AN NICS MOVIE CHANNEL SPECIAL PRESENTATION!

The Story Behind What You Did Not See On The News!

"He Was Betrayed", PART 1

Narrated By Sam Elliot

Sam Elliot: 'There comes a time that wrong wins...Right rises up, fights the wrong, but because wrong has power, wrong wins. This is a story about the only force that can fight power...This is story about loyalty, courage, and sacrifice. It's the story about one man, a man that refused to compromise his integrity, a man that paid a price for that integrity. It's also a story about the women and men that love him. I can tell this story because I was part of it. I was there. I fought alongside these men and women. I call them all friends now, and I love them, each and every one of them. This is the true story about the only force that can fight power. That force is called Love"

(Title of movie appears on the screen)

HE WAS BETRAYED

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen, morning...the area is busy, agents clicky clacking, people exiting the elevator, Director Vance seen talking to Pam up on the top landing)

Sam Elliot: "The story starts with no warning of the storm to come. The men and women of NCIS going through their day, no different than you or me. A young NCIS agent is struggling with life. She has people around her that care. I'm telling you that because at the core of everything I'm about to show you, the story starts with one person helping another person. Too many stories don't happen like that. This one does....So, amigo, settle in...Get ready to be pissed off. And if you're not pissed off by the end of this movie, then....well....you're a special kinda stupid..."

(scene shows Gibbs getting off the elevator, walking to the NCIS bullpen....McGee looks up...)

McGee: "Morning boss..."

(Gibbs looks over at Dawson's desk....empty chair....)

Gibbs: ‘Again?”

Bishop: “Gibbs....she’s trying....”

Torres; “Yea Gibbs...”

(Gibbs looks at McGee....)

Gibbs: “Send her up when she gets in”

(He says nothing else, walks quickly to the staircase, moves rapidly up the stairs to his office....Bishop looks at McGee...)

Bishop: “I hope he doesn’t....”

McGee: “He won’t”

Bishop: “Tim...you don’t know that!....”

Torres: “Yea, McGee...I mean, I kind of understand...she works those nights at the restaurant, doing what she has to do....but man...she’s tired when she comes in....when she comes in on time....”

Bishop: “Torres...don’t....”

Torres: “Just keepin’ it real, Bish....I’m on her side...she’s a muy bueno agent...but...”

(Dawson comes running in, anxiety on her face....she stops at the bullpen entrance....stares at them...)

Dawson: “He’s already here, isn’t he?”

(Bishop and Torres nod to her...)

McGee: “Boss wants you up in his office”

(Her face shows panic, fear.....)

Dawson: “....Did he say why?”

McGee: “No...you know he doesn’t tell us those things”

(She closes her eyes, purses her lips....nods her head....)

Dawson: “Okay...I understand.....”

(She turns, starts towards the stairs....Their eyes follow...)

Bishop: 'Do you think he's going to fire her?"

Torres "No.....I don't think so....but you know, maybe....."

McGee: "He's not going to fire her"

(Bishop looks at McGee...watches his face as he continues to work on his PC)

Bishop: "You already know....don't you?"

(McGee gives small grin....Bishop's face lights up)

Bishop: "AH HA!"

Torres: "McGee...What?...Tell us man!....We like Dawson!...."

(scene shifts to Gibbs's office...Dawson approaches the doorway slowly...she knocks on the open door jamb....Gibbs looks up, motions for her to sit....She walks in, sits....)

Dawson: "I'm here, sir...Sir...I'm sorry I'm late..."

(Gibbs leans over in his chair shouts at the open door)

"PAM!"

(Dawson startles....Pam walks in, scowling)

Pam: 'Jethro! You have an intercom!"

Gibbs: 'Yea..I know...I just used it"

(Pam shakes her head....looks down at Dawson....)

Pam: "Hey Dawson"

(Pam drops a file folder on Gibbs's desk....He looks up at Pam, eyebrows questioning...)

Pam: "You're good to go...."

(pause)

Pam: "You arrogant, mean man"

(Pam turns, walks out, Dawson looking in disbelief)

Dawson: “That’s job security....”

(Gibbs shakes his head...)

Gibbs: “No...it’s called doing a good job..Now come on...”

(Gibbs gets up from his chair, opens his desk drawer, pulls out car keys...)

Dawson: “Where are we going?”

(Gibbs keeps walking....Dawson gets up, follows)

Gibbs: ‘We’re going for a ride”

(She blinks....stops...)

Dawson: “Am I coming back from this ride?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the White House, Oval Office...President William Bledsoe and Sam Zimmer, Chief of Staff, watch a news report on the large TV screen...TV screen shows two news hosts, Bob and Julie, sitting at their desks, facing the camera...)

Bob: “And now for news inside the loop.....”

Julie: “Today marks the 100th day of no significant Terror activity originating in the Middle East. Early predictions of the terror activity increasing when President Bledsoe took office, largely due to his insistence all troops were to be withdrawn from the region, seem to have been for nothing....”

Bob: “That’s right, Julie...politicians from both sides of the aisle are praising the results of President Bledsoe’s ONTRAC FOR PEACE Program.....”

Julie: “But not all agree it’s due to President Bledsoe or the ONTRAC Program...”

Bob; ‘No, Julie, they don’t....but as you tell us every day....”

Julie: ‘That’s just how things go inside the loop!”

(scene shifts to POTUS and Zimmer....)

Zimmer: “No one’s questioning it”

Bledsoe: “Some don’t..but hell, they’d disagree with me just because of party lines, Sam....But we’re okay”

Zimmer: “Unless we screw up and this leaks”

Bledsoe: “They won’t leak it...it’s there head on the block if they do”

(Zimmer shakes his head, smiles at POTUS....)

Zimmer: “Gotta hand it to you, Sam...making them a part of it, all in the interest of national security?....Brilliant...”

Bledsoe: “And now they can’t get out....not without committing political suicide....Now...the second installment is due....who’s budget are we going to cut to make that payment?”

(The President looks out the window behind his desk....with his back turned to Zimmer, he speaks....)

Bledsoe: “You’re not going to like this, Sam...”

(Zimmer looks at POTUS, concerned...)

Zimmer: “Bill...don’t do it...I’ve told you to leave that man alone...He’s too dangerous”

Bledsoe: “That’s why I want their budget cut, Sam...”

Zimmer: “Bill...again....”

(POTUS turns to his Chief of Staff...)

Bledsoe: “I want it cut....and then I want you to arrange some cookie crumbs....”

(Zimmer looks at POTUS in disbelief)

Zimmer: “YOU WHAT?...You want to purposely leave a trail?....Bill!...What the hell....”

Bledsoe: “Sam...I want that man to follow the trail where I want him to go....I want him involved....and I want him talking to the players....Drop some names, Sam..I want those cookie crumbs to have some names attached to them...”

(Zimmer looks at his boss....then finally starts shaking his head....)

Zimmer: “He did cost you your VP”

Bledsoe: “Dammit...he did...The Veep was stupid, but useful....So...leak enough to get him interested...The son of a bitch can’t resist following a trail that involves the Marine Corp”

Zimmer: “How much you want leaked?”

Bledsoe: “Names...some of our contacts here”

Zimmer: “You want him photographed talking to our stateside contacts, don’t you?”

(POTUS gives a small grin...)

Bledsoe: “And I want our guys to be friendly....real friendly....”

(Zimmer thinks....then...)

Zimmer: “Bill....You want to set the man up, don’t you?....That’s criminal....”

(POTUS gives a small grin)

Bledsoe: “I knew you’d like it...It’s how we get rid of the son of a bitch once and for all....permanently....”

(Zimmer nods, takes some notes....)

Zimmer: “Budget cut it is....Sorry NCIS....”

Bledsoe: “The budget cut will keep Leon Vance occupied...the man will scream”

Zimmer: “And you need him occupied...don’t you?”

Bledsoe: “Yea...I need him and that nosy bitch busy. And I need him emotional...He’s smart...but when he gets mad, he’s easy to manipulate...”

Zimmer: “SecState?”

(POTUS nods)

Bledsoe; “She’ll go to bat for him....which is just where I want her”

(scene switches to Gibbs driving Dawson onto Quantico Marine Base....The NCIS sedan keeps driving through the base.....)

Dawson: “Sir...you haven’t said a word since we got in the car....”

Gibbs; “Don’t have anything to say yet, Dawson”

Dawson: “You’re so mad you don’t even want to talk to me?...Gibbs...just get it over with....”

(Gibbs scowls at Dawson....goes back to driving....silence...then...)

Gibbs; “We’re here”

(Dawson looks up at the building Gibbs is parking at....a sign on the lot shows...)

EFMP CENTER

Exceptional Family Member Program

Dawson: “What’s this?”

(Gibbs opens his door, says nothing...until...)

Gibbs: “Well, Dawson...let’s find out”

(scene switches to inside the EFMP Center...Dawson walks in with Gibbs, and immediately stops...her eyes get wide....)

Dawson: “Gibbs....those children...”

(She looks into a huge open area of desks, large TV screens, laptop desks, art groups, more....)

Gibbs: “Yea...What about ‘em?”

(She looks closer....Children on crutches, wheelchairs, and some, aging from 3 to 18, all with the identifying features she is too familiar with....pronounced brow, shuffling steps....)

Dawson: “They have Downs Syndrome....”

(Gibbs looks at the children...)

Gibbs: “Ya think?”

(A middle aged woman approaches them.....Dawson is surprised to see the woman smile at Gibbs, come up and hug him...)

Woman: “Jethro...So good to see you...”

Gibbs: “Hey, Emily.....”

(Emily looks at Dawson...extends her hand...Dawson, mild shock, takes it)

Emily; ‘I’m Emily Sanders...The Director here at EFMP....I’ve heard a lot about you....”

Gibbs; ‘Em...Show her around?”

Emily: “I’d be delighted....Come with me, Agent Dawson....”

(scene shifts to area of the room focused on Down Syndrome....)

Emily: “We mainly work with children 3yrs old to 18, but that can change depending on progress...we have 2 that are as old as 21, but we’re still working with them to have enough confidence to enter the workplace...”

Dawson: “Workplace....as in...job....”

Emily: “Yes..a job...a real life working get a paycheck support yourself job....”

(Dawson looks at the woman....)

Dawson: “Do they..I mean...for real....”

Emily : ‘Well yes...I sure hope so....If not, then everything we do is for nothing....”

Dawson: “What kind of jobs...”

Emily: “Everything from working in a kitchen to commercial computer programming”

(Dawson stares at her in disbelief....)

Emily: 'Honey...they aren't stupid...in fact, some of them have an ability to focus on one task for hours at a time, then some....you can't tear them away from what they're working on...."

Dawson: "Yea...I know...I know that one real well....My son...Terrance...."

Emily: 'I know...you have a Down Syndrome child...."

(Emily walks to another portion of the room...)

Emily: "You see the staff?...Tell me what you see...."

(Dawson looks...she sees college aged young adults...working with the children....smiling and laughing)

Dawson: "Young...."

Emily: 'They're Masters Program Special Education students from Georgetown....They work here as part of their Intern studies, supervised by two fully licensed therapists..."

Dawson: "They sure look happy....I wish I could look that happy when I deal with...."

(Dawson stops....)

Emily: "When you deal with your child? The frustrations, embarrassment, fear?"

(Dawson looks at the woman....nods...)

Emily: 'Agent Dawson, we get these workers before they're jaded and burned out by what they do....We get them when they're still on fire about helping these children, still passionate....Yes, they're young...but I promise you...they fall in love with each child here....and the children respond"

(Dawson looks at the children...each one is laughing, or smiling....a few are at desks, intensely focused on their computer screens....)

Dawson: "They're at computers..."

Emily: "Yes...they are...it takes them longer to master it...and it takes someone with exceptional patience and a personality that won't allow the Down Syndrome personality to overwhelm them...."

(Dawson watches as a young child in a wheelchair rolls up to one of the Down Syndrome children's desk...The child in the wheelchair speaks softly, waiting for the child on the computer to acknowledge them)

Emily: 'Tiffany Scott...she's 12...she's one of the student proctors..."

Dawson: "Proctors? She's what...11? 12?"

Emily: '12. Advanced program...brilliant child....we find that by allowing our students to teach, they learn more themselves....Tiffany will never walk...ever...her spine is separated...She came to us pretty bitter...but we saw a brightness in her that no one else did...That was 2 years ago...Now she has a group of students all her own she works with....Her duty is to simply help them any way she can...."

(A voice shocks Dawson....)

"Hey Aunt Daw!"

(Dawson turns in disbelief...then in shock....From across the room, Danny waves....then goes back to helping a young girl with crippled hands, sitting in a wheelchair in front of a canvas, helping her hold her paint brush....)

Emily: "I believe you know Danny?"

(Dawson nods...speechless)

Emily: "He's an angel....I've never seen any child take to helping others like he has...."

Dawson: "Danny? Here...but he's not...you know....I mean, he goes to regular school.."

Emily: "The school system can't keep up with him...he's phenomally gifted...He's in the same advanced program as the young lady I just showed you..Sometimes a gift can be a challenge, too...We help with those children as well"

Dawson: "So that's how you know Gibbs"

Emily: 'And his wife, Caprice...they both agreed he needs to be challenged, but he also needs to advance at his own pace"

(Dawson nods...still in shock...Gibbs walks up...)

Gibbs; “What did you think we did with him while we were at work, Dawson? Lock him in a room?”

(Dawson, in shock…nods her head..Gibbs scowls…)

Dawson: “But…you leave….when you’re gone….”

Gibbs: ‘Yea…we do…He goes to Nell or Dez’s place most of the time….”

Dawson: “Most….what if….”

Emily: “I’ll show you”

(Emily walks…Dawson, looking at Gibbs, finally turns and follows….Emily leads her to an office with a marker board on it…names of people are listed…Emily nods to the board…)

Emily: “Recognize any names?”

(Dawson looks….then she looks at Emily)

Dawson: “Vance…Kayla Vance….”

Emily; “Fully certified and licensed therapist…Her education, training, her family….She’s the best one we have”

Dawson: “Best at what?”

Emily: “Residential care…We have quite a few parents that leave for short term duty..up to a week…when their spouses can’t care for the child, we have licensed therapists that take them into their homes…It allows for the soldier to focus on his or her work instead of worrying…”

(Emily watches Dawson, shaking her head…)

Emily: “Makes you want to be a Marine…doesn’t it?”

(Dawson nods her head…..)

Dawson: “I knew about this place…but never been here….”

Emily: ‘We have three more buildings…school rooms, recreational, and medical….”

Dawson: “Medical?”

Emily: “Yes...as happy as you saw them, it’s unfortunately not always the case....sometimes they react...They don’t understand why, sometimes we don’t either...but there are times they need to be in a area they can vent their angers, but it needs to be safe...and monitored...”

Dawson: “Yea...I know...God, do I know....I’ve spent so many nights...”

Emily: “Holding your child tightly, trying to keep him from hurting himself...?”

(Dawson’s eyes moisten....she nods...)

Emily: “I know, honey...I know....I’m sorry...”

(Dawson wipes her eyes....)

Dawson: “I’m not...he’s ...he’s the most loving child....He’s been my rock....”

(Emily hugs Dawson.....then...)

Emily: “Come on...let me show you the rest...”

(scene shifts to Dawson and Gibbs in the NCIS sedan...they leave the parking lot...)

Dawson: “If you’re firing me, I’m joining the Marines....that place...it’s a dream....”

Gibbs: “Naw Dawson, you’d make a lousy Marine...”

(She gives a small laugh....)

Dawson: “I’m too mouthy”

Gibbs ‘Yea”

Dawson: “That place...it’s expensive, isn’t it?...”

Gibbs: “Can be”

Dawson: “Well..maybe someday....(pause) “Is that why you brought me? To show me a someday thing?”

Gibbs; ‘Nope”

Dawson: “Then why....”

(He doesn’t respond...then..)

Dawson: ”At least I know it exists now…thank you….”

Gibbs: “Haven’t fired you either”

(She nods…small smile…)

Dawson: “No…I guess you’d have done it by now….Thank you…I promise Gibbs…I’m trying…”

Gibbs: “I know”

Dawson: “I swear I’ll try harder…maybe not work as many shifts…maybe I’ll…”

Gibbs; “Dawson…”

(She stops..looks at Gibbs)

Gibbs; ‘Stop talking…”

Dawson: ‘Got it…stop talking…you don’t like small talk…I got it…I’ll..”

Gibbs: “Dawson….”

(She stops….then in rapid fire speech)

Dawson: “Thankyoufornotfiringme”

(silence….)

Dawson: “I had to get that in….”

(Gibbs looks over at her….shakes his head…)

Dawson: “I know..I know….I’d never make a good Marine…I know…”

(Gibbs slowly reaches for his pistol……Dawson sees the movement, eyes wide…she shuts up….with a small grin, Gibbs returns his hand to the steering wheel…Dawson looks straight ahead, wide-eyed)

(scene shifts to NCIS bullpen…Gibbs and Dawson walk in…Gibbs gives quick words to Mcgee…)

Gibbs; “All yours, McGee”

(Gibbs walks quickly to the stairs, trots up….Dawson looks at him, disbelief….)

McGee: “Dawson….Sit…”

(Dawson sits at her desk...Bishop leans over...)

Bishop: “You’re not fired?”

(Dawson shakes her head....)

Torres; “Bueno!...I mean, it’s not like I like you a lot...but you do bring snacks, and...”

Bishop: “Torres! You know full well you like Dawson!....”

Torres: “Okay...maybe a little...you know...she’s okay...”

(Torres gives a grin to Dawson....then)

Dawson: ‘Look...I’m just glad I have a job...If I’d have lost it...”

(She looks off...voice fails....)

Torres: “Hey girl...the school you have Terrance...how much is that costing you?”

Dawson: “$1045.12....”

Torres: “Okay...that’s not too bad...”

Dawson: “A week”

(Torres’s face shows pain)

Torres: “Ouch....that’s a lot”

Bishop: “That’s half your paycheck!”

Dawson; ‘Don’t I know it...It’s why I work the extra jobs....I have to....but I have to keep this job and I have to take care of my son...I can’t....”

)McGee rolls up a chair...he plops a thin file folder full of papers on her desk...)

Dawson: “Punishment work?”

McGee: “No, Dawson....Open it...”

(Dawson looks at the file...opens it....stares at it...looks up at McGee...)

Dawson: “I’m teaching Marine MPs how to monitor phones?”

McGee: “Yep...it’s part of your job description now...once a week, two hours a week, you’ll help the Quantico MPs to learn how to monitor, tap, use GPS tracking, basics...it will help them in their work....Now, sign it....”

(Dawson looks at the last page....she signs the signature area....she reads further....)

Dawson: “See Benefits Package?”

(McGee drops another file on her desk...thicker....Dawson opens it....her eyes get wide....)

Dawson: “Benefits?”

McGee: “Read it Dawson....”

(Dawson reads....she looks up at McGee....He smiles...nods...She reads more...looks up again, nods...McGee still smiling)

Bishop: “What? Tell us!...”

(Dawson looks at Bishop....eyes wet....)

Dawson: “This new duty....(pause)...it means...”

(She looks again at McGee)

McGee: “It took a while to get set up....I signed off on it, Gibbs signed off..then Director Vance signed it yesterday....Pam...she did the arm twisting to make it work...You are now officially part of the US Marine Corp Extended Family Program”

(Dawson’s tears start to fall...)

Bishop: “DAWSON!...WHAT?”

(She looks at Bishop, …)

Dawson: “That school...what they do.....It’s ….It’s....”

McGee: “Included in your benefits package, Dawson...It’s free...Congratulations...”

Bishop: “No more second job!...”

Torres; ‘Yea..and $1000 a week in your pocket!..Muy Bueno!....”

(Dawson's hands fly to her face, a sob escapes...she gets up out of her chair, begins to run out of the bullpen....directly into McGee's arms...McGee hugs her...)

McGee: "No...don't run...It's what he does, Dawson...He looks out for his people...."

(Bishop, crying, hugs her....)

Bishop: "He's the meanest sweet man you'll ever meet, honey....He's always done this..."

(Dawson breaks down in McGee's arms, crying...)

Dawson: "I have to go up and thank him....I have to...."

McGee; "No...bad idea...."

Bishop: "He's right....it will embarrass him and he'll deny it...."

Dawson: "But...I have to thank him..."

"JUST DO YOUR JOB, DAWSON!"

(She startles, looking up the landing where the voice came from....then a female voice)

"JETHRO! USE YOUR INTERCOM!"

(pause..then Gibbs yells)

"I JUST DID!"

(Dawson looks up at the landing....Vance stands at the top, smiling down at her....)

Vance: 'Kayla is looking forward to having Terrance on her list....We'll be seeing more of you, Agent Dawson"

(Then Vance turns away, walks back into his office...Dawson looks again at Mcgee....McGee smiles, nods....)

Dawson: "Terrance...if I'm gone...he....he goes....."

(McGee nods his head up and down...)

McGee; “The Director’s house...Best place he could be....”

(Dawson bursts into tears again.....)

McGee: “Now...Dawson...get out of here....”

(Dawson looks at him wiping her face, surprised...)

McGee; “Your new duty gives you 8 hours of PTO to get Terrance registered...All the papers are in that file...your information is filled out...Pam took care of everything....Emily and Danny are waiting on you. By the way, Danny wants Terrance on his team.....So...”

(Dawson, once again, bursts into tears.....Bishop looks over at Torres...he is turned away from them...)

Bishop: “Torres?”

Torres; “I’m working....don’t bother me....”

Bishop: “Torres?...Look at me....”

Torres: “NO! I’m working Bish!”

Bishop: “Torres...are you crying?”

(high pitch voice...)

Torres; “What? Me cry?...No way!...”

(Bishop looks at Dawson...)

Bishop: “He’s crying”

(Torres blows his nose...loud...)

Bishop: “Oh gross, Torres....”

Torres; “Allergies...I’m allergic to happy endings....”

(scene shift to Gibbs’s office, Pam standing in his door, looking at him, shaking her head)

Pam: “You did good, Jethro”

Gibbs: “I have no idea what you’re talking about”

Pam: “Yes you do.....”

(She starts to turn...)

Gibbs; “Hey....Thanks for the help”

(Pam waves her hand over her head as she walks out...)

Pam: “I have no idea what you’re talking about, Jethro....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NSA Headquarters, internet traffice monitoring section, codename PRISM. Hundreds of workstations set up, monitors, some people sitting with headsets, some with eyes on the screen...One tech sitting at her station reads off her screen, then starts clicky clacking....she turns to the man next to her)

Tech: “I’ve gotten a third hit on Ben Al-Sadiq...What about you?”

Tech 2: “2 more today...between yesterday and today, that’s 5 for me”

Tech: “Same number for me...You getting anything on this Crescent Coalition?”

Tech 2: “Yea....Margaret in Middle East has seen that name come up over the last 3 months”

Tech: “Terrorists have joined up?”

Tech2: “So says the Margaret....and if Margaret says it, it’s gospel”

Tech: “A coalition....Those people don’t work together....they hate each other”

Tech 2: “Been that way so far....The only thing I know that could get them to shake hands is....”

Tech: “Money....enough money to put aside their religious differences”

Tech2: “You think we should put out an alert on this?”

Tech: “Not our call....ask Margaret”

(Tech 2 nods...picks up a phone.....Margaret answers, listens...then...)

Margaret: “I’ve looked at what you sent....I got with FBI on what they had....it looks like a possible weapons theft at Quantico?...Nothing reported...but that may mean it hasn’t happened yet...”

Tech 2: “Want us to do anything?”

Margaret: “No...Quantico has some people capable of dealing with it...”

Tech 2: “Marines? Margaret....they aren’t...”

Margaret: “No...they’ve got NCIS...Some of the best anti-terrorist people around...I’ll get in touch with Director Vance....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen...McGee, Torres, Bishop sit, working...a scream come out of Vance’s office....)

Vance; “WHAT THE HELL!...”

(They look up, see Gibbs walking quickly to Vance’s office, Pam already through his door...they enter....Vance is red-faced, picking up his phone....He sees Pam and Gibbs come in, alerted faces....Vance yells...)

Vance; “THEY CUT MY BUDGET $10,000,000!...THEY JUST TOOK IT OUT!...”

Pam: “Leon...they can’t do that...not with out congress voting....”

Vance: ‘THE GOD#&%% PRESIDENT CAN!...AND DID!....”

(Vance dials...the party answers...)

Vance: “WHY DIDN”T YOU TELL ME!”

(listens)

Vance: “WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON”T KNOW?”

(Vance calms...)

Vance; “I’m sorry....but my budget got cut by ten million....and by cut, I mean taken out of our operating acount....MY OPERATING ACCOUNT!....”

Pam: “Leon...Breathe.....”

(Vance listens....)

Vance; 'Thank you, Loretta...please...yes...let me know...."

(He bangs the phone down.....)

Vance: "It's never happened...not this way...never...."

Pam: "Well Leon, new president, new rules..."

(Vance gets red faced)

Vance; 'I DIDN"T EVEN VOTE FOR THE SON OF A BITCH!"

Gibbs: "Leon...you know Bledsoe doesn't like you...."

(Vance looks at Gibbs...he calms....)

Vance: "Gibbs...may I clarify that statement?"

Gibbs: "Yea, Leon...go ahead...clarify..."

(Vance turns red-faced again)

Vance: "HE DOESN"T LIKE YOU, GIBBS! YOU! YOU PUT HIS VICE PRESIDENT IN JAIL!"

(Gibbs shrugs)

Gibbs; "He was a crook, Leon"

Vance: "IT"S WASHINGTON DC! THEY"RE ALL CROOKS!...."

(scene shifts to NSA, PRISM room....)

Tech: "I think we better call Margaret again...."

Tech 2: "Why?"

Tech: "I'm getting references to a federal agent.....possible working partner on the potential weapons theft"

Tech 2: "Ouch...those hurt....you got a name?"

Tech: "Yes...Gibbs....Jethro Gibbs? NCIS?..Ever heard of him?"

Tech 2: "No...not in my wheelhouse....I'll give Margaret a call"

(Tech 2 picks up phone....calls Margaret...)

Margaret: “Yes...what do you have?”

Tech 2: “Picked up possible web chatter on a federal agent possibly working with the weapons theft?....”

Margaret: “What agency?”

Tech 2: “NCIS...the man’s name is Jethro Gibbs...I looked him up...he’s the new Assistant Director...”

Margaret: “Thank you Robert...let’s keep this one under our hats...okay?”

Tech 2: “Yes ma’am...why?”

Margaret: “I’ve already alerted NCIS to the potential weapons theft....Now we may have an agent...a top agent...working for the bad guys....This goes to the FBI...I’ll handle it...”

(scene shifts to Oval Office....Chief of Staff Zimmer looks at his cell, seeing a text...)

MARGARET – Cookie crumbs are active

(Zimmer smiles at the news....places his phone in his pocket...to self...)

Zimmer: “I just love it when a plan comes together”

(scene fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

INTERMISSION IS OVER! GET BACK ON THE COUCH!

Narration

Sam Elliot: Men full of greed hate the ones that stand for what’s right. The men in this story are no different. As more documents and evidence unfolded, drawn out by the agents of NCIS, and the still righteous women and men of the FBI, the darker this story became. It’s been said truth is stranger than fiction....Amigos, you’re about to see that sometimes, truth is more diabolical than fiction. You’re about to see the evil in the men and women sworn to protect you. It’s a stampede of greed and deception, false accusations and planned murders. Evil wants to crush Jethro Gibbs. And sometimes, compadre...the bad guys win”

(scene opens in White House, 2nd floor, the President's Private Office, adjoining the White House Library....Sam Zimmer, Chief of Staff standing in the room while POTUS leafs through an almost full spiral notebook, hand written items can be seen on the pages...POTUS looks up at the two Secret Service agents standing against the wall...)

Bledsoe: "Gentlemen...that's all for tonight...Sam and I have some personal business to attend to"

(The two agents show their disagreement...)

Bledsoe: "Boys...we've been through this before...Now go on...enjoy the night...Or hell, go guard my wife's bedroom door...Try not to get frostbite"

(The agents nod, exit the room...Zimmer looks at the closed door, then at POTUS)

Zimmer: "Dammit, Bill..Stop pulling that damn notebook out when agents are in the room!....I keep telling you, that's a bad idea...that's a paper trail..."

Bledsoe: "Would you rather me keep it on a computer? Hackable? Or maybe a thumb drive...which goes through a computer...?"

Zimmer: "No...I'd just rather you not write down anything at all"

Bledsoe: "Too many people, Sam...too many players to keep in my head....(looks up at Zimmer) "By the way...Al Sadiq playing with us?"

(Zimmer laughs) "Yea...he's on board...The man almost offered to do it for free. He's got relatives at Gitmo. I'm pretty sure Gibbs and NCIS had something to do with putting them there"

Bledsoe: "Good....he's key to this"

Zimmer: "He knows what to do...Sadiq's going to greet him like a long lost brother...It'll play well on the video..."

Bledsoe: 'And the others?"

Zimmer: "What? 200 bucks to start a fight and make a commotion? Switch out an envelope? That one was easy"

Bledsoe: “We set at Gitmo?”

(Zimmer shakes his head....)

Zimmer: ‘Not yet...but I did find a good candidate....”

(Zimmer takes his phone out...pulls up his Notepad...starts reading)

Zimmer: “Master Sargent Reginald Waters, National Guard...”

Bledsoe: “National Guard? What the hell, Sam?”

Zimmer: “Remembers. Most of the guards at Gitmo are National Guard...rotate every 9 months...You voted for doing it”

Bledsoe: “I did? Why the hell did I do that?”

Zimmer: ‘Because I told you to, Bill, that’s why....You were in favor of bringing more regular troops home...You led the charge...the public ate it up”

Bledsoe; ‘Yea...I remember. People cheering as the troops came home...No one cared that we replaced them with civilian soldiers....”

