

Operation Dark Star

Written by

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OPENING TEASER

EXT. FLORIDA - CAMPING CABIN - DAY

Flash Text: *"20 years ago"*

On a warm summer afternoon, a secluded camper cabin sits in a tropical palm forest in Florida. A father, ADMIRAL WOODS, stands on the back porch with his son, little JAMES WOODS.

A couple of green lizards roam across the grassy area near the cabin. They head towards a spot infested with ants, bugs, and flies, which also has some bushes/branches.

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
Pay attention, son. You might learn something valuable.

Two green lizards turn brown as they slowly creep up a branch to pursue a sizable fly at the top of the branch.

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
You may find lizards cute and friendly, but they are actually vicious predators.

The two lizards pounce on the fly simultaneously, snatching and tearing it apart while fighting each other for the meal.

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
Vicious!

The admiral kneels beside his son, young James Woods, on the cabin porch. The boy looks up at his father, the admiral.

CHILD JAMES WOODS
(Casually)
It's just nature... Dad.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Is it?

The admiral draws nearer to the boy, intensifying the moment with a sense of urgency and importance.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
Look again.

Perched high on branches, two brown lizards keep a vigilant eye on the insects below, ready to spring into action at any moment. Their watchful presence speaks to the beauty of nature's predator and prey dynamic.

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
 They assert their dominance by
 elevating themselves over their
 prey, exuding an undeniable
 presence that commands respect and
 authority.

The two brown lizards expertly stalk their prey, skillfully
 pouncing as they navigate the terrain, effortlessly
 transitioning between the heights and depths of their
 environment as they viciously hunt their prey.

CHILD JAMES WOODS (V.O.)
 Power!

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
 Exactly—empowerment is the key to
 unlocking true potential.

CHILD JAMES WOODS (V.O.)
 (Sad)
 Poor bugs.

The admiral lets out a hearty chuckle, leaning back with a
 warm smile that radiates affection for his son. Suddenly, the
 admiral's gaze falls upon a snake slithering toward the
 lizards in the distance, a sight that commands immediate
 attention and evokes concern.

ADMIRAL WOODS
 Now, I want you to absorb this
 crucial lesson. It's essential for
 your growth and understanding.

A sleek, medium-sized Florida Black Racer snake glides
 silently through the underbrush, its dark scales glistening
 in the sunlight. With a keen eye, it fixates on the lizard
 basking on the branch above, poised and ready for the pounce.

The tension builds as the snake slithers closer, its
 movements a blend of grace and purpose.

ADMIRAL WOODS (V.O.)
 That lizard thinks he's the one in
 control, but he's about to face a
 shocking reality.

The boy fixates on the lizard perched on the high branch. The
 lizard stands bold and proud at its station on the branch.
 The snake silently slithers up the branch, drawing closer to
 the unsuspecting lizard. The boy catches sight of the
 predator and quickly turns to his father, alarmed.

CHILD JAMES WOODS

Snake!

The admiral embraces the boy with a protective arm, conveying strength and reassurance.

ADMIRAL WOODS

Ah! You see it now! Focus intently
and keep your eyes fixed on
it--don't look away!

The snake strikes with precision, capturing the unsuspecting lizard on the branch in a swift, lethal embrace--making a clean kill.

CHILD JAMES WOODS (V.O.)

Gotcha!

The other lizard scurries back into the forest as the boy looks up at his father. The admiral unwraps his arm from around the boy and stands up firmly.

ADMIRAL WOODS

And thus concludes the captivating
tale of the serpent and the lizard.

CHILD JAMES WOODS

Oh! I get it now.

The admiral stands tall, placing his hands confidently on his hips, conveying unmistakable authority.

ADMIRAL WOODS

Well then... let's hear it.

James rises confidently to share his insight, ready to make his point with clarity and conviction.

CHILD JAMES WOODS

The lizards were mistreating the
bugs, so the snake came along and
mistreated the lizards.

The admiral folds his arms across his chest.

