THE SMALLEST BRIDGE

A CONTINUTION OF “FALSE WITNESS – THE TRIAL”

Previously on the Season Finale of NCIS....

Torres; “Ma’am...and since you’re under our protection..please... allow me to start your car and get it ready)

(Hart laughs....She pulls out her remote fob, presses a button....the car starts...)

Hart; ‘Remote start Torres..but thank you...”

(Torres takes the fob out of Hart’s hand...presses ‘unlock’....)

Torres; “Hey..it’s the least we can do....”

(Torres walks to her car, opens the door for her....he does an exaggerated bow...)

Torres: “Ma’am..your chariot awaits....”

Bishop: “Torres..you are so goofy....”

Torres; ‘Hey....which reminds me.....I need to thank you for saving me...us....”

(Torres grins, walks towards Bishop)

Hart: “Thank you all...again....”

(The world explodes....the car blows upwards, the explosion knocking all of them over...Torres, the closest, gets picked up and tossed through the air like a ragdoll in a storm...He lands on the grass, on his back...eyes closed...Gibbs sits up, yells out)

Gibbs; “EVERYONE OKAY?”

(They all start to get up....then Bishop screams....)

Bishop: “NIIIIICKKK!”

(Bishop runs to Torres....she falls on the ground by him....rocks him...)

Bishop: “NICK!”

(She feels for a pulse.....She immediately starts compressing his chest...she screams loud)

Bishop; “HELP ME! HE”S NOT BREATHING! HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!”

(Caprice lands next to Bishop...she places a finger on Torres’s neck....Shoves Bishop to one side, clasps her hands together, then begins pounding violently on Torres’s chest...his body jerks each time from the impact....)

Bishop: “CAPRICE! YOU”RE HURTING HIM!”

Caprice; ‘His heart has stopped!”

(Bishop screams)

Bishop: ‘NO! HE’S NOT DEAD! HE’S NOT DEAD!”

(scene fades out to Caprice pounding Torres’s chest, Bishop crying, holding Torres’s head, begging him to live....approaching sirens can be heard in the background.....)

(scene fades to black and white)

AND NOW – THE PREMIER OF SEASON 28

“The Smallest Bridge”

ONLY ON NCIS!

(scene opens in Walter Reed Hospital room...Torres lays in a hospital bed, face up...oxygen mask on his face...multiple machines on far side of his bed, the beep of the machine measuring his heartbeat can be heard...Bishop sits on a stool next to Torres’s face, her hand on his head...Gibbs stands back, his hand on Bishop’s shoulder...)

Gibbs: “Hey...He’s going to be okay, Bishop..They’ve stabilized him...and they’ll get him washed up and changed....”

(She nods her head...strokes Torres's hair)

Bishop: "He's still in his clothes...he'd hate that...they're ruined...He always wants to look good"

Gibbs: "I know..."

Bishop: "Maybe they'll let me clean him up...I can do that...."

Gibbs: "Bishop..."

(She nods....keeps looking at Torres)

Bishop: "He died, Gibbs...."

Gibbs: "I know"

Bishop: "His heart stopped...he wasn't breathing..."

Gibbs: "Bishop...he's still with us..."

(She strokes Torres's face)

Bishop: "Caprice brought him back....If she hadn't been there, Gibbs..."

Gibbs: "But she was."

(Bishop nods while she continues to touch Torres's face)

Bishop: "The doctors say he didn't go too long without oxygen...that's good..."

(She turns to Gibbs...her face hard....)

Bishop: "We're going to get them, aren't we?...The people that did this..."

Gibbs; "Oh yea..."

Bishop: 'I want to be there when we do"

Gibbs; "No..your place is right here...with him....You leave the other stuff to the team...."

(Bishop gives a small smile...)

Bishop: "What's wrong Gibbs....worried I'd handcuff someone to a generator and blow them up?"

(Gibbs gives back a small smile of his own)

Gibbs; “No idea what you’re talking about Bishop....(nods to Torres)..”You worry about him....I’ll worry about handcuffing whoever did this to something....”

(Bishop stares at Gibbs....nods...)

Bishop: “Boom?”

(Gibbs shrugs....)

Gibbs: “Bishop....(nods again to Torres)”

(Caprice walks into the room, nurse’s outfit on....Bishop turns, looks at her in surprise....)

Bishop: “Caprice....why.....”

(Caprice walks around to the monitors....starts reading them, comparing the readings to a tablet she’s holding....)

Caprice; “I’m his nurse...Why wouldn’t I be here?”

Bishop: “You retired....”

Caprice: “No, Ellie...I changed jobs...I’m the NCIS Medical liaison...and Torres is NCIS...”

(Gibbs squeezes Bishop’s shoulder....)

Gibbs; “She pulled rank, Bishop..She’s been known to do that from time to time”

(Bishop looks up at Caprice....sad smile)

Bishop: “Thank you....I know he’d want that..”

Caprice: “I know, honey....but just so you know, I”m not the only one that pulled rank...”

Bishop: “Who...I don’t understand....”

(A voice calls out while walking into the room...)

“It is something we do when someone we love needs us”

(Bishop turns around, shock on her face...)

Bishop: “Cal!...I thought...Cal, you were in Newark! You were speaking.....”

Cal: “I was...then I was informed of this...So, I am here”

Bishop: “Cal...This only happened, what...3 hours ago? How did you...”

Cal: “I had my wife come for me...She is....resourceful....”

Gibbs: “Helicopter, Bishop...Dez...”

(Bishop nods....)

Bishop: “Thank you...all of you...”

Gibbs: “Doc...anything you can tell us?”

Cal: “I have seen both the CAT scan and MRI results...He suffered...(pause)..”..quite a bit of trauma to the head....”

(Cal leans down to Torres’s head...inspects the back of his head)

Cal: “The initial trauma was the force of the explosion itself...that may or may not have created enough force to cause this...When he impacted the ground, his head hit the ground, here...(He points to the back of Torres’s head)..”This impact sent the brain into an instant protective mode...Swelling occurred...The swelling of the area around the brain caused the brain to press downward on the brain stem...”

(He turns to Bishop...)

Cal: “This has either impaired or damaged the Reticular Activating System...we refer to it as the RAS...and this portion of the brain is the one responsible for awareness...responses..”

Bishop: “You said impaired or damaged...”

(Cal nods)

Cal: “We do not know which, yet...but I am hopeful it is impairment....”

Bishop: “If it is?”

Cal: “Then there is a very good chance he will come back to you soon...”

Bishop: “And if it’s.....the other...?”

(Cal looks over at Torres....then back at Bishop)

Cal: “We wait, Eleanor...It is too early in this event to determine either...”

Bishop: “You don’t want to say it, do you?”

Cal: “And you, dear wife...do not want to hear it....so...You and I...we both...wait...and hope...”

(Bishop nods....)

Bishop: “Cal....I’m...I’m so....”

(He looks to her....her face looks up at his...she struggles to speak....Cal reaches down, touches her cheek)

Cal: “I know, Eleanor...but there are two things that should give you hope...”

(She looks at him...waiting...)

Cal: “One...Nicholas is the strongest man I have ever known...he is fearless...whatever he faces inside his mind, he will face it...and fight to come back..That, good wife, is not found in any medical studies, but I assure you, it is part of this....”

Bishop: “Thank you...what is number two?”

(Cal squats down to her level...)

Cal: “Love, Eleanor....your love for your husband...the love this family has for him....”

Bishop: “Does that....(voice quivers) “...does that really make a difference? I mean, really...”

Cal: “It makes all the difference in the world, dear woman....Sometimes...love is the bridge they walk over to come back”

(Bishop’s eyes tear up...she nods....closes her eyes...)

Bishop: “I swear...I swear Cal....I’ll build him the biggest bridge he ever saw....”

(Cal stands....)

Cal: “Of that, Eleanor...I have no doubt....I have no doubt at all....and now...if I may....a suggestion to you?”

(She looks at him, waiting....)

Cal: “Hope...Always....hope”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS HQ, Gibbs walking quickly into the lab...Kacie looking at monitors, hears Gibbs come in...she turns quickly....)

Kacie: “Gibbs!...How is he?”

Gibbs: “Hanging in there, Kacie...now...what do you have?”

(She turns back to the monitors....)

Kacie: “Not much so far...I’m still waiting for some results to come back...”

Gibbs: “Kacie!..I need...”

Kacie: “...you need answers....I want them too Gibbs!...Now...walk through this with me...”

(she pulls up a spectrograph...one green bar is higher than the others)

Kacie: “The explosion....I found traces of C4....”

Gibbs: “Yea..so?”

Kacie: “But look at this....”

(She lifts up a 6 inch metal rod...bent over, blue streaks...)

Kacie: “This is what’s left of the metal cage support for the back seat....”

(Gibbs looks at it....)

Gibbs: “Melted”

Kacie: “Uh huh....and C4 does not generate that kind of heat...a gasoline fire doesn’t either.”

Gibbs; ‘What does?”

(She clicky clacks.....the green bar on the spectrograph comes up with two letters..)

Mg

Gibbs: “A sportscar?”

Kacie: “No Gibbs....it’s not a British sports car....It’s the chemical symbol for Magnesium...”

Gibbs: “Speed it up, Kacie....”

Kacie: “I also found traces of Aluminum and Zinc...You take those, put them together, and then estimate the temperature it took to melt this 22 inch bar in the back seat down this....”

(Gibbs looks at the monitor....)

Gibbs: “Thermite”

(Kacie crosses her arms...nods...)

Kacie: “Bingo...the C4 does the boom....Thermite burns fast and in a small area....perfect for hiding evidence....no fingerprints left, no DNA survives, nothing....it’s the perfect sweeper for a crime scene....”

Gibbs: “Not good, Kacie....”

Kacie: “No...Gibbs...it’s good....”

(Gibbs stares at her.....)

Kacie: “Uh uh...get that stare off your face Gibbs.....You’re talking to Kacie, not some college lab coat lady....Look...”

(She clicky clacks...the green bar on the screen expands...another chemical is displayed...)

Boron Oxide

Kacie: “Boron...it’s used to create the meanest, hottest, nastiest Thermite there is...Lanthanum Thermite”

(Kacie turns and picks up a blackened blob of cooled metal...)

Kacie: “This was the post for the front seat headrest....”

Gibbs: “It’s a blob...”

Kacie: “Uh huh...it took over 4000 degrees of heat, for one second, to do this....Gibbs....the stuff they used to blow that car up had Lanthanum Thermite in it...”

(Gibbs stares at Kacie...then at the cooled blob of molted metal....)

Gibbs: “Who can get it?”

Kacie: “Not who, Gibbs....Where....”

(He waits)

Kacie: “Underwater...”

(She clicky clacks....)

(image of divers underwater, full helmets, welding torches, welding propellor on battleship...)

Gibbs: “Underwater welding?”

Kacie: “You’re catching on Gibbs....There are different types of thermite used for different applications....and the chemical composition of the thermite they used to blow up that car?....”

Gibbs: “Underwater repairs....it burns underwater, it’s so hot”

Kacie: “Exactly.....and before you ask me....”

Gibbs; ‘Who can get it?”

(She looks at him, shakes her head...)

