

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

A Two-Part Mini-series

PART ONE

by
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RETURN TO:

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY AND CLOUDS - DAY

High deep blue of the stratosphere. Sweeping below us is a glorious panorama of MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF CLOUDS...the high winds WHISTLE...

Soon the clouds give way and we descend over a wide expanse of flat desolate snowy terrain...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN EXTREME NORTHERN GREENLAND - DAY

At first only mere dots, a tracked vehicle...a SNOWCAT...drives at a fairly good clip across the frozen snowy flatland...

TITLE:

Present day...

INT. SNOWCAT - DAY

An ADVENTURER wearing an ARCTIC PARKA with a fur-lined collar...a "cold weather" adventurer-type...drives the SnowCat...

A VERY OLD MAN in his late 80's with haunting eyes and wispy platinum white hair...also in ARCTIC WEAR...rides behind in the rear seat...

ADVENTURER
(yells over ENGINE
NOISE)
My diggers got down to it last night.
It was just where you said it would
be!

The old man leans toward the window to look out. The brilliant sunlight gleams through his pale blue eyes and off his age wrinkled face...

EXT. NORTHERN GREENLAND - DAY

The SnowCat motors to a stop, it's ENGINE CUTS OFF leaving only the whistling of the icy WINDS...

The Adventurer jumps out...opens the rear door...offers a hand to help the old man to the snowy surface--who pushes it away and gets out with a little effort.

The two crunch in the snow to the rim of a WIDE AND DEEP EXCAVATED AREA of the snow...

The old man squints, his eyes bear on what we cannot see. Both he and the Adventurer gaze down on it...

The old man gives him an annoyed look...

ADVENTURER

Other than for some bullet holes she's in good condition. I can't believe you want to just blow it up after wasting all that time digging it up.

(probing)

Who did you say you worked for again?

OLD MAN

You and your diggers were paid a lot of money to ask no questions.

ADVENTURER

(smiles, sarcastic)

What questions?

The old man ignores him, turns and starts walking back to the parked SnowCat...

The Adventurer gazes out at the yet unseen sight, shakes his head and pulls out a HAND-HELD RADIO...

ADVENTURER (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Arm the charges and clear everybody out.

The Adventurer pockets the radio and shakes his head as he turns to walk off toward the SnowCat...

REVEAL THE EXCAVATION...

On the floor of the LARGE OPEN EXCAVATED CRATER IN THE SNOW, several PLOWING MACHINES and other HEAVY EQUIPMENT, along with a TEAM OF DIGGERS, make their way up a long ramp in the far side of the pit...

SOMETHING MOSTLY BURIED BENEATH THE ICE in the center of the crater...large, angular...it juts up from the snow...

A PARTLY EXPOSED TAIL, FUSELAGE AND WING OF A 747 JUMBO-JET...

There's something *familiar* in its two-tone paint scheme...TWO-TONE WHITE ON FEDERAL BLUE...

EXT. GREENLAND GLACIATED VISTA - DAY

A snowy glaciated landscape sprawls to the horizon in all directions...

AN EXPLOSION ON THE DISTANT HORIZON hurls up a plume of white and orange...

EXT. SKY AND CLOUDS - DAY

SWOOSH! A LOUD CRACK OF SCRAMJET ENGINES as two NAVY F-35 JOINT STRIKE FIGHTERS SCREAM OUT ahead, between the towering gray-white spires and deep valleys of cumulus clouds...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

Through the canopy glass of Tango 1 we see Lt. Commander NICK GRAY (27)...too handsome for his own good...a cocky fly-boy with hazel eyes that seem to match the sky.

Nick looks out ahead through his canopy to see the huge pale orb of a DAYTIME FULL MOON snuggled on the blanket of clouds. He lifts up an IPHONE and SNAPS A PHOTO...

NICK
(Elvis impression)
Hello ba-by.

Tango 2 slows up...maneuvers along to fly beside him...

ON TANGO 2 COCKPIT...Lt. Commander ALICE BARNHARDT (25)...a striking young woman with dark brown eyes.

Both pilots cruise side-by-side...gazing at the magnificent Moon above the mountains of clouds...

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To the Moon, Alice. I'm going. You'll see. One day.

BARNHARDT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Whatever you say, captain Kirk.

NICK (V.O.)
Tango Two, what do ya say we get these horsey's back to the ranch?

BARNHARDT (V.O.)
Got your wing boss.

NICK (V.O.)
To the moon, Alice!

A SHARP FLOURISH OF SCRAMJET ENGINES and the two JSF fighters STREAK away at super-high speed toward the horizon...through the mountains and valleys of towering clouds...toward the Moon...

EXT. MOJAVE TEST RANGE - DAY

We've seen it many times before...the *Dryden Flight Research Center* at *EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE* in California...the legendary

dry lake bed of the Mojave Desert where generations of test pilots have put aircraft through their paces...

Nick and Barnhardt, bedecked in their FLIGHT UNIFORMS, walk away from a large hanger toward a base installation building a short distance away...

BARNHARDT

Oh and thanks for ruining *my*
Thanksgiving. VIP escort? Since when
do we do that?

Nick is still fingering his iPhone and is about to put it to his ear to listen...

NICK

I have no idea what you're talking
about.

Nick smirks at his phone...

NICK (CONT'D)

Wow. Bunch of messages--

Barnhardt spots someone standing by the door...

ANNIE MORGAN (late 20's)...attractive in a blonde athletic sort of way...looks out of place in her conservative business suit and serious demeanor. She's a United States Secret Service Agent.

BARNHARDT

(sarcastic)
I thought you were going to date
other men.

Nick looks up from fingering with his iPhone and spots Annie, and ignores Barnhardt.

NICK

What's she doing here?

BARNHARDT

(on Nick's silence)
Give her my love.

NICK

I can't even give her *mine*.

They reach Annie as Nick pockets his iPhone...

NICK (CONT'D)

(cordial)
Agent Morgan.

Annie speaks with an inflection-less tone.

ANNIE

Captain Gray.
 (to Barnhardt)
 Commander.

BARNHARDT

(facetious)
Sir.

Nick smirks at Barnhardt's "sir" comment as Barnhardt continues on past inside...

NICK

(to Annie)
 What brings the United States Secret Service all the way to the Mojave Desert? I wasn't serious when I told the President I was going to kick his ass. He *is* my dad, you know...and we were playing football.

ANNIE

(deadpan)
 It's your grandfather, Nick.

NICK

(serious)
 Grand-dad?

Nick searches Annie's face with growing concern as we hear a VOICEOVER...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

The days are coming much faster now
 as we lose what precious few who
 remain of "the greatest generation"...
 those who fought for peace on the
 ground...in the air...across Europe...
 in the Pacific...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY (PRESENT) - DAY

Against a cold, mostly gray overcast sky of lowering clouds and leaf-bare trees...a tall, confident, yet sad man stands addressing a GRAVESIDE GATHERING. This is PRESIDENT ROSS HARRISON GRAY (55). His heavy dress overcoat FLAPS in the chilly breeze. His eyes glimmer, barely holding back tears...

A CAWING of a distant crow echoes across the stark November landscape of leafless trees...

PRESIDENT GRAY

My father was one of them.
 (emotional beat, clears
 throat)
 Let us not forget their sacrifices.
 (MORE)

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)
(emotional beat)
Godspeed Dad.

A single tear escapes...runs down President Gray's cold, dry face as he snaps a salute...steps back from the podium as a stray dry leaf scratches, tumbles across and blows off.

A MILITARY HONOR GUARD steps in as we reveal a grave-side ceremony CROWDED with seated rows of elderly WWII VETERANS, DIGNITARIES and MILITARY PERSONNEL.

The honor guard lifts the U.S. flag draped over a casket...begins to fold it in precision...

Watching from the front row of seats are...

NATALIE PRESIDENT GRAY (47), the First Lady. Next to her sits Nick...now dressed in his AIR FORCE DRESS UNIFORM.

Further down the row we see...

VERNON NORRIS (61), the U.S. Secretary of State...an old war-horse in his AIR FORCE GENERAL'S DRESS UNIFORM.

HELEN GRAY (late 80's), Ross' mother...sits between Natalie and Nick.

Ross accepts the carefully folded flag from the honor guard, takes it...walks slowly to his mother. She looks up at her son's emotional face. He kneels down to hand her the folded flag, putting his hands on hers as they rest on the folded flag in her lap. He gives her a hug, then stands...as does everyone else...

A low JET ENGINE ROAR grows louder and all military present snap to a salute.

A SQUADRON OF MILITARY JETS ROARS PAST OVERHEAD...one breaking formation...flying up and through the lowering PRESIDENT GRAY clouds in the "missing man" formation...

Nick watches the squadron with glistening eyes...

The sharp SNAPPING RETORT of a RIFLE SALUTE CRACKS the cold crisp late November air...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY/A DISTANCE OFF

From a higher vantage the same frail old man we saw in Greenland earlier...watches the ceremony silently and alone when he is approached by Annie and another AGENT...

ANNIE
(to old woman)
Sir? Excuse me, sir? You can't be
here right now.

The old man doesn't seem to hear her...

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Sir?

OLD MAN
Yes?

The old man locks eyes with Annie. He seems to recognize her immediately with his haunting eyes, which exude such tenderness...

ANNIE
You can't be here right now. I'm
sorry. You'll have to come with us.

OLD MAN
I...I have something for the
President's son...something for Nick
Gray.

The old man reaches into his overcoat...fumbling. The other agent reacts defensively, drawing a smirk from Annie for his overreaction as the old man pulls out a SMALL PACKAGE wrapped in plain paper. He extends it gripped in his thin-skinned, age spotted bony hand...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
You'll see that he gets this today?
It's important. It's very important,
Agent Morgan.

Annie reacts at hearing her name and fixes gazes with the old man for a moment...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Please.

Annie hesitates, then accepts the package...inspects it briefly...motions to the other Agent...who gestures to the old man...

ANNIE
We'll take care of it, sir. You just
go on along with Agent Gronskey here.

AGENT #1
Sir, if you'll come with me?

OLD MAN

(smiles)

It's good to see you again, Annie.

Once again, Annie's face sweeps with an expression of confusion, as does Gronsky's...

AGENT #1

Let's go, sir.

Apparently satisfied, the old man turns and walks off escorted by the other agent...

ANNIE

(into shirt-cuff radio)

Post two secure.

Annie watches, perplexed, as her fellow Secret Service Agent leads the old man away...

The old man turns one last time to gaze back at Annie, who looks out on the ceremony below...

AGENT #1

Sir? Let's go.

The old man's eyes glisten with tears as he looks back on Annie...the wind gently wafting his white hair...

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, DC - DUSK

The home of Presidents past, present and future is bathed in deep cold twilight blue...

INT. WHITE HOUSE/RESIDENCE/FIREPLACE ROOM - DAY

The FIRE in the fireplace crackles...glows on President Gray's face. He is alone...standing by the FIREPLACE...deep in thought...

We hear the sound of PEOPLE from the adjoining dining room.

