

NCIS

'Legend (Part One)'

Episode 135

Written by
Shane Brennan

Draft of January 26, 2009

NCIS

"Legend"

Episode 135

COLD OPEN

FROM BLACK:

FLASH - BLACK-AND-WHITE OF GIBBS, TONY AND ZIVA REACTING TO THE NEWS...

PHOOF TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET (AERIAL-PICTOMETRY) - DAY

Downtown L.A. from three thousand feet, ANGLING straight down. Begin a fast PUSH over radio distorted VOICES:

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Acquiring 'Blackbird'.

KENSI'S VOICE

North west on fifth, crossing Grand.
He's moving to the south side of the
street. You got him Sam?

SAM'S VOICE

I got him.

And now the down town forest of skyscrapers fills the screen and we change trajectory, swooping between the towers, turning down West Fifth Street towards Grand Avenue.

MACY'S VOICE

Traffic camera acquisition?

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Pictometry going live in five....

The swooping aerial comes to rest. It's a HIGH DEFINITION photo, not live, an oblique angle of West Fifth Street 30 feet off the ground. A beat, then a section of the street shimmers with static as the TRAFFIC CAM image is stitched into the photo. And now we have a live view of the street.

MACY'S VOICE

Zoom south side of the street.
'Blackbird' is wearing a green rain
jacket, carrying an aluminium
briefcase.

And we're zooming in on a man whom we'll come to know as RAY CHANDLER, early 20s, walking away from camera wearing a GREEN RAIN JACKET and carrying an ALUMINIUM BRIEFCASE.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE
'Blackbird' acquired.

MACY'S VOICE
We have visual, Kensi.

EXT. WEST FIFTH STREET - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT KENSI LO, late 20s. Confident, headstrong, intelligent. Exotic good looks, but dressed down to blend into the crowd as she talks discreetly into her wrist mike...

KENSI
Welcome to the party, Mace.

MACY'S VOICE
Stay on him.

KENSI'S POV across the street, Chandler walking steadily, not looking left or right. Kensi's POV shifts to a man walking twenty yards behind Chandler...

KENSI
Repositioning Sam, back to me at the intersection.

SPECIAL AGENT SAM HANNA shoots her a discreet look. Sam's in his 40s, with the wisdom that only experience teaches. Not as fast as he used to be, but still as good for knowing it.

SAM
Ease up Kensi, you don't wanna get there first.

An SUV with tinted windows begins to slow. Suddenly - BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! The shop front behind Chandler explodes in a SHOWER OF GLASS.

Sam instantly turns, reaching for his SIG as Kensi talks urgently into her mike --

KENSI
Shots fired! Shots fired!
'Blackbird' is under fire!

BACK WIDE TO PICTOMETRY AS

Chandler recovers, begins to run as other PEDESTRIANS duck for cover or turn in confusion.

MACY'S VOICE

All units, close up, close up,
shots fired. Get me another angle.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Working on it.

BACK ON THE STREET

Kensi and Sam sprinting, closing the distance on Chandler and at the same time identify where the shots are coming from.

BAM! BAM! Chandler ducks as the window of a parked CAR explodes behind him. He's running hard, changes direction, darting out into the speeding traffic.

Sam tries to follow, is momentarily checked by the traffic.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The shots hit a speeding SEDAN'S windshield. It side-swipes a PICK-UP which swerves out of control towards Chandler. It flashes by him, the front fender CLIPPING THE BRIEFCASE, which bursts open...

HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS spill from the briefcase, blowing high into the air. Chandler keeps running.

Behind Kensi a chain reaction as the speeding traffic tries to avoid the accident. SQUEALING BRAKES and HONKING HORNS as a second PICK-UP sideswipes a VAN, which veers off the road towards the pavement.

SAM'S POV as the Van demolishes a LITTER BIN and spears straight for Kensi.

SAM

(into his mike)
Kensi! Behind you!

ON KENSI - already half turning to the sound of screeching metal. She dives for cover a split second before the out of control Van mounts the pavement and slams into a shop wall.

Sam sprints through traffic and swirling bank notes, scrambles around the van, finds Kensi shaken in a doorway.

KENSI

Get Chandler!

Sam quickly looks down the street. Traffic chaos. Drivers. Pedestrians. Onlookers.

SAM

(raises his mike wrist)
Need a GPS heading --

BACK WIDE ON PICTOMETRY AS

The CAMERA ANGLE changes, giving the still unseen Macy a different perspective of the chaotic scene.

MACY'S VOICE

Transmitter's in the briefcase --

ZOOM IN on Sam, spinning around to look, sees the crushed briefcase on the road.

MACY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

We need a visual, Sam.

Sam pushes through a growing crowd of ONLOOKERS, scanning the street. No Chandler. Too late.

SAM

That's a negative, Mace.
'Blackbird' has flown.

MACY'S VOICE

Crap.

AND WE SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLES

FROM BLACK:

INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Elevator doors glide open, SPECIAL AGENTS ANTHONY DINOZZO and TIMOTHY MCGEE exit, heading for the bullpen. Tony in a mischievous mood, McGee fed up.

MCGEE

I'm not going to argue with you,
Tony.

TONY

You're arguing now.

MCGEE

No, I'm not.

TONY

Yes, you are.

MCGEE

This is not an argument.

TONY

Yes, it is.

MCGEE

No, it's not.

Ziva's phone rings. Tony picks it up.

TONY

Officer David's phone.

(listens - frowns)

She's not here right now can I -

MOSSAD LIAISON OFFICER ZIVA DAVID enters from the rear of the bull pen carrying a cup of coffee.

TONY (CONT'D)

-- ah she's just walked in.

(covering the mouthpiece)

Man. Deep voice. Slightly accented. Probably six-three. Two hundred pounds. Prada suit.

Italian shoes. Standing on the north side of the street --

Ziva pries the phone from him.

TONY (CONT'D)

-- asking for Ziva.

ZIVA

Thank you Tony.

(moves behind her desk)

Hello?

She listens a beat, then lowers her voice, shifts to Hebrew. Tony frowns, wants to linger but instead turns back to McGee.

TONY

So what were we arguing about again? I forget.

MCGEE

We are not arguing.

TONY

Oh that. Yes, we are.

MCGEE

That's what we were arguing about, Tony. That you like to argue about the least little thing. Sometimes about nothing at all. You just like to argue.

TONY

No, I don't.

McGee is about to argue. Stops himself.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's not arguing, McContrary. It's banter.

MCGEE
It's not banter, Tony.

TONY
Yes, it is.

MCGEE
No it's not. Banter is light-hearted, teasing repartee --

McGee realizes he's the one arguing. Glares at Tony, who feigns innocence.

TONY
Go on.

MCGEE
Coffee. Black. Your turn.

Tony is about to argue --

GIBBS' VOICE
Don't argue DiNozzo. Coffee can wait, McGee. Dead Marine can't.

SPECIAL AGENT LEROY JETHRO GIBBS crosses to his desk, pulls out his SIG and his ID. Ziva quickly ends her call. Tony shooting her a look as he gears up.

TONY
Don't you hate those long distance relationships?

A quizzing look from Ziva.

TONY (CONT'D)
Your tele-friend from Tel Aviv.

ZIVA
You are jealous.

TONY
No, I'm not.

ZIVA
Yes, you are.

TONY

I am not jealous.
(off Gibbs' look)
And I am not arguing, Boss.

McGee blows by, heading for the elevator.

MCGEE

Are too.

TONY

Am not.

Ziva shakes her head in despair and turns for the elevator.

INT. MULTI-STORY BUILDING SITE - DAY

BUILDER'S PLASTIC, blowing in the breeze, giving us a glimpse of concrete support columns, dusty floors and the skeleton of an unfinished building, open to the elements. Gibbs, Tony, Ziva and McGee step through a gap in the plastic, stop in their tracks, taking in the crime scene.

TONY

'X' marks the spot.

FROM THEIR POV: instead of floor to ceiling windows, the DEAD GUY, silhouetted against the sweeping panorama of the Washington DC skyline. He's facing into the building, arms and legs stretched wide, tied to floor and ceiling to form an 'X'. He's stripped to the waist, his chest bound with wire and trailing CABLES.

RESUME the team, grim-faced.

