

AIRFORCE ONE DOWN

by William C. Martell

ROUGH Draft - Act 1

EXT. JIJIGA, ETHIOPIA - ESTABLISHING -- DAY

The Wild Wild East. No Man's Land between Somalia and Ethiopia - in a constant state of civil war. Mountains, tapped out mines, flat dead plain with a scattering of cactus.

SUPER: JIJIGA, ETHIOPIA

Mud and stick houses on the outskirts of town give way to stone and cement buildings downtown. Hyenas hide in the darkened alleys. Street vendors sell carpets and buckets.

One of the cement buildings downtown is a prison...

INT. PRISON CELL -- EVENING

Stripes of light across the face of COMMANDER UMARI as he talks to the prisoner.

UMARI

At dawn a soldier will take you to the field behind this building. He will place you against the wall. And shoot you.

(smiles)

Admit you are ONLY, provide us with the names of other terrorists, and we will allow you to live.

The prisoner looks up from the shadows - Dr. GEORGE FREERS. Middle aged, glasses with one cracked lens.

FREERS

I'm an infectious disease expert for the CDC, here with the World Health Organization to study --

Umari slaps him, leaving a mark.

UMARI

Please. Don't make me hurt you. Just tell me the truth.

FREERS

That is the truth --

Another massive slap.

UMARI

You leave me no choice. Sleep well.

Umari leaves the cell.

Freers falls back against the wall... into the darkness.

EXT. JIJIGA, ETHIOPIA - ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

Hyenas in the streets, barking.

INT. PRISON CELL -- NIGHT

The cell door opens.
 Freers opens his eyes.
 The silhouette of a SOLDIER.

FREERS
 You're early.

The Soldier grabs him by the collar, yanks him to his feet.

FREERS
 Umari said dawn. It's still dark.
 Two hours. Just give me two more
 hours. You can go back to sleep --

SOLDIER
 Shut up.

The Soldier pushes him out the cell door.

EXT. WALL BEHIND THE PRISON -- NIGHT

Pitch black. Only the stars. Not even a hint of sunlight.

FREERS
 Two more hours --

The Soldier slams Freers against the wall.

SOLDIER
 There's a plane in the brush about
 two miles east. If you stay quiet,
 we won't have to run.

Lights flick on inside the prison. Exposing the Soldier's face - not an Ethiopian at all. He's Col. MITCH KELLER, hot shot Air Force pilot, expert in extractions. He's the best and he knows it... the guy you want to rescue you.

KELLER/SOLDIER
 Shit.

Keller grabs Freers by the collar again and start running.

EXT. JIJIGA STREETS -- NIGHT

Keller drags Freers behind him, running down the dark streets.

FREERS
 My equipment!

KELLER
 Their's now.

ALARMS sound from the prison.
 Freers picks up his pace.

Keller lets go of his collar.

FREERS
I have slides with an Ebola mutation --

KELLER
You want to go back?

The prison's ancient Land Rover spins the corner behind them, roaring down the street - spot lights finding them.

FREERS
They're going to catch us!

KELLER
Run faster.

They race down the street, old Land Rover gaining on them. Keller ahead of Freers.

Umari and two SOLDIERS in the Land Rover. One aims at them - fires.

Bullets spatter off the side of the building next to Freers.

FREERS
They're shooting at us!

KELLER
Told me you were smart.

More bullets spark off the walls. Freers looks at the Land Rover - only a block away now! Looks ahead... Keller is GONE!

FREERS
Where ---?

A hand reaches out from an alley - grabs him by the collar. YANKS him into the alley.

IN THE ALLEY

Keller drags Freers behind him as he runs down the narrow alley to the street on the other side.

The Land Rover stops at the mouth of the alley. Shines the spotlight at them.

KELLER
Not good.

Keller stops in front of Freers, turns around, pulls a HUGE black Desert Eagle automatic and aims it at Freers.

FREERS

Nooooo!

Keller rests the gun on Freers shoulder and fires a couple of times... shattering the spotlight on the Land Rover.

Swearing in Somali - Umari's voice.

The Land Rover returns fire - firing blind.

Keller yanks on Freer's collar, bolting the last few feet out of the alley onto the next street. Bullets sparking and ricocheting off the alley walls behind them.

ANOTHER STREET

Keller and Freers race down the street, heading out of town. A hyena chasing after them.

FREERS

Who are you?

KELLER

Less talking, more running.

Freers is out of breath, out of shape.

JIJIGA STREET

Umari throws a DEAD SOLDIER out of the Land Rover.

UMARI

Go! Go!

The Soldier behind the wheel puts it into gear, roars off down the street to the next cross street.