ADMIRAL WOODS

Go on!

CHILD JAMES WOODS

The bugs are the people, and the
lizards are the bad guys.
Therefore... the snake stands for
justice.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Excellent work! Your message is
incredibly powerful and effectively
communicated!

The boy joyfully hugs his father, filled with pride and happiness.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
Remember this: If anyone ever
mistreats you, rest assured that
one day, they will have to face the
consequences of the snake.

CHILD JAMES WOODS
Got it!

ADMIRAL WOODS
You just let that snake do its job
and ensure you're not its target.

CHILD JAMES WOODS
Promise! I'll be a good bug, Dad.

The Admiral takes a step back, scrutinizing the scene before him with a sharp, discerning gaze, weighing every detail in a meticulous reassessment of the unfolding situation.

ADMIRAL WOODS
We're not the bugs, Son.

CHILD JAMES WOODS
Who are we then?

The admiral gently wraps his arm around James, confidently leading him back toward the cabin.

ADMIRAL WOODS
We're the serpents.

The snake slithers away, triumphant from his hunt, with a dead lizard firmly grasped in his mouth.

FLASH [TITLE] TEXT: *"Operation Dark Star"*

END OF OPENING TEASER

EXT. RAVEN ROCK MOUNTAIN COMPLEX - LANDING ZONE - SUNSET

FLASH TEXT: *"20 years later"*

A presidential helicopter designated Marine One and modeled after the VH-60N Blackhawk approaches the landing zone and safely lands.

Secret Service agents lead the way, swiftly securing the area. Among them is AGENT JAMES WOODS, now in his mid-20s, dressed in a service suit, wearing a name tag that reads,
TEXT: *"WOODS"*

James Woods confidently slips on his earpiece and communicates clearly into his wrist, ready to take action.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

All clear.

THE PRESIDENT, an older gentleman in a suit and tie, exits the helicopter and is safely escorted to the entrance of the bunker tunnel.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - UNDERGROUND BUNKER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The President is escorted down the hallway by three agents, two businessmen, and James Woods. James steps ahead to open the door to the Presidential Office/Quarters.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

Right this way, Mr. President.

The President approaches James at the door.

THE PRESIDENT

You're a good man, Woods!

AGENT JAMES WOODS

Thank you, sir.

The President, three agents, and two businessmen walk into the room, and James closes the door. James stands guard outside in the hallway, watching over the entrance.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE/QUARTERS - NIGHT

The President sits at his private laptop, focused intently on the video conference screen. He is flanked exclusively by his most trusted advisors—three seasoned agents and two influential businessmen—ensuring that decisions are made with the utmost confidence and security.

THE PRESIDENT
(To Agent #1)
Are we secure?

AGENT #1
All clear, sir. Operation is a go.

The President clicks a button on his laptop, and a group of older gentlemen in suits with a villainous appearance appear on his screen.

THE PRESIDENT
Gentlemen, I assured you this day would come. Before I press this button and activate nuclear destruction, collapsing the very epiphany of society as we know it... is everyone secured?

The older men's heads on the screen nod in agreement.

AMBASSADOR #1
I've waited a long time for this.

THE PRESIDENT
That you have, Ambassador.

The President looks around his office suspiciously as he opens the nuclear football (briefcase) handed to him by one of his agents.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, today marks the beginning of a whole new era.

The President pushes the red button for nuclear activation. The briefcase's machine panel lights up and begins beeping faster and faster. A voice from the panel speaks.

BRIEFCASE VOICE FEMALE (V.O.)
Nuclear missiles activated in 5...
4... 3... 2... 1... Now activated.

With a forceful kick, the door bursts open, and Agent Woods strides in, unleashing a flurry of silenced shots from his pistol: PEW PEW PEW.

The three agents in the Presidential Quarters fall dead from the kill shots. Woods shoots the remaining two businessmen, PEW PEW, and they drop dead. As they fall to their deaths, Woods shoots the laptop, PEW PEW, ending the conference early. He turns his pistol to the president.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Mr. President, I am officially
detaining you under classified code
HT7619. Why don't you sit in that
chair over there... slowly?

