

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

A Two-Part Mini-series

PART TWO

by  
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RETURN TO:

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TITLE ON BLACK:

1943

FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORIA TERRACE/GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, OSLO - MORNING

*Victoria Terrace*...an old ornate building with a HUGE RED AND BLACK SWASTIKA FLAG draped above the entrance...

INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

GERMAN MILITARY OFFICERS and other support PERSONNEL mill about the hallways...

Lisa enters the hallway carrying a couple FOLDERS AND PAPERS and walks down the corridor...

COLONEL HOELL (O.S.)  
Frauline Kantner.

She turns to face COLONEL HOELL...a sternly suspicious angular man in his late forties...sharply dressed in a snappy black S.S. uniform...

LISA  
(calmly)  
Good morning herr Oberst.

Hoell walks to her...

COLONEL HOELL  
I wish to apologize for the intrusion last night. The corporal had no idea he had invaded the home of my personal secretary.  
(smiles)  
I assure you he was reprimanded.

LISA  
It was nothing, Herr Oberst. Do not concern yourself.

COLONEL HOELL  
(changing subject)  
There are some very important men arriving from Berlin this afternoon. They are coming here especially to meet with me.

LISA  
Indeed, herr Oberst?

COLONEL HOELL

(proud of himself)

Those soldiers who came to your house last night? They were searching for an Allied pilot we shot down. Unfortunately while we did not capture the pilot--but we *did* capture his plane.

(whispers)

It is like nothing I have ever seen before. It is being guarded at a secret building at Norsk Hydro.

(pride)

The Fuhrer has sent top men from Berlin.

(smiles)

I will likely be promoted and reassigned to Berlin. I plan to take my personal secretary with me.

LISA

You are most kind, Herr Oberst.

COLONEL HOELL

You will go to the airport and escort these men to their hotel. I will arrive as soon as I can. After dinner we shall go up to Norsk Hydro to inspect it.

(afterthought)

You will join us of course.

LISA

Thank you, Herr Oberst. It is not necessary--

COLONEL HOELL

(smiles)

Necessary? It is my pleasure.

(clicks heels)

Frauline.

He turns, starts to walk off. Lisa turns, starts to walk...

COLONEL HOELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Frauline Kantner?*

She freezes, turns to him...

COLONEL HOELL (CONT'D)

I forgot to tell you...you will be comforted to know that we captured three resistance operatives at the train station last night.

(smiles)

They were shot of course.

Lisa barely manages to control a deep emotional reaction to his news...

LISA

But Herr Oberst--I fear where you have found *three* spies, there are a hundred more you *haven't* found.

The smile leaves Hoell's face...and with another click of heels...he is off.

INSIDE OFFICE

Lisa quickly heads into the inner office and falls into the chair of her desk and breathing heavily she puts her face into her hands for a few moments...pulls away to notice that her hands are SHAKING. She takes a couple of deep breaths to regain her composure, then looks at the TELEPHONE on her desk...

INT. LISA'S HOME - DAY

The VINTAGE TELEPHONE RINGS as Nick hesitates, then finally decides picks it up to his ear...

NICK

(into phone)

Ya?

LISA (V.O.)

(over phone)

*You must never answer the telephone!*

NICK

(into phone)

But it works.

LISA (V.O.)

(over phone)

Yes, of course it does.

NICK

(into phone)

But you said the bombing...

LISA (V.O.)

(over phone)

I was lying. I did not know who you were. This is not important now. I know something about your plane.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/GLACIER FIELD - DAY

Just beneath the edge of the CAMOUFLAGE TARP covering Air Force One, two of the LOOKOUT AGENTS on post with binoculars

methodically scan the skies and glacier expanse in all directions...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

President Gray on the radio with Nick as Norris, Julie and Joe look on. Norris scrutinizes the map display...

NORRIS

(studies map)

Looks like some sort of power plant.

JOE

It is. Norsk Hydro. Makes sense they'd take it there. It's guarded like Fort Knox.

BARNHARDT

(studies map)

Which building is it in?

PRESIDENT GRAY

(into radio)

Do you know which building?

NICK (V.O.)

(over radio)

Lisa said she doesn't know.

PRESIDENT GRAY

We can't just blow up an entire hydroelectric plant in the middle of winter.

JOE

If you don't, the Allies will.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Sorry?

JOE

The Allies are planning to bomb that plant tomorrow night.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Tomorrow night?

JOE

That's why I'm here. I'm coordinating with the resistance.

(afterthought)

They'll most likely destroy that plane *for* you.

NORRIS

But what if they don't? Can we risk  
the world's most advanced fighter  
jet in the hands of Nazi Germany?

President Gray and Norris look at each other with knowing  
looks...

PRESIDENT GRAY

I guess we're going to have to go in  
there then. Take care of it ourselves.

JOE

There's half a division protecting  
that place.

PRESIDENT GRAY

This Allied air strike: What time  
tomorrow night?

JOE

Sometime after midnight.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Are we even equipped to mount a team  
to do something like this?

NORRIS

I'll talk to the Secret Service.

NICK (V.O.)

(over radio)

Can I say something?

PRESIDENT GRAY

(into radio)

Go ahead Nick.

NICK (V.O.)

(over radio)

Lisa says this Colonel Hoell has  
never met anyone from this group  
from Berlin. Nobody has any idea  
what they look like--and Hoell put  
her in charge of picking them up and  
taking them to the hotel. We *could*  
be there waiting for them--then some  
of us take their uniforms--pretend  
to be them.

NORRIS

That's awfully high-concept Nick.  
Not to mention none of us here speak  
German.

PRESIDENT GRAY

I do actually. I'm a bit rusty but I could probably get by.

NORRIS

You can't be serious.

JOE

I do too.

(a shrug)

Not something I advertise, you know?

JULIE

Jackson speaks German.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Who?

JULIE

Press Corps Jackson.

NORRIS

You sure you want to bring the Press Corps into the loop?

JULIE

Just him.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Get him.

EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, OSLO - DAY

INSIDE LISA'S CAR

Parked outside the swastika bannered brick building in Lisa's car--trying to look as inconspicuous as possible--Nick waits, slouched down in the seat...

SUDDENLY he notices two GERMAN SOLDIERS looking at him curiously. They finally decide to approach the car...

NICK

Aww no--really? *Great.*

The LEAD TROOPER stops by his window--taps. Nick rolls it down and the trooper chatters to him in German. Nick is barely maintaining his composure--responding with a couple "ya's."

Beneath his seat--out of view--Nick fingers anxiously at the stock of one of the Secret Service sub-machine-guns...

The trooper barks a couple more times at him in German--apparently fascinated with the bullet holes in the exterior.

LISA (O.S.)  
*Aufmerksamkeit! Er ist mit mir!*

Nick spots his Lisa coming down the steps from the building door. The troopers immediately recognize her--back off apologetically.

For a few moments the troopers and Lisa CHATTER IN GERMAN while Nick watches anxiously...

ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP BEHIND THEM and Colonel Hoell gets out with a couple of other sharply dressed GERMAN OFFICERS.

Nick nervously watches as Hoell walks over to Lisa and the troopers beside him in the car. Hoell waves the soldier away and Lisa and Hoell chatter for a couple moments--Lisa gestures at Nick...

Hoell leans down to look in the window at Nick--says something to him in German and extends his hand to shake. Nick reaches and they shake as Nick looks expectantly at Lisa...

LISA (CONT'D)  
 (in German, translated)  
 He doesn't speak German Herr Oberst.

Hoell is back chattering in German with Lisa again. Finally they part and Lisa gets in the car and closes the door.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 Move over.

Nick scoots over--lets her take the wheel. She GUNS the engine--drives off. Nick looks back to see Hoell fading into the distance...

NICK  
 Who was *that*?

LISA  
 (driving)  
 My boss.

NICK  
 What did he say to me?

LISA  
 He was congratulating you.

NICK  
 For what?

LISA  
 I told him you are my fiancee--that you are in town visiting me.

NICK

*Fiancee?*

(smiles)

This is all so sudden.

Lisa ignores his joke--just keeps driving as Nick takes another look back...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK on the door as President Gray sits quietly...

The door is opened by one of the Secret Service Agents. Joe peers in. President Gray nods "yes" to the agent...who allows Joe to enter...

President Gray studies the man who will become his father...

JOE

Hope I'm not intruding.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Not at all.

JOE

How's the planning going?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Well, crazy isn't so crazy when there's no other choice.

JOE

I hear that.

(hesitates)

There's something I probably need to mention--in case things go bad.

PRESIDENT GRAY

You're not much for pep talks are you?

JOE

Never been good at wishful thinking. The product of growing up on a farm in Nebraska I guess.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Please--sit down.

Joe sits as President Gray listens.

JOE

You obviously know pretty much everything about me, but just in

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

case it matters--I'm not exactly here by accident--well who's telling who that? What I mean is I didn't really crash--not exactly.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Well, it did occur to me that you're far too good a pilot to have crashed. Coming from one pilot--former pilot--to another.

JOE

You flew?

PRESIDENT GRAY

I did. Flew combat missions much like you. Anyway--you were saying?

JOE

I was recruited and trained by the O.S.S. for special missions. My cover as a pilot is perfect because I really *am* a pilot. I've been shuttling information and intelligence between the Allies and the Norwegian Resistance. I tag along with a squadron from the 8th. My fighter is rigged with explosives, so when the triple-A starts, I arm it and punch out. My plane crashes looking like it was shot down. Then I do what I gotta do and get the hell out. If things go badly and I'm caught--well, I'm just another Allied pilot in a P.O.W. camp.

PRESIDENT GRAY

I'm guessing Lisa is your contact here.

JOE

She's more than that. Her boss-- Colonel Hoell--I'm after some papers Lisa made me aware of when I came through last time. About what's going on up at that plant. O.S.S. realized that if the bombing is successful...it might destroy any intelligence on the program the Nazis have going on there. I have to get those documents out before the air strike.

PRESIDENT GRAY

The heavy water experiments. The nuclear program.

JOE

Right. We're winning and we know it,  
but we can use every break along the  
way. I need to go along with your  
team.

President Gray studies Joe's face...

PRESIDENT GRAY

I'll talk to Norris.

JOE

Thanks. Well that's all I had.

Joe stands, turns and walks toward the door, pausing...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Can I ask you a question?

Joe turns...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

Water under the bridge, but, what  
was it that made you trust me?

JOE

(smiles)  
I know who you are.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(caught off-guard)  
You do?

JOE

Sure enough.

Joe picks up a GLASS with the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL on it, holds  
it up.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(smiles)  
When did you know?

JOE

The way everyone is around you.

PRESIDENT GRAY

I would have just up and told you,  
but honestly, this is my first time  
travel experience.

JOE

Mine too, guy.

Joe sets the glass down...

JOE (CONT'D)

You know, I knew when I signed on to this business, if I fell, I'd fall alone and unknown. It wasn't about medals and all that. I just wanted to make a difference.

Joe smiles, heads out. President Gray watches thoughtfully after him...

EXT. OSLO STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa's car drives through a narrow street...

INSIDE LISA'S CAR

Lisa abruptly stops the car.

NICK

What is it?

We see a CANVAS COVERED MILITARY TRUCK being loaded up with LOCALS...helpless and worried looking MEN and WOMEN...even CHILDREN. They are being carefully monitored by a bunch of GERMAN SOLDIERS...

LISA

Jews.

The sudden harsh historic reality ambushes Nick.

