THE GANGER GAMES

(scene opens in Washington D.C ghetto area known as Little Vietnam, named for its reputation of being the city's most dangerous war-zone. A street sign reads 15th North Congress, known to locals as turf belonging to the 1-5 Millionaires, another street sign reads 22nd Street, better known as the Deuce-Deuce, then another sign, etched into the concrete, tombstone looking sign that reads "Eastgate Garden Projects", but no one knows it as anything other than "Simple City". One building is covered in graffiti, while next to it a wood frame house, freshly painted and yard trimmed, shows the diversity between those that still hope and those that have given up hope. Inside one of the project apartments, 4 men and 2 women, sitting on couches lining 3 walls, listen to a tall white man, known as PR, short for Pale Rider, 25 years old, dressed in khaki pants, wearing a black and white referee shirt, speaking and pointing to a street map of the area, hung on the wall by hypodermic syringes filled with a blue liquid, a tribute to the name of his gang group, The Bluebloods…On the map, representing each gang, colored pushpins, some red, some brown, some black, are clustered together by color, while in the middle of the cluster, they overlap each other. Around the 5 block area on the city map, forming a crude circle around the multi-colored cluster, blue pins are spaced, positioned at street corners, surrounding the main cluster, approximately a quarter mile outside the grouping of pins..The white man, PR, points to the merging colors in the middle of the cluster)

PR: "You have a problem and we have a solution, it's up to you. We organize, we supply radios, we insure everyone plays by the rules, and if necessary, after, we act as the police. You don't have to fight yourself, maybe lose men, lose money, …we take care of your problems for you"

(Another young man, black, nods his head…Trent looks at him)

PR: "Marcus…you in?"

(Marcus nods, lights a cigarette, points at Pale Rider)

Marcus: 'Tell me again, PR..why you doing this?"

PR: "You know why. Bluebloods have the outer city. We stay in our zone, don't bother you, you don't bother us..but..You killers left your zones…Used to have order, territories, everyone stayed in their place…Now..(points to the merging colors in the middle of the pin grouping, all colored pins mixing together) "Now you got this…and THIS is gonna lead to the PO-PO's coming in like the army…It won't be police cars with sirens or social workers, or uniforms telling you your rights…"

Marcus: "They come in like Desert Storm on the Arabs…(nods to PR)..and you're sayin' before that happens…."

PR: "Bangers gotta settle it…one night, all gangs…last gang standing wins the prize…"

(Marcus looks at the map and smiles)

Marcus: "…and the prize be total control over Simple City…"

PR: "That's the truth, my man…All that money…yours…Minus the 10% you'll pay us for protection after this is over"

(Marcus nods…)

Marcus: "That's like that movie about those areas.. all those folks trying to kill each other in a contest…..the gal with the bow and arrow killed it!"

PR: "You got it, brother…why do you think we named this the Ganger Games?

(The men and women in the room, nod…the parallel is appropriate for what's about to happen)

PR: "Me and my boys go back home, run our business, not worryin' about killer boys coming to take what they think they have to…We just want to be left alone…you and your shooters…hell, Marcus…just shoot it out…"

Marcus: "And in the morning, the winner keeps on keepin' on…selling, buying, making the long green…."

PR: "You right…Win big or go home"

(Marcus laughs)

Marcus: 'Win big or go home…… dead."

PR: "I don't care what you do, what you use, that's up to you, Mr. Stoneland Killers…We'll referee fair and square….No outside ringers allowed, no reinforcements, what you bring to the party when it starts, is what you use, anyone tries to leave, we let 'em, but they'll never come back in. Ever…"

Marcus: "That why you wearin' that black and white?"

(PR looks down at his shirt….looks up and nods)

PR: "Like I said, my man….We're the referees, the Zebras, we throw a penalty flag? Someone dies….All my boys will be wearin' 'em…You see this shirt, you don't shoot…You shoot one of my refs and he lives, you lose 500 points…You kill one, automatic disqualification for your gang…And (his look turns serious)…"we hunt the men down that did it and cut 'em up alive..the pieces go to their old ladies, mommas, or their children…gift wrapped, of course"

(The men and women shake their heads)

Marcus: "That's cold, brother…"

(PR shrugs off the comment…PR walks to a small dining room table, several boxes on top…He pulls a hand held radio out, tosses it to Marcus, then he pulls out more, one radio to each person in the room)

PR: "I've got 400 of these, more boxes in my truck, enough for you to take and give to each of your soldiers…They're programmed for one channel, one only, and all you can do is listen…I'll be the play by play man, giving updates and scores during the night…"

Marcus: "Scores….you mean how many gangers we done killed…?"

PR: "Or been killed..just think of me as the celebrity guest DJ and scorekeeper for the night"

(Marcus looks at the radio in his hand…turns it over….)

Marcus: "I guess you lifted these on your way out the door?"

PR: 'Yea…needed something to remember the Corp by…"

(scene shows Marcus turning the handheld over….a sticker on the back reads..)

Property of USMC – Quantico

PR: 'You've got 72 hrs…The Ganger Games start at 2200 sharp, 3 days from now"

Marcus "10 oclock, my man….We'll be there"

PR: "Sharp…"

(PR looks at the others in the room, all have been quiet, listening…The males are a mixture of blacks and Hispanic, the 2 women, hard-looking Vietnamese gangers from the Tran Tribe, shrug…One of the women, Huong, smiles)

Huong: “We in…we be there”

(PR looks towards an Hispanic male, face covered in tattoos…)

PR: “WInk?”

(Wink looks at him, nods his head, then winks…his trademark sign of ‘ok’…then asks..”

Wink: ‘Yo homey..after my boys take the city, you become the teacher…..right, homey?”

PR: “Always keep my promises, Wink…Give me your people, and I’ll put ‘em through boot camp…I’ll give ‘em back to you better, smarter, and able to work together in units”

Wink: “yea…I like that….(smiles)..”We might even wear uniforms….you know…since we gonna be soldiers..”

(PR pats his chest)

PR: “I feel ya…So now….(pauses) "My friends, in 3 days, most of you and your friends will be dead….The ones that live, will live like kings and queens forever..” (lifts a bourbon bottle in a toast) “You who are about to die….I salute you”

(PR lifts the bottle of bourbon to his lips, takes a chug, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, then hands the bottle to Huong, who sips, and hands it to the girl next to her..The bottle goes, chug by chug, to each gang leader present..

(He smiles at the group…finishing with…)

PR: “May the odds be forever in your favor…Let the preparations for the Ganger Games begin”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen, morning, McGee by himself, sitting at his desk. Gibbs is seen walking out onto the edge of the landing, looking down, seeing the empty seats…He shakes his head, walks carefully down the steps, hand on the railing…he walks to the bullpen, stops at the opening by McGee’s desk…McGee looks up at him, then at the desks, then back at Gibbs)

McGee: “Kind of lonely down here, boss”

Gibbs: “Yea”

McGee: “Torres and Bishop are doing the quality time thing with baby Nickie”

(Gibbs gives a small grin…)

Gibbs: “Yea, good for them. It’s where they should be”

McGee: “Are you remembering those days with Kelly?”

(Gibbs thinks…lowers his head, shakes it…)

McGee: “When I saw Kelly for the first time, she was 4 months old…”

(McGee looks down…)

McGee: “Sorry boss…I shouldn’t have asked”

Gibbs: 'No, Tim…you should…Every father should. And Tim, I'm not going to tell you how to run your team, but this…"

McGee: "I got it…I've already approved Torres for whatever time he wants to take.."

Gibbs: "Yea…good…"

McGee: "Speaking of while they're gone…Will we be getting temps?"

(Gibbs looks at McGee, a 'are you serious?' look on his face)

Gibbs: "Fill in NCIS agents?….McGee! How'd that work out before?"

(McGee thinks….)

McGee: "It sucked worse than the empty seats"

Gibbs: "Yea…ya think?"

McGee: "They did get their reports in….Paperwork is done boss…"

(Gibbs looks at McGee in surprise)

Gibbs: "Everyone's?"

McGee: "Everyone's…"

Gibbs: "Even mine?"

McGee: "Yea…Tammy said she's paying for her vacation off those"

Gibbs: "$200 per report? $600 total?…Not bad"

McGee: "$300…she raised her prices"

Gibbs: "That's criminal!"

McGee: "Well, don't lock her up…she does better reports than we do…It was a one time $100 surcharge per report because of all the foreign details..And SecNav wanted a separate report on each incident…including Russia…."

(Gibbs looks over at McGee in shock…)

Gibbs: "McGee! That's…(pauses).."Hell McGee, how much do we owe her?"

(McGee clicky clacks…pulls up Excel spreadsheet….)

McGee: "$900"

Gibbs: "Not too bad…."

McGee: "Each"

Gibbs: "WHAT? I gotta pay her $900?"

McGee: "No, you owe her for back reports…."

(Gibbs stares at McGee…)

Gibbs: "I'm afraid to ask…what am I up to?"

(McGee grins, turns the screen around, showing Gibbs his 'Tammy Does Reports' account bill…Gibbs looks at it, shakes his head, turns the screen back to McGee)

McGee: “You could always do the reports yourself, boss”

(Gibbs smirks….)

Gibbs: “Uh huh…”

McGee: “Wait! I thought Caprice was doing yours!”

Gibbs: “She quit”

(McGee looks at him questioningly)

Gibbs: “My ‘I’ll do your reports honey’ account got put on hold. I haven’t paid her either.”

McGee: “Wow boss…that’s cold”

Gibbs: “I KNOW!”

(Gibbs laughs, then starts staring at his old desk)

McGee: “It’s still empty boss”

Gibbs: “Yea…I know..But it’s your team, Tim…I’m not going to…”

McGee: “Hate to see it go to waste”

Gibbs: “No, it’s not right, McGee”

McGee: “Appreciate it if you’d keep me company…”

(Gibbs bolts for the desk, sits, …then stares at McGee)

Gibbs: “Since you need help…”

McGee; “Don’t know what I’d have done if you said no, boss”

(McGee chuckles…)

McGee: “What if we get a call?”

Gibbs: “Well, McGee…what do you think? There’s two of us..”

(McGee shakes his head back and forth….)

McGee: “Sorry boss…no can do…you made a promise to Caprice…”

Gibbs: “Well McGee, we just won’t tell her!”

(McGee pulls out his phone…pulls up texts from Caprice…there are numerous…shows them to Gibbs…his face shows surprise)

McGee: “And those are just from this morning…She checks in every 15 minutes to see if you’re at your desk”

(Gibbs shrugs…gets up, moves to Bishop’s desk…sits down)

Gibbs: “Now you don’t have to lie”

(McGee grins, points to one of Caprice’s texts…in all caps, “ANY DESK, TIM!”

(Gibbs looks away, frowns….then back at McGee…)

McGee: “She knows you pretty well, boss….”

Gibbs: “YEA! I KNOW!....(whispers) “dammit…”

(Gibbs looks back over at McGee..)

Gibbs: “So what IS the plan if you get one? What’s your plan B, McGee! Didn’t I teach you to be prepared for anything?”

(A voice calls out from the landing…..)

Vance: “I’m plan B, Agent Gibbs”

(Gibbs looks up at the landing…Vance is standing there, toothpick in mouth, smiling at Gibbs…)

Vance: “And it’s a damn good plan B!”

(Gibbs looks at Vance, an “are you kidding me?” look on his face…He turns to McGee…)

Gibbs: “Well, if you get a call at the Marines Retirement Home, yea….Maybe then Vance can chase a runner down”

Vance: “Gibbs! I’ll have you know I am in top shape!”

(Gibbs grins….)

Gibbs: “Loretta still cooking for you?”

(Vance chuckles…pats his stomach)

Vance: “Damn right…the woman can cook!”

Gibbs: “And how long is that going to last?”

Vance: “As long as I can make it last, Jethro…”

Gibbs: “Another week maybe?”

Vance: “If I’m lucky….”

(They both laugh, enjoying the moment…Vance starts down the stairs…he gets to the bullpen…stands)

Vance: ‘I had all the Major Crimes cases shifted to Bernice’s team…If you get one, it’ll be a milk run”

Gibbs; “Bernice huh…good team leader”

Vance: ‘And her probie, Agent Tolleson, he’s coming along nicely”

Gibbs: “Yea..I know”

Vance: “You do?”

Gibbs: “Well yea, Leon…he and Olsen lease my house! Of course I know!”

Vance: “You are aware that Olsen is now a Tolleson too…”

Gibbs: “Don’t care…She’s Olsen”

Vance: “And Caprice? Is she still McNalley?”

(Gibbs frowns…looks off to the side…)

Gibbs: “No, dammit…she makes me call her McGibbs”

McGee: “McGibbs?”

Vance: “It’s a compromise…”

Gibbs: “No, it’s what I wanted….”

(Vance and McGee both stare at Gibbs….)

Gibbs: “FINE! Whatever…yea….She pulled out the heavy artillery when she said it…”

McGee: “Heavy artillery?”

(Gibbs looks at McGee, fake offended look on his face…)

Gibbs; “She asked me if I forgot we were married! What was I going to say?”

McGee; “Wow boss…that’s stout…”

Gibbs: “It was evil!”

Vance: “She’s got a point, Gibbs….”

(Gibbs turns, stares at Vance….then he nods, then smiles)

Gibbs: “It’s not a bad feeling…”

(McGee’s phone rings….he answers)

McGee: “NCIS Major Crimes Special Agent and Team Leader Timothy McGee speaking, how may I help you?”

(Vance and Gibbs look at each other, disbelief on their faces…)

Vance: “I don’t think I could remember to say all that”

Gibbs: “Me either!..All I ever said was, “Yea, Gibbs”!”

(McGee holds the phone to his chest, whispers to Vance and Gibbs)

McGee: “I instituted a better communications policy….All the teams answer that way…It really helps cut down on the confusion”

(Gibbs looks up at Vance…)

Gibbs; “What’s confusing about “Yea, Gibbs”?”

Vance: “Not sure, Jethro….it always worked for us”

(McGee ends his call…looks up at Vance)

McGee: “Sir? We have a case….”

(Vance smiles)

Vance; “Murder? Kidnapping? A threat to National Security? Hit me with it McGee!”

McGee: “Over 400 one way radios stolen from Quantico..AWOL Marine…they want us to serve a warrant on him”

(Vance’s face falls…)

Vance; “A warrant…radios…”

Gibbs: “Yea, Leon, go! Have fun!”

Vance: “Radios….”

McGee: “And a warrant, sir”

Vance: “Where are we going?”

McGee: “I’m waiting on the file for the AWOL Marine…he’s supposedly mixed up in a street gang…Place called Simple City?”

(Vance looks at Gibbs…then at McGee…)

Gibbs: “Simple City, Leon….”

Vance; “Never heard of it”

Gibbs; ‘Then let Mcgee here do his magic when he gets the file, and you two go…….Go save some radios!”

Vance; ‘It’s our job….we’ll go…After all, what could happen?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in DC Metro Police Central Precinct, large meeting room filled with Metro police officers. A Metro Captain is at the podium, speaking to his officers…Another man, in a suit, is standing next to him, waiting)

Captain: “You’ve heard the reports, you know the drill…This is a major event, and according to our sources, we’re looking at heavy firepower, and for the first time, they’ve got some organization. This makes them dangerous, deadly, and a legitimate threat to our area…Now…this is going to make some of you happy, and some of you pissed off…Odds are the older men and women here will nod, then go about their business of writing tickets…The younger ones, you’ll think it’s wrong…(pauses, looks over the room) “…you’ll think we’ve abandoned our citizens. Gentlemen, ladies, we are not. What we will be doing is cordoning off the area with strategically placed units, get as many citizens as we can out of there, and then….well, Lt Storm, head of the Metro Gangs Unit, will tell you what comes next…..(looks over at the waiting man)

Captain: ‘Lt?”

(Lt. Storm, late 40’s, grey hair, long scar on his cheek, steps up to the microphone)

Storm: “Three gangs are going to fight it out. The winner takes over Simple City, the most highly occupied area in our city, other than the Capitol, filled with the disadvantaged, the homeless, the unemployed, and some of the most violent gangs in the country…We discussed this with the Chief, and the answer was simple….”

