

DARKCORPORATE

Based on a true story



Dark Corporate

Based on a True Story

By

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First Draft 11/18/09

Wartime stock footage begins playing as a voice narrates. It is a collage of scenes. People firing guns on the battlefield, tanks moving through the desert, jet fighters launching missiles.

NARRATOR

War. It builds countries and destroys countries. It makes countries stronger. Safer. From small arms to the most state of the art jet fighters, CDTS is striving to keep America the strongest country in the world. Founded in 1962, CDTS has been there through multiple conflicts. We have protected American fighters, we have protected the American people.

The footage suddenly turns to static and then fades into-

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CDTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL, 2007 - NIGHT

The CORNELL DEFENSE TECHNOLOGY SYSTEMS building scrapes the night sky. The CDTS logo on the front of the building gives off an eerie red glow as a light rain falls.

INT. THE CDTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL - NIGHT

The 25th floor of the building is dark as the camera pans to the only lit up office on the entire floor.

PETER MULLER, middle aged and balding, is sitting at his desk. His office is very organized. He nervously looks down at his watch and then up at the clock. Dialing into his cell phone, he puts it to his ear. While the phone rings, he glances back at the clock on the wall.

PETER

Yeah, I'm ready to meet. I'll be at the corner of Belmont and Madison. Come alone. We'll meet in 20 minutes.

PETER shuts down his computer and stands up, pulling some print outs from the printer. HE quickly shoves them into a folder and after throwing on his coat, bolts from the office.

HE comes out of the elevator and quickly walks across the lobby to the outside doors.

EXT. THE CDTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL - NIGHT

PETER pulls the coat up over his head as he runs down the massive steps to the curb. Waving his hand in the air, a taxi pulls over, as PETER jumps in the back seat.

PETER
(after pulling the door shut)
Belmont and Madison, please.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

PETER is sitting quietly in the back, staring out the side window.

CAB DRIVER
Working kind of late tonight aren't we?

PETER
You could say that.

CAB DRIVER
Big project or something?

PETER
(not really paying attention)
Something like that.

CAB DRIVER
How many hours do you pull a week. I
tell ya, I've been pulling about 60 a
week doing this job. I almost don't get
anytime to sleep.

PETER
Would you mind not talking to me,
please.

CAB DRIVE
Sorry. This job gets pretty boring is
all.

PETER
This has just been a long day. Thank
you.

EXT. CAB - NIGHT

PETER gets out of the cab and hands the driver some money through the passenger window. As the cab pulls away, PETER looks down at his watch. Looking to his left we see a pair of headlights approaching, as '08 black Taurus pulls up to the curb. PETER leans over to the passenger window. As the car window rolls down, a MAN in his late 30's with black hair leans over the passenger seat.

MAN
Peter Muller?

PETER
Yes?

MAN

I'm Agent Rollins. Get in, we'll talk
in the car.

PETER gets into the Taurus and the car pulls off into the
night.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

The MAN flips on the windshield wipers.

MAN

Do you have the file with you?

PETER pulls the file out of his rain soaked coat pocket.

PETER

Yes, it's right here. Everything you
need.

MAN

Good, let me see it.

PETER hands the file over to the MAN.

EXT. BELMONT AND MADISON - NIGHT

Another '08 black Taurus pulls up slowly to the curb.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

The real Agent STEVEN ROLLINS, blonde and in his late 30's, quickly
glances around then looks down at his watch. A few seconds later he
pulls out his cell and dials.

PETER (V.O.)

(after a few rings, we hear Peter's
voicemail)

You have reached Peter Muller. I am not
able to take your call. Leave-

AGT. ROLLINS flips the phone shut. He reopens it and
dials another number.

ROLLINS

Brad. The informant is not here.

(pause)

I don't know. Either he's late or he
backed out. He sounded pretty nervous
when I talked to him a little while
ago.

(beat)

I'll wait a few more minutes. Call you
back.

AGT. ROLLINS shuts the phone. He sits for a few more seconds staring through the rain soaked windshield. After dialing Peter's number again, he puts the phone to his ear.

Sirens can suddenly be heard in the background. We can see the red and white flashing lights through the back of the Taurus window. AGT. ROLLINS shuts the phone and looks around. A fire truck and an ambulance speed past the Taurus, followed by a couple of squad cars.

AGT. ROLLINS throws the phone in the passenger seat and pulls out after the caravan of lights.

From behind the wet Taurus windshield, we can see the back of the police cars heading into a wooded area of Chicago. Not much further, we can see a glowing light radiating from behind some trees.

We round the corner seeing a fire engine parked lengthways across the street accompanied by an ambulance and squad cars. A fire is blazing just off the road.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

AGT. ROLLINS gets out of the car dressed in jeans and a wind blazer and approaches the scene. He stops at the edge of the road. A black Taurus is engulfed in flames smashed up against a tree. A body is on a stretcher, terribly burned.

AGT. ROLLINS holds up his badge to one of the officers as he walks over to the body covered by a sheet.

ROLLINS
(pulling back the sheet)
Oh, my God.

PETER, the right side of his face burned black, is dead on the stretcher. AGT. ROLLINS turns away and pulls out his phone.

ROLLINS
(into cell)
He's dead.

(beat)

Our informant. He's fucking dead.

(pause)

How the fuck should I know, Brad. He was in a car accident. He died in the fire. I'm sure any evidence he had with him went up in smoke.

(pause)

Alright.

ROLLINS flips the phone shut.

ROLLINS (CONT.)

Fuck.

ROLLINS walks back to his car.

FADE INTO-

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN, CHICAGO, IL, 1994 - DAY

ROLLINS along with five other MEN are sitting in the back of a surveillance van full of computer equipment. The lighting is very dim. The LEAD AGENT talking is AGENT PIERCE, looking in his late forties with silver hair. The other AGENTS are listening intently.

AGENT PIERCE

Alright, listen up. This is what we worked so hard for. We have the sufficient evidence needed to take down these pricks. We need this take down to be clean and by the book. It has taken a lot of time circumventing the mob to get this evidence and we don't need anyone to fuck it up. Agents Howard and Newhash, you two come with me. Rollins and Lance, you two come in the back. You two don't move in until I give the signal.

(beat)

Rollins here, this is your first take down? New to the Bureau?

ROLLINS

Yes, sir. One month to be exact.

PIERCE

Stick with Lance. You'll learn a lot from him.

ROLLINS

Sir.

PIERCE

Everyone check their weapons.

We can hear the sound of guns being cocked and reloaded.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Ok, let's move out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

The back doors of the van open up as five AGENTS decked out in black fatigue jump out onto the cold Chicago street. We can see their breath puffing from their mouths. The AGENTS split up as the camera stays on ROLLINS and LANCE, making their way to the back of the building.

We switch over to PIERCE, HOWARD and NEWHASH coming up the front as they pull out their side arms, stopping at the door.

PIERCE

Ready?

INT. WAREHOUSE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

The inside of the massive warehouse is well lit. There are several rows of tables lined with weaponry. Shotguns, machine guns and side arms. The sight looks more like a hoodlum convention than it did the mob.

The front door bust in as Agents PIERCE, HOWARD and NEWHASH storm through the entryway.

The CRIMINALS turn to the door with a look of shock.

PIERCE

FBI!

The four CRIMINALS stand there frozen, while one of them suddenly reaches down for a shotgun. PIERCE fires off a couple of rounds, striking the subject in the chest.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Anyone else?

EXT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

ROLLINS and LANCE run up to the back door.

ROLLINS

There were shots fired lets go.

LANCE

He said to wait for his signal.

ROLLINS

Yah, well, fuck it.

LANCE

Shit.

The two Agents disappear into the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

PIERCE, HOWARD and NEWHASH continue to keep their guns on the subjects when another MAN busts out of a side room, opening fire with an MP5. NEWHASH turns around catching multiple bullets in the chest.

The four other CRIMINALS reach for guns aiming them at the Agents.

Bullets begin firing from the back ground, dropping the four CRIMINALS to the floor. ROLLINS comes running out of the darkness with his side arm drawn. The fifth CRIMINAL runs up and grabs PIERCE from behind, putting a gun to his head.

CRIMINAL

Back off. I will fucking kill him.

The camera cuts back to ROLLINS.

CRIMINAL (CONT'D)

Drop the fucking gun.

ROLLINS

Alright, I'm putting it down. Take it easy.

ROLLINS lowers the gun to the ground.

CRIMINAL

Don't try anything or I will take out this mother fucker. Do you hear me?

ROLLINS quickly reaches from behind, pulling out a Glock and fires off one round, hitting the Subject in the head. HOWARD runs over, taking down the only remaining CRIMINAL.

HOWARD

Get down on the floor now!

ROLLINS walks over to PIERCE.

ROLLINS

You ok, sir?

PIERCE

Yes I am. Thanks to you, Rollins. That

was excellent work.

FADE BACK INTO-

EXT. KING KHALID INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, SAUDI ARABIA, 2007 - DAY

A large plane touches down on the airfield. As the plane comes to a stop, four black Land Rovers drive onto the runway, coming to a halt along side the airliner.

CDTS, Vice President ANTHONY ROCKWELL steps out of the plane dressed in a \$5,000 Fioravanti suit, followed by two Other Men. After reaching the ground a couple of Arabs in suits greet and show them to the vehicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

We show an aerial view of the four Land Rovers driving through the modern Arabian city.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

ANTHONY sits behind the driver staring out the window. His Two Bodyguards sit in the seat directly behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JENKINS RESIDENCE, CHICAGO, IL - MORNING

DAVID JENKINS, in his late 20's, is shaving at the bathroom mirror.

CUT TO:

JESSICA JENKINS, an attractive woman, is setting breakfast on the table.

JESSICA

Phillip, breakfast is ready.

PHILLIP JENKINS, 10 years old, comes running into the kitchen and sits at the table. Cartoons can be heard coming from the living room.

DAVID comes into the kitchen in jeans and a sport coat. His hair looks uncombed. After kissing JESSICA, DAVID rubs PHILLIP on the head.

DAVID

Hey, kiddo.

(after sitting down)

How did you sleep last night?

PHILLIP

I had a couple of bad dreams.

JESSICA

That's probably because he stayed up watching "Tales from the Crypt."

Takes a bite of bacon.

JESSICA (CONT.)

Are you going to be home late again?

DAVID

No. I should get home early today. I just about have this latest story wrapped up. I tell you, it's been a hell of a week at the office.

(looks to PHILLIP)

Chew with your mouth closed, son.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK, CHICAGO IL - MORNING

MATTHEW EMERSON, hansom and in his early 40's with dark silver hair, is jogging through the park. He is wearing blue sweats. We can hear the sound over of some music that he is listening to from his headset.

CUT TO:

MATTHEW is walking off the trail towards his '01 Saab.

INT. SAAB - MORNING

Getting inside, MATTHEW turns on the ignition then switches on the radio. MATTHEW is taking a drink from a bottle of water when the News Broadcaster begins discussing the recent body found in the outskirts of Chicago. MATTHEW suddenly looks towards the radio when he hears the name Peter Muller.

MATTHEW

(whispering towards the radio)

Oh my God.

EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - MORNING

ROLLINS is sitting at a small table reading a newspaper; a large cup of coffee is gripped in his left hand. AGENT BRAD COPELAND, late 40s, walks up to the table. ROLLINS looks up.

ROLLINS

Well, good morning, Brad.

COPELAND takes a seat.

COPELAND

Thought I'd find you here. Taking your time coming into the office this morning?

ROLLINS

You think?

(takes a drink of coffee)

COPELAND

Look I know you're pissed about the death of our informant. But,--

ROLLINS

You mean the murder of our informant.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE comes walking up.

EMPLOYEE

Anything for you sir?

COPELAND

Um,

(looking to ROLLINS)

What are you having?

ROLLINS

Cappuccino.

COPELAND

Same.

(beat)

I didn't know they waited tables.

ROLLINS

Look, I didn't tell you this on the phone, but the car Peter was found dead in was a '08 black Taurus. That's right. Same as my car. Same as the car I told him I would pick him up in. The man didn't even own a fucking car. This motherfucker was assassinated.

COPELAND

Don't worry about it.

ROLLINS

(about to take a another drink of coffee)

Don't worry about it?

COPELAND

Just be patient, Steven.

ROLLINS

Patient. Shit. CDTS is committing

bribery, illegal weapons trading and now murder and we can't seem to catch a break.

COPELAND

You know how massive this company is. You knew from the start it wasn't going to be easy.

ROLLINS

(sarcastically)
I'm optimistic.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRINCE FAHD'S PALACE, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

The four Land Rovers pull up outside the Palace. ANTHONY and his Men get out of the vehicles and they are escorted by several Arabians into the Palace.

INT. PRINCE FAHD'S PALACE, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

The camera backs up, keeping ANTHONY and his Men in full view as they walk across the massive marble lobby. The place is gigantic and overly lush with all the excess gold and brass. We cut to an aerial view as THEY are escorted into a large room with ground to ceiling windows with burgundy drapes hanging down. ANTHONY takes a seat while his two Bodyguards stand behind him. A few moments later PRINCE FAHD enters the room.

PRINCE FAHD, dressed in jeans and a button up shirt, is full of charisma as he walks up and happily greets the Americans. ANTHONY rises up, shaking FAHD'S hand.

ANTHONY

(while bowing)
Thank you for meeting with us Prince Fahd.

FAHD

Oh, thank you much for coming. Please sit. Have something to drink.

FAHD gestures to one of his men to bring something to drink. He then casually sits on the arm of his chair.

FAHD (CONT.)

(taking his drink)
I hope your drive from the airport was pleasant.

ANTHONY

(nodding)
Very much so.

(takes a drink)

Setting the cup down, ANTHONY gestures to the MAN on his left. He is handed a metallic briefcase. ANTHONY sets the case on the small table and pushes it toward FAHD. ANTHONY then takes an envelope from the Man on his right and hands it to the PRINCE.

ANTHONY

Per our agreement.

FAHD removes a blue file from inside the envelope and begins quickly glancing through it.

PRINCE FAHD nods in ANTHONY'S direction.

FAHD

I can't even begin to express my gratitude to CDTS for their assistance all these years.

ANTHONY

Prince Fahd, that is not necessary. You have been just as much of an asset to us.

FAHD

Still, I will never forget what your company has done for Saudi Arabia.

ANTHONY

It has been a pleasure.

(pointing to the folder in FAHD'S hand)

In that envelope you are holding, should be everything that you need to help this massive shipment to Africa go through. Weapon's list. Everything.

(leaning back in his chair)

Anything else you need, just let me know.

We cut to an overhead shot of the room as we the fade into-

EXT. CDTS CORPORATE BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL - DAY

A 2007 Saab pulls off the main street and into a parking garage.

INT. CDTS PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Saab pulls into a reserved parking spot and MATTHEW steps out with his briefcase in hand. He quickly answers his ringing phone as he walks through the lot.

MATTHEW

Hi, hon.

The camera follows MATTHEW all the way to the parking garage elevators. We have a constant view over his shoulder.

MATTHEW

What?

(beat)

Did you already drop the kids off at school?

(pause)

The dog is probably fine. I'll look at him when I get home tonight. We can always take him to the vet tomorrow.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

We focus on MATTHEW pushing the 23rd floor button.

MATTHEW

Alright, I'll talk to you tonight. Love you.

MATTHEW flips the cell closed.

INT. IDTS 23rd FLOOR - DAY

The metallic doors open as MATTHEW steps out of the elevator. We pan out revealing a massive, modern space full of cubicles and glass offices on either side. MATTHEW walks past various workstations, greeting people as he passes by.

INT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE, IDTS - DAY

MATTHEW steps into his office and sits at his desk. The office has random pieces of art framed along the walls. The room is very well organized.

FADE INTO-

INT. CDTS CONFERENCE ROOM, 1998 - DAY

The conference room is massive and highly modern. At both ends of the room are floor to ceiling windows showing off the Chicago city skyline. MATTHEW EMERSON is sitting at the table facing three MEN at the opposite side; Vice Presidents, ANTHONY ROCKWELL, MADISON ABRAMS and ERIC DONALDSON.

ANTHONY

We see here that you graduated with honors from Brown University.

MATTHEW

Yes, sir. That is correct.

ANTHONY

We also see here that you were one of the executives of Cybernet Corp. for the past 6 years. This is an impressive resume.

MATTHEW

Thank you.

ANTHONY

What about your personal life? Do you have any family?

MATTHEW

Yes, I do. A wife and two kids.

ANTHONY

That's terrific. Just to let you know, we offer the best benefits of any corporation. There is none better. We can start you out at \$110,000 a year. From there we will see where it goes.

MATTHEW

(looking shocked)
You mean that's it? I have the job?

We cut to a wide shot of the room.

ANTHONY

Of course. That is if you want it.

INT. EMERSON APARTMENT - NIGHT

We cut over to the inside of a middle class apartment. MATTHEW walks through the front door.

MATTHEW

Jenn, I'm home.

JENNIFER, late 30's, comes walking from the kitchen, whipping off her hands with a towel.

MATTHEW

Ask if I got the job.

JENNIFER

(looking excited)
Did you get the job?

MATTHEW

Hell yes, I got the job.

MATTHEW throws his sport coat aside as JENNIFER runs up and jumps up on him. They both sound very excited.

FADE BACK INTO-

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, CHICAGO DIVISION, 2007 - DAY
AGENTS ROLLINS and COPELAND are walking down a hallway with glass windows on either side, while carrying on a conversation.

ROLLINS

This better pay off.

COPELAND

Look Agent Gordon said a big weapons trade is about to go down. He's got his men at the location. He has been working on this for the past 3 months.

ROLLINS

We also have to be able to link the weapons back to CDTs.

COPELAND

If all works out we will.

ROLLINS

(looking at his watch)
What time is it supposed to go down?

COPELAND

In another ten minutes.

INT. VIDEO ROOM, FBI BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL - DAY

AGENTS ROLLINS AND COPELAND walk into the room full of recording devices and a row of TVs. A couple other Agents are already inside.

COPELAND

Alright, what have we got gentlemen?

We cut to a close up of one of the monitors. Through the fussy screen, we can see a couple of LAND ROVERS pulling to a stop in back of a warehouse.

AGENT BROOKS is sitting in front of the bay of monitors.

BROOKS

The deal is about to go down. Gordon and his men are in place.

COPELAND

Alright, let's do it. How many agents does he have with him?

BROOKS

Three.

ROLLINS

Can we get some coffee in here?

EXT. WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

AGENT GORDON steps out of the LAND ROVER being accompanied by his Men. FAYEED, gets out of a silver Mercedes wearing a suit. FAYEED approaches the agents.

FAYEED

Good. You're early. Do you have the money?

GORDON

Do you have the weapons?

FAYEED

I want to see the money first.

GORDON signals to one of his Men. The Agent walks over and sets a briefcase on the hood of the Land Rover. GORDON opens the lid, letting FAYEED view the money.

GORDON

The weapons?

FAYEED

Very well.

FAYEED shows GORDON and his Men to the massive warehouse door. We cut to a full view of the steel entry as the gate begins to rise.

AGENT GORDON and his Men step closer to the entryway. We cut back and all we see is boxes of AK-47s.

GORDON

What the fuck is this? This isn't what we agreed on.

FAYEED

What do you mean? You wanted weapons, these are weapons.

GORDON

This isn't what we fucking agreed on. There are a lot of sources I could get AK-47s from. This is not why we came to you. You were supposed to have a way to get me more sophisticated weaponry. Military grade. Not this shit. Do I look like I want to start a fucking riot in the street?

FAYEED

I'm sorry. This is all I have.

GORDON

(turning away)
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM, FBI BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL - DAY

AGENT ROLLINS throws his headset against the wall.

ROLLINS

Dammit! That's the fucking lead he has
been following for 3 months.

ROLLINS storms out of the room. COPELAND puts his hand in
his hand.

COPELAND

(talking to one of the other agents in
the room)
Tell Gordon to call me when he gets a
chance.

(leaves the room)

INT. BREAK ROOM, FBI BUILDING - DAY

ROLLINS is removing a drink out of the soda dispenser as COPELAND
walks in.

ROLLINS

I would like to know. Is GORDON the
best man we have for this? Because that
didn't look like the result of 3 months
of work in there.

ROLLINS pops the top on his soda and takes a seat as
COPELAND walks over to the table.

COPELAND

They'll do better next time. It's
pretty obvious that they were made and
the deal was changed. Nobody makes a
mistake like this. We will regroup and
try again.

ROLLINS

(talking discouraged)
I don't know. It seems every route we
take to get at this corporation, we get
hindered. They seem smarter than we
are. They are stopping us at every
turn. We need another fucking
informant. That's what we need.

COPELAND

This is the job. This is what we go through.

ROLLINS

Is that your answer for everything?

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES - DAY

Journalist DAVID JENKINS is sitting at his desk working on his latest story when his intercom begins ringing.

DAVID

David.

RESEPTIONIST

Mark would like to see you in his office.

DAVID

Um, ok. I'll be right there.

(turns off intercom)

Dammit.

DAVID gets up from his desk and leaves the scene.

FADE INTO-

INT. PLANE IN ROUGHT TO IRAQ, 2005 - DAY

DAVID JENKINS and his friend and colleague KEVIN DOUGHTY are sitting on a plane. DAVID is flipping through a magazine while KEVIN is typing on a laptop.

KEVIN

I still can't believe the paper is finally sending us on location. It's about time.

DAVID

I'm not sure Iraq is a place we really want to have to go to.

KEVIN

That's where the news is. Besides it's pretty nice to get out of the office. Do hands on journalism.

DAVID

I'll be sure to remind you of that when we get caught and tortured.

KEVIN

Don't be such a pessimist.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER, DIRT ROAD IN IRAQ, 2005 - DAY

DAVID and KEVIN are sitting in the very back of a Hummer as two SOLDIERS sit in the front seats. DAVID is looking out the side window at the desert going by.

KEVIN

This is exciting. This will sure look good on a resume.

DAVID

Scares the shit outta me.

Suddenly, we hear a loud explosion.

SOLDIER

Stop! Fucking Stop!

KEVIN

What's going on? What was that?

DAVID leans his head outside the window. We can see another Hummer smoldering just ahead of them.

DAVID

Shit. Someone blew up the Hummer in front of us.

KEVIN

What?

DAVID

You heard me. Shut up.

SOLDIER

(talking into radio)
We have a Humvy down. Four men are dead. It was taken out by a stinger missile.

We can hear guns firing as bullets are ricocheting off the Hummer.

SOLDIER

(looking to the Journalists in the back)
It's ok. The vehicle is armored.

KEVIN

Well, that's good news.

SOLDIER

Shit, another stinger missile. Get out

of the vehicle! Move!

KEVIN

Oh, Fuck!

DAVID

Come on. Let's go.

EXT. MILITARY HUMMER, DIRT ROAD IN IRAQ, 2005 - DAY

One of the SOLDIERS gets out and opens the back door, allowing the two Journalist to get out.

More bullets start going off as DAVID and KEVIN start running for cover. One of the SOLDIERS turns and opens fire taking out two Iraqis on a nearby hill.

SOLDIER 1

Is that all of them?

SOLDIER 2

Yeah. We're good. We need to get back up here now.

DAVID

(ducked down behind a rock)

Fuck. That was a rush. Are you ok, man?

Not getting a response, DAVID looks down, seeing KEVIN lying motionless on the dirt. There is blood all over his shirt. DAVID reaches down to him.

DAVID

Oh, my God. Kevin, can you hear me?
Don't die on me!

DAVID rips open his shirt revealing two bullet holes in his stomach, free flowing with blood.

DAVID

Fuck no!

DAVID hollers to the two SOLDIERS.

DAVID

He's down! We need medical attention!
He's down!

FADE BACK INTO-

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES, EDITOR'S OFFICE, 2007 - DAY

DAVID knocks and then opens the door, peering into the office.

DAVID

You wanted to see me?

The Chicago Sun Times Editor MARK DAWSON is standing at the massive window looking out at the city while he talks on his cell.

MARK

Look that's not what we agreed on.

(beat)

I hear you. But you're not understanding what I'm saying.

(pause)

Look, you give me the photos that we paid for or you can talk to our lawyers.

(flips the phone shut)

Asshole.

DAVID is still standing right inside the office. MARK turns and walks towards his cluttered desk.

MARK

I'm sorry about that, David. Please take a seat.

They both sit down.

MARK (CONT.)

This isn't the kind of conversation I like to have with people.

(slight pause)

Look, I think you're a great journalist. You're great at what you do. But as you know, we are having to do massive cutbacks. It seems everyone is these days. It is just that you haven't come up with a really good story for quite a while.

DAVID

(looking annoyed)
Are you firing me?

MARK

Not yet. But I'm just letting you know that it is coming, unless you start producing some really good work.

DAVID

Is this something Gary came up with?
Please just tell him that-

MARK

This is my call, David.

DAVID

I see.

MARK

Look it's nothing personal. It's not
the way I want it, David. You know
that.

DAVID

Yeah, I know. Look Mark, you know damn
well that I am the best writer this
fucking place has. You know that.

MARK

I do know that. This has nothing to do
with the past. Used to holds no water.
You damn well know it.

DAVID

(still annoyed)
Will there be anything else.

MARK

That will be all. Thanks, David.

DAVID gets up and walks out of the office.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

ANTHONY is sitting in a window seat talking into his cell phone.

ANTHONY

The meeting with FAHD went as planned.
It was good. No interruptions.

(pause)

He said he can get us President Abeeku.
That can be a major deal for us.

INT. JONATHAN CORNELL'S OFFICE, CDTS BUILDING - DAY

JONATHAN is sitting behind his granite desk in his massive post-
modern office. We can see the skyline of Chicago through the window
behind him. He is talking into his secured landline.

JONATHAN

Well to make this weapons deal go
through with Tanzania, we need to keep
the Feds off our ass. We were able to

delay them again with that pointless weapons deal in Al Khobar this morning, but that can only work so long.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

We cut back to ANTHONY.

ANTHONY

It won't matter. Once we get this deal to go through in President Abeeku, we will be set. We will be in the clear. It's worked this long. We will just continue to keep the FBI busy with these pointless raids. It's like playing fetch with a motherfucking poodle.

(pause)

Look what the FBI needs is an informant. Good luck to them on that.

INT. JONATHAN CORNELL'S OFFICE, CDTS BUILDING - DAY

We cut back to JONATHAN'S massive office.

JONATHAN

The Feds might be naïve, but don't underestimate them.

(pause)

Call me when you land.

JONATHAN hangs up the phone and leans back in his leather chair. He looks down at his intercom as his receptionist beeps him.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Cornell, Rod Foudler is on line one for you.

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES - DAY

DAVID JENKINS is sitting, just staring down at his desk, not working. His intercom goes off.

KYLE (V.O.)

Hey, David, want to grab an early lunch?

DAVID just looks towards the phone not saying anything.

INT. SCHLOSKIE'S DELI - DAY

DAVID JENKINS and KYLE SUMMERS are sitting at a table in the local sandwich shop by the window. Downtown Chicago can be seen outside.

KYLE is the nerdy type, with glasses and a checkered sweater vest surrounding his scrawny frame. You would almost swear he was trying to look like Bill Gates.

DAVID just sits, not starting on his sandwich yet, but watching as KYLE pigs out.

KYLE

(after taking a bite of his sandwich)
I'm tired of these fucking rumors floating around. Rumors that we are all going to be out of a job soon. And it's all because of the fucking TV media. Basterds.

DAVID continues not to say anything, while KYLE takes another bite out of his sandwich.

KYLE

I tell you those assholes. Look, contrary to popular opinion, newspapers are not on they're way out. I mean what the hell are people going to do, get all they're information from the damn internet. Or the TV for that matter.

(taking another bite)

What are the motherfuckers going to do not read anymore?

DAVID finally breaks his silence.

DAVID

(sounding board)
You can still read web pages.

KYLE

(looking irritated)
Who's fucking side are you on?

DAVID

I'm just saying your argument isn't really working. Working for the Times isn't turning out like I expected it to.

KYLE

What's your problem?

DAVID stares at his sandwich for a second then looks up at KYLE.

DAVID

I just found out my time with the paper

is limited.

KYLE

(looking shocked)
You're fucking kidding me? How did you find this out? When did you find this out?

DAVID

This morning.

KYLE

I'm sorry about that man. That's bullshit.

DAVID

Tell me about it.

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES - DAY

DAVID is sitting back down at his desk. He is checking his emails when a female voice comes over the intercom.

RESEPTIONIST

David?

DAVID

Yah?

RESEPTIONIST

Someone named Deatrik called for you. He said it was in regards to a story.

DAVID

A story? I don't know anyone named Deatrik. Did he leave a number?

RESEPTIONIST

Yes he did. His number is—
Oh, hold on.

(pause)

David, he called again. He is on line two.

DAVID

Alright, thanks.

(pushes the button)

This is David.

There is a slight pause, then MATTHEW answers.

MATTHEW

Is this David Jenkins?

DAVID

Yes it is. Who are you?

MATTHEW

Just call me Deatrik for right now.

DAVID

Ok Deatrik. What can I do for you? I'm pretty busy.

MATTHEW

I won't take up much of your time.

(pause)

Did you hear about the car accident in the outskirts of Chicago this morning?

DAVID

Yah. I heard about it on my way in. What about it? Some moron hit a tree.

MATTHEW

His name was Peter Muller. I knew him. He was an employee of CDTS. He handled some of their accounting.

DAVID looks down at his watch.

DAVID

I'm sorry is this going somewhere? I have a lot of work to do.

There is a slight pause on the phone.

DAVID (CONT.)

Hello.

MATTHEW

He was an informant for the FBI. He was murdered.

DAVID straightens up in his chair.

MATTHEW (CONT.)

He was going to turn over evidence for CDTS. I knew the guy. I knew what he was doing.

DAVID

Wait a minute. What is it that this

company CDDS doing?

MATTHEW

CDTS. No more over the phone. We will meet.

DAVID

Ok, where do you want to meet up?

MATTHEW

Go ahead and start heading out. I will call you in five minutes. What is your cell number?

EXT. AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

AGENT GORDON is stepping out of his Land Rover when he answers his ringing phone.

GORDON

Gordon here.

COPELAND (V.O.)

What the fuck happened?

GORDON

(walking from the vehicle)

They must have found out. My leads were solid. I wasn't wrong. This is the guy.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

We switch to AGENT COPELAND.

COPELAND

You're telling me you blew your cover? You've been on this for three fucking months.

GORDON (V.O.)

I know. I was thorough. I covered my tracks.

COPELAND

Evidently, not good enough.

GORDON (V.O.)

Just please let me stay on this. This lead will pay off.

COPELAND pauses for a moment.

EXT. AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

We cut back to GORDON.

COPELAND (V.O.)

Ok. I'll give you one more shot.

GORDON

Thank you, sir.

GORDON flips the phone shut.

GORDON (CONT.)

(to one of his men)

We didn't fuck up. We've were
compromised.

FADE INTO-

EXT. VACANT OFFICE BUILDING, MOSCOW RUSSIA, 1995 - DAY

A group of about eight men are seen getting out of a couple of cars in the back alley of an old building. The ground is still wet from a recent rain. Undercover agent TONY GORDON, is the last to get out of the car. All these men are working for the most powerful mafia syndicates in Russia. Their boss is Semion Yudkovich Mogilevich from Ukraine.

HITMAN 1

(this dialogue is subtitled)

Ok, we have our orders. Semion wants us
to go in and kill every man in there.
Any women, we are to take them with us
back to Semion.

Everyone pulls out there weapons.

HITMAN 1

Alright, lets go.

The eight MEN proceed into the building as GORDON is the last in.

INT. VACANT OFFICE BUILDING, MOSCOW RUSSIA, 1995 - DAY

We cut to a small room with paint peeling from the walls and a small fold out table sitting in the middle of the vacant area. About five DRUG DEALERS are sitting around the table, distributing cocaine when the front door suddenly busts open and the eight MAFIA MEN enter the room, aiming their AK-47s.

HITMAN 1

Semion Yudkovich Mogilevich sends his
regards.

All eight MEN begin opening fire, filling the five DRUG DEALERS with bullet holes. Blood and white powder is flying everywhere.

After a few seconds, when the bodies have hit the floor and the cocaine has settled, HITMAN 1 looks over at a 9

year old girl.

HITMAN 1

Well look at this. We have someone we can take back with us.

GORDON quickly intercedes.

GORDON

You guys go ahead and take the remaining drugs, I'll grab the girl.

HITMAN 1

Alright, get the shit and lets go.

The seven other Mafia MEN grab the remaining powder and leave the room as GORDON kneels down next to the 9 year old GIRL.

GORDON

Are you ok?

The GIRL nods yes.

GORDON

(pulling out a knife)
You need to take this knife and stab me in the side, then you need to hide out until we are gone.

(pause)

Do you understand?

The nods yes again and takes the knife. Tears are flowing from her eyes. Her dress is dirty and stained with blood.

GORDON

You're going to be ok. I'll come back for you later.

GORDON gets up and leaves the room.

EXT. VACANT OFFICE BUILDING, MOSCOW RUSSIA, 1995 - DAY

GORDON is emerging from the building, stumbling and holding his side.

HITMAN 1

What the fuck happened to you? Where's the girl?

GORDON

Bitch had a knife and stabbed me. I slit her throat and left her there.

HITMAN 1 turns to his other MEN.

HITMAN 1
Ok, blow the building.

GORDON
(sounding shocked)
What? Why the fuck did we go in and go through all that trouble if we are just going to blow the place up? We didn't even get that much drugs.

HITMAN 1
It is to send a message. You are not here to ask questions, Jovivich.

(to HITMAN 2)

Blow it.

We cut to an away shot as the entire building goes up in a giant explosion. Debris and black smoke goes everywhere. We slowly zoom in to GORDON'S paralyzed face.

FADE BACK INTO-

INT. CHICAGO TIMES PARKING GARAGE, 2007 - DAY

DAVID is quickly walking through the parking structure to his green Chrysler, when his cell begins to ring. He flips it open.

DAVID
David here.

MATTHEW
Are you in the parking structure?

DAVID
Yah.

MATTHEW
Alright, head to the Old Time Café in the outskirts of downtown. Have you heard of it?

DAVID
I've heard of it. Don't worry, I'll find it.

MATTHEW
I'll meet you there in half an hour.

The line goes dead. DAVID slips the phone back into his pocket and gets into the Chrysler.

EXT. CHICAGO TIMES PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Chrysler pulls out onto a busy downtown street from out of the Chicago Sun Times parking garage. We show various shots of DAVID'S Chrysler moving through thick traffic.

INT. A RUN DOWN APARTMENT IN AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

TONY GORDON is walking into the second floor slum apartment just outside downtown Al Khobar. The entire building is concrete. Various workstations are set up throughout the massive room. The only light is from the glowing laptop monitors the small number of agents are working on. GORDON walks up to one of the men working at a computer with a map grid displayed on the screen.

GORDON

Alright, where are we. Are we on top of Fayed?

MCRALLY

Yes Sir. He went into his apartment about a half hour ago. He hasn't come out since.

GORDON

Do we have cameras in the back?

MCRALLY

Yes Sir. He's not moving without us knowing it.

GORDON

Ok good. Stay on him.

MCRALLY

Yes, sir.

GORDON

(speaks to the entire room)
Alright listen up. This son of a bitch is selling American arms to terrorist groups and we will catch him in the act. We have one last shot. We need to make it count.

(pause)

Also, nobody contact Headquarters before first going through me.

(pause)

We are officially going underground.
Does anyone have any questions?

(pause)

Alright, let's get to work.

EXT. OLD TIME CAFE - DAY

DAVID'S Chrysler pulls off the street and into the parking lot. The only other buildings around are warehouses and mechanic shops. DAVID steps out of his car and walks into the Cafe.

INT. OLD TIME CAFE - DAY

The Café is quite this time of day. A couple of customers sit at the bar while a husband and wife sip on some coffee in a booth next to a window. The place is decorated like an old 50's diner.

DAVID takes a seat towards the back away from any windows.

A waitress approaches DAVID.

WAITRESS

How are you doing today?

DAVID

Doing fine.

WAITRESS

What would you like to drink?

DAVID

Uh, just a Coke I think.

WAITRESS

Comin' right up.

DAVID

Thanks.

DAVID takes off his coat and tosses it in the seat next to him. He then looks down at his watch. DAVID quickly glances up as we hear the front door open.

MATTHEW EMERSON steps inside the entryway. He is wearing jeans along with a swade sport coat and buttoned up shirt. He looks over at the camera and starts walking towards DAVID. MATTHEW walks through the café very cool and collective, like he doesn't have a worry in the world.

MATTHEW

(stopping at the table)
David Jenkins right?

DAVID

Yes. You must be Deatrik.

MATTHEW slides into the booth across the table. DAVID has a look like he is not sure weather to trust this guy. He looks to calm considering what he is supposed to be telling him.

DAVID

Deatrik is not your real name is it?

DAVID pulls out a tape recorder and sets it on the table.

MATTHEW

No recorder.

DAVID

Well I'm going to need to keep some kind of record of what we talk about.

MATTHEW

Well pull out a pen or paper. If you don't have that then I guess you will just have to hope you have one hell of a good memory.

DAVID switches off the recorder and puts it back into his pocket. He then puts both arms on the table.

DAVID

Ok. Sooo, what is this information you want to tell me? You are insisting that this Peter guy was murdered? What, his car was forced off the road?

MATTHEW

That's correct.

WAITRESS comes back by setting a Coke down on the table.

WAITRESS

Would you like anything to drink?

MATTHEW

Water, please.

The WAITRESS walks off.

DAVID

You told me on the phone that this guy Peter was an informant for the FBI?

MATTHEW sits quietly while the WAITRESS comes back by and sets down his water. She leaves.

MATTHEW

CDTS is selling weapons on the black market.

DAVID

I've heard of CDTS, but I'm not clear on what they do. What are they, some small arms company?

MATTHEW

On the contrary. They produce most of the weaponry used by the U.S. Government. They produce everything from small arms to nuclear weapons. Tanks, Jet fighters. They ARE the defense of the United States.

(pause)

There are documents that prove this. Not only are they selling weapons underground, but they are bribing various other countries for the business.

DAVID

Holy shit.

MATTHEW

Peter was working with the Feds to get them this information. The night he died he had told me he was to meet with one of the agents. He never made it though.

(pause)

He was stupid and naïve. You can't come right out against these people. CDTS is bigger than the U.S. Government. To bring them down would be next to impossible.

DAVID

How long have they been doing this?

MATTHEW

There is no telling. Years.

DAVID

What countries are they trading with?

MATTHEW

The biggest player right now is Saudi

Arabia.

DAVID

CDTS is trading weapons with Saudi Arabia?

MATTHEW

Yes.

DAVID

And you have the documents that prove this?

MATTHEW

I know where they are.

DAVID

Out of curiosity, why are you coming to me with this? Why me exactly?

MATTHEW

Because you are good at what you do.

(pause)

It is too dangerous to go to the FBI right now. I think you can understand that now.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT IN AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

The small group of agents are feverously working at their workstations.

MCRALLY

Gordon. Our man is on the move.

GORDON walks over to the AGENT and looks down at the computer screen. We can see FAYEED leaving the building and heading down the street on the fuzzy monitor.

GORDON

Get Gray on him. I want to know everywhere this fucker goes.

MCRALLY

Yes sir.

INT. OLD TIME CAFE - DAY

We cut back to MATTHEW and DAVID at the café.

DAVID

What is that you do for CDTS?

MATTHEW

I would rather not say right now. That needs to stay off the record.

(pause)

I want you to run this story.

DAVID

You do know that the Feds will try and contact you. They will want to find out who gave me this story.

MATTHEW

Well, just make sure if they do contact you, they don't find out who I am.

(pause)

So what else do you need you need to know to write this article?

INT. CORNELL'S OFFICE, CDTS - DAY

CORNELL and the other Vice Presidents, ANTHONY, MADISON AND ERIC are meeting in Cornell's massive office. They are all sitting in the two leather sofas in the middle of the room.

CORNELL

So where do we stand with the President of Africa? What did Prince Fahd tell us?

ANTHONY

Fahd told me that Abeeku is ready to make a deal. He wants to build up his countries defenses. You know against some of the other middle eastern countries. Fahd guaranteed that we would have first take.

MADISON

And this President Abeeku wants a massive weapons trade?

ANTHONY

Yes. His country doesn't just need small arms but also WMDs, ground to air, etc. If this goes through we will end up supplying the entire defense of Tanzania.

MADISON

When would Abeeku be ready to make the deal?

ANTHONY

Soon.

ERIC

What do we know about the FBI? We need to make sure they are not getting to close to this.

ANTHONY

The Feds are not a problem. They are being handled.

EXT. STREETS OF AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

FAYEED walks out of the front door of his apartment and starts down the street.

Agent Gray is standing around a corner across the street as he puts his hand to his earpiece.

GREY

The subject is on the move.

GREY then begins to follow FAYEED.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT IN AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

GORDON and MCRALLY are watching him on the laptop screen.

GRAY(V.O.)

I'm in pursuit.

GORDON

Don't lose him.

EXT. STREETS OF AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

GRAY sees FAYEED round a corner out of sight.

GRAY

(talking softly into ear piece)
Suspect just turned down an alley. I have lost sight.

GORDON(V.O.)

Stay on him.

GRAY slows down as he nears the corner. He peaks around. We see that the alley is empty.

GRAY

Shit.

AGENT GRAY draws his sidearm and slowly starts down the alley. We cut to first person as he moves along. GRAY comes to the intersection of the alley and looks left and

right.

GRAY

Shit. I don't see him.

(pause)

Fuck.

GORDON (V.O.)

(looking disappointed)

Return to base.

We can see someone approaching GRAY from behind.

GRAY

I can still find him. Give me a second.

GORDON (V.O.)

No. Return now.

GRAY

Yes sir.

GRAY quickly turns around. FAYEED is standing behind him with a Glock drawn on him. FAYEED fires, putting a hole into GRAY'S head.

FAYEED stares down at GRAY'S lifeless body then turns and walks out of frame.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT IN AL KHOBAR CITY, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY
GORDON is talking into his com.

GORDON

Gray. Gray!

(pause)

Dammit!

INT. CORNELL'S OFFICE, CDTS - DAY

The four MEN are continuing their conversation.

CORNELL

Ok here's what we do. Anthony, get in touch with Fahd and let him know that we are ready to do the sale. Ask him what he needs. We'll get it to him.

ANTHONY

That won't be a problem. I'll get in touch with him right away.

ERIC

So you think we will have an agreement
by the end of the day?

ANTHONY

Most likely.

Mr. Cornell's intercom begins to ring. CORNELL gets up
and walks to his desk.

CORNELL

Cornell.

ASSISTANT

There is a Mr. Giordano here to see
you.

CORNELL

Send him right in.

CORNELL heads back to the rest of the Group. An
attractive young Woman opens the door, showing in
GIORDANO an Italian mobster. He is head of one of the
families in Chicago. He is also an attorney.

GIORDANO casually walks into the massive office. He looks
like money, wearing his Armonty suit. His body language
shows that he demands respect.

CORNELL gets up and approaches MR. GIORDANO.

CORNELL

Mr. Giordano, thank you for coming
today.

(gesturing to one of the leather
chairs)

Please have a seat.

GIORDANO

Thank you.

GIORDANO takes a seat.

GIORDANO (CONT.)

I will make this brief.

(pause)

The reason for this appointment today
is I need more sophisticated arms. It
is hard running a business and

controlling the streets when you have these fucking puck kids running around with fully automatic weapons. These military grade side arms are not going to cut it anymore. My men need fully automatics. Military issued.

ANTHONY

How many weapons are we talking here?

GIORDANO

A thousand to start with.

ANTHONY

A thousand?

CORNELL

That can be arranged.

(signaling for Anthony to keep quiet)

We will take care of it. When are you needing them? This meeting seems awful sudden.

GIORDANO

We have a job we need to take care of tomorrow night. It is very important that my firm has access to these weapons by then.

CORNELL

What you need the weapons for is really none of our concern. All we needed was the timing.

EXT. OLD TIME CAFE - DAY

A Saab backs out of the parking lot as DAVID emerges from the café. He watches as MATTHEW'S car takes off down the street. DAVID then gets into his Chrysler.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAR ES SALAAM, TANZANIA, SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT

We are looking through the cross hairs of a pair of binoculars. There is a Man standing next to a payphone. We pan out to see Operative ETHAN BACKMAN, mid 40s and dressed all in black, cropped down on the roof of a building. We cut back to the cross hairs. We see the Man turn to answer the phone when it starts to ring. The Man on the phone is speaking Swahili.

MAN

Yes.

(pause)

The Portland Cement Co. Wazo Hill.

(beat)

Tomorrow. 9a.m.

The Man hangs up the phone and walks out of frame.

ETHAN lowers the binoculars and disappears out of sight.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT, TANZANIA - NIGHT

ETHAN is working at a desk in his apartment. The room he is staying in looks neat and tidy. It is though nothing has been touched since he moved in. ETHAN is typing an email to his superiors. We can see the CIA logo on the computer screen.

After the email is sent. ETHAN shuts the lid of the computer and leans back in his chair.

FADE INTO-

INT. MILITARY BARRACKS, IRAQ, 1991 - NIGHT

ETHAN BACHMAN is standing in front of an Iraqi who is handcuffed to a chair with a bloody face. ETHAN is holding a long board in his hands.

ETHAN

I'm not going to keep asking. If you talk all of this will be over. Where is the ambush of our men supposed to happen?

IRAQI

Do what you want. You can't get me to talk. I do what I do for Alah.

ETHAN takes the board and slams the IRAQI in the face with it, busting the wood into pieces, forcing the man to the floor. ETHAN then stands over the Subject, placing the sharp part of the wood to the IRAQI'S face.

IRAQI

Ok, Ok.

ETHAN gets off the subject and throws what's left of the board away.

ETHAN

Ok, tell us.

INT. BARRACKS LOCKER ROOM, IRAQ 1991 - DAY

ETHAN is putting some items into his locker when a couple of MPs walk up behind him.

MP

Sgt. Bachman. You need to come with us.

ETHAN

What's the situation, MP?

MP

That will be explained to you.

ETHAN

I'll come with you. Just tell me what this is about.

MP

Sorry, sir. We've been instructed not to.

ETHAN then turns and slams his locker shut and leaves with the MPs.

INT. MILITARY COURT, IRAQ, 1991 - DAY

ETHAN is standing before a military committee in a large courtroom. Other than him and the committee, no one else is in the room. As the MILITARY OFFICER speaks the camera focuses on ETHAN as it slowly zooms in.

MILITARY OFFICER

Because of the military crimes you have committed against the Iraqi soldier two weeks ago, you are being dishonorably discharged and sent to prison where you will spend no less than 7 years. Do you have anything to say?

ETHAN

I did what was necessary. I did right by my Country.

MILITARY OFFICER

What you did was illegal. A crime against the United States.

ETHAN

What I did was save American lives. The Iraqi was withholding valuable information and I got it out of him.

MILITARY OFFICER

Sgt. BACHMAN, we have already heard your arguments. We have made our decision. You are a disgrace to the uniform.

INT. UNITED STATES DISCIPLINARY BARRACKS, 1993 - DAY

ETHAN is sitting in a jail cell bed with his back to the wall. After a few seconds, a MAN in a suit walks up to the cell door being escorted by an officer.

MAN

(to the officer)
Get him out of there.

The OFFICER walks over and unlocks the cell door.

EXT. UNITED STATES DISCIPLINARY BARRACKS GROUNDS, 1993 - DAY

ETHAN and the mysterious MAN in the suit are walking about the grounds of the prison.

ETHAN

Who are you?

MAN

A friend.

ETHAN

What the hell do you mean? What do you want with me?

MAN

I want to offer you some work.

ETHAN

What kind of work?

MAN

I have ties with the CIA.

ETHAN

Is this a joke? The CIA wants me?

MAN

I didn't say that, now did I? We like your work. You know how to get this done.

ETHAN

Now I know you're full of shit. My good work is what got me dishonorably discharged and thrown in here.

MAN

What happened to you wasn't right. What we want is not for you to come work for the CIA but rather hire you as a freelance interrogator.

ETHAN stops walking.

ETHAN

Freelance interrogator? Is that some title you just made up?

MAN

You will have no official record with the CIA. You will be called in on only the most important matters. Matters that cause us to have to circumvent the law. You have two days to think about it.

The Mystery MAN walks out of the scene.

FADE BACK INTO-

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY VIRGINIA, 2007 - DAY

We see the back of a Female Agent walking down a bright gray hallway. We follow close behind as she rounds the corner. The Agent approaches a door that reads Jane Johansen, Assistant Director as we focus in on the nameplate next to the door.

RACHEAL knocks.

JOHANSEN

(from other side of door)
Come in.

RACHEAL opens the door and steps inside. JOHANSEN, late 40s and attractive, is sitting at her desk as RACHEAL walks up and hands her a sheet of paper.

RACHEAL

This is an email that just came over from ETHAN BACHMAN.

JOHANSEN

That will be all. Thank you.

RACHEAL leaves the room as JOHANSEN goes for her phone.

JOHANSEN (CONT.)

Jefferies. I just received an update on the operation in Tanzania.

(pause)

I'll be right over.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

JOHANSEN walks into the briefing room. Jefferies and a few Others are sitting around a large table. A 52" flat screen plasma is hanging on the wall.

JOHANSEN

We just got word from our operative in Tanzania. Ethan Bachman.

(walks over to plasma)

We strongly believe that there is a massive American weapons deal going down with a radical group from Africa.

DAWSON

Who is agent Bachman? I'm not aware of any agents by that name.

JOHANSEN

Technically, he is not one of ours. We use him only for certain occasions. He is freelance. Now back to the subject at hand.

(refers to the giant screen on the wall)

This man, Seku-

(Seku's face and bio comes up on the plasma)

--has a long history of trading weapons on the black market. We believe he has now been commissioned to trade military weaponry. We need to find out who is supplying these weapons to Seku.

JEFFERIES

So where are we on this?

JOHANSEN

The transmission that we just received from Bachman, is that Seku is meeting with some potential clients tomorrow morning.

(pause)

The plan will be that Bachman will apprehend Seku and take his place at the weapons deal.

DAWSON

Will this Bachman be able to pull this off?

JOHANSEN

He's good at what he does. If anyone can, he could.

(pause)

The deal is to take place at 9a.m. tomorrow.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT, TANZANIA - DAY

ETHAN grabs his gun off the desk and checks the magazine. After seeing it's full, he slaps it back into the chamber. Placing the weapon into his shoulder holster, he leaves the room.

EXT. SEKU'S APARTMENT, TANZANIA - DAY

ETHAN is standing, looking around the corner of an apartment complex in downtown Tanzania. Across the street, SEKU can be seen leaving his upscale apartment and getting into his silver BMW. After SEKU drives off, ETHAN walks back to his black Jeep Cherokee and pulls after him.

INT. ETHAN'S JEEP CHAREKEE - DAY

We can see SEKU'S BMW five car lengths up ahead through the Jeep's dirty windshield. We stay on this scene for the next few seconds. ETHAN dials into the GPS on his dashboard.

EXT. FREEWAY, TANZANIA - DAY

The silver BMW merges onto an interstate. ETHAN pulls on after him. We cut to an aerial shot of both vehicles cruising down the freeway, veering around various other cars.

SEKU merges off the freeway at the next exit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TANZANIA INTERSECTION - DAY

SEKU'S BMW pulls up to a red light. There are very few other cars around. The camera focuses on the BMW for the next several seconds. We suddenly hear a gun blast as we switch to a ground shot of the BMW'S left front tire blow out. Another shot goes off taking out the rear left tire.

SEKU looks around panicking. We see ETHAN walking towards him from the opposite side of the street with an MP5 drawn. The BMW tries to take off. ETHAN fires on the front of the car, stalling out the engine. SEKU repeatedly tries to restart the vehicle.

ETHAN comes up and bashing the driver's side window in, tears SEKU from the car. Getting SEKU into a headlock, ETHAN drags him back across the street to his car. Reaching the Jeep, ETHAN slams SEKU'S head against the hood, knocking him out.

INT. WAREHOUSE, TANZANIA - DAY

We cut to a dark empty warehouse. The place is damp and cold. SEKU is sitting in a chair in the center of the room with his arms tied behind his back. ETHAN gently slaps him across the face.

ETHAN

Wake up.

SEKU responds like he was just woke up out of a deep sleep.

SEKU

Wha--? Who the fuck are you?

ETHAN

Good, you're awake.

SEKU

Who are you?

ETHAN

Someone who could cause you a lot of pain.

SEKU

Could?

ETHAN

It depends on if you tell me what I want.

SEKU

What do you want?

ETHAN

Answers, Seku.

SEKU

What is this about? What do you want with me?

ETHAN bends down and looks SEKU in the face.

ETHAN

Don't play games with me, Seku. Who are you meeting in the next hour? You made a phone call last night. You are meeting someone at 9 a.m. Who is it?

SEKU

I don't know what you are taking about.

ETHAN punches him in the face with the back of his hand.

ETHAN

Try again.

SEKU

What the fuck are you? FBI, CIA?

ETHAN
Something much worse.

SEKU
Do what you want. You won't get
anything out of me.

ETHAN
I won't?

SEKU spits in ETHAN'S face.

ETHAN reaches over and snaps SEKU'S nose. He then pulls
upward as SEKU hollers in pain.

ETHAN
Who are you meeting?!

SEKU
(grunts in pain)
Fuck you. Fuck you.

ETHAN
Alright, we can play it this way.

ETHAN turns and walks to the back wall of the warehouse,
and leans down picking up a metal pipe. He begins
approaching SEKU, while the camera stays focused on the
steel weapon in his hand.

SEKU
Wait. What are you going to do?

ETHAN begins tapping the pipe in his left hand.

ETHAN
Last chance.

SEKU
No.

ETHAN raises the weapon and comes down, slamming it into
SEKU'S left kneecap, making a loud crunching sound. SEKU
hollers in pain.

ETHAN
Who are you meeting?

Before he can answer, ETHAN slams in the same kneecap
again.

SEKU
(crying out)

Oh God! Stop! His name is Rauku!

ETHAN

Who is he?

SEKU hesitates, still in pain.

ETHAN slams the pipe into his right kneecap, as we hear another loud crunching sound.

SEKU

I don't know who he is!

ETHAN leans in closely, looking very serious.

ETHAN

The next slam you get will be directly to the lower back of the head. It will cause you permanent blindness.

ETHAN then rises up and walks to the left of SEKU, repeatedly twirling the pipe in his hand.

SEKU

Look I swear, I don't know who he is. Don't hit me!

ETHAN

Do you normally do business with people you don't know anything about?

SEKU

He is just a contact. I'm supposed to give him some information. That's it.

ETHAN

What information?

SEKU

My job is to get the weapons, Rauku's is to get them into Africa.

(pause)

Just make it fast. I can't stand this torture. I never have been susceptible to pain.

ETHAN throws the steel pipe on the floor.

ETHAN

I'm not going to kill you right now.

SEKU

But you're an op. I've seen what you look like.

ETHAN

It doesn't matter. I don't exist. However, I'm letting you live strictly as a loose end. If I ever see you again or if you don't get into another line of work, I will kill you.

(beat)

Am I clear.

INT. WAREHOUSE, TANZANIA - MINUTES LATER - DAY

We cut to a close up of ETHAN whipping off his blood soaked hands with a rag. In the background we can see SEKU almost unconscious. ETHAN takes one last look at SEKU and then turns and walks out of the frame.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, TANZANIA - MINUTES LATER - DAY

ETHAN quickly walks out of the warehouse and to his Jeep. After getting inside, the vehicle pulls off.

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY

ETHAN flips open his cell and dials some numbers.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

We cut to a massive room full of computer workstations. The lighting is very dim. RACHEAL gets up from one of the workstations and walks up to Assistant Director JOHANSEN, looking over another Agents shoulder.

RACHEAL

Johansen.

JOHANSEN

We're in the middle of something. What is it?

RACHEAL

I have Ethan Bachman on the line.

JOHANSEN

(talking to the Agent in front of her)
Stay on those coordinates.

RACHEAL and JOHANSEN walk back to her workstation.

JOHANSEN

Put him on speaker.

JOHANSEN (CONT'D)

Ethan. This is Johansen.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Jane. I just found out who Seku was meeting.

INT. JEEP CHAREKEE - DAY

ETHAN is speeding down the road.

ETHAN

His name is Rauku. I need someone there to run his name and find out who he is. I need to know the person I'm dealing with. Call me back in five minutes. I'm on my way to the cement factory. Five minutes.

ETHAN flips the phone shut.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

JOHANSEN hangs the phone up.

JOHANSEN

(speaking to Rachael)
Find out anything you can about this Rauku. Then let me know as soon as you find anything.

RACHEAL

Yes, ma'am.

LATER:

RACHEAL comes walking up to JOHANSEN.

RACHEAL

I have Rauku's bio pulled up on my screen.

They both walk back to Rachael's computer station.

JOHANSEN

Get Ethan on the phone.

INT. JEEP CHAREKEE - DAY

ETHAN answers his ringing phone.

ETHAN

What have you found out?

During the conversation we cut back and forth between Ethan and Johansen.

JOHANSEN

It appears that Bauku is not a native African. He's American. He only lives in Africa now.

ETHAN

What?

JOHANSEN

He is a soldier for hire. His bio looks like the resume of a professional mercenary.

(pause)

Holy shit. it appears he used to work for us. He was an operative.

ETHAN

How the fuck did this get missed? How can you not have tabs on your own people?

JOHANSEN

It shows here that he is deceased. He must have faked his death and gone rogue several years ago.

ETHAN

Alright. That's all I need for right now.

JOHANSEN

Be careful Ethan.

ETHAN

I'll be in touch.

ETHAN flips the phone shut.

EXT. PORTLAND CEMENT CO., TANZANIA - DAY

The black Jeep Cherokee pulls to a stop. We can see the cement plant through the dirty windshield of the Jeep as ETHAN is practicing speaking with Seku's accent.

ETHAN

Rauku, I'm a busy man. Let's do this.

(almost there)

Rauku, I'm a busy man. Let's do this.

(closer)

Rauku, I'm a busy man. Let's do this.

(the accent is perfect)

Ethan starts the car up and drives closer to the cement plant. Stopping in front of the building, ETHAN gets out and walks towards the entryway.

INT. PORTLAND CEMENT CO., TANZANIA - DAY

We cut to a steel door, hearing a couple of knocks coming from the other side. Kaunza walks up and opens the door, seeing ETHAN standing in the doorway.

ETHAN
Seku.

KAUNZA
You're late. Come in.

ETHAN
Traffic.

RAUKU is standing off hidden in the shadows. He comes into view. He looks American.

RAUKU
It's about time.

ETHAN
I'm a busy man. Let's do this.

RAUKU
You don't look African.

ETHAN
(dropping the accent)
Neither do you.

(pause)

I have to protect my identity. You never know who is listening.

RAUKU
Fair enough.

RAUKU turns away and signals for ETHAN and KAUNZA to follow. RAUKU quickly stops and turns around putting a pistol in ETHAN'S face.

RAUKU
Grab him.

KAUNZA grabs ETHAN from behind. RAUKU lowers the gun and gets in ETHAN'S face.

RAUKU

Do you think I'm fucking stupid?

ETHAN does not respond.

RAUKU (CONT'D)

I used to be CIA you dumb fuck. I know how this works. I've pulled the exact same stunt you just did my self before.

RAUKU puts his gun away and pulls out a dagger, placing it to ETHAN'S gut.

RAUKU (CONT'D)

Now, you are going to tell me everything you and Langley know about this operation before I disembowel you like a fish.

ETHAN gives a slight smirk.

RAUKU (CONT'D)

Something funny. Let's see you laugh when your intestines are spilled out all over the goddamn floor.

ETHAN slams KAUNZA in the face with the back of his head. KAUNZA stumbles back with blood oozing from his nose. ETHAN then quickly head butts RAUKU in the face then grabs him by the neck, slamming him against the wall. RAUKU raises the blade to strike. ETHAN grabs his wrist, breaking it.

ETHAN throws him against a small construction table covered with different tools. RAUKU grabs one of the tools and tries to strike ETHAN. ETHAN grabs his arm and slams him into a steel container.

ETHAN

Don't fuck with me Rauku.

ETHAN grabs a wrench from off the table and holds it to RAUKU'S mouth.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now you are going to tell who you are answering to or I will remove as many of your teeth as it takes.

EXT. EMERSON RESIDENCE, CHICAGO, IL - EVENING

A Saab pulls into the driveway and MATTHEW steps out and walks towards the house carrying his briefcase. His coat is draped over his arm.

INT. EMERSON RESIDENCE, CHICAGO, IL - EVENING

The two-story house is very clean and organized. It has a very warm cozy feeling to it. MATTHEW drops his briefcase and coat on a nearby lamp table as a little boy and girl come running up to him.

CHILDREN

Daddy!

MATTHEW crouches down and hugs both kids.

MATTHEW

Did you both have a good day at school?

ERIC

It went good.

BRITTNEY

We watched a video.

MATTHEW

A video huh?

JENNIFER, brunette and very attractive, comes walking out of the kitchen with a towel draped over her shoulder and gives MATTHEW a kiss and hug.

JENNIFER

Did you have a good day at the office?

MATTHEW

As good as it could. It was busy.

JENNIFER

We're having crab cakes for dinner.

MATTHEW

That sounds great.

(talking to the children)

I have an idea, how about you guys go into the living room and play games. Mom and I need to talk in the kitchen.

ERIC

Sure Dad.

MATTHEW

Thanks guys.

MATTHEW walks into the kitchen as JENNIFER is removing food from the oven.

MATTHEW

I met with that guy from the Times. That Jenkins journalist.

JENNIFER looks alert.

JENNIFER

How did it go?

MATTHEW

He seemed to believe me. It is supposed to run in tomorrow's paper.

JENNIFER

I know we discussed this.

(pause)

But I just hope this was a good idea.

MATTHEW

Well, like we talked about, normally it would be foolish to come up against a company like this. Especially this size. But if I play my cards right, the information will come out and nothing will be linked to me.

JENNIFER

You could be right. Let's just hope that's the way it plays out.

JENNIFER walks up and hugs MATTHEW.

MATTHEW

Don't worry hon. You and the kids are the most important thing to me. I won't let anything happen to any of you.

INT. PORTLAND CEMENT CO., TANZANIA - DAY

RAUKU is chained to a chair. He is in a concrete room with metal pipes going from the floor to the ceiling. ETHAN is standing before him gripping pliers in his right hand.

ETHAN

Feel like talking yet?

RAUKU

Do you forget I'm just like you? I'm been through some of the worst pain and torture imaginable.

ETHAN

All do respect. None of those people were me.

RAUKU

Fuck you. Let's see what you can do.

ETHAN walks up and forces RAUKU'S mouth open, inserting the pliers. RAUKU grunts in pain. We can hear a crunching sound as ETHAN yanks back tearing out a tooth. Some blood spews from RAUKU'S mouth.

ETHAN removes the tooth from the pliers and throws it aside.

ETHAN

Shall we go for tooth number 2?

(pause)

You know, why are you being so loyal to the people you are working for? You're a mercenary for hire. You have no loyalties. No home. No country.

ETHAN crouches down in front of RAUKU.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Talk to me RAUKU and this all stops.

RAUKU does not respond.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Ok. Fine.

ETHAN pulls open the Man's mouth and starts to insert the pliers.

RAUKU

Wait. Wait.

ETHAN

(drawing back)
What?

RAUKU

I'll go ahead and talk. I'll tell you everything. The only reason being, when I get out of here. I will hunt you down and kill you. You have my word.

ETHAN

Fair enough. Tell me.

RAUKU

I'm an intermediary.

ETHAN

Who are you purchasing the weapons for?

RAUKU

The President of Africa himself.

ETHAN

You're directly communicating with him?

RAUKU

Well, I'm in contact with his men. But it is him.

ETHAN

Who's supplying you with the weapons?

RAUKU pauses to answer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Who is supplying you the weapons?

RAUKU

Some company called Cornell Defense.

ETHAN

CDTS? In Chicago?

RAUKU

That's the one.

(pause)

Now I've answered everything. That's all you need. Now let me the fuck out of this chair.

ETHAN

Let yourself out.

While sitting in the chair, RAUKU raises this right leg, kicking ETHAN in the gut. ETHAN stumbles back as RAUKU falls back in his chair. He then slides the chains off the backrest. RAUKU then charges ETHAN hitting him with the chains he was bound with. ETHAN, lying on the ground, kicks RAUKU in the shin, tripping him to the floor.

ETHAN grabs the dropped chains and wraps them around RAUKU'S neck. ETHAN then drags him backwards, backing up to the wall. RAUKU continues grunting and kicking until he slowly starts losing breath. After a few seconds he goes limp.

ETHAN, exhausted, drops the lifeless body to the floor.

EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - MORNING

ROLLINS is sitting at his usual table sipping on a cappuccino. He is reading the Chicago Times. We focus on him spending several seconds flipping through the paper. He suddenly stops.

We focus in on an article titled "Corporate Corruption" written by David Jenkins.

We then cut back to ROLLINS starring at the article.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO - MORNING

ROLLINS comes walking into office waving the newspaper in the air.

ROLLINS
We've got our fucking informant!

COPELAND comes walking out of his office.

COPELAND
Rollins, what are you talking about?

ROLLINS slaps the paper down on a nearby table and points at the article.

ROLLINS
This!

COPELAND takes the paper and briefly skims over it.

ROLLINS
I'm telling you, that's him.

(pause)

We have to get contact with this guy.

COPELAND
It doesn't say who the informant even is.

ROLLINS
We can find that out from the journalist at the paper. I'm telling you. This could revive our case. You know this is the only way to get the information we need. We need to have someone on the inside. Someone who can get us what we need.

COPELAND pauses for a moment.

COPELAND
Ok. Do what you have to. Bring in the journalist.

ROLLINS
(sounding pleased)
Yes, sir.

EXT. CHICAGO TIMES PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

DAVID JENKINS is walking out of the elevators and to his Chrysler. The camera stays on him as he lonely crosses through the garage. Jenkins arrives at his car and begins to unlock the door when a black Ford Taurus speeds towards him. Jenkins looks up shocked, as the car screeches to a stop, blinding him with the headlights.

Two Men step out of the Taurus, wearing FBI jackets.

AGENT
Sir. Is your name David Jenkins?

DAVID
Yes. Wha- what do you want?

AGENT
(holding up his badge)
I'm agent Foster with the FBI. We've been instructed to take you in for some questioning.

DAVID
Questioning? What kind of questioning?
For what?

FOSTER
Sir. I just need you to come with us.
Everything will be explained to you
when you arrive.

FOSTER approaches JENKINS, who still looks confused.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Mr. Jenkins, please.

JENKINS walks away with the two other Agents.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - NIGHT

DAVID and the other Two Agents are walking through the massive lobby towards the elevators.

DAVID
I sure hope there is some really good
reason for bringing me out here at the
end of the day. I would like to be
headed home right now.

FOSTER
It shouldn't be long, sir.

The Three Men step into the elevator.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Two Agents bring DAVID into the giant conference room. Agents ROLLINS and COPELAND are already sitting at the large table.

COPELAND

(standing up)

Mr. JENKINS. Glad you could come. Thank you.

DAVID

Cut the crap. What am I doing here?

COPELAND gestures DAVID to a chair and then takes a seat. The two other Agents that brought DAVID in, leave the room, closing the door.

COPELAND

Please have a seat.

DAVID looks at COPELAND and ROLLINS irritated. He then takes a seat.

DAVID

What does the FBI want with me? If you guys were the IRS it might make sense.

ROLLINS smirks and then throws a newspaper onto the table turned to the story about CDTS. We cut to a quick view of the article.

DAVID

What the fuck is that?

ROLLINS

You should know. You wrote it.

DAVID

(sounding a little impatient)

Is that what this is about? The informant at CDTS?

ROLLINS

Who is he?

DAVID

I can't tell you that.

ROLLINS

Yes you can.

DAVID

No I can't. I'm a journalist. It could

ruin my credibility. My sources know they can trust me. If I tell you guys this, no one will trust me. You people know how it works.

ROLLINS

Look David, we can appreciate you protecting your sources, but this is a matter of national security. We need to talk to this man.

DAVID

I'm sorry, I can't.

ROLLINS

We're not asking.

DAVID

Look, I honestly can't tell you. He gave me a fake name to print in the story.

COPELAND

We know that. No one at CDTS has the name Deatrik.

DAVID

He didn't tell me his real name. I don't think he fully trusts me.

ROLLINS

Did he tell you what department he worked in? He had to have told you something that could help us locate him.

DAVID

He covered his tracks pretty good. He didn't want anyone who read the story to know who he was.

COPELAND

Well, how do you know that he is just not making the whole thing up? How the hell do you know he even really works for CDTS?

DAVID

I trusted him, ok. I believed he was telling the truth. I've interviewed enough people to know when someone is lying to me. Giving me a false story. Give me some credit will you.

ROLLINS

So you're telling me he did not tell you one damn thing that would collaborate his story.

DAVID

Look, he came to me because he obviously didn't trust any of you guys. Let alone the cops.

COPELAND

Did he say that?

DAVID

Well it wasn't hard to figure it out. He knew about that guy, Muller. He was an informant for you people wasn't he?

ROLLINS and COPELAND look at each other.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why would he trust you guys? You would probably get him killed too.

ROLLINS gets up and walks around the table coming up to DAVID. ROLLINS sits on the edge of the table and leans into DAVID.

ROLLINS

Now you listen to me you piece of shit. I don't give a fuck about the secrecy of your clients.

(pointing to paper)

I want this man.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

We cut to the oval office. The handful of remaining cabinet members are leaving the room. PRESIDENT HUGHES, mid forties, with a full head of hair, is walking behind his desk when there is a knock on door.

PRESIDENT

Come in.

HENDRIX, the Chief of Staff, a young short man, walks into the room.

HENDRIX

Mr. President. Prince Fahd is here to meet with you.

PRESIDENT

(sounding pleased)
Send him right in.

HENDRIX

Yes, sir.

In walks PRINCE FAHD, dressed in jeans, a buttoned up shirt and a sport coat. He walks in with a smile on his face, extending his hand for the PRESIDENT. They shake.

PRESIDENT

It's great seeing you again. Glad you could come by.

FAHD

It's my pleasure Mr. President. It's an honor to be invited to the White House.

PRESIDENT

Please sit down.

FAHD

Thank you Mr. President.

FAHD takes a seat. The PRESIDENT sits across from him.

PRESIDENT

Well, I'm sure there is a major reason you wanted to come by and meet with me. After all, you did fly out here all the way from Saudi Arabia.

FAHD

Well there is something that I wanted to discuss with you.

PRESIDENT

(gesturing to Fahd)
Please.

FAHD

It appears that I am being investigated by the FBI. Well, my company is being investigated any way.

PRESIDENT

Why is your company being investigated?

FAHD

It is because of my dealings with the company CDTS.

PRESIDENT

CDTS?

FAHD

Yes. As you are already aware, the company has been known for shady dealings. But as you also know, my company has greatly benefited from the dealings with CDTS. They have been a great thing for Saudi Arabia. For my country. The FBI is continuously trying to get involved in my dealings.

PRESIDENT

What are you asking, Fahd? For me to prevent the FBI from doing they're job?

FAHD

Just temporarily. For the time being. There are some big deals that I'm working on right now.

PRESIDENT

So you are wanting me to hold back the FBI. You expect me to prevent the Feds from an investigation this big?

FAHD

You've got in the middle of they're investigations with CDTS before.

PRESIDENT

Getting in the middle is one thing. Stopping it is something else.

FAHD leans in a little.

FAHD

Please John. There is no need to stop it, but just temporarily on hold. At least until I get this deal through.

PRESIDENT

Well, since we are now on a first name basis, I'll see what I can do. Ramil.

FAHD

Thank you. I appreciate anything you can do.

The PRESIDENT gets up and putting his hands in his pockets, he begins to slowly pace the room.

PRESIDENT

So tell me. Who at the FBI is causing you problems? Anyone in particular?

The PRESIDENT stops at FAHD'S side, looking down at him.

FAHD

There are only a couple of names that come to mind.

PRESIDENT

Tell me.

FAHD

There is an agent named Gordon. A real pain in my ass. He was getting close to us the other day. We had to set up a meeting as a distraction. I'm a busy man. I don't have time for these problems.

PRESIDENT

Who else?

FAHD

What?

PRESIDENT

You said a couple.

FAHD

Well, I'm not sure, but one of the agents was overheard talking about an agent Rollins. Like he was the one running the show.

(beat)

Can you help me? Help me with these problems?

PRESIDENT

I'll see what I can do? I can assure you that you won't be bothered much longer.

A great big grin comes across FAHD'S face. He stands up and takes the PRESIDENT'S hand.

FAHD

Thank you, John.

(beat)

I'm sorry. Mr. President.

They finish shaking hands as we then fade into-

INT. THE EMERSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

MATTHEW is sitting in his home office, typing at his computer. The desk is remarkably organized. A hot mug of coffee sits on a coaster. A photograph of an ocean with an inspirational message hangs on the wall.

ERIC walks into the room.

ERIC

Hi, Daddy.

MATTHEW stops what he is doing and turns in his chair.

MATTHEW

Hey, tiger. What are you doing?

ERIC

Mommy said we are about to watch a movie. Did you want to see it with us?

MATTHEW pauses for a second, glancing back at his monitor. After reaching over and shutting it down, he turns back to his Son.

MATTHEW

Sure, I would love to. Let's go. Who's going to make the popcorn?

ERIC

(sounding excited)
Mommy already is making it.

MATTHEW

She is, huh? Well, we're all set then.

MATTHEW'S cell begins to ring.

HE pulls the phone out of his pocket and looks at the readout. He then motions ERIC to go on into the living room.

MATTHEW

Tell Mommy and your sis that I will be in there shortly.

MATTHEW flips open the phone.

MATTHEW

What is it, David? I've kind of got something going on.

DAVID (V.O.)

There is something I have to tell you. It can't wait.

MATTHEW
(rubbing his forehead)
Alright, what is it?

DAVID
I just had a conversation with the FBI.

The camera zooms into MATTHEW. He looks worried.

MATTHEW
What?

(closing the door to the office)

How the fuck did this happen so soon?
What did you tell them? You weren't
supposed to go to them.

DAVID (V.O.)
Matt, listen to me. I didn't go to
them.

MATTHEW
Well how the hell did they get to me.

DAVID (V.O.)
They read the fucking paper.

MATTHEW
My name wasn't in the article. What did
you tell the FBI?

DAVID (V.O.)
I didn't tell them anything. They
didn't like it either.

MATTHEW
Who gives a shit what they like. I have
a family, David. I can't be known right
now.

DAVID (V.O.)
They insist they can protect you.

MATTHEW
Did you already forget about, MULLER.
They sure did a bang up job of
protecting him. I think it would be
better if we didn't communicate for a
while.

DAVID (V.O.)
Matt, that's fine, but I have to tell

you that they were persistent. They will get to you.

MATTHEW

I'm hanging up now. This really isn't good. Any more contact with you could put my family at risk.

MATTHEW flips the phone shut.

INT. DAVID'S CHRYSLER - NIGHT

DAVID is on his cell.

DAVID

Matt. Matthew.

(flips cell shut)

Shit.

INT. THE EMERSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

MATTHEW stares down at his cell and after a few seconds, throws it on the desk and walks out of the room.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - NIGHT

Rollins and Copeland are still sitting together in the massive conference room.

COPELAND

Well, how are you wanting to handle this?

ROLLINS

I don't know yet. But we need this guy. We get this guy we have a case again. We will be back on track.

COPELAND

How do you want to proceed?

ROLLINS

There is only one option. We put guys on David and follow him everywhere he goes. He has to make contact with this guy at some point.

(beat)

I still say we should have held him. What's he doing calling the shots. We're the fucking FBI.

COPELAND

Don't worry about it. We did what was necessary. It will work out better this

way.

ROLLINS

Yah, I guess you're right.

EXT. FAYEED'S APARTMENT, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

We cut to the back of an old apartment complex as FAYEED is seen sneaking out the back door. He quickly heads down a stairwell and into the alley.

EXT. FBI BASE OF OPERATIONS, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

MCRALLY looks up from his monitor.

MCRALLY

Gordon, sir. FAYEED is leaving the apartment.

GORDON walks over to MCRALLY's station.

MCRALLY (CONT'D)

He's in the alley.

GORDON turns to one of his other men, while checking his sidearm and placing it in the shoulder holster.

GORDON

Make sure and track my position. I'm going after him personally.

MCRALLY

(looking up)
Sir?

GORDON

Just do it. Get me my vest.

MCRALLY

He's getting into a red Fiat.

GORDON

Shit. Alright, I'm heading out.

AGENT 2

Want us to send some agents with you?

GORDON

No. I'm going alone. I don't want him to get panicked.

GORDON heads out of the apartment and down the hallway. The camera stays in front of him all the way. He pushes open the door as sunlight glares into his eyes. He

squints as he walks across the street and gets into a 2009 grey Honda Civic.

GORDON
(getting inside the car)
Where is he now?

MCRALLY (V.O.)
He's turning onto Kobar St.

The Honda starts up and takes off down the street.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT is sitting at his desk as he picks up the phone.

PRESIDENT
Get me Agent Brad Copeland on the phone.

VOICE (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO - DAY

COPELAND is standing by another agent's desk, going over some paperwork.

FEMALE AGENT
Sir, the President is on line 1 for you.

COPELAND
(looking surprised)
Transfer it to my office.

EXT. COPELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Walking into his office, COPELAND closes the door and walks to his desk picking up the phone.

COPELAND
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
This is a secure line.

COPELAND
I figured that. What do you need Mr. President?

At this point during the conversation, we cut between Copeland and the President.

PRESIDENT
This call is in regards to the case you

are working on against CDTS.

COPELAND

I'm getting in the middle of it as much as I can. Any more and it will be too obvious.

PRESIDENT

Look, I need you to do more than that.

COPELAND

Sir? What are you asking me?

PRESIDENT

I need you to stop the investigation for now.

COPELAND

Mr. President, how do you expect me to do that? It will blow my cover.

PRESIDENT

I'm the President of the United States, Copeland. I'll make sure this does not reflect badly on you. Just make it as easy for me to do so as possible. I want this stopped now.

(pause)

Do we have an understanding?

COPELAND

(rubbing his eyes)

Yes sir. I'll take care of it.

PRESIDENT

I know you will. I'll be in touch. I'm counting on you.

The line goes dead. COPELAND stands there on the phone and then slowly removes the receiver from his ear.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

GORDON is driving through AL KHOBAR CITY.

MCRALLY (V.O.)

He's turning onto Bahlah.

EXT. AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

The Honda turns onto Bahlah and we can see Fayed's car up ahead.

GORDON

Alright, I've got him.

MCRALLY (V.O.)

It looks like he's heading for the interstate.

The red Fiat merges onto the freeway as GORDON'S CIVIC keeps its distance. The next few minutes shows both vehicles moving through the sparse traffic.

The Fiat exits the interstate.

GORDON

He's leaving the freeway. He's taking the Al Muzah exit.

MCRALLY (V.O.)

Got it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

The red Fiat pulls along the side of the street of a massive warehouse. FAYEED gets out of the car and heads inside.

GORDON'S Civic pulls to a stop down the street.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

GORDON is staring out the windshield.

GORDON

I'm stopped. Fayed just went into a warehouse on Safara.

MCRALLY (V.O.)

We've got it.

GORDON

Get me some agents down here right now. I now he's in there with his contact. We're going to take the building.

MCRALLY (V.O.)

We'll be there in ten.

INT. WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

FAYEED steps out of the elevator and walks into a large cement room. There are four men with suites standing in the center of the facility. A couple of them are holding metallic briefcases. FAYEED approaches STEVEN, one of the four Suites.

STEVEN

Glad you could make it, Fayed. Maybe we can finally get down to some business.

FAYEED

I'm sorry, Steven. I'm having to watch my back because of the fucking Feds. You know how it is.

STEVEN

I can say that I do.

FAYEED

Alright, let's get down to it.

STEVEN

All the information you need will be in this briefcase.

STEVEN walks over and places the case on a nearby table.

STEVEN

This is all the information you will need to know to get the weapons into Saudi Arabia.

FAYEED'S cell begins to ring.

FAYEED

(speaking to Steven)
I'm sorry. Excuse me.

He flips open the phone.

FAYEED

Fayed, here.

We jump back and forth between Fayed and Copeland during this conversation.

COPELAND

Are you on a secure phone?

FAYEED

Yes.

FAYEED is standing away from the other Men.

FAYEED (CONT'D)

What is it, Brad?

COPELAND

Now listen to me closely. My agents are still on your tracks. They could be

watching you now.

FAYEED

What? You mean you don't know?

COPELAND

Be quite and listen, Fayed. I have no contact with Agent Gordon or his men. They went dark. But there is a possibility you were followed.

FAYEED

Shit.

COPELAND

Just do it. At a meeting this big, you can't be too careful. Get some of your men there now. don't fuck around.

FAYEED

Alright.

FAYEED flips the cell shut as he turns to STEVEN and his men.

FAYEED

Just give me another second. There is another call I have to make.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

GORDON gets out of the Honda and walks around the corner of a nearby building.

GORDON

(talking into earpiece)
Where are you?

MCRALLY

We're a minute out.

GORDON

Hurry up. The deal is going down right now. I know it. Pull the vehicles into the north parking lot.

MCRALLY

Will do.

GORDON continues watching the warehouse from around the corner, waiting for his agents to show up. After a few seconds GORDON looks around seeing two black Land Rovers pulling into the parking lot.

MCRALLY

We're here.

GORDON
Get everybody assembled. We're going in
the back.

MCRALLY
Yes, sir.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

MCRALLY turns to his other Men.

MCRALLY
Alright, we're going in the back.

EXT. LAND ROVER - DAY

MCRALLY and the other Men step out of the vehicles,
dressed in jeans and buttoned up shirts.

MCRALLY
Alright, let's move.

(talking into his earpiece.)

We're coming to you.

GORDON
Good. Let's make this fast.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - DAY

ROLLINS walks into COPELAND'S office and sets a file down
on his desk as he turns away from his computer.

COPELAND
What is this?

ROLLINS
We found him.

COPELAND
(opening the file)
The Time's source?

ROLLINS
Yes. We traced Jenkins' cell calls.

(pause)

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE, CDTS - DAY

We can see MATTHEW getting out of his car and setting the
alarm as we hear ROLLINS' voice over in the background.

ROLLINS (V.O.)
His name is Matthew Emerson. Born in
Dallas, Texas in 1967. Moved to
Chicago, Illinois in 1998. He graduated

from Brown University in 1982 with a
B.A. in business.

MATTHEW is now stepping off the elevators and starts
towards his office.

ROLLINS (V.O.)

He went to work for CDTS in May of
1992. We quickly worked his way up to
Account Executive.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - DAY

We cut back to ROLLINS talking with COPELAND.

ROLLINS

This is our guy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

Moments later GORDON and the other Agents are sneaking
around the back of the warehouse with they're side arms
drawn.

GORDON

Keep your radios off.

The Men walk by a silver 2009 Mercedes CLS on their way to the door.

MCRALLY

Yah, Fayed is meeting with someone in
there alright.

GORDON

Keep quiet.

GORDON opens the back door and He and the rest of the
Agents enter the warehouse.

The first area we see is a long dark concrete corridor.
The Agents quietly proceed down the hall. At the end of
the corridor, GORDON stops at a stairwell and puts up his
fist, signaling the other Men to stop.

McRALLY

(whispering)
What is it?

GORDON

They're directly above us. Donaldson,
take point. Morally, you and I will
follow. The rest of you are backup.

(looking back up the stairwell)

Alright, let's go.

DONALDSON takes point and proceeds up the stairs gripping his MP5. GORDON and MCRALLY follow behind. As the Agents proceed down the hall, we can hear voices coming from one of the rooms. The Agents split up, covering both sides of the corridor.

GORDON

(whispering)

It's the first door on the right.
Donaldson, get the other side. Morally,
stay behind me.

GORDON stops at the edge of the door, as DONALDSON goes around him, stopping at the other side.

GORDON then stands up and busts through the door. The other Agents follow in behind him.

We cut to an empty concrete room.

McRALLY

(looking around)
What the fuck.

DONALDSON

There's no one here.

At this time about ten men come from around the corner, armed with Colt M4s.

McRALLY

Oh, my God. It's a set up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

We cut to the outside of the warehouse. Gunfire can be heard as a body comes flying out of one of the second story windows. We switch to a close up of McRALLY'S body hitting the concrete among all the shards of glass.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

GORDON, DONALDSON and a couple other Agents are still standing. There are two that are lying dead in a pool of blood.

FAYEED walks up to GORDON.

FAYEED

Too bad.

(pause)

Get down on your knees.

GORDON does not respond.

FAYEED (CONT'D)

(slower)

I said get down on your fucking knees.

After a couple of seconds, FAYEED slams GORDON in his left knee, forcing him to the ground.

FAYEED

(kneeling next to Gordon)

It helps when you have friends in the FBI.

GORDON

Who was it? Tell me. At least give that to me.

FAYEED looks over at the Four Men in suits.

FAYEED

I have everything I need. You four head out the back. Tell Cornell we'll be in touch.

STEVEN signals to his other three Men to follow him.

FAYEED couches back down next to GORDON. He leans in closely, as GORDON looks at him with anger.

FAYEED

Your boss Copeland is our friend Copeland.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

STEVEN and the three Other Men leave the warehouse walking over McRALLY'S body. They walk up to the Mercedes and get inside.

McRALLY begins to move as he slowly rises to his knees. His face is bloody. McRALLY raises his sidearm up at the Mercedes and fires off a round, piercing the windshield. The Man in the passenger seat gets struck by the bullet, splattering blood on the interior window. STEVEN starts up the car and floors it towards McRALLY as he fires off a couple more rounds; each of them hitting the windshield.

We cut to an angled shot as the Mercedes rams into McRALLY pulling him under the wheels, crushing his body. We switch to a behind shot as the car speeds off down the alley, leaving McRALLY'S body mangled in the background.

EXT. CDT'S BUILDING, CHICAGO - NIGHT

MATTHEW'S 2001 Saab pulls out of the parking garage and onto the main road. We cycle through various scenes of the car streaking down various streets. MATTHEW puts a CD in the disk player as Moby begins blaring from the speakers. The camera sits on the hood of the car showing MATTHEW staring straight ahead.

Suddenly, in the background through the back windshield, headlights appear off in the distance. The lights are slowly inching closer as we cut to ground level zooming into the back of the Saab. A red light suddenly comes on from behind the windshield of a black Ford Taurus.

MATTHEW looks up in his rearview mirror and then in the side view, as the Taurus pulls out and begins coming up the side. ROLLINS can be seen signaling him to pull over.

We cut to an away shot as both vehicles come to a stop along the side of the road.

ROLLINS gets out of the Taurus and walks towards the Saab. MATTHEW puts down the window.

ROLLINS

Matthew Emerson?

MATTHEW

Yes?

ROLLINS

(showing his ID)
I'm Agent Rollins with the FBI.

MATTHEW

What is this about?

ROLLINS

I need you to follow me to the FBI building. There is a few questions we need to ask you.

MATTHEW

Are you going to tell me what this is about?

ROLLINS

I think you already know, Matthew.

MATTHEW

It's awfully late. I was on my way home.

ROLLINS

It won't take long. You can call your wife on the way over.

MATTHEW

Alright.

(under his breath)

Shit.

ROLLINS heads back to his car and gets in as we zoom out showing both vehicles pull back out onto the street.

INT. FBI BUILDING, CHICAGO - NIGHT

ROLLINS and MATTHEW are walking through the massive lobby. We cut to an aerial shot of the both of them walking across the giant government seal on the center of the floor.

INT. ROLLINS'S OFFICE, FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

ROLLINS shows MATTHEW into his office.

ROLLINS

(gesturing to a chair)

Please, have a seat. I'll be right back.

MATTHEW takes a seat as he glances around the small but organized office. A few seconds later ROLLINS and COPELAND enter the room.

ROLLINS

Sorry about that.

Pulling up another chair, ROLLINS takes a seat.

MATTHEW

What do you want?

ROLLINS

We would like some answers. You helped someone write an article for the Chicago Sun Times this week. A David Jenkins?

MATTHEW does not respond.

ROLLINS

(taking a newspaper from COPELAND and slapping it on the desk.)

This is you isn't it? Your story?

MATTHEW

How did you find me so fast?

ROLLINS

Don't worry, that journalist didn't give you up.

(pause)

We checked his cell records.

MATTHEW

Is that legal?

ROLLINS

Don't worry about that.

(beat)

We have been investigating CDTs for a few years now. We know they are trading weapons to foreign countries through the black market. We know they have committed bribery. We know they have had people killed. People they didn't want talking to us.

MATTHEW

Peter.

ROLLINS

Did you know him?

MATTHEW

Yes. I knew what he was doing for you guys.

ROLLINS

Can you help us?

MATTHEW

What do you know right now? What was Peter able to give you?

ROLLINS

We know that the company has been using the Prince of Saudi Arabia to move weapons into the country. Selling weapons to various companies there. Funding terrorism.

MATTHEW

They're funding more than that.

COPELAND is staring intently at MATTHEW. He almost has a nervous look. ROLLINS leans in.

ROLLINS

Like what?

MATTHEW

They are also funding organized crime here in the United States. Even here in Chicago as a matter of fact.

ROLLINS

The mafia?

MATTHEW

Yes. That's mainly a side business though. CDTS makes extra money off the mafia, but that's not really what they're after. They have even been over charging the mafia for the last several years then laundering the money.

ROLLINS

I bet the mob would be pretty pissed if they found out.

MATTHEW

They won't. One thing about the mob. They are all braun and no brains.

(pause)

Like I said, dealings with the mafia is just a side business. They are onto something bigger than that. I have paper work regarding selling military grade weaponry to Tanzania. None of it seen by the U.S. Government. CDTS and the Prince of Saudi Arabia have been working on this deal for a while. It is a big move for CDTS as well as Prince Fahd.

ROLLINS

You're shitting me.

MATTHEW

It's worse than that. The weaponry that they are trading is stuff that our own military don't even have access to. It is highly advanced technology.

ROLLINS

Do you have any idea when this is supposed to happen?

MATTHEW

No. But it will probably be sooner than later. You guys are causing quite a mess over there.

ROLLINS

Can you get us evidence of this?

MATTHEW pauses.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

Look. If what you are saying is true, we need to get our hands on those papers. We need this proof.

MATTHEW

(after another slight pause)
I'll see what I can do.

ROLLINS

(patting MATTHEW on the knee)
Thank you. Look, I know we let Peter down. I don't know how they found out, but we will do our best to protect you.

MATTHEW

What about my family?

ROLLINS

We'll keep agents watching the house around the clock. Don't worry. They will be safe.

MATTHEW

(slight pause)
Alright.

ROLLINS

Good.

Quietly, COPELAND turns and leaves the room.

EXT. UTUMISHI BUILDING, TANZANIA, SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

We cut to a massive glass building; the Utumishi building which is the office of the President of Tanzania. We slowly descend down to street level. A 2008 Jeep Cherokee comes to a stop along the curb about a block away. ETHAN is sitting inside, looking up at the building.

He then slowly gets out of the vehicle and begins making his way to

the alley, directly next to the Utumishi building. ETHAN looks around the corner as we focus on a maintenance van parked a little ways up the alley. A Worker is getting something out of the back as he closes the van door and heads into the building.

ETHAN
(talking into his earpiece)
Alright, I'm at the Utumishi building.
I've found a way I can enter.

JOHANSEN (V.O.)
Be careful.

ETHAN
I'm moving.

ETHAN slowly begins making his way up the alley towards the van. Approaching the back, he looks through the vehicle windows, trying to find something to disguise himself with. The camera shows us the interior of the van.

The Maintenance Worker suddenly appears from out of the building, walking up to his van. Ethan is gone. The Worker walks around to the back and opens the two doors and reaches in, grabbing some more items. We see an arm come out of nowhere grabbing the Worker by the neck. ETHAN has him in a headlock.

ETHAN
(whispering)
Shhhhhh.

The Maintenance Worker goes limp. ETHAN pulls him into the back of the vehicle.

Seconds later, ETHAN jumps down out of the van dressed in the Workers cloths. Closing the doors, He heads for the entry of the building.

INT. UTUMISHI BUILDING, TANZANIA, SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

ETHAN appears in the entryway and begins walking down the corridor, keeping his head down, hiding his face with the cap on his head. We can see a black Security Guard further down the hall.

GUARD
What? Did you forget something?

Keeping his head down, ETHAN gives a slight nod. The GUARD lets him pass by as ETHAN quickly heads down an adjacent hallway. He quickly glances behind him, making sure he was not being watched. Checking the clipboard in

his hand, he then looks to his right, heading down another corridor. We cut to a door that says "telephone/electrical" in Swahili.

INT. PHONE/ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY

The door opens as ETHAN walks into the dark room, pulling out a small flashlight. After glancing at the clipboard again, he puts the flashlight between his teeth and crouches down next to some telephone lines and a server.

EXT. ALLEY, UTUMISHI BUILDING - DAY

We cut back to the maintenance van in the alley as GUARD 2 walks into the scene, approaching the vehicle. He first looks in the front seats and sees nothing. Walking around to the back, he glances through the window. We cut to first person, seeing a body in the floor of the van. GUARD 2 begins knocking on the door, getting no response.

GUARD 2
(into radio, talking Swahili)
We have a situation here in the alley.
Did anyone pass you?

INT. UTUMISHI BUILDING - DAY

GUARD 1 in entry hallway answers his radio.

GUARD 1
Yes. The maintenance man pass through here about five minutes ago.

GUARD 2 (V.O.)
The man you saw is not him. I'm standing here looking at him. He's dead.

GUARD 1
Fuck!

GUARD 1 takes off down the hall. Moments later, GUARD 1 rounds the corner slowly approaches the Phone/Electrical Room. He raises his sidearm.

INT. UTUMISHI, PHONE/ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY

The door suddenly slams open as we see GUARD 1 jump into view, aiming his pistol into the room. He slowly makes his way in, shining his light around. All we see is various servers and phone lines.

GUARD 1
(into his radio)
The room is clear. He's not here.

GUARD 2 (V.O.)
Get backup. Find him.

GUARD 1

Alright.

(switching frequencies)

I need backup to the first floor maintenance. Cover all exits. Possible intruder.

INT. UTUMISHI, STAIRWELL - DAY

ETHAN is running up some metal stairs to the second floor. Coming to the steel door, he crops it open and peers through. We cut to first person, showing a Security Guard running into the elevators.

INT. UTUMISHI, 2nd FLOOR OFFICES - DAY

ETHAN runs through the door and into the hallway. He quickly moves past various empty offices. Coming to an intersection, he looks around the corner, seeing a couple of Security Guards coming up the hallway.

ETHAN

(under his breath)
Dammit.

ETHAN quickly heads into one of the nearby offices, and runs to the window, peering down into the alley. He then runs to the desk and grabs a chair.

The Security Guard comes to a stop, hearing the sound of breaking glass. Raising his sidearm, the Security Guard appears around the corner as we cut to the broken window.

EXT. UTUMISHI, ALLEY - DAY

ETHAN is quickly heading down the alley directly behind the Utumishi building.

GUARD 2

(from background)
Stop! Don't move.

ETHAN stops, putting his hands in the air, keeping his back to the Guard.

GUARD 2

Put your hands behind your back.

ETHAN does not move.

GUARD 2

I said put your hands behind your back!

(beat)

Put your hands behind your back!

(moving closer)

I'm not going to ask again.

ETHAN whips around, grabbing the Guard's arm. We hear a crack as ETHAN snaps his arm and slams him face first against the wall.

ETHAN

(whispering)

You look at me, you're dead.

ETHAN slams him in the back of the head with the Guard's own gun, knocking him unconscious. ETHAN then disappears.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE UTUMISHI BUILDING - NIGHT

Later that night, ETHAN is sitting in his Jeep Cherokee, smoking a cigarette. The camera slowly pans into the vehicle focusing on ETHAN'S earpiece.

The conversation he is listening in on is in Swahili. The subtitles are appearing at the bottom of the screen.

ETHAN

(into cell)

Johansen.

JOHANSEN (V.O.)

Ethan, where are we?

ETHAN

I got into the Utumishi building and bugged their phones. I now have control over Abeeku's speakerphone.

JOHANSEN (V.O.)

Good work.

ETHAN

I'll let you know when I find out anything.

JOHANSEN

I'll be in touch.

ETHAN flips the phone shut. We stay focused on him through the windshield as we hear a conversation start up.

ABEEKU (President of Tanzania) V.O.
Come in Bakari.

BAKARI (V.O.)

Abeeku.

ABEEKU (V.O.)

Glad you made a special trip for me.

BAKARI (V.O.)

Of course, sir.

ABEEKU (V.O.)

We had a break in today. They managed to break through our security.

BAKARI (V.O.)

Do you have any idea who it was?

INT. UTUMISHI, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At this point we switch to inside ABEEKU'S office. The office is large and has the look of money. Behind his desk we can see the Tanzania night skyline through the massive window. ABEEKU, in his mid 50s and wearing an expensive suite, is sitting behind his desk. BAKARI, early 30s and tall, is standing directly in front of him.

ABEEKU

If we knew that you wouldn't be here.

BAKARI

Understood.

ABEEKU

It was obviously a government agent. He knew what he was doing. He was in and out in just a few minutes.

BAKARI

What was he here for?

ABEEKU

We don't know. Once he entered he was not seen again. One of our security guards tried to apprehend him outside, but he was disarmed and taken down.

BAKARI

He didn't get a look at him?

ABEEKU

No.

BAKARI

How the fuck did he make it out of the building?

ABEEKU

One of the security guards said he jumped out the window. Does that really matter?

BAKARI

Could he be FBI?

ABEEKU

That's a possibility.

BAKARI

Because of your involvement with CDTs?

ABEEKU

Very good. How did you know about CDTs?

BAKARI

I did my research. The FBI is knee deep in they're investigation of CDTs. They are being a pain in Prince Fahd's ass.

ABEEKU

(standing up)

And I will stop at nothing to get this deal through. I don't know how the Feds found out, but they did somehow.

BAKARI

Sir, the FBI doesn't send black ops.

ABEEKU

What? What are you saying?

BAKARI

The man who broke in here was a professional. He is most likely not a government agent. If he is working with the Feds, he is freelance. And someone like that does not manage to break into a building like this and leave empty handed. He did something, and we need to find out what.

ABEEKU

Maybe he jumped out the window and aborted the mission because we got onto him.

BAKARI

Trust me Abeeku. He didn't leave empty handed.

ABEEKU

Find him Bakari. I can't let anything get in the way of this deal. It would make our country too powerful. I'm counting on you.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE UTUMISHI BUILDING - NIGHT

ETHAN is still listening in on the conversation.

BAKARI (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

ETHAN takes out his earpiece and continues to stare out of the windshield and into the darkness.

EXT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES - MORNING

DAVID'S Chrysler is pulling into the parking structure. The camera pans away to a grey Chevrolet Impala parked on the other side of the street. We focus in on the two Agents inside the car watching the building.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING

DAVID is getting out of his car and pulls out his cell phone.

DAVID

(after a few rings)
Rollins, get your agents off of me.

ROLLINS (V.O.)

No.

DAVID

I don't like being followed.

ROLLINS (V.O.)

It's for your protection.

DAVID

(walking through garage)
Protection my ass. You just want my contact.

DAVID flips the phone shut and heads into the building.

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES - DAY

DAVID is sitting at his desk typing on his computer when MARK walks up.

MARK

David.

DAVID
(not looking away from his computer)
What?

MARK
Do you have a second?

DAVID
(looking up and sounding irritated)
Well, I don't know Mark. I kind of have
a lot of work to do.

MARK
It will only take a second.

DAVID
(turning back to his computer)
Alright, I'll be right there.

INT. UTUMISHI, PHONE/ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY

BAKARI steps into the room being followed by a couple of Security Guards. BAKARI is shining a flashlight around the facility.

BAKARI
Was this the only room that needed
maintenance? This is where you sent
him?

GUARD 1
Yes, sir.

BAKARI
(crouching down)
Son of a bitch.

(beat)

He did something in here. I don't know
what. Nothing seems to be disturbed.
Fuck.

(stands up)

The second floor. Is there cameras on
that floor?

GUARD 1
Yes.

BAKARI
I want to see the footage. We have to
have a shot of this guy somewhere.

INT. CHICAGO SUN TIMES, MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVID opens the door and walks into Mark's office. MARK is sitting behind his desk.

MARK
(gesturing to a chair)
Please have a seat.

DAVID
I'll stand. Thank you.

MARK
I just wanted to congratulate you.

DAVID
Congratulate me, huh?

MARK
(slapping the paper on his desk)
That was a damn good story. It looks like you might be back on track.

DAVID
Will there be anything else? I have work to do.

MARK
That will be all. Thank you, David.

DAVID turns and walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCRETE ROOM, SOMEWHERE IN AL KHOBAR CITY - DAY

GORDON is on his knees, tied with chains to a wall. He has no shirt on. We can see he has been cut and beaten as fresh blood is still dripping from his mouth. GORDON slowly looks up as he sees FAYEED come walking into the room, wearing his spotless clean buttoned up shirt and slacks. FAYEED kneels down next to GORDON.

FAYEED
How are you holding up?

GORDON
Go to Hell, you cocksucker. Where's my men.

FAYEED
Your men are fine. For now. As long as you are cooperative.

GORDON

What do you want?

FAYEED

Who do you have working in Tanzania?

GORDON

What?

FAYEED

You heard me right. We know your government has someone over there. I want to know who.

GORDON

We don't have anyone in Tanzania. No one I am aware of.

FAYEED just continues to glare at him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm telling you the truth.

FAYEED

We'll see.

(turns to one of his men standing at the door)

Bring me one of the other agents.

GORDON

What are you going to do?

FAYEED stands up and walks to the door of the concrete room. One of his Men brings in DONALDSON; his face is bruised as well.

GORDON

Donaldson, are you ok?

DONALDSON

Yah.

FAYEED puts a pistol to DONALDSON'S head.

GORDON

Fayed, no!

FAYEED

Who is in Tanzania?

GORDON

I told you I don't know! Why the fuck would I give a shit about Tanzania?! I don't know of any operations there!

FAYEED pauses for a second and then pulls the trigger, splattering blood all over the concrete wall. DONALDSON'S dead body drops to the floor.

FAYEED

Think up a better answer. There is still more of your men I can kill.

GORDON

Goddamn you!

FAYEED goes to leave the room.

FAYEED

(to his man at the door)

Leave the dead body in there with him.

The Man nods and then slams the door shut after FAYEED.

FAYEED pulls out his cell, while he continues down the hall. BAKARI answers the other end. During this conversation we switch back and forth showing FAYEED and BAKARI.

BAKARI

Bakari.

FAYEED

I questioned the agent. He insists that he has no knowledge of any operation in Tanzania.

BAKARI

That can't be right. He's lying.

FAYEED

Look, he was beaten and I even killed one of his men right before him and he still insisted he did not know.

BAKARI

Do you believe him?

FAYEED

Yes I do. He would have told me. I'll be in touch.

FAYEED flips the phone shut and walks out of shot.

CUT TO:

INT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE, CDTS - NIGHT

MATTHEW walks into his office with a folder in hand. The rest of the floor is empty. Outside his office is just

darkness with the occasional screensaver glowing from various computer monitors. A copy machine sits in the corner of Matthew's office. Walking over to it, he opens the folder in his hands and starts shuffling through papers. Grabbing certain ones, he begins making copies.

Suddenly, in the background, we hear a sound like a chair being moved. MATTHEW stops and looks around. Slowly he makes his way back to his office door and peers outside at all the cubicles. There is nothing, but the city lights coming in through the windows. MATTHEW hurries back to the printer and finishes the last few copies. When he finishes, he runs back to his desk, placing the original pages back into the folder as he places them in the briefcase.

EXT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE, CDTS - NIGHT

We cut to an outside shot of Matthew's office. We can barely make him out moving around inside.

INT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE, CDTS - NIGHT

MATTHEW grabs his briefcase and leaves his office. The camera stays focused on him as he makes his way out of the building.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, CDTS - NIGHT

We cut to the parking structure. The place this time of night is awfully dark, giving off an eerie orange glow. MATTHEW steps from the elevators and quickly begins making his way through the garage.

We cut to an over the shoulder behind view of MATTHEW as he approaches his 2007 Saab, the only other car in the lot. Pulling his keys out of his pocket, he suddenly stops. He stares ahead for a moment, feeling something is not right. The headlights of his car suddenly switch on, blinding him, as it peels out towards him. We cut to MATTHEW'S shocked face, as he gets thrown onto the hood of the vehicle, smashing the windshield.

Terrified, MATTHEW looks around seeing the parking column quickly approaching. He rolls off the hood right as the Saab slams into the concrete column. Debris and shards of glass go everywhere.

We focus on MATTHEW lying unconscious on the ground. We can see a small pool of blood just beneath his head. We then slowly fade into-

INT. PARKING GARAGE, CDTS - SOMETIME LATER - NIGHT

We slowly fade into the same shot of MATTHEW still lying on the ground. His eyelids begin twitching, as they finally open. After giving a few grunts, MATTHEW slowly

begins to rise up; blood is free flowing from his lower lip.

Barely able to stand, he turns to his wrecked car.

MATTHEW

Oh my God. Not my family.

MATTHEW quickly limps over to the other side of the vehicle, noticing the driver is unconscious in the front seat. Reaching in, MATTHEW tears him from the car and then gets inside.

We switch to the front of the car, as it pulls away from the column; a headlight dangles over the ground. The Saab then speeds out of the scene.

EXT. THE EMERSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Through the Saab' smashed windshield we can see fire trucks and ambulances as a fire is blazing in the background. The street is chaotic.

MATTHEW

NO! GOD NO!

The car screeches to a halt, as MATTHEW jumps out and begins forcing his way through.

FIREMAN

Sir, you can't get through here.

MATTHEW

I live here.

FIREMAN

Sir, it's too hot. I can't let you through.

MATTHEW

Where's my family? Did they get out?
Where are they?

FIREMAN

Sir, please keep back.

MATTHEW

My family! Where are they!

FIREMAN

They didn't make it. I'm sorry.

MATTHEW

No! Let me through goddammit! I want to

see them.

MATTHEW continues to try and press through as another FIREMAN shows up, helping hold him back. We cut over to three terribly burned bodies lying in the front yard.

FIREMAN

Sir, please.

Seeing his family, MATTHEW drops down to his knees. He tries to hollow out, but nothing comes.

FIREMAN

Let me take you to the paramedics.
You're injured.

As the camera pans away, we can see a couple of officers walking up to him. We focus on the blazing fire as we slowly fade to black.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MATTHEW is sitting in a long hospital hallway. His face has multiple bandages. He is sitting staring at the floor; his hands folded in his lap. He looks like death. Agent ROLLINS can be seen approaching from down the hall.

ROLLINS stands next to MATTHEW, looking down at him. After a few seconds, ROLLINS leans against the wall.

ROLLINS

I can't even begin to tell you how sorry I am. I evidently didn't do enough to keep you and your family safe. I don't know what's happening. I'm sorry.

MATTHEW does not respond, but continues staring straight ahead, not even acknowledging the federal Agent talking to him.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

If you want to have a go at me, I wouldn't blame you.

Finally, MATTHEW speaks. He sounds very monotone.

MATTHEW

Get your warrant.

ROLLINS

Excuse me.

MATTHEW

I made copies. They are taped to the

wall behind the filing cabinet in my office.

(pause)

Just leave.

ROLLINS

If you need anything, let me know.

MATTHEW does not respond. ROLLINS then quietly turns and disappears down the hall.

INT. UTUMISHI, SURVALIENCE ROOM - DAY

The surveillance room is small with various monitors lining the wall. BAKARI and a couple of Security Guards are viewing the tapes.

We can see ETHAN on the fuzzy blue monitor running down the hallway. We catch a glimpse of him glancing up at the camera.

BAKARI

Wait. Move that back.

The Security Guard at the controls does so. We see the tape slowly wind to the scene of ETHAN'S face.

BAKARI

I got you, you fuck.

The camera slowly zooms into the image of Ethan on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. COPELAND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

BRAD COPELAND is sitting with his wife and they're three kids watching television. COPELAND has his arm around his wife as they share a bowl of popcorn. The home has a very cozy, warm feeling. COPELAND removes his ringing phone from out of his pocket and flips it open.

COPELAND

I'm sorry, hon. I have to take this.

INT. COPELAND RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

COPELAND walks into the bedroom and shuts the door. The room is dark except for the little bit of moonlight coming in from between the blinds.

COPELAND

What is it FAYEED?

FAYEED (V.O.)

He's not talking. Your agents. They

insist they don't know who is operating in Tanzania.

COPELAND

I see. That's probably true. I don't know about it, so why would they.

FAYEED (V.O.)

How do you want me to proceed?

(there is a pause)

I said how do you want me to proceed?

COPELAND

I heard you the first time.

FAYEED (V.O.)

Well?

COPELAND

Kill him. Kill all of them.

COPELAND flips his cell shut and continues to stand in the darkness staring into space.

CUT TO:

EXT. ETHAN APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN TANZANIA - NIGHT

The street outside the apartment is dark and quiet as a black Range Rover comes to a stop about a block away. BAKARI steps out of the vehicle and starts towards the apartment building. He glances to his right and left, ensuring he is not seen. Pulling out his sidearm, BAKARI starts up the stairs of the upper scale apartment, not making a sound.

The camera following behind BAKARI as he walks along the balcony towards the apartment door.

INT. ETHAN APRTMENT, DOWNTOWN TANZANIA - NIGHT

The door to the apartment busts open, tearing the doorframe from the wall. BAKARI moves into the room and begins firing randomly. The camera pans around as the bullets tear through the walls and various pieces of furniture.

A force suddenly slams the door back into BAKARI, shoving him against the wall. ETHAN is standing there holding a gun on BAKARI.

ETHAN

I've been expecting you.

(pause)

You saw my face on the video.

BAKARI does not respond.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now you are going to tell me everything
I need to know.

BAKARI

Like hell I am.

ETHAN puts a round in BAKARI'S thigh.

ETHAN

In your meeting with President ABEEKU,
you talked about FBI involvement. Are
they involved in this case?

BAKARI does not respond.

ETHAN

Are they involved in this case!

ETHAN fires another round into BAKARI'S left hand as he
grabs it in pain. ETHAN then leans in putting the gun to
BAKARI'S left shoulder.

BAKARI then lunges for ETHAN shoving him back against the
wall.

BAKARI

Motherfucker!

ETHAN reaches down, grabbing BAKARI'S hand and pushes his
thumb into the gunshot hole in his hand. BAKARI hollers
in pain as ETHAN pushes him back to the floor.

ETHAN

Try that again, the next bullet will go
right into your head.

(aims his sidearm)

Is the FBI involved?

BAKARI

Yes, goddammit.

ETHAN

Who are they after? Who is ABEEKU'S
contact.

BAKARI

(still grunting in pain)

You have no fucking clue what you're involved in. How deep this goes.

ETHAN
(growing impatient)
Who is Abeeku's contact?!

BAKARI
Prince Fahd.

ETHAN
Of Saudi Arabia?

BAKARI
Yes.

ETHAN
Who else?

BAKARI
Who else what?

ETHAN
You said this was deeper than I knew.

BAKARI does not respond, but just sits in the floor and stares at ETHAN.

ETHAN
Do you enjoy having the ability to walk?

BAKARI
The President of the United States.

ETHAN
What? You're fucking lying.

BAKARI
I swear to you. He's in involved. The FBI has been trying to bring down CDTS for years now. They have a team over there that is now captured.

ETHAN
How were they captured?

BAKARI
The mole in the FBI set them up. They are probably dead by now.

ETHAN
Where are they being held?

EXT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN TANZANIA - NIGHT

ETHAN is walking to his Jeep Cherokee, while talking on his cell phone.

ETHAN

Get me Johansen.

INT. CIA, LANGLEY VIRGINIA - NIGHT

RACHAEL is walking across the massive computer command center and up to JOHANSEN.

RACHAEL

Excuse me. Ms. Johansen, Ethan is on the phone.

JOHANSEN takes the cordless phone from RACHAEL.

JOHANSEN

Ethan.

EXT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN TANZANIA - NIGHT

ETHAN makes it to his vehicle.

ETHAN

Did you receive the audio I sent you?

JOHANSEN (V.O.)

Yes, that was good work Ethan. I need you to return to Langley.

ETHAN

I can't just yet. There is something I have to do first.

JOHANSEN

What the hell do you mean? What you have to do is return to Langley.

ETHAN

(getting into his Jeep)
I'm sorry. I can't explain right now.
Just trust me. I'll be in touch.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

We open to a parking structure lined with black Ford Taurus and Chevy Impalas. Agents with FBI jackets are standing in a long line in front of a row of cars. The Agent they are listening to is ROLLINS. BRAD COPELAND is standing directly behind him.

ROLLINS

Alright, we have obtained a search

warrant for CDTS. We need to be clean and fast. We have a source that has informed us that there are documents related to illegal weapons trading and bribery committed by CDTS. There is a lot riding on this. This is the result of a five-year investigation. We need to be as thorough as possible.

(pause)

Any questions?

(looks up and down the line of Agents)

Alright, lets go.

At this point, we show random scenes of the Agents getting into their cars and then pulling from the parking structure.

INT. CDTS, LOBBY - DAY

We cut to ROLLINS and COPELAND, followed by many other Agents walking through the front doors and crossing the massive lobby.

INT. CDTS, 23rd FLOOR - DAY

ROLLINS, COPELAND and the other Agents begin pouring from the elevators as they spread out across the whole floor. Vice President ANTHONY ROCKWELL meets ROLLINS and COPELAND halfway across the floor.

ANTHONY

What is this?

ROLLINS

We have a warrant to search these premises.

ROLLINS shows the warrant to ANTHONY.

ANTHONY

How the hell did you get this?

(opens the paper)

This is bullshit.

ROLLINS

It's legal.

ANTHONY

We'll see about this. None of you have

any right to be here.

ANTHONY, irritated, walks off as ROLLINS turns to his Men.

ROLLINS

Ok, everyone spread out. Search everything.

ROLLINS continues through the office as JOHN CORNELL meets up with him.

CORNELL

You all have no right. What kind of proof did you submit to the judge to get this shit of a warrant? Huh?

ROLLINS

You can take that up with the judge. Just stand back while we do our jobs.

CORNELL

How long is this going to take?

ROLLINS

(leans in)
As long as I goddamn deem necessary.

(points to Matthew's office)

And we are going to start with this office right here.

INT. CONCRETE ROOM, TANZANIA - DAY

GORDON is still chained to the wall; his head is down when FAYEED comes into the room.

FAYEED

Gordon, wake up!

GORDON lifts up his head. One of his eyes is swollen shut.

FAYEED (CONT'D)

I have some good news. Your time has come. You are going to be released.

FAYEED turns to one of his men standing behind him holding an AK-47.

FAYEED

Bring the rest of his agents in here.

The Man turns and leaves.

FAYEED

I wanted to let you know that I believe you. I don't think that you have been with holding anything from us. I mean look at you. I do think you would have talked.

The large door to the room opens and the rest of Gordon's Agents are led in.

FAYEED

Alright, unchain him.

One of Fayed's Men walks over and unchains GORDON from the wall and leads him over to the other Agents.

FAYEED

Ok, everyone down on your knees.

GORDON

So much for releasing us.

FAYEED

This is a release.

(to one of his other men)

Cover their heads.

GORDON

I don't want my head covered.

FAYEED

I don't give a fuck what you want.
Cover his head.

We cut to first person as GORDON'S head is being covered. We see the black cloth slowly covering the camera as we see nothing but blackness. GORDON is breathing heavy in the background as we hear the sound of guns being cocked.

After a few seconds of suspense, we suddenly hear a door slam open.

FAYEED(V.O.)

What the Fuck?!

Among all the blackness, we hear the sound of gunfire and bodies hitting the floor. Then we hear silence along with GORDON'S heavy breathing. Suddenly the blackness is removed from the camera as the cloth is taken from GORDON'S head. He slowly looks up, seeing ETHAN standing over him.

ETHAN

You FBI?

GORDON

Who are you?

ETHAN

Someone in the right place at the right time.

GORDON

Thank God. Thank you.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The PRESIDENT is walking out of the briefing room, followed by several men in suits and a couple of Generals. Chief of Staff, HENDRIX, approaches the PRESIDENT.

HENDRIX

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Yes, Hendrix.

HENDRIX

Prince Fahd is waiting for you outside the oval office. He said it is important.

PRESIDENT

Yes. I had told him to come up.

HENDRIX

All due respect, Mr. President, I am responsible for your security. I need to be aware of who comes into the White House.

PRESIDENT

You're absolutely right, Hendrix.

Outside the Oval Office, PRINCE FAHD stands up to greet PRESIDENT HUGHES. After shaking hands, both men enter the Oval Office. The PRESIDENT walks behind his desk, as FAHD takes a seat in front.

PRESIDENT

How are you doing, FAHD?

FAHD

Well, not good, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Why not?

FAHD

You said you would take care of this situation. You said you would keep the Feds off of me.

PRESIDENT

I was under the impression that the Feds were captured.

FAHD

In Saudi Arabia maybe, but not here. I just got a disturbing call from CDTS. The Feds are ransacking the place. If they find what they need, all this will be ruined. What you and I have worked for will be ruined.

PRESIDENT

Look FAHD, just calm down.

FAHD

Calm down.

PRESIDENT

It doesn't matter what they find. I will make sure this never goes to the Supreme Court. Everything will be fine.

FAHD

I'm sure it will. Because if this investigation is not shut down and I mean now, I will pull all protection against the terrorists in Saudi Arabia and this country will be left vulnerable.

PRESIDENT

I don't like being threatened.

FAHD

I'm just stating the way it is going to be.

PRESIDENT

Just don't worry about it. This will go no further than the Congressional Hearings.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

We cut to the giant proceedings room. The room is packed. All the senators are sitting in place. Reporters are lined along the back wall and ducked down in front of the bench facing the Hearing Witnesses. Agents ROLLINS and COPELAND is sitting at the table, facing the Senate.

SENATOR ROOKE

I appreciate everyone coming here today, but after hearing some of the evidence brought before here against CDTS, we feel it is not sufficient.

ROLLINS

I'm sorry Senator, but we have more than sufficient evidence. We have yet to be able to present the rest of it.

SENATOR BAKER

We are sorry Agent Rollins, but we are going to need to put a closing on these hearings.

We cut to MATTHEW sitting among the audience. He has a cold emotionless stare.

ROLLINS

All do respect Senator, we have piles of conclusive proof against CDTS. We have evidence of bribery, illegal weapons trading, dealing with terrorist foreign and domestic. We even have proof of murders that have been committed on behalf of this corporation.

We then cut over to ETHAN standing against the back wall with his arms folded. He is looking intently at the senate.

SENATOR ROOKE

We are well aware of what you are saying, but we feel there is not sufficient proof and these hearings are closed.

ROLLINS

(stands up)
Senator, why are you shutting this down? Why?

SENATOR ROOKE

Agent Rollins, please sit back down.

ROLLINS

This is five years of work and it is just going to be thrown out?! There is more than sufficient proof here!

COPELAND is sitting back at the table looking up at ROLLINS not saying a word.

SENATOR ROOKE

Agent Rollins, sit down. That is enough. These proceedings are closed. And furthermore not only are these hearing canceled, but your investigation against CDTs for the time being is suspended. That will be all.

The Senators stand up as the audience rises, exclaiming over what just happened. Agent ROLLINS sits back down, putting his head in his hands.

We cut back over to ETHAN, appearing pissed off, who turns and leaves the room.

We pan down to MATTHEW still sitting in his seat. His head drops to his chest.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING, OUTER LOBBY - DAY

ROLLINS is angrily walking alongside COPELAND. They are both wearing suits.

ROLLINS

I can't believe what just happened in there. Something is not right.

COPELAND

It's over Rollins. We need to let it go. You know sometimes things like this happen. This is our line of work.

ROLLINS stops and turns, facing COPELAND.

ROLLINS

Bullshit! Fuck those moron Senators in there! And fuck our Judicial System!

COPELAND

Rollins! Calm down.

ROLLINS

They can all go to hell.

ROLLINS turns and walks away. MATTHEW is standing nearby having witnessed the heated exchange between Rollins and

Copeland. We can see DAVID coming up from a distance.

DAVID

Matthew.

MATTHEW turns and faces him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Matthew, I heard what happened. I'm so sorry.

MATTHEW

It's not your fault. What do you want?

DAVID

I was wondering if we could go somewhere and talk.

MATTHEW

I think we've talked enough.

DAVID

Please.

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - DAY

ROLLINS comes barging into the offices hollering as he picks up a box and throws it across the large room, slamming it against the door. Several other Agents in the room come out of their offices and stand up from their cubicles.

ROLLINS

Goddammit! Everyone go home. Fuck it. Why do we do what we do? Huh? So we can waste our time!

(beat)

Why are you all still here? I said go home! Go to lunch! Go somewhere! Your time is wasted here.

ROLLINS walks into his office, slamming the door shut.

INT. OLD TIME CAFÉ - NIGHT

MATTHEW and DAVID are sitting at a table with their drinks. They are the only two customers in the diner. MATTHEW is staring down at the table, not responding to DAVID. His face is still terribly scared and unshaven.

DAVID

I can't believe the events that happened today. The lack of justice.

(pause)

If there is anything you need, just let me know. I should have never gone through with this.

MATTHEW

It was my call, David. I appreciate your concern, now please leave me alone.

DAVID

Ok.

(stands up from the table)

Take care, Matthew.

After standing for a couple of seconds, DAVID turns and slowly makes his way out of the diner. We pan back to MATTHEW sitting at the table as we slowly zoom into his face. We can tell he's concentrating on something.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDBERG & GIORDANO LAW FIRM - NIGHT

MATTHEW walks through the front door of the massive marble lobby. The place is full of gold and brass. A couple of Men in suites approach him.

MATTHEW

My names Matthew. I'm here to see Mr. Giordano. He's expecting me.

MAN 1

I'm going to need to frisk you. Hold out your arms.

MATTHEW does as he asks.

MAN 2

What is your business with Mr. Giordano?

MATTHEW

That's between Mr. Giordano and I.

MAN 2 just smirks, while MAN 1 steps away from MATTHEW.

MAN 1

He's clean.

MAN 2

(turning towards the elevators)

Alright, let's go.

MATTHEW follows the two men onto the elevators.

CUT TO:

Stepping from the elevators, MATTHEW and the two MEN start down the long hallway then come to a couple of large glass doors. GOLDGERG & GIORDANO in shiny steel lettering can be seen on the wall. Passing through the doors, MATTHEW is shown into a side room.

The massive office looks very posh and even has the smell of wealth and power. GIORDANO is standing behind his desk. The city night skyline can be seen behind him, stretching for miles. The two MEN show MATTHEW to the desk and force him to sit.

GIORDANO

So you're an employee of Cornell Systems?

MATTHEW

Was.

GIORDANO

I'm sorry, where are my manners? Would you like anything to drink?

MATTHEW

No. I'm fine. Thank you.

GIORDANO

So, it's 7 o'clock at night. My men said you made this sound pretty important on the phone. It has something to do with our money?

MATTHEW

That is correct. I believe your firm has been doing business with CDTS for about 20 years now? For the firm's other line of business? Correct me if I'm wrong.

GIORDANO does not respond. He continues to sit and stare at MATTHEW, like a cat looking at a mouse.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

This isn't why I'm here. I thought I should inform you that CDTS has been massively over billing this firm for many years now and then laundering the profits. They are basically using you to help fund their foreign dealings.

GIORDANO
Laundering our money?

MATTHEW
That is correct, Mr. GIORDANO. I have evidence that the weapons they have been selling to you have been at much more than with they're other dealings. They have been taking advantage of this firm. They have been taking advantage of you.

GIORDANO
Where is this evidence?

MATTHEW
(pulling an envelope out of his coat pocket)
I have it right here.

GIORDANO nods to one of his Men to bring the envelope to him. Taking the papers, GIORDANO opens them and quickly looks over them.

MATTHEW
All the amounts are there, Mr. GIORDANO.

GIORDANO
What made you suddenly decide to bring this to our attention?

MATTHEW
I no longer work for the company. Just thought I would make things right.

GIORDANO
What makes you think we won't kill you for knowing about this for so long and not telling us till now. Not to mention that you, a nobody, knows about what our firm does.

MATTHEW
(leaning in; fearing nothing)
I really don't care. I have nothing left to live for. Do what you want to me. I don't give a fuck.

GIORDANO gives a slight smirk.

GIORDANO
Do all the executives up there know about this? This money they have taken

form us?

MATTHEW

Absolutely. Every single one of them.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION, COPELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

We cut to the surface of Copeland's desk, as an FBI badge is dropped on the desk. COPELAND look up.

COPELAND

What is this?

ROLLINS

It's my notice, Brad. I'm going to be moving on.

COPELAND

Look, don't be hasty.

ROLLINS

Don't try and talk me out of it. I've made my decision.

COPELAND

What, a decision you made in the past two hours? Take more time, Rollins. Please. You're a good agent.

ROLLINS

Bye, Brad.

ROLLINS turns to leave.

COPELAND

What are you going to do? Where are you going to go?

ROLLINS continues walking, not responding to the question.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY, CHICAGO - DAY

We see an overhead shot of MATTHEW standing at his family's graves as a light rain is falling. The camera slowly pans down, zooming into his soaked face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION, CHICAGO - NIGHT

A silver 2009 BMW 7 series is slowly coming to a stop at an empty intersection. Tall glass buildings line the street on both sides. CDTS Vice President ERIC DONALDSON is flipping through radio stations till he stops on smooth jazz. He rests his head back against the headrest

taking in the sounds waiting for the light to change.

Suddenly, ERIC rises to attention as a loud slam rocks the vehicle. He looks around squinting from the headlights behind him. A large black Range Rover is pressed against the back of the BMW. At this time another black SUV pulls around slamming into the front of the car, crushing in the headlights and grill. ERIC is looking around panicked.

Several Men get out of the front Range Rover, armed with MP5s.

ERIC

Oh my God.

The Men raise their guns.

GUNMAN

Goldberg & Giordano sends their regards.

ERIC

NO!

The GUNMEN open fire as the bullets pierce the windshield, tearing through ERIC'S body as blood is splattering all over the leather interior. Eric's body is thrown all around the inside of the BMW as the guns are fully emptied into him. Afterwards, his lifeless body slowly slides face first into the passenger seat. His corpse is still sizzling.

GUNMAN

Let's move out!

The GUNMEN run back to the vehicles and speed off into the night as we slowly pan back to the nearly destroyed car. We then fade into-

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROCKWELL RESIDENCE, CHICAGO - MORNING

CDTS Vice President ANTHONY ROCKWELL is stepping out of a massive mansion. The estate is humungous. ANTHONY looks back, waving to his wife standing just inside the doorway.

We cut to an aerial shot as ANTHONY gets inside his 2008 Aston Martin. Shortly after starting the ignition, the car explodes into a bright blaze of light.

Anthony's wife covers her mouth as she runs out to the smoldering wreckage.

WIFE

Oh my God! Anthony! God No!

CUT TO:

The following portion of the movie is news footage. A reporter is describing what we see on the film.

Random footage of CORNELL and the remaining VPs are being brought into the Supreme Court building, fighting back all the reporters.

FEMALE REPORTER

John Cornell, President and CEO of CDTS, the military weapons defense company, one of the largest companies in the world, surrendered to the FBI today for crimes against the United States. It is believed they have turned state evidence in return for witness protection in light of two of the other Vice Presidents were found murdered today.

We are now looking at news footage of the shot up BMW that belonged to Vice President Eric.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Eric Donaldson, Vice President of Trades, was found shot to death in the wee hours of the morning. Donaldson's family were shocked by this act of violence. They said he did not deserve this. He was a man who was always active in his community.

The footage then cuts over to the Rockwell estate. We can see the burned wreckage in the background among all the police officers and yellow tape surrounded the scene.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

The authorities said that around 8 a.m. this morning Vice President of CDTS was killed in what appears to be a car bomb. The police said that both of these murders appear to be professional hits. Anthony Rockwell's wife said she had no idea who would want to have done this to her husband. He had no enemies she was aware of.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

We cut to a scene of a Congressional Hearing room packed with people. The CDTS executives are seated before the

senate committee. We show an aerial shot of the preceding as we slowly fade into-

CUT TO:

INT. FBI, CHICAGO DIVISION - DAY

COPELAND is watching the hearings on TV. He looks very nervous.

Outside Copeland's office, several Federal Agents are walking into the room, passing all the cubicles. COPELAND stands up and walks to the entrance of his door as Agent COLDWELL approaches him.

COLDWELL
(holding up ID)
Agent Copeland?

COPELAND
Yes?

COLDWELL
You're going to need to come with us.

COPELAND
What for?

COLDWELL
You are being charged with treason.
Come with us now, sir.

COPELAND is then escorted out of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT HUGHES is standing behind his desk, staring out the window with his hands folded behind his back when the door to the Oval Office opens and the ATTORNEY GENERAL along with several Secret Service Agents enter the room.

The PRESIDENT does not acknowledge they're arrival.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Mr. President. I'm sorry sir, but you
are going to need to come with us.

The PRESIDENT slowly turns and looks at the ATTORNEY GENERAL with an emotionless look. He then turns back to the window.

CUT TO:

The last scene of the film is footage of a TV interview with the Prince FAHD of Saudi Arabia, decked out in a brand new suite.

PRINCE FAHD
There is nothing wrong with what I did.
I did what was necessary and what was
legal in the eyes of my country. How

can you judge me or my people? Huh? Who came to me with these deals to begin with?

(pointing at interviewer)

You all did. The United States of America. This is the way you people do business. And you're going to judge me. I and my people am only doing business the way your country taught me. I learned what you call this corruption from the best.

[FADE TO BLACK]

The End