One of the PATROL SOLDIERS approaches Lisa's window and she hands him some official PAPERS, which he studies suspiciously, then walks off to an OFFICER to confer...

Nick notices an OLD MAN getting the rough business from a couple of GERMAN SOLDIERS...who shove him to the ground.

Nick reaches for the door handle...Lisa grabs him...

LISA (CONT'D)

(sharp)

No! There is *nothing* you can do!

NICK

The hell there's not...

LISA

No! You cannot! That is *one old man!*  
*One old man is not worth a hundred!*

NICK

(incredulous)

What the *hell* kind of excuse is *that*?

Nick is just about to make another move when Lisa jams her pistol into his side...

LISA

*This is not your fight!*

NICK

*Lisa those people are going to be killed.*

LISA

*You think I don't know this!? I risk my life everyday! All of us in the resistance do! The world abandoned us three years ago! Soon you will be gone as well! But we will still be here! You want to save one old man and a child! I want to save thousands of old men and children! I want to save my country! Choices must be made! This is war!*

NICK

Look...I'm sorry.

LISA

(calmer, emotional)

Last night three resistance fighters were shot at the train station. They were good friends. I must pretend not to know them to protect the rest of us so we can continue to fight.

One of the soldiers walks back and Lisa conceals the pistol. He hands back her papers and waves them on...

Lisa says nothing, guns the engine and drives. Nick locks eyes with the old man as they pass by, then studies Lisa's face with new-found respect...

LISA (CONT'D)

Stop looking at me like that.

INT. FORNEBU AIRPORT, OSLO - AFTERNOON

A heavy presence of GERMAN SOLDIERS throughout the airport terminal...

Nick looks around casually...spots Lisa approaching...

LISA

(whispers)

They are right behind me. Do not talk. Say "ya" if anyone...

NICK

(finishes)

...starts talking to me. Yeah...Joe already prepped me on the whole "ya" thing. You're not going to punch me too are you?

Three high-ranking German officers approach. Typical looking...they are MAJOR SCHMIDTHUBER, CAPTAIN HEIDEL and COLONEL VRIES...all in their mid-to-late 50's and dressed impeccably in their snappy NAZI uniforms...

LISA

(indicates Nick)

Major Schmidhuber...my fiancee, Herr Gray.

Schmidhuber turns to Nick, SNAPS heels...

MAJOR SCHMIDTHUBER

Herr Gray. Congratulations.

Nick offers his hand to shake...which Lisa immediately takes as if to hold it affectionately...

LISA

I'm afraid Herr Gray doesn't speak German.

MAJOR SCHMIDTHUBER

(indicating)

This is Captain Heidel, Oberst Vries.

Heidel and Vries CLICK their heels...

LISA

(indicates to follow)

Please follow me gentlemen.

The group starts walking through the terminal...

MAJOR SCHMIDTHUBER

The Führer is most anxious for a report. Please tell Colonel Hoell we would like to see the aircraft as soon as possible.

LISA

The Colonel sends his regards, but unfortunately he is detained. He wishes for you to join him for dinner this evening before going to the plant.

MAJOR SCHMIDTHUBER

Most kind.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - TWILIGHT

Norris coordinates with some Secret Service agents who carry some stuff into ANOTHER CAR. Colonel Fields watches from the cargo door as President Gray comes out...

Fields walks over to President Gray...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Tom, listen to me...if things go bad, I want you and Barnhardt to get these people out of here to safety. Priority one. No rescue missions. If we're not back by zero-hour, we're not *coming* back. My advice would be to get to somewhere remote and out of the way--Greenland or Canada maybe--use your judgment.

FIELDS

Yes, sir Mister President. Good luck.

PRESIDENT GRAY

You too Tom.

A firm handshake and Fields heads off leaving President Gray and Norris...

NORRIS

Everything's set. We'll see you at the hotel.

President Gray notices Natalie standing further inside the cargo deck. Fields is off--passing Natalie on the way.

President Gray gathers himself--walks to her...

NATALIE

Be careful, Ross.

PRESIDENT GRAY

I will.

NATALIE

You'd *better*.

The two embrace for an eternity that isn't long enough...

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Come back to me.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Be here when I come back.

Joe appears...watches for a few moments. They part...Joe walks up and the two head toward Norris...the team and the car.

Natalie watches from just inside the cargo bay door.

With a last look at each other over the car roof, President Gray gets into the car...

EXT. OSLO VISTA - TWILIGHT

THE LAST LINGERING RAYS OF FADING SUNLIGHT skip across the cold stark wintery landscape...

EXT. GRAND HOTEL/OSLO - NIGHT

The stately building is fairly busy with both civilians and NAZI officers arriving by car etc.

INT. GRAND HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

As before...but now almost everyone is present except for Norris.

Several Secret Service AGENTS busy themselves--checking their weapons and equipment...

President Gray, Joe and Jackson are fully dressed in the NAZI uniforms taken from the "real" Berlin team.

There's even a ROOM SERVICE CART with well PICKED-OVER FOOD...

Garrett sits busily working with a LAPTOP COMPUTER. On-screen is ADOBE PHOTOSHOP with several windows open revealing SCANNED DOCUMENTS.

A PORTABLE PRINTER WHIRS AWAY, printing out several sheets...

Julie lifts the lid of a SCANNER and removes an official GERMAN DOCUMENT of some sort and sets it aside...

JULIE

That's the last one.

She removes one of the documents from the printer and looks it over...

GARRETT

Those top two are for Jackson.

Julie takes another document from the tray and walks over to where he, President Gray and Joe CHATTER to each other in German--practicing--with Jackson between them like a school teacher--correcting their speech. It's almost comical...

JACKSON

(full of himself)

No, the emphasis is at the end like this...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(sharp)  
*Jackson.*

JACKSON

Sorry mister President.

PRESIDENT GRAY

And please try to remember *not* to  
call me that tonight.

JACKSON

Sure, Ross.

JULIE

You make a very convincing Nazi if I  
might say so.

President Gray smirks at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So which one of our Berlin friends  
are you?

JACKSON

(serious)  
I'm scared shit-less, Jules.

JULIE

I think we might be related.  
(serious)  
Be careful, okay?

Jackson's eyebrows raise at Julie's apparently genuine  
concern...

JULIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't mean we're going steady.

NICK (O.S.)

(announces)  
Okay, everyone...bring it in...

Everyone gathers around a table, which is strewn with  
equipment, maps, etc.

NICK (CONT'D)

(Garrett)  
Everyone got what they need?

GARRETT

Everybody but you.

Garrett hands Nick several documents, which he pockets and  
turns his attention to everyone...

NICK

Okay then. So everybody knows the plan through dinner downstairs.

(points at map)

At some point things will move up to the plant. That's "Red Team" and that's me and Lisa, Joe, Dad and Jackson here pretending to be our Berlin friends in the other room. As soon as we leave for the plant, Barnhardt will begin to ping the comm system on my fighter until I can get a look into the cockpit and key in my diagnostic code. I'll get either a go or no-go code back from Barnhardt. No-go, we paint it and call in Barnhardt to hit it. Go-code, I take off while the rest of "Red Team" evacs as planned.

(nods to Joe)

And, depending on how things progress, there could be some time to kill before the Allied bombing starts, so that means we'll need some sort of distraction.

JOE

(slight smile)

Got it covered. Lisa has told me on more than one occasion our plant commandant has a particular weakness for Vodka and a good game of poker.

Jackson's face lights up.

JACKSON

Poker?

NICK

Good, because that's got to get us to the start of the Allied bombing which will cover our escape.

(to Norris)

General?

NORRIS

(points at map)

The cablecar: it crosses the gorge between the plant and the employee parking lot--that's our evac route...

(looks at watch)

...and that's me and "Blue Team." We'll be in the parking lot and will have secured the base-side cablecar station.

(MORE)

NORRIS (CONT'D)

(to Garrett and Julie)

Julie--you and Garrett--you guys are "White Team." You will stay here in the hotel room and chaparone our friends locked in the bedroom. When you get the "all clear," you all kick it downstairs and wait to be picked up. Don't be late.

(beat)

And that's it. We're all back at Air Force One by two AM for takeoff.

GARRETT

What about Joe and Lisa?

JOE

After this, Lisa's cover is blown so she can't stay anymore. She and I are on a train headed across the Swedish border.

NORRIS

Okay then. Any questions?

Silence and deep thought on the faces of this brave band...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(looks at everyone)

We've been through a lot together. We're about to go through a whole lot more. Let's get this done and get out of here safely.

INT. GRAND HOTEL/RESTAURANT, OSLO - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS trim the elegant, but sparsely POPULATED restaurant dining room of the Grand Hotel.

A LARGE CHRISTMAS TREE glimmers with white lights as a small BAND plays contemporary standards...

At the other end a large fireplace GLOWS warmly with a CRACKLING FIRE...

Group LAUGHTER rises from a table set apart at one end of the room where seated with Hoell are:

Lisa, Nick, Joe, Jackson and President Gray (posing as the Berlin team)...along with a couple NAZI OFFICERS...including COMMANDANT BRAND, a self-important middle-aged man with delusions of grandeur...

There is a constant suspicious expression on Hoell's face as he carefully watches the group, speaking little...

COLONEL HOELL

So...Herr Major...how is Berlin these days? I am told British bombers hit the Reichstag.

JOE

Well thanks for the news flash, Hole.

Joe's (seemingly on purpose) mispronunciation of Hoell's name quietly angers Hoell and draws looks from Gray and Garrett.

COLONEL HOELL

(pressing further)

Apparently it destroyed the High Command's conference room. I suspect that all those poor displaced Generals will find themselves meeting at the Hotel Bismarck on Fredrich Strasse.

JOE

Well I might be inclined to agree with you if the Hotel Bismarck *actually were* on Fredrich Strasse instead of *Karl Gudren* Strasse.

Joe's quick shut-down of Hoell's overt attempt to ensnare him annoys Hoell, but he controls himself...

COLONEL HOELL

(insincere)

My mistake.

JOE

Don't feel bad. I get Hitler and Himmler mixed up all the time.

General laughter...including Nick...who doesn't understand but laughs along anyway...

COMMANDANT BRAND

(getting drunk)

You'll have to excuse the Colonel. He lacks a sense of humor.

Joe is getting along quite well with the animated and perhaps well on his way to being drunk Commandant...

Nick whispers to Lisa...

NICK

(whispers)

Ets-lay anse-day.

LISA

What?

NICK  
(whispers)  
*Dance. Let's dance.*

LISA  
Why?

NICK  
*Because...that's what men and women  
do sometimes--I suspect even here in  
Norway.*  
(firm)  
Just *smile* and give me your hand.

Hoell watches this exchange, temporarily distracted from the group's ongoing conversation...

Nick feigns a smile at Hoell as he takes Lisa's hand firmly and pulls her to her feet...

Nick leads her to the open area where they are the only ones dancing in front of the band. Nick takes her in an uncomfortably close embrace, all the time keeping a carefully choreographed smile toward Hoell and his party...

NICK (CONT'D)  
I can't understand what anybody's saying and it's almost ten. You have to get this party moving along.

LISA  
Me? I cannot. It would be suspicious.

Nick leans in, kisses her on the lips, which surprises her...

LISA (CONT'D)  
Why did you do that?

NICK  
(points up at ceiling)  
Mistletoe.  
(glances at Hoell)  
Kiss me--otherwise Colonel Klink might get suspicious.

LISA  
Who is Colonel Klink?

NICK  
Just *kiss* me already.

LISA  
This often works for you with women?

