

**MERC**

by

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&

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Resolution

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INT. C-130J HERCULES - NIGHT

SUP: NURISTAN, AFGHANISTAN

SILENT DARKNESS save for the sound of whirring TURBOPROPS and the frigid atmosphere wisping by.

A RED LIGHT pops on revealing SIX AIR FORCE COMMANDOES strapped with oxygen masks, helmets, parachute vests, weapons and ammunition pouches.

HALO 1 PILOT (V.O.)  
Angel 3-6, red is on. Halo 1 is ETA  
three minutes to drop zone.

The team lowers hi-tech NIGHT VISION OPTICS from their helmets. The team leader, JOHN TURNER, (30's) hits the other men on their helmets psyching them up for the jump.

JOHN  
(into com)  
Roger Halo 1.  
(to team)  
Alright boys, we're in and out in  
under thirty. Stay tight, let's get  
this pigeon back to the nest safe  
and sound.  
(beat)  
Kyle, give us the prayer.

Another Commando, KYLE, (30's) turns to face John.

KYLE  
Lord, as we go into battle, we ask  
that you bless us with your  
righteous sword and shield. Protect  
us against the evil we face and  
have mercy on our adversaries,  
because we certainly will not.

AIR FORCE COMMANDOES  
(in unison)  
Amen!

John pats Kyle on the shoulder and looks him in the eyes. They nod at each other. The red light switches to GREEN.

HALO 1 PILOT (V.O.)  
Angel 3-6, green is on. You are go  
for Halo.

JOHN  
Roger Halo 1, lower the gate.

The rear of the aircraft opens into darkness, wind howling.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Three, two, one. Let's go!

The men jump out into the black abyss.

EXT. FREE FALL - NIGHT

John and the men streak through the sky like black missiles headed towards the ground. Then suddenly their arms fan out, slowing their descent and revealing WING INLETS that connect their arms and legs into WINGSUITS. The wing inlets inflate and the teams drop transforms into a blistering glide.

The team cuts through the air and carves around a mountain top like fighter pilots in tight formation. John eyes the dense forest whipping by as they soar thousands of feet over it.

Parachutes deploy. The men maneuver in perfect tandem.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An ivory full-moon illuminates a small clearing as the commandos land one after the other. As they land they instantly jettison their flight gear and draw their weapons. Each of the men carry SILENCED HK416C ASSAULT RIFLES with M203 GRENADE LAUNCHERS mounted under the barrel. Another Commando, TIM (late 30's) wields an LSAT BELT FED MACHINE GUN. All of the weapons have INFRARED LASERS that streak across the terrain when seen through the green hue of their night vision goggles.

John flips open a Velcro patch on his left wrist revealing a TABLET COM UNIT. The screen illuminates showing:

A thermal God's eye view of his surrounding area. John's team flashes with INFRARED BEACONS on the screen. ANOTHER BEACON flashes just ahead of the teams position, not far from FLAMING JET WRECKAGE.

JOHN  
(into com)  
Nomad, this is Angel 3-6. We are  
TD, approximately two clicks south  
of Eagle. Predator is operational,  
over.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
(through com)  
Roger Angel 3-6, eye in the sky has  
you. Proceed to Eagle with caution.

John motions to the team to huddle up. He looks to Tim.

JOHN  
Tim, get Eagle on the line.

TIM  
Roger.

Tim adjusts the frequency on RADIO UNIT attached to his vest.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Eagle, come in. 3-6 is two clicks  
south of your position and en  
route, copy?  
(beat)  
Eagle, do you copy?

DOWNED PILOT (V.O.)  
(strained)  
Roger 3-6, Eagle copies. I'm hurt  
bad guys. I can't move my legs.  
Please hurry. I don't want to die  
in this shit hole.

TIM  
Copy Eagle we are on the way. Hold  
tight.

Tim nods to John.

JOHN  
Let's get our man before the bad  
guys find him. Hooyeah?

AIR FORCE COMMANDOES  
(in unison)  
Hooyeah.

JOHN  
Move out on me.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The team moves in formation through the dense forest.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Angel 3-6, Nomad detects a hundred  
plus enemy foot mobiles and  
multiple ATVs encroaching on  
Eagle's position.

John puts his fist up in the air. The team halts. John looks  
to his wrist mounted display to see:

A HUNDRED white dots and vehicles in a solid line moving  
towards the blinking beacon of the downed Pilot. John's team  
is not far away, but the enemy is closing in fast.

JOHN  
Roger, Nomad, confirmed hostiles  
approaching. Angel 3-6 is a half  
click south. We'll pick up the  
pace.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Negative 3-6, you have new orders.  
Abort mission and proceed to  
secondary extraction point for  
egress and return to base.

John can't believe what he is hearing.

JOHN  
Nomad, we can still accomplish the  
mission. ETA to Eagle, five  
minutes.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Negative 3-6. I repeat, abort  
mission and proceed with new  
directives.

JOHN  
Sir, if we abort our man's gonna  
have his beheading on the front  
page of Al-Jazeera's website. We  
can still make it.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Angel 3-6 you have been given  
direct orders to return to base.  
You hear me soldier? I'm not  
risking an entire tier-one team for  
one pilot. We'll use diplomatic  
channels to get him home. Proceed  
to extract now!

John flips up his night vision and looks to Kyle, who  
approaches.

JOHN  
(to Kyle)  
Diplomacy? This is bullshit. We  
abort and this guy's dead and you  
know it.

KYLE  
No question. We're the only hope  
he's got.

John turns to his team.

JOHN  
Alright boys, I don't know about  
you, but leaving our man out here  
in the dust to fend for himself  
just doesn't sit right with me. I  
say fuck Nomad, let's do what we  
came here to do and go get us our  
boy. Who's with me?

The other men ALL RAISE THEIR HANDS IN SUPPORT.

KYLE  
Nomad doesn't give a shit about our  
boy, he's more worried about saving  
his ass than saving our man.

TIM  
I'm not letting these fucking  
cavemen take one of our own. I'm on  
you Captain, hooyeah.

JOHN  
Just know that you follow me,  
you'll be disobeying direct orders.

KYLE  
These things we do...

AIR FORCE COMMANDOES  
(in unison)  
That others may live!

John smiles.

JOHN  
Affirmative. We gotta move.

The team begins moving at a near sprint through the forest.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (into com)  
 Savior, this is Angel 3-6  
 acknowledge.

SAVIOR (V.O.)  
 Acknowledged, 3-6. What is your  
 status?

INT. CV-22 OSPREY - NIGHT

High above the forest in flight gear, AIR FORCE PILOT SAVIOR  
 (30's) circles in his tilt-rotor Osprey aircraft.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 Savior we have a change of plans. I  
 need you to get to the primary  
 extract now.

SAVIOR  
 (into com)  
 Roger Angel 3-6. Receiving  
 conflicting orders, I have orders  
 to extract at secondary.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 Impromptu change of plans Savior. I  
 need you at the primary for exfil.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

John and the team haul ass through the brush.

SAVIOR (V.O.)  
 That's a tall order Angel 3...

John cuts him off.

JOHN  
 If it were you that got shot down,  
 you can bet your ass you'd want us  
 makin this call and comin to get  
 you. Think about it. Now, you meet  
 me at the primary in sixty seconds!  
 Roger?!

Silence over the airwaves.