The president stands up [slowly].

THE PRESIDENT
What the hell is this?

AGENT JAMES WOODS
That's funny! I thought you were a
huge Truman fanatic.

THE PRESIDENT
Truman! You mean President Harry
Truman.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Yeah! The former President who
created our current nuclear
protocol here. Don't worry! You'll
know soon enough.

The president confidently strides toward the chair slowly,
each deliberate step emphasizing the weight of the moment.

James follows closely behind the President, skillfully
guiding him toward the luxurious leather office chair that
awaits.

THE PRESIDENT
So... what do we call this game?

AGENT JAMES WOODS
I call this... The Serpent and the
Snake.

THE PRESIDENT
And to whom of us is the snake
referred? Even more so--

The President confidently settles into the chair, ready to
address the pressing issue at hand.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
--Which one of us... is the
serpent?

James presses his back against the presidential desk,
leveling his pistol directly at the president, exuding an air
of unwavering determination.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Ask him yourself... he's on his
way.

With a focused gaze, the President surveys the security monitor screens mounted on the back wall behind his desk, ensuring that every detail is accounted for while seated in his chair.

THE PRESIDENT
I have forty decorated officers out
there.

James locks his gaze onto the president, unwavering and unblinking, completely dismissing the screens around him.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
And I'm sure that each one remains
loyal to each and every bar on the
chest of that serpent upon his
arrival.

The president reclines in his chair, a surge of excitement coursing through him.

THE PRESIDENT
You don't say! You're a hell of a
soldier, Woods. I'll give you that.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Yes, I am, sir.

THE PRESIDENT
Maybe I should have recruited you.

James rises from his position at the desk, a look of frustration etched across his face.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
I never would have gone along.

THE PRESIDENT
No! I suppose you wouldn't.

Once again, the President surveys the security monitor screens mounted on the back wall behind his desk.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
So... where's this serpent?

James approaches the sitting President and leans in, meeting his gaze directly.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
He's already here.

EXT. RAVEN ROCK MOUNTAIN COMPLEX - NIGHT

A small group of specialized Black-Op soldiers moves through the hillside forest, engaging with one of the two entrances of the mountainside bunker facility. Unseen, they sweep into the bunker entrance unnoticed.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - UNDERGROUND BUNKER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Black Op soldiers move through the hallway, clearing the area. Admiral Woods, now older but still portrayed by the same actor, strides down the corridor. He pushes a button on a device in his hand, which starts to blink with a red light. Approaching the door, he prepares for what's next.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1
The perimeter is clear, sir.

The device with the blinking light changes color. The red blinking light turns solid green.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Here we go!

The Admiral strides confidently through the busted-down damaged door entrance with unwavering determination.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE/QUARTERS - NIGHT

The president sits in his chair as James leans against the desk, holding the same little device of Admiral Woods in his hand (also a solid green light). Admiral Woods makes his grand entrance through the busted-down doors.

THE PRESIDENT
(To James)
So... Where are these so-called
bars you spoke so highly of?

Admiral Woods approaches the President.

ADMIRAL WOODS
I only wear my bars on official
business.

The admiral glances back at his team, who are guarding the door.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
That... and formals.

The Admiral's teammates can't help but laugh as he pivots to confront the captured President, a mix of amusement dancing in their eyes. All jokes are put aside when the admiral turns back to confront the President.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
Now! Let's talk about you. I heard somebody pushed a button.

THE PRESIDENT
I assume you're the serpent?

The admiral gazes at James with a sense of inspiration.

ADMIRAL WOODS
You remembered. See? I told you that one day, that story would make sense.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
I made a few modifications to my adaptation, but I think we'll both agree with the ending.

The admiral turns back to the President.

ADMIRAL WOODS
How about you, Mr. President? Are you satisfied with this conclusion?