NICK

We're *supposed* to be *engaged*,  
remember? It was *your* idea.

Lisa prepares herself...leans in...gives him the ever so  
slightest peck on the cheek...

NICK (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Try and control yourself.

He brings her back close...

NICK (CONT'D)

You find me annoying, don't you?

LISA

(deadpan)

Perhaps if I thought about it.

NICK

Funny girl.

LISA

(deadpan)

I was not trying to be funny.

NICK

That's what *makes* it funny.

They continue dancing...

LISA

You spend far too much effort trying  
to make me like you.

NICK

So you're saying you *like* me?

LISA

I said you spend far too much *effort*.

They continue to dance. Lisa seems deep in thought...

LISA (CONT'D)

What will happen after you get your  
plane back? Where will you go?

NICK

If there's a way *here*...there's gotta  
be a way *back*...

(slight smile)

...According to *Star Trek* at least.

LISA  
(confused)  
Star Track?

NICK  
(smiles at her confused  
look)  
You'll find out sometime in the  
sixties.

They dance further. Lisa seems deep in thought...

LISA  
You were right.

NICK  
About what?

LISA  
That old man and those others on the  
street. I should have done something.  
I forget that saving many lives begins  
with saving *one* life.

NICK  
I got caught up in the moment too.  
It's just--I know what happens--  
*happened*--to people like that.

LISA  
I want to ask you so many questions.  
When does this war end? *How* does it  
end? Is there finally peace in the  
world?

NICK  
I wish I could say yes, Lisa.  
Unfortunately even in my time we  
*still* haven't learned from our  
mistakes.

Lisa is deep in thought...

LISA  
Perhaps all of this--you being here--  
here in *this* time--perhaps it is as  
it is *supposed* to be?

NICK  
You mean fate? Divine intervention?  
Destiny? That kind of thing?

She says nothing and they keep dancing close...

NICK (CONT'D)  
I admit, I *have* thought about it.

LISA

I know if I had the chance to go back and change something bad I knew was going to happen, I would. I would do whatever I could. I would not think twice of my decision. You say we don't learn from our mistakes--so why allow them to happen?

He pulls her close and she doesn't resist as she melts into him and they dance close for a few timeless moments on one cold December night in history...

NICK

There *are* things happening, Lisa, right now--terrible--*unbelievable* things I could tell you about--more horrifying than your worst nightmares.

Nick turns her face to him with his hand--looks in her eyes, which are pooled with tears, gleaming back at him...

LISA

And you could put an end to it, Nicholas. You could stop it before it happens. You have the power. It is why you are here.

There seems to be an honest tender moment--something wonderful is happening between them. A kiss is immanent, and not a staged one. Nick puts his hand on Lisa's face and their lips draw closer together...

Joe walks up...

JOE

(under his breath)  
We're going.

After giving them a second-look, Joe is off. Nick and Lisa lock eyes for a few more moments, perhaps imagining the kiss that never happened...

INT. GRAND HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Garrett sit quietly looking through the open bedroom door at their hostages...

The RADIO CRACKLES...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

(over radio)  
Red Team on our way to the plant.

JULIE  
(into radio)  
Copy that.

Julie puts down the radio and they sit in silence...

Garrett fidgets nervously with a PISTOL in his hand...with which it's obvious he's very uncomfortable. He ACCIDENTALLY RELEASES THE CLIP, which ejects and tumbles to the floor. Julie reaches, picks it up, holds her open hand out to Garrett.

GARRETT  
Yeah--why don't you...

Garrett hands over the pistol to Julie, who inserts the clip like she knows what she's doing and cradles it.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
So what's going on with you and Jackson?

JULIE  
Don't make me use this Garrett.  
(afterthought)  
Pack up the computer stuff. I'll check in on our friends one last time.

They are both up and moving about...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/GLACIER FIELD - NIGHT

In the darkness beside Air Force One, Barnhardt is helped up to climb into her cockpit by two Secret Service agents...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHT

Barnhardt adjusts several instruments as she preps. The DIM BLUE GLOW of the avionics reflects off her face visor...

BARNHARDT  
(into radio)  
Tango Two to all teams. I'm pinging Tango One's comm system now. Waiting for system link-up.

FIELDS (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Roger Tango.

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the shadows, Lisa's car sits parked--inside which are Norris and his team of armed Secret Service agents. Norris presses his EARPHONE--listening...

NORRIS

(to agents)

They're on their way here.

Norris and two agents open their doors and get out--walking silently to the cablecar station in the DARKNESS--ducking out of sight of the occasional SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHT SHAFTING from a guard tower across the gorge...

They get to the cablecar station and one of the agents who is dressed in black and wearing a harness--drops a small black knapsack--zips it open and pulls out BLACK RAPPELLING GEAR including NYLON CHORD and D-CARABINER...

After the SPOTLIGHT SHAFTS past again, he quickly climbs up to the heavy cable--hooks on--still concealed behind a large pulley and support column.

He looks down to the other agent who is looking through his night scope atop his rifle...

THROUGH THE NIGHTSCOPE--greatly magnified--a SOLITARY BORED GERMAN SOLDIER posted at the OTHER CABLECAR STATION ACROSS THE GORGE stands guard. Beside the station hangs a motionless GONDOLA.

The agent looking through the scope waves to the other agent and he SWINGS OUT and quickly begins to pull himself across the gorge as a WIND whips through the SINGING cables...

Norris kneels next to the agent holding his rifle scope steady on the German Soldier across the gorge...

EXT. NORSK HYDRO/COMPOUND - NIGHT

TWO CARS roll up to the HEAVILY GUARDED front gate--swept by CROSSING SEARCH-BEAMS FROM TOWERS. They are waved through--then escorted by a SOLDIER on a MOTORCYCLE and ANOTHER in the SIDECAR as one search tower's SPOTLIGHT follows them...

INT. HOELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Sitting silently in one car next to Hoell, Lisa and Nick trade silent looks as they note Hoell's satchel by her feet on the floor.

EXT. NORSK HYDRO/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The cars roll to a stop in front of a 3-story GUARDED warehouse...

Everyone gets out of the cars--Hoell, Brand, President Gray, Nick, Lisa, Joe, Jackson...

INT. NORSK HYDRO/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Spacious and relatively empty and DARK except for some CRATES AND BOXES along the inner wall...

Resting in the center of what could pass for a Hollywood sound stage, Nick's futuristic F-35 fighter with CANOPY RETRACTED is POOL-LIT by OVERHEAD SPOTLIGHTS.

President Gray, Joe and Nick trade glances. On cue, Joe engages the commandant in conversation, while President Gray keeps track of Hoell...

Nick carefully begins to inspect the futuristic aircraft as inconspicuously as possible...

Once around the other side, he sees a small rolling STEP-LADDER and climbs up to look in through the cockpit canopy Plexiglas. Throwing a cautious look over his shoulder, he leans in and keys in a series of numbers on the NUMERIC KEYPAD.

A SMALL GREEN LIGHT ON THE AVIONICS CONSOLE BEGINS TO BLINK...

Nick smiles, quickly steps back down the ladder to the floor...

COLONEL HOELL

(in ENGLISH)

Impressive, no?

Nick turns and almost responds to Hoell--catches himself--pretends not to understand and simply smiles...

JOE (O.S.)

(in ENGLISH)

Your English is not bad, Herr Oberst.

Joe approaches with Brand--diverting Hoell's attention from Nick--but President Gray and Jackson are a bit shocked by Joe's boldness.

JOE (CONT'D)

But your accent is all wrong. You sound like a gangster from New York.

A very tense moment...

COMMANDANT BRAND (O.S.)

(really bad German/New

York accent)

*You dirty rat!*

Joe and Brand continue laughing together while Hoell is increasingly annoyed and suspicious...

President Gray and Nick exchange quiet looks of concern.

JOE

Commandant, Lisa here tells me you're a poker player.

Joe pulls out a BOTTLE of Vodka...

JOE (CONT'D)

I've got *this* if you got a deck of cards.

COMMANDANT BRAND

(in poor English and  
New York accent)

Now they're talking!

JOE

(corrects)

You're talking...Commandant...you're talking. Don't give up your *day* job.

Joe and Brand laugh like old friends as the party makes their way out...

Nick quietly nods his head to his father as they follow...

EXT. NORSK HYDRO/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The group exits the hanger and Nick nods to Lisa...

LISA

Gentlemen--I believe my fiancée and I should like to say good-night. It is late and he is only in town for a short time. I'm sure you gentlemen understand.

COMMANDANT BRAND

(winks, smiles)

But of course, Frauline.

Brand gives Nick a hearty back-slap and laughs...

COMMANDANT BRAND (CONT'D)

Ah, to be young and in love again!

COLONEL HOELL

(snaps heels, to Nick)

Herr Gray.

Nick nods but says nothing.

LISA

Good-night Gentlemen.

Hoell's eyes linger after them suspiciously...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Norris and the agent holding aim on the German Soldier across the gorge with his night-scoped rifle watch quietly...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/BASE - NIGHT

The oblivious German Soldier pulls out a CIGARETTE--LIGHTS IT as he looks bored...

Suddenly the rappelling Secret Service agent DROPS down from above--surprises the German Soldier and quietly knocks him unconscious and drags him inside the cablecar station...

He quickly pulls a large lever which starts the CABLE PULLING ENGINE...

He steps inside the hanging gondola--turns off the overhead LIGHTS in the gondola--jumps back out--presses a control in the station...

THE GONDOLA SWINGS OUT AND BEGINS TO TRAVERSE THE GORGE IN DARKNESS...

The agent turns to look out across the gorge and raises his hand--motioning...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

THROUGH THE NIGHTSCOPE

In the GREEN HUE the agent motions with his hand...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/GLACIER FIELD - NIGHT

In the darkness beside Air Force One, we see the BLUE GLOW OF BARNHARDT'S JET ENGINE...

NORRIS (V.O.)

(over radio)

Blue Team has secured the cablecar station.

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHT

Barnhardt adjusts several instruments--takes the stick firmly--shoves it forward and the futuristic jet ROARS upward into the night...

BARNHARDT

Tango Two's up and on station.

EXT. NORSK HYDRO - NIGHT

As Nick stands outside Hoell's car on lookout, Lisa sits inside snapping photographs with a tiny "spy" camera.

Several documents rest on the seat in a FLASHLIGHT GLOW.

Nick glances at his watch anxiously...

INT. NORSK HYDRO/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Something out of *Where Eagles Dare*--DARK WOOD PANELING EVERYWHERE--WITH A HIGH-CEILING--the conference room is a fairly ornate room with a LARGE FIREPLACE--inside which a FIRE CRACKLES and GLOWS...

At the center, resting on a large spacious deep red PERSIAN RUG is a heavy, long and thick DARK WOOD TABLE SURROUNDED BY TALL-BACK CHAIRS with dark red cushions.

From the rafters at one end, a LARGE WALL FLAG WITH THE NAZI SWASTIKA hangs against the bare STONE WALL.

Our group sits at the table--President Gray, Joe, Jackson, Hoell, Brand.

Joe finishes shuffling CARDS. It's a scene for the ages. A table full of NAZIS are completely oblivious they are sitting with a future U.S. President playing poker. Commandant Brand is well on his way to being drunk...

JOE

Commandant?

Brand mistakes this as an offer to refill his glass...

JOE (CONT'D)

*Cards--Herr Commandant--cards.* How many do you want?

COMMANDANT BRAND

(drunk, loud)

I do not even want *these!*

(sees bottle)

Ah, but *this...*

Brand reaches for the bottle of Vodka Joe brought...