Zimmer: “Correct...Now...it turns out Master Sargent Waters owes the IRS one third of his paycheck until his tax lien is paid off....$125,000 of owed federal taxes, that is....”

Bledsoe: “He dodged taxes?...Well damn!...That’s not what we expect from our citizens!...Roast him!”

Zimmer: “I was thinking more along the line of using him, Bill....He’s in charge of intake and the classification for each new prisoner....”

(Bledsoe listens...thinks...then...)

Bledsoe: “And if our tax dodging Master Sargent just happened to place our meddling Agent Gibbs into general population instead of the Segregated Unit?”

Zimmer: ‘Gibbs is personally responsible for putting quite a few of our Gitmo guests behind those fences....”

Bledsoe: “And they would certainly take care of what we want to happen to Gibbs....Without us being involved...”

(Bledsoe looks at Zimmer)

Bledsoe: “How much will this man cost us?”

(Zimmer puts his hands on the desk, and leans down)

Zimmer: “Not one slick nickel”

(POTUS looks at Zimmer in confusion....)

Zimmer: ‘A call to the IRS to heat things up on Sargent Waters’s tax bill, call it due immediately, and then we come in as the savior, offering to wipe that tax debt clean....”

(pause)

Zimmer: “And all he’s got to do is make one clerical error....A mistake anyone could make...”

(The President mulls over the thought...his face expressionless. Then slowly, an evil grin begins to form...He nods his head)

Bledsoe: “Make it happen”

Zimmer: “Already making it happen...The IRS notice was faxed to the Payroll Office at Guantanamo Bay, then hand delivered by one of the clerks to the Sargent. I heard the man threw up when he read it”

Bledsoe: “Who makes the offer to make it go away?”

(Zimmer smiles)

Zimmer: “I do, Bill...I make that deal”

(POTUS looks at him in disbelief)

Bledsoe: “What? You?”

(Zimmer snaps at POTUS, angry, voice raising)

Zimmer: “Tell me, Bill...Who would you trust to tell Master Sargent Walter that his tax bill goes away if he puts a Federal Agent into what will turn out to be a death sentence? Tell me, Bill...I’m open to suggestions...Hell, why don’t we just include more people than what you already have in that damn notebook and publish the son of a bitch!”

(POTUS reels back at the unexpected response from his friend)

Bledsoe: “Settle down, Sam...I just wanted to know...”

(Zimmer stares at the President...then)

Zimmer: ‘The less you ask, the less you know. It’s my job to protect you, Bill...and lord knows, you haven’t made my job easy...Now...but that damn notebook away...Every time I see it I get nervous”

(Zimmer watches POTUS close his notebook, lean under the desk, place it in a floor safe...)

Zimmer: “I remember when that thing was installed....”

Bledsoe: ‘Bush Sr...every president’s used it since for private and personal information...Hell...did you know I found lists of donors that didn’t go on the books for the last guy sitting here?”

Zimmer: “You did?...You turned them in, didn’t you?”

Bledsoe: ‘Hell no!...I called ‘em up!...Told them, “Give me a nice campaign donation or I WILL turn it in!”

(POTUS seen inserting the notebook into the safe. Several other similar notebooks stacked in the safe.... then the small safe closes....POTUS rises up from under the desk, looks at Zimmer)

Bledsoe: “Hey...My wife is getting harder to handle”

Zimmer: ‘Well..what did you expect? You tell her this is the key to being re-elected, and you thought she’d go for it? Christ, Bill...your wife is as straight a shooter as they come!”

(POTUS looks off to the side, nods)

Bledsoe: “Yea...I made an error in judgment on that one”

Zimmer: ‘You still think you can set her up?”

(Bledsoe nods...I’ve got it all worked out...step by step”

(Zimmer looks at POTUS in disbelief)

Zimmer: ‘You didn’t....tell my you didn’t write that down....”

Bledsoe: “Had to son....It’s complicated.....Nicely timed...When I’m sworn in for the second term, I’ve got my hand on the Bible, and right when I say ‘I do’...on those words, the shooter fires the shot, I move back, and my wife takes the bullet everyone thinks was meant for me...”

Zimmer: “Did you really make that part of the deal, Bill?”

Bledsoe: “Hell...for a billion dollars, I should get something for myself”

Zimmer: “And you trust those idiots? Jesus, Bill..they’re terrorists!”

Bledsoe: “They don’t come through, they don’t get the last 100 million....That much money, son...that buys a lot of dependability”

Zimmer: “The shooter...he knows it’s likely he’ll get caught...”

Bledsoe: ‘No..he’ll go down shooting...they’ll kill him...He knows it. He just shot the First Lady...I doubt our people would let him live even if he gave himself up”

Zimmer: “A martyr?”

(Bledsoe nods)

Bledsoe: “He gets a handful of virgins in Paradise, and his wife gets a quarter million dollars. I think they’re both looking forward to it”

(Bledsoe thinks....looks at Zimmer)

Bledsoe: “Hey...Sam. Speaking of wives...You should take it easy with Tiffany for a while”

Zimmer: “Why?”

Bledsoe: “Why? How about we start with your wife?...Margaret is an important part of this...If your she gets wind that you’re playing house with a 25 year old White House intern...Christ...everything could go to hell”

(Zimmer smiles)

Zimmer: “Bill, it wouldn’t matter if she caught me in the act...Your promise to make her NSA Director when this is over is all she cares about....Trust me...I know my wife....Ambition trumps Fidelity...She’s not about to risk losing her meal ticket”

(Zimmer grins)

Zimmer: “And for the record....Tiffany’s 23....let’s not make her any older than she has to be”

Bledsoe: “Sam...Isn’t she engaged?”

(Zimmer thinks....shrugs...)

Zimmer: “Don’t know...Don’t care...”

(POTUS scowls at Zimmer. Zimmer laughs....)

Zimmer: “What?..You just now grow a conscious or something? You’re planning to kill your wife!.....So don’t...”

Bledsoe: (waves a hand) “Just don’t use that word around me...”

Zimmer: “What word?”

Bledsoe: “Trump..You said Ambition trumps Fidelity...Use another word next time, okay?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS HQ...Gibbs walks into Vance’s office....)

Gibbs: “You called for me, Director?”

Vance: “Multiple times Gibbs...your ringer off again?”

(Gibbs scowls...)

Gibbs: “Yea...somehow my phone’s gotten on a marketing list...So I turned the damn thing off”

Vance: “And if I need you?”

Gibbs; “Yell...Hell, Leon, I’m just across from your door...”

(Vance grins....)

Vance; ‘I remember those days....”

Gibbs: “While you’re remembering...why’d you call for me?”

(Vance transfers his toothpick from one side to the other)

Vance: “Strange call, Gibbs.....”

Gibbs: “Yea?”

Vance: “I got a call from Margaret Childs....”

Gibbs: “NSA Childs?”

(Vance nods)

Gibbs: “Married to POTUS Chief of Staff....Zim...or something”

Vance: ‘Zimmer...Sam Zimmer...slimy guy...I’ve never trusted him”

Gibbs: “Okay....Zimmer’s bad news...what about the call?”

Vance: “There is a man by the name of Ben Al-Sadiq...Mr. Al-Sadiq owns a shipping company and air freight company, here in DC...He wants to meet with you to discuss what he feels is a potential theft of weapons...”

Gibbs: “Meet with me? Why?..If NSA got the information, they should be calling the FBI”

Vance: “The supposed target is Quantico...that puts it on our plate...According to Ms. Childs, her analysts picked this up off internet chatter....Mr. Sadiq emailing another man about who to call with this information, how best stop it, how to be the best citizen he could be”

Gibbs: “He wants to be the good guy?”

Vance: “So it seems...but....”

Gibbs; “There’s always a but, Leon....”

Vance: “This is what is so strange about this, Gibbs...”

(Gibbs waits)

Vance: “Ben Al-Sadiq has been connected with the new Crescent Coalition...”

Gibbs; “Mythical group...so they say”

Vance: “Not so mythical anymore....there’s been a few words here and there, that the 5 largest Terror groups have banded together...and someone is funding them big money...”

Gibbs: “Is here a warrant on him? Red Flag from Interpol?”

Vance: “No...record-wise, he’s clean....”

Gibbs “Okay...so maybe it is what it looks like....It can happen”

Vance: “Maybe...but does this happen?”

(Vance swings his monitor around...an email from Ben Al-Sadiq, Sadiq Shipping....)

“Could I impose on the celebrated Agent Gibbs to meet me at his favorite diner? 2pm is a convenient time?”

(Gibbs stares at the email.....Vance stares at Gibbs..)

Vance: “Well? It doesn’t bother you that he has my email address and that he knows your diner?”

(Gibbs leans back in the chair...)

Gibbs: “Yea...but only one way to find out...(pause) “Tell him I’ll be there. Hell, Leon...it’s a meeting in public...what could happen?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in FBI HQ, Stella Garvey, FBI Field Director, enters the Quick Reaction Situation Room....She looks around the array of desks and computers until a hand raises..Garvey heads for the person signaling her....She arrives at the desk of Tanya Carol, Domestic Terrorism Analyst...)

Garvey: “Agent Carol...you mentioned this was urgent?”

Carol: “Yes ma’am...Could we....?”

(The agent motions for them to walk away from the area...Garvey leads, Agent Carol follows...they find an area in the corner of the room, several eyes following them....)

Carol: “They’re too interested...”

(Garvey discreetly looks to the screens, watching the other agents in her peripheral vision....)

Garvey: “They are....Why...?”

Carol: “Because of this ma’am...it came in an hour ago...I thought you’d want to know”

(Agent Carol hands Garvey a folded printout....Garvey looks at Carol, unfolds the sheet, and reads....Garvey’s face shows nothing...the hand holding the page trembles slightly....She talks in a low tone to Carol)

Garvey: “Who else knows...?”

Carol: ‘The three sets of eyes watching”

Garvey: “Who got the original message?”

Carol: “Agent Fariq, ma’am...”

(Garvey lowers her voice more)

Garvey: “Agent Carol, I’m going to announce to you that we do our jobs, and we play no favorites...I may sound a little harsh....I want you to go back to your desk after that, then in 15 minutes, excuse yourself and go to the restroom...Don’t use the one on this floor, go to the 3rd floor, find a stall....I’ll meet you there...)

Carol: “Yes ma’am....”

(Garvey’s face changes and voice raises....)

Garvey: “Agent Carol!...Just do your job!..We do NOT play favorites here at the FBI!...Do you understand me?”

Carol: “100% ma’am...!”

Garvey: “Good!...Now get to work!”

(Agent Carol moves away, both of them noticing the small smile on Agent Fariq’s face, as he turns back to his computer...Garvey storms out of the room....She exits the room, then in the hallway, alone, walking fast, she mutters to herself...)

Garvey: “It will be a cold day in hell when I believe Jethro Gibbs is a traitor...Damn whoever is doing this!...”

20 Minutes Later

(scene opens in 3rd floor bathroom....Agent Carol enters, looks around....a stall door opens,…)

(scene shifts to inside the stall)

Garvey: ‘I saw Agent Fariq..you did too....I want his phone records pulled, and I want...”

(Agent carol pulls out a print out....hands it to Garvey)

Carol: “One text...”

(Garvey looks at the text message)

Set the meet up

Garvey: “What meet?”

Carol: “I don’t know ma’am...but I ran the number he texted....and ma’am...I think the waters just got deeper”

(Garvey looks at Carol....waiting...)

Carol: “It’s the private cell number for Samuel Zimmer....”

(Garvey’s eyes get wide...)

Garvey: ‘THE Samuel Zimmer? Chief of Staff Samuel Zimmer?”

(Agent Carol’s eyebrows go up...she nods....Garvey starts thinking....then...)

Garvey: “Agent Carol...you have done some fine work....”

Carol: “Ma’am...that’s not all...Fariz just ordered a surveillance team to start tracking Director Gibbs....and...”

(Carol stops...takes a breath....)

Carol: “An arrest warrant is being prepared for Agent Gibbs....That’s what I wanted to talk to you about”

Garvey: “For what? The man hasn’t done anything!”

Carol: “Taking a bribe...and treason....”

(Garvey leans against the wall of the bathroom stall...disbelief is all over her face....)

Garvey: “They’re setting him up...my god....that’s what alerted you. Agent Fariq got a tip, then this happened...And you get notification of all warrants.....they’re preparing a warrant before the crime is committed!”

(Garvey stops....)

Garvey: “Agent Carol...thank you for what you’ve done....I think it best for your career....”

(Agent Carol shakes her head)

Carol: ‘No way ma’am...respectfully...but no #&#@ing way....I don’t know Agent Gibbs personally, but I know Timothy McGee, and I know Eleanor Bishop...They are loyal to him for a reason....and I know what Agent Gibbs has done for our country....I cannot...I will not....stand by and watch an innocent man that has done so much for America,..... go down like this....”

(Garvey stares at the young woman....then...)

Garvey: “Agent Carol, after this is over, we’ll either be heroes or in prison....”

Carol; “Again, respectfully, ma’am...we’re wasting time....What do you need me to do?”

(Garvey thinks....)

Garvey: “They’re watching Gibbs...Well....we’re going to watch the watchers...and I want High Definition video of whatever happens....Hell, Carol....I want movie quality stuff....can you find out where they will meet?”

Carol: “If it’s on Fariq’s phone or computer...yes ma’am...I sure can. I have Supervisory override...It’s limited, but I think it will do the job”

(Garvey pulls out a business card and a pen...she writes on the back of it,hands it to Agent Carol)

Garvey: “That’s my login and password...it will get you deeper than yours...use it...I’d rather have my login shown if this goes bad”

(Agent Carol looks at the card, then nods to Garvey)

Carol: “I’ll make it happen ma’am....I promise...”

(Garvey waits for Carol to leave...she dials a number...)

Garvey: “Come on Gibbs...pickup...pickup, dammit!”

(scene shifts to Gibbs driving, his phone in his jacket pocket....with the ringer turned off....Gibbs seen pulling into the parking lot of the diner)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen..McGee, Torres, Bishop seen working...)

Bishop: “I still can’t get over Dawson and Gibbs...”

Torres: “I know, right? She comes in late, ends up with an extra 4 grand in her pocket...You know...maybe I’ll start coming in late...you know...Gibbs gets worried, feels sorry for me, gives me a mucho big raise....”

McGee: ‘Torres..Gibbs would transfer you to Siberia...”

Torres: “We don’t have a Siberia office”

Bishop: “He’d start one....A one man office....with your wife back home....alone....all alone...and lonely....”

(Torres looks at Bishop....face blank....)

Torres: “Forget I said that....”

(Bishop props her chin in her hand, smiles...)

Bishop: “What, Torres? I make you jealous?”

Torres ‘No...I was thinking...the women in Siberia are probably ugly!...I mean, if you’re here all lonely, then you’d understand I’d be...”

(Post It note pops Torres right between the eyes....)

Torres; ‘OW!...”

(McGee’s phone rings.....he sees it’s Garvey – FBI....he looks at it curiously...answers it..)

McGee: ‘Agent Garvey? How are....”

(He is interrupted by the rapid pace and urgency in her voice....He listens....then...)

McGee: “We’re on our way!”

(he ends the call....Bishop and Torres watching as McGee gets up, pulls gun and badge out of drawer...)

McGee; ‘GET UP!...BOSS IS HEADING INTO A SETUP!”

(scene shows team scrambling and running to the stairs...)

(scene shifts to Diner...Gibbs walks in, looks around...a lone, Arabic looking man looks up, sees Gibbs....The man stands as Gibbs approaches....The man extends his arms outward...)

Al-Sadiq; “The famous Special Agent Jethro Gibbs!...How long I have waited for this honor, my friend!”

(Catching Gibbs off-guard, the man hugs Gibbs warmly....then invites his to sit...Gibbs stares at the man then sits...)

Gibbs: “I understand you have some information...”

Sadiq: “Yes..yes...terrible information....it is a embarrassment to my country....”

Gibbs: “What information....”

Sadiq: “It is all explained here.....”

(From his seat, Sadiq lifts a thick brown envelope....He hands it to Gibbs...Gibbs takes it...)

Gibbs; “What’s in it?”

Sadiq: “The names, places, times...everything...The shipment will be stolen, the arms distributed to those that do evil....terrible thing....”

(Gibbs looks at the envelope, he inspects the papers inside....)

Gibbs; “Names...addresses...just like you said...”

Sadiq: ‘Yes...of course...things that could cause my death...”

(Gibbs slides the envelope into his inner jacket pocket)

Gibbs: “Sir...I need you to be a little more specific....This is too easy..."

(Gibbs begins to pull the envelope out)

Sadiq: “I assure you, Agent Gibbs...what is about to happen....it will not be easy for you...”

(Two men sitting at the counter begin yelling at each other...in an instant, they begin swinging at each other, then fall over, landing on top of Gibbs....Gibbs is pushed down into the padded bench, trying to push the two men off of him....his jacket rips as one of them reaches inside it....He gets his hands underneath his chest, desperately pushes upward...The men fall off him, then to the floor....Both men instantly get up, then immediately run out of the diner....Gibbs turns around....Sadiq is gone...)

Gibbs; “What the hell?...”

(Gibbs is thrown face down on the table...A hand reaches in his torn jacket, the envelope is pulled out from his pocket...An FBI badge is laid on the table in front of Gibbs’s face, still pressed to the table top....)

“Agent Gibbs...this looks bad...”

(The agent lays the envelope down in front of Gibbs’s eyes, opens it up...it is filled with $100 bills...)

Gibbs; “THAT WASN”T IN THERE! I”M BEING SET UP!”

FBI: “The man you met with?...He’s a terrorist, Agent Gibbs...and you just took money from him....”

Gibbs: “LET ME UP!...”

(The FBI agent increases the pressure of his forearm on Gibbs’s neck, leans down, places a piece of paper in front of Gibbs’s face...)

FBI: “It’s a warrant for your arrest.....For what you just did...It’s called Treason, Agent Gibbs”

(The FBI agent whispers in Gibbs’s ear...)

FBI: “Are you beginning to understand just how screwed you are right now?”

(Gibbs explodes upwards....He catches the FBI agent full in the nose with the back of his head, then rising, he lands a punch on the jaw of the other agent...the first agent howls, blood spurting from his nose, the second agent collapses to the floor of the diner, unconscious. Gibbs darts for the front door....Then 50,000 volts from a Taser hits his back....He drops to the ground, refuses to lay down, pushes upward with trembling arms, reaches for his pistol.....another Taser is shot...another 50,000 volts enter his system....)

Gibbs: "No...I'm not a....."

(He feels fists pummeling his head and body....then...Everything goes black)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens with McGee, Torres, Bishop sliding to a stop at the diner....They rush inside....McGee looks at the waitress that normally waits on Gibbs....her face is pale, her eyes red....)

McGee; 'RUBY!...WHERE'S GIBBS?"

Ruby: 'Tim...they took him!...They tased him, twice!...Then they began to beat him!...They beat him after he was knocked out!....."

McGee: "WHO?...WHO DID THIS?"

Ruby: "Tim...it was the FBI!...They had on jackets!...THE FBI DID THIS!"

(Torres and Bishop rush in.....McGee turns to them...)

McGee: "We're too late...Boss is gone!..."

(He turns to Ruby....)

McGee: "Your cameras!...Were they on?..RUBY!...WERE THEY ON?"

(She nods her head, tears fall...)

Ruby: "Yes...Come with me...oh god, they beat Jethro so hard....they beat that dear man almost to death...."

(Two men, civilian clothes, walk into the diner...they look around, see McGee...they both walk to McGee...)

Man: “Agent McGee?”

McGee: “Yes...but I’m busy sir....”

Man: “I think you’ll want what we came to get...”

(The man steps up on a booth seat, reaches up, pulls down a wireless camera)

Man: “We’ve got 3 of these in here...We should have caught everything...”

(McGee looks at the man...)

McGee: “Exactly who are you?”

(Both men pull out wallets...flash their FBI badges...)

FBI: “Agent Garvey caught wind of something wrong...she ordered us to follow the men that were following your boss, film the meeting...and Agent...Ms Garvey is some kinda pissed...”

McGee: “Agent...where is my boss...?”

(The agent lets out a breath..)

FBI: “Agent McGee...you’re not going to like this...We think.....”

((scene shifts to Andrews Air Base....A twin engine private cargo jet is seen lifting off...the side of the jet reads)

SADIQ AIR FREIGHT

(scene shifts to inside the plane...laying in the cargo hold, on the floor, Gibbs is seen, eyes closed...his hands are cuffed behind him, his ankles in shackles....His face is shown...bloody, beaten, one eye swollen shut..the good eye flutters..opens...Gibbs tries to move....he moans...then closes the eye and passes out again)

(Scene shifts back to the diner...The FBI agent finishes giving McGee his thoughts....McGee lowers his head, then looks at Bishop and Torres)

McGee: “Get on the phone”

Torres: ”Got it....who do we call?”

(Mcgee looks at the booth...sees the blood still on the table top....McGee's eyes narrow...he turns to Bishop and Torres with an angry face...his voice is clear, calm, but resolute...)

"Everyone...everyone in this family....We're going to need them all...Tell them not to come if they aren't willing to walk into hell to get the boss...Tell them I said that....."

Strains of Redlight King's "Born To Rise" begin in the background

We were born to rise....

We were born to rise....

Whatcha know about sacrifice, when the lights go out...

(scene and music fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

THE MOVIE IS STARTING!

Narrator

Sam Elliot: "The call went out. They asked, "Jethro Gibbs is in trouble. It will cost you. Will you come?"....They came...They came by car and plane, each one saying, "Yes"....These people that knew Gibbs, worked with him, inspired by him, respected him. They came....

(scene shows SecState, Vance, Cal, all entering vehicles, slamming doors, tires squealing as they pushed the accelerator...)

Sam Elliot: "Others answered the call from where they were...They could do what they do from where they were"

(scene shows Delilah ordering satellites to move over Cuba, Nell prepping drones, both surveillance and destructive...)

Sam Elliot: “Others at their agencies rose to the call, gathering those dedicated to what was right, then gearing up for a trip into hell”

(Garvey seen in the REACT Room...Agent Carol by her side, several other FBI agents sitting at desks, pulling up programs that may be needed...then they left too)

Sam Elliot: “Then there were those that had been tainted by betrayal...They rose up with a fire inside that burned hot....”

(scene shows Bella at CIA in the Control Room, ordering intelligence to be gathered, bringing up every CIA agent at GITMO, pruning the questionable from those she knew were committed to justice and righteousness....Then she left as well...)

Sam Elliot: ‘They answered the call....One of their own was in trouble...and that one was Jethro Gibbs...Each one of them remembered what Gibbs had done for them. Each one knew he was willing to lay down his life for them. They were ready to return the favor”

(Movie Title appears on screen)

HE WAS BETRAYED

(scene opens at the Gordon House..Caprice seen with phone to her ear, her hand covers her eyes,.....)

Caprice: “Thank you Tim...I have to go...”

McGee: (on phone) “Caprice...we think he’s on his way to Quantico!”

Caprice: “Then that’s where I’m going”

McGee: “You can’t...they won’t let.....”

Caprice: “Watch me”

(She ends the call, drops the phone on the bed...she turns to her closet, opens it.....She pulls down a box, lays it on the bed, then starts pulling an outfit out....)

Caprice: “I’m coming, Jethro....”

(She strips her clothes off, and pulls dark blue socks on…then she pulls a pair of blue camo pants on…then a blue tshirt, then a blue camo shirt….She piled her hair up in a bun, placed the green Navy Nursing Corp cover on her head, the Navy emblem proudly displayed on front, on her head….she looked in the mirror, brushed off her Ensign patches on her shoulders, pulled a pre-packed overnight bag out of the closet, then started to walk quickly out of the bedroom...She stopped…returned to the closet…She lifted a leather case, 20 inches in length, from the closet…she pulled open a drawer, pulled out a box of shotgun shells from the drawer, stuffed them in her backpack, then resumed walking out….)

(scene shifts to Gordon House driveway….the white Jaguar pulls out, then tires smoke as the car rockets down the street)

(scene shifts to SecState in her car…phone to ear….)

SecState: "Simon....I don't care about protocol...I just gave you the rundown, and you know damn well that man's being set up.....If you were ever Gerald's friend...you need to be one now...."

(She listens.....nods....listens more....)

SecState: "Floor safe…President's private office.....Thank you...."

(a pause)

SecState: "And Simon...we never had this conversation"

(she ends the call, presses the accelerator down....The roar of the engine can be heard....)

(scene shifts to Quantico Air Field….A white Jaguar streaks across the tarmac, drawing stares from everyone on the runway….She spots a C-130, loading ramp down…she races towards it, slams on the brakes as she reaches it....She jumps out of the car, yelling at the soldiers walking up the ramp...)

Caprice: 'IS THIS PLANE HEADING TO QUANTICO?"

(The Marines look at her in shock....one of the soldiers nearest her points towards another C-130, the cargo ramp empty, engines running...he sees her Ensign patch…He salutes immediately)

Soldier: ‘That one, ma’am.....But they’ve finished loading...they’re about to raise the ramp and.....”

(She is off...in her car, smoking the tires as she spins the Jaguar around, speeding towards the C-130....She sees a Marine walking up the ramp, giving the twirled hand signal to raise the ramp...She presses the accelerator, swings wide.....)

(scene shifts to the C-130 ramp...the lone soldier that gave the ramp up signal begins his walk up the ramp into the cargo area....He hears the sound of an engine...he turns....then his face goes into shock, he shrieks, and dives towards the walls of the inside of the plane, as a white Jaguar approaches the ramp at full speed.....The soldier covers his head with his hands as he hears the screeching tires....He finally looks up...A Marine Nursing Corp Ensign, overnight bag in hand, another pouch slung over her shoulder, is running up the ramp...The soldier rises, holds up a hand for her to stop)

Marine: “MA’AM!...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

Caprice: ‘You’re going to Quantico, right?”

Marine: “Yes ma’am...but you....”

Caprice: ‘I’m going with you”

Marine: “Ma’am...you're not cleared....”

(Caprice walks up the Marine, gets directly in his face...)

Caprice: ‘Soldier!...My husband has been falsely accused, is being held prisoner at GITMO, and he needs me!...I assure you I have a higher clearance level than you do! AND I OUTRANK YOU!....Now...(face red) “GET OUT OF MY WAY!”

(Another voice calls out....)

“Corporal!...What the hell is the problem? We’re due to take off now!”

(The voice comes from the pilot...Major’s bars on his shoulders...He stares at Caprice.....face astonished...)

Major: “McNalley?”

(Caprice stares at the Major...sees his name badge....)

Caprice: “Shrapnel on left leg, left arm....You were the co-pilot....”

Major: “McNalley....?.”

Caprice “Gibbs....it’s Gibbs now...”

(The Major stares at her.....long moments pass....then...)

Major: Explain, Mrs Gibbs”

(Caprice gives the Major a condensed rundown....his eyes get wide when he hears, “Gibbs has been accused of treason....”..She finishes...then waits, her face pleading....)

Caprice: “Major...please help me...I have to get to my husband...I have the medical clearance, the security clearance....”

(The Major turns the soldiers watching, listening....He barks...)

Major: “UNIT MEDICAL OFFICER ON BOARD....MAKE A HOLE!”

(He turns back to Caprice...)

Major: “It will be a cold day in hell when I believe Jethro Gibbs has gone bad....”

(scene shifts to the C-130 climbing in the sky....inside the plane, Caprice sits alone, on the bench, holding onto the webbing as the plane climbs....The soldiers in the cargo area stare at her, awed....)

(scene faces to black and white)

(scene opens on the Sadiq Air Freight Cargo plane....Gibbs lays on the floor of the cargo hold, still shackled....He opens his good eye, looks around....then a voice...)

“Would you like to know why you are here, Agent?....Would you like to know what you failed to stop?”

(Gibbs lays, twisting his body to be able to see the voice....he moans with pain as he moves..then he sees a man sitting in a fold out lawn chair...)

Gibbs; ‘You’re who I met with...Sadiq...”

Sadiq: ‘Sadly so, Agent....sadly so...”

(Gibbs stares....then...)

Gibbs: “Gitmo?”

(Sadiq nods....)

Gibbs: “Lose me, never to be heard from again”

(Sadiq smiles, nods again...)

Gibbs; ‘Why?”

(Sadiq leans forward towards Gibbs)

Sadiq: “So that you cannot interfere with what is happening....and what will happen”

(Gibbs looks at the man....then...)

Gibbs: “Sitrep...”

(Sadiq looks at Gibbs, confused...then he smiles...)

Sadiq: “You wish for an explanation...do you not, Agent Gibbs?”

Gibbs; “Yea...I deserve to know why I’m gonna die...don’t you think?”

(The man leans back, smiling...)

Sadiq: “You are everything they said and more!...Magnificent, Agent Gibbs!...Utterly magnificent!....but then again, the same has been said about me”

Gibbs: “Thanks...but you’ll excuse me if I don’t join your fan club”

(Sadiq smiles again....looks at Gibbs...then nods....)

Sadiq: ‘I agree, Agent...a man should know why he dies and what he dies for...In your case....you die for Freedom”

(Gibbs stares...says nothing)

Sadiq: “In a small portion past 2 years, my brothers in Jihad will be set free from your cursed prison....”

Gibbs: “Why?”

(Sadiq holds up a hand to stop Gibbs...)

Sadiq: 'And you die for Peace, agent Gibbs....a peace that has been brokered by your President..."

Gibbs; 'You're not making sense Sadiq...."

Sadiq: "Oh...but I am....You see, Agent Gibbs...your President is paying my Jihad brethren One Billion Dollars per year to stay peaceful until the next election...A peace that he is credited for...A peace that your country is applauding..."

Gibbs; 'And they don't know it's paid for..."

Sadiq: "Exactly, Agent Gibbs...it IS paid for...and I need not tell you how many guns, soldiers, equipment, can be bought each year for one billion dollars...."