Kacie: “...before you ask me who can get it.....”

(Clicky clacks.....a website pops up.....)

ARMADA WELDING, Inc

Kacie: “This is the company currently approved to do the repairs for Navy ships in this area….They have access to the specific composition of the thermite used in the blast…and the nearest company after them that uses it?....You have to go to Massachusetts to find them....”

(Gibbs stares at the image.....)

Kacie: “Gibbs....There’s an FBI list and a Homeland Security list of White Supremists....”

Gibbs; “Yea....and there will be a list of employees and contractors for Armada Welding...”

(Gibbs looks over at Kacie.....)

Gibbs; “Kacie....They almost killed Torres....”

Kacie: “Uh huh…and he’s family”

Gibbs: “Yea....”

Kacie: “But thank god, Gibbs....we’re not doing an autopsy on Torres trying to get more evidence…”

Gibbs: “More?..What more do you need?”

Kacie: “Lots more....if we had been able to examine Torres before he was taken to the hospital, we might get more chemicals….and if we had enough of them, I could give you a chemical autograph....”

Gibbs; “A what?”

Kacie; “Lanthanum is a powder…a real fine powder….it gets on the clothes, skin, everything…it’s like gunshot residue on a shooter….I could match the composition from the bomb with samples from a suspect…if they match, then Boom...you’ve got the man that made the bomb”

(Gibbs stares…thinks....)

Gibbs; “If Torres was in autopsy, you’d be able to get those?”

Kacie: “Well, yea…maybe...but thank god he’s not!”

(Gibbs stares more....then he takes out his phone.....dials...)

Gibbs; “Hey...when will they wash Torres up and change him?”

(He listens....eyebrows go up...)

Gibbs; “Then stop them! Now!”

(listens...)

Gibbs: “Because I want to do an autopsy, Caprice!”

(listens)

Gibbs; “I know he’s not! But I need to do an autopsy! Leave his body alone! Don’t touch anything on him! I’ll be up there with Palmer in an hour!”

(He ends the call....Kacie is looking at him in disbelief and fear...)

Kacie: “Gibbs? Torres?...He’s.....”

Gibbs: “No..He’s not dead...but Palmer’s about to make a house call....”

Kacie: “What? Jimmy’s going to do an autopsy on a live Torres?”

Gibbs: “Sure is....thanks to you....Good work, Kacie....Keep at it...”

Kacie; “Gibbs!”

(Gibbs has turned, walking out)

Kacie: “Jimmy’s not going to cut into him is he? I don’t think he’d appreciate that....”

(She watches as he disappears through the doorway...)

Kacie: “I would have liked an answer on that one.....”

(Kacie hears the Autopsy room doors open....a few moments pass...then a loud yelp from Palmer is heard....)

Palmer: “I”M GOING TO DO WHAT?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in hospital room...Bishop sitting, talking to Torres....)

Bishop: “Baby...Nickie is with Delilah...I haven’t had a chance to talk to her....I don’t think she’d understand a word I would tell her, but they also tell me you can’t hear me....but I don’t care...I think you can....I hope you can...and I need you to know I love you so much, Nick....and I know you’re in there, fighting your way back....That’s just who you are...You always fight for what you want...You’re the bravest man I know, baby...and the strongest....and I need you to take all that strength, and all that courage...and I need you to come back to me....”

(She wipes a tear....strokes his hair...)

Bishop: “You always liked this...(she smiles) “You told me you felt like a little boy when I did it...but you never told me to stop....”

(Caprice is standing in the back of the room....watching....)

Bishop: “I love you, Nick....I love you so much....I’m so sorry it took so long for us to see it...both of us....sometimes I feel like we cheated each other out of those years....(pause) “I promise...We’re not going to let anything cheat us out of anymore....Just....(pause) “Just come back baby....I’m here...I’m right here....”

(She leans back...Caprice hands her a tissue.....she wipes her eyes....Caprice hands her another tissue.....)

Bishop: “Thanks...I'm doing okay....I just need one....”

Caprice; ‘No...Bishop.....it’s not for you.....Look...”

(Bishop looks at Torres....one tear is falling out of his eye....)

Bishop: “Nick!...Nick...!...Baby!...Can you hear me!”

(Caprice watches the monitors.....shakes her head....)

Caprice; ‘No jump on the EEG...no measurable increase in brain activity....”

Bishop: “I don’t care! I don’t need that machine to tell me he can hear me!”

(She wipes his eye...then kisses his eyes....)

Bishop: “Baby....I’m here...fight for me, honey....I’m on this side fighting for you....”

(scene shifts to NCIS Bullpen....Dawson on the phone....)

Dawson: “You be kidding me....tell me you’re kidding me, Garvey....”

(she listens...McGee is staring at her now, curious...)

Dawson: “When?...WHAT!...Two days ago? (pause)..”Girlfriend...in about an hour, you need to be out of that office....”

(listens)

Dawson: “No...no way your name comes up...I promise...now...where in the stack is it?”

(The call ends....McGee waits...Dawson is staring at him, furious...)

Dawson: “The three of us about to visit the FBI field office....”

McGee: “Why?”

Dawson: “My friend...Stella Garvey...FBI...she handed her director a bulletin on chatter about an attempt on Miss Hart and Tom Guidry....”

McGee: “No way....when....?”

Dawson: “Two days ago....and the son of a bitch buried it....”

(McGee pops up....Dawson looks up at Corporal Michaels....)

Dawson: “You ready, bodyguard?”

Michaels: “On the job, ma’am....ready to protect you...”

Dawson: “You might need to protect an FBI director...”

Michaels: “He’s not on my duty list, ma’am....you guys have fun...I’ll watch”

(Dawson looks up at him....)

Dawson: “Big guy...I’m likin’ you more and more....”

Michaels: “I’ve been told I’m a likable fellow ma’am....”

Dawson: “Then loosen up! I’m not ma’am! My name is Dawson!...”

(Michaels snaps to attention)

Michaels: “Ma’am! I am a Marine assigned to protect you from all harm and threats! That is my assignment and I intend to carry it out to the letter of my orders.....Ma’am!”

(Dawson shakes her head...looks at McGee..)

Dawson: “All the people I could have gotten for guard duty and I get Robomarine trying out for Men In Black..(gruff voice) “best of the best of the best....MA’AM!”

(McGee and Michaels look at Dawson curiously)

McGee: “Dawson..that was almost funny”

Michaels: “Yes sir..I could sense humor in it as well”

(Dawson stares at both of them...shakes her head, points at Michaels)

Dawson; “You..Watchdog..A little less Tommy Lee Jones, a little more Will Smith, okay?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in FBI field office....McGee, Dawson, and Michaels walk swiftly down a hallway, enter an open room with cubicles, glass offices line one wall.....FBI agents and admins start poking their heads up over the cubicles....McGee points to one....)

McGee: “Elliot Stanch! Where is he?”

(The agent slowly points a finger towards an office.....McGee heads that direction....He reaches the door, sees Stanch’s name on it....He opens it...Stanch is on the phone....he looks at McGee...)

Stanch: “Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?”

(McGee looks around the office...then on the desk, he sees an inbox with a large stack of papers in it....McGee says nothing, just grabs the stack, starts pulling papers off the bottom....within seconds, he pulls one out, reads it....his

eyes close....his head turns for a moment, it turns back, furious ...then to Stanch....)

McGee: “You buried it!”

Stanch: “What the hell are you talking about?”

(McGee’s face turns red....He advance towards Stanch...Stanch starts backing up...)

McGee: “MY FRIEND ALMOST DIED AND IS IN A COMA! BECAUSE YOU BURIED THIS!”

(Stanch stands straight up to McGee...yells in his face..)

Stanch: ‘I DECIDE WHAT GETS WORKED! NOT YOU!”

(McGee snaps...His hand whips out, grabs Stanch by the throat, slams him up against the wall)

McGee: “HE”S MY FRIEND!”

(McGee lets go of Stanch.....Stanch rubs his throat.)

McGee: “Now...get me everything you have on this....”

(Stanch looks at McGee, angrily)

Stanch: “You can’t come in here and order an FBI...”

(McGee backhands Stanch’s face....Stanch looks at McGee...stunned..Then Stanch immediately bolts for the open office door...He stops dead in his tracks...He finds a large Marine standing in the open doorway, arms crossed. Stanch looks out the glass wall of his office,..he can see every person in the outside area is watching.... Michaels nods towards McGee)

Michaels: “I believe that man over there is still talking to you”

(Stanch, pales, looks back at McGee)

McGee; ‘Everything you’ve got....now...”

(scene fades out to Dawson, smiling at the scene...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Torres's hospital room...Bishop standing next to Caprice, watching Torres...)

Bishop: "He just lays there...it's not normal for him..."

Caprice: "He's okay, honey...it's normal..."

Bishop: "And thanks...."

Caprice; 'For what?"

Bishop: (small smile) "For giving me some advance warning about Jimmy coming in....If I didn't know, I'd have freaked out seeing him...I mean, not seeing him, but seeing him....you know...?"

Caprice; 'I know...Jethro's just doing his job, honey...you know that"

Bishop: "I do...and it's smart...but I hope they hurry....Nick doesn't like being dirty...or in torn up clothes...."

Caprice; 'I promise, as soon as they're done, I'll get him washed up and into a fresh gown..."

Bishop: 'You mean the one that opens in the back? He'd love that....He's proud of his butt..."

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

Bishop; "He's always smiling...joking....."

(She covers her mouth....tears start again...Caprice hugs her...)

Caprice; "Honey, he's going to be up and making the nurses here scream in no time...you wait and see"

(Bishop nods, still crying..)

Bishop: "I'd get so mad when he did stuff like that....I won't get mad at him anymore....I promise..."

Caprice; "Yes you will honey....your boy there is a rascal...."

(Bishop chuckles...nods her head..)

Bishop: “He is that....”

(They turn, seeing Palmer stick his head inside the door....he smiles, embarrassed....)

Palmer: “Hey, Agent Bishop...I’m here...Agent Gibbs made me....”

Gibbs; “Palmer! Focus!”

(Gibbs steps in, looks at Palmer, rolls his eyes, speaks to Palmer very calmly)

Gibbs: “Palmer... They know he’s not dead”

Palmer; “Okay...you’re sure of that Agent Bishop? You know I know that you know Agent Torres is not...you know....”

(Bishop chuckles...)

Bishop: “Yes Jimmy...I know...but just...you know....none of this...”

(Bishop draws a large autopsy Y on her chest with her finger...Palmer’s eyes get wide)

Palmer: “No! I would never!”

(Bishop nods her head...)

Bishop: “Then you have my permission, Jimmy....go do your.....uh...do your thing...”

(Palmer nods...then walks to Torres’s bed...he stops as he reaches it...He stares at Torres....then he turns...He finds Bishop standing directly behind him....)

Palmer; “Agent Bishop...I don’t know if I...”

(Bishop hugs Palmer suddenly....)

Bishop: “You can, Jimmy...He’s not dead...he’s alive...and what you do will help us catch the people that did this....(pause) “He’s your friend, Jimmy...He’ll understand”

(Palmer nods...releases Bishop, nods...then turns back to Torres....clears his throat...stands up straight)

Palmer: “And now...the first Living Autopsy...Live.....”