CLICK-FLASH: on DOG TAGS hanging from the Dead Guy's neck;

CLICK-FLASH: on copper wire bound around his chest, two cables attached to the wire with alligator clips;

CLICK-FLASH: on the CABLES beside a BATTERY;

CLICK-FLASH: on one SHOE, a SWEATER and a GREEN RAIN JACKET discarded on the floor;

CLICK-FLASH: on the dead guy's face...it's Ray Chandler, the guy being followed in Los Angeles.

ZIVA'S VOICE

Private First Class Ray Thomas
Chandler.

McGee lowers the camera. Ziva, standing beside the discarded clothing, studying a WALLET. Tony examining the body.

ZIVA
Camp Pendleton, California.

MCGEE
Left shoe is missing.

Something catches Tony's attention.

TONY
McSnapper...

McGee raises his camera as Tony takes a card from Chandler's shirt pocket.

CLICK-FLASH: on an AIRLINE BOARDING PASS.

TONY (CONT'D)
Boarding pass. Los Angeles to DC.

Gibbs takes the boarding pass.

GIBBS
Arrived this morning.

TONY
Those red-eye flights are murder.

DUCKY'S VOICE
What a marvellous view.

DOCTOR DONALD 'DUCKY' MALLARD joins them. He's carrying his Medical Examiner's KIT BAG.

DUCKY
The sweep of early American history at a single glance. From the Potomac to the Dome of Congress. Not that this poor fellow would have taken any enjoyment from it.

He puts down his ME kit. Begins to examine the body.

ZIVA
Construction workers found him when they arrived for work at eight AM.

DUCKY
No sign of lividity or onset of rigor.

TONY
Guessing the flight landed around six. Thirty minutes from the airport.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Say another twenty minutes for the tie and fry. Puts time of death around seven AM.

DUCKY

Eleven minutes after seven to be precise.

A look from Tony. Ducky indicates Chandler's wrist watch.

TONY

Digital. He wasn't the only thing fried.

MCGEE

Twenty-four volt battery. Not enough voltage to electrocute him.

DUCKY

But certainly enough to suffocate him, Timothy.

McGee and Tony both give Ducky doubtful looks.

MCGEE

He was suffocated?

DUCKY

The application of a sustained current across the chest causes a tetanic contraction of the respiratory muscles. The diaphragm and the intercostals seize up. The poor fellow would have been fully conscious but unable to breathe. Death by suffocation.

(beat)

A particularly excruciating, terrifying and slow way to die.

ZIVA

Wanted him to suffer.

GIBBS

Or talk.

And off this sobering thought...

INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Chandler's MARINE ID PHOTO on the PLASMA.

MCGEE'S VOICE

Chandler was deployed to Riyadh,
Saudi Arabia. Got back yesterday.
Compassionate leave.

Gibbs watching the PLASMA as McGee throws up the details.
Ziva and Tony at their desks, working their phones.

GIBBS

Service record?

MCGEE

Exemplary. Not so much as a
scuffed boot.

Tony hangs up.

TONY

Chandler bought his airline ticket
at the gate. No checked luggage.
(beat)
Man in a hurry to get somewhere.
(beat)
Or away from someone.

Gibbs looks to Ziva as she hangs up.

GIBBS

Car rental?

ZIVA

Booked a car in-flight with a credit
card. But did not pick it up.

TONY

Someone picked him up first.

MCGEE

Ah Boss...got some activity...not
the only one's looking at Chandler.
BOLO's been issued out of Los
Angeles.

McGee works his keyboard.

MCGEE (CONT'D)

Nationwide alert.

GIBBS

LAPD?

McGee's frown.

MCGEE
 That's a negative...

McGee stares at the screen, his frown deepening.

 GIBBS
 Who issued the Bolo, McGee?

McGee looks up.

 MCGEE
 Ah...
 (falters)
 ...we did, Boss.
 (beat)
 NCIS.

And off Gibbs, Tony and Ziva's surprise...

PHOOF TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FROM BLACK:

FLASH - BLACK-AND-WHITE OF ZIVA, HARD TO READ...

PHOOF TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK:

INT. MTAC - DAY

ON THE BIG SCREEN - INSERT of the video footage of the attack on Chandler in Los Angeles.

MACY'S VOICE

All units, close up, close up,
shots fired.

DIRECTOR LEON VANCE watches with Gibbs. Vance hits the MUTE button on the REMOTE, killing the audio.

VANCE

Chandler's mother was beaten half to death in a home invasion last week. He was granted compassionate leave. Before he left Saudi Arabia, someone gave him a quarter million dollars. Told him if he delivered it to an address in Los Angeles, they wouldn't go back and finish the job on his mother.

(beat)

He was an easy target. Only child.

ON THE SCREEN, Chandler's briefcase is clipped by the Pick-Up, money is blown skyward.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Local informant tipped us off. Chandler agreed to work with us. On his way to the drop, someone took a shot at him. Kid panicked. Tried to get home to his mom in West Virginia. Got as far as D.C.

GIBBS

Not just about a dead marine.

VANCE

Think it could be tied to an arms deal case we're working over there. Want you to liaise with them. Pick an Agent to go with you.

GIBBS
San Diego?

VANCE
Los Angeles. OSP.

A flicker of a frown from Gibbs, not lost on Vance.

GIBBS
She still the Agent in charge?

VANCE
You got a problem?

GIBBS
No. But she might.

VANCE
You're on the same team. Work it out.

Gibbs' look suggests that's going to be a problem. He turns for the door.

Vance looks back at the screen. Hits the MUTE button on the remote, bringing up the sound in time for Macy's single word response...

MACY'S VOICE
Crap.

Vance sighs.

INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - DAY

McGee at his desk, Tony sparring with Ziva.

TONY
He got a name?

ZIVA
Who?

TONY
Star of Da-vid [dah-veed].

ZIVA
Oh. Him.
(beat)
Yes. He has a name.

TONY
Trevor? Bruce? Marmaduke?

ZIVA

Michael.

TONY

Sounded more like a Bruce than a
Michael on the phone.

Before Ziva can respond, Gibbs enters, heads for his desk,
shooting a look at McGee.

GIBBS

Grab your toothbrush.

MCGEE

Road trip?

GIBBS

Los Angeles.

TONY

Cali-forne-eh! What time do we
leave, Boss?

GIBBS

Not 'we'.

TONY

McGee? Not me?
(looks at McGee)
McGoo? You?
(beat)
But, Boss...

GIBBS

Joint operation with OSP. Chandler
case. Need you to follow up here.
(to McGee)
Pick up's in forty-five.

And Gibbs heads for the rear elevator. McGee is pleased.
Tony miffed. Ziva indifferent.

ZIVA

OSP?

TONY

Office of Special Projects. NCIS
Undercover. Surveillance.

MCGEE

Cool toys.

ZIVA

After our last trip to L.A., I do not understand why you think we would be such eager platypussies, Tony.

TONY

Beavers. Eager Beavers. Not platypussies. Why do I find that disturbing?

(thinks)

Don't answer that.

Ziva's cellphone rings.

TONY (CONT'D)

Answer that.

Ziva checks the caller ID, answers it. Again, speaking in Hebrew. Not lost on Tony. McGee grabs his bag, begins quickly packing it with an assortment of electronic gear.

MCGEE

Guess the Boss knows I got his back, Tony.

TONY

Not just his back, Probie. You'll have his ears as well.

MCGEE

Ears?

TONY

On the plane, McGabby. Five and a half hours flight time.

(beat)

So what are you going to talk to him about?

MCGEE

Talk to him? I have to...talk to him?

TONY

Small talk. Better brush up on your boat building. Or you could buy a copy of Sniper Monthly.

(beat)

Just don't mention marriage, divorce or Vance.

As McGee has a sudden attack of the nerves, Ziva snaps her cellphone closed.

ZIVA
(to Tony)
Cover for me.

She grabs her bag, heads for the elevator. McGee follows her.

TONY
Hey! Wait...

McGee's desk phone begins to ring.

TONY (CONT'D)
When will you be back?

ZIVA
Soon.

MCGEE
Later.

The elevator CHIMES and they both step through the doorway. Tony silently curses. As he crosses to McGee's phone, Ziva's phone begins to RING. He changes direction. A moment later his phone begins to RING.

And off Tony, caught between ringing phones...

ABBY'S VOICE
Forensics Laboratory, Abby
Scuito...

INT. ABBY'S LAB - DAY

FORENSIC SPECIALIST ABBY SCIUTO on the phone.

ABBY
Who?
(listens)
Where?
(listens)
You are?
(listens)
You do?
(listens)
You did?