(He pauses, waits…)

Storm: “We let ‘em kill each other off”

(Chatter raises up, murmers, several ‘thank god’, several ‘that’s wrong’ words are heard…The Lt waits for them to calm down…)

Storm: “The event will take place 2 days from now, starting time is 10pm, and it ends when the sun comes up. Until then, when 10pm comes 2 days from now, I want all units outa there, I don’t want you answering calls in the area, I don’t want any of you allowing your sense of duty, which I admire and respect, to draw you into the hell that will be waiting for you….Our intelligence tells us that they will be armed with various

small arms, but also, reports of automatic weapons changing hands, the sellers, all from other states, telling us those weapons began heading for us over a month ago….This is no common gang war, officers….This is Hell on Earth….and I will not risk your lives trying to control what we are not equipped or trained to control"

(An officer raises her hand….The Captain whispers to the Lt.."Dawson")

Storm: "Officer Dawson?"

Dawson: 'Sir, what about the interagency memo we got that NCIS will be serving an AWOL warrant in that area?"

(The Captain motions to Storm to allow him to answer…the Lt steps aside…)

Captain: "NCIS….(pauses).."How many of you have had them pull jurisdiction on you?"

(half the room raises their hands)

Captain: "How many of you have worked your asses off just to have them come in and take your case?"

(More raise their hands…The Captain looks at the officers, eyes turn angry…)

Captain: "Screw NCIS!"

Dawson: "But sir! Shouldn't we at least warn them?"

(Storm takes the microphone and speaks)

Storm: 'Officer Dawson, I'm sure NCIS is more than capable of taking care of themselves….They make their own decisions, they pay their own consequences"

(Dawson stares at Storm in disbelief……her partner, an older officer, pulls at her pants leg, prompting her to sit down)

Storm: "We're already seeing an exodus of citizens from the area….they know…and they're getting out. If they know, then NCIS should know too….Now…let's get to work"

(scene shifts to NCIS bullpen, image of Torres's desk…an admin walks up, sees the empty desk, lays a message slip on his desk…The slip reads…)

*CALL ME! 911! – Dawson, Metro PD – 555*475*1142*

(The admin is seen placing other mail on top of the message, covering it up)

(scene fades to black and white)

Next Morning, 36 hours before The Ganger Games

(Scene opens in Simple City, cars cruising up and down 22nd Street, AKA, The Double Deuce…one of the cars pulls into a drive-in restaurant parking lot, cars parked in slots, the speakers used to order food start blasting out a broadcast…An exaggerated DJ voice, that of PR, Pale Rider, comes over the speakers…)

Speaker: “Gooooooood Morning Little Vietnam! It’s PR the Pale Rider, coming to you live from the rockin and rollin BlueBlood Buick! It’s only 30 hours until Game Time, and it’s time for a message from our commercial sponsor, the Ladies from Tran Tribe! Right now, today only, you join, get the coin! Grow Up Sign Up and Rise Up! And if you sign up now, you get free! You heard me bangers, free, your very own automatic, systematic, DY….NAMIC!... AK Assault rifle, complete with erased serial numbers and a full 17 round clip!”

(Sound track applause from TV show plays over the speaker, then the broadcast continues…)

Speaker: “Everyone in Simple City not belonging to one of our fine, brave contestants, is clearing out! Remember boys and girls, a moratorium, that means ‘don’t do it’, has been called on all homes and businesses…Any looting, robbing, breaking, and entering, into any empty homes or closed businesses? Well unfortunate fool, the highly trained, highly motivated BlueBlood Referees, have orders to cap you ass on the spot! It’s our game, our war, and we don’t want to run off any future customers! So…Don’t….Do…It! (sound track of beep beep beep comes over the speakers) “Whoa folks, this just in! Our good friends at the DC Metro Police department have declared Simple City off limits during the Ganger Games! No Law so we can Get Raw!...Now, the rules! Every gang starts off with 1000 points! Any ganger goes down, that’s a 10 point deduction from the dead man’s gang! Get more than one at a time, and the gang those mass murdered belong to, loses 100 points! Shoot a BlueBlood Ref and he lives, you lose 500 points for your gang! Kill a ref, and that gang is automatically disqualified, and we hunt the men down and do the Chop Chop Suey on ‘em!...So…in only 30 hours, the fun starts!...And…May the odds forever be in your favor”

(scene shifts to area streets, cars driving with windows down, PR’s broadcast can be heard coming out of many of the cars, the drives and passengers listening on hand held one way radios)

(scene shifts to run down warehouse…at last 50 men, all black, seen stocking up on weapons, loading back packs, some have bullet proof vests…several hand held radios, identical to the others, blare out the message)

(scene shifts to Vietnamese restaurant..in the kitchen, black haired young women begin taking the butcher knives and cleavers from the racks..more radios broadcasting)

(scene shifts to auto repair shop…dozens of Hispanic men stocking guns, shotguns, and knives, into back packs and holsters. A single hand held radio sits on top of one of the cars in the middle…PR’s voice can be heard giving the rules)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the NCIS bullpen, late afternoon….McGee on big screen, Vance sitting on Gibbs’s desk, Gibbs sitting at Bishop’s desk)

McGee: “The AWOL Marine in question is Corporal Paul Robinson, recently AWOL for 4 days from his unit, also suspected as the thief responsible for 500 belt clip two way radios, none programmed to talk yet, only receive. They had just come in, waiting for the send chip to be installed”

Gibbs: “Who the hell steals one way radios?”

(Vance chuckles)

Vance: “So one man can talk, 500 listen?”

McGee: 'Corporal Robinson has an interesting local history…Got involved with DC street gangs at the age of 12. Allegedly, but not proven, shot and killed a man at the age of 14. Went to High School, excelled in the Jr ROTC, then the ROTC..He was offered a full scholarship to West Point, mostly due to his father's pull, retired General Sandy Robinson"

Gibbs: "Sandman Robinson?"

(McGee nods)

McGee: "One in the same boss…."

Gibbs; "Great leader…his men worshipped him"

McGee; "Evidently his son did not…young Paul spent 3 years at West Point, achieved the highest marks in Military Tactics the school has ever seen…then he quit. 6 weeks before graduating. Joined the Marines 4 years ago, various disciplinary counts, nothing too alarming, until….."

(Vance and Gibbs stare at McGee….waiting..McGee clicks the remote…a box of books shows in the image)

McGee: 'He was caught stealing 200 copies of "The Marine Training Guide"

Gibbs: "The drill instructor bible"

(McGee nods)

Vance: "Fill me in"

Gibbs; 'It's a 'how to' book…every DI in the Marines uses it to put together training, tactics, war games, the entire boot camp experience"

Vance: "He excelled in tactics…then he steals training guides? Who is he planning on training?"

(McGee clicks…three dead bodies, all laying on the street, head shots to each one)

McGee: 'The Pale Riders..Ultra White Supremist North DC gang….Very smart, well trained, and Corporal Paul Robinson is allegedly….."

Gibbs: "The gang leader"

Vance; "My god, McGee…he's training his gang members in military tactics!"

McGee; 'Word out there is he's hiring out as a consultant…He's going to be training the other gangs the same way"

Gibbs: "Then we need to pick this deserter up fast"

Vance: "No 'we' in it, Gibbs…you stay here, find out what you can….Maybe the best time to do this is at night…two of us going in, lots of street traffic at night…We go in during daylight, and we stand out like sore thumbs"

McGee: "Sounds good sir…When?"

(Vance looks at the screen, sees the dead bodies)

Vance: "We have any location for him?"

McGee: "Yes sir…several days ago, the DC Metro Gang unit had him holing up in a project apartment complex….EastGate Gardens…3rd floor, apartment number 311"

Vance: "Well…let's do tomorrow night…meet here at 9pm…we'll get there by 10, be in and out before midnight"

Gibbs: “Yea…nothing good happens after midnight…”

Vance: “Jethro, it’s an in and out…our badges will piss some folks off, but no one wants to mess with a Fed…”

Gibbs: ‘Go armed”

Vance; ‘Affirmative on that, Gibbs….”

McGee: ‘Looking forward to it, Director…Thank you for going”

Vance: “Stolen radios…an AWOL Marine…A milk run…”

(Shakes his head and smiles, then pats his stomach)

Vance: ‘I’ll be home by midnight and helping myself to that pecan pie Loretta made”

(Gibbs ignores the remark, picks up the clicker, and begins reviewing the file on Robinson…McGee watches)

McGee: “Gut boss?”

(Gibbs turns off the monitor..puts the clicker down…)

Gibbs: “Been doing this too long, Tim…I’m seeing red flags everywhere….But I can’t find ‘em”

McGee: “Well, sir…If you find them, I’m sure you’ll let us know”

(Gibbs stares at Mcgee, then at Vance….)

Gibbs; ‘We get any help from the Metro Precinct?”

McGee: “Not a peep, boss…no one’s returning my calls”

(Scene fades out to McGee and Vance talking, laughing….Gibbs sits on his desk, stares at the two men…His face begins to show some fear…before the scene fades, Gibbs can be heard whispering to himself…)

Gibbs; “Red flag”

(Scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in basement of The Eastgate Garden Projects, dark, caged storage areas for residents line one wall, several washing machines and dryers line another, two with ‘OUT OF ORDER’ signs on them. The view shows entering the basement door, then shows tracks of smeared blood on the floor, evidence of something or someone being dragged across the floor. At the end of the blood trail, in a corner, cardboard boxes piled up around them, McGee is seen wrapping his belt around Vance’s upper thigh, Vance’s tan khaki pants stained with blood, several torn places on the pants leg. Vance is laying up against the corner wall, his face showing the pain. McGee then rips the pants leg open, revealing at least 4 wounds)

McGee: “This should slow down the bleeding, sir”

(McGee tightens the belt on the leg)

Vance; “Damn, that hurts!”

McGee: “I imagine it does, sir…shotgun pellets have a tendency to hurt when they go into a leg”

Vance: 'How the hell did this happen, McGee…How did we not know…."

(McGee looks at the Director, sees Vance has closed his eyes, head against the wall, trying to deny the pain…)

McGee; 'I don't know why we didn't know, but the how we got here is still fresh in my mind…"

2 Hours Ago

(scene opens inside apartment 311, third floor of the Eastgate Gardens Projects apartment building. Two couches are in the living room, a small coffee table, large, flat screen TV sits on a side table pushed up against the wall. Sitting on one of the couches, two white men, both wearing referee shirts, look at the cell phone sitting on the coffee table, vibrating…The caller ID shows "PR" one of the men pick up the phone and answers…)

Ref 1: "Yo PR….what's up?"

PR: (on phone) "You're up, brother…just got word from the eyes on the ground that you have two very bad federal agents headed your way"

Ref 1: "My way? What the hell for? I'm not wanted for anything!"

PR: "They're coming for me…Those are NCIS boys. They're wanting to serve an AWOL warrant on me, maybe for the radios too"

Ref: "So, if they come, I answer the door, you're not here, they go away. Right?"

PR: "No man…they won't go away. I promised no cops, I gave them no cops. Now I got cops walking into my house, right when this thing kicks off….Brother, I need a statement…and I need it loud and proud!"

Ref: "Loud? Aw man….you want me to make some noise…"

PR: "Lots of noise…I need the word to get out fast that the Bluebloods keep their promises….So…"

(The man nods…)

Ref: "I got this, big guy…Loud and real proud…."

(scene shifts to hallway outside the apartment door..McGee looks at his phone, it show the time being 9:54pm..)

McGee: "Close to ten….you guessed it right"

(McGee looks up and down the hallway…sees it's empty)

McGee; "Director…where did all the people go?"

(Vance looks…sees the same thing)

Vance: 'Don't know McGee…we walked in downstairs, the entry hallway was full…coming up the stairs, lots of people going down…"

McGee: "But not one soul on this floor….."

Vance: "Yea…it's setting off alarm bells in my head….Let's get this done and get out of this area…"

(McGee nods, then sees Vance pull the warrant out of his jacket pocket, steps in front of the door, and begins to knock on the door_

McGee : “Sir..I wouldn’t stand directly in front of…..”

(A BOOM comes from inside the apartment….The door shatters, pieces of wood spray outward, McGee instinctively throwing his hand to his face, protecting it, and at the same time, he’s drawing his gun out, takes one step back, and kicks the door in…He yells out..)

McGee: “FEDERAL AGENTS!”

(He enters fast, hugging the wall as he runs in, gun out, searching, sees one man sitting on the couch, eyes wide, hands in the air…Then movement from behind the couch, McGee sees a head rising up, and he’s ready….He yells again)

McGee: “NCIS! HANDS UP! GUNS ON THE FLOOR!”

(The rising up head becomes a face, then shoulders, then it rises fast, shotgun in the man’s arms…Mcgee has tracked the head, and upon seeing the gun was still in the hands of the shooter, he fires 3 times…and advances, looking left and right)

McGee: “ANYONE ELSE IN HERE?”

(The sitting man still sits…paralyzed with fear….he doesn’t speak, just shake his head and forth…McGee looks directly at him…)

McGee; “Check his pulse!”

(The man looks over at the body laying over the back of the couch…he doesn’t bother checking the pulse…the chest area of the man is riddled with bullet holes)

Ref 2; “Man….I ain’t touchin him…he’s dead…holy crap…..”

(Just as the man speaks those words, the body starts to slide, then fall completely over the back of the couch, the dead man ending up half on the couch seats, half on the floor…)

Ref 2: “Told you….he’s dead….”

(McGee holds his pistol on the other man, turns to Vance…)

McGee: “Director…can you take the wallet out of the deceased’s body?”

(Vance doesn’t reply….McGee still has his eyes on the man on the couch…)

Ref: “You….you need to check…..”

(The trembling man points a finger past McGee..towards the shattered open door..McGee carefull turns, keeping the gun trained on the man….)

McGee: “Director! I need some help please!”

(Vance is no where to be seen….)

Ref: “Man…he got hit…I saw him fall down…he dragged himself to the left…out of the doorway…”

(McGee backs up…his gun still on the man….He gets to the doorway, takes a look out the door into the hallway…)

McGee: “DIRECTOR!”

(Vance has dragged himself out of the line of fire, laying on the floor, his right leg leaving a trail of blood on the worn carpet)

Vance: (weakly) “McGee….behind you….behind you…”

(McGee turns quickly around, and then freezes….a young boy, maybe 12 years old, referee shirt on, is standing about 10 feet from Mcgee…And he’s holding a very large gun in his hands…)

Boy: “Don’t…don’t do anything……”

(McGee can see the boy is shaking…..)

Mcgee: “Son…you don’t want to do this….”

Boy: “I got to…I got to….”

McGee: “Son,…what’s your name…?”

(The boy looks up at McGee, his eyes frightened….)

Boy: “Terry, sir”

McGee: “Okay, Terry, I want you to give me the gun….”

(McGee takes a step towards the boy….The boy’s face panics, he swings the gun from Vance to McGee…starts screaming)

Terry: “NO! STOP! I’LL SHOOT YOU!”

(McGee stops….then the man inside the room starts yelling)

Ref 2: “TERRY! DON”T! THOSE ARE FEDERAL AGENTS! TERRY DON’T SHOOT!”

McGee: “Son..that man in there…he’s…”

Terry: “He’s my big brother….”

McGee: “Okay…good..then listen to him…Son, you pull that trigger, and your life changes…you’ll be in jail for the rest of your life…Now…give me the gun, son”

(McGee starts to step towards the boy….The boy’s face shows a sudden change to purposeful..)

Terry: “No…you give me your gun…”

McGee: “Can’t do that son”

(The boy swings the gun towards Vance….)

Terry: “Gun…both of you…or I’ll shoot that man where he sits”

McGee: “Terry…I need to get that man an ambulance…”

Terry: “No ambulance will come…the Ganger Games have started”

McGee; “Terry…I have no idea what….”

(The boy points the gun square at McGee’s chest….he’s holding the gun with both hands…but the hands aren’t shaking anymore)

Terry: “I don’t want to kill you…You give me the guns….and your phones….”

McGee: “I have to call for help, Terry….”

Terry: “I told you! No help is coming! The cops aren’t in here, no docs either!...Give me your guns!”

(McGee can see the boy's finger pulling on the trigger…He moves suddenly to the side, the gun booms, the bullet passes McGee and hits a wall in the hallway…)

Terry: "GUNS! PHONES! NOW!...BRAD! COME OUT HERE!"

(McGee slowly lowers his gun to the floor….The other man comes to the door, sees his little brother holding the gun)

Brad: "Jesus, Terry….did you shoot either one of them?"

McGee: "No…he hasn't shot us"

(McGee notices that Brad has a gun in his hand….the man looks up at him..)