The President boldly leans forward toward the admiral, firmly asserting his unwavering confidence in his conviction.

THE PRESIDENT
My lawyers will crap this case out before breakfast.

With a sense of purpose, James rises in acknowledgment of the president's remarks.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Lawyers!

James changes his tone and behavior as he begins to laugh hysterically at the President, capturing the admiral's attention.

ADMIRAL WOODS
I feel it's possible that our dear old friend here is experiencing a bit of confusion.

The Admiral turns to face the president, resembling a convincing gesture of advice.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)

Don't worry! Rest assured, you
won't need any lawyers here today!

James confidently strides around the desk, thoughtfully pulls out the chair, and settles in, ready to engage with focus and determination.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

Would anyone like to approach the
bench?

THE PRESIDENT

If I may?

AGENT JAMES WOODS

Proceed!

The President tries to rise, but the Admiral presses him back down by placing his hand on the President's shoulder.

ADMIRAL WOODS

I believe that location works
perfectly. After all, we're all
friends now.

The admiral looks at James, conveying a sense of understanding about a hidden outcome. The President becomes suddenly aware of the conspiracy abroad.

THE PRESIDENT

You'll never get away with
executing a President.

The President looks at James.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

After all, I won the popular vote.

James reclines in his chair at the desk, taking a moment to reflect.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

I know! I was one of those proud
supporting voters. Boy, did you
turn out to be a disappointment?

THE PRESIDENT

Do you seriously think that you can
just execute a President... and get
away with it?

The Admiral scans the room, his gaze sweeping over his team with the look of a man mocking the concept of the gesture with his expression, deliberately ridiculing the President's expressions.

ADMIRAL WOODS

Who said anything about the
President being executed?

Everyone in the room, except the President, looks around and feigns ignorance [Plays dumb].

THE PRESIDENT

You guys are nuts. I demand a
decision—either charge me or
release me. I refuse to continue
playing these games with you.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

As you wish... Mr. President.

The Admiral turns to his men by the door with authority.

ADMIRAL WOODS

Bring him in.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #2

Yes, sir!

A man walks into the office wearing an identical suit to the President. His face is concealed by a lifelike latex mask that flawlessly mimics the President's features. This individual is not who he appears to be; he is a cunning imposter—an uncanny replica of the President—prepared to usurp the position of the acting President.

THE PRESIDENT

They'll never buy it.

FAKE PRESIDENT

I think you underestimate me. I can
be quite convincing.

One of the Black-Op soldiers (#2) approaches the Admiral.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #2

We have a two-minute window. Make
it quick, sir.

The Black-Op soldier (#2) walks back to the busted door.

THE PRESIDENT

I'm not the only one. The real
enemy is still out there.

(MORE)

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Eventually, they will make their move.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

That's good to know.

The president fixes his gaze on James, resolutely making his case.

THE PRESIDENT

If you let me go, I'll help you.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

That won't be necessary. I think we can handle this.

The Admiral fires his silenced pistol three times: PEW PEW PEW. The President falls back, dead—two shots to the chest and one to the head.

The Black-Op soldier (#2) approaches the Admiral again.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #2

One minute to evacuate, sir.

The Admiral looks at his team in the room with authority.

ADMIRAL WOODS

You heard the man, one minute.
Let's go! Now!

The men started the grim task of relocating the bodies in the office quarters. With a heavy heart, James approaches the lifeless form of the President sprawled on the floor, a stark reminder of the chaos that has unfolded.

AGENT JAMES WOODS

Can someone help me pick him up?

Black-Op Soldier #1 crouches down to assist James; his sharp eyes catch a bloodstain on the floor—an unmistakable sign and evidence of the fatal incident that just occurred.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1

Crap!

AGENT JAMES WOODS

What now?

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1

Blood, sir.

James glances down and sees the unmistakable bloodstain on the floor, a vivid reminder of the reality he can no longer ignore.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Damn! Forensics will do a DNA test
and discover this is the
President's blood.