UMARI

Damned ONLF terrorists.

The Land Rover rips around the corner.

ANOTHER STREET

Keller turns, Freers is lagging way behind. He slow, grabs Freers collar again and drags him along.

FREERS

Hey! Hey!

Keller hears the roar of an engine. Yanks Freers into another alley... Seconds before the Land Rover skids around the corner.

IN THE LAND ROVER

Umari sees the empty street.

No sign of the escapee.
Just a hyena running into an alley, barking.

UMARI
There you are.

Umari keeps going down the cross street - parallel to the alley. Heading off Freers and Keller.

IN THE ALLEY

Keller drags Freers down the alley behind him.
A noise behind them - someone in the alley!
Chasing!

KELLER
Be still.

Keller pulls out the big black gun again.
Fires down the alley.
The hyena yelps... then drops.

KELLER
Run.

Turns, runs to the end of the alley. Freers follows.

FREERS
Who are you?

Keller gets to the end of the alley, hears the Land Rover.

KELLER
Stop!

Freers runs into him before he can stop - almost pushing them both out of the alley onto the street in front of the Land Rover. Keller aims at the Rover and fires.

ANOTHER STREET

Bullets spark off the hood of the Land Rover.
One hits the Soldier driving...

Umari grabs the wheel, spins the Land Rover out of the line of fire, almost hitting a building.

Keller grabs Freers collar and makes a break for it.
They race across the street to the next alley - and the field beyond.

INT. LAND ROVER -- NIGHT

Umari kicks the dead driver out and grabs his walkie.

UMARI
The goat field East of town.

UMARI

I want twenty soldiers, five vehicles.
Now!

Umari drops the walkie, grabs his machine-pistol, roars away.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Keller runs through the field, Freers trying to keep up.

FREERS

There's no place to hide!

KELLER

We aren't hiding.

FREERS

You can't fight them.

On cue, the Umari and the Land Rover blast over the field at them - headlights turning them into targets.

Bullets blast divots of earth around Keller and Freers.
Freers dives to the ground near some scrub.
Keller turns to face the Rover.

FREERS

You're crazy.

Keller doesn't answer - he aims at the Rover.

Umari continues firing.

Rover getting closer.

Closer.

Closer.

Finally Keller fires.

Bullet shattering the Rover's window and Umari's skull.

INT. LAND ROVER -- NIGHT

Umari falls over dead, hitting the steering wheel.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

The Land Rover veers to the left, hits a rock, flips over.
Explodes in a giant fire ball.

FREERS

Who the hell are you?

An alarm sounds from the town.

Keller clicks off an alarm on his iPhone-like device.

KELLER

Colonel Mitch Keller, U.S. Air Force.
I do extractions.

Grabs the bunch of scrub - really a camouflage tarp - pulls it back to expose a black airplane wing underneath.

KELLER
Ever flown in a Stealth fighter plane?

Freers looks at the exposed section of plane wing.

INT. F-117A -- NIGHT

Keller in the cockpit - black flight suit and helmet.
Freers in the jump seat behind him, scared.

KELLER
Hey, baby, ready to go?

FREERS
I'm not sure.

KELLER
Talking to the plane.

Keller looks at a tattered photo, folds it, pockets it.
Grabs the stick... and takes off!

EXT. FIELD -- STOCK -- NIGHT

An F-117 Stealth Fighter plane takes off in the darkness,
mountains in the background.

EXT. SKIES OVER AFRICA -- STOCK -- NIGHT

The F-117 Stealth Fighter plane roars through the skies.

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE -- STOCK -- DAY

The Air Force base in the simmering sun.

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

Keller takes off his helmet as he leads Freers into the room.
Lt. General DORADIN looks up.

KELLER
One germ guy. Who signs for him?

Doradin shakes Keller's hand.

DORADIN
Great job, Mitch.

FREERS
He made me leave all of my equipment --

DORADIN
We'll get you some new equipment.

DORADIN

I'll have a plane take you back to
the CDC. Leave in about an hour.

An AID whisks Freers away. The big screen in the room shows
a Presidential Press Conference. Doradin and Keller watch...

ON TELEVISION

Charismatic PRESIDENT SHAGAN at a podium, next to another
podium where the RUSSIAN PRESIDENT stands. The GNN news
network logo in the corner of the screen, along with a title:
President Shagan and Russian President Trofimov.

PRESIDENT

Global terrorism is not our enemy.
Hatred and anger and exclusion and
hunger and poverty are our enemies.
Those things breed terrorism.

Keller leaves the room, as the speech continues.

INT. CIVIC FORUM HALL -- DAY

After the applause, President Shagan continues.