Annie and Agent Gronsky stand post quietly from a discrete distance in the darkened room...

Helen comes in, walks over to him and watches him until he notices her...

PRESIDENT GRAY

He was "the last real son of a bitch", huh Mom? Isn't that what Chuck Yeager used to say about him?

(thinks)

Nick going to NASA...dad would have liked that. He was going to tell him when we got together at Christmas.

Helen says nothing...then pulls out a small box wrapped in decorative paper...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)
An early birthday present?

President Gray carefully unwraps the box...opens it...removes and holds up an old pair of silver WORLD WAR TWO PILOT'S WINGS from the Army Air Corps (circa 1940)...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)
(recognition)
Hey...dad's pilots wings from World War Two.

HELEN
As your father always said..."Any more flying I do will be with wings attached to my back..."

PRESIDENT GRAY
(finishes in unison with Helen)
"...assuming God has a sense of humor."

HELEN
He wanted you to have those.

PRESIDENT GRAY
(thoughtful smile)
He's the reason I became a pilot. Well, *one* thing's for sure...I was a much better pilot than I am President.

NICK (O.S.)
That's debatable.

Nick, still in uniform...comes in...

HELEN
Okay, don't you two start now...

PRESIDENT GRAY
Let him get his frustrations out, Mom. It's tough living in the shadow of your old man.

NICK
Pretty big shadow too. Those pants are looking a little tighter since last I saw you.
(serious)
Besides--they can go compare all they want, Dad...

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(cracks smile)

Everyone already knows I'm a better pilot.

HELEN

(to Helen)

Lord, you two.

Natalie comes in...

NATALIE

If it weren't for the constant jabs, I don't think you two'd have *anything* at all to talk about.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Got anything to say to that?

NICK

Can't think of a thing.

Natalie walks over and picks some dust off Nick's uniform.

NATALIE

You're still joining us for Christmas, right?

(leading)

I *know* Agent Morgan here would like that, wouldn't you, Agent Morgan?

Annie's otherwise emotionless face betrays surprise...which she instantly regains control of.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

It's your father's birthday tomorrow.

NICK

(whispers)

Got it covered, Mom.

NATALIE

Right, but we're leaving for the European summit in the morning--

NICK

(firm)

Got it covered.

NATALIE

Just saying.

NICK

(to Helen)

So Agent Annie here's giving me a ride back to base, Grandma. Want a ride back to the hotel?

HELEN

(indicates Annie)

Only if *she's* driving.

Helen and Natalie embrace...

NATALIE

Good-bye Helen. I'm going to miss old Joe.

HELEN

See you for Christmas, Natalie.

Helen lets Natalie go...embraces her son President President Gray...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Bye mom.

A last round of farewells...

EXT. ANDREWS AFB, MARYLAND/AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A NONDESCRIPT DARK SEDAN drives up to a GUARDED gate to the military perimeter of Andrews Air Force Base.

Through the fence we see several military cargo aircraft. The sedan pauses as the MP inspects Annie's flip-badge...then waves her through...

INT. SECRET SERVICE SEDAN - NIGHT

Annie at the wheel...Nick beside her...

NICK

So...it's going to be like *that* then?

ANNIE

(deadpan)

Like what?

NICK

The silent treatment?

She says nothing. Nick notices the PACKAGE the old woman gave Annie at Arlington Cemetery...now in a SEALED PLASTIC BAG on the seat...which he reaches for and grabs...

NICK (CONT'D)
(re: the package)
Hey this has my name on it...

ANNIE
(snatches package
back)
Screening. You know the rules.

NICK
Who's it from?

ANNIE
Some old man at Arlington gave it to
me.

Annie pulls the sedan to a stop just outside an open-ended
hanger and just sits quietly...

Nick starts to unbuckle his seatbelt...

NICK
Well. Thanks for the ride.

Nick thinks...leans in pauses just short of her face...there's
a moment where it looks like he might kiss her...and she
doesn't back away...

NICK (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
Control yourself Agent Morgan. I'm
just reaching for my bag.

He reaches past her...into the back seat...pulls a SMALL TRAVEL
BAG forward over the seat top...

NICK (CONT'D)
(studies her face)
I *should* just kiss you. You *do*
remember how to do that, don't you
Agent Morgan? That was you in Chicago
last spring, wasn't it?

ANNIE
(annoyed)
Why are you like that?

NICK
Like *what* Agent Morgan?

She shakes her head again, annoyed...

NICK (CONT'D)
Whatever.

He opens the door...gets out...shuts the door. She rolls down her window...

ANNIE

We *talked*.

NICK

We did a little more than *talk*.

She shakes her head, frustrated...

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh you mean *that* talk? The long-distance relationship talk? During World War Two when my granddad was overseas? He and my grandmother wrote each other all the time. You think thousands of miles apart mattered to *them*?

ANNIE

(deadpan)

Write me a letter?

NICK

(had it)

See ya, agent Morgan.

And with that, Nick stands straight...turns...walks off...leaving Annie shaking her head in quiet frustration. She shuts the window, drives off...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/ANDREWS AFB, MARYLAND - MORNING

AIR FORCE ONE

...In all its majesty on the tarmac, just outside Hanger 19...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1 (V.O.)

(over radio)

Team One...Angel's on Oscar.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE

...rolls up to stop near the magnificent airship of state...

AGENTS OF THE WHITE HOUSE PRESIDENTIAL DETAIL including Annie deploy in precision...

President Gray gets out with Natalie, GENERAL VERNON NORRIS (57), White House Press Secretary JULIE HICKHAM (42), the

President's speechwriter GARRETT HICKS (mid 20-something)...all accompanied by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS...

President Gray leads the way up the stair-ramp to the aircraft door...

The ARMY OFFICER carrying the "Football" transfers the famous satchel to his AIR FORCE COUNTERPART...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/MAIN DOOR - DAY

As they come in they are met by Air Force One pilot COLONEL TOM FIELDS (late 50's), confident, white-haired, who exudes experience and a deadpan calm...

FIELDS

Welcome aboard, mister President.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Major Tom. Now you let me know now if you need my help up there in the cockpit.

FIELDS

I take my coffee black, mister President.

PRESIDENT GRAY

You're funny, Major Tom. I should get you to write my speeches. Garrett here isn't funny.

President Gray and entourage continue down the aisle...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

Several TECHNICIANS sit at the consoles in the communications center just behind the cockpit, busy with pre-flight tasks...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

(into headset)

All stations, Sam-two-niner-thousand is now Air Force One.

TOWER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Roger Air Force One.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Take-off checklist activity as Fields enters, sits by...

Copilot Captain MATHISON (45) and...

Communications officer Commander POTTER (42).

MATHISON

Huge. Three whole levels.

FIELDS

It's *just* a tricked out C-17,
Mathison.

MATHISON

Thing practically flies itself.

FIELDS

Then I guess you won't notice any
difference?

POTTER

(wistful)

Well *I'm* going to miss this old girl.

MATHISON

Time marches on Potter.

TOWER (V.O.)

Air Force One heavy...clear for runway
one-niner.

FIELDS

(into headset)

Air Force One, Roger.

EXT. ANDREWS AFB - DAY

With a FLOURISH OF JET ENGINES, the majestic symbol of the
American Presidency ROARS skyward, an angel-ambassador of
freedom into the heavens...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/FLYING - DAY

Somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean, Air Force One flies regally
above a white landscape of towering mountains and valleys of
clouds, clear blue skies above...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

President Gray and Norris hover over an iPad. Norris notices
President Gray's eyes wandering into the distance...

NORRIS

Thinking about your dad?

Norris exudes the confident wisdom of years of military
experience. He's a no-nonsense in-your-face type with a drill
sergeant's gravely voice.

PRESIDENT GRAY

I was remembering that time he got
in a fight with those Marines.

The two laugh.

NORRIS

Seventy-five years old and tangling
ass with a bunch of drunk jar-heads
a quarter his age.

PRESIDENT GRAY

You miss our days back in the service,
Vernon?

NORRIS

You mean back when I bossed you
around?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Got any big plans after January?

NORRIS

I'm so retired. I got my eyes on
this nice cabin by a lake. What about
you?

PRESIDENT GRAY

(wistful)

Maybe I'll start flying again. Buy a
little plane.

NORRIS

You could always buy this one after
they retire it next month.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(wistful)

Mach three with a bandit on my tail.
That's what I miss, Vernon. Knowing
it's just him or me.

Natalie peers in...

NATALIE

Him--if that's okay with you. I'm
heading up to steal some coffee from
Press. Anybody?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DAY

Julie, the White House Press Secretary, a witty and confident
sort, chats with MARK JACKSON (40-ish), a youthfully confident
CNN reporter as they stand by the coffee station...

JACKSON

Don't make me beg.

JULIE

But you're so good at it Mark.

JACKSON

Come back from the dark side. Know what your problem is, Jules?

JULIE

What's my problem, Mark?

JACKSON

You *envy* me.

JULIE

Oh yeah, *that's* it.

JACKSON

How long have we known each other?

JULIE

Now you're trying to *depress* me?

JACKSON

Stop being *Press Secretary* for just a *second*.

PRESIDENT GRAY (O.S.)

Hey, can I stop being President too? Wait, that's *next* month.

JACKSON

Mister President.

President Gray, Norris and Natalie walk up with Annie and Secret Service detail chief AGENT POWELL tagging along...

President Gray steps past to grab the coffee pot...

JULIE

You know what I'm *really* going to like about the *new* Air Force One?

JACKSON & PRESIDENT GRAY

(in unison)

Nothing. You hate flying.

JULIE

My very own private coffee machine. Whatever. Bite me. The both of you.

NATALIE

Come on, Julie...everyone knows Press has the best coffee on the plane.

Fields hands a freshly poured cup of coffee to President Gray...

JACKSON

So I hear you're retiring, Colonel Fields?

FIELDS

Well, with the Air Force replacing the presidential aircraft, it seemed like as good a time as any.

JACKSON

You flew in the Gulf, right Fields?

PRESIDENT GRAY

(interrupts)

Was he in the Gulf... Jackson, you're looking at the *second-best* pilot in the world. Go on...tell him the story, Major Tom.

FIELDS

(winks at Julie, others)

I'm sure you've got some good stories of your own, Mister President.

Sudden urgent pleading expressions and desperate silent waving gestures by everyone behind President Gray's back...

MATHISON (V.O.)

(intercom)

Colonel Fields to the cockpit.

FIELDS

(seizes his escape)

Duty calls...

Fields escapes quickly with his coffee...leaving everyone stranded...forced to listen to President Gray's storytelling...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(starts into a story)

Back during Gulf One I was making a run at an scud platform when my C-and-C failed...major crap-out...that's pilot-speak for *major crap-out*...

JULIE

(urgent prodding)

Hey Jackson, didn't you want to talk to me about something?

JACKSON

(clueless)

About what?

JULIE

The thing you mentioned.

JACKSON
(still clueless)
Lost me.

JULIE
The thing at the place that time.
Come on.

Julie literally drags Jackson off as they make their escape from presidential story-time...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/FLYING - MAGIC HOUR

As Air Force One flies above the magnificently orange-red mountains of clouds bathed in the setting sun...