(He pauses)

Sadiq: "Our agreement?...We do nothing except take your money, prepare, equip, and plan....We give public credit to the negotiating talent of your President, we sing his praises, we talk of peace, we appear to disband...at last....Imagine that, Agent Gibbs...A President that can bring the 5 most powerful Jihad groups together...and with the power of his tongue, quiet us...."

Gibbs: 'So he can get re-elected...."

Sadiq: "And in the meantime, we become the best armed Jihad force in the Middle East...and at last....at last, Agent Gibbs....."

(Sadiq stops talking...Gibbs watches...then....)

Gibbs; "You invade Israel"

(Sadiq begins laughing.....he continues laughing as he nods his head up and down...and still laughing, he continues)

Sadiq: "And all we have to do is promise to leave America alone!...Can you imagine that, Agent Gibbs?...He took us at our word!.....Your lying, traitorous imbecile of a President, took the word of terrorists!....Allah be praised! He is delivering the land of Satan into our hands, and the infidels are financing their own destruction! PRAISE ALLAH!"

(Sadiq brings his laughter down, but still smiling...)

Sadiq: “And the best part....the most satisfying portion of this thing we are doing?”

(Gibbs says nothing...waits...Sadiq leans over closer to Gibbs....and with an evil smile...)

Sadiq: “Your country thinks you are on our side.....A lifetime of being the legendary Great Gibbs, and in one moment....betrayed by your own President....(makes ‘poof’ motion with hands)..”...Everything you were is gone....”

(Sadiq bursts into laughter again.....pointing at Gibbs, holding his stomach, laughing more)

(Gibbs waits for the man’s laughter to die out.....staring at Sadiq, Gibbs speaks through swollen, cracked lips....)

Gibbs; “Hey Sadiq...”

(Sadiq wipes laughter tears out of his eyes....looks at Gibbs)

Sadiq: “Yes, my condemned friend?”

Gibbs; “I’m gonna kill you”

(Sadiq looks at Gibbs, surprised...)

Sadiq: “Agent Gibbs.....you are hardly in any position to make threats”

Gibbs: “Doesn’t matter..(pause) “I’m going to kill you. I promise”

(Sadiq stands, steadies himself against the plane walls, approaches Gibbs...He kneels down on one knee....)

Sadiq: “I think not”

(Sadiq slams a fist into Gibbs’s temple...Gibbs’s eye rolls back, his good eye closes, then he loses consciousness again...Sadiq stands, looking at Gibbs...He backs up a few steps.....)

Sadiq: “I believe you Agent Gibbs...I believe....if you could, you would....”

(He places a foot on the chest of the unconscious Gibbs, rolls him back and forth, looking for a response...Sadiq shrugs.....)

Sadiq: “But you cannot, can you Agent Gibbs?”

(Sadiq looks up as a green light in the cargo area begins to flash....He looks down at Gibbs....)

Sadiq: “We are about to land, Agent....”

(He smiles.....)

Sadiq: “Welcome to hell”

(In the darkness, the plane descends onto the runway at Guantanamo Bay Marine Base...On the runway, a jeep and two men, both wearing lanyards that identify them as CIA agents, can be seen....waiting....One speaks to the other as they both see the plane land)

Agent 1: “I’ve never seen a prisoner brought in like this”

Agent 2: “Me either....but our orders were clear and firm...Get the prisoner to Sargent Waters in intake...then leave...”

Agent 1: “I still don’t like it....When’s the last time we had orders that came directly from the White House?”

Agent 2: “Never...”

(The first agent pauses....watches the plane land, and begin taxiing towards them)

Agent 1: “I don’t like it....Donnie..Let’s follow this one closely....”

Agent 2: “Agreed...and maybe watch our backs while we’re at it?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in White House, President’s Master Bedroom...Cynthia Bledsoe, the First Lady, mature, elegant, glares at her husband as he pulls out her bedside drawer, moving articles around, searching..both dressed in robes...)

Cynthia: “You’re not going to find anything William, stop making such a fool out of yourself”

(POTUS keeps looking, moving things, bending down and searching under the drawer. His wife moves from the foot of the bed towards him)

Cynthia: “For God’s sake, stop it...you’re making a fool out of yourself”

(He stands quickly, face red, right arm drawn back in the first motion of hitting her...She doesn’t flinch...she simply stares at the hand, stopped in mid-air...She shifts her eyes to her husband...)

Cynthia: “Do it...Do it you cowardly piece of shit....”

(POTUS calms, pulls his hand down...smiles at her...)

Bledsoe: “You’d like that wouldn’t you?...Scream, bring that Secret Service Agent of yours out there running in...?”

(she nods, sarcastic smile)

Cynthia: “Peacemaking President, Wife Beater:...I’d like those headlines very much...Of course your little butt kissing buddy Sam would spin it....And leave my friend out of this....”

(He stares at her, shakes his head...then yells out....)

Bledsoe: “Friend? Did you just call that boy scout out there your friend?...He’s a body guard...He’s paid to be your friend!..”

Cynthia: ‘Yes...there is some truth in that....but if that’s the truth, why do you keep threatening me with ruining his career if I don’t do what you say? Or say what you need me to say?...Why, William....what are you so afraid of?....”

(He walks away from her, then walks to the other side of the bed. He takes his robe off, lays on the bed...Her eyes follow, arms crossed over her chest...)

Cynthia: “I heard you succeeded”

(He looks up, curious)

Bledsoe: “Succeeded at what, dearest wife?”

Cynthia: “Ruining that poor man’s life...”

Bledsoe: “You don’t even know Gibbs...why do you care?”

Cynthia: “Because I hear he’s a good man. And I know you’re afraid of him. That’s reason enough for me to want to invite him to family reunions”

(He sneers)

Bledsoe: “They’d boot him out....He’s not rich enough for your Jew family...and his nose isn’t near big enough.....”

(Her eyes flash for a moment....then her face shows sadness....)

Cynthia: “Sometimes I hate you....actually, most of the time I hate you…But other times....(shakes her head) “...I feel so sorry for you..”

(He ignores her...turns back the covers, gets in to bed...Cynthia picks a book up off her bedside table, walks to a chair, sits...)

Cynthia: “I hear that man has friends...”

Bledsoe: “Everyone’s got friends...”

Cynthia: “Not like him....I hear they’re the type to come after him”

Bledsoe: “Yes dear...So I’ve heard”

(He turns his side light off...)

Bledsoe: “I’m leaving for France tomorrow....”

Cynthia: “Good...I hope you choke on a croissant”

Bledsoe: “I’ve arranged for you to take a walk outside...”

Cynthia: “How kind of you, Wiliam...I get to leave my prison for a few moments”

Bledsoe: “And while I'm gone, try not to look so healthy...some fool got a picture of you smiling....You know our deal...”

(She stares at her husband...)

Cynthia: “Play the poor clinically depressed wife, look eternally grateful to her loving husband who stands by here in sickness and health, never leave her house, not even if she wants to....”

Bledsoe: “Yes...and do you remember why?”

(She stares at her husband…he moves his gaze towards her…his eyebrows go up, asking the question again…)

Cynthia: “Yes…of course I do. How could I forget?”

Bledsoe: “Stay dutiful, Cynthia….talk about your wonderful city gardening projects…Then shut up”

Cynthia: “There are other things I’d like to talk about, William. Things that I’d like to do..things that can help people…you know that”

Bledsoe: “Every time you gush about how gardens can help our climate, my approval rating goes up 2 points…So….keep gardening honey….”

(She stares at her husband, feeling her heart pounding….)

Cynthia: ‘I hate you”

(POTUS smiles,….looks back at her…)

Bledsoe: “You already said that dear…you’re repeating yourself”

Cynthia: “I haven’t said it enough…dear”

Bledsoe: “I know…but as long as you want to stay out of prison…as long as you want your son to stay out too, you’ll do as you’re told”

(She looks away, eyes burning….)

Bledsoe: “You killed a man, sweetheart…20 years ago, almost to the day. Your good for nothing son helped you cover it up…And I have the evidence that proves it…Last time I checked, there’s still no statute of limitations on that”

(Absentmindedly, she runs her fingertips over a long, barely noticeable scar on her neck…)

Cynthia: “William….Some day I’m not going to care..Some day my hate for you will be enough for me to leave you….”

(Bledsoe shakes his head…)

Bledsoe: “Poor poor Cynthia….You’ve been saying that for 10 years….but yet….(His eyebrows raise) “…hear you are”

(pause)

Bledsoe: “And here you’ll stay”

(He gets up from the bed....She watches him...)

Cynthia: “What are you doing, William...?”

(He smiles....She starts to get up from the chair)

Cynthia: “No...no William....please....no....”

(He gets closer....She backs up, heads towards the bedroom door...)

Bledsoe: “Come here bitch....time to be the dutiful wife...”

(She feels his hand grab the back of her hair, yanks her to the floor....She screams loudly....)

Cynthia: “NOOOO....”

(Bledsoe immediately looks to the bedroom door....He sees the nob turning, the door immediately opening....The Secret Service agent, older man, close cropped grey hair, rushes in, gun drawn.....)

Agent: ‘MA’AM!..Mr. President....”

(Bledsoe is seen kneeling by his wife as she lay on the floor....he looks up at the agent...)

Bledsoe: “She fell, Simon...that’s all..she lost her balance and fell...she’s okay...go back to your post...”

(Simon looks at his charge....)

Simon: “Ma’am...?”

(Cynthia nods to him....starts to get up....)

Cynthia: “I’m okay Simon...thank you....I just....(pause) “I just got scared for a moment...thank you...I’m okay...”

(The agent stares at her for a moment, then turns his eyes to the president...Bledsoe looks back at him....)

Bledsoe: “Do as your told Agent....”

(The agent slowly closes the door...Bledsoe reaches down and grabs her hair again, pulling...)

Bledsoe: “This isn’t over”

(He stands...puts on his presidential robe....)

Bledsoe: “I’m going to the kitchen...Do me a favor and die while I’m getting a sandwich”

(She watches him leave the room, tears roll down her cheeks....She sits in her chair, holding her face in her hands...Then the door opens....)

Simon: ‘Ma’am...are you going to be okay?”

(She faces the agent....nods)

Simon: “What he said, ma’am....about you paying for friendship?..It’s a lie ma’am...I am your friend”

(She begins crying....)

Cynthia: “I know...I know you are....you might be the only friend I have....thank you...”

(Simon looks down the hallway, hallway shows clear....He steps inside, takes a tissue out of a box by the door...He begins to wipe her cheeks...)

Simon: “Let’s get you back together....you can’t show him how much this affects you..”

(She nods, takes the tissue...)

Cynthia: “Thank you....”

(Simon starts to turn for the door...)

Cynthia: “Simon.....You’re risking a lot by being my friend....Why?”

(He stops, turns back to her...)

Simon: “It would inappropriate for me to answer that ma’am...”

(He turns back to the door, exits....the door closes...Simon seen taking his place by the door, sitting down in the chair against the wall...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens over the ocean, night, C-130 cargo plane shown flying through clouds, dark ocean seen below...scene shifts to inside the C-130, cargo area, Caprice sitting by herself, leaning against the netting hanging on the wall of the plane. Caprice sits still, her bag, backpack, and zip case laying on the bench she sits on...She stares straight ahead, no expression on her face....)

(scene switches to other side of the cargo plane, Marines sitting on bench...an older one, Sargent's stripes on camo uniform, looks at Caprice...the younger soldier, a corporal, sits next to him leans over to talk above the engine noise)

Corporal: "What do you think that's all about, Sarge..?"

Sargent: "I don't know...but I know what her badges mean"

(He nods towards Caprice)

Sargent: "That one that looks like wings with swords...that's the Surface Warfare Nurse Corps insignia...She has 3....She's also wearing the Florence Nightingale Medal....That's the highest honor a nurse can receive...It's their Medal of Honor...."

Corporal: "Wow...so she's been through it..."

(He nods towards Caprice again....)

Sargent: "The round one...white with the eagle and anchor...That's the badge that says Naval Special Warfare Command...."

Corporal: "Seals?"

(The Sargent nods...)

Sargent: "It means she's been with 'em, treated 'em, saved 'em...She's gone where most soldiers won't go...."

(The Sargent continues to stare at Caprice)

Sargent: "Soldier...you're looking at one badass woman right there..."

(The Sargent points to the bench on the other side of the Corporal)

Sargent: “Corporal…hand me that extra cushion and blanket”

(scene shifts to Caprice….she looks up, sees the Sargent standing in front of her, left arm carrying a cushion, blanket…

.He salutes Caprice….She looks up at him)

Caprice; “You don’t have to salute me, Sargent…but thank you”

Sargent: “You wear the Ensign’s emblem ma’am…it’s my duty”

(Caprice gives him a salute….he drops his hand…)

Caprice: ”How can I help you, Sargent?”

(He lays the extra cushion down next to her)

Sargent: “Might make the ride a little more comfortable, ma’am”

(Caprice takes it…she lifts up, places it under her, sits…her eyes close)

Caprice: “Thank you…it is better”

Sargent: “And ma’am…if you’ll allow me?”

(He reaches for the zipper case…Caprice lays a hand on it…shakes her head no)

Sargent: “I’m trying to help you ma’am…every time we hit an air pocket, that thing hits the wall and clanks…It might be better if you wrap it…otherwise, ma’am, they’ll take it away from you”

(She stares at the Sargent, nods…takes her hand off the case….He sits, opens it, looks up at Caprice….she is staring back at him….)

Sargent: “One second ma’am….I’ll be right back”

(The Sargent lays the blanket over the opened case, covering the sawed off shotgun…he walks away…..he is gone for a few minutes, then returns, carrying a thin metal piece, black, shotgun shell holders on it, 12 guage shells fill the holders….He peels the double sided tape covering off the back, lifts the shotgun, then attaches it to the side of the weapon)

Sargent: ‘Your his wife, aren’t you?”

(She hesitates...then nods)

Sargent: “I heard about him...”

Caprice: “He didn’t do it”

Sargent: “Never met your husband, ma’am...but every Marine, every sailor...we know who Jethro Gibbs is...Not a one of us would believe he’s a traitor”

(She nods....)

Caprice: “Thank you...”

Sargent: “He’s at Gitmo?”

Caprice; “They say he is....no one will talk...”

Sargent: “Ma’am...there’s a lot of prisoners there...do you know where to find him? Or how to find him? Or even if he’s there?”

(She shakes her head....)

Caprice: “I guess I haven’t gotten that far yet...All I know is my husband is there. He needs me. And I’ll do whatever I have to get to him”

(The Sargent looks at Caprice...she looks away..)

Sargent: “When we land...I’ll take you to the Captain...He’s a good man. He can help you find your husband”

(pause)

Sargent: ”If you like ma’am...I’m just trying to help you”

(She looks back at him....nods...)

Caprice: “I’d like that very much, Sargent...Thank you”

(The Sargent finishes wrapping the shotgun, zipping the case back up...he stands)

Sargent: “Ma’am...just how far are you willing to go to find him?”

(She looks up at him....)

Caprice: “However far he is....For however long it takes...”

(The Sargent nods...salutes her again)

Sargent: “I’ll get with you when we land...that’s about 3 hours, ma’am”

(The Sargent walks back to his bench, sits, closes his eyes....scene shifts back to Caprice, still sitting, looking straight ahead...she turns her head to look out the small porthole window, sees the moonlight reflecting off the dark waters.....she whispers to herself....)

“...I’ll find you....No matter where...no matter what it takes...I’m coming...”

(She straightens up, closes her eyes....)

Strains from Clannad’s “I Will Find You” plays...Etheral voice singing

Hope is your survival
A captive path I lead

No matter where you go, I will find you
If it takes a long *long time*
No matter where you go, I will find you
If it takes a thousand years

(musice still playing, scene fades out to the plane banking away, the ocean below, a full moon off in the distance)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch....area in front full of vehicles....inside, in the living room, Dez stands, talking....)

Dez: “And that’s it...Gibbs has been set up, falsely accused, with video that shows him taking a bribe....It’s an airtight case...The evidence looks solid, but we have the other view from the FBI cameras... He’s been accused of treason, taking a bribe from a terrorist, which is why he’s at Gitmo...”

Hart: “Dez...I’m on the criminal side...International is your wheelhouse...what are the legal options?”

Dez: “I’ve already filed the complaint that he was not given due process, and the demand that he be placed in protective custody...I’ve filed you and me as his attorneys....we leave in 4 hours...It was denied by the State Department, fortunately we have a friend that runs the State Department....we’re officially his legal counsel now”

(Dez looks out over the crowd of the people gathered....SecState, Vance, Dil, Cal, Bella from CIA, Garvey and Carol from FBI, McGee, Torres, Bishop...Nell stands at the back of the room, listening)

Nell: ”When do we go get him?”

Dez: ”Sis...it’s not that easy...”

Nell: “I can make it that easy”

(All eyes turn to Nell...Her face is blank...her eyes clear...her voice determined)

Dez: “Yes...we can blow the shit out of the place....but that won’t stop what’s in process....”

Nell; ”Then what do we do?....Now...If there are no better ideas, then I will blow the place up....I want Gibbs back...and I want him back now...”

(SecState stands...she faces Nell....)

SecState: “Nell...I know you and I have had our differences...But I want him out as badly as you do...”

Nell: “Doubtful.....”(pause)..”ma’am"

SecState: “The only way to get Gibbs out, the way he would want to be out, and free, is with his name cleared...Do you agree, Nell?”

(Nell stares at Loretta...then slowly...she nods her head)

SecState: “And who is driving this attack on Gibbs?”

(silence)

SecState: “You don’t know?...Seriously?”

Garvey: “We got the information on the fake warrant from Margaret at NSA...”

SecState: “And she is.....?”

(more silence...Garvey speaks up...)

Garvey: “She’s the wife of Samuel Zimmer....The President’s Chief of Staff!”

(Loretta nods her head....)

SecState: “Now...answer me this....Who has the power to wrangle in, the NSA...then your people, Agent Garvey, the FBI...and when Gibbs gets to Gitmo, they have to keep him under wraps, away from the regular data base...Which means....who is involved?”

McGee: “The CIA”

SecState: “Think folks...Who has the power to bring all these people together, keep it quiet, and fund it?....Any guesses now?”

(They stare at her.....)

Dez: “Oh...my....god....”

SecState: “And who blames Gibbs for losing his stupid ass VP?...Who as stupid as he was, he was useful?”

McGee: “POTUS”

(SecState nods.....)

SecState: “The President of the United States....Who else could put this together....”

(Dil, quiet, leans forward in his chair)

Dil: “Loretta...you didn’t just come to this conclusion right now...”

SecState: “You’re right, Captain Bosworth”

Dil: ‘Why’d you wait?”

(She looks around....then at Dil...)

SecState: “I needed to see who was going to be here....”

Dil: ‘You needed to see if you could trust us”

(She nods....)

Dil: “Okay...I’ll buy that...but that also means you know more....and before you spill what you know, who did you get it from, and how far are you willing to go to get Gibbs out of Gitmo....Because if you’re not going to do what’s necessary....”

“If I’m wrong I go to prison....I lose everything....Not you...Me, Dilbert....”

(She looks at Nell...)

SecState: ‘That good enough for you, Nell?”

(Nell looks at Loretta...nods slowly..)

Dil: “Who did it come from?”

SecState: “Secret Service...”

Dil: “Active?”

SecState: “On site....they’ve witnessed what I’m about to tell you and may just help us get it...”

Dil: ‘Get what?”

(She looks at Dil...)

SecState: “How long would it take you to plan a covert entry into the White House, secure some documents, and get out....?”

(Dil shrugs)

Dil: ‘I don’t know...a couple of hours maybe?”

(Dez stifles a smile....SecState looks at him in disbelief)

Dil: ‘I do it for practice...it’s a good hostage rescue drill....drives Secret Service batty...”

(She continues to stare, speechless...)

Dil: “I get into your office too, Loretta..Just for fun, you know....”

(Dez is grinning)

Dez: ”Tell her, Bubba...tell her...”

(Dil gives a small grin...)

Dil: “I know where you keep your stash of KIT KAT bars....”

(SecStates eyes get big.....her jaw drops...)

Dil: “I took a couple last time...my blood sugar was dropping...Sorry...”

Nell: “All the fun is out of the way now...What does my husband need to get...and how does it get Gibbs home....?”

(Dil points to Nell)

Dil: ‘She’s kinda focused...”

Nell: “Damn right I am...How do we get Gibbs home....?”

SecState: “The President keeps a hand written set of notebooks in a safe....”

Dil: “In his private office...below his desk...I know it...”

(SecState stares again...)

SecState: “Uh...do you happen to know the combination?”

Dil: “Touch pad, but no...Sorry...”

SecState: “So...how do you get into the safe?”

Dil: “let me worry about that....Just tell me what I’m looking for...”

SecState: “Spiral notebooks...hand written...he keeps meticulous notes, won’t trust computers with his personal information or plans...”

Dil: ‘Okay...so I get the notebooks....”

(He looks at Nell...)

Dil: “Later tonight quick enough for you, honey?”

(She nods to her husband)

Nell: “Thank you”

(He stares at Nell....)

Dil: “I’ll get them...I promise...and we’ll get Gibbs....”

(Bella’s phone buzzes....she looks at the ID...)

Bella: “One of the agents on the ground at Gitmo....What the hell...”

(she stands, turns away from the group...)

Bella: “Donnie...I’m kind of busy....”

(she listens....her eyes get big....)

Bella: “Donnie, I’m going to put you on speaker...I will not reveal who is with me, except one person is SecState...the rest have the necessary clearance to hear anything you want to say.....(pause) “..I think”

(She turns back to the group...everyone is watching her...)

Bella: “One of my men at Gitmo...he’s trying to validate orders given to him by the White House....They’re about Gibbs”

(she clicks...)

Bella: ‘Donnie...go ahead....”

Donnie: “We got orders to receive a prisoner and log him into Camp 7...”

Bella ‘Donnie...Cam[7 was shut down 4 years ago...it was declared unconstitutional...”

Donnie: ‘Well, ma’am..someone didn’t get the memo...Mark and I go to meet a private cargo plane, and had orders to segregate this prisoner....”

Bella: “Donnie...what are you...”

Donnie: “Ma’am...I know who Director Gibbs is...I know him because I was taught to hate him...but the man’s a flipping stand up guy!...”

(silence)

Donnie: “He’s in medical now....”

(Nell runs towards Bella....)

Nell: “IS HE ALIVE?”

Donnie: “Yes...barely....the man is beat to hell....”

(Nell freezes...blank...)

Bella: “Donnie...who gave you the orders to meet and greet this prisoner?”

Donnie: “Samuel Zimmer, ma’am...”

(Bella looks at SecState...)

Bella: “Donnie...I need you to do all you can to protect Director Gibbs...”

Donnie: “Ma’am...please...tell me...Is he a traitor?...I can’t believe it, but if he is, I can’t help him...but if you say he’s not, then as god is my witness....I’ll lay my life down for the man....”

(Nell bursts into tears, runs from the room....)

Bella: “Donnie...Jethro Gibbs is not...I repeat not...a traitor...He’s been framed...and the group of people I’m with are going to prove it....”

Donnie: “Thank you...I just don’t have too many heroes left anymore...no one is who they say they are....I’d like to think he’s one of the good guys...”

Bella: “Donnie...I think you can add yourself to that list of good guys...Now..go...protect the man...and check in with me when you can”

Donnie: “Copy that ma’am....”

(she ends the call)

SecState: “Well..he’s still alive....that’s something...”

Dil: ‘Then I guess I need to invade the White House tonight....Dez...can you get the Air Force uniform ready?”

Dez: “Colonel or Major?”

Dil: “Colonel...I need the rank”

SecState: “What?...How do you plan on getting into that office?...It’s highly secure!”

Dil: “Uh...walk in? Through the door?”

Dez: “Bubba, I’ll get your gear ready....you need to go tend to your...”

(Nell walks back in)

Nell: “I’ll help you...I’m sorry for what just happened...”

(She looks at Dez...)

Nell; “Show me...Show me what my husband needs....”

Dez; "Come on honey....we're going to play dressup....and Dil is our Ken Doll..."

McGee: "Bishop..Torres...Loop Dawson in on this...Meet me at the office..."

Bishop: "We have work to do?"

McGee: "Yes...I'm breaking into Gitmo....My way...you three will be tracking the people I find and need to know where they are..."

Delilah: "I'll have birds over the area in one hour...I'll get us a lookdown view...And I believe we have some drones at Guantanamo to track prisoners and potential escapees....I'm more than sure Nell will be glad to take them over...."

(Nell's voice comes from down the hallway)

Nell: "YA THINK, DELILAH?"

(McGee looks around...still firm...but a more relaxed face...)

McGee: "We're breaking into the White House and Gitmo...Boss would be proud"

(scene shifts to Guantanamo Bay, Officer's HQ...The Sargent leads Caprice into a building, then knocks on the Captain's door....)

Captain: "Enter!"

(The door opens....Caprice pushes by the Sargent, walks straight to the desk of the wide-eyed Captain....)

Caprice; 'I WANT TO SEE MY HUSBAND!....NOW!"

(scene fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

(scene opens in GITMO, Prisoner Receiving Room, a 10 foot by 10 foot room, cinderblock, no windows. A computer terminal sits on a small desk. One man sits on one side wearing a guard's uniform, his badges show him as a Master Sargent, his name badge shows Waters. In the chair opposite Waters, sits Jethro Gibbs, his face bloodied, hair caked with dried blood...one eye completely swollen shut....Another man dressed in civilian clothes, his CIA

badge hanging on a lanyard, the name, Donald Franco, stands behind Gibbs, helping steady him....Gibbs drifts in and out of consciousness as Waters clicks entry information into the system....)

Franco: 'Hurry up, Sargent, I need to get this man to medical"

(Waters looks up at Franco, continues entering information...)

Waters: "I'll take care of getting him to medical, Agent Franco...you may leave now"

(Franco shakes his head....)

Franco: "I don't think so"

(Waters looks up, surprised....)

Franco: "This man shouldn't even be sitting up in this chair right now....And I have direct orders from the Secretary of State to insure his care and safety...So...finish what you're doing....but be quick about it"

(Waters says nothing...Franco stares at him, intensely....he notices the Sargent's hands trembling as he types, he also notices the man won't make eye contact with him)

Franco: "You're nervous, Sargent....Why?"

Waters: "No I'm not"

(Gibbs lets out a long breath of air....then begins to fall over sideways in the chair...Franco catches him, lifts him upright, then places two fingers on Gibbs's neck...He immediately pulls a hand held radio off his belt and speaks with authority into the device)

Franco: "Code Red...Repeat, Code Red...I have a medical emergency in Intake Room A...Repeat, Intake Room A, Camp 7...request stretcher and medical personnel immediately!..."

(The radio squawks...then...)

Radio: "Affirmative Agent...Team enroute, ETA under 2 minutes"

Franco: "Thank you...(He stares at the Sargent) "Note in the record I am terminating this man's intake until he receives emergency medical attention...

Radio: “Copy that...Out”

(scene shifts to military Jeep....Captain Jason Roberts driving, Caprice sits in the front seat...The radio on the jeep relays the orders CIA Agent Franco has just given...Caprice stares straight ahead..her voice is steady.)

Caprice: “Get me to medical”

Roberts: “On our way ma’am”

(scene shifts to medical unit....Gibbs is seen laying on a hospital bed, still in his bloodstained pants, and bloodstained white T shirt...His arms are strapped to the bed rails by padded cuffs, held in place by thin leather straps...a female nurse, dressed in green camos, is hooking up an IV to his arm...)

Nurse: “Agent Gibbs....I’m sorry for the straps...It’s standard protocol for all new intakes...”

(Gibbs nods his head weakly.....)

Gibbs: “Rules...everyone should have.....rules....”

Nurse: “I suppose...”

Gibbs: “You.....know....my name....”

Nurse: “I know your name, sir...yes...I was trained by your wife at Walter Reed...I know who you are...And I know what’s happening to you isn’t right...Something’s wrong here....”

(Gibbs trys to nod...then a raspy whisper...)

Gibbs: “Ya.....think?”

(The nurse turns after something catches her eyes...Outside the room, through the observation window, she sees a Middle Eastern man in a bright orange jumpsuit...the word TRUSTEE printed in large letters...The nurse moves to the window....The man looks straight at her as she leans forward, closer to the window, and sees two more men, almost identical to the first, both wearing the identical TRUSTEE jumpsuits, both mopping the floor....She turns to Gibbs....)

Nurse: “Sir...Things are about to go real bad....”

(Gibbs's eyes widen...he moans as he turns his head towards the nurse...He sees her pressing a code into pad on a rolling cart...she opens one of the drawers, pulls out a scalpel...She walks to Gibbs's bed...)

Nurse: "I'm going to unstrap you....hang tight..."

Gibbs: "Why..?"

Nurse: "Trustees are not allowed in this area unless it's scheduled...and it's not on the schedule...."

(The nurse reaches over the bed, presses the Emergency Call button....She looks at it, presses it again....still nothing....)

Nurse..."Shit...it's been disconnected...We're on our own"

(scene shifts to Captain Roberts and Caprice...They are quickly walking down a corridor in the Medical Building...Caprice has a large medical bag strapped on her shoulder...Captain Roberts motions to one of the armed guards in the entry hall...)

Roberts: 'With us, soldier...."

(scene switches to Gibbs's room...The nurse is unbuckling the cuffs on Gibbs's wrists...freed, he lifts them up, rubs each wrist with his other hands....The nurse hands him the scalpel...)

Nurse: "It's all I've got..."

(Gibbs stares at her for a moment...)

Gibbs: "Get out.....you have to.....get out....."

(The nurse shakes her head...)

Nurse: "Your wife would never forgive me sir...."

Gibbs: "Caprice....she....doesn't know.....I'm here...."

(The nurse wipes a cloth across his sweating forehead....)

Nurse: "Sir...I'm sure she knows....somehow....She knows...."