Brad: "Seat cushions…."

McGee; "Why didn't you use it on me out here?"

(Brad nods to Terry)

Brad: "Not what I want my brother to see…."

McGee: "Okay….good call…Now look…I need to get my partner here some help.."

Brad: "Not coming, brother….no one's coming…Don't you know a war started at 10 o'clock?"

(McGee stares at the man, confused…)

McGee: "War?"

Brad: 'I didn't think so…no cop in his right mind would come there tonight…."

(Brad looks at Vance…then at his little brother….he looks then to McGee….he reaches out and takes McGee's gun out of his hand…he goes to Vance, unnerved by the wounded man's stare, carefully pulls Vance's pistol out of the holster, tucks it into the back of his pants…)

Brad: "Give me your phone….I'm gonna let you live, but for how long is up to you….You give me your phone, you live…you don't, then I gotta shoot you…It's as simple as that, officer"

McGee: "Director…..Sir…I think we should…"

(Vance nods at McGee…he reaches into his jacket, groans from the pain in his leg…hands Brad his phone)

Brad: 'Terry, pay attention…it's a phone lesson…"

(He holds his hand out, McGee hands him his own phone…Brad drops both phones to the floor, aims his gun at them, and takes two shots…a bullet shatters each phone..Brad picks up the shattered phones, tosses one into Vance's lap, hands the other to McGee)

Brad: 'You got numbers in there you can retrieve…I don't want a fed's phone on me…. Both phones are dead now, so your GPS locater just went blank…"

Terry: "BRAD! YOU'RE LETTING THEM GO?"

Brad: "Terry…I knew it was a mistake bringing you…Terry, you shoot a federal agent, they'll hunt you down your whole life…I've seen it, buddy…it's not pretty and it never turns out good for the runner…."

(Brad turns to McGee)

Brad: "You got lucky tonight…Now..get your partner up and get the hell outa here…When the sun comes up, the police are allowed back in…until then…"

(He looks down at Vance…then at his brother…finally, he faces McGee)

Brad: “Until then…good luck”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the basement, McGee turns his attention to Vance’s leg…)

Vance: “McGee…you have to go, get help, come back for me…I can’t walk…every time I move the leg, more blood pumps out…I’ll die walking”

McGee: “No can do sir”

Vance; “Agent McGee! That’s an order!”

(McGee stares at Vance for a second, goes back to securing the belt, acting as a tourniquet on the leg)

McGee: “Sorry sir…I’m not leaving you behind”

Vance: “McGee…we’ll both die if we stay in here…you have to get out of….”

McGee: “I know…and if you can’t walk…then….”

(McGee shakes his head)

McGee: ‘This is going to hurt sir….I’m sorry”

(Vance’s eyes open wide and he yells out, as McGee kneels beside Vance, pulls him up by his armpits, pulls Vance over his shoulder, then strains, pushing his legs upwards, Vance over his shoulder, his legs hanging in front of McGee as he performs the classic ‘fireman carry’ position….Vance groans loudly…)

McGee: ‘Damn Director…you’re heavy…”

Vance: (from behind McGee) “McGee! What the hell do you think you’re doing!”

(McGee takes one step, steadies himself…then begins taking more steps)

McGee: “Getting us both out of here, sir…”

(scene shifts to NCIS Bullpen…Gibbs, alone, continually dialing McGee’s phone, then Vance’s…both go to voice mail immediately…..He yells out, frustrated….then hears a voice as the elevator doors open….He turns, expecting to see McGee and Vance….but it’s not….)

Caprice: “Honey…don’t be mad….Danny was worried….”

(Danny sees Gibbs, his face scrunches up…he starts moving as quickly as possible towards Gibbs…Gibbs moves to him fast, lifts Danny up into his arms, holds him)

Gibbs: “I’m alright son…it’s okay…..”

Caprice: “Someone else is coming, Jethro….”

(Gibbs looks at her, waiting for her to continue, when the elevator doors open, and Nell walks out….She looks at a surprised Gibbs, she strides fast towards Gibbs, then passes him up, heading for the stairs to the landing…She stops, turns…)

Nell: “Get me into MTAC! Delilah’s waiting! They’re both in big trouble and we need to help!”

(Gibbs stands still, shocked)

Nell: (loud) “GIBBS! THEY WALKED INTO A WAR ZONE! GET ME INTO MTAC!”

(Gibbs finally moves… heads towards the stairs)

(scene shifts to MTAC…Gibbs waiting for the screen to come alive, Nell at the keyboard, clicky clacking…the screen comes up, Delilah is on it, sitting at one of the CyberForce drone consoles)

Delilah: 'Nell..have you filled Gibbs in on what's going on?"

Nell: "Yes…he knows now…"

Gibbs: "Ganger Games? What kind of stupid thing is…."

Delilah: "Gibbs, it's not stupid if people die! I'm looking at an NSA memo, pulled from the DC Metro wire…It's real! Tim and Leon are in there! No one can go in to help them! We're it, Gibbs! Now…WORK WITH US!"

(Gibbs snaps out of his shock….he walks purposely to the screen, stands looking at Delilah)

Gibbs: 'Okay…what do you have out there?"

Delilah: "Two drones on the way…surveillance only…My hands are tied on weapons…it's a civilian area, innocents are in there"

Gibbs: "How close are you?"

(Delilah shakes her head…Looks at the monitor in front of her….)

Delilah: "Close enough to see hell, Gibbs….Nell patch him in on shared screens"

(Nell clickly clacks, moves mouse, hits the button….MTAC goes to a split screen, Delilah on one side, an aerial view of Simple City comes up, the drone flying towards the city, close enough to pick up a 3 block view….)

Gibbs: "My god…what the hell?"

(The screen shows night view of the city streets…tiny flashes are seen in the streets, coming from upper floor windows, and there are bodies laying in the street, on the sidewalks…)

Gibbs: "Those are gun flashes….they're killing each other! It looks like Beirut! But worse!"

Delilah: 'Full blown gang war, Gibbs…and now…I need your help…we need intel…."

Gibbs; 'Okay…what do you need?"

Delilah: "I need the frequency to the stolen radios…NSA reports the radios are being used for the ringleader to broadcast the war…"

Gibbs: "NSA? How are they mixed up in this?"

Delilah: (raises voice) "Because I asked them to get involved, Gibbs! Is it important right now?"

Gibbs; "No…it's not…what do you need?"

Delilah: 'I need the frequency! Go to Tim's desk…he wrote it down somewhere, I'm sure! Look for a series of numbers, starting with 183…that's the Quantico reserved frequency…"

(Gibbs pulls out phone, starts hitting buttons…)

Delilah: "Gibbs! His phone is dead! You can't get him!"

(Gibbs ignores her, pulls up an email….He motions to Nell….She comes over, Gibbs shows her the email…)

Nell: "Delilah, you ready?"

(Delilah is shown on the screen, her face goes blank…)

Nell: “Delilah! Focus! The frequency numbers are on the warrant for Robinson’s arrest! Tim emailed Gibbs a copy of the warrant! It’s standard procedure!”

(Nell smiles at Gibbs…whispers in his ear)

Nell: “She’s worried…she’ll be okay”

Gibbs: “I know! I’m worried too”

Nell; “Then help us….but stay out of our way…okay, :Gibbsy? We got this, grandgibbs”

(Gibbs nods to her…she races back to the console moving drones closer to the city)

Gibbs; ‘Nell!”

(She turns to him…)

Gibbs: “Thanks for coming…(turns to Delilah) “You too, Fielding…”

(Nell moves one of the drones closer to the city streets…)

Nell: “We’re trying to find Tim and Vance….”

Gibbs: “How can you? Look at all the people..It will be impossible….”

(A young voice interrupts…)

Danny: “No it’s not”

(Gibbs turns, discovers that Danny has moved up next to him….)

Danny: ‘You’re looking for people…that’s the wrong thing to look for….”

Gibbs: “Well son, yes, we are….but it’s the only way….”

(Gibbs stops as Danny ignores him….Danny is moving closer to the screen…)

Danny: “My momma…when we were hiding…she taught me to look for things that don’t belong…colors that don’t belong, shapes….that stuff….”

(Danny turns to Gibbs….)

Danny: “What color are Uncle Tim and Uncle Vance’s clothes?”

(Gibbs looks at him….then speaks)

Gibbs: “Dark jackets…they say NCIS on the back in white…”

Danny “Naw…they took those off by now….”

Gibbs: “Yea…that makes sense…so?”

Danny: “They both wearing white shirts?”

Delilah: “Yes! Tim had one on when he left!”

Gibbs; ‘Yea…Vance always wears white shirts to work….”

Danny: “Pants?”

Gibbs; “Hell, I don’t know..”

Danny: “Come on dad…you’re an investigator! What color…”

(Gibbs thinks…both McGee and Vance come up in his memory, standing, talking…He sees the pants)

Gibbs; “Khaki…light…both of them…”

Delilah: “Yes…!”

(Danny turns to the screen….)

Danny: ‘You see any white shirts or light pants out there?”

(They all look at the screen…every soldier battling has on black…or dark…)

Gibbs; “No…no one…”

Danny: “Okay…so stop looking for the faces of Uncle Vance and Uncle Tim….start looking for their bright clothes”

(scene shifts to Simple City street….an alleyway is up ahead….Shots heard all around them….McGee is till carrying Vance…He gets to the entrance, turns into it, takes a few steps, turns…No one comes around the corner after them…He continues deeper into the alley…he reaches a dumpster, falls against the brick wall, then drops to his knees, then slowly, as carefully as possible, rolls Vance off his shoulder onto the ground…Vance moans….McGee does the same, pressing his shoulder against the wall, pushing…)

McGee: “Sorry sir…”

(Vance opens his eyes…watches McGee pushing his shoulder against the wall…)

Vance: “Push from the front…”

(McGee looks at him, curiously)

Vance: “Your shoulder is separating at the collar bone…from carrying me…press the front of your collar bone against the bricks…then push real hard real fast…”

(McGee looks at him again….)

Vance: “Been there, Tim….it’s gonna hurt like a mother, but it’s the only way to get it set back in….at least here…”

(McGee nods, then does as he is instructed…he stands, presses his chest and shoulder against the wall…and snaps his upper chest into the bricks…He yells out from the pain…)

McGee: “DAMN! I’m sorry….that hurt….”

Vance; “I don’t think anyone’s paying attention to screams, Tim….”

(McGee, rubbing his shoulder, listens….There are screams, shots fired, more screams, filling the alleyway, coming from the streets near them)

McGee: “I guess not…shoulder’s better…but still can’t move it all the way…”

Vance: “You won’t…but it will help”

McGee: ‘We need to rest sir…and I need to let that belt loose so blood can flow back into your leg…I don’t want to go through all this then you end up losing a leg due to Gangrene….”

(McGee kneels on the dirty street, and begins loosening the belt…They both look wide-eyed at the sudden blood flow coming from Vance’s leg)

Mcgee: ‘We’re moving you around too much…the wounds are opening up more…”

Vance: “Give it a minute…then tie it back off….”

(McGee nods….then a movement above him catches his eye….)

(scene shifts to MTAC..The screen has 3 parts now…one from each of the two drones, the third screen has Delilah, moving her controls on her drone…Nell is at the MTAC console, driving her drone…both are staying high enough to stay out of the action on the street, moving slow enough to catch details of people…)

Delilah: “Nothing…they must be holed up inside somewhere”

Gibbs: “No…McGee will be on the move…Vance will follow his lead”

Delilah: ‘Vance will follow Tim?”

Gibbs: ‘Yea…he and Vance are close…closer than I am to Leon”

Nell: “Really?”

(Gibbs nods his head, still focused on the screens)

Gibbs; ‘Yea…Leon loves the guy….admires him..Plus…”

Delilah: “Plus what, Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Plus I trained him, Fielding…that’s what….Tim will follow his training…and he’s trained to keep moving and stay low…never hole up…it’s how they find you and how you die”

(Delilah can be seen turning her head to one side…wiping a tear…then steadying her emotions, turning back to the monitor and her drone…)

Danny: “THERE!”

(He points to an opening in an alleyway…)

Gibbs: ‘Nothing’s there!”

Danny: ‘Aunt Nell! Back it up!”

(Nell nods, hits two keys, and the digital recording backs up…)

Danny: “STOP! Now play it forward slow”

(Nell does…slow motion of the fighting in the streets…slow motion of people being shot, dying….Danny moves as close as he can to the screen…)

Danny: ‘FREEZE!”

(Nell freezes the screen….Danny points to two white flashes, a blurred image…)

Gibbs: “How can you tell it’s people? It’s blurred!”

Nell; “Sharpening resolution..hold…4 times…hold…come on pixels, catch up…hold…going to 6 time pixel count…”

(Danny yells out)

Danny: “UNCLE TIM! UNCLE VANCE!”

(They all look at the sharpened image in shock…clearly seen is McGee standing on the sidewalk, turning to enter an alley…and over his shoulder, the upper half of Vance, his head hanging down towards the ground….)

Nell; “My god! TIM IS CARRYING LEON!”

Delilah: (In awed voice) “I don’t believe it…”

(Gibbs stares at the screen….)

Gibbs: “I do”

(Gibbs stares….)

Gibbs: “Move it forward…Tim won’t turn around until he’s off the street..Then he’ll turn to look for anyone coming…”

(Nell moves her hand to a knob…she begins turning it…The image on the screen shows movement, very slow motion…)

Gibbs: (whispers) “Come on Tim…do it…you’re in the alley…turn…wait for someone that might come around the corner….come on Tim…do it…do it…”

(The image show McGee slowly stop, and the image shows him start to turn….his face is shown….)

Delilah: “TIM! MY GOD IT’S HIM….!”

(Nell stops the image…freezes on the frame..McGee is now facing the street, with Vance’s legs hanging over his front….Nell’s hand flies up to her mouth….)

Nell: “Blood!”

Gibbs: “yea…down his shirt…..”

(The dark stains from Vance’s wounded leg can be clearly seen on his white shirt)

Delilah: “TIM! HE’S HURT! GOD! NO!”

Gibbs: ‘It’s not Tim…that blood’s coming from Vance’s leg…Tim isn’t moving badly, he’s not shot….That’s why he’s carrying Leon….Leon can’t walk….”

Gibbs: “NELL!...MOVE THE DRONE…”

Nell: “Already on it, Jethro…moving the drone into the alley…”

Delilah: “Moving drone 2 to the other end… checking for visitors”

(Delilah’s drone captures the view of 8-10 men, all chasing two men down the side street….They are about to pass the alleyway where McGee and Vance are hiding…Flashes of gunfire can be seen on the image…Then the two men being chased fall to the street…dead…The group of men chasing them start jumping up and down, high fiving each other…)

Delilah: “My god…it’s …it’s….”

Gibbs: “It’s a gang war…and yea… it’s worse than Beirut….”

(A sigh of relief can be heard in the room…the men chasing the other two men, their mission accomplished, turn and move away from the alley entrance…)

Delilah: “Nell…can we…..”

Nell: (small smile) “You betcha….”

(Nell begins pushing the joystick slowly, moving the drone high up, over the alley, above the buildings)

Delilah: “I need it…”

(Nell ignores her….the image on the camera shows the drone has stopped, is now moving down over McGee and Vance)

Nell: “I didn’t want to go to street level….the drone isn’t small…It would be noticed, maybe followed”

(Gibbs turns to look at Nell…He sees Caprice watching….She catches his eye…she points at Gibbs, then mouths the silent question…)

Caprice “proud father?”

Gibbs: ‘Yea! Ya think?”

(Nell turns at his voice..)

Nell: “Ya think what?”

(She sees Gibbs smiling at her…Sees Caprice doing the same…Gibbs gives her an ‘air head slap’….Nell grins..)

Gibbs: “Nice work”

(Nell beams for a second, then turns to work her drone…she’s watching it on her own monitor eye level with her)

(scene shifts to alley…McGee has spotted a movement, directly above them…He looks upwards, moving to shield Vance…He sees the drone…then relaxes…)

McGee; “Director!...We have company!”

Vance: (groaning) “Tell ‘em I said go to hell, then run, Tim!”

McGee: “No sir…I don’t think so…..it’s welcome company!”

(Vance looks in the direction McGee is looking….a CyberForce drone slowly lowering to them, stopping and hovering at eye level….McGee smiles…he knows who’s looking….)

(scene shifts to Delilah….)

Delilah: “Tim…god…Tim…my sweetie….”