JOE

The Commandant folds...

(Hoell)

Hole?

Hoell just waves him off silently--continues to regard Joe and President Gray suspiciously. His eyes locked on Jackson, who studies his cards...

JOE (CONT'D)

Hole checks.

COLONEL HOELL

(Jackson)

The aircraft in the hanger--herr  
Captain--as one of the Reich's top  
scientists, perhaps you can enlighten  
us on some of the technology?

Jackson is oblivious--keeps studying his cards...

COLONEL HOELL (CONT'D)

Herr Captain?

JACKSON

Huh?

(corrects)

Ya?

JOE

Hole here is asking what you think  
of the captured plane.

JACKSON

(rambles)

Ah...the plane...yes...well of course  
you see it's...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(sharply interrupts)

*Classified.*

(beat)

I'm sure the Colonel understands  
that our mission here is classified  
at the *highest* level.

JACKSON

(shrugs to Hoell)

Right. Classified. Sorry?

Joe tosses in money to raise. Hoell glares at him.

Joe (accidentally on purpose) drops an Ace from his hand onto  
the table for everyone to see...

JOE

(insincere)

Oops. Sorry.

President Gray catches Joe's eye and brings his hand up to  
wipe his nose--shifting his eyes warningly to his wristwatch...

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey there Hole, you want to pass the  
bottle before the commandant there  
drinks it all?

Joe's continued "mispronunciation" of Hoell's name quietly infuriates him. Hoell slowly picks up the Vodka bottle--seems to regard the label momentarily--then sets it in front of Joe--glaring at him...

COLONEL HOELL  
(rising temper)  
*Hoell. My name is pronounced Hoell.*

JOE  
You bet.

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/BASE - NIGHT

Nick and Lisa arrive at the cablecar station where the agent we saw rappelling across the gorge earlier is now dressed in the German Soldier's UNIFORM, and Norris is with him...

NICK  
(whispering)  
The plane's okay. I'm going back.

Norris motions to the German uniformed agent...

NORRIS  
Go with him.

Nick and the agent dressed in the stolen German Soldier's uniform sprint off...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Tango Two to all teams...I've picked up the Allied bombers. My guess is you all have no more than ten minutes.

NORRIS  
(into headset)  
Red Team, Tango Two, copy.

INT. NORSK HYDRO/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

SUDDENLY the DOOR BURSTS OPEN and a group of GERMAN SOLDIERS rush into the room--startling everyone--their machine-guns ready and trained on President Gray, Jackson and Joe!

Joe makes a move to bolt from his chair--Hoell whips out a PISTOL...

COLONEL HOELL  
(sternly loud)  
*Sit down!*

Joe sits back down slowly...

COMMANDANT BRAND

(indignant, drunk)

What is the meaning of this Colonel?

COLONEL HOELL

*This* is not your inspection team  
from Berlin *herr Commandant*. These  
are *spies* sent to sabotage this base.

On Joe's and Ross' reaction. Jackson just sits fearfully  
silent...

COMMANDANT BRAND

*Spies!?*

(to soldiers)

Secure the base!

COLONEL HOELL

(furious, to Brand)

*I* have secured your base, Commandant!  
*You* are *relieved!* *You* are *fortunate*  
*I* do not have you arrested and shot!

(to a Soldier)

Alert the guards! There are two  
others! One is my secretary. She's  
with a man. Bring them both here  
now.

The guard runs out as President Gray's face betrays worry at  
Hoell's last statement.

Hoell grabs something from another of the SOLDIERS--sets it  
on the table in front of Joe with a loud THUD!

JACKSON

What's that?

IT'S NICKS DAMAGED EMERGENCY RADIO he left in the snow at the  
beginning--now with some wires attached...

COLONEL HOELL

(in heavy German  
accented English)

Do you *think* we are *stupid!?*

JOE

(unfazed, disdain)

You want an *honest* answer to that?

Hoell gives Joe a heck of a WHACK! But Joe's head only swings  
sideways just a bit. With a smile, he just turns back and  
looks at Hoell. President Gray starts to make a move...but  
the soldiers stop him.

JOE (CONT'D)

You hit like a frauline.

COLONEL HOELL

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer? Is that not how you Americans say it? We have known for some time that Frauline Kantner was part of the resistance. That is why we let her remain where she was.

Hoell picks up the damaged emergency radio--looks it over as he walks about...

COLONEL HOELL (CONT'D)

Yes, we have been listening to you. It took some time to repair this, as it was somewhat advanced.

(stops in front of  
President Gray)

What is this *Air Force One*? A secret airfield? High in the mountains perhaps? Is that where this aircraft is from?

President Gray does his best to hide any reaction to this as Hoell levels his pistol at him.

COLONEL HOELL (CONT'D)

You--you will tell me what I want to know.

Without his eyes shifting from President Gray's, Hoell aims the pistol at Joe...

HOELL FIRES HIS PISTOL...HITTING JOE!

PRESIDENT GRAY

No!

Joe slumps to the floor clutching his side. President Gray falls to his knees beside his future father--then with fury in his eyes--looks at Hoell--bolts to his feet to charge...

The German soldiers step forward with their machine-guns...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

*Why did you do that?*

COLONEL HOELL

I can have a doctor called--or we can simply wait until it is unnecessary. Then we can begin again with someone else. Tell me what I need to know and no one else dies.

JOE  
 (in pain)  
*Don't you dare cooperate with that  
 piece of shit!*

President Gray's expression shows his dilemma...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/BASE - NIGHT

AIR RAID SIRENS begin to whine, echoing up the mountainside from the plant below...

NORRIS  
 Blue Team to all teams! Evac now!

A distant EXPLOSION, followed by the DRONE of dozens of airplane engines GROWS LOUDER...

INT. NORSK HYDRO/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As President Gray holds the gunshot wounded Joe, SUDDENLY a muffled AIR RAID SIREN from somewhere outside is heard...

COMMANDANT BRAND  
 (clumsy drunk)  
 Air raid!

COLONEL HOELL  
 (harsh, to Brand)  
*Sit down!*

BOOM! A close bomb hit sends splinters of ceiling, wood and a swirling column of dust down as the lights FLICKER...

COMMANDANT BRAND  
 (fearful)  
 We'll die if we stay in here! We must get to the shelter!

COLONEL HOELL  
*Shut up Commandant--or I will kill  
 you myself.*  
 (turns to President  
 Gray and Joe, coldly)  
*Tell me--what I want to know.*

As President Gray holds the wounded Joe, Joe catches his eyes--and with a knowing look shifts them urgently down--and with his hand--pulls up one pants leg to reveal a leg holster and pistol. President Gray gives Joe a knowing look back along with a very slight nod of the head.

BOOM! Another close bomb BLAST sends large CHUNKS OF CEILING, MORTAR AND DEBRIS CASCADING DOWN!

President Gray makes his move--he jumps up--knocks Hoell's pistol away--pulls him into a choke hold--holding the pistol he removed from Joe's leg holster to Hoell's head!

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(to soldiers)  
*Drop the guns!*

President Gray emphasizes by pressing the pistol hard underneath Hoell's chin.

Jackson surprises the Soldier next to him by swinging a FIRE IRON into his face--then grabs for and yanks the soldier's machine-gun from his hands as he falls backwards--spins to aim the machine-gun at the remaining soldiers...

The remaining soldiers give up and drop their weapons as another close BOMB BLAST sends a billow of SMOKE down from the ceiling...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)  
(Jackson)  
Put them in the closet over there!

President Gray shoves Hoell away as Jackson herds Hoell and the soldiers toward a coatroom. President Gray kneels to Joe...

JACKSON  
Come on! *Schnell! Schnell!*

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(to Joe)  
Can you stand?

JOE  
(in pain)  
Well I'm not staying *here*.

President Gray carefully helps the injured Joe to his feet as Jackson slams the coatroom door shut--shoves a chair under the door handle...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(examines wound)  
Looks like it went clean through your shoulder.

Jackson runs over--takes Joe's other arm and the two help the gunshot-wounded Joe walk as MORE EXPLOSIONS happen...

EXT. NORSK HYDRO - NIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS shaft their beams across the night sky as the BOMBS DROP AND EXPLODE ALL AROUND...

EXT. NORSK HYDRO/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and his German Soldier-dressed agent finish tying the hands of two unconscious GERMAN SOLDIERS on the floor.

Nick picks up his knapsack/backpack off the floor and races to the plane, hops up--finds his helmet on the seat--grabs it--motions to the agent...

NICK

*Go on! Get out of here! Go!*

With a last look, the agent runs out as Nick opens his knapsack and removes his flight-suit and quickly puts it on as the building RATTLES and the floor SHAKES from the Allied BOMBING. DUST streams down from the ceiling as Nick jumps into the cockpit...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/BASE - NIGHT

As the Allied bombing INTENSIFIES, the sound of firing ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY THUNDERS, their exploding shells brilliantly FLASHING against the clouds between the SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS...

Norris looks to see Jackson and President Gray moving toward them with the gunshot wounded Joe yoked between them...

NORRIS

Help them!

Two agents run and help bring the injured Joe the rest of the way as Norris spots the agent that helped Nick running toward them...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Everyone climbs into the gondola and someone throws the lever--sending it out and over the dark chasm as another close bomb hit EXPLODES nearby...

INT. CABLECAR - NIGHT

Norris, President Gray, Joe, Jackson, the wounded Joe, and a couple of agents traverse the dark chasm toward the parking lot as bombs EXPLODE from the bombers overhead...

Joe is being tended to by another agent with a FIRST AID KIT...

SUDDENLY from the tower--a BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT BLAZES onto them! MACHINE-GUN FIRE RIPS across the steel of the gondola as everyone takes cover on the floor!

NORRIS  
(into headset radio)  
Tango Two can you take out that guard  
Tower shooting at us?

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHT

Barnhardt gazes at her heads-up tactical...sees the guard  
Tower in her crosshairs...

BARNHARDT  
(over radio)  
Got it.

She squeezes the trigger...

EXT. TANGO 2 - NIGHT

On the under-fuselage of Barnhardt's F-35, a door slides open  
and an INBOARD MISSILE RELEASES AND STREAKS OFF INTO THE  
NIGHT...STRIKING THE GUARD TOWER...WHICH EXPLODES AND  
TOPPLES...

EXT. CABLECAR STATION/EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The cablecar approaches to dock on the platform where Lisa  
and the rest of the agents wait...

They hustle out and toward the car where Lisa waits with  
another agent.

FIERY FLASHES from Allied bombing bathes them like orange  
lightning...

INT. NORSK HYDRO/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

With a FLOURISH of his engine, Nick releases the brakes on  
his futuristic jet and it lurches forward and rolls toward  
the opening...

Once clear of the warehouse and in an open area of parked  
vehicles, Nick engages the jets with a loud ROAR, and the jet  
leaps upward into the cold night sky just as a bomb HITS the  
warehouse, EXPLODING upward in a huge FIREBALL...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

NICK (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Tango One is up! Repeat, Tango One  
is up!

Fields, Mathison, Potter and all break into a cheer of victory  
as Natalie breathes a sigh of relief...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - NIGHT

Barnhardt sees Nick's jet sweep up from below...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Nice to have you back Boss!

NICK (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Let's cruise Blue Team back!

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Roger that!

EXT. SKY OVER NORSK HYDRO - NIGHT

The two fighters STREAK AWAY into the night a BURST of  
scramjets...