Gibbs: "Hope....."

(The door bursts open.....The three Middle Eastern trustees come rushing in the room...The first man throws the nurse to the floor, but not before screaming....The nurse has her own scalpel, slashing it across the jugular area of the man's neck....The man immediately presses a hand against his neck, blood pouring out between his fingers...The second inmate rushes towards them, pulls the man to one side, then begins screaming at the nurse...)

Man: "INFIDEL!....DEVIL WOMAN!"

(He begins punching her face and body, the nurse curling up, trying to protect her face with her hands.....The third man, obviously the leader, stands over Gibbs....Gibbs has slipped his hands back into the cuffs...The man looks down at Gibbs...)

Man: "The Great Satan himself....Special Agent Jethro Gibbs.....Do you remember me, Agent?"

(Gibbs stares at him....)

Gibbs: "Farouk...You build bombs"

Farouk: "I did...and you put me here....So now...."

Gibbs: "You're...going to kill me...I can't....hear...you.....ear...."

(Farouk leans down closer to Gibbs....he whispers in his ear....)

"Yes....I am going to kill....."

Gibbs: "Me first, asshole"

(Farouk's eyes go wide in shock and surprise....scene pulls back to show the scalpel...Gibbs's hand grasping it tightly, ramming it upwards through Farouk's throat, pushing it as hard as his weakened state will allow....Then a loud roar fills the room, echoing off the walls...)

"JETHRO!"

(He knows the voice....He looks towards it...He can smell the gunpowder...He hears the clatter of a shotgun hitting the floor....He can make out the outline of the man that was beating the nurse...he's on the floor...blood pouring out of his body....dying....then the scream again...)

"JETHRO!"

(Gibbs tries to push the dying man off of him....His eyes flutter....Then the man is flung off the bed.....Gibbs's floats out of consciousness....then back in....He tries to see the person standing over him, gently pulling the bloody scalpel out of his hand...the face blurred in his vision.....but the voice....)

Caprice: "I'm here, Jethro....I'm here...It's going to be okay now..."

(He tries to point to the nurse on the floor...)

Gibbs: "Help...her.....Saved....my life...."

Caprice: "We've got her.....she's roughed up, but she'll be okay...."

(Gibbs nods weakly)

Gibbs: "Hurt.....hurts so bad....."

(Caprice turns to Captain Roberts...behind him, soldiers have entered the room, clearing the area of the three dead bodies)

Roberts: "As soon as he's properly treated and cleaned up, I'll have him transferred to segregated quarters medical....If I could release him now, ma'am...I would....but until I get the orders, I can't....I'm sorry..."

(She stares at him....then nods)

Caprice: "I understand...I don't like it...but I understand...."

Roberts: "I'll give you as much access to him as possible...and I'll make sure he's safe..."

(She nods....then turns back to her husband....his head is turned away from them, tears rolling down his cheeks....She reaches out, starts stroking the back of his head, gently....)

Caprice: "I'm here....."

(He groans....)

Caprice: "I know it hurts, baby....They're bringing some pain meds...."

(He shakes his head....)

Caprice: "Baby..."

Gibbs: "They.....betrayed me....my own country....Why?....I don't understand....."

(More tears fall from his eyes as she finally understands the pain he's feeling...She turns to the Captain)

Caprice: "He was betrayed....and his heart is broken...."

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch...Dil is standing, Dez and Nell both putting finishing touches and brushing the dark blue Air Force uniform, full Colonel birds on each shoulder...SecState stands at the open door, watching)

Dez: "You look distinguished, Bubba...."

Dil: 'Like the grey temples?"

(Nell looks up at his hair, dyed grey above his ears....)

Nell: "You're beautiful no matter what....Now...pay attention...let us do our job"

(Dil looks at his sister....she shrugs....)

Dil: 'Flying suit now...."

(Dez and Nell pull a black, oversized suit out of the closet....They both help Dil step into it....)

SecState: "Hold on...what's that?"

(She nods towards the suit....)

Dez: "It was a wedding present"

SecState: "It's Russian!....That is the stealth suit!...."

Dez: "Premier Akhov asked Dil what he wanted for a wedding present....this is what he asked for...."

SecState; "Do you have any idea how classified that thing is?"

Dil: 'A paratrooper can jump, open his chute, land....all without being picked up on radar or night vision....Yes...I imagine it's classified..."

SecState: "It's still in development!...My god!..."

Dil: “Technodinamika Group in Russia is producing them...you might want to tell our folks to hurry up”

SecState: “Dil.....I want that.....”

Nell: “NO!...Leave him alone right now!....”

(Nell goes back to helping zip the suit up....Then Dez and Nell both back up....Dil extends his arms....)

Dil: “Spray me”

(SecState watches as Nell and Dez both pick up pump spray bottles....they mist his outfit....)

Dez; “Loretta...step in...close the door please...turn off the light....”

(She does...the room is immediately pitched into blackness...then two blue glowing lights turn on....Nell and Dez are holding blacklights...moving them up and down Dil’s body....)

SecState: “Luminol”

Dez: “Yes...we’re looking for trace elements that contain DNA...We don’t want him leaving any trace DNA evidence after he leaves the White House...”

SecState: “Luminol only shows....blood....Right?”

(Dez shake her head...)

Dez: “We have a different reagent in each bottle.....one for blood...the other can pick up hair....Hair and body fluid...sweat...spit from a sneeze...”

Nell: “Dez...right shoulder, under the rank pin....”

(Dez moves her light up....a short strand of hair glows....She picks up a handheld vacuum and removes it from the uniform...)

(They both stand back now, inspect him....Dez turns the lights back on....)

Dez: “He’s clean...Now...no one touch him until he gets back....”

(Dil looks at Nell...)

Dil: “Sorry honey”

(She nods...)

Nell: “Thank you...I love you for what you’re doing”

Dil: ‘I’m going to get the notebooks, Nell..I promise...”

Nell: “I know....I believe you....”

Dil: ‘Uh...maybe a ‘be careful, honey....come back safe?”

(Nell looks at him...then her face falls....)

Nell: “Oh god...I'm sorry..Yes...baby...yes...come back safe, be careful, I love you, don’t do anything stupid....”

Dil: “Okay...I’m good now...”

Dez: “I thought we might get away with it....”

(pause)

Dez: “Barf”

Nell: “No, he’s right...I’ve been so focused on Gibbs....I’ve been horrible....”

Dil: “Nell...look at me...”

(she does...face sad)

Dil: “I understand...I really do....I know what Gibbs means to you....”

(she nods...)

Nell: “Thank you, baby....I’m still so sorry....But...Just do what you do so we can get him home....”

SecState: “I hate to ask,,,but how do you plan on getting into that place?”

Dil: “Jump out of Dez’s chopper”

SecState: “WHAT?”

Dez: “He’ll jump out past the 15 mile radar no fly zone...We can keep him from being detected, but the chopper will be picked up”

SecState: ‘But the lasers on the roof....”

Dez: “I’ll keep them busy....”

SecState: “How?”

Dez: “After the Invisible Man bails out of the chopper, I’ll let him fall for about 10 seconds, then before he opens his chute, I’ll fly into the no fly zone...They’ll key on me....”

SecState: “But they’ll chase you!..You’ll be arrested!”

(She smiles...)

Dez: “Gotta catch me first Loretta....and the 3 times we’ve done this before....No joy on their part...Drives Secret Service batshit”

(SecState looks at Dez...then Nell..then at Dil in the Russian jumpsuit....she looks at them in awe)

SecState: “I know I’ve asked this before...but....”

(shakes her head)

SecState: “Who are you people?”

(Dil chuckles...)

Dil: “We’re just a family going after one of our own....”

Nell: “One of your own too, ma’am....I know that”

(SecState looks at Nell...nods...)

SecState: “I know I’m not part of this.....family...but I do care....”

Nell: “Loretta....sorry to interrupt...but after this?...I think you’ll qualify as adopted....(shrugs) “Just sayin....”

(SecState looks at Dil...)

SecState: “How are you planning on getting into the President’s office...?”

Dil: “Prybar...I won’t have time to pick the lock...it’s a keypad or entry card device...”

SecState: “And make that noise?”

Dil: “No choice...it’s early morning...very little if any traffic upstairs....”

(SecState reaches into her purse...pulls her wallet out...extracts a card...she hands it to Dil...)

SecState: “That’s my entry card....use it...”

(Dil looks at the card, then at SecState)

Dil: “It will trace back to you....”

(She shrugs...)

Dil: “Thank you....”

(Nell walks to Loretta...gives her a kiss on the cheek...)

Nell: “Thank you ma’am....very much”

(Dez motions to Dil...)

Dez: “Time to go, bubba....Let’s go drive the White House folks crazy....I need to get back...I have a plane to catch in the morning”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen...still dark...McGee, Torres, Bishop, Dawson, all at their desks..they look towards Mcgee....)

McGee: “I’m about to get into two sites...first one is the Gitmo personnel directory...That’s pretty simple...”

Bishop: ‘The other one?”

McGee: “Not so simple...actually, it’s not difficult, but the penalty goes up...”

Torres; “Only if you’re caught....and you’re too bueno for that...”

McGee: “Appreciate the vote of confidence, Torres...”

Dawson: “What are you looking for?”

McGee: “The private phones for some people....first one is Samuel Zimmer, White House Chief of Staff...Dawson, you’re going to hack it, track it, and get me every text for the last 3 days....I’ll want repetitive numbers, and....”

Dawson: “Anything that looks like they’re involved...got it...Get me the number, I’ll get you the information”

(McGee looks at Dawson....)

McGee: “Dawson...we’re heading into areas that could cost us our jobs...maybe worse....You don’t have to....”

“Stop....”

(She holds a hand up in the stop sign...)

Dawson: “After what that man has done for me? For my son?...No way I’m bailing....You need something, I’ll get it...No questions asked...”

(McGee nods...)

Torres: ‘Hey...Dawson...You’re muy cool...”

Dawson: “You’re muy cool, too, Torres...”

Bishop: “We get the information....then what do we do with it? Just track? Read?”

(McGee shakes his head...)

McGee: “We shoot a screen image of every text we think is involved...We log it with date, time, and any notes that go with it...We do this right....”

Bishop: “Going after a president and his staff?...Damn right we do it by the book....okay....we’re good with that....what else?”

(McGee stares at Bishop.....then....)

McGee: “We’re going go make their lives a living nightmare....If they’re involved with taking the boss, we burn ‘em....we burn ‘em down...”

Torres: “Bueno...very Biblical...and eye for an eye....very cool...”

(McGee clicky clacks...)

McGee: “No...I don’t want an eye....I want the eye, the ears, the nose...I want an arm, then a leg...After that, I want their heart....An eye for an eye’s not good enough, Nick....”

(Torres and Bishop exchange looks....Bishop mouths, “Wow”....Torres nods...then...)

Torres; ‘Okay....scorched earth amigo....”

McGee: “Yes...that’s what I want.....They took my boss...they’re trying to ruin his name...they beat him, shackled him,…"

(McGee’s phone signals a call....his eyes get wide....he answers...puts the call on speaker)

McGee: “CAPRICE!...Tell me something good!...”

(A raspy voice comes over the speaker....)

“...Tim..Bishop...Torres...Dawson...all of you....don’t...do anything....stupid....”

(McGee covers his face with his hand....he tries to reply....can’t....Bishop comes up, takes the phone...)

Bishop; “Gibbs...it’s way too late for that....But we’re on it...We found out the President has hand written documents mapping out everything....”

Gibbs: “President?”

Bishop: “Yea Gibbs...he’s the one behind it....I’m sorry....”

Gibbs: “How....documents....”

Bishop: “Well, Gibbs....uh...right about now, Dil should be jumping out of Dez’s chopper over the White House....”

(She scrunches her eyes...waiting for the barrage from Gibbs....then...)

Gibbs; “Works....for me...”

(A moan is heard....)

Bishop: “Gibbs!...”

(The sound of the phone being switched is heard...)

Caprice; “Ellie, I found him....I’m with him....”

Torres: “Thank god...How is he?’

Caprice; “Nick, I won’t lie...he’s in bad shape....They’ve beaten him almost dead...But we’re taking care of him...then tomorrow he goes into his segregated cell...”

Bishop: “WHAT?..Why?”

Caprice: “His orders, Ellie...he says it has to be by the book....And the book says unless the President pardons him, he has to stay until the legal system works, which is what it will take to clear his name...which reminds me....what are you doing on that end....”

Bishop; “Dez and Margaret Hart fly out tomorrow morning...they’ll be there by noon”

(Gibbs can be heard in the background....)

Caprice: “Jethro wants to know how Margaret Hart got involved....”

(McGee holds his hand out....Bishop gives him the phone....)

McGee: “Caprice...we put a call out for everyone that could help boss...She was one of them....”

Caprice: “Jethro is raising his eyebrows...I think that means he’s surprised”

McGee: ‘Tell him don’t be....Caprice...people came...people from FBI, CIA, SecState, Secret Service and more...everyone knows the risk of taking on the President...no one said no.....”

Caprice: “Oh god Tim...are you serious?....People are helping Jethro?....”

McGee: “Lots of people..Powerful people. They owe him, or respect him, or love him....Caprice....This family is bigger than any of us thought....And each one has answered the call...There’ an army of pissed off people working their asses off as we speak....Tell the boss we got this....Tell him we got this....”

(McGee covers his face again...hands the phone back to Bishop....)

Caprice; ‘Thank you.....all of you...I don’t know what to say....”

(She looks over at Gibbs...his face is turned away again....She places a hand on his shoulder, he reaches back to hold it...She can see the tears on his cheeks...)

Caprice: “Jethro says to tell you thanks...”

McGee: “No…What boss said was “Do Your Jobs....”

(She looks over to Gibbs...more tears run....)

Caprice; “That’s exactly what he said Tim....”

McGee; “Tell him we have to get to work...tell him we’re hacking Gitmo, the White House, FBI and CIA...oh...NSA too...Dil is parachuting onto a balcony of the White House…so...tell him not to worry...”

(She looks at Gibbs...his one good eye open in shock...he is shaking his head back and forth....)

Caprice; “He says thank you and be careful....Tim, we’ve just got time for one more call...”

McGee: “Caprice...can he maybe call Nell? She’s taking this pretty hard....If she could hear...”

Caprice: “That’s who he’s calling...thank you, Tim....Thank you, and the others.....So much....”

(Her voice breaks….then in a lower voice, away from Gibbs...)

Caprice: “He was betrayed Tim....It’s broken his heart...”

(McGee drops his head….nods...)

McGee: “We know…but they’re going to pay, Caprice....I swear…we swear...they’re going to pay”

(scene shifts to the D Ranch, dark....Nell still outside after Dez and Dil have taken off, on their way to the White House…She looks up at the hills, still charred from the fire, and focuses on the small waterfalls still remaining after the fault line cracked....)

Nell: “There’s hope in all that....There has to be hope in this too....”

(closes her eyes)

Nell: “Please God, help my Gibbsy....help the people helping him....and if you have time...I know what I’m asking is a lot, and it’s going to keep you busy...but if you have time....can you please let Gibbsy know....let him know I love him so

much....he's my dad...he's my father...he's....(pause) "I'm sorry...I guess you know what to say...so...if you can't, I'll understand....but if you can...."

(Her phone rings.....she sees Caprice's number....)

Nell: "CAPRICE!...OH GOD TELL ME HE'S OKAY....TELL ME YOU FOUND HIM!...CAPRICE, PLEASE...."

(The voice she needed to hear...weak..raspy...but his....)

"Hey....daughter....."

(She breaks....she falls to the ground on her knees and breaks....)

Nell: "Oh god....oh god....Gibbsy....oh god....god....thank you god...."

(She weeps...)

Gibbs: "Tired..."

Nell: "I know...I know...you have to go...thank you for calling me...thank you....I love you so much...."

Gibbs: "Love you....just wanted....."

(His speech slurrs....Again the sound of the phone being taken...)

Caprice: "Nell honey...the morphine's working...he's falling asleep....but he wouldn't let me give it to him until he called you...."

(Caprice can hear Nell crying....)

Caprice: "Honey...he really does think of you as his daughter....."

Nell: "I know....I know....He's my daddy....tell him, please...He's my daddy....I love him so much, Caprice....And thank you...thank you for finding him..thank you for not taking no for an answer...thank you for doing whatever it took....I love you so much, Caprice....I love you too....so much....."

(Caprice wipes her eyes....)

Caprice: 'I love you too, honey....and Jethro loves you....Now...I gotta go....they'll be transferring him to a segregated hospital bed in the morning..."

Nell: "Tell him we're working hard!...Tell him we won't ever give up!....Tell him his family is here and we're all working hard for him!....Tell him.....please...."

Caprice: 'I will honey...."

(The call ends...Nell looks at her phone....then at the waterfalls...then she closes her eyes....)

Nell: "Thank you...thank you so much...thank you.....God, thank you...."

(scene fades out to Nell by the hangar, head bowed, tears falling....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the sky near the White House...Dez and Dil in the two seat open cockpit small chopper, both with padded noise cancelling headsets on.....)

Dez: "Coming up on the 15 mile radius Bubba...it's show time..."

Dil: "How high can you get me? I need all the height I can get to travel 15 miles"

Dez: "My hover ceiling is 20,000 feet...you know that....After that, the air gets too thin...my rotors can't grab enough air to hover...."

Dil: "How high can you get me without hovering?"

Dez: "I can do a power climb....I can get you to maybe 30,000...then I drop like a rock...."

Dil: "Do it...I can bail at the apex...."

Dez: "Bubba...no...you do that and I'll be falling at the same rate as your body. It will take me at least a thousand feet to recover.....it's too dangerous...."

Dil: "I'll dodge...just do it..."

(She shakes her head....)

Dez: "Okay, crap for brains...I'll do it...You remember the pickup point...right?"

Dil: 'Yea...Dinozzo meets me just on the other side of the fence, near 15th and Constitutional...it's got the most tree cover...And Dez...they're getting pretty good at shooting trespassers out of the sky...."

Dez: "Not good enough, bubba....not good enough..."

(Dez pulls the stick back on the chopper....)

Dez; “Okay...here we go!”

(She chopper engine strains as the small helicopter shoots straight up in the air)

(scene shifts to White House Security room...banks of monitors...)

Tech: “Sir...I’m picking up a blip, just outside the 15 mile area....”

Agent: “It coming towards us?”

Tech: “No sir...it’s climbing....”

Agent: ”Probably some yahoo trying to see how close he can get....Keep an eye on it and let me know if it enters our area....I’ll alert the up top folks”

(scene shifts to the chopper....)

Dez: “Approaching 30,000!...Hard to breathe.....”

(The chopper engine starts speeding up.....)

Dez: “THAT’S IT!...NO MORE AIR!...TIME TO...”

(Dil rolls out of the seat and out of the chopper....As the chopper starts falling...)

Dez: “.....Jump....oh god....Dil....move away...”

(She struggles to control the chopper, feeling the blades start to grab air as she falls....She looks directly in front of the chopper, sees Dil, no more than 10 feet away, arms and legs spread out....then she sees him tuck his arms, close his legs up....)

Dez: “You stupid.....(pause) “...brave son of a gun....you’re speed diving....”

(scene shift to Dil, the air speed indicator on his wrist shows 120 mpg...Terminal Velocity...the highest speed an object can reach free falling...The goggles protect his eyes, his head tucked to minimize the wind catching in his mouth....view shows the White House approaching....)

(scene shifts to the Security Room....the Secret Service agent comes back in)

Agent: “That blip..what do we have?”

Tech: “Sir...it climbed...I swear, it climbed to 30,000 feet...then it fell...”

Agent: “Had to....choppers can’t operate that high....”

Tech: “Sir...but it’s falling into the no fly zone....and it’s circling now?”

Agent: “Signal the roof to train the lasers on it....I want it identified!...Do we have a jet airborne for any reason?”

Tech: ”Yes sir....there’s an Air National Guard jet on a training mission....Okay...it’s getting closer...”

Agent: “GET HIM!....SEND THE FIGHTER!...GET ME A RADAR LOOKDOWN NOW!”

(scene shifts to Dez in the chopper...the bolted on radar detection box starts beeping....Dez looks at it and smiles...)

Dez; “Time for some fun boys.....”

(She yanks the stick to the left, diving....)

Dez: “Come and get me!”

(scene shifts to Dil...He reads 1000 feet before the ground...he spreads his arms and legs, slowing his descent....He can see the balcony he wants...The balcony the public recognizes most, the Truman Balcony...directly off the Presidential Residency Suite...)

Dil: “Hit it, secure the first lady, gag her, then get the documents....”

(He pulls his chute...)

Dil: ‘Then get out....yea, Dilbert...that would be cool....”

(The chute opens less than 500 feet from the balcony....He pulls down hard on the steering handles, immediately slowing his speed....he directs his body towards the balcony...coming in fast.....)

Dil: “OH SHIT!”

(He yanks his legs up, boots scraping, the back of his legs and rear barely clearing the concrete top of the balcony railing....He snaps his legs down, yanks hard again on the chute...and lands, feet first, on the balcony...I immediately pulls the chute in, pulling it over the balcony onto the patio

ledge...He looks around, watching the inside of the bedroom....He sees no one is in the bed)

Dil; “Lucky break...first lady isn’t home...but she’s somewhere...Come on boy...get to work...”

(scene fades out to Dil pulling the chute into his chutepack....He stashes the pack in a corner by a tall plant....He is seen heading into the bedroom….)

(scene shifts to Dez, diving the chopper towards a lower altitude....Suddenly...)

Dez; “OH SHIT!”

(the chopper swerves in the jet wash of the National Guard jet that just passed by her...)

Dez: “YOU IDIOT!...YOU”RE TOO CLOSE!”

(scene shifts to the Security Office...)

Agent: “National Guard 1, you have them in sight?”

Radio: “Affirmative....I was just letting them know I was here”

Agent: “They’re still in our airspace!....”

Radio: “What’s their airspeed?”

Agent: ”Uh...hold on....okay...we’ve got them at 110 knots...about max for that little chopper”

Radio: “Affirmative...that’s my lowest safe speed....Let’s see if we can get a look at this guy....”

(The F-16 banks....turns back...Dez smiles to herself....She takes off the headset, shakes out the long black curls on her wig, touches the corners of her bright red lips with the tip of her picky finger....and gets ready....)

Radio: “Control...I’m approaching the aircraft now....about to come alongside it....”

Agent: “Roger National Guard 1....what’s he looking like....”

(silence...)

(scene shifts to Dez...the F-16 pulls alongside her....she looks the pilot square in the eyes, smiles at him, flips her hair flirtatiously, then blows him a big kiss....)

Radio: “Oh wow....”

Agent: “National Guard 1...repeat please...?”

Radio: ‘She is so hot.....”

Agent: “WHAT?”

Radio: “Oh my god...she just blew me a kiss.....”

Agent: “National Guard 1....what are you....”

Radio: “No!...No!...Don’t go!....She just waved bye bye.....”

(scene shifts to Dez, blowing another kiss, tapping her heart with her hand, sad face...then she waves good bye....She pushes the stick forward, diving the chopper towards the ground...)

Agent: “National Guard 1!....she’s diving!...Can you follow?”

Radio: “Negative...but man....(pause) “...I think I’m in love....”

Agent: “Where is she?...Radar had her....Follow that bitch!”

Tech: “Uh sir....we lost her....we lost her in the ground clutter....”

Agent: “Use Infra Red!....find the engine!..”

Tech: “Negative sir...we tried...she was there one moment...the next moment...gone...All we’re getting is 18 wheeler traffic going out of the city...”

Agent: “WHAT?...That’s IMPOSSIBLE!”

(scene shifts to an 18 wheeler on a two lane highway, leaving the metro area of DC...view zooms out....Dez, in her chopper, rotors stationary, is seen perched on the top of the truck’s tractor trailer, as the trucker, oblivious to his extra cargo, rolls down the road singing along to his favorite Country and Western tune.....”

She thinks my tractor’s sexy....

It really turns her on....

(scene shifts to Drone control room at the D Ranch...Nell and SecState, monitoring the National Guard frequency, hear the pilot's comments during the chase....both Nell and SecState are doubled over laughing...)

SecState: "HE"S IN LOVE!...OH MY GOD...SHE BLEW HIM A KISS!....I LOVE THIS FAMILY!"

(scene shifts to White House....Dil walks down the hallway, his jump suite in the bag he's carrying...he walks down the hallway in his Air Force Colonel uniform...A White House aide comes walking towards him, barely glancing up to see the uniform, then passes by Dil without a word....Dil approaches the door with a brass plaque that indicates...)

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

AUTHORIZED ENTRY ONLY

(Dil pulls the card out that SecState gave him, he checks the hallway again for traffic...he slides the card in the slot, the light turns green....He slowly opens the door....He closes the door behind him, locks it, and heads directly for the floor safe under the huge desk in the room...He moves to the backside of the desk, kneels down to the safe....)

Dil: "What the hell?"

(The scene shows the safe open...and empty....)

"You must be looking for these"

(Dil stands, prepares his body to fight....then his eyes widen....his voice, in shock)

Dil: "Madame First Lady....."

Cynthia: "A question before I order my agent here to blow your head off..."

(The Secret Service Agent, Simon, steps out from the shadows...)

Cynthia: "Who's side are you on, young man? My husbands?"

(Dil stares at the First Lady...then at the Agent, gun trained on his chest...Dil takes a breath...)

Dil “Your husband has put one of my best friends in Gitmo...the evidence I need to free him is in those notebooks...And ma’am..no offense...but I mean to leave with them. Regardless of that gun, agent, I will get to you, I will take it away from you, and I will leave..Now...I need those for my friend”

(FLOTUS reaches up, lays a hand on Simon’s gun arm...she lowers his arm....Dil lets out a breath...)

Cynthia: “Your friend....You mean Agent Gibbs....”

(Dil looks at her, surprised)

Dil: ‘Yes ma’am”

(She looks at the open notebook she has in her lap....holds it up...)

Cynthia: “It’s all in here...every step, every name....plus...(she shakes her head, shakes the notebook) “He’s plotted how to have me assassinated...Can you imagine that? My own husband has hired an assassin to shoot me....”

Dil: “Then you need to leave this place ma’am....”

Cynthia: “Can’t...he won’t let me...”

Simon: ”It’s true...we have strict orders to keep her on site....”

Cynthia: “Well young man. Nice hair job, but your hands give you away...that grey hair is not yours, and I’m also assuming you’re not an Air Force officer...so...that being said, and you in a very tight spot.....may I offer you a solution?”

Dil: ”Ma’am...I’m out of answers...I’d welcome one”

Cynthia: ‘You steal these, you can never introduce them as evidence...But if you do it my way, then you can use them as evidence....”

(He stares for a moment...thinking...)

Dil: “What’s you’re way?”

Cynthia: “If we’re out of the White House and off the grounds, I can give you the notebooks...If I give them to you here, and you leave with them, then it’s still theft....”

(Dil says nothing....then...)

Dil: “Ma’am...are you suggesting....”

Cynthia: “Yes I am....You’re taking us with you, young man...either that or I sound the alarm, and I assure you, you’ll be caught”

(Dil looks at Simon...Simon shrugs)

Simon: “She’s my charge...I never leave her side...”

(Dil shakes his head....he looks at Simon....)

Dil: ‘Hell...why not?”

INTERMISSION

Sam Elliot: “All the players are present. A small army of pissed off family is about to wage war on the folks that did Jethro Gibbs wrong. They had a saying about the Texas Rangers, “No man in the wrong can stand up against a fellow that’s in the right and keeps on a’comin’” This family is a lot like that. People in the wrong underestimate the men in this group. The men are brave and righteous. But sometimes the biggest mistake a bad guy can make with this family is to underestimate the women. They love their husbands, they love their children, and they love each other. And amigo, ain’t nothin’ gonna stand between them and who they love.

We’ll palaver some more after the movie. I’ve got to get ready for my part in this range war. Until then, adios”

(Movie title appears on the screen...)

“HE WAS BETRAYED”

NOW CONTINUES...

(Scene opens at the D Ranch, early morning, sun beginning to come up...gathered in the living room are Nell, SecState, and Ziva. At the end of the living room, on the wall, the large flat screen TV shows Zoom-type group of thumbnails from the NCIS Bullpen, McGee, Torres, Bishop, Dawson, Kacie, and Palmer on the screen. A laptop sits on the mantle below the TV screen, its wide angle lens capturing the living room. Next to the mounted TV screen is another flat screen TV, on a rolling cart....similar thumbnails appear on the

screen showing Bella with the CIA, and CIA Agent Donald Franco. Under their thumbnail images, Agent Garver and Agent Carol are shown, both in Garver's office...One last thumbnail is on their screen, Delilah, sitting in the CyberForce Operations Room, large monitors can be seen over her shoulders...Nell stands in front of the laptop camera, and speaks...)

Nell: "I got a text from my husband, Dil, that they are on their way back from the White House"

Garver: "Nell, any word on successful or not?"

(Nell scratches her head, thinks....then...)

Nell: "His exact text was...."

(She lifts her phone up, reads....)

On our way, put on more coffee. It's story time

Nell: "Knowing my husband, and knowing he won't send too much information over his phone, I think this means he has the notebooks....and that he's bringing someone else with him?"

Ziva: "I am sorry for interrupting, but Anthony has sent me an equally mysterious text..."

Nell: "To bring everyone up to speed, Anthony is Ziva's husband, AKA Tony, AKA DiNozzo...he is the getaway driver..Sorry...go ahead Ziva"

(Ziva reads her text from Tony)

Ziva: "You are not going to believe what happened. See you soon"

Nell: "So...I think we're in for a surprise, but I don't read any bad news into this"

Bishop: "Nell...how long before they get there?"

(Nell looks out the front full length window to the house, and can see Tony behind the wheel of his car...)

Nell: "They're here....so...I guess we find out...."

(The sound of car doors slam....SecState and Nell walk to the window....They see their friends exit the car...SecState's face goes into shock.....Nell smiles....)