PRESIDENT

When people have no food, they look
at those who do and lash out. When
one tribe has water and another does
not, anger grows. It is their tribe
against our tribe. Those people
against my people.

SUPER: MOSCOW, RUSSIA

PRESIDENT

We focus on our differences - hair
color, skin color, eye color - but
these are nothing more than a matter
of pigmentation. There is only one
race - the human race.

Applause. President Shagan looks over the crowd.

PRESIDENT

We focus on differences in culture
and religion and language - but we
all laugh when we are happy, cry
when we are sad, and pray to whatever
God we believe in that our children
will have better lives.

Applause. President Shagan's suit is a distinctive blue.

PRESIDENT

For many years America thought that Russia was our enemy - but now they are our friends. Our countries, and our people are more alike than we are different. Your President, Demetri Trofimov, drives a seven year old Volkswagen, I drive a twenty year old Mustang. We both want the best for our people and our families.

Applause.

The Russian President nods in agreement.

PRESIDENT

We want peace. We want safety. We don't want our families to live in fear. We don't want to waste our time and money on hatred and war.

Applause.

PRESIDENT

Instead of fighting each other, or hating each other, or excluding each other; we must learn to work together, and live together. Our problems as humans are many - we can not solve them if we are fighting each other. If we believe our way is the only way. Every man is different, but every man is the same. We are all brothers. Let us work together to make this a better world.

Applause, and the Russian President comes over to shake his hand for the flash-bulb popping photo op.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE -- STOCK -- DAY

A flash of lightning.

Air Force One cuts through the clouds at 30,000 feet.

INT. AFO LOUNGE -- DAY

President Shagan sits on a built in sofa near an oval window - clouds floating by outside. GNN Reporter LIZ VARNA sits opposite him, no recorder in hand - off the record.

VARNA

Nice speech, President. Do you believe any of it?

PRESIDENT

Do I believe everyone is going to drop their guns and hug their enemies?

PRESIDENT

(laughs)

Probably not in my lifetime. But we need goals, we need a focus for our nation. I'd rather aim for peace than some war that just leads to more war.

Liz Varna notices the flag lapel pin.

VARNA

And if someone attacks us?

PRESIDENT

Am I just going to roll over? Hell no. But I'm against using reflex instead of reason. Are we a country of blind reaction, or a country of calculated action? Hot headed bar room brawlers or people who consider the repercussions of our actions?

VARNA

Do you always have the right answer?

PRESIDENT

(laughs)

If you ask my wife, I always have the wrong answer.

Varna laughs... and the plane shakes.
Hard.
Both grab hold of the walls and seats.

PRESIDENT

A little rough air --

An explosion.
The plane JOLTS.
Black smoke outside the window.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

A REBEL sites Air Force One on his Kvadrat SA-6 Surface to Air missile launch vehicle.

REBEL

Fire!

Another REBEL hits the launch button.
The SAM fires.

INT. AFO LOUNGE -- DAY

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps into the lounge. President Shagan and Varna look up at him.

AGENT

Mr. President, we are under missile attack. I need to get you to --

A heavy hit. The whole plane shakes. The President and Varna are knocked to the floor, as is Secret Service Agent.

The floor tilts. A high pitch whine from the engines.

PILOT (V.O.)

We have been hit! Emergency crash positions. We are going down. I repeat - we have been hit and are going down. We will attempt to land, but it isn't going to be pretty.

The President, the Secret Service Agent, and Varna get to their feet, holding onto the walls, go to their seats.

PRESIDENT

How did they --

Then the lights go out, plunging the plane into darkness.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC -- STOCK -- DAY

Washington DC in the afternoon light. All of the monuments, the reflecting pond. The White House, the Capitol Building.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

The board room for a nation. Video screens on the walls, that big board from STRANGELOVE, maps, and a giant table where every member of the Cabinet except the President is seated. The chair across from VP LYNSKEY is empty.

SUPER: WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM

Prissy germ-phobic CIA Chief TEALE addresses the group in cold monotone.

TEALE

This is the last transmission from Air Force One.

Presses a button, recording playing on the room's speakers.

PILOT (V.O.)

The is Air Force One. We have been hit. Complete loss of stabal --

(static)

Losing fuel rapidly.

(static)

There's a field below. I will attempt to land. Here we go...

Noise. But not the sound of a crash - a crash landing.

PILOT (V.O.)

We're down. We're --

Sudden cut off. Teale turns off the recording.

TEALE

Then we lost communication.

Teale presses another button, and a map shows up on the video screen - showing the southern section of Russia.