Suddenly two USAF F-35 JOINT STRIKE FIGHTERS SWOOP in and assume formation around the jumbo jet...

MATHISON (V.O.)
(over radio)
Shadow, be advised we've picked up our escort.

AWACS OFFICER (V.O.)
(over radio)
Roger Air Force One.

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - MAGIC HOUR

Matching speed with the gigantic Air Force One just off the cockpit window, Nick President Gray, waves over at Fields through Air Force One's cockpit window...

NICK
I tell you what, Fields...I've seen better flying at the *county fair*. You getting shaky in your old age or did you guys order in some fried chicken?

FIELDS (V.O.)
(over radio)
That's Colonel Fields sir--and *Colonel Fields'* shaky old hands might just accidentally slip and hit the countermeasures switch.

NICK
Where's my old man?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - MAGIC HOUR

President President Gray continues his storytelling assault...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - SUNSET

Potter studies the RADAR/DOPPLER SCREEN which INDICATES a blossoming storm ahead...

POTTER

That sure came out of nowhere fast.

MATHISON

Hello global warming.

EXT. AWACS AIRCRAFT/FLYING - SUNSET

AN E-3 AWACS JUMBO JET sails aloft above the clouds...

MATHISON (V.O.)

Shadow, Air Force One, we're going to climb to four-zero-thousand.

AWACS OFFICER (V.O.)

Air Force One, Shadow, copy.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE & TANGO GROUP/FLYING - SUNSET

Nick looks out at Air Force One and Barnhardt flying opposite...

FIELDS (V.O.)

Tango, recommend you give the fat lady a little room on the dance floor.

NICK (V.O.)

Copy Air Force One.

The two futuristic fighter jets swoop off a short distance...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - SUNSET

TURBULENCE buffets the cockpit as Mathison studies the radar display. A particularly sharp JOLT of turbulence causes alarmed looks...

POTTER

(into headset)

Air Force One, Shadow, repeat last?
I didn't copy that.

(switches channels)

Air Force One - Shadow?

(switches channels)

Somebody back there want to tell me what happened to Shadow?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - SUNSET

BUFFETING TURBULENCE as several TECHNICIANS are busy at the consoles...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #2
(into headset)
Sorry sir, the whole command network
just went down.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #3
Can it actually do that?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - SUNSET

As before...

POWELL
Mister President, we need to move
you to your stateroom.

PRESIDENT GRAY
It's just a little turbulence.
(to other PRESS)
You all don't mind if we hang out
with you here, do you?

A good-natured RESPONSE from others of the PRESS CORPS as
Natalie, Norris, President Gray, Jackson, Annie and Powell
find seats...

Julie, nervously chews her fingernails, checks her seatbelt
after another SHARP JOLT OF TURBULENCE...her reaction to which
doesn't go unnoticed by Jackson. He smiles at her...

JULIE
(annoyed)
Shut up, Mark. And if you say these
things practically fly themselves--

Two seats over, President President Gray calmly turns to
Natalie...

PRESIDENT GRAY
(smiles reassuringly)
Don't worry. These things practically
fly themselves.

Jackson grins, shrugs to Julie...who gives him a mean look...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - SUNSET

A high pitched WHISTLE causes everyone to yank their headsets
off...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #3
E-M countermeasures just activated!

Everyone's eyes snap to the DEFCON Status Board...which
DISPLAYS a steady "5".

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1
(scrolling menus on
monitor)
What the hell's going on?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DUSK

JERKY TURBULENCE as Mathison studies his console...

POTTER
(repeats into headset)
Air Force One, Shadow, copy?

Another VIOLENT JOLT of turbulence and all the electronics go haywire, monitors fluttering etc...

FIELDS
That's it. Put me on manual.

Fields pulls firmly back on the yoke...

JOLT! Potter looks out the cockpit window for the first time.

POTTER
Never seen anything like *that* before.

THE STORMY CLOUDS HAVE A MONSTROUS UNEARTHLY SWIRL TO THEM

like a hurricane that's been up-ended vertically on it's edge...towering high into the sky.

LIGHTNING DISCHARGES WILDLY THROUGH THE MAELSTROM AND THUNDER BOOMS...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE & TANGO GROUP/FLYING - DUSK

LIGHTNING STRIKES AIR FORCE ONE'S WING and the backlash causes Barnhardt's jet to careen violently...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DUSK

Barnhardt notices a long trail of FUEL STREAMING out of Air Force One's wing...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Air Force One's venting fuel!

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DUSK

Nick sticks back...sweeps up and flies over Air Force One to see the long STREAM OF VENTING FUEL...

NICK (V.O.)
Fields...you're venting fuel just inboard your number three!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DUSK

VIOLENT JERKING AND VIBRATING continue as the graphic display of the fuel tanks shows the left tank a half full while the right drops rapidly...

FIELDS

Shut off number three.

(Mathison, serious)

We need to get on the ground *fast*.

What's our closest contingency?

Everyone yanks out identical plastic-covered, ring-bound FLIP-CARDS...strips the seals off...flips them open...

FIELDS (CONT'D)

Code-in is Leonardo.

Potter swivels a MONITOR SCREEN ON A JIB-ARM, begins to shuffle through menus on-screen...

POTTER

(reads off list)

Oslo.

(into headset)

Shadow, May-day--repeat--*May-day*.

We're going to emergency land at contingency *Oslo*. Repeat, *contingency Oslo*.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE & TANGO GROUP/FLYING - DUSK

In the stormy MAELSTROM...

MATHISON (V.O.)

Tango, be advised we're initiating an emergency landing in Oslo. Request you cruise our wing until we're down.

NICK (V.O.)

Copy Air Force One. We have your sky.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DUSK

President Gray is still calm, but Natalie shows the first signs of being unnerved by the ROUGH RIDE...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(smiles, winks at

Julie)

Never a dull moment, huh?

EXT. TANGO 1 - DUSK

Suddenly a bright blinding BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES NICK'S PLANE! SPARKLES SKITTER about his fuselage in a ST. ELMO'S FIRE EFFECT as it tumbles out of control!

NICK (V.O.)
Whoah! Jesus!

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DUSK

Barnhardt sees this...

BARNHARDT
Tango Two, Tango One! Nick!

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DUSK

Nick fights his controls, but his plane keels wildly! His instrumentation flickers and flutters as the ELECTRICITY CASCADES AND SKITTERS around him!

NICK
(fighting controls)
Come on! Come on!

EXT. SKY ABOVE NORWAY - DUSK

Nick's F-35 TUMBLES AND SPINS out of control down and away through the swirling mass of clouds as the engines TRYING TO START...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DUSK

CLOUDS WHIP SIDEWAYS by his canopy as Nick attempts in vain to recover and restart his engines!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DUSK

BUMPY ride. Through the squalling clouds, a particularly jagged range of mountains looms closer...

MATHISON
Still no sat link!

FIELDS
Switchover to onboard back-up systems.

MATHISON
(switches something)
Onboard redundancy live.

On the cockpit console, a monitor FLICKERS on with a graphic representation of the terrain over which they fly...

POTTER

Oslo, Air Force One do you copy?
Oslo, Air Force One?
(to Fields)
Nobody's answering.

FIELDS

(activates control)
Gear down.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - TWILIGHT

The wheels of the LANDING GEAR deploy...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - TWILIGHT

The slowing speed lurches everyone slightly as the aircraft pitches downward to the sharp BUMP sound of landing gear deploying and extending flaps. Julie shares a nervous look with Jackson.

President Gray holds Natalie's hand reassuringly...

EXT. NORWAY GLACIER - TWILIGHT

There is a sprawling flat expanse of glacier floe high up between two mountain ranges.

Approaching from the distance we see Air Force One and Barnhardt's F-35...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Fields and Mathison...both their hands gripping their yokes...white knuckling it...

MATHISON

Where are the damn markers?

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #3 (V.O.)

(over SPEAKER)

*I have no comms at all. It's like
it's not there.*

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - TWILIGHT

WILD BUMPY RIDE for the President, Norris, Natalie, Julie, Jackson, Secret Service agents...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

The high pitched stall warning horn SOUNDS (also notice "MASTER ALARM" indicator light BLINKING) as Fields rides the yoke...

EXT. NORWAY GLACIER - TWILIGHT

SNOW SWIRLING in the looming TWILIGHT...the gigantic Air Force One descends to land on the desolate area of frozen flatness high between two jagged peaks...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

BUMP! Fields shoves his yoke forward!

FIELDS

Rotate!

Mathison quickly switches the REVERSE ENGINE THRUST!

THE WHITE STRETCH OF ICY SNOW RACES BELOW THEM!

Fields rides the yoke as they SKID, BUMP and JERK! A huge PLUME OF SNOW scatters behind the landing jumbo-jet...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - TWILIGHT

BUMPY! Everyone is THRUST FORWARD holding on for dear life as the aircraft ENGINES STRAIN to slow them down!

EXT. NORWAY GLACIER - TWILIGHT

In the SWIRLING SNOWSTORM, the gigantic baby-blue jumbo-jet's wheels DIG AND SLIDE across the expanse of packed glacier ice, hurling closer and closer to a distant tree-line!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Fields and Mathison fighting their yokes!

EXT. NORWAY GLACIER - TWILIGHT

The BUMPY ride seems endless and relentless and shows no sign of slowing, but finally does...within *just yards* of the edge of the tree-line!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Suddenly everything is STILL AND SILENT. Fields and his flight crew exhale and look at one another...

FIELDS

(intercom)

Everybody sit tight.

MATHISON

(hits a control)

Rescue protocols. Beacon on.

(pats his yoke)

I take it all back...there's nothing wrong with *this* old girl.

FIELDS
 (hits a control)
 Deploying camouflage.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - TWILIGHT

Everyone cautiously opens their eyes, hands still gripping seat arms etc...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/GLACIER FIELD - TWILIGHT

POOF! From atop the tail, a HUGE CANOPY-LIKE FEATHER LIGHT MATERIAL SHOOTS UP-AND-OUT EXPLOSIVELY AND SPREADS...then floats down to gently drape the fuselage of the aircraft. It's some sort of super-lightweight futuristic TARP of curiously refractive HIGH-TECH DIGITALLY RENDERED PATTERN.

The main door opens, the AUTOMATIC STAIR-RAMP DESCENDS and a light from inside SHAFTS out into the DARKNESS AND SWIRLING SNOW...

A team of Secret Service AGENTS in full ASSAULT GEAR...armed with *HECKLER & KOCH* MP-5 MACHINE-GUNS hustle out and begin to secure the camouflage tarp in a well rehearsed fashion, CALLING to each other VIA RADIO...finally taking up defensive perimeter positions around the aircraft beneath the tent-like tarp.

SNOW SWIRLS HEAVILY IN THE LOOMING DARKNESS OF NIGHT...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Flying high as the last rays of the SETTING SUN rim lights the jagged snowcapped peaks and the stormy snow clouds on the horizon...