Looks at her computer.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I'll do that.
(listens)
You too. Ciao.

She hangs up the phone. Frowns pensively.

ABBY (CONT'D)
That was weird.

GIBBS' VOICE
What was weird, Abbs?

Abby turns from her computer as Gibbs enters.

ABBY
Gibbs. NCIS Office of Special
Projects in L.A. They just sent me
an email confirming their interest
in 'X' Man...

GIBBS
PFC Chandler.

ABBY
That's him.

GIBBS
Special Agent Macy.

ABBY
That's her.

GIBBS
What did she mean by 'interest'
Abbs?

ABBY
She wants to be copied on all my
findings.

Gibbs contemplates this for a beat.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You know her.
(off Gibbs' look)
Not a question Gibbs. You know her.

GIBBS
You find anything, you contact me
first. Then you send it to her.

ABBY
You're going somewhere?

GIBBS
What I came to tell you. Los
Angles.

ABBY
Into the Lioness' den.

GIBBS

Not a Lioness, Abbs.
(turning for the door)
More a bear.

And off Abby's concern...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. Tony, half-eaten BURGER in one hand, phone receiver cradled under his chin as he scribbles notes.

TONY

(into the phone)
He use a credit card for that?

McGee's phone RINGS. Tony glances at McGee's empty desk.

TONY (CONT'D)

So just two calls from the
airphone?
(covers the mouthpiece)
Someone want to get that?
(back into his phone)
No, I wasn't yelling at you, I was -
(listens)
Sure. Okay, that's all I needed to
know. Thanks.

He hangs his phone, dumps his burger, hurries to answer McGee's phone. It stops as he's about to pick it up. Tony grimaces. Looks across the room.

Ziva's desk. Vacant.

Tony checks his watch. Reaches a decision. Back to his desk, picks up the phone, punches in a number.

TONY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)
Not keeping you from anything, am
I? Like work.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

Ziva sitting at an outside table, talking on her cell.

ZIVA

Tony. I am working on something.
Following a lead.

TONY

A lead? On Chandler?

ZIVA

It might not come to anything.

TONY

You wanna share?

ZIVA

Tony, I cannot talk, I have to go.

TONY

Go.

(sound of phone hung up)

Gone.

Tony hangs up the phone. Troubled. Something's up with Ziva. He can feel it.

RESUME ZIVA in the coffee shop.

CAMERA MOVE REVEALS MICHAEL RIVKIN (established Episode 114 'Last Man Standing') sitting opposite Ziva. Straight off the cover of Vogue Men. Ziva uncomfortable.

RIVKIN

DiNozzo?

ZIVA

I do not want to lie to him,
Michael.

RIVKIN

A small lie.

(then)

Your father sends his love.

ZIVA

What else does my father send?

He reaches out, touches her arm.

RIVKIN

Me.

Rivkin smiles disarmingly.

And off Ziva, hard to read...

PHOOF TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FROM BLACK:

FLASH - BLACK-AND-WHITE OF MACY, REALIZING THEY'VE MADE THE CONNECTION.

PHOOF TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Series of shots of L.A. including: Aircraft stacked up to land at LAX; Port area; Venice Beach; Downtown; Chinatown; and the Garment District.

INT. OSP - ATRIUM - DAY

A warehouse shell with narrow, towering windows that fill the deeply shadowed atrium with shafts of light. Paint peeling and untouched in decades. All the appearances of being derelict except for THREE LARGE PLASMA SCREENS mounted on the wall beside an WROUGHT IRON DOOR. Each screen displays different security video of the street. On one screen, the familiar faces of Gibbs and McGee waiting to enter.

Kensi emerges from the shadows, passes her SECURITY CARD over a SCANNER and the wrought iron door swings silently open.

INT. OSP - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

The entry hall is unfurnished, dusty, looks like it hasn't been used in decades. All an illusion. Kensi crosses to the main door, slides a dead bolt, swings the door open. Bright sunlight. Gibbs and McGee silhouetted as they enter. McGee is carrying his computer bag. Kensi bolts the door.

KENSI

Hi. Kensi Lo.

GIBBS

Gibbs.

Kensi shakes his hand, turns to McGee.

MCGEE

McGee.

KENSI

First time at OSP?

MCGEE

Yes.

GIBBS

No.

Kensi grins at McGee's discomfort, leads them through the wrought-iron door.

INT. OSP - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

And for the first time, we're seeing the rest of the warehouse - a building within a building. At the far end of the cathedral like space, stairs rise to a second floor which is encased in curved, sloping plate glass. Behind the glass, a brightly lit modern office space, half a dozen AGENTS and SUPPORT STAFF moving about. Some working behind desks.

KENSI

Garment district. Factory conversion.
Used to be a sweat shop. Some days
feels like it still is.

They cross to the stairs. Kensi sees a magazine peeking from McGee's bag: BOATBUILDER'S ANNUAL.

KENSI (CONT'D)

You sail?

MCGEE

No.

KENSI

Build boats?

MCGEE

No.

McGee realizes she's looking at the magazine.

MCGEE (CONT'D)

Oh. Um...conversation starter.

KENSI

Works.

McGee squirms, aware Gibbs is listening.

INT. OSP - MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS

They climb the stairs, cross the office, head down a hallway.

KENSI

How was the flight?

GIBBS

Slept all the way.

She looks at McGee.

MCGEE

Not a wink.

McGee tucks the magazine out of sight. No longer required.

Kensi swipes her ID across a scanner and pushes through a door marked: OPERATIONS - RESTRICTED ACCESS.

INT. OSP - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A darkened room, similar to MTAC - but wider, deeper. On the far wall, THREE OVERSIZED SCREENS, each being fed operational data. On the right side of the room, half a dozen CONSOLES, only a couple of them manned by OPERATORS. Each console has it's own FLAT SCREEN. In the middle of the room, a rectangular table that's fitted with a COMPUTER TOUCH SCREEN.

But Gibbs and McGee's attention is drawn to one of the main screens, where Vance is video-conferencing with SPECIAL AGENT CLARA MACY, early 40s. The easy confidence of someone who knows how to manage people. Never wears make-up but has a natural beauty that's pleasing to the eye. She's learned to live with it.

VANCE

NSA is worried about the Horn of Africa. Somalia in particular.

MACY

Increased chatter?

VANCE

Opposite. Suddenly all they're hearing are crickets.

MACY

(not believing it for a moment)

Maybe the bad guys have all given up and gone home.

Macy turns, sees Gibbs and McGee. So does NATE GETZ, 30, lounging against a wall. People watching. He's dishevelled - looks like he's come from the beach. Probably has. He's as interested in Macy's reaction to Gibbs, as Gibbs himself.

VANCE

Or they're on their way here.
(beat)
Tell Gibbs to call me when he arrives.

MACY

You can tell him yourself.

Gibbs steps forward.

VANCE

Gibbs.

GIBBS

Director.

VANCE

Just wanted to make sure we all work together on this one. Full cooperation. Intel going in both directions.

(beat)

I know how excited you two are to be working together again.

(beat)

Don't make me have to come out there.

Vance nods to someone off screen and his face is replaced with color bars. Gibbs and Macy exchange a look.

MACY

Am I under investigation?

GIBBS

Should you be?

McGee and Kensi both shuffle uncomfortably, feeling the pressure rise. Getz watches, intrigued.

MACY

You still drink coffee?

GIBBS

You still burn it?

She turns away. Gibbs follows. Kensi and McGee relax.

MCGEE

Expected Agent Macy to be older.

KENSI

Is he everything they say he is?

MCGEE

Then some.

(beat)

Her?

KENSI

Oh yeah.

And off their shared, knowing look...

INT. MACY'S OFFICE - SEMI CONTINUOUS

A thin NCIS FOLDER is dumped onto a desk in front of Gibbs.

MACY'S VOICE

Everything we know about Chandler.

As Gibbs opens the file, Macy crosses to a coffee machine, pours coffee into THROWAWAY CUPS. The office is functional, nothing to suggest a woman's touch. Gibbs scans the file.

MACY

How's his mother?

GIBBS

Asking for her son.

He looks at her. A somber, shared beat. Then Gibbs moves on.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

What was the plan?

MACY

Follow the money. We put a GPS locator in the briefcase. Shadowed him to the rendezvous. Didn't have a lot of time to set it up...

GIBBS

Someone was running counter surveillance. Your team got made. Whoever he was going to meet took him out to protect themselves.