(Nell stops the drone in place…then she waggles the joystick, causing the front of the drone to move up and down…McGee, on the screen, can be seen looking directly into the camera lense….Delilah moves her hand to the monitor screen, places it over McGee’s face, her eyes close, tears fall….She moves her hand off….just in time to see McGee mouth the words..”

McGee: “I love you, Delilah”

(Delilah lets out a sob….tears freely falling….)

Delilah: “I love you Tim…I love you so much…We’re going to get you out of there…I promise….”

Gibbs: “Nell, can we get a close up of Vance’s leg?”

Nell: “Moving in now…”

(The image on the MTAC screen shows the view shifting….the camera is pointed at Vance's leg…The blood soaked khakis are seen, then McGee points to Vance's leg, pointing out the wound, then he lifts his hand, showing 4 fingers…)

Gibbs: "4 gunshots"

(McGee can be seen holding an imaginary shotgun, pumping what the slide action would be)

Gibbs: 'No…not bullets…buckshot"

(McGee can be seen holding two fingers to Vance's neck..)

Gibbs: "He's going to give us a pulse count…give him a few"

(Caprice can be seen watching…..she is continually amazed at what the training they get does…the teamwork, conveying important information through sign language)

Gibbs: "Okay…give it to us, Tim"

(McGee is seen holding up 4 fingers, then he makes a circle with his thumb and forefinger)

Gibbs; "Pulse is 40….Caprice?"

(Caprice has been watching….)

Caprice: "It's low, but not dangerous…if it drops to 25 or below, he's fading…"

Gibbs: "Nell, give McGee a yes"

(Nell moves the stick..the screen image can be seen moving up and down..McGee replies with a mouthed 'thank you'…then Delilah shouts out…)

Delilah: "Entrance! Gun!"

(scene shifts to the alley….McGee watches as a second drone has dropped, and sees that the drone sees…A figure, small…black…holding a gun pointed at them…..he sees it's a female…)

Woman: "Friendly! Don't shoot! I'm a cop!"

McGee: "We don't have guns, ma'am…but damn glad to see someone not wanting to kill us…"

Woman: 'How in the hell have you two managed to get this far?"

(McGee and Vance look at each other…small smile)

Vance: "Our looks?"

(The two men laugh…then Vance groans, holding his leg….The woman pulls out an ID and Metro PD badge_

Woman: 'Lynette Dawson…I'm a friend of Torres's…'

McGee: "You're his contact there!"

Dawson: 'Yea…we help each other out from time to time"

(She reaches into her backpack…pulls out a plastic box with a red cross on it)

Dawson: "Let's look at that leg…."

McGee: "How did you find us? There are shooters everywhere…"

Dawson: “Are you kidding? A white man carrying a wounded black man? They’re too busy out there to notice..but I was looking for what they weren’t…”

Vance: (weakly) “Why?...I heard cops were not allowed in….”

Dawson: “I’m not a cop tonight…I’m a friend…And sir…I’m mighty pissed off at my brothers in blue…”

(Vance reaches slowly out with his hand…She shakes his hand)

Vance; “Thank you officer…thank you…)

Dawson: “Let’s get you patched up better, sir…We have to get you outa here….they’re moving in quadrants, military style…”

McGee: “Why?”

Dawson: “Looking for you…You’re both all over the radio….there’s a bounty on your heads…”

McGee: “Bounty?”

Dawson: “Yea…1% a month ….for life…that’s about $15,000 bucks a month to the lucky winner….”

(McGee looks at the drone….he points at the camera, then at him…then he makes walking motions with two fingers)

(scene shifts to MTAC)

Gibbs: “That’s officer Dawson…:She’s Torres’s contact at Metro…….Good cop”

Delilah: ‘She’s my best friend now!”

(Gibbs see the motion McGee makes….he nods to the screen..)

Gibbs: “McGee wants to follow the drone….He wants you to lead them out…”

(Nell nods to Gibbs..moves the joystick slightly…The camera view goes up and down, and they see McGee smile and give the OK sign)

Gibbs; “Daughter? Fielding? Lead ‘em out!”

(scene shifts to alley…McGee is seen kneeling again, this time Dawson helps Vance up and over his shoulder…Dawson looks at the shoulder…shakes her head)

Dawson: “Your shoulder…it’s 3 inches lower than the other one…you’ve completely dislocated it…How can you stand the pain…?”

(McGee grimaces as he shifts Vance several inches…)

McGee: “He’s my brother…this is what we do…”

(opening strains to ‘He Ain’t Heavy, He’s My Brother” – The Hollies, begins)

(Dawson looks at him in awe….nods her head…looks at the drone, and motions…)

Dawson: “Move out!”

(Scene shifts to aerial view of the drone leading Dawson in front, then McGee, carrying Vance, slowly walking)

(scene fades out to continuation of music from “He Ain’t Heavy, He’s My Brother”)

The road is long
With many a winding turn
That leads us to who knows where
Who knows where
But I'm strong
Strong enough to carry him
He ain’t heavy, he’s my brother

(scene fades to black and white)

scene opens in Simple City, 2am, view shows ground level city streets…shots can be heard coming from inside the shops, inside the offices, a man runs across the street, several shots are heard, the man falls in the middle of the street, dead. Cheers can be heard coming from an upstairs open window overlooking the street..Two men, dressed in black and white referee shirts, can be seen running to the body, both men start dragging the dead man by the arms, pulling him off the street, lifting him up and throwing the body onto a waiting flatbed truck. Multiple bodies are seen piled on the back of the flatbed…Scene shifts to a large bright blue 60’s model Buick station wagon. Inside, in the back seat, PR, AKA Pale Rider, is seen talking into a modern two way handheld radio)

PR: “Gangers and Bangers! We have the current scoring update! The Tran Tribe, those lovely but deadly ladies, are leading the scoring with only 200 points deducted, a high score of 800! They’re playing it smart, boys, take notes! In second place, Marcus and his KillerBoys, at 700! They were tied with the deadly dolls, but they got into an argument with the referee and cut my boy up! He’s alive, so only a 100 point deduction! The Winkers, sorry Wink, your boys just gotta get under control….No penalties, clean kills, but a zebra went down for the count! 500 points gone, but the good news is, I lifted the automatic disqualification! So, keep on keepin on!”

(The beep beep beep sound comes over the radios)

PR: “Hey Hey Hey! The latest news on our Federal Fugitive Bonus Point Chase! They’ve been spotted in the newly gentrified strip, near the intersection of 15th and Palomino Street! They’re on the move, but moving slow…Remember, 1% of the BlueBlood override goes to the man or woman that scores! Kill-A-Fed is still open!”

(PR is seen letting his thumb off the ‘talk’ button on the handheld…His demeanor turns dark, leans up from the back seat of the station wagon, taps the driver’s shoulder)

PR: “I want those NCIS bastards..”

Driver: “ They’ll get ‘em, PR”

PR: “I’m not so sure…(pauses) …”What’s the latest body count?”

Driver: “Per gang or total?”

PR: “Total”

Driver: “52..I just got the count from the pile stackers”

PR: “That’s too low…There are 250 bangers out there, well equipped and motivated…Statistics show the body count should be over 100 by now”

Driver: “The bounty changed things, PR…It went from everyone fighting for turf to one lucky person being set for life…”

(PR nods, looks out the window at the men running across the street, more shots heard)

PR: “I should have known better…”

Driver: “How? Who wouldn’t quit fighting for their gang if they can do something for themselves?”

(PR looks out at the city streets….he remembers….)

Pr: “There are men that wouldn’t leave their unit, no matter what”

Driver: ‘No way, PR…who?”

(Pr turns to face the driver)

PR: “Marines”

(scene fades out)

(scene opens in MTAC, empty…lights off, screen blank)

(scene shifts to the D Ranch, house is shown, no one inside…the view pans to the barn where the ARK is stored…the doors are open, nothing is inside)

(Scene shifts to CyberForce operations area…A live view from two of the drones are shown on the large wall monitors…Delilah is seen working a joystick, her chair in front of the console…A soft pink towel is seen on the end of the desktop…Delilah, without looking at it, picks it up and tosses it to her left….)

Delilah: “If that baby pukes on that keyboard, you’re cleaning it up”

(scene shifts to the next console area, Bishop seen catching the towel in midair, then wiping her open blouse…)

Bishop: “Nickie, behave…we’re guests here”

(The baby smiles, then starts fussing….Bishop opens her blouse, moves Nickie’s mouth towards her chest…Nickie quiets, happily feeding) …another voice laughs)

Danny: “I’m trying to talk mom and dad into getting one of those!”

Bishop: “You’ll be the one cleaning up the puke, sonny….and changing the diapers”

(Danny looks at the wipe rags piled by Bishop, then a dirty diaper in the waste basket…eyes get wide)

Danny: ‘Uh….maybe it’s not a good idea”

Delilah: ‘Hey Eagle Eye…focus!”

(Danny shifts his attention back to the large monitor in front of him…he stares at it….flashbacks of hiding out with his mother go through his head)

(Scene shifts to Walter Reed Hospital ER entrance area….Gibbs and Caprice standing outside the entrance, looking across the park area outside the hospital grounds…a section of city can be seen in the distance, the huge wooded park separating the hospital from the inner city area, known as Simple City)

Caprice: “This park always separated us from that place”

Gibbs: “Not now…”

Caprice: “No…not now…”

(Gibbs takes her hand, squeezes it)

Gibbs: “Thank you”

Caprice: “I know”

(She turns to him, kisses his cheek)

Caprice: “I’ll never ask you to stop being who you are, Jethro….It’s the man I fell in love with”

Gibbs: “You could have…I would have done it”

Caprice: “I know…I love you for that”

(He pulls her close, kisses her hard….then breaks off, trots away into the park area)

Caprice: (to self) “I’d tell you to be careful…”

(Watches Gibbs trot, green camo outfit on, scoped rifle over his shoulder…)

Caprice: “But who would I be kidding?”

(The noise of a large moving truck pulling into the parking lot grabs her attention….)

(scene shifts to the moving truck pulling into the back of the parking lot..it’s large, black, unmarked…The back doors swing open, two dark figures jump off the rear, both dressed in black, both silent..and both start running into the dark park area….once the tree line is reached, they disappear from sight…Caprice walks from the ER ambulance entrance to the rear of the truck….she looks inside, seeing what she knew she’d see….One of the people inside turns to her…)

Dez: “Hey girl…want to wait in here with us?”

(Caprice nods her head, waits for Nell to get to her, extending a hand to help her climb into the rear of the ARK. Two separate drone console control desks can be seen, lighting up the dark interior of the closed trailer with an eerie blue tint)

Nell: “Gibbs already gone?”

Caprice: “Yea”

Nell: “I know you’re worried….so are we…”

Caprice: “I know”

Dez: “Come on over here, Caprice, sit with me (rolls a chair next to her),…your time is coming soon, and until then, I could use your help….”

Caprice: “I wish I was at home…doing nothing…nagging at Jethro for loading the dishwasher wrong”

Dez: “It’s who we are, baby girl…and they are who they are”

Caprice: “I know”

(Nell smiles at Caprice)

Nell: “You’re starting to talk like him….”

(Caprice looks at Nell, a small grin…)

Caprice: “Ya think?”

(Nell smiles)

Nell: “Yea”

(Caprice thinks…nods…small smile)

Caprice: “Works for me”

(scene fades out, scene shifts to an old city alley way….dark, shadowy….sound of battling gangs can be heard coming from the street…Dawson stands inside the alley by the street exit, peering out, McGee is behind her, Vance’s arms can be seen wrapped over McGee’s shoulders, his arms over McGee’s chest, being carried piggyback style…McGee’s arms can be seen reaching behind him, supporting Vance’s backside, a hand under each thigh holding him in place….Blood can be seen dripping off one hand)

Dawson: “The drone’s at the rooftops….now it’s hovering…”

McGee: “Where?”

Dawson: ‘Across the street…it was dipping in and out of an alley entrance one block up and over...now it’s just hovering”

(Dawson looks back at McGee)

Dawson: “I’ve never seen a drone do things like this one…who’s driving it?”

McGee: “The best”

Dawson: “Must be…but it seems like it’s telling us to go in that alley”

McGee: “Then that’s where we go”

Dawson: “You sure? You hear all that gunfire out there?”

Vance: “We’re sure”

(Dawson looks at both of them….)

Dawson: “You trust a drone?”

McGee: “We trust the people controlling them”

Dawson: “That’s a lotta trust, boys!”

Vance; ‘It’s who we are officer…”

(Dawson continues to stare at them, then shrugs)

Dawson: “Okay cowboys…let’s do this…Follow my lead…If I stop, you stop and find some cover…we clear?”

(McGee nods…turns his head towards Vance’s face, next to his)

McGee: “Might hurt some sir…I’m sorry”

Vance; ‘McGee”

McGee: “Yes sir?”

Vance; “Leon”

McGee: “Sir?”

Vance: “Call me Leon….I think at this point, we’re past formalities…”

McGee: ‘Thank you Director…(his face grimaces)..”

Vance: “Shoulder?”

(McGee nods, then turns his attention towards Dawson, now in the middle of the street, her head on a swivel…She turns to them, waves a hand)

McGee: “We’re going”

(McGee enters the street, walking as fast as he can with the load he carries….He looks up the street, sees a group of gangers running across the intersecting street, barely one block away….He stops…)

Dawson: “DON’T STOP!”

(McGee picks up the pace…in a minute, they reach the other side of the street, then start walking on the sidewalk, hugging the shop windows, staying under the awnings that cover the sidewalk…Then a shop door opens, McGee freezes…and out steps a man, holding a shotgun…he steps onto the sidewalk, smiles real big…)

Man: “Oh yeaaaaaa….It’s my lucky day…..”

(McGee sees him….and there is nothing he can do. Dawson has already turned the corner into the alley, out of sight….)

McGee: “You don’t want to do this….”

Man: “The hell I don’t”

(He raises the shotgun stock up to his cheek…..McGee knows it’s coming. He closes his eyes…Vance closes his own eyes…Then the shot is heard…)

Dawson: ‘COME ON! MOVE IT!”

(They both open their eyes…The shotgun man is laying on the sidewalk, blood pouring out of his head….Dawson is seen walking out of the same door the gunman did, the still smoking gun in hand…)

Dawson: “I saw him inside when I passed by the window…I scooted in the alley door….”

(McGee turns to Vance…shock in voice)

McGee: “Damn….Leon”

Vance: ‘Damn is right!”

Dawson: “You boys watch your language…there’s a lady present….”

(She steps to the body, picks up the shotgun, straps it over her back…she takes a pistol off the man, brings it to McGee, then looks at the gun, checks the chamber, takes the safety off, places it in Vance’s hand…)

Dawson: “There…now you can earn your keep and tip your Uber driver”

(Vance and McGee both nod their heads, eyes wide, both staring at the small, black, police officer)

Dawson: “Then come on! The drone has landed in the alley….”

McGee: “That means it wants us to sit and wait”

(She looks back at them, a “seriously?” look on her face)

Dawson: “Even I figured that one out….”

(She shakes her head)

Dawson: “Civilians….god help ‘em”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the park half a mile frm Walter Reed and close to Simple City, approximately 100 yards from the edge of the city streets and the fighting…Gibbs stops trotting, holding his chest area….He takes some deep breaths, satisfied the wound has not reopened, he focuses his attention on the city view…He can see gun flashes, hears pops..and more than one scream….Gibbs looks up at the Park Guard Station, a portable unit designed for Park Police to climb and be able to see over the park area)

Gibbs: “Perfect”

(He is seen climbing the ladder, entering the shack, then the outside view shows one of the plexiglass windows opening, raising up on two hydraulic struts…The view shifts to inside the elevated shack, Gibbs screwing a 6 inch tube onto his rifle barrel…satisfied it’s secured, he props the rifle against the wall by the window, takes out an olive green rectangular box, clicks a switch, flips the cover off the end, revealing two black lenses….he places the box to his eyes….the view through the lenses is green, shades of light green dark green, and darker green….The Starlight night binoculars are doing their work)

(scene shifts to the edge of the park directly bordering the city street…two black and white BlueBlood referees are seen standing by their custom Buick classic cars, approximately 20 feet apart…both are alert, watching the streets, both carrying automatic weapons…)

Ref 1: “Wish you were in there?”

Ref 2: “Hell no…those bangers are nuts!”