The FAKE PRESIDENT steps forward persuasively.

FAKE PRESIDENT
No! They won't.

The FAKE PRESIDENT looks around the room and takes command.

FAKE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Leave the bodies. Just get the
President's corpse out of here.

The Admiral looks at the FAKE PRESIDENT.

ADMIRAL WOODS
What are you thinking?

FAKE PRESIDENT
I'm thinking... these traitors just
tried to kill the President.
Luckily, Agent Woods here was able
to stop them.

Black-Ops Soldier #1 looks at James.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1
You hear that? You're going to
receive a medal, kid.

The Admiral looks on from a standing position.

ADMIRAL WOODS
I think he's earned that.

James lowers himself beside the lifeless body, his heart heavy, and gazes up at his father, the admiral, seeking answers in his solemn eyes.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
You did your duty without
hesitation. No one in this room has
ever had to activate such a call to
action. I can't even imagine what
you're going through right now.

The admiral embraces James.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
I'm so proud of you, kid. Damn,
Proud.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Like you said, pops... We're the
serpents.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Yes, we are... and now you know.

Black-Op Soldier #2 approaches.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #2
We got to move now, sir. Thirty
seconds.

The FAKE PRESIDENT approaches James as he rises to his feet.

FAKE PRESIDENT
Listen! They made their move. You
kicked in the door and put them
down.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
And how exactly did I know?

FAKE PRESIDENT
You heard a pistol fire when they
shot me.

Black-Ops Soldier #1 offers James one of the pistols
belonging to the deceased agents, but before he can take it,
the Admiral swiftly snatches the weapon, asserting his
authority in the tense situation.

ADMIRAL WOODS
I'll do it. He's been through
enough.

The FAKE PRESIDENT takes his position near the blood stain on
the floor, ready to reenact the scenario.

FAKE PRESIDENT
It's Ok. This way, the blood will
match the President.

Black-Ops Soldier #1 slides the dead President's corpse out
of the way, Concealing any further blood spill.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1
We'll move faster, only moving one
body. This might work.

James stands aside, getting out of the way.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
We'll tighten security around our replacement here. After all, they say an assassination attempt can change a man.

Black-Ops Soldier #1 picks up the dead president's body.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #1
On your order, sir.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Here we go! Is everybody ready?

The team nods, and everyone is ready to move out.

BLACK-OP SOLDIER #2
Time to go! It's now or never, sir.

The admiral looks affectionately at his son, James—a warm goodbye for now.

ADMIRAL WOODS
Once I fire this shot, the soldiers will come quick. You got your story straight?

James Nods.

ADMIRAL WOODS (CONT'D)
OK! See you back home, Kid.

The admiral fires a shot—BANG! (No silencer)—and grazes the FAKE PRESIDENT's shoulder. The Black-Op team quickly disappears as the FAKE PRESIDENT lies wounded on the floor.

The Bunker's security team rushes to the scene. They enter the room and find the FAKE PRESIDENT injured, with Agent James providing assistance.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Call medical. The President's been shot.

BUNKER SOLDIER #1
What happened?

FAKE PRESIDENT
What do you think happened? They tried to kill me.

The FAKE PRESIDENT casts an irritated glance at the soldiers before pulling James close, his arms tightening around him defiantly.

FAKE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Thank God there's still one good
hero to save the day.

James looks at the soldiers with both concern and authority. Eager to save the day, he gives them orders.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
Medical! Now! Cmon, He's been shot.

BUNKER SOLDIER #1
Yes, sir.

A medical assistant enters and quickly escorts the FAKE PRESIDENT away. James rises as they depart. The soldiers stand at attention and salute James.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
What's this?

BUNKER SOLDIER #1
Sir! You just saved the President's
life, sir.

James stands at attention and salutes the soldiers back with honor and integrity.

AGENT JAMES WOODS
That's affirmative soldier, as you
were, gentlemen.

BUNKER SOLDERS
(All together)
Sir, yes, sir!

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END