waterfalls....all of them are on the underground sewer and electrical that connects all the houses here, so any of them will work...”

(Pam stares at Dil, then at the others.....)

Nell: “Yes, Pam...we’re going to send packers to your house, move what you don’t need right away into storage, put the Dinozzo RV on the property for you to live in, and start to build the foundation....Then, girl...”

(Nell smiles big...)

Nell: “We’re having your house moved onto the slab....You’re going to be here, in your own house, part of us, and helping us take care of our babies....”

Torres: “Hey...don’t forget...”

Nell: “Oh yea...for the older ones, you’ll be the home school teacher....”

Dez: “Pam...You’re going to part of raising our children...and we can’t begin to think of anyone else we’d trust to do it....”

(silence...then..)

Nell: “Welcome to the family, Pam....”

(scene fades out to Pam crying, everyone else smiling....Cal stands to the side, staring at Pam, face still in awe...Cal whispers...)

“No greater love...”

(scene fades to black and white)

THE END