MACY

My team didn't get made -

GIBBS

Said yourself it was a rushed job.

MACY

And you've never had a blown surveillance op?

Gibbs concedes. Macy puts the coffee down in front of him.

GIBBS

Who was he meeting?

MACY

Someone called Liam.

GIBBS

How's this tied to the arms deal
your investigating?

MACY

A coincide of days. Chandler had
until the end of the week to
deliver the cash.

(beat)

Arms broker's on a tight deadline
as well. End of the week.

GIBBS

Not much of a connection. You've
met him?

MACY

Meet's set for later today. Local
diner.

GIBBS

Undercover?

MACY

It's what we do.

Gibbs sips his coffee. Hard to read what he thinks.

MACY (CONT'D)

Word of advice, Jethro.

(beat)

Let me do my job.

GIBBS

Like you did first time we met?

Macy returns his steady gaze. Gibbs picks up the file.
Leaves the coffee.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Keep working on the coffee.

As Gibbs exits, Getz enters.

GETZ

They're all set at the diner.

MACY

Callen?

GETZ

Haven't seen him. Yet.

Macy is pissed, sits at her desk. Getz looks at a plasma displaying SECURITY FOOTAGE of the atrium and the street. He watches as Gibbs and McGee across the atrium. He glances back at Macy, who is studying a file. He studies her a moment. Macy doesn't look up.

MACY

Get out of my head, Nate.

GETZ

Operational psychologist. It's my job to be in your head.

(beat)

Gibbs. Wanna talk about him?

MACY

No.

GETZ

He doesn't trust you.

(off her look)

Body language screamed it.

Couldn't wait to leave.

MACY

Nate, you only passed him in the doorway.

He shrugs - that was enough.

GETZ

You should have slept with him way back then. Whenever then was. I probably wasn't even born.

MACY

How do you know I didn't?

Getz is about to answer.

MACY (CONT'D)

Don't answer that. You scare me. Leave.

Getz turns for the door.

MACY (CONT'D)

Find Callen.

GETZ

Yeah. Right.

Big joke. They both know it. Macy sips her coffee. Not good, but she's not about to admit it.

INT. OSP - ATRIUM SEMI CONTINUOUS

Gibbs pulls out his cellphone as they reach the main door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - SAME TIME

Tony picks up the ringing phone as Ziva exits the elevator.

TONY

DiNozzo.

GIBBS

Got something for me, DiNozzo.

TONY

Ah - Boss - no luck with security footage at the airport. Chandler got lost in the crowd. Truck battery's a cheap Chinese import - thousands sold every year.

GIBBS

That's what we haven't got. What about what we have got?

TONY

Also checking similar MOs - guys knew what they were doing - means they've probably done it before.

GIBBS

We're looking for a guy named Liam.

TONY

Liam. Got it.

GIBBS

Ziva?

TONY

Ziva...

Ziva looks at Tony, who mouths 'boss'.

TONY (CONT'D)

...was following up a lead...
(Ziva shakes her head)
...which looks like it didn't go anywhere.
(hastily)
How was the flight?

GIBBS
McGee kept me entertained.

TONY
McGee? He did? I mean - well done
that man --

GIBBS
Stay on it.

TONY
Will do, Boss.

Gibbs snaps his cell closed, looks at McGee, who is still trying to figure out how he kept Gibbs entertained.

GIBBS
When you're done with the
Boatbuilders Annual, McGee...

MCGEE
I'm done, Boss.

Gibbs swipes a keycard. McGee follows, but Gibbs stops him.

GIBBS
Keep 'em company. Meeting an old
friend.

And he heads out, leaving McGee curious; Gibbs has a friend?

RESUME TONY, watching Ziva settle at her desk.

ZIVA
Sorry about yesterday.

TONY
That's okay, I like to keep
insanely busy --

ZIVA
I said I was sorry.

Tony is a little taken-aback.

ZIVA (CONT'D)
The lead did not lead anywhere.

TONY
Don't sweat it.
(off Ziva's look)
No problemo, Davido.

Off Tony, watching her, his concern level rising.

INT. OSP - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON the TOUCH SCREEN COMPUTER displaying several different data streams: Pictometry of a westside Diner; a street map; and two camera feeds of the street.

SAM'S VOICE

Taking feeds from four cameras...

Sam, wearing a HEADSET, begins to pull up data by touching and dragging it across the screen.

SAM'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Bank security across the street.
Traffic cam at the intersection.
And two pre-placed minis in the diner.

OPERATORS man their consoles. McGee and Getz both stand off to one side, watching, listening. Macy enters.

MACY

We up?

SAM

Coming on stream.

MACY

Kensi?

SAM

Fifteen minutes out. Kick-off is in thirty.

MACY

Callen?

Sam shrugs. Getz shrugs. Macy silently curses, pulls out her cellphone, punches in a number.

MCGEE

Whose Callen?

GETZ

You're about to find out.

Off McGee's frown...

EXT. PARK NEAR BEACH - SAME TIME

CLOSE on a MAN'S HAND holding a CELLPHONE. The caller ID: MACY. The unseen man snaps the phone closed.

CAMERA SHIFT reveals SPECIAL AGENT CALLEN, late 30s, sitting on a PARK BENCH overlooking the beach. Casually dressed. Relaxed. But his eyes betraying his restless mind.

CALLEN
You still building that boat in
your basement?

GIBBS' VOICE
Yep.

Gibbs leans into FRAME, sharing the bench with Callen.

CALLEN
Same one?

GIBBS
No. Another one.

CALLEN
Two boats. Three wives.

GIBBS
Four.

A flicker of a smile from Callen. Nearby, a FAMILY GROUP is playing a game of BOLO. Fun. Laughter. Callen and Gibbs watch them in silence for a beat.

CALLEN
You see Mace?

GIBBS
Yeah. I saw her.

CALLEN
You got a long memory.

GIBBS
For some things.

CALLEN
You two would make a great couple if
you didn't hate each other so much.

GIBBS
How have you been, G?

CALLEN
Not so bad. Maybe even bordering
on good some days.

GIBBS
Still looking?

CALLEN

Still looking.

(beat)

Reason we're not having this conversation in a bar?

GIBBS

Ten AM.

CALLEN

Wouldn't have stopped us back then.

Callen suddenly leans close, lowers his voice.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

How's your Russian?

GIBBS

Rusty.

CALLEN

Name's Alexi.

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, attractive, approaches. Sees Callen, a smile of recognition forming on her lips.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

I don't want to hear any more excuses. You tell him he has until the end of the week.

GIBBS

(in Russian)

What happens at the end of the week, Alexi?

CALLEN

(in Russian)

If he doesn't pay what he owes then I will find him and I will --

Callen abruptly stops as he 'sees' her for the first time.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

It was a good game, but the striker should never have been red carded.

He smiles at the Young Woman who quickly moves on. Callen watches her a moment. Perhaps with a hint of regret.

GIBBS

Should have told me you were undercover.

CALLEN

Only for her.
(indicating a building)
She lives across the street from
me. Just arrived from St
Petersburg. Lonely. If she thinks
I'm Russian Mafia she won't try to
make friends.

GIBBS

Wouldn't hurt for you to have some
female company.

CALLEN

This from the man who's been
married too many times.

Callen's cell rings. Macy. He kills the call. Looks at Gibbs.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Sometimes you plan them for weeks.
Sometimes you get a day.

GIBBS

Another one of Macy's rushed ops.

CALLEN

Arms broker named Talia. Doesn't trust
anyone. Don't like our chances.
(not moving)
Miss the old days. You taught me a lot.
Saved my ass that time in Serbia.

GIBBS

Moscow.

CALLEN

My ass didn't need saving in Moscow.

GIBBS

Yes, it did.

CALLEN

No, that was Petrov. Petrov's ass
always needed saving.

Underneath the fun, something more serious. More poignant.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Some are worth saving more than others.

Callen holds Gibbs' look for a moment.

CALLEN (CONT'D)
Worked with some good people.

GIBBS
Made some good friends.

CALLEN
Lost a few.
(moving on)
How's Fornell?

GIBBS
Same.

CALLEN
He owes me twenty bucks.

GIBBS
Fornell owes everyone twenty bucks.

A wry smile from Callen. His cell rings again. He flicks it off. Time's up. They stand. A handshake turns into a hug.

CALLEN
Next time, we park in a bar. Not
bolo in a park. Okay?

Gibbs nods. Callen sets off. Gibbs watches for a long moment, then turns and walks off in the opposite direction.