Nell: “That’s my husband....He’s a rascal...”

SecState: “THIS ISN’T HAPPENING!”

(The TV screens show the thumbnail people leaning over, hoping they can get a better view...the voices on the screens all begin clamoring for more information...Dil and Tony walk in the front door, both grinning from ear to ear...)

Tony: “Ziva....All the times I told you I missed this stuff? This is why....”

(SecState is still in shock, staring at the First Lady, her jaw dropped open....FLOTUS moves into the camera view....)

Cynthia: “Loretta...it’s so nice to see you again...”

(Image shows the TV screens, everyone in shock except McGee...His thumbnail show him laughing out loud....)

McGee: “I LOVE THIS JOB!”

(SecState moves into the camera view....she crosses her arms, looks back at Cynthia, then at the camera...she starts to speak, then looks back again....finally, into the camera....)

SecState: “I think we just kidnapped the First Lady of the United States of America”

Cynthia: ‘No dear...I forced this young man to bring us....”

(Dil smiles at Nell....)

Dil: ‘She did, honey...Scout’s honor!”

(Nell smiles at her husband...)

Nell: “Dil...No one makes you do anything you don’t want to do...”

Dil: “Okay...maybe I thought it was a good idea...just a little”

McGee: “As much as I needed that laugh, may I ask, Madame First Lady...the man with you...”

Cynthia: 'Simon Garwood...He's been my Secret Service Detail for the last 3 years..I also consider him a good friend. And I believe, Loretta....you and Simon are acquainted?"

(SecState nods to Simon....)

SecState: "Yes...Folks, Agent Garwood is the original source that told me about the notebooks, where they were, and some of what was in them...."

(She nods to Simon...He nods back)

SecState: "Simon...you have done a great service for your country, at great risk....Thank you"

Dil: 'Everyone, I'd sit down and take notes...I had a chance to go over these notebooks on the way back, with Cynthia walking me through them...."

Nell: "Dil...what about Gibbs...?"

(He looks at his wife...nods his head....)

Dil: "Honey...the entire plan to discredit him, why, how, and with who...It's all in here...handwritten...And there's more....But before I say anymore, I think it would be prudent if Cynthia and Loretta had a private chat....There are things in here that don't apply to us, and we don't need to see"

SecState: "Yes...thank you, Dil..."

(Cynthia looks over at Nell...)

Cynthia: "You must be the lady of this house...Nell Jones? Now Bosworth?"

(Nell nods, smiling)

Cynthia: "Young lady, could you direct me to the ladies room please? I have just jumped off a White House balcony, slid down a rope with your husband holding me, landed in a hedge, then run across the White House lawn into a waiting car, driven by an equally fascinating man, Mr. DiNozzo...Who then proceeded to break every traffic law there is, getting us here...After all that....I need to pee....quite badly....And then, ladies and gentlemen, I believe I can help you clear the name of a good man that has been horribly betrayed by my husband. I am ashamed I did not come forth sooner"

(scene fades to black and white)

(Scene opens at GITMO, noon...view is from front seat of a U.S Navy Jeep, driving down a straight paved road, 20 foot high chain link fence seen, stretching for a mile..The gate to the fence comes up fast, the sign by the gate reads"

CAMP V

JTF GUANTANAMO

"Honor Bound To Defend Freedom"

(The guards snap to attention, salute crisply....the view through the windshield continues as it drives through the gates....The two female passengers begin to breathe rapidly as they see the endless coils of razor wire, the endless men standing guard outside metal buildings, all holding automatic weapons, all looking at them as if they are the enemy....The man driving the jeep speaks in a low tone...)

Driver: "Don't let the looks scare you, ladies...they are trained to stay at a constant state of alert...It's a hard duty"

Woman 1: "Captain Roberts, how soon until we see him?"

Roberts: "He'll be waiting in the visitor booth. His time with his wife is almost up"

Woman 2: "How is she doing, Captain? We just got here...she's been here since he was brought in"

Roberts 'Ma'am...I don't know...But I do know she's an amazing woman....Not every wife can pull the strings she did to be here with him"

Woman 1: "She'd pull every string and blackmail anyone she had to be with him..."

Captain: "Yes ma'am...I've met her...Hell, she began giving me orders the minute she hit my office"

(The two women are silent....)

Dez: ‘It’s best to follow them, sir…She’s a true force of nature”

(The captain nods…)

Captain: “We’re here…I’ll apologize ahead of time ladies..you’ll be strip searched…Some of my female soldiers will be doing it….”

(scene shifts to GITMO Visitor Room Waiting area…antiseptic feel, white and black checkered linoleum floor, plastic seats bolted to floor…two large guards escort the women in….One of the guards walks to a keypad, enters some numbers, and a loud ‘click’ is heard….the two women enter a hallway, then are led to another metal door, black block letters on it…)

VISITOR ROOM 4

(The guard takes a large metal key, inserts it into the lock, turns it, unlocks it, opens the door…the small room, cinderblock walls, painted white…two chairs sit in front of a ledge, a plexiglass window runs the length of the room, and up to the ceiling. A circle of holes are drilled into the plexiglass, revealing its thickness of 2 inches…A woman sits in a chair, her hand pressed against the glass….The hand of Gibbs, orange jumpsuit sleeve shown, is pressed against the plexiglass from his side, directly against hers…The woman hears the entrance of the two women….She speaks to Gibbs before turning…)

Woman: “Don’t you dare give up, Jethro…You are Leroy Jethro Gibbs! You are the strongest man I’ve ever known!…They’re here, Jethro….They’re here to fight for you!…Don’t you dare give up!….”

(scene zooms out…Gibbs is shown behind the plexiglass, orange jumpsuit….his face is bruised, one eye still swollen shut….He looks at the two women that have entered…the guard closes the door, the sound of a lock is heard….The woman talking to Gibbs turns, her face angry….strong….)

“Get my husband out….I don’t care who we have to bribe, blackmail, or kill…Get my husband out of here before they kill him!”

(Caprice stands…then embraces Destiny and Margaret Hart….she struggles with maintaining her composure….)

Caprice: “They betrayed him....they sacrificed him to cover up their lies....God please help my husband....”

(Gibbs stares at Dez and Hart....they look back....)

Hart: “I think the black eye improves your looks, Jethro...”

(Gibbs gives a lopsided grin through the swollen lips....)

Gibbs: “Thanks for coming Hart...you too, Dez....”

Dez: ‘Gibbs...I swear to god....”

(Gibbs shakes his head...)

Gibbs: “I think they won this time...I don’t want either of you risking your careers to save me...They’re too strong, Dez...you can’t fight a President....not when it comes to this....So...go home...”

Caprice; “JETHRO!...DON”T YOU DARE SAY THAT!...”

(Dez and Hart look at each other...then at Gibbs...)

Dez: “I don’t know Margaret...I’ve always wanted to visit Cuba”

Hart: ‘Me too...nice beaches...and hell, all the men a gal could want out there....”

(They turn to Gibbs)

Hart: “Then suck it up Gibbs....we’re fighting whether you like it or not....”

(Gibbs stares at them, then his face shows, for the first time they’ve ever seen, a small bit of fear...Hart and Dez sit....)

Hart: “Start from the beginning, Gibbs....tell us everything.....”

(Gibbs pauses...looks down...then up at Dez, then to Hart....)

Gibbs: “I’m not sure you want to know this....It could turn out bad for you...”

(Caprice slams a hand against the plexiglass, shocking all of them...)

Caprice; “DON”T YOU DARE!...YOU TELL THEM, JETHRO!...TELL THEM THE TRUTH!..”

(Gibbs looks at Caprice...her face a mixture of fear and anger.....he nods to her)

Gibbs: “A man was covering up some crimes...Crimes that would put him in jail...I found out...He found out that I found out...So..Go figure....Here I am...”

Hart: “Who, Gibbs? Who did you catch? Who has the power to do this to you?”

(Gibbs looks at Caprice...she nods to him...)

Caprice: “Tell them, Jethro...Tell them while I wait outside...they have stupid rules here about visiting times. But I’ll see you after they finish...No one will stop me from seeing you”

(He gives Caprice a small smile, then turns to Dez and Hart...)

Gibbs; “The President of the United States”

(Gibbs looks at them, prepared for their shock...but....)

Dez: “We know”

(Gibbs looks at her curiously....)

Hart: “Gibbs...this family of yours...I’ve never seen anything like it. We know it was the President....and we have proof that he’s lied to the American people, he’s lied to Congress, and to top it all off, he’s planning to kill his wife...”

Dez: “So...Gibbs...talk to us...We need to know everything that you know...”

Gibbs: “Ben Al-Sadiq...He thought I’d be dead by now...He told me everything...”

Hart: “Then tell us...”

(Hart pushes the icon to voice record....She speaks first....)

Hart: “My name is Margaret Allison Hart..I am the co-counsel for NCIS Assistant Director Leroy Jethro Gibbs...I am accompanied by the other co-counsel, Destiny Bosworth Nuntio, representing the U.S. Department of Justice. Mr. Gibbs has been wrongfully accused of treason. We are interviewing Mr. Gibbs.....”

(She continues...Then Gibbs relates everything Sadiq told him while he was being beaten on the plane. He finishes...Hart and Dez look at him, mild shock...)

Dez: “My God, Gibbs.....”

Hart: “It’s unfathomable...And we’ve seen his notes. Actually, the others have..Dez and I were briefed by McGee on our way here...When I heard them I thought it was fantasy...his wish list of what he could do as President...But...He’s done it...he’s done all of it....”

(Dez receives an email....she looks at her phone, pulls the email up....reads it...smiles...she shows it to Hart....Hart begins to smile...)

Dez: “Hey Gibbs...want some good news?”

Gibbs: “Yea...I could use some....”

Hart: “Maybe we should get Caprice in here?”

(Dez nods, gets up...goes the guard.....)

Dez: “We’d like to bring Mrs Gibbs back in please...”

Guard: “Yes ma’am...”

Dez: “Sonny...it’s about her testimony, not her marriage....And I’m sure you don’t want to be named in a suit indicating you denied our client, a highly respected law enforcement agent, his right to a reasonable defense?”

(The guard looks at her....bewildered....)

Guard: “Ma’am...I said okay”

(Dez looks at the guard....shakes her head...)

Dez: “Sorry soldier...I’ve been running on empty for the last couple of days...”

Guard: “No worry ma’am...I’ll get Mrs Gibbs...she’s sitting just outside the door”

(The guard presses numbers on keypad....the door unlocks...)

(Scene shifts to Caprice sitting with Dez and Hart, Caprice’s hand pressed against the glass, Gibbs’s hand against it on the other side....)

Gibbs: “Okay...shoot”

Caprice: “This is good news...right? Not good new bad news?”

Dez: “No...it’s good....Margaret and I filed a motion to dismiss the case...based on the FBI backup cameras that Agent Garvey ordered, the recording clearly shows the envelopes being switched out during the scuffle...”

Gibbs: “Garvey..? How is she involved in this?”

Dez: “Gibbs, one of her agents, Agent Carol, got a copy of the warrant they were preparing, before you allegedly committed any treasonous offense...Agent Carol brought it to Agent Garvey, with a gut feeling that something was wrong...Garvey didn’t have enough to stop the warrant; warrants are pre-prepared as a matter of course, if due cause is shown...but Carol felt, and Garvey agreed, that it was quirky enough for her to order a team to plant high definition cameras in the diner....They caught the entire switch, movie quality to boot”

(Gibbs stares at Dez...then turns his head....Dez watches, as does Hart...surprised)

Gibbs “I’ll have to thank her...Yea...”

Caprice: “So if they have proof, then why aren’t we taking him home right now?”

Hart: “It got ugly...The White House legal counsel is challenging both the legal right of Garvey to place cameras without more evidence to produce probable cause, and secondly, the attorneys are challenging the video itself, having it tested for any alterations...That one is standard whenever videos are introduced as evidence...But it can take days, weeks, for it to be done...It’s mostly used as a stall tactic”

Caprice: “So, you’re telling me that even though they have proof Jethro is innocent, they may win on some stupid technicality?....Dez...please tell me that’s not happening....”

(Dez takes Caprice’s shaking hands in hers....she leans toward Caprice, looks her in the eyes....)

Dez: “Do you trust me?”

(Caprice nods her head up and down...her eyes moisten, she fights back the tears)

Dez; “Do you believe in my ability as an attorney...Do you believe in Margaret?”

Caprice: ‘Yes...you know I do....I don’t know Margaret...but Jethro told me she was the only attorney he was ever afraid of...”

(Hart looks at Gibbs...Gibbs shrugs....)

Gibbs: “Yea Hart....you scare the hell outa me”

(Hart gives a grin....)

Hart: “Thank you Gibbs...that’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever said to me”

Dez: “Now...you have me....and I’m as well connected and respected as any attorney you’ll find....and Margaret?...Your John Wayne fear nothing husband is afraid of her....So....Do you trust me? Do you trust us?”

(One tear falls...Caprice looks away from Gibbs....)

Dez: ‘We’re bringing him home, Caprice....We’re going to bring him home with his name cleared and the people that did this will be in a world of hurt...”

(There is a knock at the door....The guard opens the door....Donald Franco is seen in the doorway)

Franco: “Mrs Gibbs....ladies....please...I need a moment of your time...”

(Dez gets up, walks to Franco...)

Franco: “Something’s going on in the Rec yard....too many are gathering....My advice is to get Agent Gibbs back to his secure room as quickly as possible...”

Dez: “You think it’s about Gibbs?”

Franco: “I have nothing to go on....just the eyes and the constant gathering, all of them focused on this building....”

(Dez thinks....)

Dez: “Okay…we’ll do it…and thank you…we know you saved him Agent Franco….We know you’re doing everything you can….We are grateful…Very”

(scene shifts to Gibbs standing, a guard comes in to escort him back to his medical cell…Gibbs shuffles, head upright, his one good eye watching….The guard turns to open the door leading out of the visiting area….The name patch says

WATERS

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Paris, France, Bledsoe pacing his hotel room, screaming into his phone, talking to Zimmer)

Bledsoe: “FIND HER!...FIND HER AND HER AGENT AND CRUCIFY THEM!”

Zimmer: (on phone) “Find your wife?...Bill...she’s not the only thing missing!....I told you!...I told you not to write everything down!”

(Bledsoe shown going pale…he sits on the bed, rubbing his eyes….)

Bledsoe: “Sam…no...it can’t be…”

Zimmer: “It is...your notebooks...all your plans, people in the plans…everything....gone...whoever took them kidnapped your wife...insurance, collateral, hell, I don’t know”

(Bledsoe thinks….)

Bledsoe: “Has any of this hit the news? Have you had any calls from the press...anyone?”

Zimmer: “No...thank god...Bill, we need to get in front of this...quick...I can prepare….”

Bledsoe: “No Sam…there’s no getting in front of this...and I’m not sure we need to”

Zimmer: “Bill...you’re not making sense”

Bledsoe: “Cynthia wasn’t kidnapped….she left of her own free will…”

Zimmer: “You think so?...Bill...the proof you have about her….”

Bledsoe: “I guess she’s decided it’s worth it...You and I both know a good attorney could plead a case of self-defense. And I get hit with obstruction of justice, tampering with evidence...Maybe she figured that out”

Zimmer: “If that’s the case, Bill...then who did this?”

Bledsoe: “There’s only one person I know capable of putting something like this together….”

(silence)

Zimmer: “The one I told you to leave alone? The one I told you was too dangerous? Gibbs?”

Bledsoe: “Gibbs..that group of people around him....Fiercely loyal, all dangerous...and I had the head of that family put in Gitmo....Which reminds me...is he dead yet?..”

Zimmer: “No...the son of a bitch has nine lives...we’ve tried twice...so far, we’ve done some serious damage, but he’s still living...”

Bledsoe: “Well then, Sam?”

(silence)

Zimmer: “I know...for any of this to be salvaged, he has to die...I’ll take care of it”

Bledsoe: “And Sam...let’s not sweat the notebook think just yet...If you haven’t heard from anyone about it, no press, no calls....then it’s probably about blackmail....And we can deal with that quietly....Right?”

(scene shifts to Gitmo...Sargent Walter gets a text...he looks at his phone, hands start shaking...he reads the text)

Very disappointed that our friend is still alive...Preparing the arrest documents for tax evasion now

(In a panic, Waters texts back)

“Please no! I can take care of it! Give me some time!”

(The reply was immediate)

12 hours

(Waters pockets his phone, heads immediately to Camp 3, the housing area of the most dangerous inmates in Gitmo....)

(scene shifts to Waters leaving Camp 3...he turns to the group of Middle Eastern men sitting at the benches in the group common area...)

Waters: ‘Just as soon as he finishes the visit...I’ll have him out there...”

Prisoner: “And if we kill him...you will keep your promise?”

Waters: “Yes...you get a phone, you make arrangements for pickup, I make sure you can get through the fence...after that, it’s up to you”

Prisoner: “You do know, infidel...If you do not keep your promise....”

Waters: “I know...you’ll kill me, dismember me, chop my head off...whatever...none of it sounds good”

(The prisoner nods to him....)

Prisoner: “None of it is good”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch...SecState stands, facing the laptop camera...the same groups are on the TV Zoom meeting...SecState finishes talking....Each member on the call, as well as Nell and Ziva, are in shock...)

SecState: “To summarize....POTUS has been paying for peace. There have been no inspiring meetings, no negotiations, just a payoff to the Crescent Coalition, terrorists. This was done, and is being done to insure President Bledsoe’s re-election in 2 years. Once he’s re-elected, he shuts down Gitmo, and in good faith to the people he so brilliantly negotiated with, the prisoners are released and will be returned to their homes.....”

(pause)

SecState: “There are records in these notebooks of weapons bought by the Coalition...and some conversations between POTUS and the terrorist leaders, all pointing towards them using the weapons to invade Isreal...it was written in the documents that they terrorists promised not to do that...”

(shakes her head..Ziva can be seen...her eyes narrow...)

SecState: “And we know just how good that promise would be....”

(She pauses....looks at Cynthia...)

SecState: “There is also a detailed plan, choreographed to the second, to have Mrs Bledsoe assassinated, in a manner that appears as if the target was the President, and they missed, killing her by mistake. A down payment to the shooter has already been made...”

(She pauses....reads from some notes...)

SecState: “There are quite a few people involved in this scheme. FBI, CIA, NSA..and.....there are 32 congressional leaders that signed off on the program...It’s called ONTRAC...If you rearrange the letters, you will spell CONTRA...POTUS evidently thought it would be clever to refer back to another president that fed the enemy without the public knowing, or Congress knowing...”

McGee: “Excuse me ma’am...but you said 32 congressional leaders...but this was done without congress knowing....”

(SecState nods...)

SecState: “There are only 5 congressmen that are involved directly with the illegal things we’re facing...POTUS needed the help to make it work, Sam Zimmer looped them in, promising them everything from Senate seats to being names Vice President....The rest signed off on the negotiations, on the plan the public is buying...They backed it, pushed it, and their star is hitched to that wagon. They know that no negotiations took place, and they’re kept quiet about it...Some of them have played a part without knowing what was being asked, but they should have asked...They didn’t. They’ll suffer for it”

Nell: “Gibbs...when do we get him out?”

(SecState turns to Nell....)

SecState: “Based on the information we just got, and a signed statement by the First Lady, I just prepared an order to have him released immediately...I needed a Federal judge to sign it....She has....it is being faxed to Guantanamo Bay as we speak....”

(Nell stares at her...hopeful....)

SecState: “Nell..he’s coming home today....”

(Nell hides her face in her hands....Dil moves along side her...holds her...)

SecState: “Now...What he have is very private, very privileged and sensitive information....This type of information is normally kept quiet...and it’s handled internally...You would see resignations for health reasons, family reasons, whatever reasons...but right now, our ability to punish these people that did this....to hold them accountable....Is severely hindered. This could be considered a threat to National Security, and if it is, no one hears about it....Plus...The President is still the President...and he will hunt for his wife...and he will find her...and he will be able to discredit these documents....”

McGee: “Ma’am...My team can make life hell for these people...we’re prepared to do just that....What do you need to make this happen?”

SecState: “Tim...we need this to go public....leaking it online won’t work...it will get lost in all the other conspiracy theories out there....Going to the News Channels? That’s laughable....The mainstream media and the President are joined at the hip....they won’t do a thing but report it as another batch of Fake News...Hell, they’ll probably blame the previous president for it”

McGee: “Then how....ma’am...this isn’t right....”

SecState: “I know, Tim...and I sure agree...but we don’t have access to any mass media, or anyone big enough that would be willing to put themselves on the line to expose this to the public....(pause) “Tim...I just don’t know....”

(A gravelly, iconic voice speaks out from the front door...)

“Ma’am...maybe I can help with that”

(They turn In shock....every image on the TVs look on in shock....)

“My amigo Tommy here...he says it’s worth it...says Gibbs is good people...So...maybe I can help”

(Sam Elliot is seen standing in the doorway...on his left, Tommy Guidry and Samantha stand...on his right, the still beautiful Katherine Ross, his wife, stands, her arm linked through her husband’s)

Tommy: “Sorry we’re late folks...I got your call about coming...Nell called me, filled me in...It’s wrong.....I know Gibbs...he’s the best of us...and we’re willing to use the platform we have to get this out there....”

(Nell seen smiling...moving to Samantha, hugging her)

Elliot: “So, amigos....Fill us in, and we’ll tell you what we can do...I’ve played the good guy in movies all my life...I finally have a chance to do it for real....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Gitmo, visitation room...Caprice, Dez, Hart standing....Gibbs standing on the other side of the glass...)

Hart: “I’m headed back home now...There are documents to prepare, expungement writs, the works...”

Dez: “I’m hanging out here for a while..I got a text from Loretta…says you might be getting some good news today....that’s all it said...”

(Dez and Hart leave....Caprice leans against the glass....)

Caprice: “We’re going to bring you home, Jethro....I promise...”

(He stares at her...then...)

Gibbs: “I need you to know I love you”

(She looks at him curiously)

Caprice: “Jethro...why are you saying that...”

Gibbs: “Do you know I love you...”

Caprice: “Yes...I do...and I love you too...”

(He is silent....then...)

Gibbs: “No other woman in the world would go through what you’ve gone through to get to her husband...I know that....”

Caprice; “Jethro?...Of course I did!...I would do whatever it takes, no matter how long or hard...”

Gibbs; “I know...”

Caprice: “Jethro..you’re scaring me.....”

(He looks behind him at the guard waiting to escort him back...)

Gibbs: “This isn’t over...Agent Franco...the man has good instincts...he knows something’s up...this isn’t over...And the best way for them to win this is to kill me...I know that...and you do too....”

Guard: “Time’s up....come on prisoner....”

(Gibbs turns to the voice....looks at the man...)

Gibbs: “Sargent Waters...yea..I remember you...Intake...”

(He turns back to Caprice....)

Gibbs: “I love you”

(Caprice watches as her husband is led out....her face fearful....She turns...runs to the door...the guard opens it....she dashes through it, looking both ways...a voice calls out.)

“Come with me!”

(She sees the man....CIA agent Franco....)

Franco: ‘You still have that thunder stick in your bag?”

(She hesitates....then nods...lifting her medical bag up....)

Franco: “Then come on...we may need it....”

Caprice: “Where are we going? My husband says they’ll still try to kill him!...”

Franco: “I know!...And I think I know how and when”

Caprice; “When?”

Franco: “Right now....Come on!”

(scene shifts to the hallway leading away from the prisoner visiting area....Water walks behind Gibbs, slowly, matching the short steps Gibbs has to take due to the ankle shackles...They reach an area in the hallway, directly next to a one way door, sign painted on the door...)

PRISONER REC AREA

(Gibbs looks at it...then at Waters...)

Gibbs: “Throwing me to the wolves?..That your plan?”

(The Sargent says nothing....he reaches in a pocket, unlocks Gibbs’s handcuffs...They drop to the floor...Water kneels, unlocks the ankle shackles...)

Gibbs: “Making it look like I tried to escape....”

(Water stands...takes a deep breath....Then shoves Gibbs against the Rec Area door, the bar pushes in, the door opens....Gibbs falls onto the Rec Area concrete ground....The door closes behind him, the lock latches...Gibbs gets up...and sees at least 20 orange clad Middle Eastern men facing him, only 20 feet away...One speaks...)

Man: “The devil himself....delivered to us....praise Allah....”

(Three of them step forward....One slides a 6 inch length of heavy duty chain link fence wire, sharpened to a wicked point, out of his sleeve...Gibbs plants his feet...and they come....Roaring in the high pitch sound of their battle cries...)

(scene shifts to Franco and Caprice, running down the hallway...they see Water running into another hallway....)

Franco: “REC AREA!....”

(He stops...Caprice looks at him in panic)

Franco: “Give me the shotgun...!...Take these!.”

(Caprice opens her med bag...)

Caprice; 'I need it!"

Franco: "If your husband is hurt, who do you want tending him out there? You or me?...Ma'am...give me the shotgun!"

(She trembles, then nods...she lifts Justin out of the bag....Then Franco pulls a pistol out from his rear holster, drops it in the bag...he slides another one from an ankle holster, drops it in the bag too....)

Franco: "There's trouble coming...I brought an extra..."

(They hear a roar from out in the Rec Yard...Franco stands...)

Franco: "You follow me through that door!...If your husband is down, get to him! Get him inside!...Block the door open!..."

Caprice: "You can't fight all those people!...You hear those voices?..."

Franco: "I don't have to win!...I just have to give you time to get your husband inside!...Now Come on!"

(They reach the door...through the thick glass, they can see the mob running towards Gibbs....Franco throws the door open...Caprice slides a hallway chair against it, holding it open....and they enter hell....)

(scene shifts to Gibbs...The three men approach...Gibbs does not wait on them...he takes three quick steps towards them, momentarily surprising them...His left palm flashes upwards, catching the underside of the nose of the first one...the cartilage and bone is immediately driven into the brain, cutting off the signals that give life...The middle man swings his arm back, holding the sharpened spike in his hand....Gibbs's right hand snakes out, catches the third man by the throat, his hand wrapping around his Adam's Apple, the fingers closing like a steel vise around the throat.....Gibbs raises a foot, plants it in the belly of the man, and pushes hard...The sound of the man's throat being ripped apart can be heard over the uproar....the man drops, drowning in his own blood....)

(scene shifts to the middle man....As Gibbs pushes the second man away, the burning pain of the spike entering his side can be felt...then again....The man

plunges the long metal piece into Gibbs's side repetitively....The pain is intense, excruciating....Gibbs looks down, and sees the spike in his side, sticking out, the man smiling as he takes a step back....)

Man: "I killed the devil"

Gibbs; "Not yet..."

(With pure adrenalin, Gibbs grabs the spike, rips it out of his side....He grabs the shocked man by the front of his shirt, then yanks him close....Gibbs switches the spike to his left hand, then plunges the spike into the man's neck, over and over, quickly, until the wound spurts...He's hit the Carotid Artery....The man, in shock, tries to cover the blood from pouring out....he tries to scream....His scream is drowned out by the charging mob of revenge driven men.....Gibbs starts falling...his eyes try to focus....all he can feel is pain...)

(scene shifts to Caprice and Franco running into the yard...Caprice sees Gibbs fall...she can see the blood running out of his side..she screams.)

"JETHRO!"

(The sound of a shotgun roars....three men in the rampaging mob are thrown back, bloodied...Franco pumps..fires, advances....pumps fires, advances...The men in the mob go down....then turn towards him....Caprice races to Gibbs...drops by his side....)

Caprice: "Oh my god.....Jethro...I'm here...."

(Gibbs weakly looks at her...)

Gibbs: "Go...get out of here....I can't protect you....I don't have a gun...I'm too weak to fight....go..."

(She opens her bag...she lifts the 9mm pistol out....She slams it into his hand...)

Caprice; "YOU PROTECT! I"LL PATCH!"

(She looks at the wounds...deep....bleeding.....her eyes blur...she wipes her eyes...)

Caprice; "No time, McGibbs...focus..focus...."

(By her head, Gibbs fires the weapon twice...Two men advancing on Franco's blind side go down.....Franco looks at them, then at Gibbs....he nods...Then he pumps...fires, starts moving towards Gibbs and Caprice)

Franco: "We've got to get him out of here!"

(Gibbs looks up....sees more men coming at them....He starts firing...men go down....Then.....A shout...)

"MARINES!...ADVANCE!"

(5 Marine soldiers come running through the open door...All run forward, all firing automatic weapons at the mob....more men go down...then the mob turns...runs....)

"GET THAT MARINE TO THE HOSPITAL!"

(Caprice looks over....She sees Captain Jason Roberts, gun in hand....the same man she barked at when she arrived...Then soldiers begin arriving at her and Gibbs...a litter is produced...the men gently lift Gibbs, now barely conscious, onto the litter...Caprice takes one of Gibbs's hands...she clasps it...Gibbs looks at her...weakly speaks...)

Gibbs: "Don't...let .....go....."

Caprice; "I won't let go, baby....I wont' let go...I'll never let go...."

(He slips into darkness.....One of the soldiers looks at Caprice...question on his face...she shakes her head...)

Caprice: "He's alive...his pulse is still strong....It will take more than this to put this Marine down...."

Soldier: "Aye Aye ma'am....thank you...he scared me for a moment...."

(She looks at her husband....nods...)

Caprice; "He scared me too, soldier....he scared me too...."

(scene fades out to Gibbs being carried into the hospital ward...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch...The group has moved to the back part of the house....some sitting at the outside table, some in kitchen...)

Katherine: “My god, this place is beautiful...”

Nell: “It will be even prettier after the hills grow back...We had a little fire....”

Elliot: “Looks like more than a little one, ma’am...”

(Elliot turns to Tommy...)

Elliot: “So this where you train, amigo?...”

Guidry: “Sure is...and where Samantha trains the Special Ops people...”

(Ziva and Tony walk out from the kitchen....Tony sits down opposite Katherine...Ziva walks to Elliot...)

Ziva: “I am sorry I have not been able to introduce myself....”

(Elliot looks up at Ziva...then he looks at Guidry....)

Elliot: “This her?”

(Ziva looks at Guidry, curious....Guidry nods....)

Samantha; “That’s her...the best there is....”

(Elliot stands....extends a hand to Ziva..)

Elliot: “Ma’am...I’ve been waiting to meet you for a long time....”

(Ziva looks surprised...)

Elliot: “All Samantha can talk about is this lady that was Mossad...and was the baddest woman around...badder than most men, actually..”

(Elliot looks at Samantha)

Elliot: “And you were right, Sam...she is as beautiful as you said....”

(Ziva blushes....)

Ziva: “No...I am not...but...thank you...”

(Ziva looks at Tony, sitting across from Katherine Ross, staring at her....)

Ziva: "That man that appears as if he has been hit with a big fish? That is my husband, Anthony....I apologize...He is a big fan of your wife....when he watches one of her movies, he sighs...he smiles, he gets a punch in the arm from me...."

(They look over...scene shifts to DiNozzo)

DiNozzo: "No!...Your best movie was Conagher!...That was your leading lady role..."

Katherine: "Well...I played the leading lady in Hellfighters...."

DiNozzo: "But with John Wayne!...People watched him..You were great in that movie, but JOHN WAYNE!..."

Katherine: "Shadow Riders?"

DiNozzo: "Almost as good as Conagher...but it didn't allow you to show as many emotions....Conagher...best Katherine Ross movie ever....you, the tumbleweeds, the emotional notes...(shakes his head)....wow..."

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

Elliot: "He really is a fan..."

Ziva: "Oh yes...I will go rescue her...."

Elliot: "Ma'am...I'd rather you not...She's in heaven right now...look at her smile..."

Ziva: "Yes...it would seem she is...."

(Dil walks out with SecState...)

SecState: "Mr. Elliot...It looks like we can make your plan work...There is just one problem, and Captain Bosworth seems to have an answer to it...."

(she shakes her head...)

SecState: "It's the worst idea I've ever heard....and it just might work...."

Dil: 'The President wants his wife back....he knows she's gone, her cell and Simon's cell are blown up with calls and messages from him....He's threatened

her with prison, he's threatened her physically...We need him to stop looking for her....He has the resources to find her...and we can't let that happen before we finish what we started...."

SecState; 'He means the complete takedown of POTUS, Sam Zimmer, the other involved that are part of this horrible ordeal...."

Dil: 'I've talked to Palmer...he's onboard with it...."

(They look at Dil...)

Nell: "Jimmy?"

(Dil turns to Cynthia....)

Dil: "Ma'am...how good are you at playing dead?"

(She looks at him in surprise....then she nods...)

Cynthia: "I've been playing dead every night since I married Bill...I think I've gotten pretty good at it..."

(Some nervous chuckles)

Cynthia; "Why? Are you going to kill me off?"

(Dil nods....Cynthia looks at him in shock...)

Dil: "And he's going to see your body...in the NCIS morgue....up close.....After we announce that we've found your body floating in the Potomac River, that is...."

(She stares at Dil....cocks her head to one side....)

SecState: "Told you it was bad"

Cynthia: "I..... love it!"

(They look at FLOTUS in surprise...Nell claps, smiling...Elliot looks at his wife, she is smiling too....)

Elliot: "Darlin'...I'm lovin' these people more and more...."

Katherine: "Me too, Sam....me too....and I just got asked for my autograph, so I'm a happy girl..."

(Nell's phone buzzes…she gets up from the table, walks away….then she screams….)

Nell: "NO, Caprice…tell me he's okay…tell me….tell me he's alive….."

(All eyes shift to Nell….)

Nell: "YES!…PLEASE!…."

(Dil leans over to Elliot, whispers…)

"Gibbs is like a father to her…they're close…very close…"

(Elliot nods, keeps watching…)

Nell: "Gibbsy….tell me you're okay…."

(She listens…tears fall….)

Nell: "I can still blow the place up,…You know I can…I can blow up everything except where you are….I can…."

(Dil leans over again…whispers to Elliot)

"She can…I'll show you later…"

(Elliot's eyes get big…then he nods)

Nell: 'Come home, Gibbys…just come home…we'll take such good care of you….I promise…just come home…."

(she listens….)

Nell: "Thank you Caprice…If I'd have heard it from someone else, and not heard him myself, I would have died…."

(the call ends…Nell looks out over the hills for a moment….then turns to the group)

Nell: "Gibbs was Stabbed in a prison riot…he was set up again…He's hurt…again…but he's okay….Caprice was there with him when it happened…Gibbs got 3 of them…Caprice and the CIA agent Franco, they made 10 or more pay for it…They are still counting bodies."

Elliot: "Jesus…"

Nell: “Now...I was hurt before...and I was afraid...but now I’m mad...and you should be too....This is the finest man in the world....other than my husband...but he’s the best of us....and they have hurt him....He’s in bad shape...body and mind...he’s been betrayed by his Commander in Chief...his own boss...his own boss betrayed him...”

SecState: “Then, Nell...?”

Nell: “We go get them....every #$%damned one of the mother#$#$#%@...we go get them....and we make them pay....”

(mild shock at Nell’s language....but they nod....)

SecState: “Cynthia?...You ready?”

(Flotus looks over at Simon....)

Cynthia; “Simon...what do you think?”

(He looks at her...then..)

Simon: “I’m here to protect you ma’am...not make decisions...”

(She walks closer to him...then to his face...)

Cynthia: “Things have changed, Simon...I need to know what you think”

(He looks at her...She reaches out, takes his hand...squeezes it...He allows a small smile...)

Simon: “If I’m there watching over you, I’m good”

Cynthia: ‘I wouldn’t have it any other way”

(She turns to SecState..a nod....then..)

Cynthia: “Let’s do this....Let’s take those bastards down”

INTERMISSION

THE MOVIE IS STARTING!

(scene opens to TV's in multiple settings, living rooms, business offices, people on treadmills watching in fitness centers, as a news alert scrolls across the bottom of the TV screen...)

FIRST LADY FOUND DEAD

(Headlines on ZNN.COM flashes on screen)

NATION STUNNED, MOURNS CYNTHIA BLEDSOE

(A small by-line under the headline is shown)

Pundits Blame Previous Administration For FLOTUS Death

(TV shows live report from ZNN News, blonde, big hair reporter holds a microphone, Potomac River shown in background, yellow tape blocking access to bush lined riverbank can be seen...Reporter seen fluffing hair, then turning to the camera)

Reporter: 'We are here at the Potomac River, showing the exact area the body of Cynthia Bledsoe was found last night. An unidentified NCIS Agent from Quantico was jogging, saw the body floating, jumped into the water in a heroic attempt to reach the body, but, according to the NCIS Night Team spokesperson, no further details can be given due to an autopsy pending and investigation into the cause of death. ZNN asked for an additional statement from the person that found the body. In a statement from Agency Director Leon Vance...and I quote..."the agent and his family ask that the press respect their need for privacy during this trying time"

(scene shifts to outside view of NCIS building, TV cameras lined up outside...Another ZNN reporter, male, tissue in hand, sees the cameraman signal they are live..The reporter dabs his eye with the tissue.....)

Reporter: "I'm sorry...This is personal....(dabs eyes again, straightens up...) "...Behind me is the NCIS Headquarters, where the body of Cynthia Bledsoe is being held, pending an autopsy. We have learned that President Bledsoe should be arriving soon, flying in from France, where he cut his meeting short with the President of France, vowing to return and finish the talks regarding changing the name of French Fries...After deep frying was attributed to high

cholesterol, the French President felt his nation was unduly attached to the name, causing depression and shame to his country. President Bledsoe has been adamant that a nation wide ban be placed on the term, replacing it with "Indigenous Petroleum Immersed Potato Slices"

(scene shifts to Presidential limo, Bledsoe and Zimmer in back seat....)

Bledsoe: "Tell me again, Sam...why the hell is her body with NCIS? Why isn't she being taken to our M.E.?"

Zimmer: "She was found on the river bank that's part of a Quantico training field...it's Navy and Marine property....they have jurisdiction, Bill...you know that"

Bledsoe: "Personal effects....tell me they were found with her...."

(Zimmer shakes his head...)

Zimmer: "Wish I could...but there was nothing reported, nothing in the statement given by the agent that found her body...."

Bledsoe: "Agent?"

Zimmer: "NCIS Agent...name of Tolleson...he was jogging, saw her body..."

Bledsoe: 'What do we know about him?"

Zimmer: "Squeaky clean...a boy scout...recently joined NCIS after 8 years in the Marines....He was an MP, schooled in crime scene protocol...He just finished Crime Scene Procedure training by none other than your boy....Agent Gibbs...In other words, Bill...we have no legal reason to transfer her body to our investigative team...rotten luck, Bill...a better man couldn't be found to find her....the protocol was followed to the letter...(pause) "Almost as if it were planned."

Bledsoe: "Or a worse man....Sam...I don't want the M.E. asking questions about the bruises on her body..."

(Zimmer looks out the window...)

Zimmer: "A little late for that, Bill...."

(Bledsoe thinks....then turns to Zimmer)

Bledsoe: “She fell a lot!...The other night she fell, and her agent ran in...he can testify that she falls!”

(Zimmer stares at POTUS)

Zimmer: “Bill...He’s missing too...and I believe when he rushed in, you had her by a handful of hair, pulling her head back? Isn’t that what you told me?”

(Zimmer pauses....)

Zimmer: “You don’t make it easy, Bill...”

(They look out the window...the rear loading dock for the NCIS building comes into sight...)

Zimmer: “We’re here....play the grieving widower, Bill....”

Bledsoe: “I thought we agreed that shock was better...blank stare, confused, clueless about what to do next.....”

Zimmer: “Yea..okay...you’re right..just be yourself...”

(scene shifts to NCIS Autopsy room....Palmer and McGee standing by an autopsy table, sheet covering the body of Cynthia Bledsoe....The doors open...Secret Service agents come in first...)

Agent: “Stand back from the body, doctor”

Palmer: “I’m sorry?”

(The President walks in....He stops...stares at the covered body on the table.....walks to the table....)

Bledsoe: “She drowned?”

Palmer: “Yes Mr. President....we found excessive water in her lungs...”

Bledsoe: “She liked to walk the river bank...she said it gave her peace”

Palmer: “I”m sorry for your loss”

Bledsoe: “I suppose she slipped...fell in...She fell a lot, you know...”

Palmer: “I was not aware of that...I’m sorry”

(POTUS takes a deep breath....)

Bledsoe: “I need to see her....uncover her please...”

(McGee seen closing his eyes....lips move....opens his eyes again...)

Palmer: “Mr. President...I need to warn you....she was in the water for some time...it isn’t a pretty sight, sir....Perhaps you’d like to remember her as you last saw her?”

(Bledsoe shakes his head....)

Bledsoe: No...I need to see that she’s dead...I need to see for myself...(pause) “But thank you for your consideration, Doctor”

(Palmer takes a breath....reaches down, uncovers Cynthia’s face...Bledsoe recoils in shock.)

Bledsoe: ‘JESUS!....”

(The President turns his head, refusing to look at the sight....view shows Cynthia’s face, a shade of grey, cheeks boated, lips black, small stems from plant life on her cheeks....Palmer quickly drops the cover back over her face..)

Bledsoe: “I’m sorry...I wasn’t prepared for that....”

Palmer: “Yes sir...we seldom are...”

Bledsoe: “She’s dead....Sam...we can leave....”

(Zimmer steps up....)

Zimmer: “Uncover her again...all the way...Something’s wrong here....”

(Palmer’s eyes widen....)

Palmer: “Sir?”

Zimmer: “I’ve been around dead bodies before....this doesn’t feel right, smell right....I want to feel her skin....”

(Palmer’s eyes widen....)

Palmer: “Sir...I”m sorry...but I cannot allow that...This is still a crime scene...we are searching the body for evidence....We are not through yet....”

Zimmer: “Uncover her!”

(McGee starts to move closer....then...)

Palmer: “Sir...you seem adamant about touching the victim’s body....May I ask why?”

(Zimmer stares at Palmer...Palmer turns to McGee)

Palmer: “Agent McGee...please take note that Mr. Zimmer, who has had access to the victim at her residence, is insisting on touching her body...Please note that Mr. Zimmer’s insistence may be related to the multiple bruises we found on her body and the potential desire to alter or implant his prints on the body.....”

(McGee blinks...then....)

McGee: “Mr. Zimmer...where were you last night from 5pm until 7am this morning?”

(Zimmer’s eyes narrow....)

Zimmer: “You accusing me of something, Agent? Be very careful.....”

McGee: ‘I”m not accusing you of anything....yet. But your insistence on breaching chain of evidence protocol, your demand can end up explaining your fingerprints found on the body...Sir...we just follow the evidence....and you are about to alter that evidence....”

(McGee looks at Palmer...)

Mcgee: “Dr. Palmer...go ahead...uncover her...”

(McGee looks at Zimmer)

McGee: “And I will see you, sir, in the Interrogation Room directly after....I suggest you call your attorney before that happens...”

(Palmer reaches for the cover....)

Bledsoe: “Sam…we’re leaving….back off….”

(Zimmer looks back at POTUS…anger….)

Zimmer: “Something’s not right, Bill…I don’t see any evidence of an autopsy….”

(Zimmer looks at Palmer…)

Zimmer: “Show me…”

Palmer: “Sir?…That is highly irregular….”

(McGee seen again…closing his eyes, heart pounding….)

Palmer: “But…under the circumstances,…this is a high profile event….”

(Palmer moves to the side of Cynthia’s body….He reaches under the cover, grasps something…pulls it from under the cover….Zimmer shrieks…)

Zimmer: “OH MY GOD!….”

(Palmer seen holding a lung…)

Palmer: “It was filled with river water…still is…would you like me to squeeze some out?…I can show you….”

(Palmer starts to push on the lung…water rushes out of the top… .)

Zimmer: “OH GOD NO!….I’m going to be sick….”

(Zimmer rushes to a trash can…..Bledsoe blinks….face in shock….)

Bledsoe: “Sam…I think she’s dead….”

(Zimmer seen leaning over a trash can….Palmer turns to McGee)

Palmer: “Agent…please obtain a sample of the vomit…I’d like it for DNA testing….”

(McGee looks at Palmer in shock…)

Bledsoe: “Doctor…before we leave….could you allow me a private moment with my wife….surely you can understand….”

(Palmer gulps…McGee gulps…under the sheet, Cynthia gulps….)

Palmer: “Of course…just please sir….”

(Gravely, POTUS nods….)

Bledsoe: “Yes…respect for the dead….”

Palmer: “And evidence, sir…”

Bledsoe: “Of course….and now…could you please allow me some privacy with my…..(pause) “…dear wife?”

(Palmer nods….he backs away from the body….Bledsoe watches him, then nods….Palmer stops…Bledsoe leans down, picks up the corner of the sheet covering her head…Zimmer sees it…runs out of the room covering his mouth…The two Secret Service agents turn around, facing the far wall.)

Bledsoe: “Dear, dear Cynthia…it’s goodbye…..”

(He leans further, uncovers her head and face completely….places his mouth near her ear….and whispers…)

“…you cold hearted bitch”

(Cynthia’s eyes fly open in shock….then they immediately close, her heart pounding….Bledsoe raises his head back up….places the cover over her head….stands…shakes his head…)

Bledsoe: “We had such a connection…I can almost hear her heart beating….”

(View under the cover shows Cynthia mouthing silently….)

“you $##@$%…I’ll show you what ‘bitch’….looks like…”

Bledsoe: “What now, Doctor….”

Palmer: “We transfer the body to Walter Reed…I’d like a second autopsy opinion done…It’s a sensitive case, sir….”

Bledsoe: “Of course….of course….yes….”

(scene shifts to the loading dock in rear of NCIS building…Cynthia’s body in a black zippered bag being rolled out on gurney to waiting M.E. van…Media cameras everywhere, filming…snapping photos….Before the body is rolled into

the M.E. van, a gurney wheel hits a hole, jars the gurney...and from inside the bag...)

“OUCH!”

(then another voice....)

“I KNEW IT!”

(Zimmer is seen running out of the shadows in the loading area, cameras following him....)

Zimmer: “SHE”S NOT DEAD!”

(He runs to the body....He grabs the zipper....He pulls it down, his face in triumph....)

“Hey...What up?”

(Zimmer screams....backs up, stumbles....and out of the body bag, a body rises up....)

(scene shifts to the media mob...all screaming....)

(scene shifts to the body rising up...Agent Dawson smiles at Zimmer, covering his mouth again...)

Dawson: “Dude...you look sick....”

(Dawson climbs out of the bag, looks at the media, all staring in shock...)

Dawson: “Standard protocol when the media wants pictures of famous dead people....we do a decoy transfer....Sorry guys”

(Dawson walks away, smiling...The press is still watching, jaws still slack as they follow her exit, filming it, her walking away....Dawson adds an extra swing to her hips...she smiles, and says to herself...)

Dawson: “Never know if Mr. Wonderful is watching....”

(scene shifts to NCIS bullpen...Dawson walks in, McGee stands, high fives her...McGee looks over at Palmer...)

McGee: “Vomit? Evidence?...Seriously Jimmy?”

(Palmer blushes....)

Palmer: “I got caught up in the moment....”

Torres: ‘Dude...you pulled out a lung?....That is classic!”

Bishop: ‘Oh my god...how did you ever talk Cynthia into that...?”

Palmer: “Uh...it was a moment...”

1 Hour Ago

(Cynthia seen laying on the table, covering herself as she removes her blouse...)

Palmer: “Ma’am..I’m laying plastic down on your stomach...”

Cynthia: ‘For what?”

Palmer: “Ma’am...if they ask to see your body....I have to have something....”

(Palmer lifts up a lung from another body....)

Cynthia: “You’re putting that on me?...Are you serious?”

Palmer: ‘Just a precaution ma’am...we’re making this as realistic as possible...”

(Cynthia looks at the lung...then shrugs...)

Cynthia; ‘Go ahead..I’ll just pretend it’s my husband doing his man thing...It will feel about the same”

Present

Torres: “Man...that’s harsh!...No bueno!”

(Bishop laughs...)

Bishop: “I love that woman!”

(pause...McGee looks at Dawson....)

McGee: “You ready?”

(Dawson picks up one of the old flip phones McGee provided her.....she nods)

McGee: “Okay....it’s time....send part 1”

(Dawson nods...presses ‘send’ on the phone....)

(scene shifts to Presidential limo...Zimmer’s phone buzzes...he looks at the text...)

We Know What You Did

Zimmer: “What the hell?”

Bledsoe: ‘What is it?”

Zimmer: “This text...unknown caller...”

(Bledsoe's phone buzzes...he looks at Zimmer, then opens the text....)

Bledsoe: “Dammit!...Who is this?”

(he shows text to Zimmer)

We Know What You Did

(scene shifts to multiple phones....Margaret Childs, Zimmer’s wife at NSA, Ben Al-Sidiq, several FBI agents...several CIA agents...and 30 members of congress, and more...all look at their phones at a text)

We Know What You Did

(scene shifts back to Zimmer..his phone blowing up....)

Zimmer: “This is impossible!...All these people calling me...!...”

Bledsoe: “About what?”

Zimmer: “They got the same text!....Bill!.....”

(scene switches to NCIS bullpen....McGee nods at Dawson...a second text is sent...)

(scene shifts to Zimmer and POTUS...both phones buzz....they look at each other, then read the text...an endless scroll appears on their phones, the words rolling down the screen...)

FREE GIBBS!

FREE GIBBS!

FREE GIBBS!

FREE GIBBS!

FREE GIBBS!

(scene fades out to Zimmer shrieking, throwing his phone across the back seat, pulling vomit bag out of holder in rear of the limo....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch...Dil pulling up, Cynthia raising up in the back seat...)

Dil: 'We're here ma'am..."

Cynthia: "Shower please"

Dil: "Shower ma'am?"

Cynthia: 'I just had 10 pounds of lung laid on my body....the plastic slipped off..."

(Dil's face grimaces....)

Dil: 'Yikes...sorry ma'am"

Cynthia: "It's okay, Captain Bosworth...it was worth it...(pause) "Do you know what he whispered to me on that table?"

Dil: 'No ma'am...."

Cynthia: "It's goodbye...you cold hearted bitch"

(Dil says nothing....)

Cynthia: "I'm sorry...that's not your problem...."

(Dil turns off the vehicle...he turns around to face her...)

Dil: "Ma'am...I'm not sure how to get this across...But this group...we call it family, but ma'am...we share our problems...we share our fears...We also know

what it feels like to not have someone to hear you out...We've all been there...So...ma'am...feel free to vent. We'll listen"

(She stares at Dil...confusion...)

Cynthia: "You...all of you...you're risking everything you have, that you've accomplished...all to save one man..."

Dil: 'Yes ma'am...He's done the same for us...many times"

Cynthia: "I envy you, Dilbert....I wouldn't know what it feels like to have someone that would do that for me"

(Dil looks at her....shakes his head)

Dil: "You're wrong ma'am...you do have someone like that..."

(She looks at the front door of the house...Simon is walking out towards the car...)

Dil: "That man...he's risked more than everything he's got ma'am...he's risking his future to stay with you...I'd say that qualifies..."

Cynthia: "Yes..he is...(pause) "maybe in another place...another time....."

Dil: 'Ma'am...I don't know if you've noticed or not...but that other place? That other time?...It's here...and it's now...Everything's changed..."

(She nods....)

Cynthia: "What hasn't changed is that I'm 65 years old...He's 52..."

(Simon approaches the car...concern on his face...)

Dil; "See that look? That's not duty ma'am....that's worry...."

(The rear door opens quickly...Simon leans inside, looking directly at Cynthia)

Simon: 'Ma'am!..Are you okay?"

(She looks at Simon....)

Cynthia: 'Yes, Simon...it was....(pause)..".."..eventful...."

Simon: "But you're okay....just tell me you're okay..."

(She stares at his face....then...)

Cynthia: “Why Simon...are you worried about me?”

(He says nothing...)

Cynthia: “I’ll tell you all about it...Let me take a shower and get this lung juice off me, then we’ll take a walk...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at GITMO....Gibbs in hospital bed...Caprice sitting by his side, Franco standing by the door...Franco has Justin in his hands...)

Gibbs: “Good man”

Caprice: “Very...when we saw you out there, and saw those men...He told me to get you inside...He said all he wanted to do was hold them off long enough for me to get you to safety....”

(Gibbs looks over....groans.....Caprice stands...)

Caprice: “Baby....the pain getting worse?”

(Gibbs nods....)

Caprice: ‘Beyond the puncture wounds in your side, the X-rays showed 4 cracked ribs...you have deep bruises on both thighs, one ligament might be torn...your skull...it has small fractures...and..”

(He weakly holds up a hand....)

Caprice: “I’ll stop.....”

(He shakes his head...reaches out to her...she takes his hand...then he pulls her closer...)

Gibbs: “Love you”

Caprice: “I love you too, honey...”

Gibbs: ‘I talked to McGee....and I talked to Captain Roberts...”

Caprice: “Okay....”

Gibbs: “They told me what you did. (pauses...takes a breath) “Told me what you went through to get here”

Caprice: “Stop talking...it’s hurting you....it wasn’t anything special....I just needed to be with you...that’s all...”

(shakes his head)

Gibbs: “You knew.....you knew I needed you....It’s different, Caprice...”

(They are interrupted by Dez rushing into the room....she looks over at Franco...he has the shotgun pointed straight at her...)

Dez: ‘Yikes...sorry....”

(Franco looks at her, then lowers the gun.....He nods to her to come in...Dez walks to Gibbs’s bed...she’s holding a document...)

Dez: “I forgot the pit bull was at the door...”

Caprice: “Any news, Dez?...Please...?”

(She smiles...hands the paper to Caprice....She reads it....then looks up at Dez....Dez smiles down at her....)

Caprice: “He’s going home?....For real?....”

Dez: “The judge signed it, the plane taking you back is almost here....SecState sent one of the government planes....it has a full medical area on it...”

(Caprice looks over at Gibbs...his face turned away from them....She looks up at Dez....mouths “give us a moment”....Dez nods back, mouths, “I understand”...)

(Dez turns to leave....)

Caprice; “Dez”

(Dez turns....)

Caprice: “Thank you”

(She nods...)

Dez: “I’ll go make sure they get him some clothes to wear…the ones he came in are ruined….I’m sure someone has some civvies….”

“Marine…”

(They turn,…Gibbs is facing them….)

Gibbs; “Marine uniform….”

(Dez nods…)

Dez: “I’ll make it happen, Gibbs…”

(Dez exits….)

Franco: “Ma’am…I’ll be right outside….”

(Franco exits…closes the door….Caprice turns to Gibbs…)

Caprice; ‘We’re going home, Jethro….”

Gibbs: ‘Home…”

(He says nothing after that…then..)

Gibbs: “Why?”

Caprice: “Why what, honey?”

Gibbs; “Why did they do this….I don’t understand….He’s the Commander in Chief…my boss….(pause)…"Why….?”

Caprice: “I don’t know, baby…maybe he’s just a bad…”

Gibbs: “I tried…I tried all my life to serve my country…Fought…served….everything I’ve done has been for my country…I don’t understand….”

(Caprice takes his hand….her other hand strokes his forehead…)

Caprice: “He’s one man…and a few others…But, Jethro…there’s an army of good ones…people that don’t even know you….and because they knew what happened to you was wrong, they acted….Those people, Jethro….they’re your country too….”

(He stares at her....then..)

Gibbs: “How do I show you...”

Caprice: ”Show me what, baby?”

(He pauses.....)

Gibbs; ”How much I love you. How....I don’t know how...help me with this, Caprice...I need help knowing how....What I do isn’t....(groans....) “...it isn’t enough”

(Her eyes moisten....she gives a small smile...)

Caprice: “I have the same question, Jethro...How do I show you how much I love you?...I worry about that too...”

(He nods....)

Gibbs: “Let’s go home...we’ll figure this out there.....”

(She smiles...squeezes his hand....)

Caprice: “Works for me”

(He grins....)

Gibbs; “Yea....me too...”

(Gibbs looks toward the door...Caprice sees the look)

Caprice: “You mind if he comes back with us?”

Gibbs: “No...why?”

Caprice: ‘They found Sargent Water....he’s dead”

Gibbs: “How?”

Caprice: “Poisoned...white foam coming out of his mouth....they think one of the trustee cooks got something in his food”

(Gibbs looks towards Franco....stares....)

Gibbs: “Yea...he needs to come with us...”

Caprice: “He’s not safe here, is he?”

Gibbs: “No...and neither is anyone else that’s part of some plan to kill me”

(She looks towards the door...Franco opens it, looks in...)

Franco; ‘Everything good ma’am...?”

(She looks at him...smiles...)

Caprice: “Pack your bags, Agent…you’re going home with us”

(Franco grins....)

Franco: “I like the sound of that ma’am....thank you....thank you very much...”

Caprice: “The pleasure is ours, agent…all ours…”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the White House...Bledsoe and Zimmer in the President’s Private Office....Bledsoe walks to his desk, sees the safe, still open, still empty....he kneels down, reaches into the safe, lifts something....then...)

Bledsoe: “IT’S GONE!”

(scene shifts to The D Ranch....Dil and Nell walking with Cynthina and Simon, through the olive trees in back of the house)

Cynthia: “I’m so glad these weren’t hurt…they mean so much....They’re like home”

Dil: “Like Israel? I had forgotten. You’re from there”

Cynthia: “A long long time ago...but I remember bits and pieces…”

(Dil stops....He looks back at the house, then back to them..)

Dil: “Ma’am…do you remember...in your husband’s office…you told me the short version of why you stayed married to him...”

Simon: “Cynthia...you don’t have to....”

Cynthia: “No, Simon...I’m tired of running from it....and this man deserves the truth...”

(She pauses)

Cynthia: “15 years ago, a man attacked me...he raped me...I bought a gun and hunted him....I found him...or rather, he found me...My son, who was 23 at the time, was visiting...he saw someone coming into my house through a window...My son picked up a baseball bat, and hit the man coming in....He knocked him unconscious...I heard the commotion, came downstairs, holding my pistol...I saw the man on the floor...my son turned him over, and when I saw his face, it was him...it was the man that had raped me...”

Dil: “You shot him”

Cynthia: “I didn’t just shoot him, Dilbert..I emptied the clip in him....”

Dil: “How did your husband get involved in this?”

Cynthia: “He wasn’t my husband at the time...we had gone out few times, nothing special....He was a first term Senator...I was a well connected socialite with lots of ties to the Jewish community....I did call him...I suppose I was frantic at this point....He came over...he told me he could fix it....He gave me and my son instructions on how to wrap the body, put it in the trunk of our car, then drive it to a construction site....The address he gave me was one of his companies...they had just poured fresh concrete for the slab...it was 15 feet thick...and still soft...The body sunk quickly, and the concrete just closed over it....The next day, it had dried...no body...”

Dil: ‘The gun....”

Cynthia: “He told me he’d take care of it...he took from me...soon after, we were married...I had never had a man want to help me before...He did....It wasn’t until after we were married that I found out it wasn’t about love, it was about my ability to bring him votes...lots of votes...but things turned bad....abuse, battery, and more....I threatened to leave him...He told me if I did, he’d turn the gun over to authorities, tell them where the body was, and give a story about how my son and I did it all, without him....and they’d believe him, not me...”

(Dil looks at her..then at Simon...finally, he turns to Nell....She nods to him...)

Dil: “Ma’am...so what you’re doing...leaving the White House with me...providing those notebooks....You knew it would end up with him exposing you....”

(She nods....shrugs...)

Dil: “Why?...Just to get back at your husband? I don’t buy it....”

Cynthia: “That man he framed....”