(Palmer turns back to Bishop....smiles)

Palmer: “Get it? Live? He’s alive?”

(3 sets of eyes role...Bishop points a finger at Torres...)

Bishop: “Jimmy...turn around...go to work”

(Palmer, embarrassed smile, nods...)

Palmer: “I’m going to take his clothes off now...you ladies might want to turn around....”

Bishop: “Palmer...I’m married to him...We have a child...I’ve seen him naked”

Caprice; “I’m a nurse, Jimmy....it’s no big deal”

Gibbs: “Not what you told me..”

(Jimmy, Bishop, Caprice, all turn to Gibbs....stare at him....His eyebrows go up...)

Gibbs: ‘Yep...leaving....”

Caprice: “Good choice, Jethro”

(Palmer carefully places a towel over Torres’s mid section...)

Palmer: “I won’t be checking there…uh..no need....so...”

Bishop: “Jimmy! Just do it!”

(Palmer pulls a comb out of his bag, holds a sheet of paper behind Torres’s head, and starts combing towards the paper....)

Palmer: “Oh good....good...that’s not dirt.....We’re going to get something, Agent Torres...I promise....I’ll find something....and when I do, they’ll pay....Agent Gibbs and the team....They’ll make them pay, Agent Torres...”

(He folds the paper over, drops the particles on it into an evidence jar...He pulls out a roll of surgical tape, pulls a strip off....)

Palmer; “Now...this might sting some...I need to see what’s on your skin....I’ll be careful....”

(Bishop and Caprice watch Palmer finally get his rhythm.....Caprice whispers to Bishop)

Caprice: “Are you realizing how many people love him?”

(Bishop nods...leans against Caprice...Caprice puts an arm around Bishop....)

Bishop: “Yes...they do...I’m so proud of Nick...”

Caprice; “They love you too, honey...That’s also why they’re doing this...”

(Bishop nods, eyes moisten again...)

Bishop: “I know...I just want.....I....”

Caprice: “You just want everything to be back to where it was....I know, honey...God I know....I’ve almost lost Jethro several times....I know...”

(scene fades out to Caprice and Bishop, both leaning on each other, watching Palmer work on Torres....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Hart’s home office....She sits at her desk, working on her computer.....She sees a light turn from green to red on her alarm panel...she quickly clicky clacks on her computer...thumbnail images of inside her house come up....she looks at one, enlarges it...a man is seen stealthily walking towards her doors....She places one hand under her desk....She stops typing, then stares at the French doors to her office....Suddenly, her doors burst open....A man stands there, holding a pistol pointed at the floor...he starts to raise the pistol.....)

Man: “You defended a black man...bitch!”

(Hart smiles at the man...)

Hart: “Anyone else with you?”

(The man looks at her curiously, stunned by her composure....)

Man: “What? No...I don’t need no help to....”

(A tremendous roar is heard., wood splinters spray across the room...the man is thrown backwards through the doors....Hart gets up, pulls a pistol out of her desk drawer...walks over to the man,...his chest is shredded, he is dying...She looks back at her desk, sees the panel blown out by the double barrel 12 guage shotgun McGee rigged for her....She looks back at the dying man...)

Hart: “Yes...it is time to die....(pause) “...bitch”

(She walks back to her desk, lights a cigarette....dials her phone....)

Hart; “Hey Gibbs...got some trash for you to take out...”

(listens...)

Hart: “Yea I’m fine...I think he’s dead...hold on, I’ll check his vitals....”

(She walks back to the man....kicks his head, hard...no response)

Hart: “Yea...he’s dead..And when you get these #$#$#%%^^...tell them they owe me a desk”

(Hart goes back to her desk...she sits, breaks open the shotgun, reloads it with two more 12 gauge shells....She places it back in the cradle under her desk, pulls both hammers back...She pours a glass of bourbon, takes a drag off the cigarette, lays it in an ashtray, then goes back to returning an email....)

(scene fades out to Hart working on her computer, the dead body lying on the floor between the French doors leading to her office)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in hospital, Bishop sitting in the chair next to Torres, reading him the sports section from her cell phone....She hears a knock at the door....Caprice walks in, then behind her, Delilah comes in, holding little Nickie in her lap...)

Delilah: ‘Someone wanted to see her daddy”

(Bishop jumps up, walks quickly to Delilah, scoops Nicki up, holds her tight..)

Bishop; ‘Hi, kiddo..oh I missed you!”

(She looks at Delilah)

Bishop: “Thank you so much...thank you for keeping her, thank you for bringing her here....”

Delilah: “I confess...it was an excuse to come up and see your boy...”

Bishop: ‘You know you don’t need any excuse, Delilah...you’re family...”

Delilah: ‘Thanks Ellie...Maybe the truth is I was afraid to....I’ve seen Tim come home, shot...I’ve seen him come back from the Middle East after being captured...it’s hard, Ellie...but...hell...People have tried to kill me too....I guess it’s....(pause)…"...How’s he doing? That’s what I need to ask...”

Bishop: “He’s the same.....it’s what they call a shallow coma, which means they didn’t find any damage to his cortex, and so far, Cal thinks it’s the type that he’ll come out of quick...”

Delilah: “Brain swelling?”

Bishop: ‘Minimal...and it’s gone down some...”

Delilah: “That’s big, honey....that’s real big”

Bishop: “That’s what they tell me....so...in the immortal words of Doc Cal....I cling to hope”

Delilah: “Trust me girl...there’s no greater formula for surviving these things than hope...Been there, done it, had it done for me...and here we are”

(Nickie starts fussing...Bishop cradles her in her arms, rocks her....the baby keeps fussing....)

Bishop: “Honey? What do you want?”

(Bishop walks around the room, then when she moves the baby so she can see Torres, the baby’s arms stretch out.....)

Bishop: ‘Is that it? You want your daddy?”

(Bishop looks over at Caprice....)

Caprice; “I think it’s okay...Torres isn’t having any seizures or involuntary movements....Here...I’ll help you”

Delilah: “Girls...I gotta run...Nell is holding down the fort, and we’re moving satellites tonight....I just wanted to bring that little bundle of trouble up here”

(Bishop leans down, gives Delilah a kiss on her cheek)

Bishop: “Thank you....”

(Delilah leaves the room...Caprice has moved to Torres’s bed...She is raising up the side rail....)

Caprice: “Here, honey, it’s just like a crib...you can lay her down next to her dad....”

(Caprice pulls one of Torres’s arms away from his body....Bishop lays Nickie down between the arm and Torres’s body, the baby rolls over, faces her father...)

Bishop: “I think I'm going to cry!...”

Caprice; “She really does miss her daddy”

Bishop: “They are really close...Nick and her...He adores her”

(The child is shown facing her father’s face, eyes wide open...her little arms reach out, little flingers touch Torres’s face....Little Nickie slowly closes her eyes)

Caprice: “I think your daughter is going to sleep...That means, Ellie...you can sit, take a break...let them have their time...I’ll be back in 15 or so..”

(Bishop nods....sits in the chair, closes her eyes....)

(scene shifts to complete blackness....a small voice is heard in the void...)

Voice: “Daddy....I can’t find you....”

“Nickie? Nickie?”

“Where are you daddy?”

“Nickie! I’m here! Daddy’s here!”

“I can’t see you….Daddy….come back…where are you?”

“I’m trying! I promise! Where are you, baby?”

“Daddy! Mommy needs you! Mommy needs you! Where are you?”

“NICKIE! Come to me!”

“No Daddy! Find me!….Daddy…find me…(voice gets fainter) “…find….me….”

(silence in the void….then..)

“I’m cold, daddy….I’m cold…”

(scene switches back to the hospital room…Caprice and Cal walk back in, Caprice looks in on the baby and Torres….looks down at Bishop, opening her eyes….)

Caprice; “That was sweet, Bishop….”

(Bishop stands…looks at Nickie and Torres)

Caprice: “Putting his arm over Nickie…it’s sweet….”

(Bishop looks at Caprice, eyes wide in amazement….)

Bishop: “Caprice! I didn’t do that…I swear! I didn’t do it!”

(They both look down at the scene, the baby, nestled next to Torres, his arm gently over the child, pulled close to his body…)

Bishop: (quiet voice) “I didn’t do it…I didn’t…”

Cal: “Then…let us see….”

(Cal reaches down, gently picks the sleeping baby up….)

Cal: ‘…”Nickolas…your child misses you….”

(Torres’s arm starts moving…sweeping back and forth, searching for the child…The monitor immediately starts registering increases in pulse rate, and brain activity….through the oxygen mask, his mouth can be seen moving….a harsh whisper escapes)

Torres: “NIckie….no…cold…cold..”

(Bishop's hand flies over her mouth, Caprice looks on, smiling....)

Cal: "I am sorry, worried father. She is cold? Then warm her....here...your child...she is back.."

(Cal gently lays the sleeping baby back down near Torres's body...Torres's arm slowly pulls the sleeping baby closer to his body...His arm lifts, moves over the baby, then slowly, gently lays over her....the monitors begin returning to normal.....Torres lies still....breathing evenly...Cal turns to Bishop...a small smile on his face..)

Cal: "Eleanor, Hope...It has answered....Nickolas has found the path back to you....He is crossing the Smallest Bridge...The one with a sign that says,...Love..."

(Bishop collapses in the chair and weeps....nodding her head, over and over, weeping....She reaches a hand up, Cal takes it, raises his eyes, dancing with gold flecks, upwards, mouths a silent, "thank you".)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS Autopsy Room...Gibbs walks in through the doors...Sees Palmer standing over the body of Sean King...)

Gibbs: "Palmer...talk to me"

(Palmer raises up....looks at Gibbs...)

Palmer: "On which one?"

Gibbs: "You've got the body from Hart's house yet?"

Palmer: "Yes sir...over there..."

(Palmer points to another table...a body lies on it)

Gibbs: "Either...what do you have Palmer?"

(Palmer walks between the tables to a third table....Torres's clothes are laid out as if being worn....)

Palmer: “This one is the most interesting…”

Gibbs: “Torres’s clothes…laid out like a body”

Palmer: “Yes sir..it’s how I work….I’ve gone over them…pulled every particle, every fiber….Kacie has what I found. She’s putting together the samples….but this one….”

(Palmer goes back to the man Hart killed..)

Palmer: ”He had powder on his fingers….silver…and when you do this….”

(Palmer rolls a sleeve cuffs up from the man’s wrist to the forearm…)

Palmer: “I found more of it under the cuffs…I almost missed it…but before he was killed, he had his sleeves rolled up..It looks like he carried whatever it was under this arm”

Gibbs: “Aluminum?”

Palmer: “Good guess sir…yes…but most of it is magnesium…at least that’s what Kacie says…she helped me focus on what she was looking for…”

Gibbs: “So…? Is there anything you can tell me that will help me find these people?”

(Kacie walks through the doors…)

Kacie: “He’s already done it, Gibbs….maybe…Jimmy found plenty of residue on Torres and on the dead man from your friend’s house…Sean King is clean…”

Gibbs: “You get what you need?”