 BARNHARDT
 Air Force One, Tango Two, copy? Air
 Force One, Tango Two?

 FIELDS (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Tango Two, Air Force One, copy. We're
 down. We're okay.

 BARNHARDT
 (hesitant)
 Air Force One, be advised...I lost
 Tango One.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Fields' reaction to this...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Do you copy that Air Force One? I
lost Nick in that storm and I can't
raise him on comms.

Fields, Mathison and Potter exchanges knowing expressions of
concern...

FIELDS

(into headset)

Copy that, Tango Two. Be advised
that until further notice we're
switching to call sign Angel.

(Mathison, Potter)

I'll go tell the President. Call me
the moment you raise Shadow.

Fields leaves as Potter continues hailing into his headset.
Mathison looks out cockpit window through SWIRLING SNOWFLAKES
AND DARKNESS...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

Barnhardt notices several BLIPS on her tactical display...

BARNHARDT

Tango, Angel...I got no-squawkers at
two-six-zero degrees...one-zero-niner
miles closing. Speed one-five-zero
knots.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1 (V.O.)

Copy, Tango. We're still waiting for
ground support down here. We have
limited comms. We could use you
watching our sky.

BARNHARDT

Copy that.

EXT. TANGO 2 - TWILIGHT

With an EXPLOSIVE ROAR of scramjet engines, the futuristic
fighter-jet STREAKS away across the deep cobalt-blue twilight
sky...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - TWILIGHT

Fields, a worried look on his face, approaches where President
Gray and Natalie sit...

FIELDS

Mister President...we lost Nick.

On President Gray's and Natalie's reactions...

EXT. TANGO 2 - TWILIGHT

Above the clouds, Barnhardt's jet still STREAKS across the twilight sky, which has begun to darken to a deep hypnotic blue...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHTFALL

Barnhardt squints out her canopy window at a distant cluster of aircraft looming closer...

BARNHARDT

You seeing this? I have Prop aircraft of some kind. Weather must have caught them too.

EXT. SKY ABOVE NORWAY - NIGHTFALL

From below, Barnhardt's futuristic F-35 zooms up fast below the smaller older military propeller aircraft. She's in their blind spot...unnoticed...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHTFALL

Barnhardt activates something and another monitor displays a FRONT CAMERA VIEW on the aircraft...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHTFALL

Potter and Mathison come in, crowd behind to look over a technician's shoulder at his display...showing Barnhardt's VIDEO FEED...

POTTER

(thinking out loud)
Those look like old 109's.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

What's?

POTTER

Messerschmitts...World War Two fighter planes. German.

(shrugs)

I watch a lot of the History Channel.

(afterthought)

Stupid being up in this weather.

Barnhardt has a good angle on the tail of one of the aircraft...it's insignia...clearly a NAZI SWASTIKA. All react.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

That's unexpected.

President Gray bursts in, followed by Natalie, Annie, the agents, Fields and Norris. President Gray grabs a headset...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(into headset)

Tango Two, this is the President.
What happened to Nick?

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Mister President--sir--whatever hit
you hit Nick too--really powerful
electrical discharge. He went down
and I've been trying to raise him on
emergency comms, but all I get is
static.

NORRIS

He punched out or emergency landed
like we did.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

It's a friendly country, mister
President. He'll be okay until Rescue
finds him.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(irritated)

Rescue doesn't even seem to be able
to find us right now.

FIELDS

Did you raise Shadow yet?

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

No, sir. I'm not getting anything on
comms at all.

FIELDS

Let's check the outside array for
damage.

Fields motions to Mathison, detaches a RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT
from the wall, and both walk out...

NORRIS

(bending over console)

Just who *do* we have contact with?

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

I got scattered low-band...VHF...some
shortwave...and what sounds like
Morse code, sir.

NORRIS

How far are we from Oslo?

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

Just under ten kilometers.

NORRIS

(to Gray)

We could send somebody into town...let 'em know where we are.

POWELL

General--mister President--I don't think that's wise. I suggest we just hold for ground support.

NORRIS

I don't see any ground support, Powell...do you?

PRESIDENT GRAY

(firm)

Send somebody in.

POWELL

Yes, sir, mister President.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Find my son.

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAINS, NORWAY - NIGHTFALL

Like a speck in a vast glaciated field...in the swirling snowy darkness...the majestic Air Force One seems small, vulnerable and alone against a desolate expanse of frozen mountain peaks and STORM CLOUDS...

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAINS, NORWAY (ELSEWHERE) - NIGHT

Somewhere else in the darkness of TWILIGHT, Nick's F-35 rests in a flat snow field in the jagged peaks...near a dense tree-line...

INSIDE TANGO 1

Nick is fingering away at his iPhone the light from its DISPLAY GLOWING on his face. He can't get a SIGNAL. He suddenly notices some distant HEADLIGHTS from a number of approaching vehicles. He pockets the iPhone, pushes a button which raises the canopy. He grabs a KNAPSACK and clambers out...

OUTSIDE TANGO 1

...jumps to the snow...jogs toward the HEADLIGHTS...

NICK

(waving)

Over here! Hey! *Hey!*

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Halt!

Nick spins around to face...

SILHOUETTED IN DARKNESS, a nervous HELMET-WEARING SOLDIER covers him with a machine-gun. Nick raises his arms as the soldier yells at him in harsh GERMAN...

NICK

Don't shoot! American! See? NATO? U-S-A.

Indicates the stars and stripes patch on his uniform. This only prompts a further TIRADE from the nervous soldier...

NICK (CONT'D)

(forced calm)

I'm sorry...I can't understand you.
Look here--look at the patch!
American!

We hear the distant sound of VOICES from SOLDIERS jumping off the convoy of trucks. The soldier threatens, then prods Nick with his machine-gun...

NICK (CONT'D)

Hey, okay! I'm going! Chill! Let's
just go talk to your boss and
straighten it all out...

SUDDENLY SOMEBODY viciously hits the soldier from behind, felling him unconscious in the snow.

It's an American fighter PILOT of around 20, dressed in his WWII VINTAGE LEATHER PILOT'S JACKET...pistol in hand...

JOE

What are you waiting for? Run!

NICK

Why did you do *that*?

JOE

Run asshole!
(on Nick's inaction)
Suit yourself.

Joe bolts off and Nick stumbles after him in the snow...toward a tree-line just as...

NICK

(yells after)

It's just a simple misunderstanding!

Nick thinks, jogs after, his feet plunging into the deep powdery snow...

RAT-TAT-TAT...several SOLDIERS FIRE THEIR MACHINE-GUNS...which SPLINTER into the trees as they run...

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN SLOPES - NIGHT

Nick and Joe scramble underneath a large pine tree...hidden in the canopy of branches...

JOE

(ignores him)

Krauts'll be all over this mountain
now thanks to you.

NICK

Me?

(catching breath)

Why did you have to go and hit him
for?

(irritated)

And who the hell are you anyway?

Joe surprises him and grabs him roughly by the collar...

JOE

The guy who just saved your life
asshole! Don't make me regret it!

They are suddenly hushed by more YELLING in the darkness. For what seems like an eternity, they are motionless in the cold, crisp darkness...until the soldiers seem to be moving off...

JOE (CONT'D)

They're all over that thing you were
flying.

(afterthought)

We have to get into town while it's
still snowing so they can't track
us.

Nick ignores him, reaches into his knapsack, pulls out the EMERGENCY RADIO...

NICK

(into radio)

Rescue Bravo, Tango.

Nothing...as Joe watches curiously...

JOE

(amused)

Rescue's not coming *here*, guy.

NICK

(ignores him, into
radio)

Rescue Bravo, Tango.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(static)

Rescue Bravo...

Nick's finger feels something...he turns the emergency radio around...it's DAMAGED...having been struck by a bullet...

JOE

Probably saved your life.

NICK

Who the hell are you?

JOE

Joe Gray, 357th. Eighth out of Raydon.
I was being chased by some 109's
when this storm came out of nowhere.
I punched out...*and that's all you
need to know.*

NICK

(out of breath)

Did you just say your last name was
Gray?

A few lingering VOICES of the German soldiers seem to be fading...

JOE

You're on your own guy.

Joe bolts off again...

NICK

(frustrated)

Wait! Damn it all...

Nick's takes a last look at...and then tosses aside his damaged emergency radio in the snow beneath the tree...then runs after Joe into the darkness...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - NIGHT

AS SNOW SWIRLS IN THE DARKNESS, below the open cargo door, one SNOWMOBILE (a TANDEM-SEATER) rests on the snowy ground while a second SNOWMOBILE is hoisted down by Secret Service agents to Powell, Annie and another AGENT...

Powell and Annie are WEARING OUTDOOR ASSAULT-TYPE GEAR AND HELMETS WITH NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES...

Annie and the other agent reach for and guide the snowmobile to the snow, detach some cargo harnesses...

Fields comes stomping out of the darkness with Mathison, each kicking powdery snow from their shoes and pants-legs.

Norris leans out the open cargo door...

FIELDS

Array's fine. I really don't know why we're having comms problems. Lightning might have shorted out the firmware--I don't know.

NORRIS

How are we for power for heat...light?

FIELDS

Assuming we don't spend more than a day or so here, we should be fine.

NORRIS

Not to ask the stupid question of the day...but can we just take off when the weather clears?

FIELDS

Not without fixing that fuel venting problem--or anything else we don't know about for that matter.

Annie climbs on one snowmobile, Powell straddles tandem behind her. Annie flips down and adjusts the night-vision goggles...

POV THROUGH NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

The familiar GREEN HUE THROUGH THE NIGHT VISION GOGGLES as Annie adjusts them...

BACK TO SCENE

Annie guns the snowmobile ENGINE...and with a PLUME OF POWDERY SNOW she and Powell are off into the bone chilling wintery darkness and swirling snow...

EXT. TAVERN, OSLO - NIGHT

SNOW FLURRIES swirl in the darkness around what looks like a typical quaint drinking hall.

INT. TAVERN/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

HARD KNOCKING. The door opens revealing...

A nervous looking TAVERN PROPRIETOR of about 50, who immediately recognizes Joe and motions him in...

Joe begins to argue in FLUENT NORWEGIAN to him, and the proprietor hurriedly pulls them inside and shuts the door with a last nervous glance outside...

It's a typical tavern with dark wood paneled walls and trussed ceiling of heavy wooden beams. Apparently it's closed--with no patrons seated at several long wooden tables and benches.

Joe continues arguing with the nervous proprietor in NORWEGIAN as Nick rubs his cold hands together...looking around in the dark...stomping snow from his boots...

The Proprietor leads them to the empty barstools at the bar, where they sit while the Proprietor disappears into a back room...

NICK

(calls after Proprietor)

Hey, you got a phone here somewhere?

(to Joe)

Does he understand English.

JOE

No. Just like you.

NICK

Ask if I can use the phone. Mine has no signal.

JOE

What the hell for?

NICK

To contact the American Consulate.

JOE

(chuckles)

Yeah, sure.

NICK

What's so funny about that?

The Proprietor re-appears, hustling out with various items of TYPICAL NORWEGIAN CLOTHING...including a couple long COATS and SWEATERS...begins arguing with Joe again...