INT. DINER - DAY

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OSP - OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME TIME

CLOSE on a plasma displaying a MINI-CAMERA view of the diner. A dozen CUSTOMERS, including MATTIE RAE, 30ish, sitting at the counter, drinking coffee. And in a booth, NICK TALIA, 40s, a half-eaten burger on a plate, talking on his CELL.

SAM'S VOICE
Camera two online.

The screen splits in half, displaying a SECOND ANGLE inside the Diner, featuring Talia's booth.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE
Cam two recording.

SAM'S VOICE
We getting his call?

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Trying.

WIDE to reveal the Operations Center buzzing with activity.

Sam pulls up the image of Talia on the Touch Screen, taps the cellphone. Talia's cell number appears, and a spinning disc icon...searching. An outgoing arrow appears beside the number, pointing to a new number. Sam double-clicks the new number. Data begins scrolling beneath it.

SAM

Caller's a cell number. Cheap throwaway.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Bringing up the outside links.

The screen splits again - two more views of the diner, both from outside. One of the entrance, the other of the street.

SAM

Camera three and four are up.

Macy, FILE in hand, talking on her cellphone.

MACY

Callen, where the hell are you?

CALLEN'S VOICE

(distorted)

At the movies.

Macy quickly turns, looks at the plasma. Callen, cellphone pressed to his ear, steps into view, glancing into camera.

CALLEN

Wired and ready.

He flicks off his cellphone, crosses the street towards the Diner. Sam shoots a look at Macy.

SAM

Need a sound check G --

CALLEN'S VOICE

(over the speakers)

After eighteen years, it wouldn't kill you to cut Gibbs a bit of slack, you know what I'm saying Mace? One honk if you can hear me, Sam.

Macy glowers. No one looks at her. Sam thumbs a button on the REMOTE SWITCHER he's holding.

SAM

Kensi. Honk your horn. Once.

EXT. DINER - SAME TIME

Callen, walking towards the diner, glances casually down the street. A CAR HORN HONKS. Once.

And on cue, Callen transforms himself, slowing his stride, hunching his shoulders, dropping his head down a little, eyes flashing left and right...No longer Callen but Frank Maitland. He pushes through the door and enters the diner.

INT. KENSI'S CAR - SAME TIME

Kensi watching from her car, talks into her wrist mic:

KENSI

He's in. Street's clear.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Intercut with:

INT. OSP - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Callen slides into the booth opposite Nick Talia, who flicks his cellphone closed.

TALIA

My cousin had a diner in Chicago a little like this. Same linoleum, booths. Soda fountains.

(beat)

His roaches probably ran a little bigger. Hygiene wasn't one of cousin Lou's strong points.

CALLEN

America's gift to the world.

(off Talia's look)

The roach.

At the counter, Mattie Rae steals a long glance at Callen. Thinks hard. Callen sees him. Mattie quickly looks away.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

So, you're in the market.

TALIA

And who are you?

CALLEN

Someone who can get what you want.

TALIA
I don't know you.

CALLEN
I come recommended or you wouldn't
be here.

TALIA
Friend of a friend of a douche bag.

CALLEN
So we all take a risk.
(beat)
What do you need?

TALIA
Not me. A client.

CALLEN
What's your 'client' need?

TALIA
Firepower.

CALLEN
What? Hunting rifles? Shotguns?
BB guns?

TALIA
Assault weapons. Ammo. C-4

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

Macy and Sam trade a look.

RESUME THE DINER

Callen leans forward, suddenly intense.

CALLEN
You wired?

TALIA
What?

CALLEN
I said -- are you wired?

Talia holds his gaze a long beat.

TALIA
Are you?

A long moment, then Callen smiles thinly.

CALLEN
When?

TALIA
Tomorrow.

CALLEN
Can't be done.

Not what Talia wanted to hear. Callen sees Mattie scribbling on a SCRAP OF PAPER, whispering to a BUSBOY.

TALIA
No isn't a word my client understands.

CALLEN
Then let me explain it to him.

Talia shakes his head, is about to respond when the Busboy steps up, whispers in his ear, at the same time, handing him the folded scrap of paper. Callen glances across at Mattie. This time, Mattie doesn't look away. Stares him down. Callen's gaze flicks back to Talia, who unfolds the paper. Reads it.

Talia's POV: scribbled on the paper. Three words: HE'S A COP.

Talia slips the paper into his pocket. Resumes eating.

TALIA
Piss off.

CALLEN
What?

TALIA
You heard me. I said, piss off.

Callen hesitates.

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

Getz steps up beside Macy and Vaile.

GETZ
Ops over. Time to get out of there.

RESUME THE DINER

Callen stands, gets in Talia's face. Back to being Callen.

CALLEN

Tell your client we're going to
meet some day.

Callen turns away, heads for the door.

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

Macy, Sam, Getz and McGee watch the screen as Callen steps
out of the diner. He looks into camera.

At the same time, on the other screens, Talia glances across
at Mattie Rae, nods his thanks. Mattie nods back.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Got playback on Talia's call...

MACY

Go.

Talia's voice, crackling under extreme amplification:

TALIA'S VOICE

I know, I *-static-* you *-static-* me -
and I *-static-* deliver, I will
deliver *-static-* I will deliver -
static- ...

Macy doubts what she just heard.

MACY

Replay, isolate the last word.

CLUNK of buttons, WHIR of the shuttle, back and forward,
isolating the static, enhancing it at each pass...the word
growing out of the static...

TALIA'S VOICE

-static-...-static-...Li--static-
...-static-am...Liam. Liam.

Macy and Sam exchange a look.

SAM

Same guy?

MACY

Same guy.

And off Macy realizing they've made the connection...

PHOOF TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FROM BLACK:

**FLASH - BLACK-AND-WHITE OF TONY KNOWING THEY'VE DRAWN A
BLANK...**

PHOOF TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK

INT. OSP - MEZZANINE - DAY

Gibbs and McGee with Macy, Callen and Sam.

SAM

Chandler is coerced into smuggling
a quarter million dollars in cash
from Saudi Arabia by a man named
Liam.

MCGEE

Wiring it to a bank would have been
easier...

CALLEN

Would have left a paper trail.

SAM

At the same time, Talia is
approached to procure assault
weapons and C-4...also by a man
named Liam.

CALLEN

Cash. Weapons.

MACY

Don't like where this is heading.

GIBBS

You got a plan, Agent Macy?

MACY

Talia's the plan.

Gibbs holds her gaze.

MACY (CONT'D)

Sam, get Agents Gibbs and McGee up
to speed.

Sam glances quickly from Macy to Gibbs.

SAM

You got it.

And Sam ushers Gibbs and McGee towards the operations center. Macy turns to stare thoughtfully down into the atrium.

MACY'S POV - Kensi and several ND AGENTS are playing basketball in the atrium.

RESUME MACY as Callen steps up beside her.

CALLEN

Eighteen years ago. You were still in the Marine Corp. Lieutenant Clara Macy. Military Police.
(beat)
Gibbs was still a Gunny Sergeant.

MACY

Don't go there.

CALLEN

You involved in some case together?

MACY

Why do you need to know?

CALLEN

Just looking out for my family.

Macy turns back, watches the game below.

MACY

G, you haven't got any family.

CALLEN

That's cruel, Mace.

MACY

But true.

CALLEN

Gibbs is family. You, too.
(a thought)
Got any photos of you in uniform?

MACY

Yes. And no you can't see them.

CALLEN

I might ask Gibbs what happened.

MACY

Let me know if you do.

A look from Callen.

MACY (CONT'D)

I wanna be there to see him sit you
on your ass.

He smiles, turns away. She watches him through the glass as he goes down the stairs into the atrium.

MACY'S POV - THE ATRIUM

Callen calls for the ball, takes the pass. Kensi tries to block him, he gets around her, sinks a basket.

RESUME MACY. Troubled.

DUCKY'S VOICE

He can be very disconcerting.

INT. AUTOPSY - DAY

Ducky standing over Chandler's body on the slab. Post autopsy. He's holding a sheaf of FORMS. Tony beside him.

DUCKY

...popping up behind you just when
you've got something for him.

TONY

The man's a mind reader.

DUCKY

Pretend you're him.

TONY

Whatcha got, Duck?

DUCKY

That's very good.

(moves to his desk)

The dreaded paper chase, Jethro. I
need your signature.