(A shadow passes by Ref 2)

Ref 1: “Yea, but what if you were the one to pop a Fed?”

(There is no reply)

Ref 1: “Hey…what if you were…..”

(Another shadow covers his mouth, he tries to scream as he’s being dragged into the bushes….The view shifts back to Ref 2’s area….he’s gone…)

(scene shifts to two shadowy figures racing between cars, then gone….A lone drone swings down towards the bushes, hovers, it’s lense scanning back and forth….then the drone rises upwards, turns and flies over the two shadow men, both racing along shop fronts…The drone focuses on one of them..)

(scene shifts to the Ark…Dez can be seen moving her joystick, her image showing a barely discernible outline of Torres, crouched in a shadow)

Dez: “Dammit Torres! Move out so I can see you!”

Nell: “I lost Dil, too…”

Caprice: “Isn’t that what they’re supposed to do? Stay out of sight?”

Dez: “Yea…but it pisses me off….”

Nell: “Uh oh…”

(Nell presses her mic button)

Nell; “Bishop?”

(Bishop’s voice comes over her earbuds)

Bishop: “Yea, I see it…Torres just signed Dil that he’s going topside”

Nell: “Topside?”

Bishop: “Rooftops….”

Nell: “Oh…like he did at the diner! Wow!”

Bishop: “He’s showing off for Dil…”

Nell: “Oh yea…after the snatch and grab in Russia”

Bishop: ‘YES! He’s mad at me because I won’t help him practice it! He almost broke everything in our living room getting Daisy to run with the rope!”

(laughter can be heard over the headsets)

Dez: “There he goes….damn, that boy can climb!”

(The monitor image shows Torres using rock climbing techniques to scale the brick wall, his outline showing against the bricks)

Dez: “He’s gotta be part spider….no one can do that…”

Nell: “Not even Dil…”

(she begins laughing…)

Dez: “Yea…(chuckles) “ He fell off the side of the barn twice trying it…”

Caprice: “Seriously?”

Nell: ‘Yep…those two have bonded, Caprice…”

Bishop: “That ain’t no lie!...they got the BroLove thing goin’ on”

Dez: “Barf”

Caprice: “Oh my……”

Nell: “What?”

Delilah: (over headset) “Tim…Tim…No……..”

(They all swing their view to Nell’s monitor…Delilah has patched her drone in to share her drone’s view. The drone that was leading Dawson, McGee, and Vance, has risen over the rooftops, looking down at the street…The alley they are in is clearly seen, as are the 4 well armed gangers running across the street towards the alley entrance…)

Delilah: “They’re coming at an angle! They can’t see them! They found them!”

Bishop: “Look! More are coming!”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the Ark….Caprice is standing at the edge of the rear of the truck, a set of binoculars to her face…)

Dez: “ Gone?”

Caprice: “Yes….”

Dez: “The pack is secure?”

Caprice: ‘Of course….”

Dez: “You think she can find them quicker?”

Caprice: “Don’t you?”

Dez: “Yea….I do…”

(scene shifts to the edge of the city….another shadow figure moves slowly…head to the ground….the figure darts across the street, fast…the figure stops, looks into an alley…she sniffs….The figure turns, starts sniffing the sidewalk…A low whine comes from the figure as it finds blood spots on the ground..The shadow moves towards the exit onto the street, the head constantly on the ground, going back and forth, then back and forth again in the street until it picks up a straight line scent…The figure stops…head up, alert…ears up and forward…She sees 6 humans, running towards another alley, up the street and across…She slowly backs up into the alley entrance, lowers her body to the pavement. She sniffs the air….a low growl escapes her throat….she looks off to the left, sees another alley…as the men pass, she raises up, watches the men, then bolts across the street)

(scene shifts to the alley…Vance on the dirty concrete, sitting, his back against the wall of the alley…his face contorted in pain as McGee loosens the belt, allowing blood to flow into the leg….Vance tries to control the scream, but can’t…)

McGee: (high voice) “I’m sorry sir…I’m sorry….but I have to…”

Vance: “Do it!”

(McGee struggles to loosen the belt, his right arm and hand near useless….his cheeks can be seen, tears running down them as he fights the pain caused by the dislocated shoulder…Dawson looks over at McGee…her face shows shock)

Dawson: “Agent….your shoulder…”

(McGee looks at her, shakes his head back and forth….she starts to move towards McGee to help, then she stops…turns towards the alley entrance….She listens..distant gun shots heard, then voices..)

Dawson: ‘Oh damn….”

(McGee turns towards her, then sees her unsling the shotgun she picked up off the street from her shoulder dropping it by his feet, then she’s running past them, snatching the pistol out of Vance’s lose grip. She unholsters her own service weapon, then keeps running straight towards the alley entrance)

Dawson: (yelling) “IT’S CHAMBERED! PICK IT UP!”

(McGee quickly picks up the shotgun she left, stands…through the pain, he holds the barrel in his left hand, his face focused on the alley exit, more tears run down his cheek as he pulls his right arm back to enable his finger to be placed on the trigger)

Dawson: “They’re here!”

(She stops at least 20 feet before she reaches the entrance, both feet spread, her weapons out….Then the nightmare begins….The group of gangers come running around the corner, into the alley entrance, yelling

and screaming, eager to kill. She guesses there are not at least 10….Dawson takes in a breath, then quietly, calmly, she says….”

“No”

(She begins pulling the triggers..both weapons roar in the echo of the alley way, the first two gangers run into her barrage of bullets, scream, and go down…The cramped alley works to her advantage, not allowing the gangers to spread out…she stands still, firing, firing, more firing, she points at the walls directly by the invaders, using the walls to ricochet bullets off and hit the ones protected by the front line of gangers…Another ganger goes down, but the rear guard of the group grows in size as 4 more street soldiers join them, alerted to the location over their radios…They keep coming, unstoppable….a yell in her ear, then she hears and feels a deafening roar..)

McGee: “RELOAD!”

(McGee stands next to her, pulling the trigger to the 12 gauge shotgun, the blast taking out two of the oncoming gangers, now only 15 feet away….McGee screams as he holds the shotgun steady with his damaged arm, then pumps another shell into the chamber with his left hand….The big boom stick roars again…two more attackers are blown backwards by the blast, knocking them into men behind them, bowling them over, creating confusion and fear in the group)

Dawson: “I’M FULL!”

(Dawson, clips full, continues firing both pistols, blood splashes as a ganger takes a shot to the neck…but they keep coming, more have joined them…now there are 12 fresh soldiers hungry for a lifetime of money and power….)

McGee: ‘GET OUT! THERE ARE TOO MANY!”

(Dawson keeps firing…)

Dawson: ‘No”

(She fires more, ignoring the scream from McGee as he pumps another round….)

McGee: “You’re a good soldier, Dawson…sorry you got into this”

Dawson: “Stop!..Look!””

(The men running towards them have stopped…they are staring, fearful…..)

McGee: “What….?”

(Over 100 pounds of raging, wrathful beast streak by McGee and Dawson….the sounds from the animal’s mouth bring up instinctive memories of wolves, tigers, lions….the bestial, unhuman sounds ignite a fear in the men they’d never felt before….so they turn…and run…but they can’t escape…)

McGee: “Daisy…..”

(Dawson stands paralyzed, both in shock and in fascination, as the beast leaves the ground, launching itself into the air, her long fanged muzzle open, aiming straight at the throat of a fear-paralyzed man….)

Dawson: “Daaaaaaamn….”

(The scene turns from running and screaming men into torn flesh screaming men, those still able to scream…The flurry of blood and flesh flying in the air over the attackers is unimaginable…Vicious snarls and growls fill the air, screams add to the surreal picture, the beast landing on a dead body, using the torso to gain traction for another leap….Then another scream comes from behind the group, now a count of 20 that are still living…a recognizable voice)

Torres: (scream) “DAISY GET DOWN!”

(The dog immediately hits the deck….she lowers herself as close to the ground as possible….Then another hell breaks loose as Torres and Dil, in the street, start firing their automatic weapons into the group of damned to hell bangers….within 15 seconds, every ganger that joined them, lay dead, or dying…several men can be seen running off, screaming for their lives in fear…Dil and Torres watch them…then turn towards the alley entrance…Torres nods to Mcgee)

Torres: “We made it….”

(McGee, in shock, both from seeing Daisy do her work, then his two friends doing what they do best, nods slowly…)

McGee: “Yea…I see that..”

(Dawson, awe-struck, looks up at Mcgee)

Dawson: “Please tell me they’re on our side..”

(McGee smiles at his brothers…nods his head)

Dawson: “Good..I’m outa bullets”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene shifts to the Park Service shack…Gibbs is looking through the binoculars, watching a group of men with black and white shirts..his earbud crackles, then…)

Delilah: “Gibbs…you see them?”

Gibbs: “Yea…6, maybe 7”

Delilah: “There’s 5 more coming from your 10”

(Gibbs swings the binoculars to the left…he sees them…)

Gibbs: “Got ‘em”

Delilah: ‘You’re going to need some help…those men are in between our people and the hospital”

Gibbs; “Got one question, Delilah”

Delilah: “What?”

Gibbs: “Why are women always late?”

(a sound at his back…he doesn’t bother turning….)

Gibbs: “About time, Dez”

(Dez is seen coming up onto the ledge, entering the shack)

Dez: “Oh shut up, Gibbs!”

Gibbs: ‘Have to stop and pee?”

Dez: “No!”

(Gibbs waits, slight grin…waits….)

Dez: “Okay yea! Sue me!”

Gibbs: “Come on girl…glad to see you”

Dez: “No you’re not”

(Gibbs rubs his thumb and two fingers together)

Gibbs: “We betting again?”

(Dez takes his binoculars, scans the area up ahead….)

Dez: “One dollar. Most hit minus fewest misses wins”

Gibbs: “You’re on….come on, let’s get you set up…”

(Dez kneels down beside him, rests her scoped rifle on the window ledge…she shocks Gibbs by reaching over and giving him a peck on the cheek…Gibbs looks at her in surprise…)

Dez: “Caprice made me do that…it’s from her….”

(Dez presses mic button on her neck…)

Dez: “Caprice…message delivered”

Caprice: “Thank you Dez! You know, I could have asked you to deliver a really good one!”

(Dez looks over at a grinning Gibbs…she presses the mic button again…)

Dez: “Barf”

(Gibbs gives a small smile)

Gibbs: “I want you to tell her I love her with all my heart, and soul…”

Dez: “NO WAY!”

(Another grin)

Gibbs; “Come on sweetheart…let’s bring our family home”

Dez: “Absolutely….I got left, you got right”

Gibbs: “You always this bossy?”

Dez: “You already know the answer to that, Gibbs”

(Gibbs smiles as he sets the scope to his eye…..sighting….)

(scene shifts to the city alley…Dil tending to Vance, Torres with McGee..Torres looks at Mcgee’s shoulder…winces)

Torres: “That shoulder, McGee…no Bueno”

(Torres unbuttons McGee’s shirt, pulls the shirt off the shoulder…Torres blinks…another wince seen on his face…)

Torres: “Dude…man…that’s gotta hurt…”

(McGee closes his eyes….groans….)

McGee: “Yes. It does…I can’t..I can’t carry him…..anymore…”

Torres: “McGee…you carried Vance…man..over 24 hours? I don’t see how…how anyone….”

McGee: “Had to”

(Torres nods….)

Torres: “I know…I know….but Tim…damn…this is bad….”

(The view shows McGee’s collarbone area…the rounded top of the upper arm bone, the humerus, pressing against the flesh, a prominent circle about 4 inches in diameter, presses upward against the flesh, the impression easily seen from outside)

Torres: “DAISY! HERE!”

(McGee groans…)

McGee: “That dog…she was….Torres…I don’t think I’ll ever get used to seeing her do…..”

Torres: “What she can do? I know, brother…it’s like watching a nightmare….”

McGee: “She saved us…you saved us…But Dawson…She….”

Torres: “Yea…amigo…she’s a bud, you know?”

McGee: “My bud now…She was unbelievable….”

Torres: “She’s that way…good people…good cop…”

(Daisy trots up, panting…her muzzle and upper torso coated in blood….)

Torres: “Hey girl…I’d pet you, but..dang…”

(Daisy sits, holds up one paw to him)

Torres: “Okay…yea…I’ll shake your paw…and I need something girl…”

(Torres reaches around her neck, unclips a small, 6 inch long black plastic box….He lays it on the ground…opens it…pulls out a foil wrapped item, the size of a Qtip….Dawson is watching…)

Dawson: “What is it?”

(Torres tears the foil, pulls out a white stick with a white lozenge on top…)

Torres: “Lollipop”

Dawson: “Lollipop?”

(McGee groans, holds his good hand out….Torres places the item in his hand, McGee instantly puts it in his mouth)

Torres: “Fentanyl sucker…better than morphine for field pain….”

Dawson: “I’ve seen those on the street!”

Torres: “Yea…big ticket item…but it will stop his pain in about 4 minutes…”

McGee: “Love you man…..”

(Torres looks at Mcgee, then at Dawson)

Torres: “Or less…McGee here’s a lightweight”

McGee: “Love you too, Dawson….”

Dawson: “Yea…thanks…uh…likewise?”

Torres: “Hey, make sure he doesn’t bite it…he’ll be wanting you to have his children….”

(Dawson looks at McGee, then at Torres, who has now picked up the plastic box and moved to Vance)

Dawson: “How the hell do I stop him?”

(scene shifts to Vance…Dil has cut the pants open, is pouring a bottle of water on the wounds….)

Dil: “You’ve lost a lot of blood sir….”

Vance; “I know…”

Dil: “We’ve got to stop that blood loss….”

Vance: ‘No more belt…no…please…no more….”

Dil: “Won’t have to sir….now, this is going to sting, but it’s going to stop your bleeding”

(Dawson has shifted her attention to Dil and Vance…)

Dil: “Torres…?

(Torres hands Dil the box…Dil looks inside, pulls out one sucker, opens it and gives it to Vance…Vance puts it in his mouth, sighs….)

Torres: “Hey man…they don’t work that quick”

Vance: “Lost my toothpick somewhere back there…”

(Vance seen happily moving the sucker stick from one side of his mouth to the other….Dil is pulling out another package, looks at the number of shotgun wounds on Vance’s leg, pulls out a second one, hands it to Torres)

Dil: “Too many for one dose….you take upper, I’ll take lower…”

(Torres nods, kneels on the pavement…)

Torres: ‘Hey Director..when review time comes, I want you to remember, he made me do this….”

Dawson: “What are you doing now?”

(Torres looks at Dil, nods back to Dawson)

Torres: “She’s the curious type”

(Dil looks at her, shakes his head(

Dil: “After what I just saw, she can ask all the questions she wants”

(He nods at Dawson)

Dil: “Nice work back there ma’am…real nice work”

Dawson: “What are you doing?”

Torres: “One track mind, too”

Dil: ‘We’re about to inject Celox A”

Dawson: “Oh yea…I do that every day….WHAT IS IT?

Dil: “I need to stop the bleeding, and fast…his pulse is down to 30 beats per minute…that’s one beat every 2 seconds…We are injecting a small amount of this into each wound…the

injection contains microscopic sponges, when they hit blood, they swell up, forming a gel…the gel plugs the wound, stops the bleeding….It's been used since Afghanistan to help soldiers survive the blood loss until they can get to better treatment"

(Dawson stares at them…then at Daisy…she shakes her head…)

Dawson: "So…the stories are true…."

Torres: "Oh ma'am…we're legends…."

McGee: "Love you Torres!"

Torres: "Except for him…he's on drugs…"

Dawson: "NCIS…you people….damn…."

(Dil and Torres finish injecting the foam into Vance's wounds….Dil looks up at Torres…nods)

Dil: "Gel's set…I'm loosening the belt now…."

Torres: "Yea….okay…"

(Torres leans back…Dil undoes the belt…Immediately, the blood flows back into the leg…Vance cries out….)

Dil: "Come on…do your work…."

(They see a small amount of blood seep out of the wounds…Dil splashes the area again with water, cleaning it again….and then….)

Dil: "We're good!"

Torres: "Thank you jesus thank you jesus, thank you jesus"

Vance: (groggily) "I think I saw him…back there….beautiful man…."

Dawson: "Let me guess…."

Torres: 'Yea…he chewed the sucker….he'll be like that for a while"

Dil: "Now we have to get him out of here…all of us…"

Vance: "Gibbs out there?"

Dil: "Yea…he's set up. He's our cover for getting out"

(Vance slowly nods)

Vance; "They're going to need more body bags"

(scene fades to black and white)

scene opens in the CyberForce operations room, Bishop at a drone console, Nickie laying in her carry tote, eyes closing, about to fall asleep. Danny is standing, listening to Delilah on the phone, Bishop's attention is focused on Delilah, listening to the conversation she's having. Delilah has the phone on speaker, the recording systems at CyberForce taking note of every word)

Delilah: “Sir, I truly understand every point you’re making, and I agree with every point. Now, here’s a point I’d like to make…”

(She takes a breath, then her face changes, her tone changes, the barometric pressure in the room seems to change…With an intense amount of straight-forwardness, Delilah speaks…)

Delilah: “Fact…The gang system has facilitated a war. Fact…The precinct controlling the Metro Police Department has, by the Captain himself, ordered his officers, officers sworn to protect citizens, to let the war happen, without their interference or assistance to innocents…Fact: “Two federal law enforcement agents went to serve a duly processed warrant, without prejudice, without any purpose other than to uphold the law. Fact: …These agents were fired upon without provocation, and one was wounded, possibly fatally…That is yet to be seen, and whether or not it is fatal, is up to you….Fact: A bounty of considerable amount has been placed on their head, recorded, verified, and on the record…Fact…If you do not give me permission to give my supporting agents permission to use deadly force, in the spirit of self defense and the spirit of duly passed laws, then…(pause)..”…Fact…After this is over, my report to the media, and to the Congressional Oversight Committee, will either be that..(another pause, draws a breath…her eyebrows furrow, her voice gets tense…) “You respected the rights of the citizens of Simple City, but also recognized the rights of those being hunted down like animals, and gave us permission to use deadly force to protect them, within restraints of the rights of others….Or….”

(She brings the mic area of her phone directly up to her mouth….and raises her voice..)

Delilah: ‘…OR I’LL BRAND YOU AS THE WEAKEST PRESIDENT THIS COUNTRY HAS EVER HAD AND THE BLOOD OF THOSE BRAVE AGENTS ARE ON YOUR LIMP DICK HANDS!”

(silence..Delilah drops her phone in her lap, one trembling hand covers her face…Bishop, Danny, even baby Nickie are staring at Delilah with awe-struck eyes…..Delilah removes her hand from her face, picks up her phone, just as the President replies with one word)

President: “Approved”

(The President ends the call….Delilah stares at the phone, then at Bishop…)

Delilah: ‘That was a yes?”

(Bishop is still gaping at Delilah…)

Bishop: “Ya think?...Oh….my….god!”

Delilah: “It’s recorded?”

Bishop: “Oh yea….”

(Delilah looks at her phone then up at Bishop…her face blank…)

Delilah: “I just called the President of the United States a limp…(looks at Danny) “…penis…”

(Bishop shakes her head…)

Bishop: “No, you told him you WOULD call him a limp penis..only if he said no…It’s recorded!”

Delilah “Oh god, I’m going to be fired”

(scene shifts to the Guard Shack, Gibbs and Dez sighting the BlueBlood referees through their scopes…Gibbs’s phone buzzes….He ignores it…Dez looks at it, sees the words “LaughingGal” on the caller ID…)

Dez: “Gibbs…you might want to take that call….”

(Gibbs looks at the phone…curious expression on his face….He picks it up, answers it)

Gibbs: “Loretta…kinda busy right now…”

(He’s interrupted, and he listens to the rapid fire comments from SecState…his eyebrows go up…)

Gibbs: “SHE CALLED HIM A WHAT?..Hold on…repeat that for me”

(He places the call on speaker for Dez to hear)

SecState: (on speaker) “FIELDING TOLD THE PRESIDENT TO APPROVE DEADLY FORCE OR SHE’D OUT HIM AS A LIMP DICK!”

(Dez’s eyes get wide…her mouth open…)

Gibbs: “Did she kinda say that, or….”

SecState: “SHE SAID IT! WORD FOR WORD! I WAS IN THE OVAL OFFICE! OH MY GOD, GIBBS, FIELDING JUST SAID WHAT HALF THE COUNTRY WANTS TO SAY!”

(silence….then…)

SecState: “Oh my god, Gibbs….Fielding…(.hahahaha)…She called the President a limp…(hahahahahahha) “…dick…oh god….”

Gibbs: “Loretta? You okay?”

SecState: “BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH….I GOTTA PEE! SHOOT ‘EM UP GIBBS!...BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAH”

(silence…Dez is still jaw dropped…then another voice comes on the phone)

Voice: “Hey Agent Gibbs…”

(Gibbs mouths to Dez, “her aide”)

Gibbs: “Hey Mildred…she make it?”

(silence…)

Mildred: “No sir…the seat of her chair is wet”

Gibbs: “Well don’t blame me!”

Mildred: “Jethro…you are a shining light in an otherwise boring as hell job”

Gibbs: “Glad to help, Mildred….gotta run….”

Mildred: “You boys have fun…Tell Caprice I said ‘hey’”

(Call ends…)

Dez: “Oh….my…god…..”

(Gibbs shrugs…)

Gibbs: “Fielding’s tough…”

(Dez nods up and down)

Dez: “She’s my new hero”

Gibbs: “What happened to me?”

(Dez smiles small smile)

Dez: “You’ll always be my hero, Gibbs…Now I told you what you wanted to hear…So stop talking…we have work to do…”

(Gibbs puts his scope back up to his face….)

Gibbs: “Bossy”

Dez: “Uh, Gibbs…take a look….”

(Gibbs looks through his scope…scans left and right, then back to center)

Gibbs: “Yea…we’re going to have to do this right….if we don’t…”

Dez: “They won’t make it out alive”

Gibbs: “Yea…I know”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the Ark….Nell is looking at her monitor, driving her drone in a zig zag pattern over the side streets)

Nell: “Side streets are okay. They’re shooting each other”

(Caprice looks over her shoulder, then back at Dez’s monitor, blank)

Caprice: “I’m sorry I can’t help”

Nell: “Hold on….”

(Nell swings her chair into the middle of the console area, clicky clacking keys…Dez’s monitor comes back to life, showing an empty alley way….)

Nell: “That’s the bird over the alley it’s set on hover,…they’ve moved out….Sit down, start moving the joystick…the drone will follow where you send it”

(Caprice shakes her head…..)

Nell:”SIT!”

(Caprice instantly sits in Dez’s chair…she looks at the console, then at the monitor…She gently pushes the joystick, and the monitor view changes with it)

Caprice: “Oh god…don’t wreck it McNalley”

Nell: “Gibbs. You’re Gibbs now”

Caprice: “Not if I crash it…I want to be able to say no one with the name Gibbs did it”

(She experiments more, starts gaining confidence..her face brightens)

Caprice: “I’m doing it!

Nell: “It’s not hard so long as you just fly level….see if you can find them”

(Nell looks back at her screen….her eyes widen….she pushes her mic button)

Nell: “Gibbs..Dez…there are more black and whites converging”

(a crackle in the earbud…Gibbs replies)

Gibbs: “We see ‘em..”

Nell: “Gibbs, there must be 20…they’re all headed towards their location…”

Gibbs: “Yea”

Nell: “You have this handled?”

Gibbs: “Bossy girl here will tell me what to do….don’t worry”

(Dez hits her mic button)

Dez: “He’s an asshole, Nell”

Nell: “Don’t you say that! He’s just misunderstood!”

Gibbs: “Yea…what Nell said”

Dez: “Well?”

Gibbs: “Take another look, Dez…they’re using a military formation….two single row files…It’s the most efficient way to get troops to a combat sight in a hurry….”

Dez; “So?”

Gibbs: “We make it inefficient…(pause) “…We take advantage of their advantage”

(scene shifts to the Simple City streets…Dawson is leading the way, Daisy is loping ahead, looking for anyone on side streets…Dil has Vance on his back, Torres has McGee, McGee’s good arm over his shoulder, Torres has one arm around McGee’s waist, helping support him…McGee’s right arm hangs loosely at his side)

Dawson: ‘Clear so far”

Dil: “Drone still tracking?”

(Dawson looks up at the drone flying overhead, notices the drone weaving…Torres looks up..sees the drone weaving as well…)

Torres: “Drunk driving or not, glad it’s there”

(Dil looks over at Torres…)

Dil: ‘Break time?”

Torres: “Yea…you and me…”

(Dil nods, calls up to Dawson)

Dil: “Dawson….can you give us 10?”

(Dawson looks back at him, intimidated by his size and what she’s seen so far)

Dawson: “I’m not saying no to anyone here….I don’t even know why I’m on point!”

Torres: “You know the streets, girl…We don’t”

Dil: “And you’re doing a good job…but me and Spider man over here…”

(They stop…Dil looks for a covered store entrance, sees an awning two shops down, behind them.. with the door partly ajar, the sign reads 22ND STREET HARDWARE…He looks over at Torres, two fingers to his eyes, then points to the door..Torres nods…)

Torres: "McGee…gotta let go…you okay?"

McGee: "I'm fine, Nick…go"

(Torres releases McGee, checks to make sure he's standing on his own….He takes the automatic rifle off his shoulder, heads towards the open door of the shop…He enters….)

Dawson: "Might be someone in there…."

Dil: 'Not likely, they would have come out after we passed the door…."

(He shakes his head…)

Dil: "Dammit…I should have seen it…"

(They hear the sound of commotion from in the store…McGee has his weapon up, one handed, pointed towards the door, he moves in between the door area and Vance….They wait….Then the see Torres walking out, holding a First Aid kit in his free hand, pieces of sheetrock still hanging on it)

Torres: "Clear…but I found this in the office…you guys can redress Vance's wounds…lots of gauze in the box..some antibiotic cream too…"

Dawson: "Sheetrock? What did you do, rip it off the wall with your hands?"

(She chuckles nervously at her own joke)

Torres; 'Yea…Had to"

(Dawson looks at Torres, then at the mangled pieces of sheetrock still hanging off the box….She looks away, shaking her head…The group walks carefully to the store front…McGee, Dil and Vance enter…Daisy trots up, trots into the store…Dawson takes a place just inside the door, closes it…She watches Dil and Torres sprint across the street)

Dawson: "What are they doing?"

McGee: "Scouting"

Dawson: "Uh…..is that what you call scouting?"

(McGee looks out the glass door….Dil and Torres can be seen running towards a store front, each one, in order, jumping on top of a blue metal mailbox, then propelling themselves up on the metal front awning of the store, then jumping up, grabbing a hand hold on the 2nd floor window ledge, swinging themselves up with one hand as their feet land on the brick ledge, then another jump upwards, each one, in turn, reaching a flag pole about 4 feet above the 2nd floor window top, swinging twice to gain momentum, then using that momentum to propel themselves up and over the roof top ledge., disappearing from sight… One at a time, they both reappear as they stand up on the roof…Dil points to Torres to take the rear of the roof, overlooking the next street…Dil takes off, on his side, running across the roof, then leaping over the 7 foot space between buildings, nothing but alley beneath, 25 feet below….)

(scene shifts to the Ark…Nell and Caprice both watching Caprice's monitor…..mouths open, eyes wide…)

Nell: "I still don't know how they do that!"

Caprice: "I don't believe it!"

Nell: “When I was in the barn being shot at, Dil jumped off a moving jeep, onto a tractor, then through a window on the top floor of the barn….I was in trouble”

Caprice: “I saw Jethro run real fast to the bathroom once….I think it was my chili”

(They both laugh….shake their heads, then turn back to their monitors)

Nell: “Some boys we got…”

Caprice: “Ya think?”

Nell: “I’d make fun of you, but this doesn’t look good….”

(Caprice looks over at Nell’s monitor….The image shows two rows of black and white shirts, all walking fast towards the store the crew is resting in)

(Nell pushes her mic button)

Nell: “Gibbs….”

(a crackle)

Gibbs: “I see ‘em”

(Gibbs turns to Dez….)

Gibbs: “We’re shifting tactics”

Dez: “You knock ‘em down, I check ‘em?”

Gibbs; “Yea…Maybe we can scare them enough….”

Dez: “Where are you starting…front or back?”

Gibbs; “Front’s a harder shot”

Dez: “Then front it is…Show me why they call you the Great Gibbsy”

(He’s not listening….He’s sighting, clicking notch by notch, the elevation wheel on the scope)

Gibbs: “I’m going for the legs…if they try…”

Dez: “If they don’t put their weapon down, I’ll take care of it”

Gibbs: “Affirmative….Here we go….”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens on the rooftops of Simple City, Torres racing down one side of the rooftops, Dil down another…When Torres reaches the end of one building, he looks, holds a clenched fist up, and stops…He kneels down below the 3 foot concrete wall along the front part of the building…Dil, seeing the signal, does the same…Torres, looking towards his left, away from Dil, uses the same hand to wave Dil to him…)

Dil: “What do you…(looks at the street) “….Oh….damn…”

(They both look down the intersecting street and see the BlueBlood referees, 20 of them, in two single rows of 10 each, two by two, fast marching towards the street that when they reach it, they turn right, then half a block down, Vance, McGee, Dawson, wait, inside the store)

Torres: “We need to see if Gibbs…..”

(crackle on earbuds)

Gibbs: (on earbud) “We see ‘em, Torres”

Torres: “We?”

Dez: “Yea…we…”

Dil: “Good..how are you playing it?”

Gibbs: “Leg shots to the front…Dez checks them…”

Dil: “Where?”

Gibbs: “Before they reach your corner. We’ve got eyes on the crew”

Dil: “Drone?”

Gibbs: “Yea, if she’ll keep it still”

(another crackle)

Caprice: “I’m trying, Jethro!”

Gibbs: “And you’re doing great, honey….”

Caprice: “Thank you”

(another crackle)

Nell: “G…You on frequency 143?”

(Dil smiles…)

Dil: “Forever and ever Ark 1, on 1432”

(silence…then..)

Dez: “Barf”

Nell: “You wouldn’t say that if Cal was saying it to you!”

Dez: “We’re not that sappy”

(silence)

Dez; “Fine! Whatever! Now, focus people!”

Gibbs: “Bossy”

Dez: “Asshole”

Gibbs: “Dil, what do you two have in mind?”

Dil: “Are our hands tied?”

Gibbs: “Nope…Fielding got the green light….with discretion”

Dil; “Green? From who?”

Gibbs: “Oval Office”

(silence)

Dil: ‘She’s a tough one”

Gibbs: “Yea…I know…so…”

Dil: “You take the front, Torres and I will take the rear”

Gibbs: “Roger that…But let’s give them a chance to back up…If the leaders go down, the others might scatter”

Dil: ‘With discretion, huh?”

Gibbs: “Gotta try….”

Dil: “Copy that…..But Gibbs….You’re trying to hit moving targets…that’s a tough shot…”

Gibbs: “And?”

Dil: “Maybe let Dez take the leg shots?”

(silence)

Dez: “I love you too, bubba”

(crackle)

Delilah: “I hate to break up the bro sis lovefest, but they’re approaching the corner….”

Gibbs: “On it…Fielding, can you reach McGee?”

Delilah: “Affirmative…Daisy brought them one headset…he’s got it”

(scene shifts to inside the store….McGee is seen pressing the earbud to his ear, listening)

McGee: “Copy…We’re moving now…we’ll be entering the street in 5”

Delilah: “Tim…Dil and Torres are gone…who…”

McGee: “I’ve got him”

Delilah: “NO! TIM!..Your arm!..”

(McGee clicks his headset off…he unhooks it from his neck and ear, hands it to Vance…)

McGee: “Time to move out sir….”

Vance: “McGee…you can’t….”

(McGee kneels down by Vance…Vance shakes his head in protest…..Then Dawson comes quickly from her post at the door…yelling..)

Dawson: “Stop!....Wait!..”

(Dawson runs down one of the aisles, a clattering is heard….She reappears, pulling a bright green moving dolly…)

Dawson: “Try this!”

(McGee looks at the dolly, the small wheels, the 5 ft backing, and the handle….He grins at Dawson…)

McGee: “You are beautiful!”

Dawson: “No…I’m smart…but if you have another one of those lollipops, I might get better looking…”

(McGee is already reaching in his pocket, takes out two of the Fentynal suckers….he unwraps them, gives one to Vance, then one goes in his own mouth)

Vance: “Bless you my child….”

Dawson: “Just don’t bite it this time!”

Vance: “Why…you don’t want to have my children?”

(Dawson stares in surprise at a chuckling Vance….McGee reads her thoughts..)

McGee: “Yea..we’re pretty much always this way…Director…Dawson and I are going to lay the dolly down, then help you lay on it…on your back…Then we’ll take the straps and put them around you, holding you against the dolly backing…Then I’ll lift you up…”

Dawson: “Like hell you will….I’ll take him”

McGee: “Dawson, you’re not….”

(She glares at McGee)

Dawson: “Use that big ass over-developed brain of yours! It’s leverage…not a dead lift…And I’m about 2 feet shorter than your lanky ass, so I won’t have to tilt him up as much, which means there will be less pressure on his feet!”

(Vance slups his lollipop…looks at Mcgee…)

Vance: “I like her, Tim…can we keep her?”

(McGee shakes his head…..)

McGee: “Come on girl…let’s get him on this thing…”

(McGee kneels again, instinctively tries to place two hands under Vance’s torso….He screams…..then falls back on the floor…groaning…)

Dawson: “Sit…let it pass…don’t bite the sucker…Me and the big guy here can do it”

(Vance nods, then does his part, rolling over on his side while Dawson tilts the laid down dolly on its side…)

Dawson: “Okay…good…now, I’ll help you roll over, and……”

(A loud thump…a loud groan from Vance, but he’s on….Dawson quickly starts pulling the straps over Vance, tying him to the dolly…)

Dawson: “Now…I need to lift you up….If you have levitating abilities, now would be the right time to show off”

(Dawson squats…places both hands on the dolly handle, strains, pushes upward with her legs….and little by little, the end of the dolly raises up….until….)

Dawson: “DAMN!...You need to go on a diet!”

(McGee watches, both amazed and ashamed….Dawson hands McGee her gun…)

Dawson: “You got point….Let’s go!”

(scene shows McGee leading them out….Dawson is seen walking forward, her hands behind her back, gripping the handles of the dolly, then Vance, on the back, holding the shotgun…his face in pain, until….)

Vance; 'Oh yea..that's nice…."

Dawson: "You bit the lollipop again!"

(scene shifts to the Ark….Nell and Caprice both are looking at Caprice's monitor, now shifted over to the view Bishop's drone has, hovering directly outside the hardware store entrance….)

Bishop; "Delilah….ummm…."

(Bishop looks at the scene, does a scrunchy mouth….Delilah leans over to see…)

Delilah: "Oh my…."

Bishop: 'I think maybe Vance would not want this broadcast over YouTube…"

Delilah: "Might be good to keep come budget time"

(The monitor is showing McGee walking out from under the awning, then Dawson come out, pulling Vance on a dolly….Daisy is seen standing, looking at the scene, her head cocked to one side….)

Bishop; "Yes Daisy…it's confusing"

Delilah: 'You keep tabs on our folks…I'm heading mine to the corner…."

Bishop; "Can you put it up on the big screen?"

Delilah: 'Yea…"

Danny: "Anyone got popcorn?"

(They both turn, forgetting he was there…)

Delilah: "Honey…this may not be something you want to see…."

(Danny looks at them both…)

Danny: 'I watched my mother get shot…I watched Gibbs almost blow himself up with dynamite…"

Delilah: "And that's more than any young boy should see….Now…swivel that chair around….NOW MISTER!"

(Danny pouts, then obediently turns in his chair)

Delilah: (whispers to Bishop) "This is how serial killers get their start"

Danny: "I HEARD THAT!"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene open in Guard Shack….Gibbs aiming at the legs of a fast moving man in front)

Gibbs: "Front right…."

(Dez has the same man in her sights….Gibbs pulls his trigger….a wait of 3 seconds…)

Dez: “He’s hit! He’s down! DAMN GIBBS!”

(Gibbs turns to the man next to the downed lead man…the man has stopped…in shock when his partner goes down…_

Gibbs: “Next to him…”

(Gibbs sights…breathes in…lets the breath out, and while exhaling, he fires….)

Dez: ‘2nd man down! I’m on number one!”

(Dez sights the man…he’s crawling…he pulls himself up…and sees the man next to him down, his hips shattered, he’s screaming….His rifle has clattered away from him, he pulls his pistol out, turns and yells back at the others)

Man: “Keep going! Get those sons a bitches!”

(Dez sights…pulls….)

Man: (yelling) “We can’t stop! Get your asses…”

(The other men listening to him go into shock as a bullet enters his temple, then exits the other temple in a spray…the man’s eyes are wide open in shock…and remain that way as he crumples to the ground...)

(scene shifts to PR, AKA Paul Robinson, parked in his blue Buick station wagon, on the street across from the intersection, watching the events….His face went from triumphant, admiring the men and their disciplined marching, to one of disbelief as he sees two men go down, one screaming, another dead…That he has heard no gunshots resonates in his memory)

PR: (whisper) “Snipers”

(The driver and the passenger in the front seat both bail out of the car without a word, both running down the street, away from the scene, both pulling off their referee shirts as they run, throwing the shirts to the ground)

PR: “COWARDS!”

(He immediately gets out of the back seat, enters the driver’s seat, turns the engine on, roaring the massive V8 engine to life, and stares straight at the mass of BlueBlood soldiers, now running in panic, away from the intersection)

PR: “I’ll be damned if I let 2 Fed cops ruin this party!”

(scene shifts to the Ark…Nell and Caprice cheering as they watch the men run….Caprice swings her drone around in a wide circle, attempting to point it at McGee and his group, now on the street….)

Nell: “Careful…not too fast….”

Caprice: “I got this!”

(Caprice is watching her monitor, and in the view, she sees a large blue station wagon heading straight for McGee…behind him, Dawson is pulling Vance, Daisy trotting behind them…..The car is heading straight for them…And there is no way they can get out of the way in time….Caprice focuses on her joystick…she pushes it forward, inadvertently twisting the grip)

Caprice: “NOOOOOOO!”

(Nell looks over in shock, sees the scene in Caprice’s monitor….Caprice screams out again)

Caprice: “NO!”

(She pushes the joystick forward more, twisting it, without knowing it she has increased the forward speed of the drone….The camera has the car directly in view, and it comes rushing up, closer, faster, then for a split second, the windshield fills the entire screen, through the windshield, the face of a driver behind the wheel, his mouth open in a silent scream)

(scene shifts to PR, cackling laughter as he sees the group in the street…)

PR: “I’ll kill you all!”

(He presses on the accelerator, his eyes locked on the tall man with a dangling arm….When 40 pounds of drone, travelling at 30 miles per hour, fills his view, then comes straight at him..He screams….then he hears the sound of windshield shattering….He begins screaming again)

(scene shifts to McGee in the street….He sees the car, hears the roar of the engine, and its coming straight at him…He starts to pull the pistol up with one hand, …Then from over his head, a four winged surveillance drone races over him, dips down, and smashes through the windshield of the roaring car….He refuses to move, still firing….The car swerves to the left, too fast, the tires on the right side digging into the pavement, the car capsizes to one side, the high rate of speed providing enough momentum to flip the car upwards, 5 feet up into the air, tumbling over and over, landing in the direction of McGee, still standing, with the sound of old Detroit metal slamming old DC concrete, then flipping again, landing flat on its side, still moving forward, straight at McGee, sliding on the driver’s side sending up showers of sparks, then falls over on its hood, screaming metal and a screaming driver still moving forward, sliding, sliding, still sliding towards a paralyzed group of 2 men and one woman, then the deafening roar of tortured metal comes to a stop….3 feet in front of a wide eyed McGee…He realizes he’s been holding his breath..then….He closes his eyes, and start babbling rapid-fire)

McGee: “thank you jesus thank you jesus thank you jesus”

Vance: ‘Did I miss something? What the hell was all that noise?”

McGee: “Thank you jesus thank you jesus thank you jesus….”

Vance; “Told you I saw him….beautiful man….”

(Dawson is paralyzed in shock…staring at the upside down smoking car….Then they hear a voice from in the capsized car….)

PR: (screaming) “Help me…!..My arm’s broken!”

(McGee breaks out of his shock…he hears the man…He walks to the car, kneels down, looks inside…and from the photo on the Arrest Warrant, he recognizes him….McGee unclips his handcuffs from his belt…pulls a crumpled Warrant out of his back pocket, unfolds it, holds it directly in the face of a crying Pale Rider.)

McGee: “Corporal Paul Robinson…My name is Special Agent Timothy McGee, NCIS…This is a warrant for your arrest…I am taking you into custody for the theft of government property, leaving your post without permission…”

(McGee looks around…Dawson has wheeled Vance around so he can see McGee….Vance looks at the smoking wreck…)

Vance: (Yells) “And for scaring the bejesus outa all of us!...OH…and a whole bunch of other shit!”

(scene shifts to the Ark…Nell, arms crossed over her chest, is looking at a terrified Caprice, who just witnessed the results of her drone fueled temper tantrum…Caprice looks at the monitor, sees the wreck, then back at Nell…He face apologetic…for a moment, she says nothing….then…)

Caprice: “Oops?”

(Nell shakes her head….)

Caprice: “I shouldn’t have a drone…I shouldn’t have a gun and I shouldn’t have a drone…You give me one and I cause trouble…Oh my god…Jethro’s going to be furious, isn’t he? Nell! Tell him it was a malfunction! Please please please…”

(Nell shakes her head again….)

Caprice: “What can I do? Nell, help me! I crashed a drone into a car and flipped the car and it almost hit Tim, and…and…and…..”

(A voice is heard…)

Gibbs: “Not bad, McGibbs…not bad….”

Dez: “Oh hell yes, Caprice!”

(Dez jumps up in the Ark, races to Caprice, high-fiving the terrified woman still sitting in the chair)

Caprice: “Jethro……(small voice) “Do I have to pay for that drone?”

(Gibbs shakes his head, smiles….)

Gibbs: “Hell, we’re all just glad you didn’t pull the trigger on that thing”

Caprice: “They’re disarmed! I couldn’t!”

(Gibbs shakes his head, starts laughing…Caprice looks at him like he’s crazy…Nell explains…)

Nell; “Uh….Caprice…Unarmed means no gun…Disarmed means we don’t have permission to use them….”

(Caprice looks at Nell, a blank stare…then….)

Caprice: “So I could have shot the car? With a real drone machine gun? Is there another one? Please…can I…”

Everyone: (yelling) “NO!”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the park between Simple City and Walter Reed…Dil has taken Vance off the dolly, and is now carrying him in his arms…Torres is next to Vance, Mcgee by his side, leaning on Torres as he walks, the damaged shoulder still lower by 3 inches than the other…Dawson walks next to McGee and Torres, while Daisy trots ahead, her head on a swivel, looking for any trouble…A muffled PR, AKA Pale Rider, AKA Paul Robinson, lays strapped onto the dolly, a rag stuffed in his mouth, Torres pulling him)

Vance: “Captain Bosworth…may we stop for a moment?”

Dil: “Of course sir…would you rather be on the dolly?”

Vance: ‘No..it was painful…more than you carrying me…but thank you”

(Dil stops, as do the others, Dil lays Vance on the grass…)

Vance; “I just wanted to see it…”

Dil: “See it? See what, sir…”

(Vance points towards the edge of the park, the Walter Reed Emergency Room entrance, where on top, a 20 foot high and 20 foot wide, lighted red cross shines out in the night….)

Vance: “Home, Captain…it’s home…”

(Dil looks at the shining cross….nods his head)

Dil: “Sure does look beautiful, doesn’t it?”

Vance: “Never so much as tonight…”

(Vance speaks to Dil in a hushed tone…)

Vance; “He carried me…Tim carried me for 8 hours…He could have left me…”

Dil: “I know sir…it’s just not how he’s built…It’s not how any of us are built, sir…”

Vance: “He saved my life, Captain..”

Dil: “And he knows you’d do the same for him, sir…”

(Vance looks over to McGee, sees him looking back at him…McGee smiles, points to the red cross on the ER entrance…)

McGee: “Home, sir…”

Vance: “Yea…home…”

(Red lights can be seen flashing, the trees around them reflecting the red on their branches, as multiple ambulances come racing across the grass, floodlights trained on them, hurrying to get to these wounded warriors….)

Dawson: ‘Well guys…it was fun….”

Vance: “Dawson?”

Dawson: “Gotta go sir…You folks have your own to tend to…”

Vance: “Do you have somewhere you need to be?”

Dawson: “No sir…honestly, I think my days as a Metro officer are done…I crossed the picket line…so to speak…”

(Vance looks over at McGee…McGee nods, then smiles…McGee walks to Dawson, puts his good arm over her shoulder…)

McGee: “Dawson…let me tell you about NCIS…”

(scene fades to black and white)

THE EPILOGUE

2 Days After Simple City

(scene opens in NCIS HQ, Gibbs's office, Gibbs behind his desk, Officer Dawson sitting in one of the chairs in front of the desk, civilian dress, nervous….She's looking around at the plaques, awards, pictures of Gibbs and World Wide government officials…Gibbs sees her looking at them, shakes his head)

Gibbs: "My wife's idea. I hate 'em"

Dawson: "But why? Oh my god, sir….that's the Premier of Russia…and the others…."

Gibbs: "The Premier's a good man…the others? I don't know, time will tell, I guess"

Dawson: "I didn't know…Sir…there are 3 Presidential Commendations…."

Gibbs: "I don't like them, Dawson, because they attract attention. We are here to serve the Marines and Navy…period…"

(looks off to the side, sees the picture of the MCIS team)

Gibbs: "Every once in a while, we have to step outside those duties…Which reminds me, why I asked you here today"

Dawson: (still looking around, awe-struck) "Yes sir…I was wondering that too"

Gibbs: "What's your specialty, Dawson? What do you do for Metro?"

Dawson: "What I'm assigned to? Doesn't matter…."

Gibbs: "Specialty, Dawson…I asked you a direct question"

(She looks away from the awards, then back to him)

Dawson: "Phones"

(Gibbs stares, one eyebrow goes up)

Dawson: 'Anything to do with phones…cell, land, satellite, some radio coms, you know…that stuff…"

Gibbs: "Metro needs someone that understands phones? Yea, maybe…Hell, I don't understand mine…."

(She quicky corrects herself)

Dawson: "Oh no sir! I'm sorry….I'm a communications specialist…That was my job in the Army….Metro recruited me when I got out"

Gibbs: '6 years in the Army…Germany, Italy, North Korea…"

Dawson: "Yes sir…"

Gibbs: "Ever fire a weapon in combat?"

(She looks at him directly, shakes her head)

Dawson: "No sir…I was safe and sound, minding my own business"

(Gibbs stares at her…she doesn't flinch…then…)

Gibbs: "Dubai"

(She pales….looks off to the side, then back at him)

Dawson: “Not sure why you said that”

Gibbs: “Tell me about Dubai, Dawson”

(She sits quiet….she says nothing….Gibbs pulls a manila envelope out of a desk drawer, pulls red file folder out, marked “Eyes Only”….Dawson stares at the folder…Gibbs opens it…starts to read)

Gibbs: “Corporal Mary Dawson, satellite coms specialist, accompanying the 1st Brigade, Dubai Emeritus, escprting the wife of Saudi Arabian Prince Fasih Omar, Corporal Dawson, risking her own life, using the weapon of the fallen bodyguard, did, singlehandedly protect, engage, with great courage and credit to the U.S. Army, a terrorist group of 3 men, returning fire, wounding 2, giving the 1st Brigade Strike Force the time necessary to arrive, engage, and eliminate the remaining threat. For this action, Corporal Dawson is awarded the Bronze Star”

(He closes the file…Dawson is staring straight at him, unnerved)

Dawson: “Case of mistaken identity, sir…That’s not me”

Gibbs: “I have the clearance, officer”

Dawson: “Doesn’t matter..That was not me”

(Gibbs stares at her, deciding…)

Gibbs; “You broke the rules, Dawson…You came to find my men”

Dawson: “Yes sir…I did…and I’m paying a price”

Gibbs; “Would you do it again?”

Dawson: “Yes sir”

(Gibbs gives a small smile)

Gibbs: “I know”

Dawson: “Did you call me here to tell me you have a file with a name the same as mine on it?”

Gibbs: “No, Dawson, I called you because I have an agent on maternity leave…and another one injured, off duty….The only one left in good health is the most arrogant, egotistical, disobedient…..”

(Dawson starts laughing….)

Dawson: ‘Torres is good people, sir….”

(Gibbs nods)

Gibbs; “Yea…the best…(pauses) “You leaving Metro?”

Dawson: “Not much of a choice….”

(Gibbs looks at his phone….)

Gibbs: “I have a meeting with the Chief in 30…Want to come along?”

(She looks at him…)

Dawson: “Not really, sir…”

Gibbs; “I’d like you to come…might be something you want to see”

Dawson: “Like what?”

Gibbs: “Wait until you see it…then you can tell me if you’re accepting my job offer”

(Her eyes widen…she looks away, her chin quivering….she wipes her eyes quickly, then composes herself…)

Dawson; “Offer…NCIS..?”

Gibbs: “Yea, Dawson, I need a fill in for 6 weeks…then after that, we’ll see…In either case, you’d be on McGee’s team, then after Bishop gets back, you might be with another team…But…after what you did for my men, Dawson….I want you with us. But its McGee’s team, his decision”

(She sits silent…eyes still wide….)

Gibbs: “You want to call Terrance and tell him?”

(Her face goes into shock…)

Dawson: “You know…..”

Gibbs: “Yea, Dawson…If I’ve got the clearance to pull your file from Dubai, I”ve sure got the ability to look at your life…Terrance Dawson, 11yrs old….”

Dawson: “And Down’s Syndrom…your information tell you that?”

Gibbs: “Sure does….I have a son…he walks around on crutches…”

Dawson: “Son…?”

Gibbs: “Yea…he was downstairs….you met him….Danny”

(Her face goes blank….)

Dawson: “He’s black….”

Gibbs: “Ya think?”

Dawson: “But that pretty lady with you…Caprice…”

Gibbs: “Uh huh”

Dawson: “She’s white”

Gibbs: “I know”

Dawson: “He’s adopted”

Gibbs: “Smart girl”

Dawson: “Two white folks adopt a black, handicapped child….”

Gibbs; “Dawson, stop talking”

(She silences immediately)

Gibbs: “Do your job…If you don’t, I’ll let you know it….I don’t care about anything else other than ‘can…you….do…your…job….”(pause) “…Got it?”

(She nods her head, afraid to talk)

Gibbs: “Now…I’m aware you’ve been ordered to not reveal what happened in Dubai…I get it…but now…”

Dawson: “Wasn’t me, sir, sorry”

Gibbs: (yells) “TELL ME! THAT’S AN ORDER, PROBIE!”

(her head recoils back…then she stands up….extends her hand…)

Dawson: “I accept the job, sir…with honor…”

Gibbs: “Dubai?”

Dawson: “Not me, sir”

(Gibbs grins…he takes her hand…..)

Gibbs: “Good for you, Dawson….that’s what I wanted to hear”

(a moment of silence…)

Gibbs; “Come on…you’ll want to see this….”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in CyberForce Office, Delilah in her exec office….Her secretary opens the door to her office, looks at her with some fear on her face…)

Admin: “Ma’am…it’s him…”

(Delilah covers her face with her hands…then nods)

Delilah: “Put him through….”

(She sees her phone blink….she picks it up, speaks as calmly as possible into the phone)

Delilah: ‘Yes, Mr. President?”

(scene fades out)

(scene fades back in, Metro PD HQ, sign on the door reads, “Chief of Police”…The Chief is at his desk, across from him sit Gibbs and Dawson. In front of Gibbs sits a cup of coffee….)

Chief: “Dawson…I hate to lose you…you’re a good cop…”

Dawson: “Thank you sir….I didn’t want to leave”

Chief: “I know…and it’s terrible what happened….(looks at Gibbs) “Assistant Director Gibbs, Metro and NCIS have always had a good working relationship….”

Gibbs; “Sometimes, yea”

Chief: “I hope this instance does not damage that relationship”

Gibbs; ‘Doesn’t help. Your Captain left us hanging. Citizens too”

Chief: “I have Captain Sullivan coming in here…he is going to extend a personal apology to you, and to Officer Dawson”

Gibbs: “Probationary Agent Dawson”

Chief; ‘Yes..yes…of course….Director Gibbs…is there anything I can do to help rectify this horrible thing?”

Gibbs: “Nope…”

(There is a knock at the door….The Chief calls out to let the visitor in…Captain Sullivan enters, eyes straight, formal uniform cap under his arm)

Sullivan: “Sir…I’m here”

(Gibbs looks at Dawson)

Gibbs: “That him?”

(She nods her head. Gibbs gets up, walks to Sullivan)

Gibbs: “You Sullivan?”

Sullivan: “Yes, I am…..”

(Gibbs’s fist slams directly in the face of the captain….He staggers…Gibbs lands another haymaker to the jaw…The policeman goes down….holding his face in his hands, the blood coming through the hands and around his fingers…The Chief is slack jawed, Dawson is slack jawed, Sullivan is groaning….Gibbs looks at Dawson, a small smile…)

Gibbs: “Probie! You coming?”

(Dawson looks at him in awe…nods her head…)

Dawson: ‘Oh hell yea!”

Gibbs: “Thanks for the coffee”

(scene fades out)

(scene fades back in, the CyberForce operations area….Nell watching monitors, turns when she hears the door open, then sees Delilah wheel in….Nell’s face is full of anxiety….)

Nell ‘How bad was it…?”

(Delilah looks at Nell in shock….says nothing, just stares at Nell with a blank face…)

Nell: “You’re still my boss…right?”

(Delilah nods her head up and down…..says nothing still)

Nell: “Delilah, tell me!”

Delilah: “He called….then he said…..”

30 minutes earlier

(scene opens with Delilah behind her desk, holding the phone to her ear. One hand covers her face, as she listens to the President of the United States, waiting for him to fire her….)

Prez: “Director Fielding?”

Delilah: ‘Yes sir….(pause) “ I am…”

Prez: “Interesting conversation you and I had several days ago”

Delilah: ‘Yes sir…It was….it was an intense moment”

Prez: “After conferring with my advisors….”

(Delilah can be seen silently wording…)

Delilah: (silent) “Oh god oh god oh god……please don’t fire me…”

Prez: “They informed me that your husband was one of the men being hunted…”

Delilah: “Yes sir..he was”

Prez: “I trust he is doing better now? Nasty dislocation….but they heal quickly”

Delilah: “Uh…yes sir…thank you sir…I wasn’t aware that you were aware that he was…”

(She facepalms…”stop babbling” to herself)

Prez: “I’m always aware of the lives of who I work with, Director”

Delilah; “Of course sir….”

Prez: “Director Fielding…..may I call you Delilah?”

Delilah: “Yes….of course sir…..yes….”

Prez: “Delilah…Are you aware of the National Emerging Threat Advisory Council?”

(She thinks…..)

Delilah: “No sir….”

Prez: “Good…at least one secret can be kept in Washington…..Delilah, there are a few men and women, people I trust to speak their minds, that meet, when needed, to evaluate threats to our security…specifically electronic and digital threats…as well as computer threats”

(Delilah is silent)

Prez: “I’m extending you, Director Fielding, an invitation to be able to influence our country’s security….Would you be interested?”

(Her eyes get wide…she drops her hand from her face….)

Delilah: “Sir? I’m not sure I fit in those levels…I’m shocked, flattered….”

Prez: “Delilah….there are two members that highly recommended you….and since I need people that will push back when I push….I think you’ll fit just fine….”

Delilah: “Sir…I ….Sir…two members recommended me?...May I ask…”

Prez: “You may…but you may not reveal them, nor publicly discuss this…..With one exception….”

Delilah: ‘Sir?”

Prez: ‘You have an assistant…..”

Delilah: “Nell Jones…yes sir…”

Prez: “I’ve been following her career since I approved…or rather was forced to approve, her position with your agency..”

Delilah: “She’s the best there is sir…”

Prez: “Yes..it would seem so…in any case, we have our eye on her….in time, possibly she could join us….but in the meantime, do you have an answer?”

Delilah: “Sir…Like I said….”

Prez: “Delilah…the two people that recommended you? I believe you know them….Secretary of State, or as you refer to as Loretta, and Director Leon Vance….”

(Delilah’s face goes into shock)

Delilah: ‘LEON? OH MY GOD! …wait….I’M NOT FIRED?”

(The President can be heard laughing…..and in the background…)

SecState: “BWAHAHAHAHAHAH….WAIT UNTIL SHE HEARS THE NEXT ONE!……HAHAHAHAHAHAHA…I GOTTA PEE!”

(silence….then..)

Prez: “She is quite a formidable woman….and hugely successful for our country….but….”

Dellilah: “We love her sir….She can pee her pants all she wants”

(Delilah’s hand flies up to her mouth….she covers her eyes….)

Prez: “Indeed…I believe it is a close friend of yours that initially triggered this response in her…”

Delilah: “Gibbs…yes sir…he has that affect on some people”

Prez: “Ah…assistant Director Gibbs…a man that has done so much for us….and the man that gives me the most headaches…”

Delilah: “As good as they come sir…”

Prez: “I would hope you think so….He is the one man that convinced me to appoint you to your present agency position….I believe he said, “Dammit Hank, there’s no one better, and you know it!…Just do it, you waffling son of a bitch!”….I remember it quite well…It would seem you two communicate in the same manner.”

(Delilah’s eyes open wide…..her mouth drops open, then closes…)

Prez: “I will have a courier deliver the necessary documents, logins, and passwords….oh…and one more thing, Madame Director….”

Delilah: “Yes…….Mr. President?”

Prez: “You may discuss this with your husband. He has been on the council for 4 years”

(Delilah’s eyes widen…)

Delilah: ‘No way”

Prez: “I am pleasantly surprised, Ms. Fielding….Each member is under strict orders not to disclose their membership….even to their wives. But, some…(he sighs)”

(He stops….then continues)

Prez: “I understand your assistant will be having a baby in 8 months….Andreas, I believe is to be the child’s name…”

(Delilah looks again in shock)

Delilah: “Sir…no one knows…It’s early…before people normally know..but she knows…….”

Prez: “Ms. Fielding….I know many things….oh…and when you see him, please give your doctor friend my regards….Fabulous Doctor, wonderful surgeon..He saved my wife’s life….But a mysterious man…Dr. Calveti Nuntio…”

(Delilah gasps)

Delilah: “You know……”

(scene shifts back to present time, Nell listening to Delilah with a shocked face)

Nell: “He knows Cal? Oh my god! How?”

Delilah: “Hey…you know as much as I know….”

(Nell looks at Delilah, a smile on her face….then teasingly, she says…)

Nell: “You’re a bigwig now….”

Delilah: “ I am NOT a big wig!”

Nell: (sing song voice) “Big wig Big wig..Delilah is a big wig…”

Delilah: “Stop it! I am not!”

Nell: “You going to call Gibbs?”

(Delilah thinks for a moment….)

Delilah: “I’ll wait”

Nell: “Why?”

Delilah: “I think he already knows”

Nell: “How could he know? It just happened….!”

(Delilah pulls out her phone, shows her a text from Gibbs…it reads…)

Congratulations

(Delilah looks at the text, then at Nell, then back at the text…shakes her head)

Delilah: “How the hell does he know these things?”

(Nell smiles big…)

Nell: “Because he’s my Gibbsy!

(scene fades to black and white)

One Week After Simple City

(scene opens at McGee’s apartment, night time, Vance, Loretta, and Vance’s older daughter, Kayla, sitting at dining table, formal setting…dinner almost finished, McGee in kitchen with Delilah, rinsing dishes and stacking on the side of the counter)

Delilah: “He hasn’t spoken about it at all”

McGee: “Not tonight…and not to me…He came by while I was in the hospital, to thank me…but since….”

Delilah: “Do you think he’s embarrassed?”

McGee: “I did….but he’s bailed my rear out several times….we’ve both been through it enough to accept it”

Delilah: “Loretta told me that he won’t talk about it with her either….She said he shuts up, then starts thinking….then nothing”

McGee: “Well, then we let him think….He’ll talk about it when he’s ready…”

(scene shifts to dinner table, McGee and Delilah have joined the table, everyone drinking coffee….)

Vance; “Delilah, it was a wonderful dinner….thank you for having us”

Loretta: “Yes! I had seconds!”

(Vance moves his crutches out of the way, reaches around and pats his stomach)

Vance; “Me too”

(Loretta grins)

Loretta: “You’ve been having seconds for some time now, Leon”

Vance; “Your fault, lady…if you’re cooking wasn’t so good…”

Loretta: “I think it was the company…good friends, good family….”

(Vance nods….but says nothing…He begins to run his fingers over the wood on the dining table…He’s quiet, the group waits….then…)

Vance; “My desk…in my office….”

Loretta: “Lincoln’s desk…it was my first gift to you…”

(Vance doesn’t acknowledge her….he keeps running his fingers over the wood)

Vance: ‘I sit there, and sometimes wonder..What was that man thinking…what would he think about where we are now?”

(No one speaks….Vance looks down at the table…)

Vance: “I ….I think he would look down….(His eyes moisten…) “I think President Lincoln would look down….and he’d see two men….One of them is shot…he’s bleeding…(tears start to fall)..”That bleeding man is black”

(Loretta reaches out, places a hand on Vance’s arm)

Vance: “He’d look again…and he’d see a white man carrying that black man…He’d see that the white man didn’t leave his friend…He risked his life….(his voice breaks) “…to save his friend…And he’d see the pain that white man suffered, but still wouldn’t leave that man behind….”

(Vance looks off to the side…more tears falling….)

Vance: “He’d see those two men…and…and…(voice breaks again…) “He’d say it’s worth it….then he’d know what he did was right….”

(He covers his face, and sobs….and they don’t stop….His face still covered, he reaches out and grabs McGee’s hand….and holds it…)

McGee: “It was a privilege sir….”

(Vance nods, his face still covered….Kayla gets up, walks around the table to McGee…she hugs him….)

Kayla: “We love you Tim….”

(McGee starts tearing up…nods to Kayla, turns his head, kisses her on the cheek….And Vance can be heard, repeating…)

Vance; “He saved me…..He wouldn’t leave me….”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at the Gordon House…Gibbs parks Caprice’s white Jaguar in the garage, he exits…Caprice gets out on her side, closes the door….She pats the roof of the beautiful car, and smiles…)

Caprice: “Good job, Jenny…”

(Gibbs rolls his eyes….)

Caprice: ‘Something wrong, Jethro?”

(She walks out of the garage, into the back yard…Gibbs beside her…)

Gibbs: “McGibbs, I know you nickname your cars…It’s cute…but….”

Caprice; “Oh..you mean Jenny? Jenny Jaguar! It sounds good!”

Gibbs: ‘Yea…but…I…dammit…some of the things you say….”

(Caprice grins to herself…)

Caprice: “You mean, like, “I love that she has big round headlights?”

Gibbs; “Yea”

Caprice: “And they always look like they’re on high beam?”

Gibbs; “Yea!”

Caprice: “And that I like she has a big rear end, plenty of junk can go in that trunk?”

(his voice raises)

Gibbs “YEA!”

Caprice: “And the leather is so soft it’s like sliding against bare skin when you climb in?”

Gibbs; ‘YES! THAT ONE!”

(Caprice looks at him with an innocent face)

Caprice; “Why Jethro, why would that bother you?”

(Gibbs looks off…..then looks down…)

Gibbs: “I had a boss named Jenny”

Caprice: “Uh huh…”

Gibbs: “And…dammit…Caprice…”

(Caprice does a mock surprise face…)

Caprice; “Oh….THAT Jenny! You mean the one that you were undercover with in Paris, and “ahem” you know? The one that always got jealous when another woman was in the office? You mean THAT Jenny?”

(Gibbs’s face drops in shock….he stares at her, open mouthed….Caprice gives a sly smile)

Caprice: “The car’s real name is Jackie….”

(Gibbs’s continues to stare, jaw dropped..Caprice walks off, smiling, then stops, turns around…)

Caprice; ‘Oh Jethro…I’m sorry…You really thought you were the only investigator in this family”

(She grins, turns, keeps walking…..Gibbs is still standing, watching her…She stops again, turns…)

Caprice: “Jethro…come inside and I’ll make you forget all about Paris”

(She keeps walking to the house….Gibbs finally smiles…)

Gibbs; “God, I love that woman”

(Caprice opens the screen door to the back porch, turns to him)

Caprice; ‘Feel free to ask him along, but I suggest you tell him to close his eyes….”

(Gibbs trots towards her, then breaks out in a run ….She screams in delight, starts laughing, runs in the house, Gibbs in close pursuit behind her)

THE END