Kacie: “Oh yea…..You give me a suspect, I’ll tell you if he handled that bomb. I’ll start on the Hummer in a few…”

(Gibbs turns to Kacie….She is walking to Palmer’s computer, starts clicky clacking…..an image of a man comes up on the screen….Gibbs looks at it…)

Gibbs: “Who is that?”

Kacie: “Talk to your lawyer friend, who by the way, she’s my new hero....find out if she loaned her car out, had it valet parked, whatever....but I’d start with this man...”

Gibbs: “The MP that pulled Hart’s car up....”

Kacie; “Corporal Randy Stevens....”

Gibbs: “Why him?”

Kacie: “He had the valet key...he pulled the car up....and.....”

(She clicks once...Military record comes up....)

Gibbs: “Misconduct charges....”

Kacie: “Not just misconduct charges, Gibbs....before joining the Marines, he was involved in a gang....no criminal record...but...he’s been in a few scrapes...and all with people of color”

Gibbs: “Bad Boys...”

Kacie: “Yea...I don’t know why they picked such a stupid name for a gang, but there it is....”

(Gibbs stares at Kacie....she shrugs)

Kacie: “I told you there was an FBI list of who they were watching....”

Gibbs: “He’s on it?”

(Kacie cocks her head...rolls her eyes...points to the image of Corporal Stevens..)

Kacie: “Ya think, Gibbs?”

(Gibbs stares at the image)

Gibbs: “When he pulled the car up...Hart said he looked nervous...”

Kacie: “Well...wouldn’t you?...If....”

Gibbs: “If I had just armed a bomb? Yea....I’d be nervous...”

(Gibbs seen quickly walking away, phone to his ear...The words 'pick him up' can be heard as he quickly exits...then he turns....)

Gibbs: "Palmer! Kacie!.....Nice work...."

(Scene fades out to Kacie and Palmer smiling, fist bumping)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen...Gibbs standing by big screen, McGee, Dawson sitting at their desks. Kacie sitting at Bishop's desk, Palmer at Torres's...Corporal Michaels stands on the other side of Dawson's cubicle wall)

Gibbs: "We're shorthanded...Torres is fighting to come back...Bishop is helping him fight...We, this five...we are going to put this together, find the people that did this, and we are going to...."

(A pause...)

Gibbs: "Hell, I don't know what we'll do....We'll figure that out when we get there...McGee..any word on our MP?"

McGee: "Bolted boss...AWOL...we're looking...BOLO out to all agencies"

(Gibbs looks over at Palmer..)

Gibbs: "Palmer...summary"

Palmer: "Sir...the evidence taken off of Agent Torres...the chemicals...they match what Kacie says is the Armada welding product..."

(Gibbs looks over at Kacie...she nods...)

Gibbs: "Kacie...the Hummer..."

Kacie: "Clean...Sean King's prints, and his running buddy, Andy Murtaugh.."

McGee: "Boss...Murtaugh's rumored to be taking over the gang..."

Gibbs; "We got anything on where he is?"

McGee; 'Working on it boss"

Gibbs: “Dawson.....”

Dawson: “My friend sent me the file they had on the chatter....”

Gibbs: “The one Stanch buried?

Dawson: “Yea...She also told me Stanch has filed a formal complaint against McGee...and Robocop back there...”

(She points to Michaels...Michaels shrugs..)

Michaels: “I can handle it, sir”

(Gibbs nods to Michaels....then looks at McGee....)

Gibbs: “You got what we needed...I’ll fade the heat, McGee”

McGee: “He’s dirty, boss....no proof...but he’s dirty”

Gibbs; ‘Dirty how?”

McGee; “Ask Corporal Michaels....He saw what I saw...So did Dawson...”

(Gibbs turns to Dawson...)

Gibbs; “Talk to me”

Dawson: “He tried to jackrabbit on McGee....Michaels blocked his way....The man was scared, Gibbs..he was real scared...McGee had him ready to wet his pants scared....I didn’t know he had...”

Gibbs; “Dawson!...The point!”

Dawson: “When Stanch faced up my guard dog...for a quick moment, they were eye to eye...and in that one moment....”

(She shakes her head....)

Michaels: “He wanted to kill me sir....”

Gibbs: “Pissed?”

Michaels: “No sir...it was hate...pure hate”

Gibbs; “Ya think, Michaels? He was trying to run...you stopped him....”

Michaels: “No sir...It’s hard to explain sir....”

Gibbs; “Try”

(Michaels stares at Gibbs for a moment....he looks down at Dawson, she nods to him...)

Dawson: “He’ll listen....go on...”

(Michaels looks up at Gibbs....)

Michaels: “When you’re black...you learn to read eyes...Some people look at you and see a man...see a woman...Some see a black man, and that’s okay...But there are those that hate, sir...they pure hate whoever or whatever is in that dark skin....You can see it...”

(Gibbs stares at Michaels for a moment....then looks to Dawson...)

Dawson: “Spot on”

Michaels: “It’s how we survive, sir...”

Dawson: “Gibbs sees if you’re not doing your job....that’s about all...”

(chuckles....)

Michaels: “No...I think Agent Gibbs sees more than that...”

(Gibbs rifles through some papers on his desk...looking down, he speaks...)

Gibbs: “Black, high and tight, 6ft 3 in combat boots, so 6foot 2....one inch scar under your left ear, left little finger has been broken, didn’t heal straight...your right forearm tendons are more pronounced than the left, so I’m guessing....baseball pitcher? Tennis?...Right wrist is more developed than the left one, so you play basketball...a lot...and you’re a shooter, not a rim hugger...After you ran the hill, you favored your right leg...you have an old injury that bothers you...your left boot heel is worn down on the inside....Need more?”

(Michaels looks at Gibbs...jaw dropped...)

Gibbs: “I’m an investigator, Corporal....I see everything that would help me track you down, identify you, and cuff you....”

(Dawson looks up at Michaels....)

Dawson: “Told you so....the man’s good....”

Gibbs: “Now...work people...Dawson...Your girl at the FBI...you trust her?”

Dawson: “She called me with the information on the chatter file...She called me about the charge against McGee...What more do you want?”

(Dawson holds up her hand)

Dawson: “And she’s going to get me his personal cell number...She’ll give it to me in code...”

Gibbs; “Code?”

Dawson: “Yea...code...it will be an add one, add two...whatever...”

Gibbs: “Explain”

Dawson: “She gives me a number..if it’s an add one, you add one to each number...An add two, add two to each number...It’s what you do when you worry about being overheard or someone reads your texts...”

Gibbs; “Smart...I’ll remember that...”

McGee; “Boss...if she hadn’t....”

(Gibbs thinks...)

Gibbs: “Guidry and Samantha would be dead...Hart would be dead...”

(Gibbs thinks....)

Gibbs; “Dawson...You think Stanch is connected to this?”

(She shrugs)

Gibbs: “Answer my question”

Dawson: “He’s a hater...whether he’s an organized hater...Connected to the gang? I’ve got nothing that says so...For me to start digging into his background, phone history, texts...I can’t go there on an FBI Director....”

(Gibbs stares.....one eyebrow goes up...Dawson nods...)

Dawson: “Unless there’s a reason to...like official reason...”

McGee: “Boss...he had the report...because of it we put security on people...Sean King is dead, the man in Miss Hart’s place is dead.....I’d sure hate for the Bad Boys members to blame Director Stanch for those deaths....”

(Dawson’s eyes get big....)

Dawson: “Oh my gosh, Gibbs! That gang is hi-tech...The Director’s phone could be hacked!”

(McGee looks at Dawson....then at McGee...McGee shrugs...)

McGee: “It would be for the protection of a fellow law enforcement officer, boss....”

(Gibbs stares at McGee for a moment...then..)

Gibbs: “You two finished?”

Dawson: “I’m worried sick about him!”

(Gibbs looks at Dawson...cocks head...)

Dawson: “Too much?”

Gibbs: “Ya think, Dawson?”

(Gibbs looks off to the side.....taps desk with a pen.....then looks back...)

Gibbs; “Look into his stuff Dawson.....Mcgee...help her....”

(Dawson gets a big smile...starts clicky clacking on her PC...)

Gibbs: “Informally, Dawson....Don’t do anything stupid...”

(Dawson looks back at Gibbs....)

Dawson: “Define stupid”

(Gibbs grins...shakes his head....Sound of McGee’s desk phone rings...McGee picks it up...)

McGee; ‘What? Who?...(listens...) “Yea..thanks...someone will be down there in a minute...”

(McGee looks over at Gibbs)

McGee: “Corporal Stevens is in Interrogation...They just brought him in...”

Gibbs: “Who brought him in?”

McGee: “Uh...they said a Marine team did?”

(McGee looks over towards the elevators....then back at Gibbs)

McGee: “Boss?”

Gibbs: “Yea, McGee...?”

(McGee looks again at the stairway....)

McGee: “Why is Dil here?”

Gibbs; “Dil?”

McGee: “Yea...I swear I just saw him go down the stairs....”

Gibbs; “No clue, McGee....He might be....”

(Gibbs looks up....stands...looks towards the stairs.....Then the sound of screams can be heard coming up the stairwell....)

Gibbs: “HE BROUGHT HIM IN!”

(scene fades out to Gibbs and McGee up and sprinting towards the stairwell...More screams can be heard in the background)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in FBI office, Agent Stella Garvey on phone...)

Garvey: “The one you need is 442-165-1138..yea...it’s an add 1 number...”

(She looks up, sees director Stanch standing by her cubicle....)

Stanch: “Friend?”

Garvey: “Yes...it was...why, sir?”

Stanch: “What was that number?”

(She looks at him curiously....)

Garvey: “It was the number to our babysitter....why..?”

Stanch: “What’s an ‘add 1’ number?”

Garvey: “It’s an addition to our personal phone account...you can add 1 line for $10 a month...why are you asking me this, sir?”

(Stanch lets out a breath....)

Stanch: “Just....It’s nothing...sorry to have bothered you”

(Stanch starts to leave....then turns around....)

Stanch: “When they came in to my office...they knew exactly where to look for that chatter report....Any idea how?”

Garvey: “It’s where any bureaucrat would look....why?”

(He stares at her....)

Stanch: “What do you mean?”

Garvey: “I gave you a chatter report...it goes in to your inbox for work to do...it’s what anyone does...You get 10 reports a day...it was 24 hrs old...why would it be on top?”

(He stares at her more....then nods....)

Stanch: “Yea...makes sense...I guess offices are the same everywhere...”

Garvey: “Yes sir...I’d guess so too....”

Stanch: ‘Thanks...”

(He turns and leaves.....Garvey leans back in her chair, and lets out a long breath.....)

Garvey: “Oh lord.....What have I got myself into....”

(scene switches to hospital room....Bishop sitting next to Torres’s bed...Caprice walks in....)

Caprice: “Where’s Dil?”

Bishop; “I don’t know...he’s not in the hallway?”

Caprice; “No...some other big guy is sitting in his chair”

Bishop: “Mean looking?”

Caprice: “Just as mean looking as Dil....”

Bishop: “He’s been out there ever since they brought Nick in....he wouldn’t leave...”

Caprice; “Standing guard over his friend, Ellie...It’s what they do”

(Bishop looks out towards the room door...)

Bishop: ‘He only came in a couple of times...he’d check on Nick, then leave...”

Caprice; “Honey...these men....they’re different....Nothing scares them, except...you know...”

Bishop: “I know...losing a friend...”

Caprice; “They don’t make friends easily, honey…and when they do, It's others like them. And sometimes they lose them”

(Bishop looks again towards the door....she looks at Caprice and chuckles..)

Bishop: “He frisked one of the doctors...”

(Caprice’s eyes get big)

Caprice; “No way!”

Bishop; “Yes way...and he wouldn’t let him inside the room until he confirmed who he was...”

Caprice: “Our boys, Ellie....They’re something....”

(Bishop looks back at Torres...takes his hand....)

Bishop: “Yes....yes they are....and I want mine back...”

Caprice: “He’ll be back, honey....he’s fighting in there”

Bishop: “Do you think so? I mean, really, Caprice....not the movie stuff...Is he really fighting?”

(Caprice walks to the monitors....pulls a paper tape off....)

Caprice: “He’s doing something, girl...look....”

(the tape shows spikes in the brain waves...)

(scene shifts to darkness...the void....)

Torres: “Hurts....hurts too bad....”

(silence...)

Torres: “Lay down....lay it down...sleep....”

(scene shifts to Bishop...She stands over Torres...leans down, kisses his lips...)

Bishop: “I love you baby...I love you so much....Maybe you can hear me...maybe not...but I love you...I love you...I love you....”

(scene shifts to the void...blackness....)

Torres: “sleep....hurts so much.....”

(A faint echo is heard in the void...)

“I love you”

“I love you”

“I love you”

“I love you so much”

(in the void, a pin prick of light is seen far in the distance....)

Torres: “The light...have to get to that light...”

(silence in the void)

Torres: “So tired....”

“Love you”

“I love you so much baby...”

Torres; “Ellie?”

(The light gets brighter...)

Torres; “WHERE ARE YOU?”

(scene switches to Bishop...she lays her head on his chest....)

Bishop: “Please come back baby.....I need you...please....baby....”

(scene switches to the void, far off, a voice echoes)

“baby...”

“need you”

(The distant pinpoint of light gleams, then sparkles...)

Torres: “Light....that light....her voice.....”

(In his head, he begins climbing towards the small light....)

Torres: “Hurts! GOD IT HURTS!”

(The light shines brighter.....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens outside the Interrogation room....Gibbs and McGee walking swiftly down the hallway....Outside the door, two very large men, dressed in jeans, boots, denim shirt on one, plaid on the other, haircuts high and tight....both leaning against the wall across from the Interrogation Room door...)

Gibbs; “Who the hell are you?”

(Man 1) “Nobody”

(Man 2) “No one”

Gibbs; “Well Nobody and No one...where they hell is my...”

(A whimper is heard coming through the door....Gibbs looks at the door, then back at the men....He tries to open the door....locked...Gibbs pounds on the door)

Gibbs: “BOSWORTH! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!”

(A click is heard....The door opens....)

Dil: “Come in”

Gibbs: “Dammit, Dil! What the hell are you....”

(Gibbs looks over at two men sitting in chairs at the table....both have battered faces...one is Corporal Stevens. Both men’s hands are zip tied behind their backs)

Gibbs: “Who’s he?”

Dil: “Stevens is an errand boy....the other one? He’s who you want...”

(Gibbs looks at the other man...Dil pulls a cell phone out of his pocket..hands it to Gibbs)

Dil: “Passcode is 1432...look at the last call he got....”

(Gibbs looks at Dil...then puts the passcode in...he presses several icons....a number comes up....)

Dil: ‘Call it”

(Gibbs stares at Dil for a moment....then hits ‘dial’..the phone rings....it answers)

“Yea...Stanch”

(Gibbs presses ‘end call’....)

Dil: “Take a look....”

(Dil moves to the other man...Dil tilts his chair backwards, leaning the chair against the wall...Dil takes the man’s shirt in both hands, rips it open....A large swastika is tattooed on his chest...the BadBoys emblem, the Double B, is branded on his chest in the middle of the swastika...)

Gibbs: “He got a name?”

(Dil pulls a wallet out of his other pocket....)

Dil: “It’s in there. It was the first place Stevens ran”

(Dil moves towards the man....the man flinches, whimpers....)

Gibbs: “Dammit, Bosworth! You can’t go off and...”

(Dil snaps around, glares at Gibbs....)

Dil: “You do what you have to do, Gibbs....I’ll do what it takes to get it done”

(silence..then)

Dil: “I had my boys on him 2 hours after the blast....”

(Dil moves past Gibbs)

Dil: “Your way takes too long”

(Dil walks out....the two men follow him...Gibbs walks out into the hallway...)

Gibbs: “McGee...”

McGee: “I saw boss”

Gibbs: “That was the face men see right before he kills them”

McGee; “Yea...it was....different...”

Gibbs: “He’s going to kill someone, McGee...”If we don’t stop this quick...That man’s going to kill someone. And it will be up to us to bring him in”

McGee: “Boss?”

Gibbs: ‘Yea?”

McGee: “Ever seen that kind of face looking at you?”

(a pause)

Gibbs: “Yea...”

McGee: “What happened?”

Gibbs: “I walked away from the mirror”

(Gibbs turns to the door)

Gibbs: “Come on McGee. It’s not like what they have to say is admissible...but maybe we can find out what Stanch has to do with this”

(An NCIS agent approaches the door....knocks....Gibbs turns to the agent, frustrated)

Gibbs; “WHAT?”

(The agent hands Gibbs 2 folded up documents...)

Agent: “Director Gibbs...Uh...The men…sir....that just left....they said you’d need these....Said to tell you he’s sorry he didn’t give them to you sooner”

(Gibbs looks at the agent, unfolds the documents....eyebrows go up.....)

Gibbs; ‘Huh....”

(He looks at McGee...hands the documents to him...McGee reads them)

McGee: “These are Federal warrants!...For these men!”

Gibbs; ‘Yea...and Dez had her brother deputized to serve the warrants...”

McGee: “Boss....that means.....”

Gibbs; “Yea.....now it’s legal....let’s see what they have to say”

(Gibbs’s phone signals a text...he looks at it...)

Gibbs: “It’s from Dil....”

(He opens the text)

Dez gets a copy of their confession

Gibbs: “She’s the one going after the gang....”

McGee; “So..let’s give her some ammunition...”

Gibbs; “Yea...let’s do that, Tim....(pause) “you take the lead”

McGee; “Glad to...damn glad to...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in hospital....Bishop still sitting by Torres, Caprice checking vitals....She sees a movement by the door....)

Bishop: “Dil...You’ve been gone...”

Dil: “I’m back”

Bishop: “Dil, you can come in, you know...Nick would like that....I think”

(From the doorway, Dil stares at Torres...)

Dil: “How is he?”

Bishop: “The same...I guess...it’s hard to tell what’s going in inside him”

(Dil stares at Torres again)

Dil: “He’s fighting...”

Bishop: “How can you tell?”

(Dil shrugs)

Dil: “Just who he is, Ellie...”

Bishop: “Dil...please come in....just for a moment....”

(Dil looks at her...closes his eyes, takes a breath...he walks in, stands next to Torres’s bed...)

Dil: “He looks okay”

Bishop: ‘Physically...he is...”

(Dil takes one of Torres’s hands....holds it tight...)

Dil: “Bishop....You know...He’s my best friend”

(Bishop nods)

Bishop: “I know”

(Dil closes his eyes...squeezes Torres’s hand....says nothing....)

(scene shifts to the void....blackness, one bright pinprick of light....another voice echoes...)

“Take my hand, buddy....I can help you up”

Torres: “I’m trying...I swear....”

“Take my hand....”

Torres: “I CAN’T SEE IT!”

“Just reach...I’ll get you...Take my hand, buddy....”

Torres: “IT HURTS SO BAD!”

“My hand....”

(The voice grows fainter...)

“My hand...”

“Take my hand....”

Torres: “I”M TRYING!”

(scene shifts to the hospital room...Dil lays Torres’s hand on his chest...he turns, walks out...)

Dil: “All I can think about is trying to reach in there and pull him up....But...I can’t”

Bishop: “Dil?”

(He stops...still facing the door...)

Dil: “Yes?”

Bishop: “He knows....He knows you would”

Dil: ‘Hope so....I’ll be outside if you need me...”

(Bishop watches Dil walk out, his broad shoulders slumped, his head lowered....Caprice watches also...she shakes her head)

Caprice: “These men....Ellie...the love they have for each other is too much for them...They don’t know what to do....”

Bishop: “I know…It’s heartbreaking….Speaking of that…how is Gibbs doing? He comes in every chance he gets…He just stands there, staring at Nick…He’s just like Dil…”

Caprice; “He’s a mess, El…He’s lost…He’s frustrated…He’s mad…He hasn’t slept, he just lays there, looking at the ceiling”

(Bishop looks at Caprice….then….)

Bishop: “Caprice…do you ever get jealous…you know….of them…”

Caprice: “What…their bond?”

Bishop: “Yea….Sometimes…I do”

Caprice: “Sometimes I do too…but I have to remind myself, they’ve all been through a lot together…Some men, they have friends that they can depend on to mow the lawn for them if they’re sick…They think that’s a bond…Our guys?…”

(Bishop chuckles)

Bishop: “Our guys know they can depend on each other to blow up a building and bring them extra ammo….”

(Caprice gives a grin)

Caprice: “I kinda like the idea that my man would blow up a building for me…(She whispers) “It’s kind of hot…”

(Bishop blushes…)

Bishop: “Oh yea…it is that….”

Caprice: “Question, Ellie….would you trade this for a normal life? Normal marriage?”

(Bishop thinks….then shakes her head…)

Bishop: “No…no, I wouldn’t…”

Caprice; ‘Want to know why?”

Bishop: “Why?”

(Caprice grins...)

Caprice; “Sometimes we get to blow up buildings too...”

(Bishop smiles...lays her head on Torres’s chest....she speaks softly)

Bishop: “Baby...please come back...I promise...we’ll go blow up buildings together...”

(scene shifts to the void....the pinprick of light flashes....voices echo, one after the other.... louder)

“Baby...come back...”

Torres: ”ELLIE....”

“Come back....”

Torres: “I”M TRYING!”

“Take my hand buddy....”

“I love you”

“I love you”

“Daddy? Where are you?”

“I love you”

“Daddy!”

“DADDY! MOMMY NEEDS YOU!”

“I love you”

(scene shifts to the room...Caprice is rushing to the monitors....)

Bishop: “Caprice!...What....”

(Caprice hits the call button....)

Caprice; ‘Brain activity is off the charts!..”

(Cal comes rushing in, looks immediately to Caprice.....)

Caprice; ‘Brain activity doubling...BP rising...pulse is 110 and rising....”

(Cal pulls Bishop closer to Torres...)

Cal: “Call for him, wife! Call for him! He’s fighting to come back!”

(Bishop looks at Cal wide-eyed..Cal is pointing to the charts and monitors, alarm on his face)

Cal: “He is giving everything! He is expending all he has! If you do not...HE MAY NEVER TRY AGAIN!....CALL TO HIM!”

(Bishop takes Torres’s hand....)

Bishop: “Baby! Come to me! Fight Nick! Fight for me! Nick!..”I LOVE YOU BABY! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!”

(scene shifts to the void....loud voices fill the blackness)

“Baby!”

“Fight”

“Come to me!”

(everything in his mind screams)

Torres: ‘ELLIE!...”

(the echoes persist...louder...then even louder each time)

“I love you”

“I love you”

I LOVE YOU”

I LOVE YOU!”

(He looks upward in the void...The light is brighter...He struggles against the pain, the sadness, the depression...He fights.....He looks at the light...He begins to form a word....His thoughts run rampant..)

Torres: “I’m fighting...keep calling me...I need that...keep calling....”

“I love you”

“I love you”

“I’m here....”

“Come to me baby...”

“Come back..”

(He focuses on the one word forming in his mind, and now forming in his chest...He reaches upward, trying to grab the light....He takes a breath….)

(scene switches to the room...Torres is jerking on the bed, his face in anguish..his arm is reaching upwards....Bishop grabs it...)

Bishop: “I”VE GOT YOU! I”VE GOT YOU NICK! COME TO ME!...”

(scene switches to the void..Torres’s mind screams out)

Torres; “I CAN FEEL YOU! GOD HELP ME I CAN FEEL YOU!”

(The word in is chest becomes real...He can feel it building, building, filling his chest and his soul as the light begins rushing towards him like a train in the night, and his chest explodes with the one word he’s been holding onto, the one word he can feel rush out of his body as he bursts into a lighted world...Just as the light from that train hits him, his scream comes out as a harsh and raspy sound, but he screams it just the same)

“Ellie!”

(He bolts upright on the bed, Bishop screaming, Dil running into the room...Torres’s voice just a harsh whisper.....His eyes open as he takes another breath, deeply....and he screams her name at the top of his lungs again.....)

“ELLIE!”

(scene fades out to Bishop screaming his name back to him...Bishop holding him, kissing him, calling his name again and again, weeping, laughing, crying, laughing again.....Then holding onto him, like she was never willing to let him go again)

(scene shifts to Dil, in hallway, leaning up against a wall...one hand on his face, the other holding the phone...)

Dil: ‘Hey..”

Nell: “Baby?”

Dil: ‘He’s back...”

Nell: “Thank God...how is he?”

Dil: ‘I think okay...”

(silence)

Nell: “Baby...are you okay?”

(silence)

Dil: ‘Yea...of course...”

Nell: ‘It’s okay...”

(nothing...)

Nell: “It’s okay...I know you’ve been worried...”

Dil: “No...I knew he’d....”

Nell: “No...you didn’t...he’s your best friend, honey.....”

Dil: “I know..”

Nell: “I understand...now...come home...”

Dil: “I know...and....Nell...”

(He looks up, eyes moisten...wipes his face...)

Dil: ‘I love you”

Nell: “I love you too...now...come home....Let me take care of you....”

Dil: ‘Okay...I think I will...”

(silence..)

Dil: “I love you. God, Nell, I love you....(pause...) “ I need you...”

Nell: “Come home baby....I want to hear about it, but you need to come home...You haven’t been here or slept in 3 days...come home...”

Dil: “You understand?...You won’t make fun of me...or...”

Nell: “No..I would never do that....”

Dil: “Okay....I’m on my way”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the Interrogation Room...Both men still sitting, hands untied now..McGee sitting across from them, Gibbs standing to the side)

McGee: “You both know you’re going to prison for a long time....We’re in your phones, we have texts, both you and Mr. Hill here, back and forth between you, Sean King, Andrew Murtaugh, and more....Now...Corporal Stevens...you’re on the hook for attempted murder....”

Stevens: “All I did was bring the car up! That's all!”

(Gibbs walks to the table...tosses a square grey piece of plastic on the table)

Gibbs; “Tell him what that is, McGee”

McGee: “When the car blew, it threw pieces of the dashboard out the window.....This, Corporal Stevens...(McGee picks the piece up) “..is the hood release handle....Someone had to open the hood, put the bomb in the air filter box, then arm it...Would you like to guess, Corporal, who’s prints we found on this?”

Hill: “Don’t say a word, Stevens!”

McGee: “I agree....I wouldn’t either...unless I wanted a deal...before the deal went away.”

Stevens: “What kind of deal?”

Hill: “SHUT UP!”

McGee: “Depends on how much you give us, Corporal....Your friend here, he’s going for a minimum of 20years...accomplice to attempted murder of a Federal Agent? (shakes his head)

(McGee gets quiet...then...)

McGee: “I’ve got approval from the DOJ attorney…another woman, by the way, thought you’d want to know that…I’ve got one deal on the table…first come first serve…..5 years, minimum security, might be out in 2….But I need some help, my friends….Otherwise….(looks at Gibbs) “Director Gibbs…could you help me with the rest?”

(Gibbs walks to the table….places both hands on it…leans towards their faces….low tone)

Gibbs; “Walk with me through this fellows….maximum security…general population…and you’re going to be the minority….you’ll be the oppressed, the discriminated against, the weakest of them all….and fellas…those swastikas on your chest….”

McGee: “They’ll make you real popular in the showers….You’ll never be lonely again….”

Gibbs: “And you’ll have new names…..something that ends with….(pause) “…bitch”

(Silence for a moment…then..Both men start yelling that they’ll talk…..McGee gives them each a notepad, pencils…they begin to write…)

McGee: “It’s an essay test, gentlemen…the one with the best story wins….”

Gibbs; “And the one that can tell us where FBI Assistant Director Elliot Stanch fits in? Oh…boys…that’s worth a cell with a window….”

(Gibbs’s phone vibrates….sees the call is from Bishop….he answers…)

Gibbs: “Yea…give me some good news Bishop….”

Torres: (on phone..raspy voice) “What did I miss Gibbs? I was afraid I woke up and Nickie had grown up to be a stripper…”

(Gibbs listens, hangs head….)

Gibbs: “Torres……”

(pause…gathers thoughts….McGee snaps his head around…waiting…)

Gibbs: “Good job, buddy….good job…We’ll be up shortly…”

(Gibbs ends the call…McGee waits…)

Gibbs: “He’s out….He’s good….”

(McGee smiles…..)

Stevens: “Hey…sir…us?..Me?”

Gibbs: “We’ll get back to you….McGee..have them taken to holding….”

(McGee gets up, smiling still)

McGee: “ON IT BOSS!”

Gibbs: “We’ve got someone to go see….”

(Gibbs and McGee exit Interrogation, two other NCIS agents enter the room to escort prisoners out….Gibbs and McGee go upstairs, enter the bullpen….)

Gibbs: “Torres is out of the coma….he’s okay…”

(The team members present all breathe a sigh of relief)

Palmer: “Oh thank you….”

Kacie: “He’s okay? How do they know…?”

McGee: ‘He said he was afraid he’d been in the coma for 20 years and he’d woken up to Nickie being a stripper”

(Kacie thinks…)

Kacie: ‘Yea…he’s okay”

Gibbs: “We’re going to go see him…you stay, work on what we got…McGee and I will come back and work off of what you find, then if you want, you can go see him….”

(Gibbs lays down the written out confessions….)

Gibbs; “Confessions…one of them ties Stanch to this gang…find it, work it, verify it, then call Dez and see if she can issue a Federal warrant off of it…Second…..”

(Hesitates…)

Gibbs; “Kacie....there’s a piece of plastic in the interrogation room...Stevens thinks it’s the pull handle for the hood to Hart’s car and his prints are on it...Get that damn piece of plastic outa there....”

Kacie: ‘Gibbs...I didn’t find any.....”

(Gibbs holds up a hand...)

Gibbs; “I know...I know...McGee didn’t tell him his prints were on it, he asked him to guess who’s prints were on it....That means his prints are somewhere on some piece of something that wasn’t burned up....Go through what you have, dust ‘em all....”

Kacie: “Okay...Uh...you want to hear anything about the Hummer?”

Gibbs; “Thought it was clean....”

Kacie: “it is...but...the tires....I got 3 different soil types out of the tread...I eliminated the soil type by the scene, and got two others....Gibbs...it’s kinda giving me a GPS to where that truck’s been....”

Gibbs: “Where?”

Kacie: “You’re not going to like it....”

(Gibbs stares....waits...)

Kacie: “New asphalt and new paint stripes....for a new parking lot....”

Gibbs: “Okay...Is there a point anywhere in all of that?”

(Kacie looks at Gibbs...scowls...)

Kacie: ‘Anyone tell you how rude you are, Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Everyday...now...WHAT?”

Kacie: “2239 Federal avenue....and a brand new parking lot for.....drum roll please.....”

Gibbs: “The FBI DC Field Office....”

Kacie: “Anyone tell you how smart you are, Gibbs?”

(Gibbs gives grin....)

Gibbs: “Every year, Kacie…once…”

Kacie: “But wait! There’s more!…”

Palmer: (chuckling) “I saw that on TV…”

Kacie: “Jimmy?…No…just no….But yes to silica and mica and…..aluminum dust…Which would almost be certainly found at the Armada Welding company loading lot, which, according to the satellite pics our friend Nell sent me, does cover over half their property”

(Gibbs walks to Kacie…..She looks up at him…crosses her arms…)

Kacie: “What?”

(He pops the back of her head….then he kisses her forehead…She blushes, smiles…)

Gibbs; “Nice work….Nice work, Kacie….”

Kacie: “Okay, before I act all emo, you go see Torres…tell him we love him….”

Gibbs: “Get me that warrant…Then I’ll tell him”

Kacie: “Hey Gibbs….anyone ever tell you…”

(Gibbs waves over his head as he and McGee walk out…)

Gibbs: “Only you, Kacie….only you!”

(Kacie turns to the group….)

Kacie: “He was smiling…anyone here think he has a nice smile?”

(No one moves….)

Kacie: “A nice scowl?”

(Everyone nods their heads)

Kacie: “Anyone thinks he’s going to be smiling when he serves that warrant we’re going to get?”

Dawson: “I’ll let you know…me and RoboMarine here….we’re going to be there...I guarantee you that….and I’m going to take a selfie with him! In handcuffs.....$%^#$#$ing hater...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the NCIS conference room. Gibbs sits at the table, McGee next to him...SecState sits next to Vance. Next to Vance, an older black man, Bob Carter, Director of the FBI sits...at the head of the table, Dez sits, next to her, an older black woman, Denise Stratton, General Counsel for the FBI, sits...Carter listens as Dez and Stratton finish the presentation....)

Stratton: ‘Bottom line, Director Carter, it’s not damning, but it’s sure as hell incriminating”

(Director Carter, listens….takes a deep breath.....)

Carter: “I am the second black man to be named head of a law enforcement agency. The first one sits next to me...I believe we are all aware, my appointment, though I would like to think I am qualified, was largely political...”

SecState: “Bob...that’s not....”

(Carter holds up his hand....)

Carter: “It’s true, Loretta...But that does not absolve me of acting in the manner that best serves the FBI, and above that, my country...”