TONY

Now this is where I stop being Gibbs
and revert to being plain old very
Special Agent DiNozzo. Where do I sign?

Ducky points at four different places on the top sheet.

DUCKY

All seven pages.

And he offers a pen. Tony sighs, takes it. Begins to sign.

DUCKY (CONT'D)

And while you sign, you can tell me
why you came down to see me.

A look from Tony. He resumes signing.

TONY

Ziva.

DUCKY

Ahhh. Personal. Not professional.

TONY

It's not what you think.

DUCKY

I'm not thinking anything. What are
you thinking?

TONY

I'm thinking she's worried about
something.

(frowns - stops signing)

She's distracted.

DUCKY

We all get distracted. Keep signing.

Tony resumes signing.

DUCKY (CONT'D)

Do you think it's interfering with
her work?

TONY

Maybe.

(beat)

Did she ever talk about what she did
when she went back to Israel after
the director sent us all packing?

DUCKY

No. She was involved in some
undercover operation in Morocco.

TONY

Know all about that.

DUCKY

She almost died.

TONY

(looks up quickly)

Didn't know about that.

DUCKY

There's a brief glimpse of her on some news footage taken after the bomb blast. It would have been very traumatic - even for someone as resilient and well-trained as Ziva.

(thinking)

Perhaps I should talk to her...

TONY

Ah. Probably just me...over-reacting. If anything else happens I'll let you know.

(finishes signing)

And done.

(thought)

Anything in here I should know about?

DUCKY

Cause of death was suffocation, brought on by electric shock. Numerous contusions and bruising suggests he was forcibly abducted before being strung up and tortured.

TONY

(turning for the door)

Lovely.

DUCKY

And there was skin.

Tony looks back.

DUCKY (CONT'D)

On the rope. Abby found epithelial tissue. Still waiting on DNA - doubt if it's the victim's.

(beat)

Which suggests the man you're looking for will have a rather nasty rope burn on one of his hands.

And off Tony, absorbing this fact...

INT. NCIS - MTAC - DAY

CLOSE ON THE MAIN PLASMA - ZNN news footage of the bomb blast at the nightclub in Morocco (*Ep 114 'Last Man Standing'*).

REVEAL TONY - alone in MTAC, watching the footage. He freeze-frames on a dazed and wounded Ziva being loaded into an ambulance. Hits rewind. Plays it again. Hits rewind. Plays it a third time.

Tony suddenly frowns, seeing something for the first time. He rewinds the tape, hits play. Then hits Freeze Frame. Steps closer to the screen.

TONY'S POV: Ziva on the gurney. And holding her hand, Michael Rivkin.

Tony reacts.

INSERT: NCIS FLASHBACK: Tony finding a photo of Michael Rivkin on Ziva's desk (EP 123 "NINE LIVES").

RESUME TONY making the connection but still not sure where it's leading...

ABBY'S VOICE
So which case is this exactly?

INT. ABBY'S LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON a screen grab from the ZNN footage of Michael Rivkin's face running through the face recognition software on Abby's computer.

TONY'S VOICE
My case. Special investigation.
Top secret.

REVEAL Tony and Abby at the computer.

ABBY
I'm not even going to ask.
(beat)
Is this anything to do with Ziva?

TONY
You weren't going to ask.

ABBY
Okay. I won't ask. You tell me.

A sideways look from Tony as he tries to figure out her logic. And then the computer CHIRPS as it finds a match.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Got a match.

On the screen, Rivkin's screen grab has been matched with a full facial photo of Rivkin.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Immigration photo - all visitors
into the U.S. are photographed at
their port of entry.
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

(reads)

Michael Aaron Rivkin. Israeli citizen. Lives in Tel Aviv. Works for a bank. Flew into D.C two days ago.

(beat)

That the answer to the question I'm not allowed to ask?

TONY

Maybe. Any more photos?

Abby sighs, hits the keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN the facial recognition search resumes.

INT. OSP - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

ON THE TOUCH SCREEN COMPUTER - surveillance footage of Chandler being shot at in downtown L.A.

MCGEE'S VOICE

There. See it? A flash.

REVEAL Gibbs, McGee and Sam standing at the Touch Screen computer, reviewing the footage.

SAM

Reflection in a shop front window.

MCGEE

A reflection of a flash. Pull up the bullet trajectory data.

SAM

They're all over the place. No single source.

MCGEE

No single stationary source...but if the shooter --

SAM

-- was in a car...

Sam drags images across the screen. McGee marvels.

MCGEE

I gotta get one of these, boss.

Gibbs shoots him a look.

MCGEE (CONT'D)

I mean...obviously, budgets permitting.

On the screen, nine red laser lines appear, each the projected trajectory of the shots fired. They appear random.

SAM

Flash came from this black SUV.

Sam inputs the data. Suddenly all the trajectory lines match the movement of the SUV on the surveillance footage.

GIBBS

Shooter was in the SUV.

SAM

Searching for a clean image...

MCGEE

There!

Sam isolates a frame of the SUV and with a sweep of his hand, expands it to fill the screen, revealing a grainy image of the SUV DRIVER.

SAM

That's our shooter. Maybe even the mystery man himself. Liam.

GIBBS

Run the SUV's plates. Send the photo to Abby. See what she can make of it.

As Gibbs talks, Sam pulls up a Mail Server, drags the image into an e-mail, addresses it to Abby and hits send.

SAM

On its way.

And with a final flourish, he shrinks all the data and scatters it across the screen like a deck of cards.

MCGEE

I've really gotta get one of these.

And off Gibbs' look...

INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Ziva is on the phone as Tony enters.

ZIVA

Do you have a current address?
(scribbles on a pad)
Thanks.

She hangs up, turns to her computer, begins typing.

ZIVA (CONT'D)
I have a lead.

TONY
A real lead?

She shoots him a dark look.

TONY (CONT'D)
I mean - really? A lead.

ZIVA
Eighteen months ago a man was found
strung up and wired to a battery in
a forest outside of Baltimore.
Same M.O., Tony.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN various crime scene PHOTOS of a MAN
strung up between trees to form an 'X'.

ZIVA (CONT'D)
Prime suspects are brothers - Benji
and Stephano Kass.

On the computer screen, MUG SHOTS and criminal histories of
Benji and Stephano Kass.

ZIVA (CONT'D)
It was an extortion racket. They
were never charged.

TONY
Why not?

ZIVA
All the witnesses 'disappeared'.

TONY
Any other tie-in to PFC Chandler?

ZIVA
Just the way both victim's died.

TONY
Guns for hire then. Or doing
someone a favor.

Ziva tears the top sheet from her pad.

ZIVA
They run a scaffolding business.
The address where they are working.

And they spring into action.

EXT. STREET - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A web of SCAFFOLDING clinging to the front of a multi-story apartment building. A TRUCK half-loaded with scaffolding is parked in front of the building.

The NCIS SEDAN turns into the street, pulls up outside the building. Tony and Ziva get out, cross to the truck, Tony trying to appear as if he knows what he's talking about.

TONY

Looks like a six-cylinder diesel...

ZIVA

Twin turbo four-cylinder.

TONY

Right.

Moving towards the front of the truck.

TONY (CONT'D)

Battery should be somewhere here...

ZIVA

Here.

Ziva is peering up into the engine bay behind the cabin.

TONY

There.

ZIVA

Twenty-four volt battery. New.

They exchange a look.

STEPHANO'S VOICE

Looking for something?

They both turn to see two men, STEPHANO and BENJI KASS, both in their 30s, exiting the building carrying BOXES OF SCAFFOLD FIXTURES. Tony steps forward. Ziva continues looking around.

TONY

(badging them)

Special Agent Tony DiNozzo, NCIS.
Guess you'd be the Kass boys...This
your rig?

STEPHANO

What if it is?

ZIVA

Tony.

Tony joins Ziva at a small dumpster. She pulls on a latex glove, reaches into the dumpster, pulls out a SHOE.

ZIVA (CONT'D)

Chandler's left shoe was missing.

An exchanged look between the two, then they turn towards the Kass brothers -- Ziva's hand reaching for her SIG. Stephano suddenly breaks left, Benji darts back into the building.

Ziva's SIG is in her hand in one fluid motion.

ZIVA (CONT'D)

Freeze!

But Stephano has put the truck between the two of them. As Tony bolts after Benji, Ziva sprints to cut off Stephano.