SAVIOR (V.O.)  
 Roger Angel 3-6 proceeding to  
 primary extract.

JOHN  
Savior you are my own personal  
Messiah. Retrieving Eagle now.

John smiles. He motions for his team to move down a small animal path. In the distance he sees the blinking infrared beacon of the downed Pilot coming up ahead.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(to team)  
We've got Eagle.

The team approaches the ejection seat crash area. At the edge of the treeline John sees motion. He stops the team with his fist in the air.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Whiskey!

From the shadows the startled pilot calls back to confirm.

DOWNED PILOT  
(whispering, shaky)  
Uh... Bourbon!

John motions for the team to fall in. They approach the downed PILOT (30's) who is propped up against a tree stump with an MP7 SUBMACHINE GUN resting on his lap. The area is slightly illuminated from the burning jet wreckage not far off. John raises his night vision goggles.

DOWNED PILOT (CONT'D)  
Thank God you guys are here.

JOHN  
We're gonna get you outa here. Can  
you move at all?

The Pilot shakes his head and motions to his legs which are bloody and limp. He moans in agony.

DOWNED PILOT  
(strained)  
My right leg's broken and the other  
took some shrapnel on impact.

John motions to Kyle who unravels a soft gurney from his ruck sack. The rest of the team forms a perimeter. Kyle goes to work treating the Pilot's wounds. Kyle takes out a pack of fluids and injects a port into the pilot's arm.



KYLE

You're going to be alright. I'm just giving you some fluids so you don't go into shock, but I can't give you anything for the pain yet.

Kyle wraps a tourniquet around the Pilot's legs as he moans.

JOHN

Lieutenant, I know it hurts but don't pass out on me. We need the extra gun to cover our ass. Roger?

The Pilot nods, trying to hold it together. Kyle finishes dressing the Pilot's wounds.

KYLE

We're good to go.

JOHN

(into com)

Savior, Angel 3-6 has Eagle. ETA thirty seconds to extract.

SAVIOR (V.O.)

Roger 3-6, advise expedite, large amount of hostiles converging on your position. You need to get the fuck out of dodge NOW.

The com units explode with chatter.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

Angel 3-6, this is Nomad, you are disobeying direct orders! Proceed to secondary extract now and RTB or you will be court marshaled. Do you hear me?!

JOHN

I don't have time for this shit.

John changes the channel of his com unit. Kyle looks to him and smiles. John looks to his wrist mounted display and sees:

THE ENEMY FORCES ARE ALMOST ON TOP OF THEM.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to team)

We are Oscar Mike now! Incoming!

Almost on John's cue, the forest ERUPTS with MACHINE GUN FIRE. TRACER ROUNDS zip and streak from every angle.

John and Kyle grab either side of the gurney, now with the Pilot on it, and sprint away. The team RETURNS FIRE, covering their retreat in leap frog formation. They FIRE their M203's, launching grenades which EXPLODE into SPARKS like fireworks.

The wall of FIRE is gaining on the team. Bullets CHEW through nearby trees and foliage. Kyle falls and drops his side of the gurney. John drops his end and empties his gun into the darkness, now illuminated by bursts of gunfire. His magazine runs dry, CLICK. He spots an INSURGENT running at them and fires his M203 which explodes, crumpling him into a pile.

John reaches for the Pilots arm.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Let's go! Cover my ass!  
(to Kyle)  
I got him! Go!

John slings the Pilot over his shoulders and sprints toward a clearing just ahead. Kyle gets up and sprints to the extract, spraying fire behind them. The Pilot fires his MP7 in bursts.

In the clearing SAVIOR is coming to a hover with the gigantic propellers now vertical. The massive downdraft of the engines whips the forest floor as the craft descends.

INT. CV-22 OSPREY

The rear gate of the aircraft lowers emitting a red hue of covert fuselage lighting. A COMMANDO ON A SIX BARRELED M134 MINIGUN helps the men board just as the aircraft touches down. The team enters the Osprey, but John lags far behind.

KYLE  
Come on!

EXT. FOREST

John is steps from the ramp. He strides hard under the weight of the pilot. SHHHCK SHHHCK! TWO BULLETS EXIT JOHN'S CHEST IN PUFFS OF BLOOD. John grits his teeth and stumbles. Grunting through the pain, he musters enough strength to throw the Pilot forward onto the ramp. John falls flat on his face.

KYLE  
Man down! Contact rear! Cover fire!

Kyle, Tim and the rest of the team UNLOAD their weapons in a hail of GUNFIRE.

Kyle reaches out onto the ramp and grabs John's tac-vest to drag him into the fuselage as his team provides cover.

SHHHCK! A BULLET TEARS INTO Kyle's NECK spurting arterial spray into the air. Kyle reels back in shock. He crumples to a knee and covers his wound which oozes sheets of blood. Just as we think he is going down, he presses on and drags John further onto the craft before falling to his back next to John. The Osprey rises as John's legs dangle off the ramp. Tim sees this and instantly grabs John's collar and hoists him into the craft.

MULTIPLE ENEMY FIGHTERS emerge from the tree line FIRING on the Osprey. Bullets POP and PING all around them. An ENEMY FIGHTER with an RPG runs into the clearing and kneels to take aim at the Osprey as it ascends.

RIIIP! RIIIIIP! The Commando FIRES the minigun, sending a BEAM OF INCENDIARY RED TRACER rounds downrange, tearing the RPG-WIELDING FIGHTER to pieces. The gunner sweeps the machine gun back and forth in one sustained burst. Hot lead obliterates ENEMY FIGHTERS and ATVs, EXPLODING them into BALLS OF FIRE in a line of destruction.

INT. CV-22 OSPREY - NIGHT

John lays on the floor of the cargo bay in a pool of blood, in shock. John turns to Kyle who lays bleeding out beside him. Kyle's eyes rapidly blink as he gurgles blood, trying to stay conscious. John reaches out and grasps Kyle's hand.

JOHN

Kyle, stay with me. Stay with me.

An AIR FORCE MEDIC rushes over to Kyle and goes to work trying to save his life.

Tim holds John's head, struggling to keep him conscious.

TIM

We got him John! We got him! He's safe! Hang in there. We'll get you some help.

JOHN

(weak)

Help him. Help Kyle.

John watches the Medic work. His vision blurs. He passes out.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD UP: MERC

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John tosses in bed during a thunder storm, suffering from a nightmare. Lightning FLASHES and thunder BOOMS.

We FLASH INTO JOHN'S NIGHTMARE:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

John lies in a hospital bed in bloody bandages and is hooked up to a respirator. Tim stands at his side with a sullen look on his face.

FLASH TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAY

Rain pours over the funeral service for Kyle. John and Tim stand at attention and salute as GUNS fire for the 21 gun salute. They are dressed in AIR FORCE BLUES and MAROON BERETS. John has his arm in a sling. Tears stream down John's face and blend with the rain as he watches Kyle's WIDOW accept a folded AMERICAN FLAG.

MILITARY JUDGE (PRE-LAP)  
Captain Turner, we understand your  
sacrifice and value your loyalty to  
the United States Air Force.

FLASH TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - COURTROOM - DAY

In the same attire, John stands at attention in front of a MILITARY TRIBUNAL.

MILITARY JUDGE  
However, on your last operation,  
you disobeyed direct orders from a  
superior officer and misled eight  
operators under your command into a  
hot zone, recklessly endangering  
their lives, even after being given  
explicit orders to abort.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CORRIDORS - DAY

John paces a sterile hallway lined with American flags and portraits of U.S. Leaders. Tim stands nearby trying to calm John.

MILITARY JUDGE (V.O.)

Despite your ability to rescue the  
downed pilot, your actions led to  
the death of one of your team  
members. We understand you have  
been through a lot, but the United  
States Air Force has zero tolerance  
for insubordination.

JOHN

What is going on?!

TIM

We'll figure this out man. We did  
the right thing.

JOHN

This is bullshit. They can't do  
this!

Furious, John picks up a trash can and hurls it down the hallway. Composing himself, John leans up against the wall, pressing his hands on either side of a portrait. For a brief moment, he stares into the protective glass pane and catches his reflection next to that of an American flag draped behind him. He clinches his jaw and hangs his head in despair. Everything John stands for has just turned its back on him.

MILITARY JUDGE (V.O.)

As a result of your actions, I  
hereby dishonorably discharge you  
and strip you of all rank without  
the possibility of reinstatement.

The SNAP of a GAVEL hitting echoes.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

SUP: ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA... SIX MONTHS LATER

John lies in bed completely unconscious wearing only boxer briefs. His apartment is a pigsty. Beer cans, empty liquor bottles, take-out food boxes and dirty clothes are scattered everywhere. The phone RINGS.

John rolls over to reveal a scruffy beard and shaggy hair. He tries to stay asleep as the phone continuously rings. John grunts and stuffs his pillow over his head. Frustrated, he comes out from under the pillow.

JOHN  
(raspy)  
Shut up!

The call goes to voicemail.

TIM (V.O.)  
John, it's Tim. Pick up the phone  
man. Haven't heard back from you in  
way too long. Call me.

John rolls his eyes and rubs his face, adjusting to the light. He turns his alarm clock around which reads: 2:45pm

John again painfully grunts. He rights himself on his bedside, scratches his head and yawns. We see TWO BULLET WOUND SCARS on his back and an AIR FORCE PARARESCUE EMBLEM TATOO on his right arm with Angel wings encompassing a globe and "That Others May Live" scrolled underneath. John grabs his back as he stands to his feet. John walks into the...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

He picks up a bottle of Jack Daniels and looks for a vessel. He settles on a cup with a few cigarette butts in it and empties it into a half-eaten bowl of cereal. Under the cup is a large stack of YELLOW and RED ENVELOPES with the words "Final Notice" on them. John eyes the unopened mail and gives it the proverbial finger. He pours the glass half full and takes a giant swig with little reaction.

A KNOCK at the door. John looks over, annoyed.

On the other side...

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Tim knocks on the door of John's middle class apartment.

TIM  
John? Come on man, open the door.  
(continuing knocking)  
I'm not leaving till you open the  
door dude. John?

Tim goes to knock on the door again. Just before his hand lands on the door, it swings open slowly revealing...

John standing in the doorway holding the glass of whiskey and bracing himself on the door frame.

Tim smiles and takes it all in for a moment, until worry comes over his face.

TIM (CONT'D)

Holy sh... John.

John squints from the bright light of the afternoon and takes a swig of his whiskey. We see the EXIT WOUND SCARS on his shoulder and chest.

JOHN

You rang?

Tim is a bit stunned by what he sees.

TIM

Yeah, I've been trying to get you all morning, all week actually. Just got back from deployment and wanted to see how you were doing man. It's been a while.

JOHN

Well, now you know.

John goes to close the door. Tim pushes back.

TIM

You want to grab a drink or somethin?

John raises his cup of whiskey.

JOHN

I already got a drink, but thanks.

TIM

I can see that. Can I come in?

Defeated, John walks away from the door, leaving it ajar. Tim enters at his own risk.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Tim takes in how far his friend has let himself go.

JOHN

Make yourself at home. Feel free to grab a bite if you're hungry.

Tim eyes some half-eaten rotting pizza.

TIM  
I like what you've done with the  
place.

John walks to his kitchen counter, lights a cigarette, and  
takes a deep drag.

TIM (CONT'D)  
You smoke?

JOHN  
I've picked up some new habits.

TIM  
Clearly. Listen, can't we get out  
of here and go somewhere? Drinks on  
me, what do you say?

John takes another drag. Silence.

JOHN  
Will you stop botherin me already  
if we have one?

Tim nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Alright but you're buyin'.

Tim smiles.

TIM  
Alright, good. You go ahead and get  
yourself a shower cuz you smell  
like the shitter in a Haitian jail.  
I'll just wait here.

John shakes his head and walks back into his bedroom.

INT. JACK'S PUB - LATER

An old Irish pub complete with the owner as bartender. Neon  
signs and Irish chochkees line the walls.

John sits in a booth, now fully-clothed and with wet hair.  
Tim approaches the table with beers and takes a seat across  
from John.

TIM  
Cheers.



He goes to clink glasses with John, who leaves him hanging and takes half the beer down in one swig. Tim retreats his glass.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Alright.

John lowers his beer and looks to Tim with anticipation.

TIM (CONT'D)  
John, I get that this has been  
rough on you...

John lets out a sarcastic laugh.

JOHN  
Rough?

TIM  
Listen, I understand what you are  
going through. I mean, I don't, but  
I want to.

JOHN  
(insincere)  
Well, thanks for that. Glad you  
still have a job.

John takes a frustrated gulp.

TIM  
What happened, happened. I can't  
change it and neither can you. You  
made the right call. If we would  
have pulled back that Pilot would  
have been tortured six ways to  
Sunday and...

JOHN  
And Kyle would still be alive.

The reality of this hurts Tim.

TIM  
Maybe, maybe not.

JOHN  
It was my call.

TIM  
That's right, it was. And he knew  
what he was risking. We all did.  
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Shit happens, things go sideways, that's war. I'd do anything to get Kyle back, but it's not gonna happen. And if you think throwin your life down the shitter is going to honor him, then I have nothin more to say to you.

(beat)

I know life's put you through hell but at some point you gotta pick yourself up by the boot straps and give it hell back. Have you even tried finding anything else?

JOHN

Oh yeah, because there are oh-so-many employment options with a Dishonorable Discharge on your record. That shit's like the plague. I might as well be a fucking sex offender.

TIM

Well you can't just sit around feelin sorry for yourself all day drownin your problems. Shit look at yourself. You're the baddest motherfucker I know, there's got to be something else out there.

JOHN

I'm not about to start bouncing or running security for some second rate rent-a-cop service. "Hello ma'am, are you on the list? Oh I'm sorry we're at capacity."

Tim looks at John with pity. John vents his anger.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but that ain't me. I'm a soldier. The only skill set I have is warfare!

John takes another huge swig and stares at the table fuming. Tim tries to change gears.

TIM

I know it's bullshit. But your only choice is to figure somethin else out.

John looks up to Tim's eyes.

JOHN

Let me guess, you got some bright idea how I do that?

Seeing his moment Tim smirks and straightens up.

TIM

Somethin like that. You ever think about goin into private security? Hell I know plenty of ex-ops guys make a killin doin it. Shit ton more than the service from what I hear.

John rolls his eyes.

JOHN

What, you want me to be some teen pop star's baby-sitter? Yeah, no thanks.

TIM

You know it wouldn't kill you to pull your head out of your ass from time to time and catch up on the news. You ever heard of Blackwater, Blue Mountain? Tons of people need security. CEOs, diplomats, rich people. The point is it's a job, it's money, and from what I can see you need both desperately bud.

John lets out another dry laugh.

JOHN

Thanks.

Tim takes out a folded piece of paper.

TIM

I have an old Delta buddy that used to work for this place, Global Security Concepts. Get yourself squared away, give em a call and mention his name. I promise you'll at least get an interview. He already put in a good word for you.

John takes the piece of paper with the BUSINESS CARD stapled to it. He looks at it and nods his head. He looks back to Tim's eyes.

JOHN  
Thanks man. You may have saved my  
life.

John holds his beer out for a cheers. Tim smirks and they clink glasses.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

John lies in bed asleep. His room is less messy, obviously a half-assed attempt at cleaning up. John wakes to the sound of his alarm. He sits up in bed and looks to the clock which reads: 5:15am

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

John stands in a steaming hot shower washing off the loser and stale beer. He is still clearly in amazing shape.

John WIPES fog off the mirror. Steam wafts as John looks at himself in the mirror with annoyance. Did he really let himself slip this far? He looks down to a hair trimmer on his sink counter.

In a series of quick shots:

John clicks the trimmer on and goes to town shearing off his overgrowth. The WHIR of the trimmer sets the tone as John looks harder and more serious with every pass.

John has shaving cream on his face. He carefully drags the razor over his skin, not missing a hair. About half way through, John cuts himself. Blood trickles down his face and into the sink water. John tears off some tissue and tends to the cut. Great start.

John splashes some water over his face revealing the soldier he was... well, almost.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

John puts on a suit and tries to look his best. He steps in front of a mirror to examine himself before heading out.

He now has a piece of bloody toilet paper stuck to his face where the cut is. "Rough around the edges" does not even scratch the surface of how John looks and feels.

EXT. INTERSTATE 48 - DAWN

The sun rises over the purple mountains and green fields of West Virginia. John drives down the interstate in his beat up Oldsmobile Cutlass 442. In the distance we can see a vast compound with a large ultra-modern office building, airplane runway, helicopter pad, and training ranges.

SUP: MOOREFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - LOBBY - MORNING

John walks into the lobby of Global Security Concepts. It is a very impressive layout with modern architecture, glass, rare woods, and stainless steel.

John spots the RECEPTIONIST, (20's), blonde, smoking hot, at a check-in counter, and approaches.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, how can I help you?

JOHN

Hello, I'm here for an interview.  
The names Turner, John Turner.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure, one moment Mr. Turner. Let me  
just look you up in the system.

The Receptionist types into her computer. John looks around the lobby trying to seem casual. He itches his face and realizes he still has the piece of bloody tissue paper stuck to it. John attempts to smoothly pull it off without the Receptionist looking up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Yep, here you are.

The Receptionist gives John a high-tech I.D. badge and motions to a seating area.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

If you wouldn't mind, please take a  
seat over there and I'll let you  
know when Mr. Dice is ready.

JOHN

Oh no problem. Thank you, ma'am.

John steps away from the counter and walks to a bank of designer chairs surrounding antique wooden tables with iPads displaying reading material.

John takes a seat and looks up to the MULTIPLE FLAT SCREEN TVs that hang in the lobby. Playing on the screens is GSC propaganda, complete with a gorgeous VIRTUAL TOUR GUIDE.

VIRTUAL TOUR GUIDE

Here at GSC, we believe there is no challenge we cannot solve. Whether it's law enforcement training, security consulting, courier work, due diligence, or operations, GSC is up to the task. Our state of the art facilities include...

John is distracted by a team of GSC PERSONNEL walking by that don't look like the class of soldiers he's used to serving with. Tattoos and swollen muscles jut out of their tank tops.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Turner?

John turns towards the Receptionist and stands at attention.

JOHN

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

Our CEO, Michael Dice, will see you now.

JOHN

CEO?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, just take this bank of elevators up to the 21st floor and his office will be straight ahead.

JOHN

Uh... Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

My pleasure.

John walks to the bank of elevators and boards one that is already open and the 21st floor highlighted. The doors close.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - 21ST FLOOR

John exits the elevator to another large waiting pavilion adorned with modern art sculptures, dark leather furniture and antique weapons hanging on the wall. A large brass sculpture of the FARNESE ATLAS sits in the center.

John approaches another gorgeous SECRETARY (early 20's), brunette, sitting behind a glass and marble counter. She rises to her feet.

SECRETARY

Mr. Turner, Mr. Dice will see you now. Please go right in.

The Secretary smiles and gestures toward two huge antique wooden doors.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - MICHAEL DICE'S OFFICE

The doors slowly part automatically revealing a large, yet sparsely-furnished office. MICHAEL DICE (late 40's), sits behind an enormous and ornate antique wooden desk with gold trim looking over documents. Dice is in a slick suit and tie, has short jet black hair, searing blue eyes and the look of polished ex-military. John enters, taking in the set up.

John is several steps into the office before Dice even acknowledges his presence. John approaches his desk and waits a beat. Breaking the silence, John extends his hand.

JOHN

John Turner.

Dice looks up from his desk, stands and buttons his suit jacket. He greets John with a million-dollar smile and a stiff hand shake.

DICE

How rude of me. Michael Dice, pleasure to meet you.

John motions around the office.

JOHN

Same. Quite a place you got here.

DICE

Thank you. I've tried to make it my own. Please, take a seat.

Dice motions to one of the two Franklin tuft leather club chairs that sit opposed to his desk. Dice unbuttons his suit jacket and sits back down in his large dark leather office chair that looks fit for the President. John sits as well and eyes the desk.

DICE (CONT'D)

You like the desk?

Furniture is not exactly John's thing. He shrugs.

JOHN  
Sure. Looks nice.

Dice stares down at the desk and caresses it as if taken in by it's meaning.

DICE  
It's one of five desks from which Adolf Hitler commanded the German empire. Now, I'm no fan of Hitler, he was a fascist and a socialist, and most likely a sexual deviant. But I bought this desk to remind me every day that, much like Icarus, we can reach for the stars, but if prideful and overzealous, we can reach too far too fast and lose everything.

Dice breaks his trance with the desk and forces a laugh.

DICE (CONT'D)  
Anyway. Damn thing cost me a fortune.

An awkward beat.

JOHN  
I bet.

DICE  
You know, I don't usually meet new recruits. But when I heard your name come through the wire, I thought I'd make an exception.

JOHN  
Thank you.

DICE  
Tell me a bit about yourself. What are you looking for?

John sits at attention.

JOHN  
Well, I finished out superman school at Kirtland AFB and cut my teeth in Afghanistan doing recon and ops in the Shah-i-Kot Valley with the 24th Special Tactics Squadron.

(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)  
Then did four tours with the 64th  
Expeditionary Rescue Squadron as a  
Pararescue Jumper.

Dice smiles and puts his fist in the air.

DICE  
That others may live, huh?

Recognizing his squad's motto, John continues.

JOHN  
Yes sir. I was hooked, couldn't  
imagine doing anything else. Since  
then I've been running a rescue and  
recovery team... until recently.

Anticipating this information, Dice leans forward.

DICE  
I know all about that completely  
ridiculous SNAFU. That's all in the  
past John, your history won't be  
shared with our other contractors.  
Trust me, forget about that shit.

John is surprised by his candor.

DICE (CONT'D)  
The problem with government is  
those bureaucratic assholes  
wouldn't know how to manage a seven  
eleven, much less a trillion dollar  
defense department.

Dice suppresses his rant and leans back in his chair.

DICE (CONT'D)  
Continue.

JOHN  
I was told that you have a few ex-  
service boys running security for  
high-profile rich people and  
celebrity types. So...

Dice leans forward again and interrupts.

DICE  
Stop there. John, I've read your  
service record and if you want my  
humble opinion, you are way too  
young and simply too qualified to  
retire to that graveyard.

John smirks a bit.

DICE (CONT'D)

You want to be the guy holding some celebutant's purse on the red carpet?

JOHN

Well, no but...

DICE

Trust me, I can offer you something entirely more appealing.

JOHN

Alright, I'm all ears.

DICE

We bill those guys out at 300 an hour, they take home what, 50, 60 an hour? Doesn't sound bad compared to the Air Force, right?

JOHN

Hell yeah, any day.

DICE

Right. But I'm talking high risk, high value assets here. Real social work that only you and a few thousand guys on the planet are capable of. You did some good work in hot areas.

John nods.

JOHN

I've done my fair share.

DICE

We're always looking for operators of your caliber to run some of our higher-risk ops. How about making in one mission what those dinosaurs pull in in a year? You ready to get back into the shit?

John gives an inquisitive smile.

JOHN

I'm listening.

DICE

You come lead a team for me and I guarantee you will make half a million dollars your first year on the job. You belong in command, John.

John is blown away by the proposal.

JOHN

I mean, I'm not sure how to say no to an offer like that.

Dice smiles big.

DICE

Smart man.

Dice writes on a letterhead note pad.

DICE (CONT'D)

This number is a non-negotiable offer to keep you on retainer while you train with your new team. Now, I understand this is a big decision, so I want you to sleep on it and call me in the morning with an answer.

Dice rips the piece of paper off and slides it to John. John's eyes focus on the number jotted down on the paper. A look of subdued shock comes over his face.

INT. JACK'S PUB - NIGHT

SUP: ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

John is sitting at the bar still in his suit, top button undone and tie loose. He sips a Bud and stares down at the bar where the piece of paper with the offer lies.

John takes a shot of whiskey that has been waiting in front of him. He takes another swig of his beer. He ruffles a few wrinkled dollar bills from his wallet and motions to the bartender JACK MCNALLY (late 60's) that he's done. Jack nods. John stands and throws his jacket over his shoulder.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John climbs the stairs of his apartment building. As he gets closer to his door he notices a piece of paper taped to it.

JOHN

What the...

He now sees that it is a GAS SHUT-OFF NOTICE. John rips off the notice and looks at it with anticipated disappointment.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Great.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John is lying in his bed silent with his arms folded behind his head. He stares blankly at the ceiling-fan spinning above him. His eyes move from side to side in deep thought.

He glances to see the gas shut-off notice and the paper with the offer from Dice on his night stand. John looks to the heavens and smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN - DAY

SUP: SIX WEEKS LATER... GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR.

John is riding shotgun in a black SUV as it rolls along a downtown street of the newly renovated city.

John carries an MICRO TAVOR MTAR-21 ASSAULT RIFLE. He and THREE OTHER GSC PERSONNEL all wear dark sunglasses, tactical bullet-proof vests, two holstered pistols, cargo pants and ear protectors that double as com units. Compared to standard infantry, these guys are armed to the teeth.

John checks the mirrors and stays aware of cars and pedestrians passing. In front of them is an identical SUV.

Riding in the backseat is another GSC OPERATOR, LACHLAN HARRIS (mid 40's). Lachlan is good-looking and always had a calm demeanor. He is an Australian with a thick accent. He wears a bush hat and carries an H&K 416 ASSAULT RIFLE.

LACHLAN

Way point alpha is coming up.

John turns to face their client in the backseat of the SUV, ERIC THOMPSON (early 50's), stoic, U.S. UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE FOR ECONOMIC GROWTH.

JOHN

We're approaching your first stop,  
Secretary Thompson.

EXT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL

Built in a neoclassical style with large white columns and arches are the political offices of Guayaquil. The SUVs pull in front of the porte-cochère and slow to a stop.

THREE GSC CONTRACTORS pile out of the first SUV and form a perimeter. The team's radios come to life.

CONTRACTOR 1 (V.O.)  
(through com)  
Perimeter secure. Zone clear.

Lachlan grabs the com button on his vest.

LACHLAN  
(into com)  
Acknowledged.

JOHN  
(to Thompson)  
We have arrived sir, please exit on  
your left.

John exits his side and opens the back door. Thompson steps out of the car carrying a designer stainless-steel briefcase.

Lachlan exits the other side of the car and walks around to join the others. John scans the surroundings. His eyes stop on what looks to be a HOMELESS MAN. He sees that the man is talking on a cell phone.

He motions to GSC CONTRACTOR, DEACON MCMANUS (mid 30's) who is extremely muscular and constantly has a crazy look in his eyes. He has shoulder length blonde ponytail stashed beneath a backwards baseball cap. Deacon carries a VALKYRIE M4 BELT-FED MACHINE GUN.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
How many bums you know have cell  
phones?

John nudges Deacon to look at the Homeless Man. Deacon clocks the man, who turns away. Deacon taps his com button.

DEACON  
(voice low; into com)  
Echo team, acknowledge potential  
male bogey on the south side of the  
street. Could just be a bum but  
check it out.  
(to John)  
Good eyes rook.

CONTRACTOR 1 (V.O.)  
Roger, we see him.

John turns to Thompson.

JOHN  
Sir, please follow us into the  
lobby.

The team moves toward the building.

Driving the SUV is SANDRO CASTRO (mid 30's). Sandro is a Brazilian native with a light goatee and bandana tied around his head. He wealds a FN FAL ASSAULT RIFLE slung around his vest. Sandro stays at the wheel and drums on the wheel to a familiar beat.

INT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL - LOBBY

John, Deacon and Lachlan escort Thompson into the glass doors of the lobby where OFFICERS of ECUADOR'S NATIONAL POLICE stand waiting with guns slung. John presents a LAMINATED DOCUMENT and they waive them through.

INT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL - 2ND FLOOR

The team approaches a large door.

JOHN  
(to Thompson)  
We'll wait for you here, Sir.

Thompson nods and enters a boardroom that is already full.

The doors close. John, Deacon, and Lachlan stand waiting just outside with their backs toward the door. Deacon looks to John.

DEACON  
Man I took too much time off. If  
anyone tries to snatch this guy up  
I'm just gonna smoke 'em all.

John looks back confused.

JOHN  
OK. Just as long as it's them. You  
get your shots lately?

Deacon smirks at John.

LACHLAN  
Na, don't listen to Deacon mate,  
he's really a Sheila deep down.

JOHN  
Yeah, I'm sure.

DEACON  
I'm just saying the State  
Department is paying out the ass  
for us. We get him home, we get  
paid. Just wait, you get that  
taste. That first check. Oo-we no  
turning back.

Deacon laughs and looks to Lachlan who is not impressed.

Echo team comes over the coms.

CONTRACTOR 1 (V.O.)  
Delta team, we checked out the bum.  
Smelled like a shit sandwich, but  
all he had on him was that phone.

LACHLAN  
(into com)  
Acknowledged.

INT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL - LOBBY - LATER

John, Deacon and Lachlan walk Thompson through the lobby.

EXT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL

The team walks to the Suburban. John notices the same shady  
Homeless Man now directly across the street. The man pulls  
his cell phone out of his pocket and makes a call. John drops  
back to Lachlan.

JOHN  
This guy's making a move.

Lachlan looks to see the man and presses his com unit.

LACHLAN  
(into com)  
Both teams, eyes on that same hobo.  
Stay alert, we could be getting  
hot.

SANDRO (V.O.)  
(through com)  
I see that cabrão.

The team is only twenty feet from the Suburbans.

Just down the street a BLACK CONVERSION VAN screeches its tires as it SPEEDS around a corner. The van pops the curb of the front steps and FISHTAILS to a stop ONLY FEET from the team. The sliding door opens to reveal THREE MEN in ski masks armed with AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLES.

JOHN  
(into com)  
We've got contact!

DEACON  
Contact left. Contact left!

Deacon takes aim and fires. John's instincts kick in. He instantly dives into Thompson, throws him into the SUV and covers him.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN

John pushes Thompson's head down. Thompson moans and hyperventilates.

JOHN  
Keep your head down. You're safe.  
Breathe deep. In your nose and out  
your mouth.

Lachlan enters the passenger seat and slams the door.

EXT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL

Bullets POP and PING all over the Suburbans. CIVILIANS scatter and scream as they seek cover.

Deacon repositions and kneels beside the bumper of the Suburban. He FIRES multiple large bursts. TWO of the would-be-kidnappers are DOWNED with automatic fire. Pink mist puffs into the air. The THIRD is HIT in the legs and goes down.

DEACON  
Yeah bitches, I'm back!

Deacon sticks out his tongue in blood lust.

Echo team blasts off cover fire. Deacon gets back in the SUV.



DEACON (CONT'D)  
Whooo, that was fun. Hit it Sandro.

SANDRO  
(into com)  
We're moving. Let's get the fuck  
outa here.

EXT. PALACIO MUNICIPAL

Both Suburbans gun it and take off down the block, weaving through traffic. The only sounds left behind are tripped car alarms and the moaning of the wounded rolling around in pain.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

The Suburbans pull onto the tarmac right next to a BOMBARDIER GLOBAL EXPRESS JET. The team dismounts and forms a perimeter. John gathers Thompson's things and walks around the Suburban.

JOHN  
Here are your things Secretary  
Thompson.

THOMPSON  
Call me Eric.

JOHN  
Alright.

THOMPSON  
John I can't thank you enough. And  
I hope I never have to say this  
again but, you literally saved my  
life back there.

JOHN  
Just doing my job Sir.

THOMPSON  
Well I'm impressed, and believe me,  
I'm not often impressed. I owe you  
a big one son. Drop me a line  
sometime.

Thompson shakes John's hand and passes him a BUSINESS CARD.

JOHN  
Will do sir.

Thompson climbs the stairs onto the jet.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Hey I think he's got a crush on  
you.

John turns to see Lachlan smiling with Deacon and Sandro doing the Blow Job hand motion and acting like they are doing it doggy style. John smiles and shakes his head.

INT. SURUBA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The hottest night club in Guayaquil. Gorgeous and exotic scantily clad women fill the night club. House music thumps and club lights flash.

John, Lachlan, Deacon, Sandro and a few of the Contractors are partying hard and celebrating the mission. They sit around a table the middle of which is filled with ice, bottle service and mixers. Deacon pops a bottle of Dom Perignon champagne and pours it into the others glasses.

DEACON  
Alright raise your glasses to our  
fearless new team leader, Mr.  
Turner over here with the sixth  
sense, popping his cherry. One  
down, many to come.

John smiles and Deacon gives him a jab. Deacon clinks glasses. All the men cheer and take it down in one shot.

SANDRO  
Yo, I got the shit right here. Who  
wants to have some fun?!

Sandro raises his fists from which a baggy rolls out and dangles from each hand. One is filled with COCAINE and the other ECSTASY TABLETS.

DEACON  
Fuck yeah, time to blow off some  
steam. I'm getting crazy tonight!

Sandro dumps out some of the cocaine onto a mirror on the table and cuts it into lines. Deacon takes a line. His eyes go wide as he feels the drugs kick in. John looks on, trying not to let his shock be so obvious to the team.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Damn you Sandro, you always sniff  
out the good shit.

SANDRO

Fuck yeah. Pass that shit, let me get some of that.

Sandro snorts a line. He passes the mirror to a few of the other Contractors who do lines.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

Wait, wait. We gotta give superman his reward. Yo Turner, come hit this!

John puts up his hand.

JOHN

Tried that once on leave, never really my thing.

SANDRO

Ha! American boys can't get shit like this. Come on, it makes Americano branca seem like baby powder. Give it a hit.

Sandro takes the mirror and holds it up for John. John reluctantly takes the mirror and does a small hit. John's head shoots back. He hurriedly sets the mirror down and grabs his sinuses. He coughs intensely.

JOHN

Holy shit! Holy shit.

John rubs his face then lowers his hands to look at Sandro.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Your right, that definitely ain't the same shit.

John begins laughing hysterically which causes an avalanche of laughter in the group. John motions to Lachlan to take it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lachlan?

LACHLAN

Na thanks. That stuffs not for me. Tends to make the devil inside come out if you know what I mean. I stick to this.

Lachlan takes a shot of vodka. John looks over the group.

JOHN

I didn't expect you all partied  
this hard after missions.

LACHLAN

You work hard you play hard. The  
only thing keeps a bloke from going  
bat shit crazy in this line of  
work.

John takes this in as he sips a cocktail.

A GROUP of hot Latin LADIES approach the table.

SANDRO

Alright this gift I'll admit I  
didn't pay for. This one's  
compliments of the company boys.

Each of the ladies walk to one of the men and sit on their  
lap. Some of them instantly begin making out with the  
Contractors.

John looks confused and conflicted but relents when one of  
the ladies sits on his lap and kisses him.

INT. TATOO PARLOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

John and the team are at a seedy all-night tattoo parlor. A  
TATOO ARTIST stencils TWO small HASH MARK TATOOS on Deacon's  
right arm. His arm is nearly covered with rows of them.

Lachlan, John, and Sandro watch, drink out of liquor bottles  
and shoot the shit as the club girls hang by their sides.  
Lachlan makes out with his girl the entire time.

JOHN

What's with the tats?

Deacon smiles as the needle digs into his arm.

DEACON

I get one of these every time I bag  
me a meat sack. I'm almost to my  
other arm.

JOHN

No shit? You're a crazy  
motherfucker man.

DEACON

It's my favorite thing about  
myself.

Deacon smiles big. John let's out a little laugh.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
You got any ink?

John pulls up his sleeve to reveal his Air Force tatoo.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
That it? Come on pussy.

SANDRO  
You call that ink? I got ink.

Sandro pulls open his shirt revealing tatoos all over his ripped arms and chest. A TATOO of the ROSARY around his neck and the VIRGIN MARY on his forearm.

JOHN  
Whatever, I guess I'm out of my league here. Why don't you boys go check out each others tatoos back at the hotel?

All of the men let out a laugh. John takes a swig of his whiskey bottle. He is coming into his own and settling right into the group.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - GYM - DAY

SUP: MOOREFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA.

John lifts weights in their extravagant gym. He is in the zone listening to his iPod and lifting hard. He finishes a set of bench press and sees Deacon just arriving. John begins a set of curls.

Deacon preps for his workout and takes his sweatshirt off to reveal massive bulging muscles popping out of a tank top. Deacon takes a FOIL POUCH out of his gym bag, rips it open and pours the powder contents into a shaker bottle with water. He takes out a SMALLER FOIL POUCH, rips the top off, squeezes a CLEAR LIQUID under his tongue and holds it there.

John wipes his face and takes out his ear buds, curious.

JOHN  
Hey how's it going?

DEACON  
(swallowing the liquid)  
Fan-fuckin-tastic bro.

Deacon motions to the weights John was lifting.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Nice reps. You'd be unstoppable if you had the right supps.

JOHN

You use anything?

Deacon laughs like that's an understatement and winds lifting wraps around his hands and wrists.

DEACON

Talk to Doc on the sixth floor, he'll hook you up.

JOHN

What are we talking here, like creatine?

DEACON

I don't know and I don't care. Doc's a fuckin' genius. I'd rather lose a nut than go back to training without it. It's ridiculous how quickly you recover.

JOHN

Nice, yeah, I'll look into it.

Deacon finishes his wraps. John starts another set of curls.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - LOCKER ROOM

Just finished with a shower, John walks into the luxurious locker room wearing nothing but a towel.

He walks to his locker, which is the size of a small walk in closet with a TV, mirror and mini-fridge. John takes off his towel to change.

From across the locker room, Dice's Secretary approaches.

SECRETARY

Hello Mr. Turner.

John is caught off guard as he turns to see her.

JOHN

Yes? Hi.

The Secretary does not even flinch, just looks his naked body up and down. John notices and lets her take him in.

SECRETARY

Mr. Dice would like to see you at your earliest convenience.

JOHN

Sure, no problem. I'll be right up.

SECRETARY

Great, I'll let him know.

The Secretary holds her gaze at John a beat too long then turns and walks out of the locker room. John shakes his head and laughs to himself.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - MICHAEL DICE'S OFFICE

Inside the office Dice is going over papers and signing things. John enters.

The Secretary walks in, takes the signed papers and exits, eyeing John the entire way.

DICE

(to Secretary)

Make sure legal has those out in triplicate by five.

(to John)

There he is! From what I am hearing you're making quite an impression here soldier.

John humbly smiles and lifts a hand in resistance.

JOHN

I'm just glad to be with your team. You've got a good operation here.

DICE

Well I'm hearing good things, and trust me I hear everything around here. Looks like you're settling in well.

JOHN

Its been an adjustment, but yeah.

DICE

Well here is another thing you'll have to adjust to.

Dice opens a drawer in his desk and retrieves a rectangular piece of paper. He presents it to John.

John steps forward and takes the paper revealing a company CHECK in the amount of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. John is stunned and instantly raises his eyes to Dice.

DICE (CONT'D)

Like I said, but I'm sure you'll get used to it.

JOHN

This is more than I was expecting.

DICE

Don't sell yourself short, John. That includes a 100k for getting the package to the drop under fire. Once bullets start flying, your rate doubles.

JOHN

Holy shit, thanks.

DICE

Don't thank me. That's all you, and as long as you keep up the good work, there is a whole lot more where that came from.

John holds the check in his hand as if it were precious china. He can't believe how much money he has just made.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - 6TH FLOOR

John is walking through a hallway counting doors. He stops at a bank of glass doors that have "Health & Rehabilitation Center" stenciled on them. He enters.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - DOC'S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM

John sits on an exam table and eyes the layout of the room which is decked out with flat screens. DOC (mid 40's), good looking, ultra fit, bright white smile, enters. John stands at attention. Doc extends his hand.

DOC

John? Dr. Brad Martin, but everyone around here calls me Doc.

John shakes his hand.

JOHN

John Turner.



DOC

Yeah, you're the new team leader.  
I've heard all about you.

Doc rolls up his sleeves and washes his hands.

DOC (CONT'D)

You can take a seat up there. So  
what can I do for you?

John sits back on the exam table and awkwardly shifts on the  
paper covering.

JOHN

I want to get back on a good  
supplement regimen. I was told you  
were the man to see.

Doc dries off his hands, puts a stethoscope around his neck  
and turns to face John.

DOC

Absolutely. You came to the right  
place. Let me just go ahead and get  
some blood samples to establish a  
base line.

Doc puts on latex gloves, takes out a syringe, rolls up  
John's sleeve and wraps a rubber tube around his arm.

DOC (CONT'D)

Just relax.

Doc inserts the needle and draws John's blood.

DOC (CONT'D)

All done. Come on by every two  
weeks and we'll take some more just  
to see how the compounds are  
affecting your body.

Doc smiles and caps the vile of blood.

DOC (CONT'D)

Now, I know you guys play hard too,  
but I gotta tell you, keep your  
dick wrapped up. Last year  
chlamydia went through this place  
like wild fire. Besides, the  
spectrum of antibiotics I'll have  
to shoot you up with is  
contraindicated for this stuff.

(off John's blank stare)

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)  
It could fuckin' kill you if you  
mix 'em.

JOHN  
What's in it?

As Doc talks he looks through cabinets and retrieves various sizes of FOIL POUCHES and throws them into a bag.

DOC  
Basically its an assortment of  
vitamins, heat shocked amino acids,  
smooth muscle vasodilators,  
nitrogenous organic acids and  
adenosine triphosphate that  
increases protein synthesis,  
solubility and absorption.

Doc turns and hands John the bag, now full of foil pouches.

JOHN  
Right.

John just stares at Doc, again clueless of what he just said.

DOC  
Complicated stuff I know, but  
you'll heal stronger, faster.

JOHN  
Gotcha.

DOC  
The instructions are in there,  
really easy, just do what it says.  
Anything else?

JOHN  
Nope.

DOC  
Well, if you need any more just  
come on by. We take care of our own  
around here.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - 6TH FLOOR

John exits the large glass doors. He looks at his hands now filled with goodies. He smirks and shakes his head. He can't believe how easy that was.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

SUP: WASHINGTON D.C.

John walks through a posh high-rise apartment led by an older yet attractive REAL ESTATE AGENT (late 40's) blonde, plastic accoutrement.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
This place really does have a  
gorgeous view. Plus the best Sushi  
in town just a few steps away.

John enters the main living room with doors that open onto a balcony. He takes a moment and looks around the apartment. He eyes the bare wood walls, stainless steel and glass.

John walks out onto a balcony that overlooks many of the familiar patriotic memorials that pepper D.C.

JOHN  
This will do.

He smiles in amazement. This place is awesome.

INT. JACK'S PUB - NIGHT

SUP: ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

John sits at the bar having a beer and bullshitting with Jack. They watch the Redskins and the Jets play a close game.

JACK  
I swear if Griffin throws another  
pick I'm getting pissed drunk and  
punching out anyone in green.