NICK (CONT'D)

Ask him about the phone.

JOE

Forget that. Just put on those clothes.

NICK

(annoyed)

Thanks. I'm fine with what I'm wearing.

Joe takes and shoves some of the clothes into Nick's hands roughly.

JOE

(sharp)

No...*you're not*. Put them on. *Do it*.

Joe is already quickly removing his clothes, changing into the clothes the Proprietor brought out...

NICK

What the hell kind of pilot are you anyway?

JOE

(annoyed)

One that's sorry for rescuing your sorry ass.

NICK

Rescuing? Hey I was doing just fine until you showed up and hit that soldier.

HARD BANGING AT THE DOOR! Everyone freezes. The Proprietor nervously looks out a window by pulling aside the corner of a LARGE DARK WOOLEN BLANKET NAILED OVER IT....

PROPRIETOR

(sudden fear)

Gestapo!

Joe shoves the long coat into Nick's arms...

JOE

(Nick)

Just put that over what you're wearing!

(hard)

DO it!

Nick looks at Joe and the Proprietor, who anxiously glare at him. Nick relents...puts on the long coat...which is a little big for him...Joe helps him wrap it to cover any hint of his pilots uniform...

NICK

(as he dresses)

Someone needs to start explaining what the hell's going on here. And did he just say *Gestapo*?

JOE

I'm guessing you don't understand German either. If they start talking to you? Just nod your head and say "ya," got it? Nothing else. Just "ya." And *don't smile*.

NICK

Seriously?

Joe grabs Nick's collar roughly...

JOE

*Look asshole...I don't care if you
want to die, but I don't! Stop fucking
around!*

OPENING THE DOOR...the proprietor comes face-to-face with...

A sharply dressed GERMAN SS OFFICER and several SS
TROOPERS...wearing BLACK UNIFORMS AND WINTER OVERCOATS, with
SWASTIKA ARM BANDS...catch Nick's complete and confused
attention as they push inside...

PROPRIETOR

(nervous)

We're closed Herr Kapitan.

Joe grabs a bottle and a couple glasses near him...quickly
pours a couple drinks and shoves a glass toward Nick.

The SS Officer pushes past the Proprietor indifferently...into
the spacious beer hall...looking around...notices Joe and
Nick sitting at the bar...walks to them...

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

(helpful)

My brother in law...and my
bartender...

SS OFFICER

(stern)

There is a curfew.

PROPRIETOR

Yes...they were just leaving. My car
would not start. The snow.

SS OFFICER

(hand out to Nick)

Papieren?

JOE

(in Pig Latin to Nick)

E-hay ants-way oor-yay apers-pay.

Nick looks at Joe confused...

NICK

Ya.

JOE
(urgent)
Iv-gay im-hay oor-yay apers-pay!

NICK
(doesn't get it)
Ya?

Joe suddenly punches Nick the face...sending him SPRAWLING to the floor!

JOE
(in German)
Drunk idiot!
(to SS Officer)
"Don't forget your papers!" How many times have I told him that?

Joe continues his angry tirade when...SUDDENLY he winces...his eyes roll back and he collapses to the floor. One of the soldiers has knocked him out from behind with the butt of his machine-gun.

Another SS TROOPER rushes in...

SS TROOPER
Wir haben ads Flugzeug!

SS OFFICER
Der Pilot?

SS TROOPER
Nein. Er beendet einen Soldaten!

The SS Officer turns back and regards the unconscious Joe...and with a last suspicious glance at Nick...motions to his soldiers...and they make their way to the door and out...the door finally SLAMS shut.

The Proprietor begins to lift the unconscious Joe as Nick rubs his sore jaw...

PROPRIETOR
Help me!

NICK
(annoyed)
Oh, so now we're speaking English?

EXT. LISA'S HOME/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens revealing...

LISA LUND (25), a striking woman with strong Nordic features...blonde hair pulled back from exceptional ice-blue eyes.

The Proprietor and Nick stand with the unconscious Joe supported between them. Lisa and the Proprietor start arguing in NORWEGIAN, as he and Nick drag Joe inside...Lisa shuts the door with a concerned last look around outside...

INT. LISA'S HOME/STAIRS - NIGHT

They manhandle the unconscious Joe up the dark stairwell, still arguing loudly...

INT. LISA'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

...and drag him to a BED, lay him out as Lisa turns on one of the LAMPS covered with a CLOTH which GLOWS A DIM ORANGE. There are THICK HEAVY CURTAINS drawn across the windows...

With a last frustrated exchange between the Proprietor and Lisa, the Proprietor hustles out muttering to himself, leaving Nick watching Lisa tend to Joe's head wound, completely ignoring him...

LISA

He sleeps now.

INT. LISA'S HOME/FIREPLACE

Beneath a heavy wood mantle, a warm FIRE crackles in a STONE FIREPLACE. Nick sits nearby rustling through his knapsack--pulls out his iPhone--fingers at it--still no signal...

Lisa comes in with a TRAY...TWO CUPS...A TEA POT. She watches Nick and his iPhone suspiciously...

NICK

You got a land line? I can't get a signal. A *telephone*? Do you have a *telephone*?

She pours a cup of something hot...

LISA

Telephone lines are down from the bombing.

NICK

What bombing?
(she hands him a cup)
What's this?

LISA

Coffee.

NICK

A *terrorist* bombing?
(sips coffee, winces)
That's *coffee*?

LISA

Be thankful. Coffee is hard to find.

NICK

I tell you what--I'd have *married* you for this a couple hours ago.

(beat, offers hand)

I'm Nick. Nick Gray.

(when she doesn't respond)

Hi Nick, it's nice to meet you.

I'm...?

Nick looks expectantly at Lisa, who betrays little if no emotion whatsoever.

LISA

(deadpan)

Lisa.

Nick sets his coffee down...reaches for a small handbook resting near his open knapsack...flips pages...

NICK

Right. So...listen...*Lisa*...I need to get in contact with the American Embassy. I have the address here...it's in Oslo. You got a car? I'll pay you...

Nick, who has been rambling, suddenly notices that *Lisa is leveling a pistol at him*...

NICK (CONT'D)

Whoah--okay--he--.you know?

LISA

Who are you?

NICK

I'm an *American*...I'm a *pilot*...just like the guy upstairs...if he *really is* a pilot. You know, I'm really starting to feel unwelcome.

They are at an impasse.

NICK (CONT'D)

Okay...look...and I *really* hate doing this...but my father's the President of the United States, okay? Yeah, I'm *that* Nick Gray.

LISA

The American Consulate was closed two years ago after the invasion.

NICK

Invasion? What invasion? And who's invading what?

(frustrated)

Okay, whatever...

(indicates her gun)

...can you please just put that thing away, huh? There's really no need.

(slowly, measured)

Listen, Phones are out. Mine doesn't have signal. So--I need some other way to call for help. So either shoot me or help me.

She studies him long and hard...

INT. LISA'S HOME/SECRET ATTIC STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Lisa leads Nick to what looks like a "normal" BOOKCASE...but which she SLIDES aside...revealing a hidden stairway leading upward...

NICK

Who are you people?

She ignores him...steps in...pulls him in...slides the bookcase back to conceal the secret entrance...

INT. LISA'S HOME/ATTIC - NIGHT

Lisa leads Nick up some stairs...

...into a typical attic. Lisa pulls a tarp off an old wooden table...which reveals a highly technical...but antique-looking RADIO COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE and MICROPHONE...

NICK

You're *kidding*. Right?

Lisa takes the standing microphone, sets it hard on the table.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

One of the technicians wearing a headset jumps excitedly...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

I got something! It's...

The tech cuts himself off, listens, then just switches on a SPEAKER...

NICK (V.O.)

(over radio)

Air Force One, do you copy? Air Force One this is Nick Gray. Do you copy?

President Gray and Natalie jump from their seats...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1
(into headset mic)
Air Force One, copy...

The tech points to a console microphone...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
What the heck's he doing on *this*
band?

PRESIDENT GRAY
Nick! Thank God! We've been trying
to find you for almost *three hours*
now!

NATALIE
Where are you, Nick? Are you okay?

NICK (V.O.)
(over radio)
Yeah. I had to emergency land. Where
are you?

PRESIDENT GRAY
We had to land too.

NATALIE
Are you alright, Nick?

NICK (V.O.)
(over radio)
I'm *fine* mom.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1
Tell him to turn on his emergency
beacon so we can locate him.

PRESIDENT GRAY
Nick? Turn on your emergency radio
so we can come get you.

NICK (V.O.)
(over radio)
It's busted. I can't get a signal on
my phone either.

PRESIDENT GRAY
You have *any* idea where you are?

NICK (V.O.)
(over radio)
Somebody's house...I don't really
know...hold on and let me ask...

EXT. OSLO CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

As Powell and Annie ride tandem on the snowmobile through the snow covering a DIRT ROAD, Powell pats Annie on the back to get her attention...and they plow to a stop in the darkness...

POWELL
(into shirt-cuff
microphone)
Say again?

We don't hear the other side of the radio conversation in Powell's ear as Annie flips up her night-vision goggles and pulls out a SMALL RUGGED-IZED SMART DEVICE/TABLET and swipes at it...

POWELL (CONT'D)
(into shirt-cuff
microphone)
Tell him to stay put. We're on our
way. Powell out.

He leans forward to study the screen with Annie. The display screen GLOWS WITH A MAP...

ANNIE
(looks around)
This makes no sense. I don't see
half the things on here.

POWELL
(looks ahead, points)
That road has to be *this*.

Annie hands the smart device back to Powell, flips down her night-vision goggles, then GUNS the snowmobile engine and they PLUME OFF into the DARKNESS...

INT. LISA'S HOME/ATTIC - NIGHT

Nick is still seated at the radio as Lisa watches him...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)
(over radio)
Nick? Powell and Morgan are on their
way to pick you up.

NICK
Well tell them to be careful. There
are some real unfriendly soldiers
out there who like to shoot first
and ask questions later.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)
(over radio)
Will do. Out.

Nick sets down microphone, looks at Lisa...

NICK

See? A few more minutes and I'll be
out of your hair.

(half-grins)

...your very *blonde* hair.

A LOUD THUMPING NOISE from downstairs alarms them both...

INT. LISA'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa and Nick rush in to find Joe trying to get out of the
bed...

LISA

You should not be out of bed.

JOE

Whatever you say doll.

He notices Nick and smirks...

JOE (CONT'D)

You. I had hoped you were a bad dream.

NICK

(sarcastic)

Nice to see you too. Thanks for the
right hook by the way.

Lisa manhandles Joe back onto the bed. He's still weak...

JOE

What was I supposed to do?

Joe becomes agitated as Lisa tends to his head bandage...

JOE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Why don't you just dig me a grave,
doll?

LISA

(curt)

I am *not* a doll. I'll go get you
something warm to drink.

Nick watches Lisa leave the room...

JOE

(winks to Nick)

I'll take the *grave*. She's got this
God-awful crap she calls coffee.