They meet at the front of the truck, Ziva getting there a split second before Stephano. She snaps out her fist, brings him down. Stephano rolls over to find himself looking down the barrel of Ziva's Sig.

ZIVA (CONT'D)

I'm guessing Stephano.

Stephano grimaces.

EXT. RENOVATED BUILDING ROOF - SAME TIME

Benji barrels up the stairs and onto the roof. He leaps down onto the partially erected scaffolding.

Tony reaches the top of the stairs, hears Benji on the scaffolding, charges to the roof's edge and begins to climb down after him. It creaks in protest and a couple of unsecured pieces go clattering to the ground below.

Benji keeps climbing down. The scaffolding wobbles, more pieces coming away. Suddenly a large piece of the scaffolding falls away, trapping Benji on a now highly unstable section. He freezes, aware of the danger. Tony scrambles down, stops, catching his breath as he realizes Benji's predicament.

TONY

Oops. Looks like the guys that erected the scaffolding got a little careless. Oh, wait. That'd be you.

He shakes the section he's standing on. It barely rattles.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm good. You, not so much.

Benji glares at him. Moves. The whole section wobbles, several more pieces fall away. Benji grips a support rail as the scaffolding creaks ominously beneath him. Tony sees a nasty welt running across the back of Benji's hand.

TONY (CONT'D)

Nasty rope burn.

BENJI

You've gotta help me get off this.

TONY

You get it when you strung up
Private Chandler?

Benji glares at him.

BENJI

The whole thing is going to come
down.

TONY

How much did they pay you?

BENJI

Come on man, please...

TONY

That what Chandler said when he saw
the jumper leads?

Tony works himself into a closer position, reaches out. Benji releases his grip, stretches for Tony's hand. Too far. The shift in his weight causes the scaffolding to lurch again. Benji stifles a scream.

TONY (CONT'D)

How much?

BENJI

Nothing, okay? We owed him one.
He called us, asked us to pick
Chandler up at the airport.
Emailed us his flight and photo.

TONY

What information was he after?

BENJI

I dunno, honest! He just wanted to
find out if he'd talked to anyone.

TONY
Had he?

BENJI
No.

TONY
Your friend's name.

BENJI
You don't know what he's like.
He'll kill me.

The scaffolding creaks loudly. Tony pulls out his HANDCUFFS.

TONY
Don't worry, the fall will kill you
before he does.
(beat)
Try again.

Benji stretches out his hand. Tony leans out, readies the cuffs.

TONY (CONT'D)
I think it's about to go. What did
you say his name is?

BENJI
Liam! His name is Liam!

Tony lunges, snaps one link of the cuff onto Benji's wrist. Benji jumps, the scaffolding creaks and groans, shedding more pieces. As Benji grabs at the scaffolding, Tony snaps the second link onto the frame, pulls Benji up to safety.

TONY
Last name?

BENJI
Just Liam.

Close, but not close enough.

Off Tony knowing they've drawn a blank...

PHOOF TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FROM BLACK:

FLASH - BLACK-AND-WHITE OF CALLEN, SMILING DISARMINGLY...

PHOOF TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK:

INT. OSP - MEZZANINE - DAY

Gibbs on a phone, McGee working a computer.

GIBBS
(listens)
What about Stephano?

Macy and Callen enter, crossing to Gibbs.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
(listens)
Keep working it, DiNozzo. Need his
last name.
(hangs up - looks to
McGee)
Anything?

MCGEE
Facial recognition software is
still running on the guy in the
SUV, Boss. Abby says she'll call
me if she gets a match.

Gibbs turns to Macy and Callen.

MACY
What have you got?

GIBBS
Chandler's killers. Two brothers.
Got a call from 'Liam' in Los
Angeles to meet him at the airport.
They did it as a favor.

MACY
Sounds like everyone's scared of
this Liam guy. No last name?

GIBBS
Working on it.

Kensi enters in a rush, sees that Macy's with Gibbs, stops.
Macy senses it's urgent, crosses to talk with her.

Callen and Gibbs exchange a look - both sensing there's something up.

MACY

Gibbs, Callen. You'd better hear this.

And from her tone, they know it's not good.

INT. OSP OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

ON THE MAIN PLASMA - a series of surveillance PHOTOS of Nick Talia at the Diner.

KENSI'S VOICE

We got a wire into Talia's car while he was in the diner with Callen this morning.

PHOTOS OF MATTIE RAE in the diner.

Kensi is working the Touch Screen, Macy, Sam, Callen, Getz and Gibbs getting the briefing.

KENSI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Late this afternoon, Talia went back to the diner - asking questions about the guy who tipped him off that Callen is a cop.

Gibbs glances at Callen, who isn't about to acknowledge it as a failure.

KENSI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Talia got his number. Called him from his car. Used his speaker phone.

Kensi pulls up a phone log on the screen - taps it once, pulling up the details of the call. Hits play.

TALIA'S VOICE

Need to speak to Mattie Rae.

MATTIE'S VOICE

Speaking.

TALIA'S VOICE

The diner this morning. How'd you know he was a cop?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Who is this?

TALIA'S VOICE

Name's Nick Talia.

Silence.

TALIA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Saved me some embarrassment this morning, know what I mean? Just like to know how you knew, that's all.

MATTIE'S VOICE

Spent everyday for three weeks looking at that a-hole across a court room.

TALIA'S VOICE

He put you away?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Bunch of us. Five years.

TALIA'S VOICE

What for?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Dealing.

TALIA'S VOICE

Drugs?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Guns man. Gang stuff, you know? I'm outta that now.

Talia's voice changes, can't believe his luck.

TALIA'S VOICE

But you still know people, right?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Sure I know people.

TALIA'S VOICE

Good suppliers?

MATTIE'S VOICE

Best. These guys could get you a tank if you had a big enough suitcase.

TALIA'S VOICE

I got a pressing need, a client looking for some specialized ordinance.

MATTIE'S VOICE

I don't know man. Not my thing any more, you know.

TALIA'S VOICE

C'mon, Mattie, work with me. Look, this guy, he's cashed up, I don't want to lose this deal...

MATTIE'S VOICE

Who is this guy?

TALIA'S VOICE

His name's Liam. I'll arrange a meeting. No harm in meeting with us, right?

MATTIE'S VOICE

I guess not.

Kensi hits stop on the Touch Screen. Macy looks around the room, her gaze settling on Gibbs.

MACY

Plan worked. We've got ourselves a meeting.

INT. OSP - MEZZANINE - DAY

Macy in deep conversation with Sam and Kensi down in the atrium. Gibbs and Callen watching from the mezzanine.

GIBBS

She doesn't like to share.

CALLEN

Macy's way.

GIBBS

Yours too.

Callen doesn't give anything away.

CALLEN

Least you got an invite to the party.

McGee approaches.

MCGEE

All set, Boss. I'll be in the operations center.

GIBBS

Don't break anything, McGee.
(to Callen)
I'm with you?

CALLEN

No.

(beat)

I'm with you.

They both hold the look, Gibbs finally acknowledging Callen's gesture with a small nod.

INT. OSP OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Screens in surveillance mode - the object of their interest, an empty multi-story PARKING GARAGE. But not quite empty...

MCGEE'S VOICE

Camera three on line.

And on one of the screens a shot of Mattie Rae and Nick Talia, standing beside a dark-colored Mercedes Benz.

McGee is standing with Kensi, who is directing the operation.

KENSI

(into her headset)

All units standby.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MACY'S CAR - SAME TIME

A big dark SEDAN parked in the shadows at the back of the parking garage. Macy on her cellphone behind the wheel. Gibbs beside her. Callen in back. Macy clicks off her phone.

MACY

Talia made the call, Liam's on his way.

GIBBS

With friends?

MACY

Not too many, I hope.

CALLEN

We're missing something.

Macy catches Callen's eye in the rear vision mirror.

CALLEN (CONT'D)

Liam stays out of the light. Moves cautiously. Always three moves ahead.

MACY

Your point?

GIBBS

What's he doing coming to a meeting
at short notice.

MACY

He's under pressure. Having to kill
Chandler screwed up his timetable.
Probably had to find that money fast
from some place else.

CALLEN

So there's a ticking clock on the
deal that's making him throw
caution to the wind.

MACY

Our advantage.

GIBBS

As long as he tells us why.

KENSI'S VOICE

Vehicle entering the building.

Macy, Callen and Gibbs get out of the car, weapons drawn.

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

On screen, a big SUV with tinted windows cruises into the
parking garage.