(Carter looks around the table...)

Carter: “We will never rid ourselves of hate...Hell, we can tear down statues, we can ban racial symbols, we can even bully people into speaking politically correct terms by ruining their lives for speaking politically incorrect terms....But...all we’ve accomplished is that we create a multitude of silent haters, speaking what others demand, but thinking what they want to think....and my friends....Silent haters, the ones we don’t see, are the most dangerous of all...”

(Carter looks at the documents in front of him...)

Carter: “This is not proof that Director Stanch participated in the attempted murders of a young lady engaged to Thomas Guidry...or Miss Allison Hart, who so brilliantly defended the young Corporal...at much cost to herself...Nor do these documents indicate that Director Stanch directly facilitated the bombing of the automobile Miss Hart would have been in...”

(Carter looks over at Gibbs....)

Carter: “Assistant Director Gibbs...I understand your Agent’s condition has improved...I hope you believe me when I say I’m truly grateful...”

Gibbs: “I do, Director, thank you...and yea....(small grin) “he’s up and causing trouble again...”

(Carter nods, looks at Dez)

Carter: “I hear he will be recuperating at a place of yours, Mrs. Nuncio?”

(Dez looks at him, mild surprise)

Dez: “Yes sir...He’ll be climbing the walls in no time”

Carter: “Boredom, you mean?”

(Dez shakes her head...)

Dez: “No sir...I mean, literally...climbing the walls...”

(Carter looks at her curiously.....then, looking back at the documents...)

Carter: “There is nothing here that directly incriminates Director Stanch....(pause) “...However...There sure the hell is a lot that said he knew about the attacks before they occurred...and he willingly and purposely delayed any reaction by our agency....An agency sworn to protect its citizens....And the documentation showing his contact..his conversations....with....(pause)..”..with the white supremacists....(looks at Dez) “These are from his private phone..I assume they were obtained legally?”

Dez: “Absolutely sir...He was initially seen as a potential target of the gang...NCIS was searching for hacks, intrusions into his phone, trying to protect him...and they inadvertently ran across those communications....”

(The director gives her a small smile..)

Carter: “Mrs Stratton...be sure and document....”inadvertently”...I’m sure we will need that in the future...(pause) ‘So, Denise.....your opinion? Can we do it without it looking like the first black Director of the FBI isn’t on a racially motivated witch hunt?”

Stratton: ‘Director...sir...honestly....and I say this with respect....I’ve already prepared the warrant. It’s my job...it’s my call sir...That’s why you appointed me, that’s what I do. You, sir...in all reality, had nothing to do with it...I am simply informing you of my decision. Now, Director, it is up to you to approve my decision..or not”

(Carter takes off his glasses....rubs the bridge of his nose....He looks over at Vance....gives Leon a slight nod...Leon returns it...Carter then turns to Stratton, places his glasses back on his face.....stares directly at her....)

Carter: “Arrest his ass”

(Stratton gives a small grin..looks to Leon)

Stratton: “Director Vance?...In the interest of objectivity and fairness....”

(Vance nods...)

Vance: “I’m sure Agent McGee and Agent Dawson will be glad to assist the FBI by placing Director Stanch under arrest...”

(McGee grins....)

(scene fades out to Dez and Stratton looking at each other, both a mixture of surprise and satisfaction on their faces....)

(scene switches to hospital, Torres sitting on his bed, Bishop and Nell packing up clothes for Torres, Caprice checking monitors, Dil standing at the back of the room, grinning)

Bishop: ‘NIck...it will not hurt you to stay one more day in the hospital!”

Torres: “No Bish! I gotta get outa here! I mean, it’s so no bueno!”

Caprice: “Ellie…what he means is that he wants food….”

Bishop: “Huh?”

Caprice: “Most patients recovering from a shallow level coma are only allowed soft, easily digestible food…their systems have taken a shock, and they need time to recoup”

(Bishop looks at Torres….hands on hips….then wags a finger..)

Bishop: “You told me…!”

(She stops….Torres gives embarrassed smile…)

Torres: “Aw baby…don’t be mad….”

(Caprice watches them….then the light goes on….)

Caprice; ‘Nickolas Torres! What did you tell her!”

Bishop: “He told me, Caprice…..That you said solid food, and I quote, “High in protein and fats” would be the best thing for him!”

Torres: “Uh…..I don’t think I put it exactly like that….”

Bishop: “NO? You said a greasy burger is what you need!…Then it was BBQ!…”

Torres: “Okay….one is grease…the other protein…but I never said the two together….”

(Caprice rolls her eyes…)

Caprice: ‘What’s done is done…Torres…how has all that nurse approved food set with you?”

(He doesn’t answer…Caprice and Bishop both stare at him…Nell stops packing clothes, waits too….)

Torres: “Uh…you know….I mean like…It’s a good thing I can get up and go to the bathroom by myself…..This bedpan thing….muy too small….”

(Bishop and Caprice look at him, jaw dropped…Nell bursts out laughing….)

Dil: “There you go, Torres…show ‘em whose boss…”

Bishop: “Nick Torres…what am I going to do with you….?”

Torres: “Well Bish…you know…i been asleep for 3 days…and you and me…..”

Bishop: “I do NOT think that’s part of your recuperation!”

(Cal walks in…..)

Cal: “In reality, we highly recommend that….an increase in heart rate, breathing, muscular exertion….”

Bishop: “CAL! Don’t encourage him!”

Torres: “The doctor has spoken…It’s all about the science…you know….”

Dil: “Yea Torres…they’ve got a bed all set up for you…”

Bishop: “DIL! I know what you’re about to do! He needs to rest!”

Dil: ‘Of course he does! He’s weak…a 3 day nap will do that….”

Torres; “Hey…wait…”

Bishop: “DILBERT!”

Dil: ‘Just trying to help, Ellie…Do you think we need to hire a nurse to help him to the bathroom?”

Torres: “Nurse…bathroom? Help?”

Bishop: ‘DILBERT BOSWORTH! STOP IT!”

Dil: “He’s even got a window…he can watch me and my boys train…Sam’s coming out, maybe bringing a couple of guests for a few days…yea…he can watch me learn that new thing Sam has for running up the wall…?”

Torres; “Wait…no…it’s a new thing?”

Dil: “Oh yea…like a spider monkey…it’s very cool..but you know…in your condition….”

(Bishop throws her hands up…)

Bishop: “I give up!”

Torres: “Spider monkey?...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in hotel room, Andy Murtaugh pacing, phone to his ear....)

Andy: “Damn right that’s what I want! Sean would want it, wouldn’t he?...”

(Listens...)

Andy: “They just released him from the hospital...(listens) “No we couldn’t get to him there! They had a 6 foot 4 armed guard dog just looking for someone to kill sitting outside his door 24/7!”

(He listens..nods...)

Andy: “Trammel is dead...yea...he ran into a shotgun....We underestimated the bitch....”

(listens...shakes his head...)

Andy: “No...no more one person jobs...We got out gunned and out fought at the cliff, the lawyer’s house, and the hospital...When are we going to learn our lesson? Listen...the only way to do this is find them when they’re together....We assemble the brothers that have had military experience, like Middle East experience....we arm them, and once we find the perfect time and place, we hit with overwhelming odds...”

(nods...)

Andy: “Yea..the soldier?...Yea...especially him...We need to parade the dead body of that black sons a bitch....We can post it and it will go viral before they take it down....Then it’s off and running all by itself...”

(listens more...)

Andy: “The people after me is NCIS?...Who the hell are they?”

(listens)

Andy: “Navy cops? You don’t like ‘em?...Then brother...here’s your chance...find out if they’re gathering...let me know when and where....”

(nods)

Andy: “Yea....Right’s White and White’s Right..all the time....Brother Stanch....later...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at the parking lot to Armada Welding....Gibbs, Dawson, and Michaels pull up, exit the car, walk to the lobby of the metal building....a young lady is at the front desk, on the phone....barking orders...)

Lady: “So what? Just get me the chems I ordered! Is that too much to ask?”

(She sees Gibbs...Gibbs pulls out his badge...she looks at it, then holds up one finger...)

Lady: “Dammit! I want those....”

(Gibbs reaches across her desk, takes the phone...”

Gibbs: (Into phone) “All deliveries can wait...about 10 years....”

(He hangs up her phone...she looks at him, stunned....)

Lady: “What...who....”

Gibbs; “Special Agent Gibbs..NCIS....I’ve got a warrant to search your warehouse, records, just about anything I want....”

(She looks at the badge, then the name...then sneers at Gibbs)

Lady: “Navy cops.....I know who you are”

Gibbs: ‘Yea, we’re cops...this is Agent Dawson, Corporal Michaels...she will be questioning some of your employees....”

(She locks in on MIchaels)

Lady: “I know who you are.....boy”

(Her eyes darken. Michaels returns her stare, no expression....Then she looks back to Gibbs....)

Lady: “I’ll need to get Mr. Murtaugh. Stay where you are until I’m back....”

Gibbs: “Wait...Murtaugh?”

(Staring at Dawson, she answers Gibbs)

Lady: “He’s the owner”

Gibbs: “Not the name on the records”

Lady: “Figures. Government can’t get anything right...He bought this business less than a year ago...the records haven’t been updated yet...”

Gibbs: “Get him...now...”

(The lady turns her face to Gibbs)

Lady: “I’ll get him when I get him. Plant yourself. I’ll be back”

(After one more glance at Dawson, then a longer one at Michaels, she turns and walks quickly down a hallway...Gibbs turns to Dawson)

Gibbs: ‘That the look?”

Dawson: ‘Yea”

Gibbs: “I’ve seen it before”

Dawson: “You have?...”

Gibbs: “Taliban. Wanting to kill me”

(Dawson thinks...nods)

Dawson: “Sounds about right...”

(An older man comes from the hallway, walking up to the desk....he immediately sees Dawson, nods his head to her...

Man: “Ma’am”

(...then turns to Gibbs...)

Man: 'I'm John Murtaugh....."

Gibbs: "NCIS Special Agent Gibbs...I need to see some records....I have the warrant"

(Gibbs hands the warrant to Murtaugh...he opens it,….then sighs....)

Gibbs: "Help us or I have people crawling over everything you own"

Man: "Agent Gibbs...may I ask why you are here?"

(Gibbs leans into the man's face...his tone angry...)

Gibbs: "Because there have been three attempts on my people's lives...because the bomb used in one came from here....The dirt in the tires of a truck that tried to push a friend over a cliff came from here, and after hacking the GPS on that truck, the truck has been here...So..do you help us, or do I need to tear this place apart with every agent in this state?"

(The man calmly looks at Gibbs....then lets out a breath)

Man: "There's no need for that, Agent...Come with me to my office,..(pauses) "..please..."

(The man leads them to an office down the hallway....they enter, he closes the door behind them...Gibbs looks at some pictures on the desk...a young Andy Murtaugh is in them...Murtaugh looks at both Gibbs and Dawson....his face changes....anxiety sets in)

Murtaugh: "This is about Andrew. And those people he calls friends...Isn't it..?"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at The D Ranch...Torres walking slowly from the car to the house....)

Bishop: "Nick...you okay?"

Torres: "Maybe a little more tired than I thought..."

(They enter the house, Torres and Bishop head to the kitchen, then see Dil and Nell, with Tony and Tali...Tali has her crutches leaning against the

table...Bishop opens the french doors to the patio....DiNozzo sees Torres first....)

DiNozzo: “Hey, it’s nap boy!”

Tali: “Daddy! That is terrible!”

(Torres grins, walks to Tali, leans down, gives her a hug)

Tali: “Uncle Nick, I apologize for my father’s greeting....”

Torres; “No no, Tali....It’s how we tough guys do it...you know...joke in the face of danger, laugh at trouble..”

Tali: “Imitate James Bond?”

(Torres laughs...)

Torres: “You got it, girl!...Torres...Nick Torres...Marguerita, shaken not frozen...I’m like the Puerto Rican James Bond...you know...the better looking one...”

(Tali giggles....She reaches out, hugs him....)

Tali: “We were all so worried about you, Uncle Nick...”

(Tony, sitting,,,gets up, gives Torres a hug...)

Tony: “We were....It’s good to see you, Torres”

Torres: “Good to be here, man...yea...better than the alternative....right?”

(Dinozzo gives him a shrug)

Dinozzo: ‘We knew when we signed up....”

(Torres looks around.....Bishop grins...)

Torres: “Hey...we’re missing someone....you know....”

(Caprice comes walking through the French doors, holding a yawning little Nickie....Torres stops talking...stares at his daughter...Bishop watches, one hand goes to her mouth...)

Caprice; “This little angel just woke up from a nap….I think she wants to see her daddy…”

Torres; “Nickie….”

(At the sound of her father’s voice, the baby turns her head, looking…when she sees Torres, her eyes widen, and a big smile comes across her face….the baby stretches her tiny arms towards her father….)

Bishop: “NIck?…Your daughter is waiting….”

(Torres stands still….his face struggling…)

Torres: “I know…I just….She’s so beautiful…”

(Caprice walks to Torres….he takes Nickie gently….the baby gurgles..smiles…Torres pulls her face to his, kisses her cheek…He holds her in his arms, staring….Bishop watches closely, her eyes moistening…Torres looks over at Bishop…)

Torres: “Bish..She came for me….When I was…she came….”

Bishop: “I believe you…She loves her daddy”

(He looks at Bishop, mouths, “my daughter”….She nods back to him…then Torres holds the child close to his chest, gently hugging her…He looks into the baby’s eyes….)

Torres: “Thank you….”

(Dil gets up, walks by Torres, squeezes his shoulder…)

Dil: “Hungry brother?”

Torres; “Oh yea….whatcha got…?”

(Bishop glares at Dil….Dil grins…)

Dil: “Oh…you know…jello…some pudding….got some chicken soup too…Ziva said it was the best thing for healing an invalid…”

Bishop: ‘DIL!”

DiNozzo: “Torres….It’s Jewish chicken soup…Tali made it for you….”

(Torres looks at Tony, curiously...)

Torres: (high pitch voice) “What?”

(Ziva walks out onto the patio, holding a soup ladle....)

Ziva; “It is what I have fed Anthony and Tali....it is the best thing for you....Here..taste before you judge, Torres...”

Torres: “Tali! You can cook?”

Tali: “Of course I can cook! I was raised by a Jewish mother....it is a law...”

(She holds the ladle up...Torres sniffs it...looks at Ziva...then takes the ladle, sips...then pours the ladle into his mouth...His eyes get wide...)

Torres: “Daaaaang...not bad!..”

(looks at Tali)

Torres: “Tali...you did this....for me?”

Tali: “Yes, Uncle Nick...I was worried about you....”

(He walks to Tali....She reaches up, takes Nickie...Torres gives Tali a kiss on her head)

Torres: ‘Gracias, Tali!...It is pretty good....and I”m going to head in there and get a bowl...”

(Tali motions for him to lean down...he does...she whispers)

Tali: “There is shredded chicken in the refrigerator...it goes in it...but you’re not supposed to know....”

(Torres grins, they both look over at Bishop...she is looking back, one eyebrow raised....Tali holds her head up high...)

Tali: “He is Torres, Nick Torres... and the Puerto Rican James Bond, only more handsome, needs his nourishment....”

(Torres gives a big smile)

Bishop: ‘I give up!...Maybe I’ll get some backup when everyone gets here!”

Nell: “I know! It’s so exciting! Everyone...I mean, everyone’s coming this weekend to see Torres!...Even Tommy and Samantha are coming!..Oh yea...and that super brave Corporal Michaels is still doing guard duty for Dawson...so, we’ll have to be on our best behavior....”

(They all look at her curiously....she gives a big smile...)

Nell: “Or not.....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the office of Armada Welding...John Murtaugh pulling up records on the laptop at his desk...)

Murtaugh: “I’m downloading the financials on shipping to this thumb drive...it should give you every shipment of the Thermite I order...”

Gibbs: “We’ll need inventory records too....”

Murtaugh: “To check what’s missing...I know..I’m providing you the in and out, Agent Gibbs...it’s a sensitive chemical. I keep extremely detailed records. You will have them.”

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

Gibbs: “Your son, Mr. Murtaugh....We need him to come in”

Murtaugh: “Agent Gibbs...if I had any control...if I could get him in any way to turn himself in...I would...”

Gibbs: “You would?...Mr. Murtaugh....why?”

Murtaugh: “What I’m doing is not because I want to hurt him, Agent Gibbs...it’s just maybe the only way keep him from getting killed. If anything I do can help you find him...stop him...then possibly I can help you stop him from hurting anyone else...and if my prayers are answered, for you....(pause) “ not to have to kill him...I hate what my son’s become...but I still love my son”

(Murtaugh pulls the thumb drive out of the laptop, hands it to Gibbs)

Murtaugh: “He’s full of hate, Agent Gibbs...lord knows his mother and I, we made some mistakes raising him, I suppose all parents do... but sure as God’s in heaven, we never raised him to hate other people like that...but when....”

(Murtaugh stops....looks off to the side...)

Gibbs: “What happened?”

Murtaugh: “His mother died when he was 14...That boy loved his mother...that’s for sure....I went 6 years without remarrying...mostly because of him...but I did...and when I did..(pause)..Agent Gibbs, he took it as a personal thing....He took it as me siding with the enemy....(sad chuckle) “I didn’t even know there was an enemy”

Gibbs: “Sir...what did that have to do with your son and what he’s doing now? Why did he become....”

Murtaugh: “A man driven by hate, Agent Gibbs? A man that hates someone just because of their skin?....I don’t know...not even sure what I think did it is right....but when I remarried...that’s when it started. Or at least it grew from simmering to boiling over....”

Gibbs: “Sir..you never answered my question...and it might help us in finding him..What was it about you remarrying that might have changed him?”

(Murtaugh looks at Gibbs for a second...gets up from his chair...takes a group photo down from a shelf, hands it to Gibbs....)

Murtaugh: “Wedding photo Agent Gibbs...My family’s in that picture...all except one...”

Gibbs: “Andy”

Murtaugh: “Now...see my new wife in that picture?”

(Gibbs looks at the photo....eyebrows go up....)

Murtaugh: “She’s black, Agent Gibbs...the woman that replaced his mother...The woman I chose to be by my side....is black”

(Dawson looks at the picture, then at Murtaugh...then gets up...she begins looking at the other family photos...)

Dawson: “Sir...these pictures of you and your current wife...you both look happy..your other kids...they look like they’re having fun...”

(Murtaugh looks over at Dawson)

Murtaugh: “Does that seem strange to you, agent?”

(She looks at the pictures again...)

Dawson: ‘No sir...just rare”

Murtaugh: “Maybe..but rare or common, we’re happy...and my other two children have grown to love her. It is a great source of joy for me, agent..”

(She moves to the other side of the office, more pictures on shelves, Michaels by her side...A loud sound..She snaps around as the office door bursts open, the receptionist charging in, gun in hand..)

Lady: “NO!”

(The gun is up, pointed at Murtaugh. Gibbs slowly moves his hand to his weapon...The woman shouts at Murtaugh)

Lady: “YOU’RE GIVING HIM UP, AREN”T YOU? YOU”RE CHOOSING THEM OVER YOUR OWN SON! JUST LIKE YOU CHOSE YOUR BLACK WIFE!”

(She turns to Gibbs as he’s starting to rise up out of the chair. She sees his hand on his pistol grip...She swings the pistol over towards Gibbs....the sneer returns)

Lady: “And you...all high and mighty, wave your badge, do this do that, all because you won’t leave a man alone that’s doing what he knows is right”

Gibbs: “Lady...put the pistol down....you don’t want to do this..”

Lady: “Maybe I don’t...(shrugs) “Maybe I do...”

(The woman stares at Gibbs, the gun pointed directly at his face...)

Lady: “You’re the one been huntin’ him....I know who you are...(small smile) “Well..ain’t this my lucky day...”

(Murtaugh falls over his desk, trying to reach the gun)

Murtaugh: “SHASTA! NO!”

(The woman swings the gun away from Gibbs towards Murtaugh...then the room fills with noise as Dawson and Michaels both fire 3 rounds into the woman....silence...The woman still stands, shaking...the gun drops out of her hand...she turns slowly to Dawson, still holding the smoking gun, then at Michaels, his weapon the same.....)

Lady: “You boy? You’re the one that started this.....Well damn....I just got killed..(eyes start to close) “... by two.....”

(She closes her eyes, crumples...falls to the floor.....Gibbs immediately picks up the gun, tucks it in his waist band...he places two fingers on her neck...)

Gibbs: “She’s dead”

Dawson: “We HAD TO!...SHE WAS...”

Gibbs: “Dawson...I know...settle down...you did the right thing...”

(He turns to Murtaugh....the man is staring at the woman on the floor...He looks over at Dawson....)

Murtaugh: “Young lady, young man...I don’t think you know what you’ve done....”

Gibbs: “Murtaugh...they had to!”

Murtaugh: “Not faulting them, Agent...(slowly shakes his head) “..no...not faulting them at all. Likely saved my life....But...this woman they just shot..”

(He pauses, looks at the woman again)

Murtaugh: “That was my son’s wife. She might have been the only woman he’s loved since his mother died..It’s not going to go well....”

(Murtaugh nods to Dawson and Michaels)

Murtaugh: “Agent Gibbs...He’ll come after them...and God help you..He’ll bring everything he has. And you know what he has, Agent Gibbs, it comes from my warehouse...Then.....He’ll bring every one that follows him after all of you. And

I promise, Agent Gibbs...My son can bring hell to bear down on you and everyone you love.....Guns and Thermite...He can bring pure hell"

(scene shifts to hotel room....Andy Murtaugh's phone rings....he picks it up, answers it....)

Andy: "Yea...what..."

(He listens...his eyes open wide....the phone falls out of his hand..He raises his face to the ceiling and in a violent raging voice....)

"SHASTAAAAAAAAA! THEY KILLED HER!....I"M GOING TO KILL THEM! EVERY ONE OF THEM!"

(He wails, screaming into the air....)

THE END

This Storyline Continues In The Next Episode...

"Hell Comes With Him"

Only On NCIS!