TEALE

They were shot down over Karifistan,
a southern provence of the Russian
Federation on the Caspian Sea.

Vice President LYNSKY, a Southern Hawk with an eye on the Oval Office, jumps in.

VP LYNSKY

Russians? Well, what do you know?

TEALE

A break away. Lots of rebel activity.

Teale clicks a button. Grainy satellite photo appears on the video screen: AFO down, fuselage in one piece, but a wing torn from the plane. No sign of fire.

TEALE

As you can see from the spy-sat
photos, the fuselage is in one piece,
and there is no sign of fire.

Teale clocks the button a few more times: different satellite photos of the crash site and surrounding area.

Secretary Of State RAINEY plays on both sides, constantly flip flopping. Plays with his Presidential drink coaster.

SOS RAINEY

Should we ask the Russians for help?

VP LYNSKY

How do we know the Russians aren't
involved in this? Sounds like their
shenanigans. What do we really know
about this new President of theirs?

SOS RAINEY

He was hand picked by the last guy.

VP LYNSKY

Precisely. I warned the President
that speech would make our country
look weak and --

Secretary of Defense HOWARD, an Army General, doesn't wear his religious beliefs on his sleeve - but they're there. Scarred - he's seen too many men die in battle.

SOD HOWARD

Negotiation and reason make us weak, Mr. Vice President? You'd rather we just kick ass?

VP LYNSKY

General Howard, you should know better than any of us that the United States is a kick ass nation. Always has been, always will be.

SOD HOWARD

Have you ever seen action? Seen a man die? A college, a friend, a kid... die... in your arms... blood pumping out of him? Right, I forgot. Your dad got you a college deferment.

VP LYNSKY

I say, you aren't sounding much like a Secretary of Defense. More like a --

SOS RAINEY tries to change the subject to avoid Civil War.

SOS RAINEY

My staff is working on a press release --

VP Lynsky and General Howard both jump in:

VP LYNSKY

No Press! Are you an idiot?

SOD HOWARD

No Press! This stays under wraps for 24 hours. We don't want to cause panic, create a situation.

SOS RAINEY

What do I tell the press?

VP LYNSKY

Our esteemed President is visiting our troops, we can't disclose the locations until he returns, for security reasons.

Teale clicks the button again, showing a rebel camp.

TEALE

Rebel encampment is two miles away.

SOS RAINEY

What do we know about them?

TEALE

Karifistan has always had tenuous ties with the Russian Federation. Two years ago, a rebel movement lead by Shujaat Pischik - who claims to be a descendant of Cyrus The Great --

Teale clicks up a painting of PISCHIK on the back of a white horse, holding an ornate sword.

VP LYNSKY

You're telling me some guy on a horse shot down Air Force One?

SOD HOWARD

He's a religious fanatic. Believes his version of Islam is the only true version - killing anyone who does not share his narrow views.

VP LYNSKY

Ethnic cleanings?

SOD HOWARD

Religious cleansing.

VP LYNSKY

He's on a fucking horse.

SOD HOWARD

How many people were on the plane when it went down?

TEALE

Sixty three.

VP LYNSKY

I say, you think that sword will do any good against a few dozen Trident D-5s? Seems we've got him outgunned.

SOD HOWARD

You want to start a war with a Russian state? Where do you think that leads?

VP LYNSKY

You all said they were a break away.

SOD HOWARD

What happens to the President in that scenario? And the other 63 people on Air Force One?

VP LYNSKY

You know what they say about making an omelet. Have to think about what's best for the country, not one man.

SOD HOWARD

What is best for the country is to
get the President back, alive.

SOS RAINEY

How do we do that?

At the end of the table, Air Force General JOSHUA BATES slides
into the conversation. He's a man who knows things.

GEN BATES

I have a man. Expert in extractions.
He'll be in and out in a flash,
minimum footprint. Mitchell Keller.

VP LYNSKY

Let's give him 24 hours. See what
this man can do to get our beloved
President back. When he fails...

The satellite photo of A.F.1. down on the monitor.

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE -- STOCK -- DAY

The Air Force Base - planes landing.

SUPER: EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

The satellite photo of A.F.O. on the monitor.

Keller looks from the monitor to Lt. Gen Doradin.

KELLER

Of the United States?

DORADIN

That's the one. The plane made a
rough landing, but it was a landing.
Intel believes everyone survived.

(beat)

The other sixty three people on the
plane are not your problem.

KELLER

They are if they want to come along.

DORADIN

Discourage that.

KELLER

Right.

Another satellite photo.

DORADIN

About seven clicks away, a rebel camp - with a Kvadrat As-6 SAM. So be careful flying in.

KELLER

Big guns for rebels.

DORADIN

It's a civil war. The President caught in the middle. We have to get him out before they even know he's there.

KELLER

And the sixty three others? I imagine there are some pretty important folks on that plane.

DORADIN

We'll send in the Rangers later. Right now - we have to get the President back before anyone knows he's missing.

KELLER

Before they figure we're vulnerable.

DORADIN

Right. They've given you 24 hours --
(looks at watch)
Make that 23 hours and seven minutes.

KELLER

Sorry, I was sleeping.

DORADIN

Minimum foot print. This is blacker than black. Only a handful of people know Air Force One is down, and we want to keep it that way.

Keller grabs his helmet and the iPhone-like communicator with the mission clock ticking away on it.

KELLER

I'll have him back in a flash.

Salutes and leaves the room.

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE -- DAY

Keller walks to the airfield, putting on his helmet.

SUPER: EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - 22 Hours, 56 Minutes

Planes take off in the background.

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- DAY

The F-117A taxis out of the hanger to the runway.

INT. F-117A -- DAY

Keller goes through the per-flight check list.

VOICE (V.O.)

Night Hawk One, you are cleared for
take off - runway seven.

KELLER

Copy that.

Keller takes a final look at the oft-folded photo, pockets it, then works the controls. Caresses the instrument panel - he loves this plane.

KELLER

Hey, baby - ready to go?
(smiles)

Let's see that sky in the rear view.

Hits the throttle and afterburners - Roar!

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- DAY

The F-117A takes off, roaring into the heavens.

INT. F-117A -- DAY

Keller pilots the plane across the Pacific.

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- DAY

The F-117A cuts through the sky like a black knife.

Pacific Ocean rippling beneath it.

INT. F-117A -- DAY

Keller pilots the plane through the clouds.

DORADIN (V.O.)

Night Hawk One, base.

KELLER

Night Hawk One.

DORADIN (V.O.)

There's some rebel movement in the
area where the plane went down.

KELLER

I'll try not to step in it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

Doradin watches the spy satellite feed on a monitor, talking to Keller on the radio.

THE MONITOR

Three vehicles and five motorcycles on a dirt road head to the downed plane.

DORADIN

I have three trucks and five cycles, maybe a dozen rebels. I'll send the signal.

Doradin clicks a button.

INT. F-117A -- DAY

The satellite footage pops up on a cockpit monitor in the stealth fighter plane. Keller watches it for a moment.

THE MONITOR

Miniature vehicles disappear behind a cloud...

KELLER

I've lost them.

The image on the monitor is dark and foggy - traces of the vehicles can be seen now and then.

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

Doradin sees the same image - or lack of.

The Monitor is fuzzy with clouds and shadows.

DORADIN

We have a combination of clouds and nightfall. This isn't a Tescar sat, no night vision, no heat sigs. That gear's over Iraq and Iran.

KELLER (V.O.)

So I'm flying blind?

DORADIN

Let me see what I can do. CIA may have a bird up there we can use.

Doradin looks at other monitors - nothing that will help.

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- DAY

The F-117A as it flies over the mountains.

INT. F-117A -- DAY -- INTERCUT

Keller looks away from the monitor.

KELLER
Were they moving the SAMs?

DORADIN (V.O.)
Didn't look like it. I'm sending
you AFO's transponder code.

A map on the monitor, signal showing where Air Force One is.

KELLER
Got it.

DORADIN (V.O.)
The President also has a personal
signal device. Low frequency - five
miles, tops. Sending it now.

Keller's pocket Pippin iPhone-like device beeps in his pocket.

KELLER
Russians know I'm coming?

DORADIN (V.O.)
Nobody knows.

KELLER
What if they pick me up?

DORADIN (V.O.)
Do not engage.

KELLER
What does that leave me? Eject?
I'm not leaving this plane.

DORADIN (V.O.)
Evade. Escape. Go back for the
President. He's the priority.

KELLER
If the Russians shoot me down?

DORADIN (V.O.)
We never heard of you. Blacker than
black.

Keller nods, breaks through the clouds.

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- EVENING

The sun sets behind the F-117A as it glides over the
mountains... Heading into enemy territory.

INT. F-117A -- EVENING

Keller checks his instruments - and AFOs transponder signal.

KELLER
Night Hawk One, silent running from
here on in.

DORADIN (V.O.)
Copy that. Good luck.

Keller keeps his eyes open for MiGs and SAMs.

EXT. F-117A -- STOCK -- NIGHT

The F-117A is almost impossible to see at night.

INT. F-117A -- NIGHT

Keller looks at a monitor - a satellite photo of the area.
A field beyond the rebel camp.

KELLER
That's looks good.

Keller begins landing procedures.

EXT. KARIFISTAN COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

Aerial shot of a forest...

The rebel camp...

The SAMs...

A field...

As the F-117A lands behind enemy lines.

INT. F-117A -- NIGHT

Keller shuts down the plane and pops off his helmet.

KELLER
I'll be right back.

Grabs his bag from behind the seat and pulls out the Pippin.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Keller pulls the camouflage tarp over the end of the F-117A's
wing, making it practically invisible... at night, at least.
Sets the tamper alarm on his Pippin.

SUPER: KARIFISTAN - 18 Hours, 07 Minutes

Grabs his bag and walks away from the plane - consulting his Pippin - heading toward the wreckage of AFO.

Jogging through the darkness... A noise...

Trucks coming!

Keller hits the dirt, hiding...

Two Trucks (filled with REBELS) and three motorcycles (with armed REBELS) zoom toward him - on a road a couple dozen feet away from where Keller hides.

Keller tries to become one with the ground.

The three Motorcycles and one Truck zooms down the road.

The other Truck slows... stops near where Keller hides.

Did they see him?

Keller remains still as SLEEPY REBEL jumps out of the truck.

SLEEPY REBEL
(in Karifi)
This will just take a second.

COMBOVER REBEL
(laughs)
Not much to drain.

Sleepy Rebel walks across the field to where Keller hides.

Keller holds his breath as the Rebel walks towards him...
Stops a few feet away...
Unzips his fly and takes a leak...
Splattering too close for comfort.

COMBOVER REBEL yells something from the truck.

Sleepy Rebel laughs, zips his fly, turns and walks back.

Keller watches Sleepy Rebel climb into the truck, start it up, and drive down the road - following the other vehicles.

Keller waits until they are gone before hopping to his feet and examining his black flight suit for mud spatters.
He's clean.

Pulls out the Pippin and follows the transponder signal.

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING AFO -- NIGHT

Keller stops at bluff overlooking the downed plane, pulls a pair of night vision goggles from his bag, puts them on.

NIGHT VISION

A green Air Force One plane in the little valley below. A trace of movement - someone is down there, near the plane.

Keller adjusts the goggles...
Suddenly everything turns bright green!
A FIGURE stands in front of Keller, blocking his view!

Keller tries to slug the Figure.
The Figure grabs his hand and flips Keller.

Keller manages to roll to his feet, pulls his Desert Eagle.
Aims at the night-vision green figure.

KELLER

Hold it.

The Figure kicks the gun out of his hands.
It goes skittering.

When the Figure kicks again, Keller blocks it and chops.
They parry and kick and block and punch, back and forth.

Keller has trouble seeing with the night vision goggles.

Sees an opening and throws a punch...
The Figure grabs his arm and flips him again.

Keller lands hard, moves to his feet, tears off the goggles.
Now he's fighting someone in black against the black night.
Black body suit, black ski mask... black boots!

Wham!
Keller takes a kick to the head before he knows it.

He's ready for the next kick, and flips the Figure onto the ground. When he goes in to kick the Figure, it's his turn to end up on the ground. They trade flips, hits, kicks. An even match...

The Figure tries another kick to Keller's head.
He catches the foot and flips the Figure.
Then kicks his fallen Desert Eagle into his hand.

KELLER

I said hold --

The Figure rolls to his feet.
But Keller kicks the feet out from under the Figure.
When the Figure starts to get up, Keller pounces on him.
Pins the Figure to the ground, shoves the gun in his face.

KELLER

Let's see what we've got.

Keller yanks off the ski mask.

Hair flows out... lots of it.
The hair belongs to sexy Russian agent Yelana Andreeva.

KELLER
You're a girl?

YELANA
You are American?

Keller realizes his hand is on her breast, removes it. In the skin-tight black suit, she's sexy.

YELANA
What are you doing here?

KELLER
I have the gun, you first.

She says nothing... so Keller pats her down.
Finds a gun in a velcro compartment.
Finds a knife and flashlight in another.
Finds an ID in a slit in the black body suit.

Keeps the gun on her, grabs the goggles to look at the ID...
It's in Cyrillic.

KELLER
Okay, what does this say?

She thinks she has him.

YELANA
You first.

KELLER
Says you're a member of Russian
Internal Security. You're not here
on vacation...
(looks at ID)
Yelana... So why are you here?

YELANA
Rebel activity. They shot some
missiles earlier. What did they
shoot down?

KELLER
Who said they hit anything?

YELANA
Why else would you be here? Vacation?

KELLER
I have the gun, I ask the questions.

YELANA
If I don't answer?

Calling his bluff.

KELLER
I don't have to kill you. I can
shoot you in the leg.

YELANA
The rebels will hear, and come.

Keller raises the gun butt to hit her.

YELANA
I know this country...

KELLER
I work alone.

YELANA
As do I. But I have already seen
what plane the rebels shot down.

Keller lowers the gun.

KELLER
You radio anyone?

YELANA
I have yet to examine the wreckage.
The plane might be a decoy... But
then, you would not be here.

Reluctantly, he pulls her to her feet, hands her back
everything but her weapons.

YELANA
My weapons?

KELLER
Right. I'm supposed to trust you?

YELANA
We work together.

KELLER
Not a chance. You are my prisoner.

YELANA
My country. You are my prisoner.

KELLER
You stay here.

Keller starts down the hill to the plane.
Yelana follows him... at a distance.

YELANA
You should have hit me.

KELLER
I still can.

YELANA
Your arms are not long enough.

KELLER
I could jump you.

YELANA
I would run.

KELLER
I'd chase you.

YELANA
You catch me? Ha!

Each tops the other as they make their way down to the plane.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE WRECKAGE -- NIGHT

Keller pulls out a pocket flash, tosses Yelana her flashlight.
The wreckage looks surreal in the darkness.
Yelana shines her flash at the Presidential Seal.

YELANA
It is Air Force One.

KELLER
I can't confirm that.

She shines her flash back on the Presidential Seal.
He ignores it, finds the door - open - and enters.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE WRECKAGE -- NIGHT

Keller searches the inside of the plane with the flash.
It's empty.
Desolate.
Spooky.

KELLER
Hello? Anyone?

Empty hallways.
Empty rooms.
Empty seats.

Keller's flashlight probes the shadows.

As he walks through a hallway, something on the wall...
He aims his flashlight...
A bloody hand print.

KELLER
Is anyone there?

No answer - no more traces of blood.
 Completely empty.
 As if everyone vanished.
 Shadows and more shadows.

A sound behind him.
 He spins, gun ready.
 Nothing.
 The plane is empty.

He gets to the cockpit of the plane - doors open...

Empty.
 Both seats empty and no signs of blood.

YELANA (O.S.)
 American! American!

Keller heads to the open door.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE WRECKAGE -- NIGHT

Yelana stands in the field about a hundred feet from the wreckage, flashlight aimed at the ground.

Keller jogs up to her.

KELLER
 Yes?

Looks down at the flashlight beam...
 A body lays in the dirt - GNN Reporter Liz Varna.
 Shot in the head.

KELLER
 Shit.

Yelana moves the beam across the dirt...
 A line of bodies.
 Most on their faces in the dirt.
 Pools of blood around their heads.

KELLER
 Who would do this?

YELANA
 They would.

Yelana and Keller walk down the line of dead bodies.
 Capturing each in their flash for a moment.

Crew members.

Pilot and co-Pilot.

Press people.

Secret Service Agents.

The President's staff members.

All sixty three people onboard...

Or is it all sixty four?

Keller's flash picks up a dead man, face down, in a blue suit. The President's signature blue...

KELLER

No...

Moves to the body, hands Yelana the flashlight.

KELLER

Hold this.

Turns over the dead man to look at his face...

Not the President.

A Secret Service decoy.

Dead.

Shot in the head.

YELANA

Not your President. They must have taken him.

KELLER

How many are here?

YELANA

Many.

KELLER

I need a count.

They go back to the beginning of the dead and count.

KELLER

Five... six.. seven...

Down the line.

KELLER

Forty three... Forty four...

Yelana stops at a DEAD MAN.

YELANA

American.

A Dead Man without a right arm.

Someone hacked it off.

Blood everywhere.

Keller shines the flashlight on the Dead Man - a Secret Service Agent. Stripped of his gun.

YELANA
Why would they do this?

KELLER
The football.

YELANA
He was playing football?

KELLER
A briefcase with missile launch controls. Nuclear missiles. And our space platform missiles, like they one they had to shoot down.

YELANA
They control American nuclear missile?

KELLER
Only the President knows the code.

YELANA
They have him, and this football?

Keller pulls out his communicator, speaks into it.

KELLER
Base, this is Night Hawk One.

DORADIN (V.O.)
Base.

KELLER
They have Potus and the football.
Everyone else is dead.

DORADIN (V.O.)
Repeat?

Keller starts to say something, but the motorcycles interrupt. He closes down the communicator.

The two missing Motorcycles roar across the field at them.

YELANA
Down --

She falls down in the row of bodies.
The motorcycles gets closer.
Keller falls down in the row of bodies next to her.

The THREE MOTORCYCLES stop near the line of bodies - headlights shining over them... over Keller and Yelana.

MOUSTACHE REBEL (leader) dismounts and lifts his walkie.

MOUSTACHE REBEL
(in Karifi)
We are back at the plane.

COL. GANEVA (V.O.)
(in Karifi)
Guard the area.

MOUSTACHE REBEL
Yes, sir.

Moustache Rebel pockets the walkie, shrugs at BULLY REBEL and TWITCHY REBEL, then walks to the wreckage.

Bully Rebel kicks one of the bodies - hard - then laughs.

Twitchy Rebel pulls his gun and SHOOTS the next body in line. They both laugh.

Bully Rebel shoots the next body in the head, laughs.

They move down the line of dead bodies, raking turns shooting each to create the most mess... then laughing at the cruelty.

Each body brings them closer to Keller and Yelana.
Closer.
Closer.
Closer.

Bully Rebel laughs and aims at Keller's head.
The dead body (Keller) rolls over, blasts at Bully's head.
Bully Rebel falls over dead, Twitchy rebel screams - in shock.
Keller moves to his feet, gun aimed at Twitchy Rebel.

YELANA
Do not mess the uniform.

Twitchy Rebel sees another dead body come back to life.
Remembers his gun, aims at Keller.
Keller aims at Twitchy Rebel...
Their pistols hit each other and spark.

Twitchy Rebel is about to fire.
Keller uses his gun to push Twitchy's gun away as it fires.
The bullet whizzes past Yelana's head...

Sparks off the plane wreckage, near...

Moustache Rebel turns and heads to the line of bodies.

MOUSTACHE REBEL
(in Karifi)
Stop screwing around! That ammunition
is expensive!

Keller slams the gun out of Twitchy Rebel's hand, aims and...
 Twitchy Rebel grabs the barrel of Keller's gun.
 They wrestle for control of the gun.

Gun barrel pressed into Keller's face.
 Keller pushes it away - at Twitchy Rebel's face.
 Back and forth until Keller pushes the barrel down to Twitchy
 Rebel's chest and fires - blasting the man away.

Exposing Moustache Rebel standing there, walkie in hand.
 He raises the walkie to report.
 Keller fires at him.

Misses.
 Moustache drops the walkie and runs to his motorcycle.
 Keller fires - misses.
 Tries to fire again - click, time for a new magazine.

YELANA

My gun!

Keller does not give her the gun.
 He ejects his mag, slams in another, as...

Moustache Rebel starts up his motorcycle, roars away!

YELANA

Just give me the gun!

Keller takes a bead on the cycle roaring down the dark road.
 Looks down the sights.
 Fires.

Moustache Rebel is knocked off his cycle by the blast.
 The cycle slams into a tree and catches fire.

YELANA

Excellent shot.

KELLER

I was trying to hit the cycle. Now
 all of the uniforms are messed.

Yelana strips the uniform off Bully Rebel and puts it on
 over her body suit. A patch on the shoulder shows Pischik
 on his white horse, sword raised.

Keller grabs the fallen walkie... just as a voice speaks!

COL. GANEVA (V.O.)

(Karifi)

We need you at a field seventy one
 kilometers from where you are...

Keller looks at the walkie, confused.

Yelana grabs it from his hands, presses the talk button.

YELANA
 (Karifi, sounding
 male)
 We will be there right away, sir.

Keller puts on Twitchy Rebel's uniform - it doesn't fit well.
 Yelana pockets the walkie, nods to the dead Rebels.

YELANA
 They are to meet Col. Ganeva in a
 field one and seventy kilometers
 down the road. They have found
 something.

Keller does the math...

KELLER
 My plane.

He runs to one of the motorcycles, starts it. Yelana secretly
 scoops up a Rebel's gun, jogs to the other cycle. Both start
 up their cycles and roar off - flags showing Pischik flutter.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

Pischik on his horse, sword raised on the monitor.

Secretary Of State Rainey looks for the best case scenario.

SOS RAINEY
 The President will never give up the
 launch codes, he's --

Vice President Lynsky drawls his point of view.

VP LYNSKY
 Give up the codes? I say, did you
 hear that speech he gave? He pretty
 near gave up the whole country!

Secretary of Defense Howard strongly disagrees.

SOD HOWARD
 The President's speech was --

VP LYNSKY
 A bunch of weak liberal bullshit.
 You know it and I know it.

SOS RAINEY
 Gentlemen - how does this solve the
 problem at hand?

VP LYNSKY
 If we act weak, one of these crazy
 bastards is gonna attack us. What
 do you know - here's the proof.