KENSI

Okay, Talia and Rae can hear him...

On the screen, Talia and Mattie watch tensely for their first
glimpse of the car.

IN THE PARKING GARAGE

The Sedan turns into view. Stops about 30 yards from them.

Gibbs, Callen and Macy watch from the deep shadows.

Both front doors open and two men get out - LIAM, late 30s.
Ordinary looking. And a BODYGUARD. They begin to walk
slowly towards Talia and Mattie, who in turn begin to walk
towards them.

On Gibbs, his gut churning.

GIBBS

(into his wrist mic)

McGee - tight on Liam, tell me what
you see.

Macy shoots a look from Gibbs to Callen. Callen puts his hand on her arm. Let him go. Gibbs' gut is not the only one churning...

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

McGee ignores Kensi's surprised look and ZOOMS in on Liam, starting at his shoes, panning up his body.

MCGEE

Boots, jeans, belt...white t-shirt under an open collared shirt. He's carrying -

KENSI

No surprises there.

MCGEE

- shoulder holster. Looks like an auto -
(falters)
Seems to have a long barrel...

IN THE PARKING GARAGE

Gibbs and Callen both react at the same time.

CALLEN

It's a hit!

GIBBS

Go! Go!

Gibbs and Callen break cover, Macy a second after them.

Liam and the Bodyguard have already started to pull out their weapons...BERETTA'S fitted with SILENCERS.

Mattie reacts with lightening speed, taking Talia down and rolling for cover as Liam and the Bodyguard open fire.

A rapid exchange of GUNFIRE as Liam and the Bodyguard swing their weapons towards a new threat - Macy, Gibbs and Callen - who all return fire.

Liam and the Bodyguard go down in a hail of gunfire.

IN THE OPERATIONS CENTER

Stunned reactions to what just happened.

BACK IN THE PARKING GARAGE

Macy and Gibbs race to Mattie and Talia as a SEDAN roars down a ramp and screeches to a halt. Sam and an ND AGENT are out fast, guns drawn. Callen checks Liam and the Bodyguard. Dead before they hit the ground. He begins searching through Liam's pockets for ID.

Gibbs levels his gun at Talia and Mattie.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see them.

MACY
(to Sam)
Separate them.

Sam drags Talia to his feet, marches him back to the car.

SAM
Let's go sunshine.

Gibbs lowers his SIG, then unexpectedly extends his hand to Mattie.

GIBBS
Gibbs.

Mattie grasps his hand. Gibbs pulls him up. The helping hand turning into a handshake.

DOM
Agent Vaille (*pron: VEIL*) Thanks
for being a step ahead. Semper Fi.

Gibbs acknowledges the brotherhood of Marines.

GIBBS
Oh-ah.

MACY
Nice work, Dom.

Gibbs shoots a look at Macy. She holds the look.

MACY (CONT'D)
Like I said. My op.

DOM
How did you know it was a hit?

GIBBS
Weren't armed for protection.
Armed for an execution. Weapons
were fitted with silencers.

DOM

But why take Talia and me out? We had what Liam wanted.

MACY

Only one reason I can think of... He got what he wanted somewhere else.

GIBBS

You were a loose end.

Callen steps up, holds up a PLASTIC SECURITY CARD.

CALLEN

Hotel on The Strip.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A perfectly normal hotel suite. A beat, then the door opens and Callen, Gibbs and Macy enter. They spread out, looking through the room. Callen opens a wardrobe, finds FOUR LARGE SUITCASES. Macy and Gibbs stand over him, watching as he opens them, one after the other.

Callen stands, holding a small PLASTIC BAG. He opens it, takes out FOUR PASSPORTS, hands them to Macy and Gibbs.

CLOSE on the Passports: each one contains a photo of a man of MIDDLE EASTERN ethnicity. The passports are new, unused. No stamps. Issued out of CANADA.

MACY

Four unused passports and four suitcases filled with weapons...

TILT PAN REVEALS the contents of the suitcases: four ASSAULT RIFLES, SPARE AMMO CLIPS and four neat bundles of C4 and DETONATORS.

GIBBS

Hotel's booked for another week.

CALLEN

Means whoever Liam was supplying to is coming to collect this stuff.

MACY

Probably never met him.

CALLEN

Probably.

Off the three of them exchanging troubled looks...

INT. ABBY'S LAB - DAY

Photo recognition software running of the reflected image of Liam, taken from the SUV.

TONY O.S.

You get any more hits on our secret thingy?

WIDEN to reveal Abby turning as Tony enters.

ABBY

Do you know how busy I've been?

TONY

Yes, I know how busy you've been.

ABBY

Good. I was just asking.

(typing)

Only one hit. But it's a doozy.

She types and up on the plasma screen appears a photo of Michael Rivkin deep in conversation with Eli David.

Tony reacts. Stunned.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Man on the left, Michael Rivkin, supposed Israeli banker. And on his right, the Director of Mossad, Eli David, also known as -

TONY

Ziva's father.

ABBY

I wonder if Ziva knows Rivkin?

TONY

You don't ask her. You don't breathe a word of this, Abby.

She opens her mouth to comment, but Tony shuts her down.

TONY (CONT'D)

I mean it.

ABBY

Tony, you're scaring me.

Tony stares at the photo a moment longer, then hits DELETE. A beat, then the computer running the face recognition program begins to CHIRP.

They turn - MATCH FOUND blinks steadily on the other screen.

KENSI'S VOICE
Liam Patrick Foyle....

INT. OSP OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Gibbs, McGee, Getz, Sam and Dom watching as Kensi manipulates the Touch Screen, which includes a passport photo of Liam alongside the photo pulled from the SUV reflection.

KENSI
Former IRA arms dealer.

GETZ
Irish?

KENSI
American citizen. Born in New York.
(beat)
Raised money and smuggled arms into Northern Ireland in the 90s. After the peace treaty, he went freelance.

DOM
Looks like he sold weapons everywhere from Chechnya to the Horn of Africa.

GIBBS
Supplying arms to terrorists.

MCGEE
How come we've never heard of this guy?

GETZ
It's called a legend...

Off Gibbs and McGee's look...

INT. OSP - WAREHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on a driver's licence. Liam Patrick Foyle...but not Liam's photograph - Callen's.

WIDEN as an ND AGENT slides the license into a wallet, adds credit cards, cash.

GETZ'S VOICE
...a false identity - a word coined by the *Stasi*, the East German Secret police back in the Cold War...

ANGLE TO REVEAL Callen, pulling on a jacket, similar to the one Liam was wearing. Another ND AGENT checks the fit.

GETZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...their idea was to create a cover
so deep that it could stand up to
any scrutiny.

PULL BACK to reveal the vast warehouse behind Callen. Rows of vehicles...exotic sports cars, old pick-ups, jet-skis, motor-cycles. ND TECHNICIANS on the move, pushing racks of clothing and trolly's loaded with office equipment and furniture.

GETZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Passports, documents, work
papers...even family histories.
And none of it true...

The ND AGENT hands the wallet to Macy, who checks it, hands it on to Callen. He slips it into his pocket, straightens, takes a breath...

GETZ'S VOICE (CONT'D)

All a legend...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Ziva, carrying her shoulder bag, steps into the elevator. As the doors closes, Tony scrambles in after her. He's also carrying his shoulder bag. End of a long day.

TONY

Thanks for holding that.

ZIVA

You're welcome, Tony.

TONY

Never thought I'd say it but I
almost miss McGee. Almost.

(beat)

What about you? Miss him?

ZIVA

Yes, I do.

TONY

Who else do you miss? Gibbs?

ZIVA

Some.

TONY

What about your friend from Tel Aviv.

ZIVA

Tony -

TONY

Hey, just asking, okay?

ZIVA

Yes. I miss Michael too.

TONY

When he called the other day, I thought he must have been here...

ZIVA

No. Sadly Michael is not here.

She looks ahead, lost in her own thoughts.

On Tony, deeply troubled...how much does Ziva really know?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Callen gazing out at the city lights...or perhaps his own reflection. Jazz playing softly on the radio. A knock on the door. A moment, to compose himself. He crosses to the door, checks the security peep-hole, opens the door.

CALLEN

I've been expecting you.

A MAN enters - but we can't see his face.

UNSEEN MAN

It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Liam...

The UNSEEN MAN turns as Callen closes the door and now we see his face clearly.

It's Michael Rivkin.

Off Callen, smiling disarmingly...

PHOOF TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE