

DARK SECTOR

By

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FADE IN:

INT: HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

OPEN TO A LARGE FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION SHOWING A CLASSIC BLACK AND WHITE FILM WITH THE SOUND MUTED IN A DIMLY LIT ROOM.

A SPACIOUS ROOM WITH SOMEWHAT PRICEY MODERN LOOKING FURNITURE: COUCH, CHAIRS, WITH FRAMED POSTERS OF CLASSIC MOVIES ON THE WALLS.

A BOTTLE(POSSIBLY JACK DANIEL'S) AND TWO SURROUNDING GLASSES ARE CENTERED ON A GLASS TABLE.

MARTIN DEKKER, mid-fifties, very fit, serious looking, wearing an expensive looking dark suit, white dress shirt, and black dress shoes, is sitting on a couch.

A HECKLER AND KOCH FABARM FP6 SHOTGUN IS MOUNTED IN A GLASS CASE ABOVE HIM.

DANE ELLIS, late thirties to very early forties, very physically fit, sits on a couch across from Martin. Martin turns his attention to Dane, LOOKING at his clothing: black on black; leather café racer jacket, black button down shirt exposing a black t-shirt, black jeans, his crossed leg exposing black CHIPPEWA service boots.

MARTIN

They say what you create, can
destroy you.

Dane GRABS the liquor bottle and POURS a drink for the both of them.

DANE

You getting all intellectual now.

MARTIN

No. Just looking at the irony of
the situation.

Dane DRAWS a Heckler and Koch nine millimeter P30L pistol, from behind, and begins SCREWING a silencer on the weapon.

MARTIN

You're using that. A fucking nine
mil?

Dane SMILES then PUTS the gun on the table near the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

DANE

I loaded it with hollow points.

MARTIN

Efficiency... Dane Ellis at his best!

Dane LOOKS up and STARES at the shotgun above Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You're wondering why I didn't go for it?

DANE

I know you wouldn't.

Dane continues to LOOK at the weapon, then turns his attention back to Martin

Martin GRABS a glass, GULPS the drink, SAVORING the aftertaste. Moments later, he REFILLS his glass.

MARTIN

For the record! You choose to do this, or did she send you?

DANE

Call it professional courtesy.

He REACHES for his shirt, top button already unbuttoned, and LOOSENS several buttons to REVEAL military dog tags over a white undershirt.

DANE

I'll need those.

Martin CRADLES the dog tags, YANKS them off, then PLACES them on the table.

MARTIN

There's a floor safe downstairs... The code's 10-2-77. Punch it in twice, then hit enter, and you'll find a USB stick. All my financial information is on it.

Martin PUSHES the dog tags forward on the table.

DANE

You don't have to---

MARTIN

Take it.

Martin GRABS his glass and SIPS his drink. He PUTS it back on the table; then LOWERS himself on the couch.

He TAKES a deep breath, appearing to RELAX himself.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

Dane GRABS his glass and SWALLOWS his drink. He PLACES the glass on the table, then STANDS.

He GRABS his pistol CHAMBERS a round into the weapon, then POINTS the gun at Martin.

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT: TITLE DARK SECTOR APPEARS IN RED ON A BLACK SCREEN
BEGINNINGS CREDITS ARE SHOWN

INT. DANE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

The home is spacious and modern looking, but Spartan like.

A LARGE FLAT SCREEN ON THE WALL. LEATHER FURNITURE, GLASS TABLES IN A LIVING ROOM AREA.

A KITCHEN, LOOKING ALMOST UNTOUCHED, WITH A MODERN LOOKING TABLE AND CHAIR SET.

A COMPUTER TABLE HAVING A DESK TOP, LAPTOP AND TABLET PLACED NEAR EACH OTHER.

A PUNCHING BAG, TREADMILL AND PULL- UP BAR IN AN EXERCISE AREA.

A BATHROOM, APPEARING CLEAN LOOKING, WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR, TOOTH BRUSH, ANTIPERSPIRANT BOTTLE AND MOISTURIZER BOTTLE PLACED NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

Dane is asleep in bed.

The room is also Spartan like.

A MOUNTED, LARGE FLAT SCREEN, LATE MODEL BEDROOM FURNITURE, NOTHING OUT OF PLACE.

(CONTINUED)

An IPHONE in a heavy duty black case with a back and front cover, placed on a table near the bed, EMITS an alarm.

Dane WAKES up.

He REACHES for the cellphone, turns off the alarm, then PLACES it back on the table.

He SITS up in bed, further waking himself up.

Dane REACHES under a pillow next to him, and GRABS a Heckler & Koch 40 caliber USP standard size pistol.

Dane LOOKS at the weapon, EJECTS the magazine and chambered round and EXAMINES the magazine.

He then RE-INSERTS the ammunition, SAFETIES the gun and PUTS the gun back under the pillow.

MARTIN'S DOG TAGS ARE ON THE TABLE NEAR THE IPHONE.

LOFT - EXERCISE AREA - DAY

Dane, shirtless in black workout pants and black sneakers, STRETCHES.

MONTAGE - EXERCISE ROUTINE

-- Dane USES a pull-bar.

-- Dane repeatedly HITS an anchored punching bag.

-- Dane DOES push-ups.

-- Dane DOES crunches.

-- Dane JOGS on a treadmill.

END OF MONTAGE

LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY

Dane SHOWERS.

LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

Dane, towel covered, WALKS over to a large walk in closet, OPENS the door, and REVEALS and ordered set-up.

SUITS, SPORT COATS, DRESS PANTS, DRESS SHIRTS, JEANS, T-SHIRTS, CASUAL SHIRTS, SWEATERS, SHOES, BOOTS, UNDERSHIRTS

(CONTINUED)

AND BOXER BRIEFS, BELTS, ALL SEPARATE AND COORDINATED.
EVERYTHING IN ORDER!

LOFT - ATTACHED GARAGE - DAY

Dane, in a tailored dark suit, lavender pastel colored dress shirt, matching tie, and dress black zip boots, WALKS past brand new vehicles.

CADILLAC ESCALADE, A CADILLAC CTS.

He STOPS as he reaches a final unseen vehicle.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A BRAND NEW DODGE CHALLENGER HELLCAT, SPEEDING DOWN AN EMPTY STREET.

INT. BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Dane WALKS toward a private room area.

TWO GOVERNMENT LOOKING INDIVIDUALS, ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE, STAND GUARD. THEY ARE GREY SUITED, WITH TACTICAL RADIO MICROPHONES WITH EAR PIECES AND HOLSTERED HECKLER AND KOCH FIREARMS. VERY OFFICIAL LOOKING.

DANE

Dane Ellis for Amanda Willis!

MALE AGENT

Good morning Mr. Ellis.

DANE

Good morning.

BAR AND GRILL - PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The male agent ESCORTS Dane into an upscale brightly lit looking room.

WHITE TABLE CLOTHS, EXPENSIVE LOOKING GLASSES AND DISHWARE.

They STOP as they get to a table.

AMANDA WILLIS, late forties, dark pants business suited with a white shirt, and black heels, is seated. She's attractive, but authoritative looking. You know she's in charge without having to say so.

(CONTINUED)

DANE
Good morning.

Dane SITS across from her.

AMANDA
Some privacy please!

MALE AGENT
Yes mam.

AMANDA
Thank you.

The agent EXITS.

AMANDA
Can I get you anything?

DANE
I'm good. Thank you.

Dane PLACES Martin's dog tags on the table.

Amanda HANDS him an envelope, which Dane TAKES.

He OPENS it and REVEALS three full stacks of hundreds.

Dane PLACES the envelope on the table.

AMANDA
A little walking around money!

DANE
It's more than usual.

AMANDA
Based on the assignment I thought I
should be a little more generous.
The rest has been wired to you.

DANE
Thanks.

They sit silently, an uncomfortable silence.

AMANDA
You seem calm.

DANE
Why wouldn't I be?

AMANDA

Martin Dekker recruited you. He trained you.

DANE

We both know his resume. It still doesn't change the fact he was a name on a kill list.

AMANDA

Just another target!

Dane GRABS the envelope, and HOLDS it up.

DANE

And payment in full!

Dane PLACES the envelope back on the table.

AMANDA

And you had no issue with this. Taking out the man who brought you into the fold.

DANE

Was it easy? No. But it had to be done... Martin Dekker taught me what I needed to know. He also taught me the most important thing.

AMANDA

What's that?

DANE

One wrong move and you can end up at the barrel end of a gun.

AMANDA

He got too close to the target and got another agent killed... I didn't think it could happen to him.

DANE

It could happen to anyone... No matter how trained you are. No matter how many targets you've taken out. There's no exact science to this.

AMANDA

He didn't put up any resistance.

(CONTINUED)

DANE

He knew he was the reason he had a death notice put on him... Running was a non-option for him.

AMANDA

And if the day comes, and you're the one with a gun pressed to the back of your head.

DANE

If you're lucky! Really lucky! You get to retire and hopefully don't spend day in and day out thinking about the people you killed.

AMANDA

And if you're not!

DANE

You go crazy and decide a gun in your mouth is better than a head full of bad memories, or you royally fuck up an op and some government asset gets sent out to close your account with Langley.

AMANDA

And you're okay with this?

DANE

Bad things done for the greater good... I walk through the door, I cash the checks, I choose to live with the consequences.

Amanda appears re-assured by Dane's statements.

The female agent ENTERS the room and HANDS Amanda a tablet computer.

AMANDA

Thank you.

The agent EXITS.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

With Dekker gone we're down a valuable asset!

Amanda GRABS the tablet and OPENS up a file.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

I need an assessment done.

THE TABLET IS SHOWN, REVEALING A PICTURE OF A MALE, LATE TWENTIES TO EARLY THIRTIES, AND BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION LISTED NEXT TO THE PICTURE.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A DARKENED SKY, TREES AND BUSHES SURROUND TWO FIGURES, BOTH STOMACH DOWN ON THE GROUND.

The male shown on Amanda's tablet, OWEN HEATH, tall, muscular, battle hardened, outfitted in black military camouflage pants, black military sweater, and black tactical boots, is near a tree.

Owen LOOKS at the activity at warehouse in the distance through the scope of a silenced Heckler and Koch PSG1 sniper rifle.

Owen WATCHES as armed men in dark dress pants, with some in white and some in black dress shirts, and black dress boots, STAND guard near parked SUVs.

A male sniper spotter, outfitted the same as Owen, is REVIEWING files on a tablet, SCANNING through pictures of male targets.

MILITARY EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLY CASES ARE SET BEHIND THEM.

Owen continues to WATCH the activity via SCOPE.

He VIEWS a late model luxury sedan APPROACHING the warehouse.

OWEN

We have movement.

The spotter MOVES toward Owen, USING night vision equipment to VIEW the activity.

He WATCHES the sedan come to a STOP, and a male, late forties, in a grey suit, grey dress shirt and black alligator shoes, EXIT the vehicle.

SPOTTER

Possible arrival of target!

The spotter GRABS his tablet computer, and PULLS up a file.

(CONTINUED)

SPOTTER (CONT'D)
Confirmation of arrival!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BRIGHT LIGHTS REVEAL A BARREN CAVERNOUS, CLEAN, MODERN
LOOKING BUILDING.

NO RACKS, BOXES OR ANY EQUIPMENT THAT WOULD SHOW WAREHOUSE
WORK BEING DONE IS SEEN.

A group of men, dressed the same as the men outside, and
armed with Heckler and Koch automatic weapons, STAND watch.

WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM.

THE ONLY TRACES OF A NORMAL OFFICE, A STAPLES-LIKE DESK,
DESK CHAIR, AND TWO GUEST CHAIRS, SURROUND THE TARGET.

AN IPHONE AND A TABLET COMPUTER HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE
DESK.

The target appears anxious.

EXT. WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK AND DESOLATE!

SUVS MOVE down a secluded road.

They come to a STOP as a parked SUV in the middle of the
road blocks their progress.

The driver of the lead SUV, dressed the same as the men at
the warehouse, EXITS the vehicle.

Armed with a drawn Heckler and Koch P30L pistol at his side,
he APPROACHES the SUV blocking the road.

Flash bang grenades LAND near the SUVs, EXPLODING, which
disorients the SUV passengers.

They EXIT the vehicles, STUMBLING.

Silenced automatic gunfire SPRAYS the area from all sides,
KILLING the stunned men and DAMAGING the SUVs.

Seven males, outfitted the same as Owen, APPROACH from the
dark, with silenced Heckler and Koch assault rifles in hand.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Owen, still VIEWING activity via sniper scope, is APPROACHED by his spotter.

SPOTTER

The secondary targets are down.

OWEN

Good. Get ready.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The suit wearing male APPROACHES his men. He appears angry and concerned.

SUITED MAN

They should've been here by now.
Clear out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The men ENTER the SUVs.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Owen, continuing his sniped observation, WATCHES the activity.

The spotter, standing near Owen, detonator in hand, PRESSES a red button.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE SUVS EXPLODE.

BRIGHT FIRE ILLUMINATES THE AREA.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

The suited male OPENS a desk draw.

He DRAWS a Heckler and Koch P30L pistol and UNSAFTIES the weapon.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The suited male, now outside, stands motionless, gun in hand, but lowered, GLARING at the horror in front of him.

FLAMED CHAOS, DAMAGED VEHICLES, AND CHARRED BODIES SURROUND HIM.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The suited male RUNS toward the office.

WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

He gets to his desk.

The male nervously OPENS a draw.

He PULLS out a tablet computer, nearly dropping the tablet and INSERTS a USB stick and OPENS a file.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The spotter, crouching, REVIEWING activity on his tablet, INSERTS a USB stick.

SPOTTER

The system's been opened.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

The suited male, YANKS the USB stick from his tablet.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

SPOTTER

I have control of the system.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

The suited male RUSHES toward a red button on the wall near a window in the office and HITS the button.

VARIOUS WINDOW AND ENTRANCE SHUTTERS LOWER.

The male begins to appear somewhat relieved, but that instantly changes as he WATCHES the shutters stop.

(CONTINUED)

His pistol, held but lowered, FALLS from his hand.

It LANDS at his feet.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

SPOTTER

We're green!

Owen FIRES his weapon.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

The suited male is KILLED by a rear sniped shot that COMES through the window.

BLOOD SPRAYS THE WALLS RED.

The suited male is now stomach down on the ground.

Blood FLOWS from a massive head wound.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Owen COVERS the scope, then SAFETIES the weapon.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

BRIGHTLY LIT AND SPACIOUS!

Owen and the others involved in the operation have arrived at a plane-less hangar.

The spotter, standing near the closed entrance door, SMOKES a cigarette, REVIEWING intel on his tablet.

PARKED LATE MODEL SUVS SURROUND THE STRIKE TEAM AS THEY MOVE ABOUT.

Some LOAD equipment into the SUVS, others DRINK bottled water.

Owen, standing in a secluded area alone, meticulously DISASSEMBLES his rifle over a cloth covered table.

He finishes, PUTTING the rifle in a coded gun case, the gently places the case on the ground.

The spotter APPROACHES Owen with an IPHONE in hand.

(CONTINUED)

He STOPS as he gets close to him and HANDS Owen the cellphone.

Owen TAKES the phone.

Confused, he gives a surprised LOOK to the spotter.

OWEN

Who'd be calling during an op?

The spotter TAKES a long DRAG from his cigarette.

SPOTTER

Someone with the clearance to call
you on an active op.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

STEAM ENGULFS A NORMAL LOOKING BATHROOM.

BATHROOM PRODUCTS ARE LINED UP, ORDERED FOR DAILY USE.

OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A modern looking apartment.

THE KITCHEN IS CLEAN LOOKING. CEREAL BOXES PLACED ON A STRONG LOOKING WOOD TABLE AND SUPPLEMENT BOTTLES ON A COUNTER.

THE LIVING ROOM, A MAN CAVE IN FULL FORCE. EXCESSIVELY LARGE FLAT SCREEN AND ACCOMPANYING EQUIPMENT TO GO WITH IT. A LIVING ROOM TABLE COVERED WITH FITNESS MAGAZINES PLACED IN A CLUTTERED, BUT ORDERED MANNER.

A CASE FILLED WITH ACTION FILMS AND NOTHING BUT, NEAR A LARGE STEREO SYSTEM.

POSTERS OF SPORTING EVENTS ARE FRAMED AND HUNG ON THE WALLS.

THE BEDROOM IS LARGE AND SPACIOUS WITH WEIGHTS, WEIGHTS AND MORE WEIGHTS TO THE CORNER OF A CLEAN LOOKING ROOM.

OWEN'S CASED SNIPER RIFLE IS ON A SHELF IN HIS CLOSET.

OWEN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

OWEN, STANDING MOTIONLESS IN THE SHOWER.

He HOLDS and STARES at the shell casing of the round fired at the male target.

Owen appears visually fixated at the casing in hand.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

WHITE ON WHITE, CLEAN LOOKING AND APPEARING VERY GOVERNMENT, WITH NO WINDOWS.

TWO SECURITY UNIFORMED OFFICERS, ONE MALE AND ONE FEMALE: IN ALL BLACK: CARGO PANTS, BOOTS, SWEATERS, GOVERNMENT RADIOS WITH EAR AND HAND CONNECTIONS, WAIST HOLSTERED HECKLER AND KOCH 40 CALIBER USP STANDARD SIZE PISTOLS, WITH NUMEROUS POUCHES OF EXTRA AMMUNITION, SIT AT A DESK.

A BAY OF COMPUTER MONITORS SHOW ACTIVITY AROUND THE BUILDING.

A WEAPONS CASE IS BEHIND THE OFFICERS, HOLDING HECKLER AND KOCH 40 CALIBER USP STANDARD SIZE PISTOLS, 40 CALIBER UMP SUBMACHINE GUNS AND G36 ASSAULT RIFLES WITH LOADED MAGAZINES FOR ALL.

Owen, dressed in a black suit, white dress shirt, red tie, and black modern looking oxford dress shoes, WALKS toward the security team.

He STOPS as he reaches the desk.

OWEN

Owen Heath for Amanda Willis!

CIA BLACK-SITE - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

AS WITH THE ENTRANCE, WHITE ON WHITE, WITH SEVERAL FLAT SCREENS PLACED ON THE WALLS.

OWEN AND AMANDA, DRESSED IN A PLUM DRESS SHIRT WITH THE SLEEVES ROLLED UP, BLACK DRESS PANTS AND BLACK DRESS BOOTS, ARE SEPARATED BY A CONFERENCE TABLE, SEATED ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER.

A TABLET COMPUTER AND A CASED IPHONE ARE PLACED ON THE TABLE IN BETWEEN THEM.

A FILE SITS BY THE TABLET WITH A TAB LISTING OWEN'S NAME.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

I read the mission review. You did solid work in the field.

OWEN

Everyone did what was necessary to make sure the objective was reached.

Amanda GRABS the tablet, OPENS a file and PUNCHES in a code.

A BEEP is heard, then she places the tablet back on the table.

A picture of Owen APPEARS on screen with typed data SCROLLING under the picture.

AMANDA

I read you're file. Army Officer. Spec ops.

OWEN

That's right.

AMANDA

Then you were recruited into the CIA.

OWEN

Yes mam.

AMANDA

How long have you been with the agency?

OWEN

Three years.

AMANDA

You're part of one of the agency strike units.

OWEN

Yes mam.

AMANDA

Mam is appreciated, but you don't have to be so formal.

OWEN

Understood mam... I mean---

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

It's fine. You can call me
whatever you like.

Owen appears eased by the statement and begins to RELAX.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And now you want to move from a
unit you excel in and work in black
operations.

OWEN

I do.

AMANDA

Why?

OWEN

Because there are threats that need
to be dealt with and I believe this
unit is the best way to ensure that
happens.

Amanda appears impressed by the simplistic, but honest
answer.

AMANDA

It's funny... Whenever I ask that
question I usually get a
complicated response that's
supposed to either impress me, or
get me to think the person is
smarter than they are.

Owen LEANS forward.

OWEN

I can tell you what I think you
want to hear, or just tell you what
I want you to know... I want this.
I want in.

Amanda GRABS the tablet.

AMANDA

This isn't Langley... This is a
very dark world.

OWEN

It wouldn't be called black ops if
you wanted a light shined on what
you do.

(CONTINUED)

She CLOSES the file with Owen's picture, PUNCHES in a code, and after a BEEP is heard, she PUTS the tablet back on the table.

AMANDA

Let's go.

CIA BLACK-SITE - MEDICAL UNIT - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE MEDICAL OFFICE. STERILE LOOKING, WITH MEDICAL EQUIPMENT AND TOOLS LINED IN AN ORDERED MANNER ON A TABLE.

Owen, now shirtless, REVEALING military dog tags, sits upright on a medical bed, with an arm EXTENDED.

A female medical staff member, dressed in blue scrubs, is TAKING a blood sample.

MONTAGE - OF OWEN'S MEDICAL ASSESSMENT

-- Owen, in black workout gear, JOGS on a treadmill with a breathing apparatus placed on his face in an medical gymnasium room.

-- Owen ENTERS an MRI machine in a medical scanning room.

-- Owen, wearing all black: t-shirt, athletic pants and sneakers, is seated, having a polygraph exam conducted in a government looking office.

END OF MONTAGE

CIA BLACK-SITE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

IN A SMALL WHITE ON WHITE ROOM WITH NO FURNITURE.

A FLAT SCREEN MONITOR ON THE WALL IS RELAYING OWEN'S POLYGRAPH EXAM BEING PERFORMED.

Amanda stands in the room and WATCHES the activity.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - OWEN'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Owen, ARRIVES at his apartment, now dressed as he arrived at the CIA black-site.

He APPROACHES the front door, but suddenly STOPS as he sees his apartment door open a bit.

OWEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE ROOM IS IN DARKNESS, BUT ILLUMINATED BY OWEN'S FLAT SCREEN, PLAYING AN ACTION FILM.

A BEER BOTTLE IS ON A TABLE, HALF EMPTY, PLACED NEAR THE IPHONE AND TABLET COMPUTER THAT AMANDA HAD IN FRONT OF HER.

A HECKLER AND KOCH P30L PISTOL RESTS NEXT TO BEER BOTTLE (POSSIBLY HEINEKEN), UNLOADED, WITH THE MAGAZINE AND THE ROUND THAT WAS IN THE CHAMBER PLACED NEAR THE WEAPON.

Dane, sitting on the couch, REACHES for the beer bottle, and begins to take a sip.

He STOPS at the sound of a pistol being COCKED behind him.

Owen, standing behind Dane, PRESSES a Heckler and Koch USP 40 caliber standard size pistol to the back of Dane's head.

DANE

I think you need to put the gun
down.

Owen PRESSES the pistol even harder.

OWEN

Why's that.

DANE

Because Willis might need you to
explain why you shot me in the back
of the head.

Surprised by the answer, Owen RETREATS.

He STEPS back, then SAFETIES the weapon.

Dane TURNS to respond.

DANE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Owen, appearing confused, still has the gun POINTED at Dane.

DANE (CONT'D)

This would go a lot faster if you
put the gun down.

Owen still pointing the pistol at Dane, relents, and LOWERS his gun.

OWEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

THE TELEVISION CONTINUES TO PLAY THE ACTION FILM, WITH THE SOUND MUTED.

DANE STILL SEATED, AND OWEN, NOW SEATED, IN A CHAIR TO DANE'S SIDE.

They LOOK at each other in silence, with the room now ILLUMINATED by the turned on lights.

Owen HOLDS Dane's unloaded pistol.

He RELOADS the weapon, CHAMBERS a round, and POINTS the gun at Dane.

Dane STARES back, unfazed.

Owen, SAFETIES the weapon.

He then THROWS it back to Dane, which he CATCHES and PLACES the gun in a waist holster behind him.

OWEN

The CIA is in the business of
break-ins now.

Dane appears amused by the statement, FINISHES his beer, then places the bottle back on the table.

Owen visually EXAMINES Dane, top to bottom, STARING at his attire quickly: blue jeans, dark brown boots, blue button down shirt with a blue t-shirt exposed, and a dark brown leather café racer jacket.

DANE

Home invasions usually start with
you tied up and me about to take
your shit without asking.

Owen LOOKS at Dane, unimpressed by the attempt at humor.

OWEN

Funny... Real funny... Now you mind
mind telling me who you are and why
the fuck you're in my house.

DANE

I'm Dane Ellis... Willis assigned
you to me for a field assessment.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Assessment! I thought---

DANE

You thought the poke and prod session was it. That's just the basics for employment.

Appearing confused, Owen remains unresponsive.

DANE (CONT'D)

This is just the home inspection... You're ex-military. I'm sure you've had your bunk turned over by an ARMY drill sergeant more than once.

OWEN

How'd you get in?

DANE

The same way you got in without coming through the front door... I used my imagination.

Owen appearing, annoyed by the statement, LEANS back, appearing to make sense of the situation.

Dane GRABS the IPHONE and tablet computer.

He PUNCHES in a code into the tablet, then PUTS it back on the table.

He then TOSSES the IPHONE to Owen, which he CATCHES.

OWEN

So you're who she sent to make the yes or no call on whether or not I get in.

DANE

That's right.

OWEN

So what! You're directly under Willis.

DANE

Try not to think of this on a rank level. I'm just the one she picked for your file

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

What were you? Army! Seals!

DANE

The only thing that matters is that Willis trusts me.

Dane POINTS to the tablet on the table.

DANE (CONT'D)

I activated your tablet. Any information you need gets sent to it.

OWEN

And the phone!

DANE

Your agency contact line. It can't be hacked by any outside source.

Owen STARES at the phone, TOUCHING the protective case.

OWEN

So! What happens now?

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

OPEN AIR AND BLUE SKY REVEAL A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

TREES, BUSHES AND GRASS MAKE A PICTURESQUE SCENE FOR ANYONE TO CAPTURE IN A PHOTO VIA CAMERA OR SMART-PHONE.

BREATHING can be heard in the background.

Owen, in running shoes, running pants and a heavy hooded sweat shirt, all navy, JOGS along at a good pace.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A SECLUDED ROAD NEAR THE WOODED AREA, LOOKING PICTURESQUE AS WELL!

THE SUN SHINING, ILLUMINATING A LATE MODEL BLACK SUV.

BOTTLES OF WATER, A STORE BOUGHT COFFEE CUP AND SEVERAL PROTEIN BARS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE HOOD.

Dane, clad in solid black camouflage pants, black tactical boots, black M41 field coat and a black knit hat, is standing near the SUV.

(CONTINUED)

He WATCHES Owen RUNNING through long range binoculars.

He LOWERS them after some time.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - GUN RANGE - DAY

IN A BIG WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

TARGET PRACTICE SHEETS HAVE BEEN HUNG AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, SOME OF THEM DESTROYED BY NUMEROUS CENTER MASS AND HEAD SHOT KILL SHOTS.

ONE FINAL SHEET REMAINS, UNTOUCHED BY GUNFIRE.

A loud BOOM is heard from and unseen part of the room.

THE FINAL SHEET IS NOW SEVERELY DAMAGED BY A MASSIVE HIT FROM A POWERFUL WEAPON, A CENTER MASS HIT.

Owen, now wearing black camouflage pants, black boots and black t-shirt, along with protective goggles and ear coverings, PUMPS a Heckler and Koch Fabarm FP6 shotgun, EJECTING a casing.

OTHER CASINGS: PISTOL, SUB-MACHINE GUN, ASSAULT RIFLE AND SHOTGUN, LITTER THE FLOOR.

Owen PUTS the shotgun on a table in front him, holding Heckler and Koch 40 caliber and nine millimeter standard size USP pistols, 416 A5 assault rifles and 40 caliber UMP submachine guns, along with loaded magazines and boxes of shotgun ammunition.

Dane, now hat and coatless, in a black military sweater, along with safety glasses and ear coverings, stands in the background.

He intently WATCHES Owen.

Owen GRABS a nine millimeter pistol, RELOAD the weapon and FIRE at the target.

HEAD SHOTS DESTROY MUCH OF WHAT IS LEFT OF THE TARGET SHEET.

BLACK-SITE - EXERCISE AREA - AFTERNOON

TREADMILLS, EXERCISE BIKES, STAND UP PUNCHING BAGS, AND STACKED AND RACKED FREE WEIGHTS LINE THE WALLS OF A WHITE ROOM.

ATHLETIC MATS PLACED ON THE FLOOR.

(CONTINUED)

Owen, wearing a white martial arts GI, tied by a black belt, is standing at the far end of a center placed mat.

A large, muscular male, also dressed in same clothing, stands at the other end.

They APPROACH each other, attack ready.

The opponent attempts to GRAB Owen, but is stopped by him, then FLOORED with a judo throw.

He quickly GETS up, and READIES himself.

Dane, in a corner, standing unseen, WATCHES them, still dressed as before.

Owen, now HOLDING the instructor in a grounded ARM BAR forces the instructor to SUBMIT.

EXT. SECLUDED AREA OFF A SECLUDED ROAD - AFTERNOON

A BLACK LATE MODEL SEDAN, ENGINE RUNNING.

THE MALE DRIVER, IN A DARK SUIT, WHITE DRESS SHIRT, AND DRESS BOOTS, HEAD TURNED, LOOKING THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW,

He HONKS the horn.

A MALE AND FEMALE, BOTH IN DARK SUITS, WHITE DRESS SHIRTS AND ZIP DRESS BOOTS, DRAG WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN, ALSO DRESSED AS THEY ARE, WEARING GLOVES AND A HOOD COVERING HIS HEAD.

EXT. SEDAN ON SECLUDED ROAD - AFTERNOON

THE SEDAN MOVES AT A HIGH RATE OF SPEED.

THE FEMALE SITS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT, WITH THE HOODED MALE BEHIND HER, AND THE OTHER SUITED MALE BEHIND THE DRIVER.

Moments later, a projectile, SMASHES through the rear passenger side window, STRIKING the hooded male in the head.

What appears to be blood SPLASHES and HITS all inside the vehicle.

THE CAR SWERVES AND STOPS ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

SECLUDED AREA OFF A SECLUDED ROAD - AFTERNOON

Dane, returning to the coat and hat he had on before, stands, WATCHING the sedan and passengers from a far distance via binoculars.

SEDAN ON SIDE OF THE ROAD - AFTERNOON

The party, now standing near the parked car, attempt to WIPE what appears to be blood off of them.

They appear shell-shocked by what has happened.

The hooded male is now on the ground on his stomach, with what appears to be blood FLOWING from his head through the hood.

The suited female APPROACHES the male.

She CROUCHES and pulls off the hood to REVEAL the man was not human, but a life like dummy, with a tomato paste can that was placed in the head, destroyed, along with much of the dummy's head.

SECLUDED AREA OFF A SECLUDED ROAD - AFTERNOON

Dane LOWERS his binoculars, CROUCHES, and TURNS to his right.

Owen, on the ground on his stomach, clad again in black: boots, camouflage pants, with a grey M41 field coat, HOLDS a Heckler and Koch PSG1 sniper rifle.

EXT. CIA BLACK SITE - ROOF - NIGHT

A CLEAR NIGHT SKY WITH STARS IN VIEW.

Amanda, dressed down in blue jeans, brown boots, and a beige mid length wool coat, stands near the edge, SMOKING a cigarette.

Dane, APPROACHING from behind, still in his training attire, STOPS as he gets close to Amanda.

DANE

Those death sticks will kill you.

AMANDA

My husband told me the same thing.
He even said it was either him or
these.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda SMILES.

She TAKES one last drag, then DROPS the finished cigarette, and STOMPS it dead.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Divorce can be fun.

Dane SMIRKS with amusement.

DANE

You needed to see me.

AMANDA

Just checking up on Heath! I hear he put a sniper round in a moving car with three people inside.

DANE

Yes - he - did.

AMANDA

So what'd you think?

DANE

I think he's exactly what his file says he is.

AMANDA

Why do I feel like I'm about to hear a but come out of your mouth.

DANE

I'm seeing a lot more spec ops than assassin.

AMANDA

Spec Ops soldiers are trained to kill.

DANE

Hitting a target, moving or not, from a football field away, or a head shot to target with a hand on dead-man switch is different from bleeding a guy out up close.

AMANDA

I read his file, he's a lot more than a sniper.

Amanda appears to look concerned, appearing somewhat uneasy by Dane's comments.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You're not being over-cautious.

DANE

It's only day one. There's no real assessment I can give you... Let's just see where this leads.

AMANDA

It's funny.

DANE

What.

AMANDA

Dekker said basically the same thing about you.

Dane SMILES slightly, appearing amused by the comment, then quickly returns to form.

DANE

You said that to get a reaction.

AMANDA

Maybe!

DANE

We talked about this before.

AMANDA

And we're talking about it now. It's one of the special benefits I get being that I'm the one sitting in the big chair at the head of the table.

Dane appears more serious, MOVING closer to Amanda to respond.

DANE

Every kill takes a little bit from you... If I get to the point where I can't do the job, I'll walk away.

Appearing re-assured, Amanda drops the subject.

Amanda PULLS a USB stick from a coat pocket and HANDS it to Dane, which he TAKES.

DANE (CONT'D)

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

A problem that's come up!

DANE

How bad.

AMANDA

Bad enough!

Dane POCKETS the USB in an inner pocket.

DANE

How much recon time do I have?

AMANDA

It's an ASAP situation, so say a seven day turnaround. You'll have to work around your schedule with Heath.

DANE

No problem.

Dane TURNS and begins his exit, with Amanda cigarette box (possibly a Newport 100 box) and lighter in hand, WATCHING him leave.

She LIGHTS a cigarette.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A SECLUDED STREET.

DAVID TAYLOR, LATE FORTIES TO EARLY FIFTIES, BIG, BUT SOLIDLY BUILT LIKE A DEFENSIVE END THAT STILL STAYS IN SHAPE.

Dressed in a dark suit, dark dress shirt without tie, and expensive looking dress shoes, he WALKS to a parked late model SUV.

EXT. DANE'S DODGE CHALLENGER HELLCAT PARKED ON STREET - DAY

Dane, sitting in the driver's seat, clad in a black cherry cowhide casual racer jacket, black cherry button down shirt with an exposed black t-shirt, black jeans and black boots, WATCHES David from a distance.

EXT. HOME - AFTERNOON

A SUBURBAN AREA, WITH TREE LINED STREETS AND NICE LOOKING HOMES.

David, standing in front of a nice looking home, TALKS to his ex-wife, MELISSA TAYLOR, late forties, suburban mom looking, clad in khakis, black flats and a short wool coat.

The conversation appears friendly.

A teenage boy, about seventeen or eighteen, their son, TROY TAYLOR, EXITS the home via the front door, dressed in a football uniform, helmet in hand.

He WALKS toward them.

David HUGS his son.

EXT. DANE'S DODGE CHALLENGER HELLCAT PARKED ON STREET - DAY

Dane, still in the driver's seat, WATCHES David's interaction with his family from a distance.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

DARK LOOKING, BUT ILLUMINATED BY NEON LIGHTING AND MODERN LOOKING.

HIP-HOP MUSIC BLARING FROM THE CLUB STEREO SYSTEM COMING FROM SPEAKERS ALL OVER.

A FULLY STOCKED BAR WITH SEVERAL FEMALE BARTENDERS IN BLACK SLEEVELESS T-SHIRTS, ACCENTUATED BY PUSH BRAS, SHORT BLACK SKIRTS, AND THIGH HIGH BLACK BOOTS.

They ATTEND to well and casual dressed patrons.

BEEFY looking male security dressed in black suits, black dress shirts, and black dress boots, equipped with two way radios, MONITOR the loud, but ordered activity.

Strippers, dressed in bras, panties and tall heels (both black and clear stripper), WALK around looking to entice customers.

Customers YELL and SCREAM at attractive, well-endowed (chest and buttock well-endowed) strippers.

They DANCE topless on a neon lit stage, hypnotically ENTERTAINING the appreciative customers.

(CONTINUED)

David is sitting at a two chair surrounded table.

He CRADLES a beer (possibly Heineken), with an attractive topless stripper, sitting on his lap.

Dane, sitting at the bar, WATCHES David's interaction.

EXT. PARKING LOT - TOP LEVEL - DAY

A DESERTED BLACK TOPPED PARKING STRUCTURE.

SEVERAL LATE MODEL SUVs PARKED IN VARIOUS SPOTS.

David, grey suit clad, with a white dress shirt, rose pink tie and dress shoes, is SPEAKING with several other males, also grey suit clad, with white dress shirts and black oxford shoes.

The talk appears to be serious, but friendly.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

DANE, STANDING, CLAD IN A BLUE PEA COAT, BLUE JEANS AND BLACK BOOTS.

He WATCHES David's activity via binoculars from a hidden vantage point.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE HALLWAY IN A SECLUDED AREA OF THE BUILDING.

Amanda, wearing a white buttoned shirt with rolled up sleeves, dark pants from a business suit, without the jacket, and heels, WALKS alone.

She STOPS at a door with a keypad lock.

Amanda ENTERS a code.

A BUZZING sound is heard.

The door OPENS, and Amanda ENTERS.

CIA BLACK-SITE - TECH ROOM - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM WITH NUMEROUS FLATS SCREEN MONITORS DOCKED IN A COMPUTER BAY.

A METALLIC TABLE IS COVERED BY SEVERAL ROWS OF TWO WAY RADIOS, IPHONES IN BLACK SECURITY CASES AND TABLET COMPUTERS.

SEVERAL FLAT SCREEN MONITORS MOUNTED ON THE WALL ARE ILLUMINATED BY THE ACTIVE COMPUTER SCREENS AND LOW LIGHTING.

Amanda ENTERS the room.

Dane, in the same outfit as before, is SPEAKING to KEVIN CARSON, mid-thirties, average height, slim build, clad in dark dress pants, a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up without a tie, and black dress boots.

Both standing, they STOP speaking after Amanda arrives.

AMANDA

So what've we got?

DANE

The target's made contact with the other party.

AMANDA

You get anything on his finances Kevin.

KEVIN

He reads clean, accept for a cash deposit he receives each month... The bank's clean, but the deposit is run through at least five dummy corporations before it gets to him.

AMANDA

Can we track it?

KEVIN

If I can get access to his own network I should be able to.

Amanda NODS to Dane.

They EXIT the room, ending up down the hall.

Dane HANDS her the USB stick she gave him earlier.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
How're you playing this?

DANE
Straight stealth operation!

AMANDA
When.

DANE
Now!

CIA BLACK SITE - MEDICAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM WITH A METALLIC TABLE IN THE CENTER.

A ROW OF CAPPED SYRINGES, LIQUID BOTTLES, AND BOTTLES OF PILLS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE TABLE.

Owen, wearing blue jeans, black boots, and a grey sweater, is standing with a tablet computer in hand.

He REVIEWS information, while PICKING up and PUTTING down different bottles.

Dane and Amanda, standing outside the room unseen, WATCH Owen's activity.

AMANDA
What's he doing?

DANE
He's working on doping methods.

Owen continues his activity, unaware of Dane and Amanda.

DANE
I want him to have a visual.

AMANDA
On scene!

DANE
No. Just a video cam relay of the op in real time.

AMANDA
I'll take care of it.

A male staff member, wearing white medical scrubs, ENTERS the room and HANDS Owen a medical tray containing other capped liquid bottles.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
Anything else!

DANE
No.

Dane MOVES closer, but remains unseen.

He WATCHES Owen continue to work.

EXT. SEDAN PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT

THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

LIGHTS ILLUMINATE A DARK STREET, WITH NO ACTIVITY AT
PRESENT.

Two thuggish looking males, late thirties, sporting dark
jeans black pea coats, black boots and dark sweaters, sit in
the front of a late model sedan.

The radio, on, but not load, PLAYS a song (think
SLEEPWALKING by the Chain Gang of 1974, or something in that
realm).

The front passenger side window is rolled down to let out
the smoke coming from the SMOKING passenger.

He EXITS the vehicle, DROPS the finished cigarette on the
ground, and STOMPS the cigarette dead.

Without warning, the passenger is SHOT center mass, from
behind, without a shot heard, from and unseen point.

He FALLS to his knees, still alive, and is then killed by a
silenced rear head shot.

He FALLS to the ground.

Startled by the action, the driver RUSHES out of the
vehicle.

He DRAWS a Heckler and Koch nine millimeter P8 pistol, and
CHAMBERS a round.

He MOVES toward the dead passenger, via the front side of
the vehicle.

He CROUCHES to check the passenger.

He then quickly RISES, gun in hand, appearing nervous and
confused.

(CONTINUED)

Several silenced shots HIT the driver center mass, FLOORING him.

On the ground and in pain, the driver ATTEMPTS to stand, but is KICKED to the ground.

DANE, DRESSED IN BLACK ON BLACK: SOLID BLACK CAMOUFLAGE PANTS, TACTICAL MILITARY BOOTS, GLOVES AND MILITARY SWEATER, COVERED BY BLACK BODY ARMOR.

He stands over the driver, POINTING a silenced Heckler and Koch 40 caliber USP standard size pistol.

The driver, in pain, eyes wide, LOOKS angrily at Dane.

Dane KILLS him with a head shot.

SEDAN PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT - LATER

THE SEDAN, TRUNK OPEN, WITH THE DEAD MEN INSIDE.

BRICKS OF COCAINE LAY BESIDE THE BODIES.

Dane, now with a silenced Heckler and Koch UMP submachine gun in hand, lowered at his side, LOOKS at the men.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A DARK, CAVERNOUS, HIGH END LOOKING BAR, WITH GLASS MIRRORS ON WALLS AND EXPENSIVE LOOKING FURNITURE.

Men in dark suits, with ties, dress shirts, and dress boots, MOVE around, DRINKING from glasses or beer bottles (possibly Killian's, Heineken and Amstel Light) and TALKING to each other, appearing relaxed.

BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

WOOD ON WOOD, LIKE A CIGAR BAR.

David, in grey dress pants, blue sweater with the sleeves rolled up and black alligator dress shoes, PACES with an IPHONE to his ear.

RINGS are heard from a call he is attempting.

He appears confused.

After some time, he ENDS the call.

EXT. BAR - ROOF - NIGHT

DANE DRESSED AS BEFORE, BUT WITH NIGHT VISION GOGGLES ATOP HIS HEAD.

He PULLS a trigger switch from a pocket and PRESSES the button.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

THE POWER GOES OUT IN THE BAR.

Blackness all over leads to confusion, YELLING and expletives by the men in the bar.

A projectile HITS the ground, THROWN from an unknown vantage point, a flash-bang grenade.

The grenade EXPLODES.

The men FALL and move about DISORIENTED.

Dane in the rear, but unseen, POINTS his silenced Heckler and Koch forty caliber UMP submachine gun in the direction of the men, then LOWERS his goggles.

BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

David still PACING nervously, STOPS due to the unknown noise coming from the bar.

BAR - NIGHT

FLASHES OF GUNFIRE FROM DANE'S WEAPON ILLUMINATES THE ROOM.

Gunfire MOWS down, KILLING the men like fish in a barrel.

They all FALL, one after another, after another.

BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

David, standing, Heckler and Koch nine millimeter P8 pistol in hand, CHAMBERS a round into the weapon.

BAR - NIGHT

EMERGENCY LIGHTING NOW ON, GIVES SOME MINOR LIGHTED CLARITY TO THE ROOM.

David appearing nervous, carefully MOVES about the area, gun in hand, semi-lowered downward.

He SURVEYS the chaos.

Bodies LITTER the floor.

David makes his way slowly toward the front.

THE LIGHTS GO FULLY OUT AGAIN CREATING PITCH BLACK DARKNESS.

Seconds later, the lights come back in full.

THE FULL LEVEL OF CHAOS IS SEEN.

David SURVEYS the area, visually frightened by the chaos.

He LOWERS his gun hand, and suddenly FREEZES up.

Dane is standing behind him, goggles on top of his head, with his standard size silenced Heckler and Koch 40 caliber pistol PRESSED to the back of David's head.

DANE

Hello David.

Appearing confused that Dane knows his name, David remains silent.

DANE (CONT'D)

Drop the gun.

David's pistol slowly DROPS from his hand and HITS the floor.

DAVID

Who are you? How do you know my---

DANE

You're David Taylor... You run a shipping company, along with owning commercial properties, including the bar where in right now.

One of the men in the front of the bar away from them, is heard GURGLING, exposing himself near death, and a non-threat, but still alive.

Dane KILLS the MOANING man with multiple shots.

(CONTINUED)

David ATTEMPTS to MOVE away.

Dane quickly PUTS his pistol back in David's direction.

DANE

Don't!

Dane PRESSES the pistol into the back of David's head, which cause him to WINCE.

INT. DAVID'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

WOOD ON WOOD, THE SAME AS THE OFFICE IN THE BAR.

David, sitting behind a desk, INSERTS a USB stick into a desktop computer hard drive.

Dane, sitting in a chair across from him.

He WATCHES DAVID as he PUNCHES keys on the keyboard.

HIS PISTOL IS PLACED ON HIS LAP.

David nervously LOOKS at the weapon.

Dane UNSAFTIES his weapon.

David is motionless, frozen in fear, a deer in head lights.

A BEEP EMITS from the computer.

Dane RISES up from the chair, gun lowered to his side.

DANE

Get up.

David nervously STANDS up, now terrified.

DAVID

Let's talk about this... I have money. I can get you anything you want.

DANE

Sound proof room.

David, appearing confused by the statement, just stands motionless.

DANE (CONT'D)

We're in a sound proof room.

Dane RAISES his weapon, and SHOTS David in the left side.

(CONTINUED)

He FALLS to the ground, SCREAMING in pain.

He PLACES his hands on the wound to apply pressure, blood FLOWING through his hands.

David STARES at the bleeding wound, hand pressure doing nothing to stop the bleeding.

He LOOKS up.

Dane standing above, POINTS his weapon at David.

David slowly RAISES a hand from the wound.

He's begging aloud without saying a word, eyes wide open from fear.

Dane KILLS him with a head shot.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - OFFICE - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

A LARGE FLAT SCREEN MONITOR ON THE WALL.

OWEN, CLAD IN BLACK ON BLACK: JEANS, BOOTS AND T-SHIRT, STANDS, WATCHING DANE'S OP VIA CAMERA LINK.

INT. DAVID'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

DANE, STANDING OVER DAVID'S BODY, GUN LOWERED TO HIS SIDE.

He LOOKS at David's body.

DAVID, EYES OPEN, LAYS DEAD, FACE UP.

THE BULLET WOUNDS FLOW BLOOD TO THE FLOOR.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - OFFICE NIGHT

OWEN IS FIXATED ON DAVID. HE CAN'T LOOK AWAY.

Moments later, the screen fades to black.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - WEAPON ROOM - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

RACKS OF WEAPONS: STANDARD SIZE HECKLER AND KOCH USP AND P8 PISTOLS, P30L PISTOLS, UMP AND MP5 SUBMACHINE GUNS, G36 AND 416 A5 ASSAULT RIFLES.

ROWS OF LOADED MAGAZINES AND BOXES OF BULLETS ARE ON LOWER SHELVES.

LINED FABARM FP6 SHOTGUNS, STAND NEXT TO EACH OTHER, WITH BOXES OF AMMUNITION STRATEGICALLY PLACED UNDER EACH WEAPON.

Dane sits on chair.

HIS BODY ARMOR, GOGGLES AND FIREARMS ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIM.

THE BODY ARMOR CAMERA LINK ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE BODY ARMOR.

He appears lost in thought.

INT. DANE LOFT - EXERCISE AREA - NIGHT

THE ROOM IS DARK, WITH LOW LIGHTING.

Dane, in black shorts, black boxing boots, and boxing gloves (possibly Adidas) CIRCLES a heavy bag, HITTING it harder and harder.

He's fixated in a tunnel vision manner on the heavy bag in front of him.

The strikes come harder and heavier, with the heavy bag never having time to return to center.

LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

DANE IN THE SHOWER, SEATED, LEGS CROSSED.

The steamed water, POURS over him, as he STARES blankly, appearing lost in thought.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

SUNLIGHT BRIGHTENS THE ROOM FROM A CURTAIN COVERED WINDOW.

OWEN, IN BED, SHIRTLESS, WITH SHEETS COVERING HIS LOWER HALF, APPEARS LOST IN THOUGHT.

(CONTINUED)

His cased IPHONE, placed on a table near him, RINGS loudly.
Owen TURNS toward the RINGING cellphone.

INT. BAR AND GRILL - PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

IN THE SAME ROOM SHE MET WITH DANE AFTER MARTIN'S KILLING.

AMANDA AND OWEN ARE SEATED.

The table in front of them has brunch type foods in platters.

JUICE PITCHERS AND GLASSES SURROUND THE PLATES.

Amanda, dressed in a dark turtleneck, dark dress pants, and black flats, TAKES food from her plate by fork.

Owen, in a grey suit, purple dress shirt, matching solid tie, and black dress shoes, is seated with a full plate in front of him.

Owen WATCHES her eat.

Amanda, noticing him WATCHING her, STOPS eating.

A TABLET COMPUTER ON THE TABLE IS PLACED NEAR HER.

She PUSHES the tablet to Owen.

AMANDA

Turn it on.

Owen GRABS the tablet and turns it on.

A PICTURE OF DAVID APPEARS ON SCREEN.

AMANDA

That's DAVID TAYLOR.

OWEN

Who is--- Was he?

AMANDA

Typical suburban businessman! He ran a shipping company, and was pretty successful... Money in the bank, home in the hills, but things took a turn... You were expecting some hard-core terrorist who wants to blow up an embassy.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Maybe!

AMANDA

It takes all kinds.

OWEN

What happened?

AMANDA

Taylor was two people. Husband and father in public, gambler and risk taker in private... He used the profits from his business in risky real estate ventures, volatile stocks, the usual all in type of paper chase that ends badly.

OWEN

How much did he lose?

AMANDA

Not enough to end him, but enough to have him sell a piece of his company to keep the lifestyle he had... The casual dick not being able to stay in his pants problem didn't help either.

Owen SLIDES the picture of David aside.

A PICTURE OF HIS EX-WIFE AND SON APPEAR.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That's MELISSA TAYLOR and TROY TAYLOR. The ex-wife and son

Owen appears confused.

OWEN

What you're saying makes him a shitty husband... How'd he end a target?

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - TECH ROOM - AFTERNOON

COMPUTER SCREENS IN A TECH BAY ARE ON, APPEARING TO BE ASSESSING DATA.

Kevin, in dark dress pants, white shirt with rolled up sleeves, black dress shoes, and a tired look from what appears to be a long morning of work, is seated.

(CONTINUED)

He REVIEWS data on a screen in front of him.

Dane enters, clad in blue jeans, black t-shirt and black boots, and HANDS Kevin a USB stick, which he takes and PLACES on a table near him.

DANE

The information downloaded from Taylor's hard drive.

KEVIN

What does Willis want done with it.

DANE

Clean the money and spread it around... Taylor's widow will get some. Make it look like he set up a large life insurance policy for her and the son. The rest gets used for operational needs.

KEVIN

No problem.

Dane GRABS a card from a jean pocket and HANDS it to Kevin, which he takes.

He READS it and appears surprised by what he read.

KEVIN

She wants this sent to him.

DANE

Yeah.

KEVIN

When?

DANE

Now!

INT. BAR AND GRILL - PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Amanda GRABS a juice pitcher, FILLS a glass next to her, and PUTS the pitcher back on the table.

AMANDA

I mentioned Taylor selling a piece of his company.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

You did.

AMANDA

The buyers put him on a fed watch list.

OWEN

Who were they?

AMANDA

Organized crime figures out of Eastern Europe.

OWEN

How'd they connect with Taylor?

AMANDA

They approached him to ship cars to Europe, Latin America, and Asia. On paper they looked legit. They had the correct documents, paid well and on time, and all checks. Financial! Criminal! They all came back clean.

OWEN

How'd Taylor ended up in the financial hole that forced him to sell.

AMANDA

Who do you think gave him the bad intel on the companies he invested in.

OWEN

They set him up.

AMANDA

They're the reason his wife found out about the other bank accounts. The strip clubs! They put him in the money pit he was drowning in, then gave him a way to save himself.

OWEN

What were they into?

AMANDA

Arms trafficking to overseas groups on federal radar.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

This is why you sent Dane after him.

AMANDA

Eventually they knew he'd start to ask way too many questions, so they planned to plant drugs at the company, call the DEA and disappear... How long do you think he'd last in prison.

OWEN

You ever think about turning him.

AMANDA

David Taylor was dead the minute he got into business with them.

OWEN

And this was your only option?

AMANDA

He dies in jail and they get to disappear... And his family! The real innocent victims in this mess... They get dragged down with him.

Appearing taken aback by Amanda's statements, Owen LEANS back in his chair.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Get at the people running the show, take out individuals who have more blood on their hands than you can imagine and the most important thing.

OWEN

Which is?

AMANDA

That even though he was flawed as hell, his family gets to honor the good they knew about him. It's a lie, but sometimes the truth is an even worse option... This is a very nasty, very dirty business. We take anything even a little bit clean as a check mark in the right box.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM. THE SAME ROOM OWEN WATCHED DANE'S OP
IN.

Dane WATCHES the Taylor kill mission on the mounted flat
screen.

NOW AT THE POINT WHERE DAVID RAISES HIS HAND TO BEG FOR HIS
LIFE.

Dane, standing in place, LOOKS intently at the screen.

INT. BAR AND GRILL - PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

OWEN

Black ops usually doesn't gather
target intel... The agency has
people on the inside.

AMANDA

Their hand gets forced without the
agents having to drop cover.

OWEN

So... What happens now?

AMANDA

Our job was to set this all in
play. It's in Langley's hands now.

A RING notifies Owen of an alert for a text message.

He PULLS out his IPHONE and PULLS up a text message.

Owen appears visually stunned by the message.

OWEN

What... This is---

AMANDA

Five zeroes and a five in front of
it... Call it a training bonus.

Amanda SLIDES a debit card toward Owen, hand motioning Owen
to take it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That pays for your days off.

Appearing confused, Owen TAKES the card and PUTS it inside
his suit jacket pocket.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
Days off! When.

AMANDA
Now.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - MEDICAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

Dane, shirtless in blue jeans and black boots, sits on a medical bed.

A male medical tech in blue scrubs, TAKES a blood sample.

CIA BLACK-SITE - MEDICAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

WHITE ON WHITE AND FILLED WITH MEDICAL FILES ON SHELVES.

A CHART WITH DANE'S NAME ON THE TAB, ALONG WITH A COLLECTED URINE SAMPLE NEXT TO THE FILE ON A METALLIC TABLE.

The medical tech from before, standing near the table, ENTERS information into a tablet computer.

CIA BLACK-SITE - MEDICAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM WITH A METALLIC TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS.

DANE NOW BACK IN BLUE JEANS AND BLACK BOOTS, WITH AN ADDED BLACK T-SHIRT.

Dane is having a polygraph examination, ADMINISTERED by a male tech.

Dane, siting motionless, STARES at the tech's black dress shirt contrasted by a red tie.

He appears entranced at the tie, visually fixed on the blood red color in his eye view.

EXT. OUTDOOR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A DARK, NEAR EMPTY PARKING LEVEL.

Owen, in a dark short wool coat, grey sweater, black jeans and black boots, WALKS toward a new Dodge Charger.

As he is about to OPEN the driver's door, he STOPS due to an argument in the background.

(CONTINUED)

A male, early thirties, in a grey suit, white dress suit and dark green tie, is in a heated argument with a female, mid to late twenties, extremely attractive (think Margot Robbie type), also in a grey skirt clad business suit, black shirt and black high heels (possible Christian Louboutin shoes).

Owen WATCHES from a distance as the argument becomes more heated.

The female attempts to WALK away, but the male FORCEFULLY grabs her arm, which causes her suddenly stop and FALL.

She LANDS on her side on the ground.

OWEN (O.S.)

Hey.

Owen WALKS toward them.

The male attempts to halt him with a hand gesture.

Owen continues his approach.

MALE

Walk away.

The female, WATCHING Owen's approach, remains on the ground.

Owen is at point blank range.

He THROWS a punch, which Owen hand BLOCKS.

He GRABS the male's arm and Judo THROWS him to the ground.

The male quickly RISES to his feet.

He attempts to ATTACK Owen, and he stops the male with a forceful front kick, which FLOORS him.

OWEN

Stay down.

The male RISES up.

He angrily CHARGES at Owen, THROWING punches which Owen EVADES.

The male attempts to kick Owen, which he hand BLOCKS, and returns with a leg KICK, FLOORING him again.

The male WINCES in pain, holding his leg, SCREAMING.

(CONTINUED)

MALE

Fuck!

Owen MOVES closer to the floor grounded male.

OWEN

Stay down.

The male RISES up.

He RUSHES Owen again, with Owen THROWING a HAYMAKER PUNCH, which causes him to begin to FALL.

Owen GRABS by the arm mid fall, and Judo THROWS him, which causes him to HIT the ground hard.

The female, still grounded, WATCHES the action in front of her.

OWEN

You really want to keep doing this?

The male relents, acquiescing, SHAKING his head.

The male RISES up and LOOKS toward the female.

The male WALKS off in an injured manner.

Owen MOVES toward the female.

He EXTENDS a hand to help her up, which she takes.

Owen gently PULLS her up.

OWEN

You okay.

FEMALE

Yeah! I think so.

The female stands with one shoe on, the other knocked off during the altercation.

She BENDS down to GRAB the knocked off heel.

Owen WATCHES her.

He STARES at an exposed professionally done lavender pedicure, quickly covered by the female placing her heel back on, which exposes a matching manicure.

Owen BENDS to GRAB the female's bag.

He HANDS it to her.

(CONTINUED)

She TAKES it with her left hand, with a large wedding ring on her finger.

Owen notices the ring.

OWEN
Are you hurt miss?

FEMALE
Kara

OWEN
What.

FEMALE
Kara... My name!

Owen carefully EXTENDS a hand to her.

OWEN
Owen Heath.

Alison EXTENDS her hand and they politely SHAKE.

FEMALE
Kara... Kara Anderson.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

A MID TO HIGH END LOOKING ESTABLISHMENT WHICH IS DARK, LOW LIT AND MODERN LOOKING.

OWEN AND KARA, SITTING IN A BOOTH IN THE SAME CLOTHING AS BEFORE, JUST WITHOUT JACKETS, ARE POSITIONED ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER.

A FEW BEER BOTTLES (POSSIBLY NEW CASTLE BROWN) ARE ON THE TABLE CENTERED BETWEEN THEM, EACH WITH A BOTTLE IN FRONT OF THEM.

Kara GRABS the bottle in front of her.

Owen WATCHES her, attempting not to stare.

Kara FINISHES her beer, and PUTS the bottle back on the table near the other empties.

KARA
Thank you... For before.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I'm just glad I was there.

Kara LEANS back. She appears to drift off a bit, while TOUCHING her wedding ring with her left hand, STARING at her own actions.

Owen WATCHES, LOOKING at the somewhat large diamond.

KARA

Pretty to look at! But not worth the trouble.

Kara turns her attention back to Owen.

OWEN

The guy---

KARA

Paul... He's my husband.

OWEN

What happened?

KARA

Marriages have problems. My marriage problems involved my husband fucking anything in a skirt that was willing... He fucked around when we met. I forgave him. Phone calls come in and he needs to step away. It's just business, but this time.

OWEN

What happened?

KARA

He makes the smart choice and fucks my boss.

A waiter, in all black: dress shirt, dress pants and dress shoes, ARRIVES.

He CLEARS the table of the empties.

He HOLDS a bottle in the air, asking if they want another without speaking.

KARA

No thank you.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I'm good.

Kara WATCHES the waiter EXIT from the table.

Owen, somewhat entranced by her attractiveness, visually EXAMINES her.

Kara notices, and he STOPS, appearing apologetic.

OWEN

I'm sorry---

KARA

It's okay.

OWEN

I guess I just added myself to your asshole list.

KARA

Trust me... An asshole you are not.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - WEAPONS ROOM - NIGHT

A METALLIC TABLE WITH SEVERAL HECKLER AND KOCH STANDARD SIZE 40 CALIBER USP PISTOLS AND 40 CALIBER UMP SUBMACHINE GUNS WITH LOADED MAGAZINES FOR THE WEAPONS.

Dane, in the same outfit as before, APPROACHES the table with two large black weapon bags.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - INDOOR PARKING AREA - NIGHT

DARK, SECLUDED AND MINIMALLY LIT.

Dane, with weapon bags in hand, APPROACHES a late model SUV.

He LOADS the weapons into the trunk.

EXT. SUV ON SECLUDED STREET - NIGHT

DARK, DESOLATE AND LONELY.

Dane DRIVES toward his destination.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A NEWISH LOOKING FARMHOUSE ON A SECLUDED ROAD WITH A BARN NEAR THE HOME.

Dane PULLS up to the home.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

FLAT SCREEN MONITORS ON WALLS.

A COMPUTER BAY, TURNED, OFF, BUT READY TO USE, CENTERED IN THE ROOM.

A LARGE WOOD TABLE IN THE CORNER.

IT HOLDS A ROW OF TWO WAY RADIOS WITH MICROPHONE ATTACHMENTS.

FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sparsely furnished with just a bed and a chair to the side.

THE WEAPONS BAGS, TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM, ARE ON THE GROUND, METICULOUSLY POSITIONED NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

DANE, IN BED, SITTING UP, SHIRTLESS, BUT WAIST COVERED.

He REVIEWS information from a tablet in hand.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

OWEN AND KARA, BACK IN COATS, STANDING TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK.

KARA

So! What happens now?

OWEN

Now... Now I get you a cab and make sure you get in.

She responds with a SMILE.

Owen FLAGS down a taxi.

It PULLS up to the curb.

(CONTINUED)

Owen OPENS up the rear passenger door, allowing Kara to enter.

He closes the door, but motions for the driver to hold.

Kara ROLLS down the window to speak to Owen.

KARA

Good night Mr. Heath.

OWEN

Good night Mrs. Anderson.

SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER

Owen WATCHES as the taxi pulls off with the look of a man regretting an opportunity go by.

The waiter who served them RUSHES out, with a tablet in hand.

WAITER

Excuse me... I think she left this.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

A WHITE WALLED ROOM.

A WEAPONS CASE HOLDING HECKLER AND KOCH 40 CALIBER USP PISTOLS, 40 CALIBER UMP SUBMACHINE GUNS AND G36 ASSAULT RIFLES WITH LOADED MAGAZINES FOR ALL.

Dane, in a red sweater, black jeans, and black boots, UNLOADS the packed weapon bags on a table in the center of the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dane, dressed as before, sits at the centered computer bay.

He PUNCHES keys on the keyboard for the computer in front of him, and picture of an office building appears on the flat screen monitor.

Dane STARES intently at the building on screen in front of him.

INT. KARA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A WHITE ROOM.

FRAMED PICTURES, LEATHER CHAIRS AND COUCHES, AND PRICEY FURNITURE.

Kara, clad in form fitting, cropped yoga pants and a sports tank top, ENTERS the room, with a yoga mat under her arm.

A KNOCK at her front door STOPS her in her tracks.

KARA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Kara and Owen are sitting on her couch, with the tablet computer placed in between them.

OWEN

I opened up your e-mail and found a message you sent with your address attached... Sorry about invading your privacy, but you're not listed.

KARA

I'm just glad to have it back... Thank you.

Kara LEANS over to GRAB the tablet, EXPOSING cleavage.

Owen notices, but quickly LOOKS away.

Kara PLACES the tablet on the table in front of them, Then PULLS herself up the couch, with her legs now on the couch.

Owen notices that her wedding ring is not on her hand.

OWEN

I was almost afraid to bring it to you.

KARA

Why?

OWEN

Mr. Anderson.

KARA

He's staying in a hotel right now.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

What if he comes back?

KARA

He plays this game over and over.
We fight, he runs away, hoping
distance makes me forget.

OWEN

Will it.

KARA

Not this time.

OWEN

Because it involves people you work
with.

KARA

That' one of two reasons!

OWEN

And what's the other.

Kara seductively SMILES at Owen.

Owen remains silent.

Kara MOVES closer to Owen and Kisses him.

He is receptive, but then politely STOPS.

KARA

I'm pretty sure I'm reading this
right.

OWEN

You are---

KARA

But you stopped.

OWEN

I want to be sure this isn't a case
of misplaced gratitude.

KARA

It's not.

OWEN

Or a way of you getting back at
your husband.

Kara MOVES away from Owen.

(CONTINUED)

Owen, with a look of a man that just gave a winning lottery ticket away, sits motionless.

OWEN

I am the dumbest man on planet earth.

Owen LEANS forward, head held down.

KARA (O.S.)

You're not.

Owen RAISES his head and takes one last look at Kara.

He readies himself, and STANDS up.

Kara WATCHES, but remains seated.

KARA

Goodbye Mr. Heath.

OWEN

Goodbye Mrs. Anderson.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

BRIGHT SKY AND TREES ALL AROUND.

Owen, clad in a think hoodie, track pants, and sneakers, all navy, RUNS at a fast pace.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - DAY

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM WITH LOCKERS LINING THE WALLS.

SHOWERS WITH INDIVIDUAL PRIVATE STALLS, LOOKING LIKE ANY GYM TYPE BATHROOM.

Owen dressed in blue jeans, dark green sweater and black boots, stands at an open locker.

He DRAGS on a dark green leather café racer jacket.

His IPHONE, placed in the shelf of the locker RINGS.

EXT. DANE'S DODGE CHALLENGER PARKED ON STREET - AFTERNOON
A CLEAR DAY ON AN EMPTY STREET.

Dane, wearing a black leather pea coat, grey hoodie, blue jeans and black boots, sits in the driver's seat, with Owen in the front passenger seat.

Dane PULLS an envelope from an inner coat pocket.

He HANDS it to Owen, which he TAKES in hand.

OWEN
What is it?

DANE
It's a payoff for an asset.

OWEN
Name!

DANE
Miguel Diaz... He's in the last
office on the third floor.

Owen DRAWS a Heckler and Koch USP 40 caliber standard size pistol from a waist holster from behind, and CHAMBERS a round.

DANE
No guns. He won't meet with you if
you're armed.

Appearing confused, Owen LOOKS at Dane without a response.

INT. OFFICE - OFFICE FLOOR - AFTERNOON

A MODERN LOOKING BUILDING FLOOR WITH A GLASS ON GLASS LOOK,
BOTH WALLS AND DOORS.

Owen walks past a row of empty offices with no furniture until he reaches the end of the hall.

THE NAME, MIGUEL DIAZ, APPEARS ON DESCRIPTIVE PLATE NEAR THE DOOR, WITH THE OFFICE DOOR AJAR.

Owen PEERS into the office and sees what appears to be blood on the floor.

He slowly ENTERS and find a heavy wood desk and nothing else in the office.

OFFICE - OFFICE FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Owen makes his way to elevator.

He PRESSES the call button then TURNS to take a look behind.

The BING acknowledging the elevator is heard.

Owen turns around and is immediately KNOCKED down by a forceful KICK to the stomach.

A large male, thirties, shaved head, and mean looking (imagine Michael Clarke Duncan at his muscled best, but without the friendly disposition) EXITS the elevator, clad in an overly fitted long sleeved black t-shirt, black jeans, and black boots.

Owen, appearing confused, STARES at the monster in front of him.

He DRAWS a Heckler and Koch P30L pistol from his waistband from behind.

OWEN RUSHES him and FORCES him to a wall, which KNOCKS the gun to the ground.

The men GRAPPLE and THROW PUNCHES, each able to BLOCK the others blows.

The forcefully MOVE about the hallway.

Owen HEAD-BUTTS him, which FORCES him to release his grip, and follows up with several hard PUNCHES to his head.

Owen STUNS him, and he FALLS back.

Owen RUSHES for the pistol on the ground, but the recovered male, CHARGES at him and they both fly through one of glass office walls.

They both LAND hard on the floor leaving them both stunned.

They both RISE from the floor, BREATHING hard, the larger man less stunned.

He attempts to RUSH Owen, but Owen STOPS him with a strong front kick to the stomach which floors him.

He attempts to RISE.

Owen GRABS him and Judo THROWS him out of broken window, which him.

(CONTINUED)

Owen notices the pistol in the hallway and RUSHES for it, but the male recovers again, and rushes toward Owen.

They BOTH fly through another glass office wall, and they HIT the floor hard,

The larger male RISES first, with Owen, a close second, both feeling the effects and having the physical damage from the fight.

The male RUSHES Owen, with Owen stopping him with a groin KICK which causes him to take a knee SCREAMING.

Owen follows up with several hard head PUNCHES which FLOORS the male.

He attempts to disable the male with a rear naked choke.

This force of the choke affects the male, but he is able to gather enough strength and reverse HEAD-BUTT Owen, which causes him to SCREAM in PAIN.

He uses an arm to PUNCH the male in the head, which causes him to weaken.

Owen re-establishes his CHOKE.

The male is weakened, but summons strength.

The male RISES up with Owen on his back, and he bites Owens arm, which causes him to SCREAM.

The male is able to THROW Owen off of him, and he HITS the floor very hard.

Owen, in pain, RISES up slowly and he is HIT several times in the face.

He FALLS to the ground.

The male, in pain and very disoriented, STUMBLES out of the office and he FALLS to the floor.

After a moment, he GETS up, attempting to get his bearings.

He attempts to GRAB the gun.

As he reaches the pistol, Owen RUSHES him and PUSHES him through another glass wall.

The male HITS the floor hard.

Owen JUMPS on top of him and THROWS elbows over and over until it appears that he is unconscious.

He GETS up, attempting to get his bearings, now standing over the unconscious male.

He staggers out of the office attempting to GRAB the gun.

Owen turns around to see the male STAGGERING out of the office.

Owen reaches for the GUN.

He CHECKS the gun and sees that magazine is not in the weapon.

Owen LOOKS around for the magazine, but it can't be found. He LOOKS toward the male's direction and sees that he has the magazine in hand, RAISING it high in the air, taunting Owen.

Both men, appearing as if they have been through hell, bloody and bruised, menacingly STARE at each other.

The male, nearly immobile due to the final wall push, attempts to move forward.

Owen, injured, but in better shape, THROWS the gun at the male, HITTING him in the face hard.

He SCREAMS in pain, and falls to a knee, with his head lowered.

He slowly STANDS.

As he RAISES his head, he sees a furious Owen RUSH him and he is FORCED into the office KNOCKING him through the glass door.

He lands back first, with Owen on top of him.

As he attempts to get up, Owen THROWS three vicious punches, and a final elbow that finally takes him out of play.

Owen RIFLES through the male's pockets, appearing to look for ID, but only finds KEYS for a Cadillac Escalade.

Owen RISES up.

He STARES at the bright sky PEERING through the glass window in the office.

He MOVES toward the door, in pain, but attempting to EXIT the building.

A BING is heard and a male, also shaved head, thirties, and dressed the same as the unconscious male, but about Owen's height and build RUSHES out of the elevator with a Heckler and Koch 40 caliber UMP submachine gun in hand.

Owen RETREATS into office the, using the desk for cover.

The male FIRES his weapon, RUSHING forward, the bullets HIT various parts of the glass wall, causing it to shatter.

As he gets to the room, Owen GRABS him and PULLS him into the office.

He HITS the floor near the window, with his gun falling from his hand.

It LANDS on the floor near him.

He GRABS the gun.

As he is about to SHOOT Owen, Owen RUSHES forward and HITS him with very hard front kick to the chest.

He is FORCED backwards through the window.

Owen makes his way to LOOK through the broken window.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A PARKED LATE MODEL VAN IN AN EMPTY AREA.

THE MALE, NOW UNCONSCIOUS, BUT ALIVE, IS ON THE ROOF OF THE TRUCK, FLAT ON HIS BACK.

Owen STARES at the unconscious man.

INT. OFFICE - ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

A modern looking well lit elevator car.

Owen WIPES blood from his face.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Now standing outside of the building, Owen nervously LOOKS for Dane, but he is nowhere to be found.

Owen SEES a CADILLAC Escalade PARKED further down the street.

Owen PULLS out the keys taken from the large male, from a jean pocket.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - MEDICAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

A MEDICAL COUNTER HOLDING VARIOUS MEDICAL EQUIPMENT AND TOOLS.

Owen, sitting on a bed, in the same clothes, but shirtless, is being attended to by a female medical technician, dressed in blue medical scrubs.

He LOOKS downward and STARES at his hands, bloody and bruised during the fight at the office.

CIA BLACK-SITE - ROOM - NIGHT

A white on white room illuminated by ceiling lights.

A SHEET OF STAND-ALONE GLASS WALL.

A BODY ARMOR VEST PLACED ON A METALLIC CHAIR.

Amanda, in black jeans, dark pink sweater and black dress boots, stands across the room, in front of a metallic table.

A HECKLER AND KOCH 40 CALIBER UMP SUBMACHINE GUN PLACED ON TOP OF THE TABLE.

Owen, in distressed blue jeans, form fitting purple t-shirt, and blue sneakers, ENTERS.

He appears bruised, and bandaged, on his arm from the bite wound.

AMANDA

This look familiar!

Amanda hand MOTIONS for him to come to her, and Owen follows her order.

He is now standing next to her.

Amanda HOLDS up the weapon for Owen to view.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Your standard 40 caliber sub-machine gun.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I'm familiar with the weapon.

AMANDA

You've used blank ammunition before.

OWEN

Yes.

AMANDA

This works basically the same way, but it's been modified.

Amanda RAISES the weapon and FIRES at the body armor.

What appears to be blood, EXPLODES from the body armor.

Owen appears confused by the outcome.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

The mag's loaded with electronic rounds synched to electronics... You want something to look real without the injury and death that result from live fire... You load electronic receivers into walls, body armor, clothing... Whatever the need calls for.

Amanda PLACES the weapon back on the table.

She then points at the glass.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Standard glass wall!

Amanda WALKS across the room and STOPS in front of the glass wall.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Looks like any other solid glass wall.

Amanda TURNS to WALK away, but immediately TURNS back and FORCES her fist through the wall.

She PULLS her arm back and HOLDS it up for Owen to view.

Owen LOOKS at her arm, and is surprised by the fact that it is uninjured.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hard pressure mold safety glass...
It feels like the real thing, but
it's less damaging to skin.

Owen MOVES over to the shattered wall and INSPECTS the glass.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You were never in any real danger.

OWEN
Really... Then explain the walking
steroid case and his
friend... Explain that.

AMANDA
I think you and Ellis need to have
a talk.

CIA BLACK-SITE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A LONG WHITE ON WHITE HALLWAY.

A WHITE DOOR AT THE END.

Owen, dressed as before, WALKS toward the door.

As he gets nearer to the door a BUZZ is heard.

The door OPENS.

Kara, dressed in a curve hugging blue sweater, blue jeans,
and brown stiletto boots, EXITS.

Owen, confused, is STOPPED in his tracks by her appearance.

Kara appears unfazed.

KARA
He's down the hall.

Kara WALKS past Owen and makes her way down the hall.

Owen TURNS and WATCHES her walk away.

CIA BLACK-SITE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE ROOM.

OLD SCHOOL VIDEO GAMES A SODA MACHINE AND A POOL TABLE IN THE CENTER. IT'S A MAN CAVE ON STEROIDS.

Owen ENTERS and WALKS toward the center.

Dane, dressed in black jeans, grey button down shirt, black t-shirt and black boots, stands by the pool table, with a pool stick in hand, ready to play.

He is able to hit the black ball in a corner pocket, with Owen, WATCHING from the other end.

Dane PLACES the stick on the table.

He USES a remote to turn on a large flat screen monitor on the wall above the pool table.

A PICTURE OF OWEN ALONG WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION APPEARS ON SCREEN.

DANE

That's your life story... I know everything about you, but in the end, it's just a file.

Owen LOOKS at his information on screen.

DANE

I haven't been honest with you.

Owen RESPONDS angrily.

OWEN

Telling me something I already know just makes this a waste of time for the both of us.

DANE

You want answers.

OWEN

Yes.

DANE

Then kill the attitude.

Owen, appearing to conciliate, calms himself down.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Sorry.

Dane continues.

DANE

You remember the night I showed up at your apartment... I said that this was an assessment process to see if you get in.

OWEN

I remember.

DANE

You're already in.

Owen appears confused.

OWEN

What?

DANE

Do you think Willis would invest this amount of time and money if you weren't already in.

OWEN

Then what is this?

DANE

You're only halfway in.

Owen appears confused by the statement.

DANE (CONT'D)

This is black operations, the dark sector... We do the the things people want done, are disgusted that we do it, but deep down need it done.

OWEN

I know what this is.

DANE

Do you really.

OWEN

Yes. Yes I do... What I don't know is that If I'm in, why didn't you just say so.

(CONTINUED)

DANE

Because we needed to know!

OWEN

Know what.

They are silent for a moment.

DANE

The situation at your apartment!
You came in by surprise instead of
through the front door, which means
you're smart enough to see the full
picture and not run in guns
blazing.

OWEN

It seemed like the best option at
the time.

DANE

I test you on every level and you
impress us with your skill set. But
instead of a look of disappointment
because you don't get a pat on the
back, you just work harder... That
shows resolve.

OWEN

And what about---

DANE

Kara. Yeah that's her real name.

OWEN

Why? Why even set that in motion?

DANE

You're smart enough not to jump
into a complicated mess, even
though what's in front of you is
too good to pass up... That shows
will.

OWEN

And what you sent me into today?

DANE

We needed to assess how you'd react
in a situation you couldn't
control.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

And that proves what. I can take a beating.

DANE

That when an op turns into a fuck-up, you react, adapt and find a way to finish.

OWEN

Who were they?

Dane USES the remote.

A PICTURE OF EACH OF THE MEN OWEN FOUGHT WITH APPEARS ON SCREEN.

DANE

They're training staff assigned to work on the unit combat scenarios.

OWEN

Then why'd they go full out if this was just a training session.

DANE

An target won't go easy on you, so why should they.

OWEN

So this was a test.

DANE

You need to know what you're going to see in this world before we let you all the way in.

OWEN

And when does that happen?

DANE

When the time comes you'll know.

OWEN

Then what?

DANE

Then you choose to take the final step, or walk away.

CIA BLACK-SITE - POOL ROOM - DAY

A LARGE POOL AREA.

Owen, in blue swim trunks, is WADING in deep center, with swim weights attached to his arms and legs.

Dane, standing on the ground area nearby, clad in blue jeans, maroon polo shirt and black sneakers, WATCHES Owen wade away.

DANE

Stop.

Owen STOPS wading.

OWEN

I can keep going.

DANE

You've been at it long enough.

Owen REMOVES the weights and THROWS them to the ground area beside the pool.

Dane GRABS his cellphone from a jean pocket to respond to an alert noise telling him he received a text.

Dane EXITS.

Owen WATCHES him for a moment, then begins to SWIM, DIVING under water.

He reaches the end, RISES from under water, TAKES a breath and TURNS to SWIM under water to the other end.

As he's about to reach the other end.

He is STOPPED by a pair of female legs in the pool, crossed at the ankles.

He RISES from under water to see Kara, dressed in a red sport two piece bathing suit.

Owen STANDS up and WIPES his eyes.

KARA

Hey.

Owen remains silent, appearing confused.

(CONTINUED)

KARA (CONT'D)

Relax. Ellis isn't setting you up again.

Owen remains silent.

KARA

This only works if I'm not the only one talking.

OWEN

What're you doing here?

KARA

I was supposed to work with one of the combat instructors.

OWEN

It doesn't explain why you're here.

KARA

He's out on medical leave.

OWEN

What happened to him?

KARA

You front kicked him through a third floor window.

Owen is surprised by the statement.

OWEN

How'd you---

KARA

There was a live camera feed set up to record what happened.

OWEN

You watched.

KARA

I did.

OWEN

I'm just glad the truck was there to break his fall.

KARA

They made sure it was there.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Why?

KARA

In case you ended up out there.

KARA

You know they were both high level black belts.

OWEN

So am I.

KARA

I know.

Kara SMILES at Owen.

OWEN

Who are you?

KARA

Kara Anderson.

OWEN

You know what I mean.

KARA

I'm a contract player. Just like Ellis

OWEN

So you're part of the eval process?

KARA

Yes.

OWEN

Why?

KARA

Most men have issues with women, good or bad. Ellis needed to know if a female target might be able to get into your head.

OWEN

How'd he even know I'd be attracted to you.

Kara vainly STARES at herself then returns to the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

KARA
Seriously!

Owen WATCHES as she MOVES her legs in the water.

KARA (CONT'D)
You could've just left the tablet
at the bar.

OWEN
I'm curious about something.

KARA
What?

OWEN
What if I didn't pull away!

KARA
If you didn't leave!

OWEN
What if I stayed?

Kara SMILES at Owen.

She SLIDES herself into the pool, and SWIMS past Owen.

He TURNS and WATCHES her SWIM off.

CIA BLACK-SITE - TECH CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A GLASS ON GLASS ROOM: WALLS, DOORS AND TABLE.

A LARGE FLAT SCREEN MONITOR IS ON THE WALL, WITH THE PICTURE
OF MALE, LATE FORTIES, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION ON
SCREEN.

DANE, AND AMANDA, WHO'S DRESSED IN A BLACK PANTS SUIT, LIGHT
BLUE DRESS SHIRT AND BLACK HEELS, ARE SITTING ACROSS FROM
EACH OTHER.

AMANDA
That's ERIC HILL.

DANE
Who is he?

AMANDA
High level money manager!

Amanda uses a remote and brings up the picture of female,
late thirties.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
RAMONA VALDEZ... Arms dealer.

DANE
What's her connection to Hill?

AMANDA
He cleans and moves her money.

DANE
What'd you need?

AMANDA
A snatch-grab, then a debrief for
Hill off-site and Valdez out of the
picture.

DANE
How much time do we have?

AMANDA
Forty-eight hours.

DANE
That's a small clock.

AMANDA
It is, but it's all the time we
have.

Dane appears concerned by the statement.

AMANDA
Do you trust me?

DANE
I wouldn't follow an order you gave
if I didn't

AMANDA
Then earn your pay and get it done.

CIA BLACK-SITE - LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

OWEN, IN A WAIST HUNG TOWEL.

He stands in front of a closed locker, TOWELING his hair.

Dane ENTERS.

He STOPS as he gets near Owen

(CONTINUED)

DANE

There's a problem that needs to be dealt with.

OWEN

What?

DANE

A clean up job that needs to be dealt with.

OWEN

I guess I'll see you when you get back.

Dane EXITS.

Owen OPENS his locker, and is surprised by what's inside.

His Heckler and Koch 40 caliber USP standard size pistol has been placed on the shelf.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE LARGE HANGAR.

A GULFSTREAM JET TAXIED IN THE MIDDLE.

SEVERAL LATE MODEL SUVS PARKED INSIDE.

Dane and Kara are standing near the jet, both dressed in all black: t-shirts, camouflage pants and tactical boots.

THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL BLACK EQUIPMENT BAGS.

Owen ENTERS, dressed the same as Dane and Kara.

He STOPS as he gets to them, and is surprised by a male EXITING the jet.

It's the same male he fought with when he first met Kara.

The male WALKS toward them.

DANE

That's GREG PRESTON.

Owen, remains silent, appearing not to know how to respond.

GREG

So you're part of this?

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I guess so.

They STARE at each other, with Owen still adjusting to the surprise.

GREG

Glad to have you with us.

Greg EXTENDS a hand.

Owen responds, and they shake.

Owen appears eased by the gesture.

OWEN

Owen Heath.

GREG

I know.

OWEN

Sorry about before.

GREG

Don't be.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A DARK NEON LIT PLACE.

PICTURE A SOUTH BEACH NIGHT CLUB AT ITS EXTRAVAGANT BEST.

WELL-DRESSED PATRONS MOVE ABOUT, TALKING, INTERACTING, DRINKING AND ENJOYING THE EXPERIENCE.

A DJ BOOTH, SHINY AND MONSTROUS, HOVERS ABOVE THE PATRONS.

NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Club patrons DANCE to club music (Think Calvin Harris' Thinking about you, or something in that realm), Hypnotized by the light and sound system.

NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

WELL STOCKED.

It is attended to by male bartenders in black dress pants, black dress shirts and black dress boots.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC HILL, early forties, athletic build, in a burgundy velvet blazer, black dress shirt, burgundy tie, black dress pants and black dress shoes, stands at the bar.

He SIPS a drink.

He PUTS his glass on the counter in front him.

Eric notices something in his eye path.

Kara, in a tight, black, short, curve hugging dress, and strap heels, sits on a couch, HOLDING a martini glass.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

AN EXPENSIVE HIGH END LOOKING COMPLEX, PASTEL PAINTED WALLS AND MIRRORED GLASS GIVE OFF A SENSE OF MODERN AND NEW.

A SECURITY DESK AT THE CENTER.

GREY SUITED, WHITE DRESS SHIRTED, OXFORD SHOED, BLACK TIE WEARING MALES, WITH A LOOK OF STRIP CLUB BOUNCERS, MANNING THE AREA.

SEVERAL FLAT SCREEN MONITORS ARE IN FRONT OF THEM.

Eric and Kara ENTER.

Eric PAWS at her.

CONDO COMPLEX ERIC'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A PASTEL PAINTED ROOM WITH MODERN FURNITURE.

Eric, sitting in a chair with his tie and jacket off, and top shirt button opened, exposing a white under shirt.

He SIPS a drink from a glass then suddenly STOPS.

Kara ENTERS from a bathroom, now in a black bra, black panties, and nothing else.

She WALKS toward ERIC.

As she gets to him, she TAKES the glass from his hand, GULPS the drink down, and PLACES the glass on a table next to ERIC.

Kara seductively SITS on top of ERIC, allowing him to GROPE her as if he was at a strip club getting a lap dance, STOPPING as his hands get toward her ass.

(CONTINUED)

Kara slowly REACHES behind with a hand as if she was about to unhook her bra.

A SMALL SYRINGE ATTACHED TO THE BRA FROM BEHIND.

She STABS him with the syringe in an arm, and injects him with the fluid held inside.

Eric SCREAMS and PUSHES her off of him.

He attempts to walk away, but Kara ground KICKS him in the groin, and he MOANS and falls.

Eric now on his knees, attempts to RISE.

He is mounted by Kara from behind.

She ELBOWS him in the back, and as he FALLS, subdues him with a REAR naked CHOKE, keeping the hold until he is unconscious.

Kara STANDS up, GRABS her purse on the bed, and PULLS out black zip tie restraints.

CONDO COMPLEX - ERIC'S CONDO - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL PROTEIN SHAKE BOTTLES IN FRONT OF THEM.

The guards WATCH an MMA match on a Flat screen near the security monitors.

One of the guards NOTICES a panic alert coming from Eric's condo BLINKING on one of the computer screens in front of him.

GUARD

I better check this.

CONDO COMPLEX ERIC'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The GUARD ENTERS.

He is STOPPED in his tracks as he sees Eric on the floor, face down with his hands and feet tied with zip tie restraints.

Kara is standing behind him with a shiny knife in hand, HELD behind her.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

What the fuck.

Kara KICKS the guard in the back of both knees, which FLOORS him forward, leaving him SCREAMING in pain.

Kara viciously STABS the guard in the back and arms over and over, causing blood to spurt on her.

He FALLS, landing on his back, unable to move.

Kara JUMPS on top of him, MOUNTING him.

He attempts to BUCK her off, but can't due to his injuries.

He MOANS in pain, LOOKING at Kara.

Kara viciously STABS him in the chest over and over.

At the point of death the guard passively raises his hands as if BEGGING her to stop.

Kara COVERS his mouth with a hand.

She SLITS his throat, causing blood to SPURT on her.

The guard, due to his severe injuries, DRIFTS off to death.

Kara REACHES for the guard's waist holstered Heckler and Koch P30L pistol, and CHAMBERS a round.

CONDO COMPLEX - ERIC'S CONDO - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

Appearing confused due to the guard not returning, the other guard CHECKS his watch.

He's about to STAND, but is STOPPED in his tracks by an approaching figure.

KARA, COVERED IN BLOOD, TOPLESS, WITH HER HAIR SPREAD TO COVER HER NIPPLES.

The guard remains frozen and unable to speak due to what's in front of him.

KARA

Hi.

Kara SHOOTs him TWICE, KILLING him with head shots, causing blood to SPRAY on the wall behind him.

His body HITS the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Kara WALKS toward the dead guard.

She STANDS above him, STARING at the body.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

AN EXPENSIVE LOOKING HOME.

Armed guards in white dress shirts, grey or black dress pants, dress boots, and armed with Heckler and Koch G36 assault rifles, perform sentry duty outside of the palatial estate from various points.

One by one they are sniper SHOT and KILLED with head shots.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR HOME - NIGHT

A WOODED AREA NEAR THE HOME.

Owen, dressed in the same outfit as before, is on the ground, with a silenced Heckler and Koch PSG1 sniper rifle in hand.

He REACHES for the hand attachment of a two way radio and SPEAKS.

OWEN

Guards are down. Go.

WOODED AREA NEAR HOME - NIGHT

DANE DRESSED AS BEFORE, STANDS, HOLDING A HECKLER AND KOCH 69A1 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

He FIRES a projectile at the home, which ENTERS the home through a window.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A LARGE SPACIOUS ROOM, WITH EXTRAVAGANT FURNISHINGS.

THE PROJECTILE GRENADE IS EMBEDDED INTO A WALL WITH A COUNTDOWN CLOCK AT FIVE SECONDS RUNNING DOWN.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

A LARGE EXPLOSION.

THE EXPLOSION BLOWS OUT THE WINDOWS AND DOORS.

FLAMES AND SMOKE SHOOT OUT OF OPENINGS.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR HOME - NIGHT

Owen, standing, WATCHES the chaos in front of him.

EXT. SUV ON SECLUDED STREET - NIGHT

A luxury late model SUV moves at a normal rate of speed.

The SUV has three passengers.

TWO MALES, DRESSED IN WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, DARK DRESS PANTS AND DRESS BOOTS, FACES UNSEEN.

THE PASSENGER IN THE REAR, RAMONA VALDEZ, LATE THIRTIES, ATTRACTIVE, DRESSED IN A BLACK BUTTON SHORT, BLACK JEANS AND DRESS BOOTS.

Ramona, with an IPHONE to her ear, appears impatient.

The sound of the called individual's cellphone can be heard, RINGING unanswered.

She ENDS the call and PLACES the cellphone on the seat next to her.

The SUV comes to a sharp STOP.

Ramona, appearing concerned, RESPONDS to the driver sternly.

RAMONA

Why are we stopped?

The rear doors are LOCKED by the driver.

He SHOOTS the male in the front passenger seat numerous times, KILLING him, causing blood to SPRAY on his seat and front mirror.

Ramona, extremely frightened, remains silent, frozen in place.

Greg, REVEALING himself as the driver, TURNS to face RAMONA.

He POINTS a silenced Heckler and Koch 40 caliber standard size USP pistol at her.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

A WHITE ON WHITE INTERROGATION ROOM.

THREE FLAT SCREEN MONITORS PLACED ON THE WALL.

THE ROOM FURNISHINGS ARE SPARE, JUST A METALLIC TABLE.

ERIC SITTING IN A CHAIR WITH HIS ARMS RESTRAINED BEHIND HIM, APPEARS UNCONSCIOUS.

A RECORDING CAMERA ON THE WALL.

FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

OWEN SEATED AT THE CENTER PLACED COMPUTER BAY, DRESSED IN A BROWN SWEATER, BLUE JEANS AND BROWN BOOTS.

He WATCHES Eric via the camera feed.

FARMHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

DANE, STANDING, DRESSED IN BLACK JEANS, GREY BUTTON DOWN SHIRT WITH THE SLEEVES ROLLED UP, BLACK T-SHIRT AND BLACK BOOTS, HOLDS AN EPI-PIN TYPE SYRINGE BEHIND HIM.

He WATCHES Eric, seated further back.

A BUZZ noise EMITS from his IPHONE, and he pulls the cellphone from a jean pocket, STOPS the alert noise and re-pockets the cellphone.

Dane WALKS to Eric.

He INJECTS him in the neck with the syringe, caps it and walks away.

Moments later, Eric begins to AWAKEN.

As he becomes CONSCIOUS, he begins to gather his bearings.

He nervously LOOKS around, appearing fearful due to his current situation.

DANE (O.S.)
Good morning Mr. Hill.

(CONTINUED)

Dane is standing to the side of the room near a table with several bottles of water, the capped syringe and a metallic briefcase on top.

A metallic chair is near the table.

Eric LOOKS at Dane, appearing confused.

Dane GRABS the chair.

He WALKS toward Eric.

Owen PLACES the chair a short distance from Eric and SITS down.

DANE (CONT'D)
Or can I call you Eric.

Eric remains silent.

DANE (CONT'D)
You're feeling alright?

ERIC
What is this?

DANE
It's a conversation Eric.

ERIC
What is... Who the fuck are you?

DANE
Ramona Valdez... You're employer.

Eric remains silent.

DANE (CONT'D)
She's an arms dealer... You clean the money and make it accessible to her.

ERIC
Lawyer!

DANE
Excuse me.

ERIC
I know my rights.

DANE

You want a lawyer.

Eric becomes angry.

ERIC

Assault! Kidnapping! Arrest without due process.

DANE

You think you're under arrest.

Dane SMIRKS, causing Eric to become angrier.

ERIC

You think this is funny.

DANE

Ramona Valdez sells guns to very bad people. The kinds of people who can't get weapons by any legal means.

ERIC

I don't know what you're talking about.

DANE

She keeps a low profile, keeps up the appearance of a legit business-woman, but recently law enforcement in your state got an anonymous call about an arms dealer and a sale to some very dangerous buyers... The kind that want to take down a commercial jet.

Eric becomes defiant.

ERIC

She's not a criminal.

DANE

She's not.

ERIC

That's right... I don't know what you're talking about... I didn't call the FBI.

DANE

I said law enforcement... I didn't say FBI.

FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Owen WATCHES the interaction between Dane and Eric via the camera feed.

FARMHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Eric remains silent, appearing as if his world has just fallen in front of him.

DANE (CONT'D)

Appearing legit is only part of staying out of jail. You think she didn't have someone within law enforcement as an asset to protect her interests.

ERIC

I just... I didn't.

DANE

You're swimming in a sea of shit right now, and I'm offering you a way out.

ERIC

What?

DANE

Valdez was given money upfront from the buyers. The rest was supposed to be sent after she made sure the merchandise was delivered... I need the account information regarding the fund transfer.

Eric reacts in an animated manner.

ERIC

Are you crazy? I do that and I'm dead.

DANE

You were dead before we grabbed you.

Eric appears confused by the statement.

ERIC

What're talking about?

(CONTINUED)

DANE

She was on her way to kill you. If we didn't move in you'd be in a basement somewhere right now being tortured for fun.

ERIC

Bullshit.

Dane RISES from his chair.

He WALKS to the table, GRABS a remote and turns on a monitor to reveal a camera feed of Ramona, unconscious, in a room similar to the one they're in.

SHE'S RESTRAINED TO A CHAIR IN THE SAME WAY AS ERIC.

Eric, shocked by the image, STARES intently at the monitor.

ERIC

Is this real?

DANE

Yes.

ERIC

What happens to her?

DANE

Worry about yourself.

DANE USES the remote to turn on another monitor.

A STILL VIDEO PHOTO OF THE HOME HE DESTROYED APPEARS ON SCREEN.

DANE

That's the home you used as a weapons depot. The guns you had in the basement, the ones promised to the buyers are up in smoke... No weapons! No way to get to the dealer. Who do you think they'll come looking for.

ERIC

You can't do that.

DANE

What! Leave you out there for the buyers to go after... Yes. Yes I can.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

You're telling me you'll leave me out there if I don't give you what you want.

DANE

We're not cops. Our main objective is to make sure the guns don't get to the buyers... Give us the information on the accounts and we make it look like she took the money and ran... You get to walk away clean.

Dane USES the remote to turn on the last monitor.

A PICTURE OF A YOUNG FEMALE APPEARS ON SCREEN.

Eric STARES at the picture intently.

DANE (CONT'D)

She look familiar to you!

ERIC

She doesn't have anything to do with this.

DANE

JENNIFER HILL... Your daughter... What is she, seventeen.

ERIC

Eighteen!

DANE

What do you think they'll do to her?

ERIC

She doesn't know anything.

DANE

You think they'll trust anything you have to say... You'll get to watch her die right in front of you.

Eric LOOKS at the picture.

FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Owen WATCHES as Eric BREAKS down.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - DAY

A LATE MODEL SUV.

DANE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

ERIC, IN THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE, APPEARING DEFEATED AND DEJECTED, LOST IN THOUGHT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

IN THE ROOM THAT RAMONA IS BEING KEPT IN.

Ramona, still restrained in her chair, appears frightened, and STARES straight forward.

Kara, dressed in a black tank top, light blue jeans, and black boots, stands at the other end of the room with a Heckler and Koch 40 caliber standard size USP pistol, pointed at Ramona.

EXT. SUV ON STREET - DAY

Dane and Eric continue on the road.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

RAMONA ON THE FLOOR, ON HER BACK, DEAD FROM A HEAD SHOT KILL SHOT.

Kara stands over the body, LOOKING at Ramona.

Greg ENTERS, dressed the same as Kara, with a large roll of plastic wrap tucked under his arm.

HE HAS A HACKSAW HELD IN ONE HAND AND A CHAINSAW HELD IN THE OTHER.

THE HEAD WOUND ALLOWS BLOOD TO FLOW FROM THE BACK OF RAMONA'S HEAD.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - ROOM - NIGHT

A WHITE ON WHITE, BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM.

DANE, DRESSED IN A GREY SWEATER, BLACK JEANS AND BLACK BOOTS, SITS ACROSS FROM OWEN, DRESSED THE SAME AS DANE, BUT ALL IN BLACK, COVERED BY A BLACK CAFE RACER LEATHER JACKET.

THEY ARE SEATED IN METALLIC CHAIRS, WITH A METALLIC TABLE SEPARATING THEM.

A CLOSED FILE FOLDER PLACED BETWEEN THEM.

DANE

You remember when I told you you'd get to a point where you'd have to make a choice about all of this.

OWEN

I remember.

Dane PUSHES the file near Owen.

DANE

That's your first assignment if you want it, but I figured I'd give you a chance to hear the other options available to you.

ERIC

Alright.

DANE

Read the file... If the mission is a problem for you, you can walk away... We can send you back to your previous unit, or arrange for you to move into the private sector... A PMC, a private security agency.

ERIC

And if I accept!

DANE

Then you complete the mission.

Owen OPENS the file, and is shocked by what he sees.

EXT. OWEN'S DODGE CHARGER ON THE ROAD - NIGHT
ON A DARK SECLUDED ROAD.

Owen, dressed as before, DRIVES his vehicle.

HIS EYES FOCUSED ON THE ROAD AHEAD.

He STOPS the car and SWERVES to the side of the road.

OWEN SITS MOTIONLESS, APPEARING LOST IN THOUGHT.

INT. CIA BLACK-SITE - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE FILE IS OPEN WITH A PICTURE OF ERIC WITH THE LABEL OF
TARGET ABOVE THE PICTURE, AND A PICTURE OF HIS DAUGHTER,
JENNIFER, WITH THE LABEL WITNESS ABOVE HER PICTURE.

DANE

He dies in front of her. It goes
down as another person Valdez took
out to cover her tracks... The
buyers see it as one more terrible
thing she's done, and it leaves her
in the clear... Terrible, cruel and
as heartless as it gets, but the
lesser of two evils.

Owen remains silent, looking intently at Jennifer's
picture.

DANE (CONT'D)

So! Are you in, or out?

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS ARE SHOWN