INT. GRAND HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

The RADIO CRACKLES...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
We'll be downstairs in five minutes!

JULIE  
Come on.

She and Garrett hustle out, with a last lingering glance at  
their bound and gagged hostages through the door into the  
bedroom...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - NIGHT

In the darkness except for the LIGHT GLOWING out through the  
open cargo bay door, Lisa's car arrives with President Gray,  
Jackson, Lisa, the wounded Joe, Garrett and Julie...who  
scramble out...

A short distance off Barnhardt jumps down from her cockpit to  
the snow...

Nick climbs out...hops down from his jet...begins to quickly  
unzip his flight suit...

NATALIE (O.S.)  
Nick!

Natalie comes running out from the cargo access door to her  
son and President Gray...

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Thank God!

AGENT #2

(into shirt cuff radio)

Get him to the ICU station!

Some agents take over carrying Joe into the aircraft...

FIELDS

(Mathison)

Rig the fueling wand.

Nick watches the agents manhandle Joe inside...

NICK

What happened?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Shot. He's obviously in no condition to go with her to the train station.

NICK

I'm taking her. I'm taking her to the train.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Nick there's no time--

NICK

*Someone has to go with her, mom. It's my fault she's even involved in all this in the first place. We owe her that. I owe her that.*

NATALIE

No!

NICK

I can get her there and be back in time for take-off. She's one of the reasons we won this war.

His father and mother see there's no swaying Nick.

PRESIDENT GRAY

You come *right back. Right back.*

NICK

I will.

Nick runs off as Natalie watches, distraught...

INT. NORSK HYDRO/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A SOLDIER removes the chair holding the coatroom door shut. Hoell bursts out angrily followed by the others locked in with him. He shoves his way past the SOLDIER who freed him...

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM/OSLO - NIGHT

THE HAUNTING HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE OF A TRAIN echoes over a fairly deserted platform in the ornate Oslo Train Station. GERMAN SOLDIERS are stationed sparsely in front of a TRAIN.

Nick emerges onto the platform with Lisa. It's a scene right out of a classic 1940's film as STEAM HISSES from beneath the engine...

The two stop in front of the train and face each other. Nick smiles at her as they do their best to look as non-suspicious as possible...

LISA

You *must* go now, Nicholas.

Lisa leans in...gives him a tender kiss on the lips.

LISA (CONT'D)

(smiles)

We're engaged, remember?

Nick pulls Lisa into a long, close embrace and they stand there, frozen in time, an image for the ages, STEAM billowing around their feet...

NICK

I don't know what to say, Lisa.  
Without you--without your help--Joe's  
help--thank you. *Thank you from all  
of us.*

Nick looks at Lisa and the two lock eyes. Lisa reaches and touches his face with her finger...

LISA

(smiles)

Perhaps you will come find an old  
woman in the 1960's and you can show  
me this star tracks?

NICK

(gentle correction)

Star Trek.

Nick takes her face in his hands--kisses her. They pull each other into an epic embrace--holding each other as time stands still...

LISA

Good-bye Nick. Good luck. God bless.

NICK

Good-bye Lisa.

A last embrace. She gently pushes him away and steps up onto the boarding step of a passenger car. She turns to look back at Nick for a few moments--then turns and continues inside the train car...

Nick watches her through the train windows for a few moments, then notices one of the German soldiers watching. He decides it's time to walk away...

EXT. TRAIN STATION/OSLO - NIGHT

Nick sits in Lisa's car on his radio.

NICK

I'm just making sure the train leaves,  
then I'm on my way.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

(over radio)

Don't linger.

With a glance at the train station building, he reaches into his coat pocket to get the keys to the car...he inadvertently also pulls out the wrapped package he's had for days now--the one Annie took from the old man at Arlington.

Already opened, he dumps out the weathered and beaten up iPhone he found inside earlier. He pauses, looks at his name scrawled on it. He runs his thumb over it thoughtfully. A strange frown of suspicion sweeps his face.

He sets the iPhone down, pulls out a pen from his pocket, turns the package over to the other side, thinks some more, then CLICKS the pen and quickly prints his name.

He turns the package over to look at his name scrawled on the other side.

THEY ARE ALMOST IDENTICAL

He flips the package over, back and forth, from one side to the other a couple more times.

He sets it down, picks up the old iPhone, then pulls out his own iPhone, looks at them side-by-side. He turns them over, looks closely at the SERIAL NUMBER ENGRAVED on each...

THEY MATCH

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a SMALL MINI-USB CABLE and plugs one end into *his* iPhone, the other into the one he just unwrapped.

Presses the ON SWITCH and the old iPhone screen GLOWS ON AND BOOTS...

IPHONE VIDEO SCREEN--THERE IS ONLY ONE APP--A VIDEO APP.

He presses the video app and launches it. There is only ONE VIDEO LISTED. He launches it...HE IS LOOKING AT HIMSELF ON SCREEN...

NICK (V.O.)

(on screen)

Yep asshole. It's me. Hopefully you got this in time, but if not, listen to me very carefully...

EXT. TRAIN STATION/OSLO - NIGHT

Nick sprints into the train terminal, seeming not to care that he might draw attention--runs toward the track platform...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

President Gray and Natalie crowd the communications console...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(into radio)

This is insane, Nick! You have to come back right now!

INT. TRAIN STATION/OSLO - NIGHT

Nick is huddled in the shadows of an alcove talking on his shirt-cuff radio...

NICK

(into radio)

I'm sorry. You all just have to leave without me. I'll get her safely across the border. Then I'll find you!

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

(over earpiece)

How are you going to do that, Nick? We don't even know where we'll be.

Nick pauses a moment, then...

NICK

(into radio)

Don't worry. I know.

The train begins to MOVE...

NICK (CONT'D)  
(into shirt-cuff radio)  
I'm sorry. I have to go.

Nick yanks the earpiece, pockets it, starts to run down the platform after the train...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

President Gray and Natalie still at the console...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(into radio)  
Nick!

NATALIE  
*Oh my God!*

The radio is SILENT...

NORRIS  
Who's going to fly his plane?

President Gray and Norris lock gazes...

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM/OSLO - NIGHT

Nick sprints down the train platform--catches up with the train--grabs onto a railing and swings up onto the steps--slips inside...

INT. TRAIN/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nick pushes his way down the narrow corridor of the ever faster moving train. Through the windows we see the end of the platform pass by and then DARKNESS...

Nick peers into each of the parlor cars as he hustles by them...

INT. TRAIN/ROOMETTE - NIGHT

Lisa sits quietly--leaning against and looking out the window into the DARKNESS...

THE PARLOR DOOR OPENS and startles her. She turns to see...

Nick stands there. The two rush into an embrace...

EXT. NORWEGIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A high pitched wailing WHISTLE. SMOKE BILLOWS FROM THE TRAIN carrying Nick and Lisa as it makes its way in the night...

INT. TRAIN/ROOMETTE - NIGHT

DARKNESS...

IN SILHOUETTE against the window, Nick and Lisa stand close--facing each other. Lisa reaches and removes Nick's coat...

Nick takes Lisa's face gently in his hands--his finger brushes a lock of hair away from her brilliant ice-blue eyes--runs a single finger across her lips. Her eyes close as he brings her face close...kisses her gently...then again, longer. She takes his face in her hands--they kiss more passionately...

Nick's hands slide from her face down the sides of her neck to begin to undo the buttons of Lisa's blouse...

Lisa's fingers--slowly--deliberately--unbutton Nick's shirt--button after button...

Nick slips Lisa's blouse off the smooth skin of her shoulders and down her curvaceous sloping back to the small of her waist...

IN SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE DIM BLUE LIGHT COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE TWO LOVERS' BODIES ENTWINE PASSIONATELY...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - NIGHT

Inside the cockpit of Nick's fighter jet, President Gray zips up Nick's flight suit...adjusts himself and gets re-acquainted with a new but familiar environment as the faint sliver of red-orange morning traces the mountains and horizon...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

Don't worry. Things haven't changed all that much from your Gulf days, mister President. These things pretty much fly themselves.

PRESIDENT GRAY

(into helmet radio)

I'm good. See you up top.

President Gray pauses to notice out his cockpit window...the huge fuselage of Air Force One...the Presidential seal emblazoned on it's blue underside beginning to reflect some of the REDDISH MORNING GLOW...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DAWN

Jackson and Julie sit together...

JACKSON

You and Garrett have fun in the hotel room.

JULIE

Jealous?

JACKSON

(smiles)

Absolutely.

Julie betrays her feelings with a slight smile and gives Jackson a pat on the hand, which draws a smile back...

A quiet Natalie walks up...

NATALIE

Can I sit with you guys?

JULIE

Of course Mrs. Ross.

Natalie sits next to Julie. Jackson slides up the window cover and the warm REDDISH MORNING SUN illuminates their faces...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - SUNRISE

Fields, Mathison and Potter prepare for take-off as the avionics systems WHINE to life...

MATHISON

I'll sure be glad to get the hell out of here.

*SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD BOOMING SOUND AND THE AIRCRAFT SHAKES!*

FIELDS

What the hell was that?

VIOLENT SHAKING continues along with EXPLOSIONS...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - SUNRISE

President Gray sees a line of hundreds of GERMAN INFANTRY emerging from the distant tree-line...along with a TANK and some TRUCKS...

PRESIDENT GRAY

*Soldiers! Coming in from the tree-line near the road!*

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - SUNRISE

Norris, out of his seat, smashes his face against the small window--sees the approaching soldiers and equipment, the tank shooting it's artillery--EXPLOSIONS send up huge plumes of snow and ice...

NORRIS

Jesus.

Norris is out of his seat and hustling off...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/SECRET SERVICE COMPARTMENT - SUNRISE

Secret Service agents busily arm themselves when Norris bursts in on them and grabs the INTERCOM MICROPHONE from the nearby wall...

NORRIS  
(into intercom)  
Cockpit, this is Norris! Get this  
bird off the ground now! We'll hold  
'em off as long as we can!

Norris lets the microphone fall and dangle by the cord...

NORRIS (CONT'D)  
(resolve)  
Gear me up!

The lead agent hesitates barely a moment before reaching for one of the utility vests and handing it to Norris...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - SUNRISE

President Gray turns his jet toward the approaching line of German soldiers, FIRES a burst from his inboard 30mm machine-gun, which scatters them...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
Tango Two, let's get up top and give  
them some cover!

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
Right behind you, Boss!

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - SUNRISE

The cargo door opens and as Norris stands in the open doorway, Secret Service agents burst out, jumping into deep snow.

NORRIS  
Go! Go! Go!

EXPLOSIONS AND GUNFIRE ALL AROUND!

Joe appears with his arm and shoulder bandaged.

NORRIS (CONT'D)  
Just where the hell do you think  
you're going?

JOE  
You need the help!

NORRIS

You're in no condition...

Norris takes Joe by the arm...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Listen to me Joe! *Listen to me! You have to stay!*

JOE

Says who?

NORRIS

You're his father!

JOE

*Whose father?*

NORRIS

*His...the President's. You're his father, Joe! You're Ross Gray's father! You will be! In a few years!*

Joe is speechless as Norris yells to him over the noise of ENGINES and BATTLE...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

That's right! You *have* to survive or a future President doesn't get to the White House!

Joe absorbs this revelation--realizes Norris is right. Norris gives Joe a final pat on the shoulder...

NORRIS (CONT'D)

See you in seventy years!

Norris jumps down amidst the GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSIONS outside. Norris gives Joe one last look, then Joe hits the "close" control, and the door begins to raise shut...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - MORNING

A shocked President Gray sees Vernon and the Secret Service agents deploying...

PRESIDENT GRAY

Are you *insane*? Get back on the plane! *Vernon!*

NORRIS (V.O.)

(over radio)

Sorry, sir--but *no sir*. These boys are good but they don't have practical battlefield experience.

A bullet SNAPS off President Gray's cockpit canopy Plexiglas.

President Gray looks out his cockpit canopy and sees Norris load another clip, resolve in his eyes...

EXT. GLACIER FIELD/SNOW BATTLE - MORNING

Norris chambers a round--then salutes President Gray. An emotional moment as President Gray returns salute, then Norris turns and heads off to join his brave band...

NORRIS

Okay boys! Let's buy them some time!

Norris and his intrepid band engage the attacking German soldiers in a RAGE of GUNFIRE and RPG's...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - MORNING

Fields shoves the throttle controls forward and the engines FLOURISH...

*BOOM! Another close hit...*

FIELDS

(concern)

Another one like *that* and we aren't going *anywhere*.

EXT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - MORNING

Barnhardt looks at the line of German troops and artillery approaching--shoves her stick forward and her engines FLOURISH as she lurches backwards into her seat...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - MORNING

President Gray sees Barnhardt's jet ASCEND UP AND AWAY from the snowy battlefield...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - MORNING

Ascending into the sky, President Gray looks down to see Norris and the brave agents BATTLE the GERMAN FORCES below on the snowy glacier field as Air Force One taxis to bear down the vast glacier field...

He also notices something more distressing...the soldiers are just the tip of the iceberg...what looks like a mass of *HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS, TRUCKS AND SUPPORT ARTILLERY* including more TANKS...moving like ants toward the glacier field and Air Force One...

PRESIDENT GRAY

*Good Lord.*

EXT. GLACIER FIELD/SNOW BATTLE - MORNING

Another TANK has appeared in the battle line and begins to FIRE from its position along the tree-line...the EXPLOSIONS coming precariously close to Air Force One as it taxis away down the snowy field...

NORRIS AND HIS TEAM

NORRIS

Someone needs to take out that tank!

Another agent chambers another clip in his H-K, pulls out a grenade...

AGENT #2

Pleasure serving with you, General!

The agent rolls off, makes his way across the snowy terrain, finally behind a rise of rocks...

NORRIS

Covering fire!

AGENT #3

We're out of RPG's, General!

Air Force One's engines FLOURISH as the 747 jumbo maneuvers to face down-wind the long glaciated sloping flatness amid the RAGING FIREFIGHT...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - MORNING

Fields throttles forward and the huge rolling jumbo-jet begins to pick up speed...CHASED BY EXPLOSIONS OF PLUMING SNOW AND ICE!

EXT. GLACIER FIELD/SNOW BATTLE - MORNING

THE HEROIC AGENT

The heroic agent manages to make his way close to the tank, which FIRES BOOMING BLASTS, each PLUME of EXPLODING SNOW chasing the fleeing Air Force One as it races away faster and faster across the icy flatness...

Beneath the loud rattling DIESEL ENGINE of the German tank and the BOOMING BLASTS of its artillery turret...the heroic agent waits until just after a shell is FIRED...then leaps up in front of the tank...grabs and hangs on the end of the pivoting turret barrel by one hand...jams the grenade down the maul of the barrel with the other...lets go and falls to the snow in front of the tank treads. He rolls away briskly a few yards and looks back...

The grenade EXPLODES out the front of the barrel and the top hatch to the tank opens!

The heroic agent jumps to his feet, levels his H-K at the German tank crewmember that emerges...

Then turns his fire on a line of German troops, takes down quite a few...

He makes a last heroic charge of one, but eventually is overwhelmed with GUNFIRE--and falls mortally wounded...

Straining, he looks into the bright clear morning sky just in time to see AIR FORCE ONE SAIL MAGNIFICENTLY ALOFT in a THUNDEROUS JET ROAR into the BRILLIANT SUNRISE...then dies...

Norris and his brave band pause in the midst of battle to watch Air Force One ROAR EVER MORE DISTANTLY into the clear blue sky...THE GLEAMING ORANGE RAYS OF THE WARM SUN GLOWING OFF THEIR FACES...

A round of CHEERS from the brave band of heroes...

EVEN THE GERMANS ARE IMPRESSED as all gunfire seems to pause in an unearthly way--all their eyes trained in awe on the huge jumbo-jet as it ROARS INTO THE DISTANT SUNRISE...

GUNFIRE ERUPTS AGAIN--and with more intensity. Norris and his agents return FIRE with everything they have left...

SUDDENLY--PRESIDENT GRAY'S F-35 SCREAMS OVERHEAD, followed by Barnhardt's--both firing a MAELSTROM OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE along the tree-line, scattering German soldiers in an intense OBLITERATION...

Norris' front line erupts in CHEERS again...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

President Gray looks out to see the ground battle shrink away, the warm sunlight of the rising sun beaming on his sad face...

PRESIDENT GRAY

(quietly)

Good-bye Vernon. Good luck my friend.

EXT. NORWAY GLACIER - DAY

Norris' band of heroes furiously battle the German forces...

AGENT #1

We're running out of ammo, General!

Norris surveys his intrepid band of heroes with pride, and they all share a moment...

NORRIS

Well I don't know about you all, but  
these bastards killed my grandpa on  
Utah Beach!

With firm determination--Norris sets his jaw--slams in his last clip--chambers a round. The other agents reload or re-chambers what little they have left...

And then, like Pickett's fateful Civil War charge--Norris' band of patriot warriors follow him--a last charge across the icy field, between the pages of history...

The entire German line LETS LOOSE again with a MAELSTROM OF BULLETS and ARTILLERY...

But the Germans haven't seen anything like the modern weapons and tactics Norris' little force wages against them--but eventually their sheer numbers simply overwhelm and decimate Norris' ranks...

As their heroic charge nears the German line--Norris almost runs into a GERMAN OFFICER--freezes as all the soldiers bring their weapons to bear on him--not firing...

The German officer looks at a heavily breathing Norris grimly and they stare--eye-to-eye--for almost an eternity. They could be brothers in another time and another place...

Norris looks back to see that all his band of brothers have fallen. He is alone...

Norris looks back at the German officer--at his own pistol--then raises the pistol to his own head with a resigned expression. The German officer watches this--maybe with curious respect.

Norris smiles. The German officer smiles. Norris stops smiling. The German officer stops smiling.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Not Uncle Sam, buddy.

Norris swings the pistol out into the face of the surprised German officer--SHOOTS him in the forehead point blank!

NORRIS IS IMMEDIATELY CUT DOWN by a hundred soldiers in a HAIL OF BULLETS--an old warhorse dies in a final blaze of glory...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/F-35 FORMATION - DAY

The BRILLIANT SUN GLEAMS on the blue and white airframe of the magnificent Air Force One as Barnhardt and President Gray's fighters SWOOSH into protective formation around her...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

In the quiet whine of the cockpit AVIONICS, President Gray adjusts some instruments, his thoughts quietly on his old friend...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields, Potter--in their seats. Mathison is elsewhere...

FIELDS

Stealth systems activated. Ground spotters might hear us, but at least radar won't pick us up.

Fields touches his headset intercom...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/REAR CARGO DOOR - DAY

Joe is busy strapping on a PARACHUTE, Mathison helping him since he's still recovering from his wounds...

Natalie watches...

FIELDS (V.O.)

We'll be over England in about a minute.

MATHISON

(into intercom  
microphone)

Roger cockpit, waiting for your go.

Joe walks to the intercom, takes the microphone from Mathison...

JOE

Hey Fields? Put Tango One on, will you?

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

As President Gray adjusts a control, Joe's voice crackles...

JOE (V.O.)

Hey there Tango One?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Joe?

JOE (V.O.)

Just wanted to say I'm sorry about your friend Norris.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Thanks Joe.

JOE (V.O.)  
Any word from Nick and Lisa?

PRESIDENT GRAY  
No.

JOE (V.O.)  
You got quite a son there. He's a piece of work. He'll be okay if he's anything like his daddy...like my son.

Gray's eyebrows rise...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/REAR CARGO DOOR - DAY

Joe talks on the intercom microphone. He adjusts his wounded arm, still in the sling.

JOE  
(into microphone)  
Yeah, that's right. Norris told me who you are--and I'm proud of you. I'm proud of you, son. Anyway, wish I could hang around and get to know you better, but I gotta catch a cab.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over SPEAKER)  
Thanks dad.

JOE  
(into microphone)  
So long, son.

Joe hangs up the microphone and turns to Mathison, who points at Joe's parachute pack...

MATHISON  
This is your main...  
(points)  
This is your "oh shit."

JOE  
Gotcha.

Mathison, activates the rear cargo door hatch, and it begins to lower, revealing clouds and sky. The wind WHISTLES...

Joe clutches a chord running along the ceiling and starts to back down the cargo ramp. With one last look at Mathison-- gives a "thumbs-up"...

JOE (CONT'D)  
So long!

Joe JUMPS--sails backwards out the cargo door--his parachute BILLOWS open as he recedes into the distance against the BRILLIANT SUN...

Mathison hits the cargo door control and it begins to RETRACT CLOSED...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/FLYING - DAY

Falling silently with his parachute, Joe watches the legendary Air Force One fly away toward the western horizon--the SUN GLEAMING ON THEM FROM BEHIND...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

President Gray quietly adjusts a couple instruments...

FIELDS (V.O.)

Colonel Fields to Tango Leader. Not to ask the obvious, but where-to, mister President?

PRESIDENT GRAY

Between the pages of history, Colonel.

FIELDS (V.O.)

Well, wherever that is, sir--we'll have to take it slow. Our max is about three-hundred knots.

PRESIDENT GRAY

Tango's got your wing, Captain.

FIELDS (V.O.)

Roger...Air Force One.

Gray smiles to himself.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Natalie stands in the cockpit doorway as Fields smiles, glancing out the side cockpit window at President Gray's jet...

Fields notices her...

FIELDS

(pats yoke reassuringly)  
Don't you worry. This old girl will take care of us just fine.

POTTER

There's a remote area in northern Greenland. Not much there right now, but in 1976 it becomes an emergency landing strip for the Space Shuttle. Small problem, though.

Fields turns to Potter, who is studying his DISPLAY...

POTTER (CONT'D)  
More snow--but no Nazis.

FIELDS  
Well, beggars can't be choosers.  
Adjust course and trim to auto.

Through the cockpit windows, Natalie and President Gray lock gazes across the sky...

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

Air Force One, the two F-35's--fly in formation with the sun GLEAMING on them from behind as they head westward...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

SUDDENLY our intrepid technician puts his hand to his headset, listening intently to something--studies his console monitor, a look of concern on his face. He taps the other technician...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields' voice breaks in urgently...

FIELDS (V.O.)  
Mister President--we just intercepted a communiqué from the German Occupational Commander in Oslo. They've closed all the borders. All trains are being stopped and searched wherever they are.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Ross--Nick's on one of those trains.

PRESIDENT GRAY  
I know honey.

With a look of resolve, President Gray immediately begins to adjust several instruments, tactical displays etc.

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)  
(firm resolve)  
Fields, be advised, I'm going back.

FIELDS (V.O.)  
Mister President you can't.

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(firm)  
That's my son, Tom.



Two hands so far apart touch across the skies...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

President Gray slowly takes his hand from the canopy glass. With a last glance...he gives the stick an authoritative yank...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
Tango One breaking formation.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE/F-35 FORMATION - DAY

President Gray's F-35 snap-rolls off and heads away from Air Force One and Tango Two...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Natalie's hand slides down the window glass to her side...

FIELDS  
(quietly)  
Godspeed.

INT. TRAIN/ROOMETTE - DAY

DAYLIGHT BEAMS on Nick and Lisa, who are curled up together beneath a blanket--leaning against the FROSTED WINDOW looking out on the vast wintery vista...

Lisa is asleep in Nick's arms...

SUDDENLY the train SHUDDERS and SQUEALS--slowing down. Nick turns off and pockets his iPhone and leans against the glass, straining to see ahead...

The INERTIA wakes Lisa...

LISA  
We must be near the border.

NICK  
(unsure beat)  
I'm just going to go take a look.  
(smiles reassuringly)  
Maybe see if they have some really bad coffee.

He gives her a quick peck of a kiss...

LISA  
If someone talks to you...

NICK  
(finishes)  
Ya, ya...I know...I know.

Nick pulls open the door to the roomette--exits and pulls the door shut. Lisa turns to look out the window...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Suddenly Potter's face sweeps with concern as he studies the tactical readout...

POTTER

I have two groups of multiple targets closing! Airspeed on the first group...

(double-take)

Close to five-hundred.

MATHISON

*That* can't be right.

Fields turns on his console tactical screen to reveal what Potter sees--two clusters of crowded "dots" moving toward them...

FIELDS

(into headset)

Tango...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

I got 'em too!

FIELDS

We haven't *made* any friends here.

POTTER

They're closing directly in on us *whoever* they are.

MATHISON

But we're all stealth. How the hell can they even know we're here?

FIELDS

They could just have eyeballed us and followed. We're not exactly going very fast.

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt yanks her stick, snap-rolls away...

BARNHARDT

I'm going to have a look. Stay on course!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields nods to Mathison, who gently eases the throttle forward...

FIELDS

(concern, to Mathison)

Watch that indicator like a hawk.

(activates something)

Tactical countermeasures armed.

POTTER

The first group will be on us in five minutes.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

At high speed we SWOOSH over the ocean below...

President Gray, flying Tango 1, ZOOMS past...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

President Gray adjusts some instrumentation. Looking out-- still no land in sight...

INT. TRAIN/CORRIDOR - DAY

Nick makes his way forward through the narrow corridor of the now motionless train...

He leans to look through the window--sees...

A CONTINGENT OF GERMAN SOLDIERS positioned along the track ordering PASSENGERS off the train en masse...

INT. TRAIN/ROOMETTE - DAY

Nick bursts in as Lisa looks on expectantly...

NICK

German Soldiers! They're ordering everybody off the train! Come on!

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt studies her tactical, then looks out her canopy window to see...

A CLUSTER of dots in the sky...aircraft that soon enlarge to reveal...

EXT. TANGO 2 - DAY

ME-262S! A SQUADRON OF THE NAZI JETS ZOOM IN FORMATION...

Barnhardt's F-35 ZOOMS by and SWEEPS in behind them...

BARNHARDT

*Oh no you don't.*

Barnhardt fingers her hi-hat and cuts loose with a BURST of bullets from her inboard guns!

The bullets STRIKE one of the jets--which EXPLODES!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields, Mathison and Potter...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Germans--jets of some kind--or they  
*used to be.*

EXT. TANGO 2 - DAY

Barnhardt's far more agile F-35 SWOOSHES in and STRAFES another ME-262...BLOWING IT INTO A FIREBALL!

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Through the canopy, Barnhardt sees the squadron of Nazi jets SPLIT FORMATION and separate into two groups of three!

BARNHARDT

They're splitting up! I'll try to get as many as I can but I'm low on ordnance. You better be ready in case one gets through!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

On a matching tactical screen, Potter looks up with a grim expression...

POTTER

That second group coming in behind those jets--must be twenty of them! Moving a lot slower--but at your present speed they'll be on you in ten!

Fields yokes back and increases the ENGINE THROTTLE...

FIELDS

Well if we can't *out-run* them, we'll *out-climb* them.

The aircraft pitches sharply upward as the engines FLOURISH...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

Air Force One ROARS skyward in a steep climb...

The ME-262 jets ZOOM in pursuit!

Barnhardt's F-35 ZOOMS by--hitting one with a BURST OF INBOARD CANNON-FIRE!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

The cockpit SHUDDERS from the close EXPLOSION!

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
They're on your six Fields!

FIELDS  
(into headset)  
Our countermeasures are hot, Tango  
Two. Better back off!

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Copy!

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

From two pods mounted on opposite wing undercarriages--a SPRAY-LIKE BURST of BLACK PARTICLES stream backwards!

The "shotgun-like" burst of particles hits two of the Nazi jets--the particles are SUCKED into their engines--many of which immediately EXPLODE as the particles foul their intakes!

Barnhardt sweeps in and SHOOTs at the remaining Nazi jets--BLOWING two more into FIREBALLS!

BARNHARDT  
You got two of them, Fields! The  
rest are reforming!

She grips her stick and lines up behind the jets to fire another BURST of inboard machine-gun fire...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

Seated at one of the consoles, Natalie has been listening in on the radio between Barnhardt and Fields...

Natalie turns to one of the Secret Service Agents...

NATALIE

(to Agent)

What sort of weapons do you have left?

AGENT #3

I don't know, but General Norris' team took a lot of it earlier.

NATALIE

(standing quickly)

Get everything you have and meet me at the side cargo door.

But Natalie is already starting down the stairs as he jogs to follow her...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

The cockpit JOLTS from the close EXPLOSION!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DAY

Natalie walks quickly toward where Jackson and Julie sit...

NATALIE

Julie, Jackson--I need your help!

Natalie continues on as Julie, followed by Jackson scramble from their seats to follow...

INT. TRAIN/CORRIDOR - DAY

Nick and Lisa hustle down the narrow train corridor, pushing past PEOPLE as the train SLOWS to a stop...

EXT. SKY ABOVE NORWAY - DAY

At high speed President Gray's fighter jet sweeps from flying over the open ocean up over the coastline of Norway to ZOOM over it's white, snowy landscape...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

Looking out his canopy...President Gray sees a thin PRESIDENT GRAY line crossing the wintery landscape and descends sharply to see railroad tracks stretching to the horizon...which he follows quite close to the ground...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Nick and Lisa exit the train to find themselves facing a COMPANY of German soldiers who are busily inspecting the PAPERS of the disboarded PASSENGERS huddling in the snow and cold...

NICK  
(whispers to Lisa)  
Walk away from me.

LISA  
(confused)  
What?

NICK  
(whispers)  
They're looking for two people. Walk  
away from me. Pretend you don't know  
me.

LISA  
No.

NICK  
(sharp)  
*You've got papers. I don't. Walk  
away now--before they notice...*

LISA  
(firm)  
No! I won't! I won't do it. Not again.

Nick tries to push her away but she just won't go. Her eyes glisten brilliantly with tears as she locks eyes with him.

He stops pushing, puts his arm around her and draws her back close. They are resigned to their fate--together--as they watch the German soldiers make their way closer...

SUDDENLY there is a loud ROARING sound, and then all hell breaks loose--several EXPLOSIONS, followed by the sound of a VERY FAST FIRING MACHINE-GUN FIRING that scatters the confused German contingent and many of the passengers into a chaotic retreat...

A HIGH PITCHED JET WHINE as PRESIDENT GRAY IN THE F-35 descends to HOVER between Nick and Lisa, and the German soldiers...

President Gray raises his cockpit canopy, raises his helmet visor...looks at a surprised GERMAN CAPTAIN...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
(yelling in German)  
Tell your men to get back into their  
trucks and drive off!

For emphasis, President Gray cuts loose with another BURST of the inboard machine-gun cannon--CUTTING A SWATH OF EXPLODING DIRT AND DEBRIS in front of the German Captain and his contingent.

President Gray's MISSILE DOOR SLIDES OPEN to reveal an INBOARD MOUNTED MISSILE--ready to fire--as President Gray locks a warning gaze with the German Captain.

The Captain knows he's trumped. He motions to another, who raises a hand-held radio, barks some German...

The contingent of German soldiers begin to fall back and climb into their TRUCKS--watched warily by President Gray as they start driving off in the other direction...

The Captain backs up to climb into his STAFF CAR--watching as he rolls off...

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

The border's just a mile or so over those foothills. Go on! I'll cover you as long as I can!

NICK

(smiles)

Don't break my plane!

With a last nod, father and son share a moment. His father gives him the "thumbs-up."

Nick and Lisa quickly grab their few things and hustle off across the tracks and toward the distant range of snow-capped mountains...

President Gray turns his attention back to the now further distant contingent of German soldiers and their convoy...

He glances down at his FUEL GAUGE which nears the "red line."

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

Meanwhile, back at Air Force One, vastly outnumbered by the German jet fighters, Barnhardt single-handedly continues to BATTLE the attacking GERMAN WARPLANES...

MATHISON (V.O.)

(over radio)

Opening cargo door now.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - DAY

HOWLING WIND through the open side cargo door as Natalie, Julie, Jackson crowd into the accessway where the Secret Service Agent quickly arm an RPG and two LAWS ROCKETS as the aircraft rocks and rolls from enemy fire...

Several MACHINE-GUNS rest on the floor as well.

Jackson starts to help the Agent prep a LAWS--getting a guarded look from him. Julie steps in...

JULIE  
(yells over the noise)  
He was embedded with the FARC in the  
late nineties!

Jackson and the Agent finish un-stowing and arming the RPG's and LAWS weapons...

AGENT #3  
These things aren't really meant for  
this kind of thing!

JACKSON  
Oh well!

Natalie grabs one of the machine-guns from the floor and expertly cocks it for use.

NATALIE  
(on the Agent's  
concerned look)  
You guys are the ones who made me  
learn to shoot!

Natalie carefully moves close to the open cargo door and takes aim at one of the German warplanes--and FIRES an entire clip. The bullets rip through the air but are generally ineffective against the German aircraft.

Julie watches Natalie--then picks up another machine-gun--moves beside her and FIRES out the open cargo hatch...

AGENT #3  
Okay move back!

The Agent, with Jackson's assistance, move close to the open hatch--the Agent balancing the RPG on his shoulder and taking aim at a German aircraft...

AGENT #3 (CONT'D)  
*Firing!*

Jackson covers his ears with his hands. Natalie and Julie see this and do likewise as the Agent FIRES the RPG and the rocket grenade STREAKS out toward two of the German warplanes and EXPLODES near them--causing them to bank off evasively...

AGENT #3 (CONT'D)  
Get me a LAWS!

The Agent drops the spent RPG as Jackson reaches and hands him a LAWS...

Jackson points to several boxes labeled "FLARE GUN."

JACKSON  
Use the flare guns! They'll think  
they're rockets!

Julie and Natalie quickly opens them up...removing the flare  
pistols...

AGENT #3  
*Firing!*

A LAWS ROCKET streaks away...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt FIRES another BURST of inboard cannon...DESTROYING  
another ME-262 in a FIREBALL OF TUMBLING METAL DEBRIS...

BARNHARDT  
That's it! I'm out!

Barnhardt sees the LAWS rocket STREAK away from the open cargo  
door on Air Force One and EXPLODE between two German ME-262  
jets.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - DAY

The Agent puts his finger to his earpiece--listens...

Natalie FIRES one of the flare guns out the cargo door.