NICK

I know.

JOE

She's a looker, huh? Don't cross her, though. She'll shoot you as much as kiss you.

Joe winces as he rubs his head.

NICK

How's the head?

JOE

(annoyed)

How do you *think* it is dumb-ass? What did you say your name was anyway?

NICK

Nick. So look, I got some people coming to pick us up.

JOE

(nervous)

People from *where*?

NICK

And what's with those soldiers? And those *uniforms*? Man, one minute I'm flying escort for Air Force One...next thing I know...well...I *don't* know.

JOE

Which outfit is that?

NICK

Outfit?

JOE

First Air Force. Never heard of it.

NICK

(as if)

Air Force One? President's plane.

Joe regards him curiously as Lisa comes back in with the coffee pot we saw earlier...

JOE

President's got his own plane?

Joe takes the coffee cup Lisa hands him...

JOE (CONT'D)

What the hell's Roosevelt doing over here?

NICK

The carrier?

JOE

(irritated)

What the hell are you blabbering about?

NICK

(irritated)

I don't know. What the hell are you talking about?

JOE

(just as irritated)

All I asked is what President Roosevelt was doing here.

NICK

The aircraft carrier?

JOE

President Roosevelt!

NICK

President Gray!

JOE

Who's President Gray?

NICK

Is everyone on crack around here? President Gray? Of the United States?

Joe and Lisa exchange concerned looks...

NICK (CONT'D)

(confused at their looks)

Stop looking at me like that!

JOE

Look, I don't know what United States you're from guy...but where *I'm* from, *Roosevelt's* President.

For a few moments Nick re-evaluates Joe and Lisa suspiciously...

NICK

(uneasy)

Right.

JOE

(Lisa)

Better check *him* out too doll. I think maybe I knocked whatever sense he has out of him.

NICK

What the hell's wrong with you two!

JOE

Nothing's wrong with us guy! You're the one blabbering on!

NICK

You say you're a pilot? So where's your plane? I never saw it.

JOE

That crazy-ass storm! I *crashed!* I *punched out!* Then I saved you from *that Kraut!* *Stupidest thing I've ever done.*

NICK

(as if)

Since I've gotten here, I've been shot at, punched, frozen, held at gunpoint...who are you people?

Nick inadvertently puts his hand on the dresser where it brushes a NEWSPAPER that was resting on it...which he picks up as he finishes his tirade...

Something on the newspaper catches his eye...a PHOTOGRAPH OF A NAZI RALLY WITH A CLEARLY DEPICTED SWASTIKA...

NICK (CONT'D)

(reading aloud to himself)

November twenty, nineteen...

(pauses)

...Forty-three.

LOUD BANGING at the door downstairs!

NICK (CONT'D)

(smiles)

That'll be for me. You two have a nice life.

INT. LISA'S HOME/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lisa opens the door to reveal Annie and Powell standing in the darkness. Nick pushes past, still clutching the newspaper in his hand...

NICK
(epic relief)
Man am I glad to see you!

Annie gives Lisa the once-over as she closes the door...

NICK (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Let me grab my stuff and let's *just*
go.

ANNIE
You okay?

LISA
(concern)
Inside...*quickly*.

NICK
(re: Lisa)
She's crazy.

ANNIE
Her?

Annie eyes Lisa suspiciously, then follows Nick up the stairs...

INT. LISA'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

...back into the bedroom where Joe's standing...

ANNIE
Who's he?

JOE
(annoyed)
Back at ya doll.

Annie reacts to the name "doll" as Nick is busy putting back together his backpack...

LOUD BANGING downstairs!

ANNIE
You expecting someone?

Lisa bursts in...

LISA
They followed you!

ANNIE
Who did?

NICK

Probably those soldiers that shot at us earlier.

This immediately sets Annie on alert.

ANNIE

Shot at who? You?

Lisa snaps off the light, throwing the room into DARKNESS She cautiously pulls back the small corner of a heavy wool blanket covering the window...peers out as Powell pushes in...his SUB-MACHINE-GUN drawn...

POWELL

What's going on?

ANNIE

Nick says some soldiers shot at him earlier.

Powell registers alarm.

POWELL

Shot at you? Why?

JOE

They're just funny like that.

Powell eyes Joe suspiciously.

POWELL

(into shirt-cuff
microphone)

Angel we have Fly-boy but we may need backup.

LISA

(looking out window)

You must hide! *Come! Quickly!*

Lisa manhandles Joe to his feet and toward the door. Annie and Powell are forced to follow...

POWELL

Who's at the door?

INT. LISA'S HOME/SECRET ATTIC STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Lisa leads them to the bookcase/secret door...which she slides aside...once again revealing the secret stairway to the attic. Annie and Powell trade looks...

LISA

Upstairs quickly! Go!

POWELL
I think we'll just be leaving.

BANGING on door!

JOE
No you *won't*, guy!

POWELL
(firm)
Yeah...I think we *will*.

LISA
(urgent)
You *must go upstairs now!* They will shoot all of us if they find you here.

JOE
Listen to the broad!

POWELL
(firm)
We can handle it.

JOE
You and what army, dumbshit?

ANNIE
(Powell)
Maybe we should. There's only two of us.

BANGING on door!

POWELL
(annoyed)
Fine.

Lisa hustles off for the front door while everyone heads in and up the stairs, Joe sliding the hidden door/bookcase shut behind them, concealing the door again...

INT. LISA'S HOME/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

MID-BANGING...the front door opens to reveal a SQUAD OF GERMAN SOLDIERS and the SS Officer we saw earlier in the tavern...

LISA
(German)
What is the meaning of this?

Lisa and the SS Officer ARGUE IN GERMAN as the squad of Soldiers push in...begin to search...

INT. LISA'S HOME/ATTIC - NIGHT

Powell is busy CHATTING on his earpiece/radio...

POWELL
(into radio)
No, we're in some sort of safe-room...

JOE
(annoyed)
Shut the hell up guy.

ANNIE
(whispers)
Who are they? Police?

JOE
(whispers)
Krauts.

ANNIE
(whispers)
Krauts?

NICK
(shrugs)
German soldiers. Bad guys.

Joe heads to a corner...peers into what looks like a normal plumbing pipe...only it's a PERISCOPE and it has an EYEPiece...

Joe steps back, gestures for Annie to look through...

JOE
(Annie)
Probably followed you here.

THROUGH THE PERISCOPE--One of the troopers unknowingly gets right up near the lens...his SWASTIKA ARM BAND fills the eyepiece...

Annie jerks her eye away from the periscope...she looks at Nick...who takes a quick look through...looks at Annie with a shrug...

ANNIE
What are German soldiers doing in Norway?

JOE
Lot of Norwegians been asking the same thing.

POWELL
What's he talking about?

FOOTSTEPS!

Annie and Powell snap their MP-5's toward the stairs!

A SLIDING sound...then Lisa comes quickly up the stairs...

Annie and Powell lower their leveled MP-5's...

LISA

They're gone.

Nick sits down at the old fashioned radio again...seems to be deep in thought as he fingers the microphone. He takes another look at the newspaper still clutched in his hand. He reaches and switches on the quaint old radio console...starts dialing through the FREQUENCIES...

We hear SNIPPETS of...

-- 1940's BIG BAND MUSIC...

-- A WINSTON CHURCHILL SPEECH ON BBC...

-- A WWII GERMAN BROADCAST...

-- A WWII NORWEGIAN BROADCAST...

Nick switches off the radio set.

A long silence...finally broken by Powell.

POWELL

Just what the hell's going on around here?

Nick grabs the newspaper...extends it toward Powell, who just glares back at him...

NICK

Look at it.

Powell takes the newspaper and glances at it.

POWELL

I can't read this.

NICK

Just look at it. The date. Look at the date.

Nick jabs at the newspaper in Powell's hand. Powell looks at it...his reaction prompts Annie to take a look at it. Both then look at Nick...

POWELL

November twenty, nineteen forty-three.
So? An old newspaper...

Something begins to dawn on Powell as he studies the newspaper to study it again.

NICK

Pretty good condition...wouldn't you say?

POWELL

For what?

NICK

(to Lisa)
What year is it?

LISA

Why do you ask me this?

JOE

Nineteen-forty-three. What the hell other year would it be?

Powell regards Joe a moment, looks at the newspaper once again, smirks...

NICK

Those soldiers who just left? Hey I'm *just* saying.

POWELL

(Nick)
Well I'm *not*.
(Annie)
We're out of here. Let's go. Now.

Powell hands the newspaper back to Nick and he and Annie are in motion...

JOE

Are you crazy? Those soldiers are still out there guy!

POWELL

We'll take our chances.

JOE

Are you *insane*?

POWELL

(Annie, Nick)
Come on.

LISA

(Nick)

You *must* not allow them to go.

NICK

(Lisa)

Not up to me anymore.

LISA

(resolve)

Then let me drive you.

Powell and Annie turn to Lisa, somewhat perplexed.

LISA (CONT'D)

Please.

POWELL

(suspicious)

Why?

LISA

There is a curfew. If you are stopped, you will be shot.

POWELL

Then I guess we'll just have to *shoot back*, won't we?

JOE

At six Kraut divisions, guy? For God's sake listen to her! She's telling the truth! She's the only one chance you have getting past any checkpoints--and believe me--there will be checkpoints because it's you they're out there looking for!

Joe's rant gives Powell a moment's pause...

POWELL

Why won't they shoot at her?

LISA

(matter of fact)

Most likely they will.

NICK

She works for the head Nazi in town-- at least that's what she told me.

LISA

Please.

Annie locks eyes with Nick as if seeking his support.

ANNIE

(Nick)
Do you trust her?

NICK

Maybe I do--a little--you know? She *did* rescue us and she got rid of those soldiers downstairs.

JOE

No thanks to *you*--

POWELL

(warns Joe)
Hey.

JOE

(annoyed)
Hey yourself. Put down the gun and we'll see just who *hey's who*.

ANNIE

(to Powell, measured)
It *would* be a lot easier than all three of us on the snowmobile.

Long moments of silence as Powell thinks...

POWELL

(Annie)
I don't like it.

ANNIE

Neither do I, but what other choice do we have?

NICK

(sarcastic)
Then it's *unanimous*.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD (NIGHT VISION GOGGLES POV) - NIGHT

The familiar green hue of night-vision goggles as trees pass by...

INSIDE LISA'S CAR

Lisa drives a VINTAGE SEDAN WITH HEADLIGHTS OFF...with futuristic NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES on her head...BLACKNESS out the front windshield...

Nick sits beside her...another pair of night-vision goggles on his face...

POWELL

(to Annie)

So when does this have to be back to
the museum?

Annie gives Powell a brief glance, but nothing else. Behind them in the back seat, Annie, Powell and Joe are squeezed together, Annie in the middle...

Nick notices Joe studying his night-vision goggles...lifts them off, hands them to Joe.

NICK

Have a look.

Joe slides them on his face. His eyes widen in amazement as he "sees" in the dark...

JOE

What kind of shit is this? I've *never*
seen equipment like this.