Dil: “Gibbs”

Cynthia: When Bill was elected president, I got a tour of the White House from the previous First Lady...Mel, they call her....She was lovely....and a lovely person...We sat for a private cup of coffee, and she gave me the ins and outs of the place, things they don’t tell you....”

Dil: “Ma’am? Gibbs?”

Cynthia: “I’m getting to it, young man....bear with me....So, at the end of our meeting, she leaned towards me...and she told me about a man...A man that could be trusted, a man that had given his life to his country...A man that could not be bought or swayed...She told me if I ever got in to trouble, to call this man...He’d help me”

Dil: “Gibbs”

(She nods)

Cynthia: “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say she was in love with the man....but...that’s silly me....Anyway, when I found out this man Mel described was being framed....something snapped....I said no more....No matter what it costs me, I’d do something to help him...I was in the office that night taking the notebooks, planning on contacting Agent Gibbs’s friends.....”

Dil: “And I come in....”

Cynthia: ‘Yes...and it provided me a way out of that house....so....Dilbert Bosworth....there it is....the good, the bad, and the ugly”

(Dil stares at her....then....)

Dil: “Ma’am..I’m not judge or jury...but it sounds to me like you’ve paid the price for that night long enough...”

(She looks at him curiously....Dil takes off the backpack he has strapped to one shoulder...)

Dil: “When I checked the safe, and saw it was empty, I checked the bottom...Like most safes, they have false bottoms....I lifted it up....”

(Dil pulls a pistol out of the backpack....Cynthia’s eyes grow large....)

Dil:”I found this....”

Cynthia: “That’s....that’s my gun....”

Dil: ‘Is this the only thing he has over you?”

Cynthia: “Yes...but it’s been enough...”

(He hands the pistol to Simon....)

Dil: “Take care of it....set her free....She deserves it”

(Cynthia is crying now.....She feels a hand on her shoulder....)

Simon: “I’ll take care of it....for real...”

(She turns to him....tears....)

Cynthia: “I don’t need my agent right now.....”

(he pulls her close....)

Simon: “I know...I’m right here.....”

(Nell wipes her eyes....looks up at her husband....)

Nell: “You are such a good man....”

Dil: “Uh honey...I just tampered with evidence to cover a killing...”

Nell: “I know!...Sometimes the rules have to be broken to do the right thing...and you just did....It’s things like that that make me fall in love with you....every day...”

(Dil kisses her....then turns to Cynthia....)

Dil: “Ma’am...remember you said you envy us for the family we have?”

Cynthia: “Yes...I sure do.....”

(Dil nudges Nell...She smiles....)

Nell: “Cynthia, Simon....Welcome to the family!”

Dil: ‘Yea...which means you have to eat my cooking....”

Nell: “Don’t let him fool you....He’s a magician in the kitchen”

Dil: “And you’re going to need your strength...we go live tomorrow...”

Cynthia: “Yes, we do....it should be (pause) “ Interesting....”

Dil: “Yes ma’am....”

Cynthia: “Well....can I assume a stiff drink goes along with that food you’re talking about?...I could use one....It’s not every day a woman gets released from a 10 year prison sentence....”

(She pauses....then hugs Dil...)

Cynthia: “Thank you...I’ll never be able to thank you enough....”

Dil: “It’s us that owe you ma’am....we’re grateful....”

Cynthia: “Simon? Join me in that drink?”

Simon: ”I’ll join you in two, ma’am”

(She smiles)

Cynthia: “Be careful, Simon...you might end up saying things that make me blush...”

Simon: “In that case...make it three drinks”

(She slides her arm through his....they walk through the trees towards the house...)

Nell: “What do you think?”

Dil: “I think he loves her....”

Nell: “Ya....me too....and I think she loves him...”

Dil: “I think I love you....so...let’s go have that drink with them...”

Nell: “Just jalapeno juice for me....I”m pregnant...remember?”

Dil: ‘Yes I do...and getting more beautiful every day because of it....”

(She looks at him seriously)

Nell: ‘How do you think this is going to turn out...?”

(Her phone chirps....she answers...)

Nell: “Hey Caprice...! How is.....”

(she listens....shrieks...starts jumping up and down...)

Nell: “He’s on the plane! He’s coming home! Gibbsy is coming home!...”

(She kisses him, smiling from ear to ear....)

Nell: “I’ve got to tell the others!....”

Dil: “Don’t forget those two...they gave us what we needed to get him out...”

(Nell nods as she turns...She runs into the kitchen, fiercely hugs Cynthia, then Simon....Then she can be heard screaming out “He’s Coming Home!”....)

(scene shifts to NCIS bullpen....the news has been delivered....the team celebrates....then...)

McGee: “We ready with Step 3?”

(Bishop nods....)

McGee: “Hit it”

(Bishop clicky clacks....hits ‘enter’...)

Bishop: “Done...and good job by the way”

Bishop: “Once you showed me their money trail, it was easy for me to predict what which ones hid the income from the IRS...I found the banks...and the money”

McGee: “It’s not hidden now....”

Bishop: “Nope...I just sent an untraceable memo through their own internal messaging system...thanks to your brilliance, Timothy McGee....”

McGee: “Couldn’t have done it without you, Eleanor Torres...”

Torres: “Man...you guys rock....it’s my turn next...right?”

McGee: “Yep...right after the IRS gets those records of the 32 congressman that have hidden large sums of money from the IRS....which, will indeed, trigger at least a 4 year audit on their taxes...”

Torres: “Man...you know...some of them are going to jail over that....”

Bishop: “They deserve it....They hurt Gibbs...”

McGee: “Like I said...I want the eye, the nose, the ears, the arms.....I want scorched earth....”

Torres: “Well...tomorrow should pour some gasoline on that fire....”

(McGee leans back...smiles...)

McGee: “I love this job....”

(scene fades to black and white)

INTERMISSION

THE MOVIE IS STARTING!

Narrator:

Sam Elliot: *“The herd stampeded. The texts and emails sent to powerful people had the same effect gunshots and yelling did to a herd of cattle; they stampeded. Panic set in, and when the herd panics, it makes mistakes. The men and women of NCIS herded them in the direction they wanted. They waited, knowing the*

guilty would do what they all do...return to the scene of the crime...And amigos, return they did..."

(scene opens in NCIS conference room. McGee stands by the large TV screen, pointing out lines of information on the screen...)

McGee: "The moment we sent the texts and emails, we tracked each individual. On the credenza to your right, you will find a signed court order for each one, giving us the legal right to track bank activity, phone activity, and travel activity....Here, ladies and gentlemen, are the results so far...."

(Scene swings away from McGee to the conference table...Robert Carter, FBI Director, sits next to Denise Stratton, FBI Lead Legal Counsel...Next to her, Shane Woods, DC Field Director, IRS, sits...then an IRS accountant...Director Vance stands in the back, flanked by Dawson, Bishop, and Torres...)

Carter: "They went to the money"

(McGee nods....then points...)

McGee: "Of the 32 representatives in Congress that were named in President Bledsoe's notes, 26 either called, visited locally, or sent authorized representatives to the banks we show here...Each one went with the intent to withdraw the money, trade the money for gold, or transfer it to banks located in 3 different countries, all non-extradition areas...."

Woods: "We've checked the logs....not a dime of tax was paid on these transactions...hell, none of them were even declared..."

McGee: "And that, Director Woods, is why we were given the authority to freeze these accounts..."

Woods: "So...you're not looking to press criminal charges against these people?"

(McGee looks back at Vance....Vance steps forward...)

Vance: "Eventually, we will....however, in the interest of cooperation, with the IRS, we are allowing you to contact them first..."

(Woods thinks...then a small smile....)

Woods: 'We're going to attach every dime they have until this is sorted out....and then, we'll take at least half of everything they have...."

Vance: "And you act quickly...do you not?"

Woods: 'Yesterday....if we could...but since we can't...we'll start attaching liens to all assets today...."

(Woods looks down the table...)

Woods: "Ms Stratton?...As FBI Counsel...."

Stratton: "We agree...We will wait on issuing arrest warrants until after you have your shot at them...."

(Woods looks at Stratton...then he stares at McGee...smiles....)

Woods: "You rotten, underhanded, evil, son of a gun....."

(McGee shrugs)

Woods: "You don't want their money....You want us to take their money first...."

(McGee shrugs again...)

Woods: "Then you hit them with the criminal charges....And....."

Vance: "They're broke....they have no assets....They won't have the capital to mount the kind of legal defense that can stall the courts for years..That takes money..."

Woods: "And they won't have any. Not after we're through...."

(Torres leans over to Bishop....whispers...)

"McGee is going for the throat"

(Bishop smiles....nods...)

"He's like a real smart, you know, intellectual John Wick....."

(Bishop stifles a chuckle)

Woods: “Have you found out yet where the money originated from? Your records, the bank records, show 282 million being paid to these government officials....The figure of 4.6 Billion...in red...that’s money that went elsewhere....Where did it go?”

(McGee looks at Denise Stratton, FBI counsel....)

Stratton: “It’s not the IRS’s concern, Mr. Woods....But it’s very much ours”

(Woods looks at her curiously....)

Stratton: “Mr. Woods...that is tax money that is being funneled to terrorist organizations....you’ve already taxed it....We are more concerned with the two men that have sent that money”

Woods: “Are you at liberty to disclose who those men are?”

McGee: “Mr. Woods...in about 2 hours, the entire world will know who those men are....plus a few people at the FBI, NSA, and CIA will be held to blame as well....”

Woods: “2 hours?”

McGee; “Yes sir....and if you wish....you are all welcome to watch the event here in our conference room...I have to be there to help with some technical areas, so.....”

(scene shifts to Quantico Convention Center...huge auditorium....audience area filling up fast, news cameras already in position, test runs and network panelists talking about the upcoming interview with the two stars of the ready to be released movie, “The Few and the Proud”, starring Tommy Guidry and Sam Elliot....The different network entertainment reporters all heard talking, words like “Oscar”, “Golden Globe”, “Movie of the Year” can be heard...)

(scene shifts to behind the stage, Sam Elliot, Katharine Ross, Tommy Guidry and Samantha seen grouped together....McGee seen walking up....)

Guidry: “Tim....thank god....I was afraid you’d get delayed...”

McGee: “And miss being part of this?...Are you serious?”

Elliot: ‘How did it go with the bigwigs?”

McGee: ‘I would say they’re anxious....Everybody agreed to the terms....they’ll hold off until you two finish”

(Elliot looks out the door towards the back of the auditorium)

Elliot: “ZNN’s here...I see three other network cameras...This is an entertainment gig....I didn’t count on network seeing it till after we dropped the grenade...”

McGee: “Director Vance handled that part...He’s a good director...an even better man at handling the media”

Elliot: “I thought you guys wanted to stay out of the spotlight...”

McGee: “We do...Director Vance makes deals with networks...keep us off the front pages, and he’ll hand them events that they couldn’t have access to without him...”

(Elliot stares at McGee...)

Elliot: “Hollywood’s a dirty business..Politics is dirtier”

McGee: ‘Which is why we’re here, Mr. Elliot....we are going to show them just how dirty....”

Elliot: “You know, boy, they’ll come after us”

(McGee looks at Elliot...small grin)

McGee: ‘That’s the best part, Sam....”

Elliot: “First time you’ve called me Sam”

McGee: “Well..if they’re coming after us, we’ll be fighting them together...Might as well be on a first name basis....”

(Elliot chuckles)

Elliot: “You’da made a good cowboy, Tim....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at GITMO, Gibbs's hospital room...Caprice helping Gibbs into Marine fatigues, Franco standing at the door, Dez standing by Franco...)

Caprice: "Okay...you're set....how do you feel?"

Gibbs: "Like hell"

Caprice: "I'll have you home soon, Jethro....I'll take such good care of you..."

(Gibbs looks down at his fatigue shirt...then at his shoulders....)

Caprice: "The Captain had that done...."

(He sees the name GIBBS on his name badge....his shoulders show the emblem of Gunnery Sargent...)

Gibbs: "Thought that was all in the past..."

Caprice: "Not today, Gunny...."

(An orderly comes in to the room, pushing an empty wheelchair...)

Orderly: "Sir...the plane is ready....I'll be glad to roll you out..."

(Gibbs looks at the wheelchair...then at Caprice.....Caprice turns to the orderly..)

Caprice: "He'll walk, soldier...but thank you"

Orderly: 'Are you sure ma'am...?..His legs...they're badly hurt...."

Caprice: "He's a Marine...as long as he's breathing, he'll walk..."

(Dez exchanges glances with Caprice....Dez walks to Gibbs's side...Caprice on the other...they both put one of his arms around their waists...)

Dez: "Mind if two of your girls walk with you?"

(Gibbs stands...his face pales at the pain....he looks down at Dez....nods....)

Gibbs: "Yea...I'd like that"

(scene shifts to Quantico airport runway. Hundreds of Marines and Sailors gathered on the concrete, waiting for this moment.....A jeep stops about 50 feet from the staircase of a government private jet...Caprice and Dez exit the

back of the jeep, move quickly to Gibbs, helping him out of the front passenger seat....the driver, Captain Roberts, shakes Gibbs's hand....)

Captain: "Good luck Marine....you're due for some"

(Gibbs shakes his hand...)

Gibbs: "Thank you, Captain...You helped my wife....helped me...I won't forget it..."

(Gibbs looks up at the top of the staircase leading to the jet door....Agent Franco stands....)

Caprice: "He went ahead to clear the plane…just a precaution...Caprice..you got him?"

Caprice.."Yes..please..make sure the bed is ready....I can tell his legs won't hold out much longer"

(Dez walks to the stairs, then trots up...Caprice leans Gibbs against her.....Then a shout from Captain Roberts....)

"MARINES! SAILORS!....WE HAVE WARRIORS PASSING!....HONOR THEM!"

(Over 100 men and women in uniform stop their tasks, turn to Gibbs and Caprice. They snap to attention, then crisply salute...Their hands, rigid against their temples, all facing the three....Gibbs's face is shown....affected by the tribute....)

Caprice: 'They're honoring you, Jethro...."

(He looks...He can see their eyes focused on her)

Gibbs: "No...they're honoring you, Caprice....For what you did"

(Gibbs begins to walk, painful step by step....the words of some soldiers can be heard as they pass....

"An honor, ma'am..."..."An honor Gunny..."..."We love you Ensign Gibbs...your husband too"..."Good luck, ma'am..."

(They reach the bottom of the stairway....Franco looks down at Gibbs....then at Caprice...she nods...mouths, “please”...Franco trots down the stairs...draws along side Gibbs..)

Franco: “It would be an honor to escort you up, Agent...”

Gibbs: (weakly) “Yea...me too...”

(Gibbs falters...Falco catches him....Falco pulls his hand away from Gibbs’s side, shows Caprice...blood is on his hand...Caprice blinks her tears away, nods...)

Caprice: “Let’s get him up these stairs....I’ll take care of him once this stubborn man is laying down....”

Gibbs: “Had to.....had to walk....Can’t let them....can’t let them see they won.....”

(Gibbs begins to collapse...Caprice and Falco both hold him up, lifting his torso, allowing him to place one foot at a time on the next step up....)

(scene shifts to inside the plane....Falco and Caprice help Gibbs towards the back of the plane...through the open doorway, they can see a hospital bed waiting...fluids on IV stands, monitors ready....)

Caprice: “We’ve got to get him home...He needs a doctor, Donnie....”

(A familiar voice calls out from the back room....)

“Indeed he does...Will I do?”

(Caprice looks in shock...Cal steps out of the room, facing them....)

Caprice: “But you’re in Italy!....”

Cal; “So it would seem...but now I am here...”

(She leans Gibbs against Franco, then runs to Cal...embraces him....)

Caprice: “Thank you, Cal...thank you.....I didn’t know you knew....”

Cal: “My wife...She cares for this man that is like a father to her. She summoned me....So...I am here”

(Caprice looks over at Dez...Dez shrugs..)

Dez: “I don’t know how he got here so fast!....I don’t ask anymore!”

(Gibbs sees Cal....cocks his head to one side...)

Gibbs: “Doc?...How the hell are you.....”

(Gibbs’s eyes flutter....then falls into Franco’s arms....unconciouse....)

(Caprice, fear on face....runs to Gibbs...helps Franco lift him...she looks at Cal...)

Caprice: “He insisted on walking....the stubborn fool wouldn’t take the wheelchair...”

Cal: “Caprice...He is a man”

Caprice; ‘Well sometimes men can be so stubborn!”

Cal: “Yes...and a man such as Jethro can be beyond frustrating....It is the price a woman pays for loving a man that is above all men...”

(They help get Gibbs onto the bed...he comes to, moaning....)

Cal: “Nurse...start the Morphine drip please....”

(Caprice pushes the buttons on the drip machine...the roar of the jet engines as the plane takes off can be heard...Cal turns to her...)

Cal: “And you are a woman above all other women, Caprice...I am here to tend to your husband...Sit...rest...you will still have work to do...you will still face challenges...and your husband will still need you....So...sit...”

(Caprice stares at him....)

Caprice: “Then I’ll be there for him. I don’t care what it takes”

(Cal nods to her...)

Cal: “The men and women that were seeing you off?”

Caprice; “On the runway....”

(He nods)

Cal: “Make no mistake about it, dear woman...they were honoring you....”

(Cal pauses....)

Cal: “The wife that manipulated the flight crew of a military airplane, not knowing if her husband was there or not, flying to Cuba...announcing your intent to the commanding officer, him obeying? And then you rush towards a mob, full of hatred for you...and you fearlessly confront them, getting your husband to safety...They honor you because you taught them something these last few days”

(She stares...)

Caprice: “Taught them what?”

(Cal’s eyebrows raise...)

Cal: “How to be a wife, good woman....how to be a wife that walks through fire for her husband”

(Cal turns, walks back to the rear of the plane...Caprice left standing shock on her face....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Quantico Convention Center. The crowd waits, cameras wait...then a young man walks out on the stage to the podium...The crowd begins to clap.....Tommy Guidry pauses....waves a hand of thanks...then approaches the microphone....)

Guidry: “Thank you...all of you...(pause) “You are here to kick off the publicity tour for our movie, “The Few and the Brave”....Those of you that have seen the pre-release version have given us an encouragement that few people in our industry receive....”

(scene shifts to backstage...Katharine leans over to Samantha...)

Katharine: “Your boy’s a natural”

Samantha: “I know! I’d be scared to death!”

Katharine: “Want to know who’s scared to death?...”

(She nods behind them....Sam Elliot sits, head bowed...tapping his feet nervously)

Samantha: “Mr. Elliot? No way!”

Katharine: “He’s nervous as a cat, Sam...He told me he’s finally facing the real deal...he’s having to be the hero, not play the hero...and he knows it may cost him...”

Samantha; “But...does he want to not do it?...I mean...Tommy would understand...”

Katharine: “Oh no, girl...you couldn’t stop him if you tried....He’s nervous about doing Mr. Gibbs right...He wants to do everything he can to get that man’s name cleared and hold those people accountable for what they’ve done...You see dear, Sam...my husband...he hates unfairness. He hates liars even more. He’s been offered many roles where he played the bad guy...just won’t do it...Won’t even fake it...Says it just doesn’t sit with him...whatever that means”

(She looks back at her husband...)

Katharine: “I married a good man, Samantha...I treasure that. I hope and pray you see that in Tommy. Help him stay that good man...Because honey, a man that loves his wife...He listens to her. He knows she sees things he doesn’t see himself...”

(Samantha looks at Katharine, awe on her face...Katharine looks at Sam, smiles...)

Katharine: “Just keep being you, honey....You’re doing fine”

(scene shifts to Guidry....)

Guidry: “Sam and I....along with Ron, the Executive Producer of “The Few and the Proud”, need to let you folks in on a secret....”

(He pauses)

Guidry: “This film is dedicated to a Marine...A Marine that inspired us, helped train us, and gave the film a good amount of expert advice....That Marine is NCIS Assistant Director Leroy Jethro Gibbs....”

(pause)

Guidry: “Director Gibbs is known by some of you...you know him as a difficult man, a stubborn man, and at times, righteous in ways that can embarrass a lesser man...You also know this man has served his country in ways that no other man or woman has...Countless times he’s risked his life to save others, faced the leaders of enemy nations and forced them to reconsider their potential actions against our country.....He is fiercely loyal to his friends, and his friends are just as fiercely loyal to him....They call themselves family. I am privileged to be one of those friends....)

(He looks out over the audience...)

Guidry: “Recently, this man came across a plot to funnel funds to terrorists....It was decided that Agent Gibbs had to be discredited, falsely accused of treason, and eventually killed....This is what they did to Agent Gibbs 4 days ago....”

(McGee presses a key...behind Guidry, a giant screen lights up....it shows Ben Al-Sadiq hugging Gibbs, then passing an envelope to him...The images shifts to two FBI agents pressing Gibbs’s face to the table, pulling the envelope out of his pocket, then showing the money inside)

Guidry: “This video was presented as evidence to accuse Agent Gibbs of treason...The man handing him the money is a known affiliate of terrorists…”

(Guidry nods to McGee...McGee presses another key....)

Guidry: “Now...this is what actually happened...”

(another video...the same action, the envelope passed to Gibbs....)

Guidry: “An alert FBI agent....Agent Tanya Carol, suspected something was wrong...She alerted her superior, Field Director Stella Garvey, and between the two, they ordered a surveillance team to follow and film the two agents that arrested Agent Gibbs....They did...this is the video from the same diner...and it shows the truth...”

(Video runs...the brawl in the diner is shown, then two men fighting, then one man clearly exchanges the envelope...)

Guidry: “Agent Gibbs was framed....and arrested for treason...8 hours later, without due process, without his rights recognized, was thrown into Guantanamo prison, GITMO...Here are the intake images of Agent Gibbs as he was entering GITMO...”

(The images of Gibbs being carried into the room...then sitting in the chair...the blood, the swollen eye, the scars still bleeding, the swollen lips....The audience gasps....)

Guidry: “In the last two days, attempts were made on Agent Gibbs’s life....this is a video of that attempt....”

(Security video of Gibbs being thrown into the rec yard shown....then the attack on Gibbs, then Gibbs fighting for his life....The crowd is both equally amazed and equally disturbed as they can see the metal rod being used to stab him...)

Guidry: “You will now see two people come to his aid...The woman is Caprice Gibbs...the wife of our friend...She is a celebrated and highly respected nurse, a recipient of the Florence Nightingale Award...When Mrs Gibbs heard her husband had been kidnapped and accused, she moved heaven and earth to be with him, forcing her way onto a C-130 cargo plane heading for Guantanamo, then using her influence and determination, made her way to her husband....The other man in the video will go unnamed ...his face has been blurred...but it is sufficient to say this man is a hero, willing to sacrifice himself so that Mrs Gibbs can get her husband to safety...Watch....”

(The video starts again...The audience watches, transfixed, as the scene at the Rec yard unfolds....)

(scene switches to the White House....Zimmer runs into the Oval Office.....)

Zimmer: “BILL!....WE’RE F&%$@#!”

(Zimmer turns on the TV in the room....as the image of Tommy Guidry comes up, so does the video)

Bledsoe: “What the hell?”

(scene shifts back to Guidry....)

Guidry: “After that dramatic rescue, Agent Gibbs’s was taken to a prison hospital room....There are two attorney’s that flew to Gitmo to help obtain the release of Agent Gibbs...Even though the video, presented by the FBI, showed his innocence, the White House legal counsel worked hard to delay and discredit the video and Mr. Gibbs....”

(He sees eyebrows raise....)

Guidry: “I can see you heard me....yes...The White House...so...now you would like to know how they are involved?”

(Over two thousand people in the room nod their heads....)

(scene shift to living rooms, offices, fitness centers...people over American watching...all nod their heads...)

Guidry: “For this part, I'm going to ask my co-star and good friend to take it over...He has played an integral part in this....”

(Guidry turns to off stage....Elliot takes a deep breath, then walks to the podium....He looks over the crowd....)

(scene shifts to Katharine...)

Katharine: “Come on baby…you were born for this moment....”

(scene shifts to Elliot...He begins to speak, the deep baritone voice resounds throughout the auditorium, commanding attention and respect)

Elliot: “I have played the good guy my entire career...I have fought against and stood against evil in every role I’ve played…Now...over the last week, I’ve been introduced to an evil beyond any I’ve seen in the movies, TV, or real life...I was asked by my good friend, Tommy Guidry and his fiancé, Samantha, if I would help Mr. Gibbs...My wife, my best friend, Katharine....She gave me the courage to do this....”

(He turns to face Katharine, off stage...)

Elliot: “Love you, baby”

(He turns back to the audience)

Elliot: “I have sat with FBI agents, the Secretary of State, and the fine men and women of NCIS…After seeing the proof, and seeing these people so loyal to Agent Gibbs.....”

(He pauses...takes a breath...)

Elliot: “The man behind this false accusation of Agent Gibbs...the man that has illegaly funneled over 3 billion dollars to terrorists, all for the purpose of his re-election, the man that has plotted, paid for, and planned out the assassination of his wife....is...”

(pause...then)

Elliot: “William Bledsoe...The President of this United States”

(The crowd is shocked into silence...then....the crowd bursts into chaos..Elliot stands, watching....waiting....He begins to speak again, as his voice carries, the crowd immediately hushes...)

Elliot: “Now...I have just accused the President of the United States of some powerful crimes...And if the FBI knows, and NCIS knows...Why am I, why did Tommy, use this moment to tell you?”

(Elliot’s face darkens….the crowd quiets, intensely focused on the next words...)

Elliot: “Because if we didn’t, it would get swept under the rug, hidden, covered up, just like so many crimes have been before....The good name of Leroy Jethro Gibbs cannot be cleared completely until the entire truth is known....(pause) “And...those guilty men and women held accountable by the law, and especially by you, the American people...”

(He looks offstage....then back...)

Elliot: “Recently, you mourned and grieved the death of the First Lady, Cynthia Bledsoe...Mrs Bledsoe was aware of these actions by her husband. She found evidence of her husband’s plot to kill her...Mrs Bledsoe, at great risk to herself,

was in the process of informing NCIS about the plot against Agent Gibbs, and the money being sent to terrorists....She was threatened, punished, and terrorized into silence by her husband...Through efforts I am not permitted to describe, Mrs Bledsoe was taken from the White House, her loyal Secret Service agent with her, and taken to a safe place....."

(The audience has held their breath....)

Elliot: "Mrs Bledsoe did not drown....your First Lady did not die....this was done to protect her....and to allow her to speak with NCIS and the FBI...."

(He turns to the side....nods....)

Elliot: "Come on out, pretty lady...."

(She steps out from behind a curtain....the gasp of 2000 people can be heard...Then....The crowd erupts into chaos as Mrs Cynthia Bledsoe, very much alive, walks to the podium....The cheering and screaming dies as she begins to speak...)

Cynthia: 'It would seem the rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated...."

(she pauses)

Cynthia: "I am ashamed to say, what Mr. Guidry and Mr. Elliot have stated, are true...We are about to present you with the names of the people involved...Arrest warrants are being served now...as you and I talk...Samuel Zimmer, Chief of Staff...Margaret Childs, NSA, Agent El Ahid Fariq, FBI, Congressman ....."

(She continues listing names...The news people are scrambling, calling, texting, yelling into phones....The audience sits, stunned, watching a woman they thought dead, expose her husband, the President of the United States of America, as a traitor and murderer)

(scene shifts to Oval Office....The President has grabbed the sidearm of a Secret Service Agent and has unloaded it into the image of his wife on the TV....He screams a list of profanities at the shattered screen....Zimmer points at POTUS, and screams)

Zimmer: “I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU I DIDN”T THINK SHE WAS DEAD!”

(The President, in a rage, turns the gun towards Zimmer and pulls the trigger...it clicks on empty as Zimmer runs, stumbles, then crawls, screaming, out of the Oval office door...The two Secret Service Agents watch him crawl out....as he passes the door threshold, one of the agents kicks him in the rear, sending the man tumbling into the hallway...The agent, without a change in expression, resumes his post against the wall)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens to the jet carrying Gibbs....Gibbs sitting up in the bed, looking out a small window...Caprice, sitting next to him, hold his hand....)

Caprice: “Baby....how are you feeling?”

(Gibbs turns to her...)

Gibbs: “I want to go home”

Caprice: “Jethro, you need to spend some time in the hospital. Your wounds....”

(He squeezes her hand...)

Gibbs: “Please...I need to be where I feel...safe. Around you, Danny, Daisy....”

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

Caprice: “Jethro, what’s wrong...you’re not demanding...yelling....this is about the time you throw a fit and refuse to go to the hospital...”

Gibbs: “Home...please, Caprice”

(He shakes his head...She looks over at Cal...)

Cal: “Caprice...a word please?”

(Cal and Caprice step outside the small area...)

Caprice; “Cal...what’s wrong with him?”

Cal: ‘Jethro is a man of great integrity...a man that values order, the rules, the words of his superiors...His body will heal. He has an amazing tolerance for

pain, and his metabolism is as such that he heals physically, at a much higher rate than others....but...."

Caprice: "He was betrayed by his Commander In Chief....He told me...."

Cal: 'For you...your President is just another man, and as you are aware, men are fallible...But to him....(pause) "When your husband became a Marine, he swore an oath, one that stated he would obey the orders of the Commander In Chief...Your husband took that oath as his own truth...And the man that he swore to obey has been the moving force behind ruining his life, killing him, betraying him....This is not something your husband takes lightly....It has....In some small way, it has broken something inside him...."

(Caprice listens....then nods...)

Caprice: "So...is Jethro going to have a problem trusting?....I mean, I'm his wife...and I would never..."

(Cal takes her hand...)

Cal: "Dear woman....there is something inside him that is greater than this betrayal, greater than his oath...."

(he pauses)

Cal: "His trust in you...in his friends, this family...That is his anchor...Just love him, Caprice. Be what you are to him, his wife that he knows will cross an ocean to find him..."