AGENT #3  
(into shirt-cuff  
microphone)  
It's just us now!

Julie hands Natalie another flare gun as the Agent takes aim  
with another LAWS rocket...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

The LAWS rocket STREAKS away from Air Force One and EXPLODES  
in front of two more ME-262's--one of which sucks in the debris  
and EXPLODES!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields and Mathison ride the yokes as the aircraft SHAKES and  
JOLTS from the outside FIREFIGHT...

MATHISON  
(excited)  
We've lost number two!



INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt is also silent...then a look of resolve in her eyes...

BARNHARDT

(into radio)

Fields...I'm going fly right between those fighters and manually detonate my last inboard.

Barnhardt punches a combination keyboard on a panel to the side of her cockpit console. Small door covers flip open to reveal a control and another keyboard with display...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields, Mathison and Potter exchange looks.

FIELDS

(into headset)

That's *suicide*, Tango Two.

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

(over radio)

That's why it has to be now or never. You'll have to pitch into a steep rapid descent to outrun the shockwave.

FIELDS

(into headset)

Can you even punch out in time?

EXT. TANGO 2 - DAY

On the jet's lower rear, a flush door slides open to reveal an inboard missile painted with bright yellow and black paint...

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt continues to punch the keyboard...

BARNHARDT

I'm not *going* to punch out. I can't risk something going wrong at the last second.

(beat)

Arming now. Sorry guys. Wish I could do better.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

As before...

FIELDS  
                  (to Mathison)  
                  Get ready to put us into a rapid  
                  fifty-five degree descent.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DAY

Several of the PRESS CORPS sit when the loudspeaker comes on with Fields VOICE...

                  FIELDS (V.O.)  
                  (over loudspeaker)  
                  This is Captain Fields. Everybody  
                  buckle up. We're going to initiate a  
                  rapid descent in fifteen seconds.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CARGO DOOR - DAY

The agent listens to his earpiece...

                  AGENT #3  
                  (into shirt-cuff radio)  
                  Roger, cockpit.  
                  (to Natalie, others)  
                  Find something and hold on tight!

The agent activates the button that CLOSES the cargo door...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Worried looks all around...

                  BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
                  (over radio)  
                  I'm in position.

                  FIELDS  
                  (into headset)  
                  We're ready here, Tango Two.

                  BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
                  (over radio)  
                  It's been an honor flying with you,  
                  Colonel.

                  FIELDS  
                  (over radio)  
                  Honor was mine, Commander.

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt positions her fighter...looking down from high above to see the German warplanes beneath her.

                  BARNHARDT  
                  Ten seconds!

She grips her stick firmly...

BARNHARDT (CONT'D)

Nine...eight...seven...

Barnhardt reaches with her free hand to a plastic flip-covered red button...flips the cover up and places her finger on the button...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Potter jerks as he notices several blips on his tactical console...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Six...five...four...

POTTER

Hold you fire! They're squawking!

(grins)

They're squawking! *They're ours!*

Four small and three heavies!

FIELDS

(into radio)

*Tango-Two! Abort! Abort! They're ours! Repeat, incoming are ours!*

Fields, Mathison and Potter jerk their eyes out the cockpit window to see SEVERAL FIGHTER JETS SWOOSH by with a ZOOMING ROAR!

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Air Force One this is Bravo Leader!

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt's finger lifts away from the red button...

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Repeat--this is Bravo Leader! Bravo squadron's got your wing!

BARNHARDT

(epic relief)

Jesus Christ!

She yanks her hand away from the button and immediately and exhales hard...

INT. BRAVO LEADER/COCKPIT - DAY

BRAVO LEADER, a confident looking young man expertly maneuvers his stick.

BRAVO LEADER

Bravo leader to all wings! Engage at will!

BRAVO TWO (V.O.)

(over radio)

Copy boss! Bravo Two--break!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

FOUR NAVY F-22 RAPTORS ZOOM away from Air Force One toward the approaching German warplanes...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Potter and Mathison cut loose with a cheer as Fields smiles with relief.

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

BARNHARDT

(into radio)

Bravo Leader this is Tango Two! I'm on Angel's six but I have no ordnance!

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)

(over radio)

That's okay, Tango. Sit tight and enjoy the show. Navy's got this one!

BARNHARDT

(to herself)

The hell with that.

She yanks the stick and SWOOPS AWAY...

INT. BRAVO LEADER/COCKPIT - DAY

Bravo Leader switches several controls...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Potter's exuberance drops in confusion...

POTTER

Where the hell did they come from?

MATHISON

(grinning profusely)

Who cares?

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

The F-22 fighters of Bravo squadron SWOOSH out of formation and release a MAELSTROM of missile and gunfire...plowing a swath of EXPLOSIONS and DESTRUCTION through the formation of

older prop warplanes...which scatter in confusion...but not before they are hit again by Bravo Squadron...

BRAVO TWO (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
*That'll leave a mark.*

Suddenly Barnhardt SWOOSHES through a smaller formation of German fighters...throwing them out of control with her JET WASH...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
Awww...a little breezy for you there  
Fritz?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields and Mathison ride their yokes while Potter monitors the battle on his tactical monitor...

BARNHARDT (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Got two bandits making a run at Angel.

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Copy Tango. Bravo Two and Three cover  
Angel's six!

BRAVO TWO (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Copy Bravo Leader.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

Two jets from Bravo Squadron SWOOSH off to intercept several German ME-109s making a rear attack on Air Force One...firing a BURST of bullets and ripping the attackers to shreds...

Bravo Leader SWEEPS IN and RIPS another German ME-109 to shreds in a BURST of bullets...

EXT. SKY ABOVE NORWAY - DAY

Somewhere over the snowy Norwegian landscape, President Gray's fighter ZOOMS away and out over the open ocean...

INT. TANGO 1/COCKPIT - DAY

President Gray adjusts his instruments and looks at his tactical display, but sees nothing...

PRESIDENT GRAY  
Tango Two, do you copy?  
(static)  
Tango Two, copy?  
(MORE)

PRESIDENT GRAY (CONT'D)

(static)

Fields, do you copy? Fields? This is  
Tango One...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

The once fearsome force of German fighters begin to veer and  
bank away...

BRAVO TWO (V.O.)

Enemy fighters are breaking off their  
attack! Repeat, bandits are bugging  
out!

INT. TANGO 2/COCKPIT - DAY

Barnhardt studies her tactical and breathes a sigh of relief...

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Bravo Leader to all wings...disengage  
and form up around Air Force One.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields, Mathison and Potter breathe relief...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/PRESS CORPS SEATING - DAY

The entire room breaks into a loud round of CHEERS...

Julie and Jackson hug each other and draw Natalie into their  
group hug...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields' smile fades as he looks to Potter...

FIELDS

Any sign of Tango One?

POTTER

(quietly)

Skies are clear, sir.

FIELDS

(into headset)

Bravo, this is Angel. Be advised the  
President is not onboard.

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Bravo Leader, copy Angel.

FIELDS

We're low on fuel too.

BRAVO LEADER (V.O.)  
Shadow, this is Bravo. We have a  
thirsty bird here. Refueling protocol.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - DAY

Air Force One maneuvers beneath a KC-10A REFUELER, from which  
a FUELING WAND DANGLES...

Also flying in formation nearby is the E-3 AWACS JUMBO JET  
known as "Shadow" and a massive C-17 *GLOBEMASTER* CARGO  
AIRCRAFT...

Barnhardt flies her Air Force F-35 near Bravo Squadron's four  
Navy F-22's. She looks out...waves a salute...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields adjusts the airspeed and yoke carefully as the fueling  
wand lowers past the cockpit window seeking it's link-up...

With a SUCKING VACUUM SOUND, the fueling wand makes contact  
and seals.

Fields looks out his cockpit window toward Bravo Leader's F-  
22 as it sweeps into view a few hundred yards off...

FIELDS  
I don't understand. How did you all  
*find* us?

FERRIS (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Colonel Fields? This is Captain Ferris--

INT. C-17 - DAY

In the high tech communications center onboard the C-17 support  
airship, JIM FERRIS, a confident looking man in suit and tie  
talks into the console headset...

FERRIS  
When you reported your may-day we  
scrambled Bravo and followed after  
you through that--*whatever* it was.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Fields, Mathison, Potter listen...

FERRIS (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
We couldn't locate you so we diverted  
to land in Ramstein. That didn't go  
so well. We've been looking for you  
for the last two days.

INT. C-17 - DAY

Ferris makes quite a face...

FERRIS  
(into headset)  
I don't know about you guys--but  
we've had *quite the* adventure.

FIELDS (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Welcome to the club.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/COCKPIT - DAY

Suddenly President Gray's VOICE crackles over the radio...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Angel this is Tango one! Do you copy?

The whole cockpit crew is ecstatic in LAUGHTER and CHEERS of relief...

FIELDS  
(into headset)  
Angel-Tango. Welcome back mister  
President. As you can see, we've got  
company.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Well I hope there's a gas station  
somewhere in there.

FERRIS  
Mister President, this is Shadow  
leader. Stand by for refueling  
protocol.

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Tango one-copy Shadow.

Natalie rushes up to the open cockpit door from the adjoining communications center--grabs Potter's headset.

NATALIE  
(into headset)  
Ross!

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
He's okay. He's okay, Nat. They got  
away.

Natalie looks out the side cockpit window to see President Gray's F-35 pull alongside. They lock eyes and smile across the sky...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(narration)

It's been three weeks now since our escape from Norway. We've buried some friends and left others on the battlefield--brave souls who sacrificed their lives to save ours.

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT. REMOTE GREENLAND - NIGHTFALL

Against a DARKENING COBALT-BLUE SKY of looming nightfall...from high above a vast flat desolate expanse of snow, we look down on a cluster of small specks...almost indistinguishable at first, but as we move in...we see Air Force One, the C-17, the two F-35's, Bravo Squadron's F-22 jets, and the KC-135 refueler clustered together...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

(narration)

We are patriots without a country--thrown back between the pages of history. There are still many unanswered questions. How did we get here and can we get back where we belong? If not; if our future lies here in the past, what is that future?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Collected together in the conference room are our intrepid survivors...now a band of brothers...

Several CANDLES set on the table GLOW and flicker...and are the room lights have been DIMMED...

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.)

(narrating as he writes)

It's Christmas Eve...and for the first time since our unbelievable adventure, we have a sense of peace...even if only just for a moment. Somewhere, the Russian Army is preparing to march toward Germany with the largest land army the world has ever known. President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Stalin will soon meet together in the Middle East to carve up the spoils of war.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT GRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And in a hidden room in an attic  
somewhere in Amsterdam a girl named  
Anne Frank is writing in her diary.  
And *somewhere* in the middle of *all*  
*of that...*is my son.

President Gray reads from the Bible as faces familiar and new  
look on.

Julie puts her head on Jackson's shoulder.

President Gray closes the bible and Natalie reaches and takes  
his hand...

Barnhardt smiles at one of the NEWLY ARRIVED MALE PILOTS and  
then thoughtfully turns her head and looks out the window  
onto the deep cobalt blue nightfall...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

Barnhardt's face is framed in the rounded window as we pull  
away from the warm glow inside the plane...up and away from  
the winged angel of freedom called Air Force One...the  
fighters, the C-17 and the KC-10 refueler small and alone in  
the cold, dark wintry landscape. Soon they shrink away to  
small insignificant dots in a vast glaciated horizon in the  
darkness of night...

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF PART TWO**

**THE END**