NICK

You think *that's* cool?

Nick reaches, adjusts the goggles...directs Joe's gaze at Annie...

POV THROUGH NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

...we can see the faint outline of Annie's underwear and lithe body in the GREENISH HUE through her transparent clothing...

NICK (CONT'D)

(grins, winks)

*That you won't find in the owner's
manual.*

MACHINE-GUN FIRE! BULLETS PING AND SNAP OFF THE CAR!

Lisa slams the brake and her car SLIDES TO A HALT in the snow!
Everyone THROWN forward as glass SHATTERS from BULLET STRIKES!

POWELL

Everybody down! Stay in the car!

(into shirt-cuff radio)

We're under fire! We're under fire!

Nick snatches the night-vision goggles from Joe and peers out the windshield...

NICK

(peering through
goggles)

Five I can see! More up the road!

Powell snatches the night-vision goggles from Joe and peers out the front windshield...

AGENT #1 (V.O.)
(over radio)
How far away are you?

POWELL
(into shirt-cuff radio)
About a mile down that road that runs by that ice field!

AGENT #1 (V.O.)
(over radio)
We're on our way!

POWELL
(into shirt-cuff radio)
No! Do *not* leave the plane! Perimeter lock-down!

SMACK! Powell is STRUCK BY A BULLET, HURLING him viciously backwards into the tire track-packed snow...

ANNIE
(into shirt-cuff radio)
Powell's hit!

Annie throws open the car door, sub-machine-gun drawn and ready as she tumbles out...

OUTSIDE LISA'S CAR

Falling in the snow beside Lisa's car, Annie lets loose with a couple short BURSTS OF HER MP-5...

Nick falls in beside her...has taken Powell's MP-5 sub-machine-gun...the other night-vision goggles...begins to RETURN FIRE as bullets SNAP and PING all around in the darkness!

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Get back in the car!

NICK
They'll keep shooting whether or not I'm in the car!

Annie is busy removing the extra ammo clips from Powell's holster as Joe falls in beside them. He has a 45-AUTOMATIC PISTOL...

JOE
Your friend's hit bad!

Joe, Annie and Nick EXCHANGE FIRE with the unseen enemy in the darkness...

NICK

We're pinned down!

ANNIE

Nick! Take the car and get everyone back to the plane! It's just up the road on the right across an ice field.

NICK

I'm not leaving you here!

ANNIE

Don't argue with me Nick! They can't find Air Force One! You know that! Now take the car and go! Go now! I'll cover for you!

Nick knows she's right.

NICK

I'll be back!

ANNIE

Just stay there!

Annie loads a fresh clip and rolls off and away into some brush...

JOE

We sure ain't got broads like that back where *I* come from!

We hear more modern sounding short BURSTS OF FIRE from Annie's H-K somewhere in the darkness...

NICK

Go!

INSIDE LISA'S CAR

Joe scrambles into the back seat with the wounded Powell while Nick and Lisa jump in front...Lisa takes the driver's seat...Nick puts the night-vision goggles on her head, she jams the accelerator and the CAR LURCHES OFF...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - NIGHT

Jackson watches two groups of heavily armed Secret Service agents rush past him toward the rear, and sees another couple agents have posted themselves front access to the press section of the aircraft...

Still another couple of agents still in their ties and jackets hustle from row to row sliding closed the plastic window covers and turning off the OVERHEAD READING LIGHTS...

Mark peers out the window into the darkness of night...a Secret Service agent's hand comes in...slides the window cover shut in his face.

Suddenly the main overhead lighting FLICKERS OFF...leaving only the AISLE FLOOR RUNNING LIGHTS. Julie hustles past him...

JACKSON

What's the deal? Jules?

JULIE

(rushed)

Nothing. It's night. Get some sleep.

JACKSON

Seriously?

EXT. FOREST/PINE TREES - NIGHT

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS from beneath the soft branches of a large pine, Annie SHOTS...then loads another clip...SHOTS some more...then rolls off...moving position at each burst...her training obvious as she draws the confused German soldiers in all directions. They've certainly never faced anything like her modern tactics...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - NIGHT

Lisa's car arrives next to the huge tarp-covered Air Force One. Agents wave for her to drive beneath the tarp...

Nick jumps out with Joe and Lisa...who both look at the massive airship with awe...

JOE

Christ.

Nick starts frantically removing Powell's transmitter...shirt-cuff radio and earpiece...fumbling with it as he jams the earpiece in his ear...then slings the H-K over his shoulder...

AGENT #2

Where are you going!?

NICK

Annie's still out there!

AGENT #2

(to another agent)

Go with him!

NICK

No! She told you to stay here and secure the plane!

Nick slams the night-vision headset onto his head...straddles the second snowmobile...GUNS THE ENGINE...is off into the darkness on the snowmobile in a PLUME of snow...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/EMS ALCOVE - NIGHT

The wounded Powell is hustled in by agents as another un-stows the folding OPERATING TABLE...

The chaotic, frantic sight is watched by Joe and Lisa...

The expertly trained agents quickly deploy an I-V while another quickly strips Powell's shirt. Powell begins to convulse...a painful sight. The EMS trained agents try to stabilize him as Norris rushes in...catches sight of Joe. His eyes widen...

President Gray comes in...sees Joe and a look of confused shock sweeps his face...

PRESIDENT GRAY
(whispers)
Jesus Christ...

Norris comes in...

NORRIS
How bad is it? Where's Nick?

Gray says nothing. Norris follows President Gray's locked gaze to Joe as he watches the commotion with Lisa beside him...

NORRIS (CONT'D)
Who are they?

Gray says nothing...

NORRIS (CONT'D)
Mister President?
(afterthought)
Why do I think I know him?

PRESIDENT GRAY
(shock)
Because you *do*.

NORRIS
Really? Who is he?

PRESIDENT GRAY
My father.

NORRIS
(confused)
Come again?

PRESIDENT GRAY

My father. It's *him*. Younger...but that's my father.

NORRIS

He *does* kind of look like him...

Gray steps off from a confused Norris toward Joe and Lisa and extends his hand to Joe...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(Joe)

I'm Ross.

JOE

(offers hand
suspiciously)

Joe.

Gray manages to conceal his reaction.

JOE (CONT'D)

This your airplane? Never seen anything like this before.

PRESIDENT GRAY

No...I don't suppose so.

Norris steps beside him and puts out his hand to Joe...

NORRIS

General Vernon Norris.

Joe studies Norris' obviously unfamiliar uniform...

JOE

General of what?

Amid the other commotion, there's a long moment where none of these men seem to know what to say. Finally Gray grips Norris' arm and draws him aside...away from Joe and Lisa...

NORRIS

What the hell's going on here?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Vernon--

(looks at Joe)

That man...*that man is definitely my father*...In his early twenties I'd say.

NORRIS

But...how is that even possible?

Gray pulls Vernon back toward Joe and Lisa again...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(notices Lisa)

Take them back to my stateroom as
inconspicuously as possible.

NORRIS

(hesitant)

Right. Yes sir.

Norris motions for a couple Secret Service agents to come over while Joe's gaze lingers on the medical efforts. Norris walks over beside him.

JOE

(concern)

Krauts are still out there you know.

NORRIS

(to Joe)

We'll handle it, don't worry. These men are going to take you somewhere where you can sit down.

The Secret Service agent we saw outside comes up to President Gray...

AGENT #2

Nick's still out there.

PRESIDENT GRAY

What?

AGENT #2

He took the other snowmobile before we could stop him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Nick ZOOMS through the trees on the snowmobile...night-vision goggles on his face as the vehicle kicks up PLUMES of snow at each weaving between the trees...

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAINS, NORWAY - NIGHT

Annie...holed up in a secluded position...peers through the night-vision scope on her H-K...sees the German soldiers searching for her...trudging aimlessly through the deep snow shafting their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS and YELLING to each other...

NICK (V.O.)

(over earpiece)

Annie! Where are you?

She sees the SHAFTING HEADLIGHT from Nick's snowmobile bouncing down the opposing hillside in the darkness...

Looking through her night-vision goggles...sees it's Nick on the snowmobile. A GLOWING RED INDICATOR GLOWS ABOVE HIS HEAD indicating him as a "friendly."

ANNIE

(into radio)

Nick you're heading *right toward those soldiers!*

NICK (V.O.)

(over radio)

I'm almost there. Just hold on.

ANNIE

(whispers into shirt-cuff radio)

No! Nick! Turn around and go back right now!

Annie quickly takes aim through her H-K SCOPE...

The bright tiny RED PINPOINT of the LASER dances on the helmet of one of the GERMAN SOLDIERS...

POP! Annie SHOOTS...he's down.

The other soldiers react instantly and in a confusing manner...opening FIRE in all directions...as they cannot see in the dark...

POP! Annie drops ANOTHER SOLDIER...

MACHINE GUN FIRE! Annie bounces backwards...having been RAKED in the chest by an approaching GERMAN SOLDIER!

WOUNDED, Annie struggles for her weapon lost in the snow and darkness!

The soldier FIRES again!

BULLETS STRIKE VICIOUSLY across Annie's torso! Nick sees this as he races toward her...

NICK

NO!

Nick aims and SHOOTS his H-K sub-machine-gun...ZAPS the NAZI soldier off his feet with a BURST OF BULLETS!

Nick jumps off the snowmobile to fall next to the grievously wounded Annie laying in the snow...

NICK (CONT'D)

(sees how bad she's wounded)

Annie! Sweet Jesus! Oh God no!

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Agent Morgan's hit!

ANNIE
(gasping, fading)
I told you...to stay...at the plane...

NICK
(attempts to move her)
Annie...stay with me Annie! I'm going
to get you back! Look at me! Stay
with me Annie!
(into radio)
Hurry up for God's sake!

Annie weakly reaches up with her hand...touches his face...with a half-smile through her pain...and that's it. Her smile fades and her hand falls limp as he cradles her in the cold snowy darkness...

NICK (CONT'D)
(devastated)
Annie...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - NIGHT

In the DARKNESS of the dimly lit Press Corps seating, Jackson pulls out his CELLULAR PHONE...tries it...NO SERVICE.

Julie comes walking by quickly...

JACKSON
Did I hear gunfire? What the hell's
going on, Jules?

Julie doesn't break pace...pushes on by...

JULIE
(curt)
Not now Mark.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

President Gray, Natalie, GARRETT, Norris, Fields, Mathison, Potter...all sit around the conference table quietly.

Nick still emotionally drained from losing Annie, has her BLOOD on his clothes.

NORRIS
Well...that pretty is all we know.

JULIE
(coming in)
What do we know?

NICK

That it's 1943 and we're right in the middle of German-occupied Norway.

JULIE

I'm sorry--say *what*?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Sit down Julie.

Julie sits in the empty chair next to Garrett.

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

(to her, everyone)

There's more--and it doesn't go beyond this room. That man...the man that came back with that woman...he's my father.

NATALIE

Ross?

PRESIDENT GRAY

It's true.

A blanket of silence hushes the room, Garrett speaks up for the first time, drawing everybody's gaze with his blunt remark...

GARRETT

(hesitant)

I'm sorry...are we talking about time travel here?

Everybody looks at President Gray...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Okay, look...I don't know what happened...or *how*...and honestly it's just not the most important thing right now. What is--is that we've already lost two people. We *need to focus*. How we get this plane off the ground and out of danger. We can figure out everything else after that.

NATALIE

And go where?

Everybody is silent again...

FIELDS

I can temporarily repair the fuselage with some pop-rivets.

(MORE)

FIELDS (CONT'D)

It'll take a few hours. Engine number two is out of commission. And even when we do finish what repairs we can...and even if we can take off...it'll be slow going.

BARNHARDT

I'll need to tap some of your fuel too...with all the flying around I've been doing.

FIELDS

We have a fueling wand.

NORRIS

What about Nick's fighter.

NICK

The Germans have it now most likely. They were all over it.

GARRETT

I'm no expert on...time travel and whatnot...but the Nazi's with the world's most advanced jet fighter sounds bad.

NICK

Barnhardt can fly in...take it out.

GARRETT

It won't be totally destroyed. What's left could be studied...reverse engineered.

NORRIS

He's right. There can't be *anything* left.

There is a long quiet pause, finally broken by President Gray's firm voice...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Alright, first things first. Tom...you and your crew get us off this mountain before we're discovered. The rest of you help out where you can. Again, none of what we've talked about leaves this room.

NORRIS

You heard the President.

Everyone is up and into action...

Nick lingers. Natalie sees this and soon they are the only two in the room. She walks over to her son and puts a hand on his shoulder...

NATALIE

I'm sorry, Nick. I really am.

NICK

I should have never left her out there, Mom.

Natalie hands him the wrapped package Annie was given at Arlington with Nick's name on it.

NATALIE

Medics found this in her pocket. Has your name on it. I guess she was going to give it to you.

Nick takes the package, recognizes it.

With a last tender touch on his shoulder, Natalie leaves Nick alone with his thoughts...

After a moment he takes the package out of the plastic envelope and unwraps it...

It's an IPHONE, VERY WORN WITH AGE AND USE...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

President Gray approaches a couple Secret Service agents standing by the closed door to the Presidential quarters...

All of them look somewhat disheveled and beat up...one sports a bruised jaw...which he rubs...

PRESIDENT GRAY

What happened?

AGENT #1

He got a little upset.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(sarcastic)

You going to be okay?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

The door opens and President Gray comes in with the bruised Secret Service agent...who stands particularly alert...

Joe stands...his hands HANDCUFFED behind his back...looking at a piece of paper on a table with the Presidential Seal on it while Lisa sits quietly...

JOE
(angry)
What's the deal guy?

PRESIDENT GRAY
(to agent)
Take those off.

The unnerved agent hesitates...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)
Do it.

The agent goes over, unlocks and removes the handcuffs holding Joe's hands behind his back. Joe eyes him warily as he rubs his wrists...

JOE
(to agent)
How's the knee?

The agent gives Joe a bland but suspicious smirk...

PRESIDENT GRAY
(to agent)
Leave us alone.
(before agent can
speak)
I'll be fine.

The agent hesitantly backs out the door and closes it...almost...leaving it open just a crack...

JOE
What the hell's *wrong* with you people?
Using cattle prods on people? Locking
us up? Handcuffing us?

President Gray gathers his words carefully...

PRESIDENT GRAY
I'm very sorry--

JOE
Look, you're *obviously* American.
And all this--this--Flash Gordon,
Buck Rogers bullshit? What's that
all about? I ain't never seen anything
like this plane.

PRESIDENT GRAY
Yes. I know.
(MORE)

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

(prepares, just says
it)

Because--this plane and all of us
onboard--we're from the future. About
seventy years or so.

Joe's eyebrows raise the same way they did earlier with Nick.

JOE

(sarcastic)

Why didn't you just say so?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Right.

JOE

Well? Just what the hell do you expect
me to say to that?

PRESIDENT GRAY

I honestly don't know. Just imagine
it from our side.

JOE

You imagine it.

President Gray studies the man that will one day be his
father...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(methodical)

Your name is Joseph Nathan Gray.
Your wife's name is Helen. You met
her during flight training.

(hesitates)

Right before you shipped out, she
got pregnant so you got married--

Joe's face creases anger...

JOE

Hey! *Nobody* knows that! Not even
her *parents!* Who the hell are you
people?

The Secret Service agent is quickly in--with back-up this
time--and holding a TASER--

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Agent)

You shock me with that thing again
and I'm going to take it and shove
it up your ass!

Gray waves them off--and they cautiously retreat back through the door once again--this time not closing it at all.

PRESIDENT GRAY

We're not your enemy.

JOE

Says who?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Doesn't the fact that I know so much about you--more even than your own country does--doesn't that tell you something?

JOE

Sure. It tells me my ass is in a sling. Even so, *why tell me?* What's your angle?

PRESIDENT GRAY

No angle. I just need you to *trust* me.

JOE

Let us go. *Then* I'll trust you.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Look--I have *two people dead*. The longer we're stuck here, the more danger we're in. We could use your help actually.

JOE

Me? And just how in the hell am I supposed to help you? *I can't even help myself and you all can't seem to help yourselves!*

PRESIDENT GRAY

Well--for starters--we have to get my--

(catches himself)

...get Nick's fighter plane back.

JOE

Why do you even need my help? Seems to me you already know the future. You know more than *everyone*. Heck, if that's not enough, then you're in deeper shit than I thought.

Gray is silent for a long time. Then he turns around and opens the door wider...

PRESIDENT GRAY
Fine. You're free to go.

JOE
(suspicious)
Right.

PRESIDENT GRAY
Go on.

JOE
Why the change of heart?

PRESIDENT GRAY
Like you said, I already know the
future. I know who you are and that
you're on our side. That's good enough
for me.
(to Agent)
Instruct your men to let them leave
as soon as it's safe.

JOE
I don't get it.

PRESIDENT GRAY
You don't have to.

President Gray waves once again at the agent as he starts
from the room...

JOE
Hey!

Gray turns back--

JOE (CONT'D)
What the hell guy?

PRESIDENT GRAY
Good luck.

President Gray turns to go again--Joe raises his voice--

JOE
Fine. She might be able to help.

LISA
(shock)
Joe!

Gray turns back...

JOE
Doll, look what they already know.
Huh?

LISA
(urgent)
Joe you *must not!*

JOE
(indicates Lisa)
She works for the head Kraut in town.

PRESIDENT GRAY
(Lisa)
You're German?

LISA
(affronted)
I'm *Norwegian*.

JOE
She's with the Norwegian resistance.

LISA
(quickly)
No!

JOE
Relax doll--

LISA
Stop calling me that!

PRESIDENT GRAY
How did you end up working for the Germans?

LISA
It was either that or die.

JOE
She has access to all communication in and out to the German High Command.

PRESIDENT GRAY
Why all of a sudden are you just volunteering all this?

JOE
Because I figure despite all the fancy Buck Rogers I see here, it's just you against the entire Kraut army. I stay with you, I'm dead. I'm captured by them? I'm dead. Either way I'm dead. Whether or not I believe you doesn't matter, so why the hell not help?

PRESIDENT GRAY
Thanks for the vote of confidence.
(MORE)

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

(to Lisa)

Do you think you could find out where they took Nick's plane?

LISA

(relents)

Yes. It is possible.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Norris watches a technician listening to what sounds like old MORSE CODE...

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

Enigma code.

(on their looks)

It's an app.

He shows them his iPHONE, then launches an APP. He sets the iPhone next to the speaker. Soon it begins to live translate and DISPLAY TEXT ON-SCREEN...IN GERMAN.

NORRIS

Nice. Now if only we spoke *German*.

The tech manipulates the iPhone app and the text continues to scroll in English...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Nicely done.

President Gray comes in with Nick, Joe and Lisa...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

We're listening in on all the German military traffic.

PRESIDENT GRAY

On that? Anything about Nick's fighter?

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

No.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Keep listening. Anything you think is important, interrupt whatever I'm doing.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #1

Yes sir, mister President.

PRESIDENT GRAY
(to Norris, indicating
Lisa)
We have to get her home.

NORRIS
Right now?

PRESIDENT GRAY
She has to show up at work tomorrow.

NORRIS
Can't she just call in sick?

PRESIDENT GRAY
She's our only chance of finding
Nick's plane.

Nick has overheard the conversation.

NICK
I'll do it. I'll go. I'll take her.

NORRIS
(snaps at Nick)
Pardon me for stating the *obvious*--
but *you're* the reason we ran out
there in the *first* place--not to
mention lost two lives in the process.

NICK
(snaps right back)
I know what happened out there.
(calmer)
How's she going to stay in contact?
I know the way. I'll take a radio.
Besides, I'm the only one who can
fly it.

NORRIS
If we find it.

PRESIDENT GRAY
Okay.

EXT. LISA'S HOME - NIGHT

We see Lisa's car parked in the darkness as a few FLURRIES OF
SNOW swirl...

In the darkness by Lisa's car, Nick busily covers up the
snowmobile left there earlier with a TARP. He notices several
BULLET HOLES in Lisa's car as he inserts his RADIO EARPIECE...

NICK
(into wrist radio)
Nick to Air Force One.

AF1 TACTICAL OFFICER #2 (V.O.)
(over radio)
Air Force One. Go ahead Nick.

Nick opens the door and goes inside...

INT. LISA'S HOME/FIREPLACE - NIGHT

Nick walks in...shuts the door...stomps the snow off his feet as he continues talking...

NICK
(into wrist radio)
We ran into another checkpoint.
Fortunately they knew who Lisa was--
but the whole area's crawling with
German soldiers.

He walks to the CRACKLING fire...takes off his coat and warms his hands. Lisa comes in...she carries a BLANKET in her arms.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)
(over radio)
Copy that. Stay safe.

NICK
(into wrist radio)
Out.

Nick pulls the earpiece from his ear...un-clips and sets the radio on the mantle. He notices Lisa standing with the blanket...

NICK (CONT'D)
Doubt I'll get much sleep...but
thanks.

Nick notes the MANTLE CLOCK reads just after midnight and begins to set his watch as Lisa sets the blankets on the couch by the fireplace.

LISA
Well, it is late. Good night.

Lisa starts off as Nick finds himself lost deep in thought for a few moments...

LISA (CONT'D)
I am sorry about the woman. You were
lovers?

NICK

(quiet)

She was too smart to waste her time
with someone like me.

Lisa says nothing...turns to leave...

NICK (CONT'D)

What makes you think that we were
lovers?

LISA

It was obvious.

NICK

How'd you get involved in the
resistance?

LISA

My father. He was part of the
resistance. He was captured and
executed for it.

NICK

I'm sorry. Not to ask the obvious
question--but how come they don't
suspect you?

LISA

When he was arrested two years ago,
I denounced him. It was *his* idea.

NICK

Which is why the Germans trust you.

LISA

Good night.

And with that she continues out...leaving Nick thinking...the
GLOW from the fire FLICKERING on his face...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PART ONE