Caprice: "I can do that....I can do that without trying..."

Cal: "As you have shown.."

Caprice; "What about the hospital.....can you..."

(Cal shakes his head....)

Cal: "I will be by your house at least twice a day. I will tend to him, treat him, sit with him..He needs his home...He has gone through a traumatic experience few men or women could survice....His home is what he trusts...his family, you, Daniel, Daisy....you are the healing hands he needs"

(scene shifts to Gibbs's bedside....)

Caprice: "Let's go home, honey...."

(He turns to her...studies her face....)

Caprice: "Honey...?"

Gibbs: "I'm just looking at you"

Caprice: "Oh god, Jethro, I must look a mess....I haven't showered in 3 days, my hair is...."

Gibbs: "You're beautiful"

Caprice: "No...but you're prejudiced...thank you...."

Gibbs: "McGee...the team...they know I'm coming home?"

(Caprice scrunches her mouth.....)

Caprice: "They've been....uh....kinda busy...."

Gibbs; "A case?"

Caprice: "Well....yes...kinda..."

Gibbs: 'What are you talking about?"

(She pulls out her cell...)

Caprice: "We're close to landing, so I think I have a signal..."

(she pulls up internet)

Caprice: "Your boys and girls, Jethro....they kinda took what happened to you pretty personal...."

(Gibbs stares....)

Caprice; "Real personal..."

(She holds up the phone...cover page to ZNN.COM shown...the headlines read...)

"FLOTUS ALIVE!

POTUS ACCUSED OF TREASON!

ACTORS GO TO BAT FOR GIBBS!

THE NATION CALLING FOR IMPEACHMENT

18 CONGRESSMEN ARRESTED! MORE TO COME, SAYS NCIS!

#FREEGIBBS GOES VIRAL

(Gibbs stares at the headlines....scrolls through them....looks up at Caprice...)

Caprice: “Like I said..McGee...the team...they’ve been busy”

(He says nothing...looks back at the phone....then back at Caprice...)

Gibbs; “Ya think?”

(scene fades to black and white)

NARRATOR

Sam Elliot: “It started with Arrest Warrants issued by the IRS, and signed off by Destiny Nuntio, Attorney, Department of Justice. The arrests were quick, effective, and ugly. Elected officials aren’t used to bein’ held accountable, but they learned pretty quick it could happen.

The people went loco....there were some that stood by the President, but they were drowned out by those that wanted justice. Mobs gathered outside the White House, calling for President Bledsoe to be arrested. After bank accounts were frozen, the rest of the people responsible were arrested by the FBI...All except one.....”

(scene opens at the White House....Sam Zimmer sitting in front of the President’s desk...the President watches the latest news report, images of the crowds outside shown)

Bledsoe: “They’ll die down....they always do”

Zimmer: “Bill...you’ve got bigger problems than that crowd to worry about”

Bledsoe: “And you don’t?”

Zimmer: “Bill...I’m a nobody...the Chief of Staff...the only people that can implicate me are.....”

(The door to the Oval Office opens....POTUS looks up....)

Bledsoe: “What the hell is this!”

(FBI Director Robert Carter, NCIS Director Leon Vance, both enter the room...)

Bledsoe: “WHAT DO YOU WANT?”

Vance: “Special Agent McGee?...”

(McGee walks into the room, handcuffs in hand.....)

McGee: “Samuel Zimmer, you’re under arrest for the crime of treason, bribery, holding an American citizen against her will, tax evasion, abuse of government property, and more....”

(Zimmer pales....he stands....)

Zimmer: “No...no....you can’t.....no....”

McGee: “Sadiq talked, Mr. Zimmer....boy did he talk....”

(McGee twirls Zimmer around, pulls an arm behind his back...Zimmer panics, turns, takes a swing at Mcgee....McGee places a hand against the back of Zimmer’s head, then smashes it down face first on the desk....Zimmer screams, starts crying....McGee looks up at the shocked POTUS....)

McGee: “I’ll be coming for you too....soon....”

(POTUS stares at McGee in disbelief)

McGee: ‘You went after the wrong person....I swear to you....I’ll be back”

(McGee turns back to Zimmer)

McGee; ‘You have the right to remain silent...you have the right....”

(scene shifts to TV screens all over the country)

TV: “This is a special bulletin from the ZNN newsroom...The House, in an unprecedent event, has voted to impeach President Bledsoe. The Senate Majority Leader pledges to affirm the impeachment by end of day tomorrow”

ZNN Anchor: “The question everyone is asking...Can the President be charged with a crime he committed during his term, after he is no longer president? The short answer is ‘Yes’...The long answer is “yes”

2 Days Later

(scene opens to ZNN headline)

President Impeached! Senate votes for Impeachment

(scene shifts to inside the White House, the Oval Office....William Bledsoe, impeached president, gathers and boxes personal items under the watchful eye of the Secret Service....)

Bledsoe: “This is ludicrous!...I have the right to appeal!...”

“You do not...You do, however, have the right to remain silent....you have the right to an attorney....”

(Bledsoe looks up at the voice....Special Agent Timothy McGee stands, handcuffs in hand....a small smile)

McGee: “I told you’d I’d be back”

(scene fades to black and white)

AND NOW, THE CONCLUSION TO

“He Was Betrayed”

STARTING NOW!

NARRATOR:

Sam Elliot: “It looked like a happy ending, and around some campfires, it was told that way. Around other fires, in the dark, men and women that had been through that fire knew there was a price to pay. No man walks through hell

without bringing some of that hell back with him...And it was no different now.

His wife spent every moment by his side, watching and waiting, knowing her husband, knowing the fears he had hidden for 30 years were going to show themselves. And at night, they did

(scene opens in the Gordon House, night time, Gibbs seen sleeping in their bed, Caprice sits in a rocking chair by the bed, reading a book, her eyes moving regularly from the book to her husband...She spoke in whispers as he slept..)

Caprice: (whisper) “It’s okay, Jethro...you’re safe, honey...”

(image shows Gibbs’s closed eyes, the movement under them growing faster, more obvious)

Caprice: “Sleep baby....”

Gibbs: ‘No...no...no.....”

(She gets up from her chair, sits on the bed beside him, begins stroking his hair)

Caprice: “It’s okay...it’s just a nightmare....”

(In his sleep, Gibbs talks....his voice weak, pleading...)

Gibbs: “Why?....I don’t understand...why?...”

(She continues to gently stroke his hair, whispering)

Caprice: “Hush baby...it’s okay...it’s just a dream...”

(His voice grows louder, more desperate....)

Gibbs; “Caprice!...Where are you!...I can’t find you!...Where are you?...”

(She moves her body onto the bed, laying next to his back, one arm over his chest...)

Caprice: “I’m right here....I’m here, Jethro....”

(He tenses in his sleep....)

Gibbs: “Go away…go…they’ll hurt you…..no Caprice…don’t come….they’ll hurt you…they hurt everyone….they have knives, needles, swords….they’ll kill you…A BOMB!…Go…go away…”

Caprice: “No Jethro….I won’t…I’m here…..”

(His voice raised in volume)

Gibbs: “NO!…NO!….DON”T COME!….CAPRICE!…..”

(She moved closer to him…)

Caprice: “I’m not here…it’s okay…I didn’t come…I’m safe, Jethro….I’m safe….”

(His body visibly relaxes…his breathing becomes more normal…..then it tenses again…)

Gibbs: “Where are you?….I can’t find you….Caprice….I need you….where are you…”

(She moves back closer to him, the arm wrapped over his chest moving to his face, gently stroking his forehead…)

Caprice: “I’m here…I’m with you…..”

(In his sleep, he nods his head…..his body relaxes again….then it began a slight shake of the shoulders….)

Caprice: “I’m here…I’m right here….”

(In his sleep, he weeps..the tears running down his cheeks onto her arm…)

Caprice: “Get it out, baby….give it to me….I’m here….I’ll always be here….”

Narrator

Sam Elliot: “For three days and nights, he slept, dreamed, woke to the pain in his body. For three days and nights, Caprice sat by his side, only leaving for short moments to fix him something to eat, something to drink….Twice a day, as promised, their friend came by to check on him”

(scene opens in the bedroom, Caprice sending a text….)

“Door’s open…come on in. We’re upstairs”

(Scene shifts to Cal walking in, seeing Gibbs asleep on the bed...Caprice gets up from her chair, hugs Cal)

Cal: “Any change in the dreams?”

(she shakes her head)

Caprice: “No...he still dreams...”

(Cal sits on the edge of the bed, feeling Gibbs’s pulse, opening the swollen eyelid with his gloved fingers, shining the bright optic penlight into the eye....)

Cal: “The dilation is good....I do not believe any damage was done...And the swelling is down. He will begin using the eye again soon’

Caprice: “His dreams, Cal...they are horrible....last night, he began screaming for me not to get in the car....he kept saying to not get in the car....then he screams at the top of his lungs....it’s horrible Cal....”

(Cal looks at Gibbs...then...)

Cal: “His memories and his present fears have merged....”

Caprice: “I don’t understand....”

Cal; “His wife and child....before....”

Caprice: “Shannon and Kelly....”

(Cal nods)

Cal: “He is seeing you die as his family died before....To him, in those dreams, you, them, the outcome, they are one...they are happening to all of you...”

(Caprice’s face scrunches....her eyes form tears....)

Caprice: “God Cal...how frightening for him....that is...it’s beyond terrible...”

Cal: “He has reached Stage 4....”

Caprice: “Slow wave sleep?”

Cal: “Yes...it is both the most healing of sleeps, but also the one that frees the demons we keep imprisoned...”

Caprice: “Is there something I can do….anything....?”

(He nods...)

Cal: “As I spoke before...be what you are, Caprice...love him....forgive him if he speaks from a time long ago...know that you and his family before now hold equal parts in his heart...”

(She looks at Cal, then at Gibbs)

Caprice: “Cal...you can do something...can’t you....? I don’t know what, or how, but you can....you can help him...”

(Cal looks up from Gibbs to Caprice, seeing the pleading look on her face...He takes her hand...)

Cal: ‘Assuming I could...and yes, no, I can, I cannot, it would take those memories and bury them again....and then, you would wait...”

Caprice: “For this to happen again...”

(He nods)

Cal: “Possibly worse....possibly much worse....”

(She says nothing...looks at Gibbs....)

Caprice: “Then he’ll get through this now....once and for all....”

(Cal takes the hand he’s holding, places her hand on Gibbs’s face...)

Cal: “No, sweet wife...you will both get through this...It is as it should be...and you are the woman given to him for this moment....”

(She nervously chuckles...)

Caprice: “God, Cal...you make it sound like I’m some angel sent to take care of him....And I’m no angel....”

(Cal looks at her, a small smile....)

Cal: “So sayeth the angel that knows not the wings on her back”

(Cal gets up, Caprice looking at him in disbelief...)

Cal: “It is an honor to be by your side, Caprice”

(She still stares at him.....He stands, looks at Gibbs...)

Cal: “His body is recovering well....there will be a time his mind and heart heal also”

Caprice: “When will I know that?”

Cal: “He is inward now.....as it should be. When he leaves that and shows you different, you will know”

(She frowns)

Caprice: “Cal...you know I love you...that I’m so grateful for you...right?”

(He smiles...)

Cal: “But?”

Caprice: “But you can be so frustrating sometimes! That made no sense at all!”

(Cal laughs out loud, surprising Caprice....)

Cal: “My Destiny speaks of that often...It is then I know I am successful”

Caprice: “At what? Driving us nuts?”

Cal: ‘No...in urging you to see what is in front of you....and hoping you find it”

(Her eyes narrow.....)

Caprice: “Butthead....”

(Cal laughs again...)

Cal: “Indeed....yes...Indeed....”

Caprice: “Well indeed yourself outa here before I pull Justin out and shoot that halo off your head...(pause) “By the way....how is it out there? They still there?”

(Cal walks to the bedroom window...pulls the curtains aside, looks down at the yard...the image shows dozens of reporters, media, cameras....others have gathered in the street, holding signs that say...)

#FREEGIBBS

WE LOVE YOU CAPRICE!

Cal: “They still gather....”

Caprice: “Will you be okay getting to your car?”

Cal: “Oh yes...our four legged family member is quite the effective guard and escort...”

(scene shifts to outside the house, front yard....Daisy trots back and forth, forming a boundary between the paparazzi and the house....As one reporter begins to sneak closer, Daisy is seen running to the man, barking, snarling.....The reporter scrambles back to the safe area....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in FBI REACT ROOM, empty, except for McGee, Torres, Garvey and Agent Carol...Torres stands in front of a big screen mounted on the wall, McGee, Garvey and Carol sitting at workstations, facing him)

McGee: “Torres...take them through what you showed me...”

(McGee looks at the two FBI agents....)

McGee: “Maybe the link to the VP is where he says it is...”

Garvey: “Tim...we’ve been down that road...we’ve checked banks, credit, phones, emails, everything...He’s clean...stupid...but clean....”

Carol: “And about to become the next President....”

Torres: “Maybe....maybe not so maybe....”

McGee: “Torres...show them....”

(McGee clicky clacks...on the screen, an overhead view of a small neighborhood shown...)

Torres: ‘Houses...nice neighborhood....”

Garvey: “Okay...so?”

Torres: “The VP grew up poor...his parents Irish....”

Garvey: “We know that...it’s a great sob story”

Torres: “What do the Irish say makes a man?”

Carol: “Character? Strength?”

Torres: “That’s anybody….The Irish….if you grew up poor, and in your own mind, you wanted to tell yourself you were a success….what would an Irishman do?”

(Silence….then….)

Carol: “Land!”

(Torres smiles….)

Carol: “In old Ireland, the have and have nots were separated by who owned land and who didn’t!”

Torres: “Bueno!…Bishop found a list of companies the VP owned before politics….”

Garvey: “And sold once he was appointed VP….”

Torres: “So they say…..”

Garvey: “He didn’t sell them?”

Torres: “Oh he sold them alright….To himself”

Carol: “No way….”

Torres: “Look at the properties I’m circling…”

(Torres takes a stylus, begins circling numerous houses….)

Torres; “There are maybe 100 homes in this area….Lucky Charms, LLC owns almost half of them”

Garvey: “Lucky Charms?”

(Torres looks back…)

Torres: “Yea..you know….magically delicious, everyone wants it…Lucky Charms…”

Garvey: “How is Leprechaun real estate tied to the VP?”

(Torres nods to McGee...McGee clicky clacks...red triangles flash on the homes owned by the corporation)

Torres: “The VP still owns these properties....the income goes to 3 other companies, all owned by him...Now...The internet service that has the contract for that area has every home....Except the ones owned by Lucky...(pause) “McGee...explain”

McGee: “Torres drove out there to check on these homes....he noticed satellite dishes on each one of the homes in question”

Torres; ‘Yea...and the internet service out there is cable...buried....”

Garvey: “So the satellite dishes....”

McGee: “Torres told me about them....I asked him for pictures....he sent them...”

(an image comes up on the screen...a flat, hexagonal plate...the word KYMETA imprinted on the dish)

Garvey: “KYMETA...those are military....”

Torres: “Bueno!...Mounted on badass hummers and tanks...”

McGee: “So, ww began capturing the signals....but instead of all incoming, as a home dish would receive, the majority of the signals were being transmitted...”

Carol: “Transmitted where?”

(McGee smiles...)

McGee: “To each other”

Torres: “Muy big time way to confuse someone like McGee over there....”

McGee: “But McGee over here was pissed off....”

Garvey: “They were gathering information and sending it to one dish....Same as our intel dishes....We send info from one dish so we can control the security...”

McGee: “Yea...same as Lucky Charms....”

Torres; “So, after McGee finished burning up his keyboard, he found the one dish...It was sending signals to a real satellite....”

Garvey: “Who’s?”

McGee: “Arabsat-1A...Saudi owned”

Garvey: “Huh?”

McGee: “We enlisted the best there is at helping on this....”

Garvey: “Let me guess...Director Fielding and Nell...They captured the signals for you.”

McGee: “Like I said...the best there is...”

Torres: “Oh yea...those two are like bounty hunters...only in space....muy badass women....”

McGee: “Nell started relaying signals to the Arabsat-1A satellite....it automatically relayed them to a site on the ground....”

(he clicky clacks...a 3 story stucco building shows up....)

McGee: “An apartment building outside of Syria....”

(Garvey looks..stands up....)

Garvey: “Same dish on top....”

(McGee clicky clacks....4 thumbnails come up....each of large trucks, all parked at the back door of the building...)

McGee: “They are unloading....”

Garvey: “What are they unloading?....so far, it’s not a red flag....”

Torres: “It is if they are unloading these....”

(A clear image of boxes being unloaded....the letters clearly readable on the box)

USMC

(Garvey and Carol stare at the photo....)

Garvey: “Those are weapons crates...too long to be rifles....”

Carol: “Those are Hellfire crates...Only two to a box...Look...two men are unloading it...rifles would take a dolly or forklift...”

(Garvey looks over at Mcgee...disbelief...)

Garvey: “They bought Hellfire missiles with our own money....Money sent to them by Bledsoe....”

(McGee nods....)

Carol: “And when you trace back, it all leads to the VP...”

McGee: “All because of human nature, my friends....of which Nick Torres here, knows better than anyone...”

(the two FBI agents turn to Torres....he is smiling...big....)

Garvey: “Because he needed to feel successful...and land was how....”

(Carol stands...looks at the images....)

Carol: “Wait..those images are crystal clear....those aren’t satellite recon photos...”

(Torres looks away.....McGee looks away....)

Garvey: “Those are closeups...Tim...are those drone images?”

(McGee and Torres blush....)

McGee; “Uh....maybe?”

Garvey: “We don’t have drones in Syria!....How did you....”

(She stops...crosses her arms over her chest....stares at McGee....)

Garvey: “She hijacked Syrian drones....”

Torres: “She put them back...!...Promise!...”

Garvey: “Little mild mannered Nell Bosworth hijacked those drones....”

Carol: “I’m not understanding....who is Nell?..The only Nell I know of is the Assistant Director of Cyberforce....”

(Everyone turns to Carol....silent...eyebrows go up....)

Carol: “No way...Syrian drones are known for their security....”

(silence..)

Carol: “Way....right?”

(they nod....)

Torres: “And to make this even better....Facial recognition was done on the men in the images....”

(McGee starts smiling....)

Garvey: “And.....?”

McGee: “Torres just found the meeting place for the Crescent Coalition.....”

(Garvey and Carol look at McGee...jaws dropped...then at Torres....smiling big...Carol turns to Garvey...she pauses....then.....)

Carol: “Who are these people?”

Garvey: “You’ll learn....hell, you’ll learn to never mess with them....But now....”

Carol: “We have a warrant request to submit....”

(Carol looks at Garvey....then....)

Carol: “Is there going to be any government left after we’re done?...Damn!...”

(scene fades to black and white)

3 Days Later

(scene opens in the Gordon House, early evening...Gibbs seen sitting up, Caprice sitting in chair next to his bed....)

Caprice: “You look tired, Jethro”

Gibbs: “Yea...I know...feel tired”

Caprice: “You had nightmares again”

(Gibbs looks off....nods his head)

Gibbs: “I know”

Caprice: “I wish so much I could help you”

Gibbs: “I know. Thanks...”

Caprice: “Cal says your body is healing...how’s the eye?”

Gibbs: “Better...things are becoming clear....”

Caprice: “What can I get you, baby....?”

(Gibbs looks at her....stares....)

Gibbs: “How long have I been in this bed?”

(Caprice hesitates...)

Gibbs; “How long?”

Caprice: “5 days...4 nights...”

(Gibbs closes his eyes...lays back on his pillow)

Gibbs: “And you haven’t left my side....”

(she shrugs)

Gibbs: “At all”

(she shrugs again....He reaches out, takes her hand)

Gibbs: “Thank you”

Caprice: “It’s my pleasure, sir”

(He starts to roll over to face her....groans....)

Caprice: “No....don’t...you still have 4 cracked ribs....”

Gibbs; “Then help me...I want to look at you...”

(She stands, gently helps Gibbs roll onto his side....his face erupts in pain...She rolls him back....)

Caprice: “Ribs, Jethro?”

Gibbs; “Yes...ribs....”

Caprice: “What is it you want to tell me...?”

Gibbs: “That I love you”

(She cocks her head....tears form...Gibbs watches as she forces them back...)

Gibbs: “And I want you to go get Danny....”

Caprice: “NO!...”

Gibbs: “Yes...we can’t keep him away forever, Caprice....”

(She thinks...)

Caprice: “He’s been calling me every hour....he wants to see his dad....”

Gibbs: “Well...dad wants to see him...and I think the worst of the bruises are over....”

(She looks at him...shakes her head...)

Caprice: “No...you still look like you lost a bar fight”

(chuckles)

Gibbs: “I want you to go get him...”

Caprice: ‘I’ll call Bishop....she was coming by anyway tonight...”

Gibbs: “No...I want you out of here....”

(She looks at him, hurt...)

Gibbs: “You’re about to drop...you haven’t slept much in 4 nights....and I feel better...”

(Caprice remembers Cal’s words....”When he leaves inward...and shows outward...”..She gives a small smile...)

Caprice: “You’re thinking of me”

(Gibbs looks at her, curiously...)

Gibbs: “Yea...what’s wrong with that?”

(she smiles again...)

Caprice: “Nothing...nothing at all, Jethro....You sure you’ll be okay?”

Gibbs: “Yea...I’m sure..now go....And Caprice?”

(She looks at him)

Gibbs; “Take a while...spend some time with our friends....drink a beer....”

Caprice: “And you? What will you do while I’m gone?...Watch John Wayne movies or something?”

Gibbs: “No...I’m watching the Sacketts...Elliot plays a pretty good cowboy....”

Caprice: “You’ve gotten to know him some...”

Gibbs; ‘Nice guy....nice of him to come and visit....yea...”

(She stands, leans over...kisses him)

Caprice: “I’ll be back later..but not too much later...And your dog will keep you company”

(Gibbs looks down...Daisy’s head is resting on his bed, her eyes glancing over at him...)

Gibbs: “Hey mutt”

(Scene fades out to Daisy giving goofy dog smile)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens to Gibbs sleeping....then....)

“I thought I taught you better than that, Probie”

(Gibbs opens his eyes....looks at the chair beside the bed...)

Gibbs: “Franks?”

Franks: “Yea Probie…you been feeling sorry for yourself too long…I figured I’d come pay a visit”

Gibbs: “I’m dreaming again….”

Franks: “If you are, then this monster of a dog is in the same dream….damn Probie!…”

(Daisy is seen standing by the chair, sniffing Franks…)

Gibbs: “Daisy?….do you see him?”

(Daisy turns to Gibbs….yips….Gibbs’s eyebrows go up…)

Franks: “Hey dog…long time no see….”

(Daisy dances on her front paws…)

Gibbs: “You know her?”

Franks: “Probie…I know all sorts of stuff…but that’s not why I’m here….”

(Gibbs says nothing….Franks leans forward, lights a cigarrette….)

Gibbs; “Franks!..Not in my house!”

(He takes a drag…smiles at Gibbs)

Franks: “Good thing about this place Probie….no one gets offended…and you can’t smell it anyway, I’m not really here”

(Daisy sniff…sneezes…)

Franks: “Except for this damn dog….”

(Franks reaches out, ruffles Daisy’s ears…)

Franks: “Probie…what is it I told you about family?”

(Gibbs thinks…)

Gibbs: “You do what you have to for family”

Franks: “Yea…and your family has gone out there and done everything there is to do and more for you”

(Gibbs stares at Franks…Franks leans closer…begins to speak…)

(scene shifts to The D Ranch….Caprice standing on the back patio…alone…)

Nell: “I know she came here to take a break, but she misses him”

Dez: “She does….that is one hell of a woman”

Ziva: “She is a great woman…and an even better wife….”

(Danny looks out the windows…)

Danny: “Best mom ever”

Nell: “Yes she is, honey….and I’m learning from her….”

(scene shifts to Caprice….she walks back in….)

Caprice: “I’m taking a walk….be back soon…”

(They nod….watching as she leaves the kitchen, back on the patio….then steps off the patio and walks out into the pasture….)

Nell: “God…that woman loves her husband”

Ziva: “She traveled thousands of miles to find him…”

Dez: “Hijacked a cargo plane….”

(They laugh)

Nell: “That was the best part…”

Ziva: “She is….formidable…”

(scene shifts to Caprice….walking in the pasture, night, moon bright….she begins to talk to herself…)

Caprice: “McGibbs…how long do you have to wait before you go back home?…”

(A breeze picks up….blows her hair…)

Caprice: “I miss my husband….”

(The breeze continues to blow….)

Caprice: “I need my husband....”

(scene shifts to Gibbs....Franks leans forward, and says...)

“They’ve done everything for you...that wife of yours? Hell, Gibbs.....She’s done everything and more.....Now Probie....”

(pause)

“What have you done for her?”

(Gibbs’s eyes fly open.....He looks at the chair...empty...He looks at Daisy, sitting by the chair....and notices the chair is still rocking....)

Gibbs: “Daisy....I’m going to need your help....”

(scene shifts to Caprice....she wraps her arms around herself, looks up at the hills...)

Caprice: “I need you, Jethro....please hear me....Don’t get lost in those dreams...Please come back to me....no more nightmares...no more bad dreams...Come back to me.....”

(scene shifts to inside the house....Nell, Ziva, and Dez standing in the living room, looking out...headlights come into the driveway....)

Nell: “That’s Gibbsy’s truck!”

Dez: “’What is he doing driving?...He can barely walk with crutches....”

(They watch as Gibbs struggles to get out of the truck, pulls the crutches out, steadies himself....he takes a step...his face contorts with pain....)

Nell: “We need to go help him!”

Ziva: “No....wait...let us see what he does....”

(They watch as Gibbs takes slow steps, crutches in front, legs following...he heads in the direction of the pasture....)

Ziva; “He is going to his wife....”

Dez: “Wow...this is kind of intense....”

Ziva: “I will be back...one moment only...”

(Ziva leaves, then comes back, Danny with her...)

Ziva: “Daniel...look...”

(Danny looks out, sees his dad....)

Danny: “DAD!”

Ziva: “Daniel, we want you to watch something...you heard us say your mother teaches us to be wives?”

(He nods his head....Ziva points to Gibbs...)

Ziva: “Watch...your father is teaching you how to be a husband”

(scene shifts to Caprice.....looking at the hills, tears forming....)

Caprice: “How do I tell you I need you.....Please, Jethro...baby...hear me....hear my heart...”

(The breeze increases....she closes her eyes, breathes it in.....)

“I heard you”

(Her eyes fly open....she turns....)

Caprice: “JETHRO!...What are you doing here?...My god...your legs..your ribs....”

Gibbs: “I woke up...you weren’t there”

Caprice; “But you knew where I was....”

Gibbs: “I felt something...I guess I missed you..and maybe...I don’t know...maybe you needed me.....”

(She stares at him...standing there in his crutches, the effects of pain on his face....and she starts to break....a week’s worth of being strong for him leaves her...)

Caprice: “I was so worried about you....”

Gibbs: “I know...”

(She runs to him, crying out loudly.....)

“I WAS SO SCARED!....I WAS SO SCARED JETHRO!”

(She reaches him...holds him gently....sobbing)

Caprice: “I was so scared....oh god I was so scared....”

Gibbs: “I’m here...”

Caprice: “You came for me....You heard me.....”

Gibbs: “Yea.....I don’t know how....but I did...”

(scene shifts to Dez standing next to Cal, noticing the smile on his face...she whispers...)

Dez: “You had something to do with this....didn’t you?....”

(Cal says nothing....smiles at the sight...and says to her...)

“You do what you have to for family, my Destiny...”

(scene fades out to Gibbs and Caprice, embracing gently, her head on his chest, his hand on the back of her head, holding her...the breeze surrounds them, the grass weaving back and forth, her hair blowing....the moon shines brightly. She continues to let the fears escape...he continues to hold her)

2 Weeks later

(scene opens in SecState’s office....a man walks in....)

Man: “About to start, Madame Secretary ....”

(SecState looks up at the people in her office...Gibbs on crutches, Vance, McGee, and the team, spouses also....Helen walks up to her)

Helen: “I’ll walk with you, honey....”

(scene shifts to an outside set of steps, Gibbs and team gathered.....a Bible is placed on a pedestal...a hand lays on it....)

Man: “Do you solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution, faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States.....”

“I do”

(the man backs up, nods his head...)

Man: “Then.....Madame President.....lead us forward....”

(scene zooms out as Loretta takes her hand off the Bible....looks at her fiancé and the fine men and women that are with her...Gibbs nods to her, then winks...She turns to the huge audience gathered...The cameras pick up the first words the new president speaks, the first words for the first woman to hold the office....)

Loretta: “We have a crippled government. There are 32 Congressional seats to fill, and in 120 days a special election will be held...Now...”

(She pauses)

Loretta: “They are saying Democracy will not survive this moment...I say Democracy will be stronger than ever...You...the American people...you will decide this....”

(pause again...looks over the audience, then straight into the cameras)

“For too long those that feel no pain have made the decisions for those in pain. Not this time...You are going to choose 32 congressional leaders that will represent you in Washington...So...here is what I ask of you...”

(pause...she looks back at Sam Elliot....he nods to her...she remembers his words...)

Elliot: “Hell ma’am...we don’t need more politicians...look who got us into this mess”

(She continues)

“Do not send me politicians...we have enough of them already....Send me secretaries, welders, doctors, nurses, single mothers, single fathers....send me people that have sacrificed to give their children a better life than they

had...send me people that have struggled to pay the bills...send me people that have hurt...send me people that know what life in this country is about...."

(pause....)

"Send me people that are the people....send me someone that represents you. You are America. I work for you"

(final pause)

(She turns to Simon, her lead Secret Service agent....Cynthia stands behind him, smiling)

Loretta: "Simon...Cynthia...like to show me around the place? We have work to do"

THE END