JOHN  
(to screen)  
Come on, you gotta be kidding me!  
(to Jack)  
You know what? I'll join you.

John takes a swig of his beer. Jack slams back two shots of Bushmills behind the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Easy there old man, that stuff will  
kill you.

JACK  
(motioning to the screen)  
Oh give me a fuckin' break.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
These bastards'll kill me way  
before that.

The door of the bar swings open. A WOMAN (early 30's), fit, brunette in a pretty dress storms in on her CELL PHONE midway through a conversation. John and Jack turn to see who the noisy new patron is.

WOMAN  
(into phone)  
I have never been so damn bored in  
my life. That is the last time I  
let anyone at the office set me up.

John notices the woman. She is a beautiful southern girl with an edge. John cannot take his eyes off her as she walks to the bar and takes a seat at a stool just down the way.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
And then thinking he was gettin'  
some after? Hell, I made him split  
the bill. What, he's thinking I owe  
him half a romp in the sheets?  
Judging by the conversation he'd  
probably just lay there anyway.

John lets out a little laugh. The Woman notices and eyes John. Embarrassed by his outburst, John hurriedly shoves the beer bottle in his mouth.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I know! Alright enough of that, I'm  
over it. Talk to you later hun'.

The Woman hangs up the call and waves at Jack.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey there. Can I get a double  
Makers neat?

John nods, impressed by her order. Jack goes to pour the drink. Out of the corner of John's eye he can see the Woman looking at him. He turns and makes eye contact.

JOHN  
Hi.

The Woman slightly waves.

WOMAN  
Sorry about that. Date from hell.

JOHN  
Ha, not a problem. Been there.

WOMAN

I just got out of a long term relationship, and now everybody I know wants to set me up. Everyone says theirs is a "catch", but I've thrown them all back. Figured it was still early, maybe I could drink the memory away.

They both have a laugh.

JOHN

You came to the right place.

Jack walks over and serves the Woman her drink.

WOMAN

Thanks.

She looks to John and eyes the TV.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How are the Skins doing? I heard RG3 is blowing it.

John is surprised by this and smiles.

JOHN

Definitely, he's all over the place.

She nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm John.

WOMAN

My name's Clarke. Nice to meet you.

There is an instant attraction. Feeling a little cocky from his newfound success, John leans into Clarke.

JOHN

So tell me how a woman as good looking as yourself has trouble finding a man?

Clarke laughs a little, surprised by John's forwardness.

CLARKE

I guess I just haven't found a guy that can hold his own with a woman that has more than two brain cells.

JOHN  
That's an interesting coincidence,  
I'm more of a three-brain-cell-  
woman kind of guy, myself.

CLARKE  
Better watch out, that's just  
enough to be dangerous.

She takes a sip. John smiles, he knows she's game.

JOHN  
Well, you don't scare me. I find  
intelligence incredibly sexy.

CLARKE  
What GQ article did you pick that  
line out of?

JOHN  
The July 2012 issue. I also really  
enjoyed the plum chutney glazed  
lamb chops recipe on page 54.

CLARKE  
Oh well, I hope you didn't buy the  
suit on page 37, it was awful.

They both laugh.

JOHN  
No Ma'am, my suits were always  
dress blues.

CLARKE  
Ah, you're a military man.

John gets up and moves to sit next to Clarke.

JOHN  
Retired, but I still keep a set  
around just in case you're in to  
that sort of thing.

CLARKE  
That's good but, it's hard to beat  
naughty fire-fighter.

JOHN  
Bet cha' after a couple more drinks  
I'd change your mind.  
(beat)  
Mind if I get drunk with you?

Clarke smiles biting her lip and cocks her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(holding up his beer)  
Cheers.

She smiles and clinks her glass.

INT. JACK'S PUB - HOURS LATER

Jack fills a glass with beer from the tap and walks it over to John. John and Clarke are now several drinks deep and judging by their body language having a great time. They laugh hysterically.

CLARKE  
You're a funny one.

JOHN  
I have my moments.

Their laugh turns into a self-aware moment. They hold their gaze for a beat. They dig each other.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
So, Clarke. That's an interesting name.

CLARKE  
I was waiting for you to say that.  
Took you longer than most guys,  
though, thanks. Seems my mother had  
a sense of humor, its her maiden  
name.

Jack yells over from the end of the bar, breaking the moment.

JACK (O.S.)  
Alright, I'm closin' up for the  
night, last call.

EXT. JACK'S PUB - NIGHT

Outside John and Clarke stand in the moonlight. They sway slightly, feeling the booze.

CLARKE  
This was fun. Thanks for saving me  
from a dull night.

JOHN  
God you're sexy.

CLARKE  
Well, that was forward.

Clarke instantly kisses John on the lips. John accepts passionately. The two kiss with growing intensity. Clarke pushes back, stopping the escalation dead in its tracks.

CLARKE (CONT'D)  
(embarrassed)  
Did I just do that?  
(beat)  
I'm drunk.

John smiles.

JOHN  
No, that was great.

CLARKE  
Yeah, it was.  
(catching herself)  
Uh, I should get going, I have an  
early morning tomorrow, but I'd  
love to do this again. Give me your  
phone.

Intrigued, John does. Clarke swiftly taps the screen. Her cell phone rings.

CLARKE (CONT'D)  
Now you have my number and I have  
yours.

John chuckles as she hands the phone back. She's adorable.

JOHN  
Thanks.

CLARKE  
Good night.

Clarke awkwardly smiles, turns and walks away. She hails a cab. John walks the other direction shaking his head.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

John and Lachlan are on mission. They wear khaki polo shirts and are decked out with weapons and ammunition. They escort a CEO through a modern lobby.



INT. GSC COMPOUND - GYM - DAY

John is in the weight room pumping iron. He throws up ridiculous weight on bench press. He grunts as he runs through the reps with unbelievable ease. The "supplements" are clearly working.

EXT. GSC COMPOUND - TRAINING COURSE

John, Deacon, Lachlan, Sandro and a few other recognizable GSC CONTRACTORS stealthily weave through a mock house clearing each room. They SHOOT red targets that SPLATTER. John hits his targets with expert precision.

EXT. ATM - DAY

John, in off duty clothes, approaches a Downtown Washington D.C. cash machine. He enters his pin and slides his card.

On the screen John sees that there is over A MILLION DOLLARS in his account. He smiles, giddy as a teenager.

INT. DESIGNER CLOTHING STORE - DAY

John wears a fine suit and stands on a platform in front of a bank of mirrors. A TAILOR walks around him and presents John to himself in the mirror. John nods in approval.

EXT. LATIN NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

John, Lachlan, Sandro and Deacon party at an exclusive discoteque. They sip bottle service at a table while scantily clad girls faun over them.

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The limo cruises down city streets. John and the crew take shots and do cocaine. LADIES from the club accompany them. Deacon does a line of coke off of one of the girls tits.

DEACON

Fuck yeah!

Lachlan pops champagne and shoots it all over the limo cab. He passes it to John who smiles and takes a big pull with the Dancer under his arm.

SANDRO  
Yo let me get behind the wheel of  
this shit!

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

With Sandro at the wheel, the team does SCREECHING DONUTS in a parking lot.

John and everyone else in the limo, including the LIMO DRIVER, hold on from the G-forces. John is having a blast.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

A luxury car dealership with polished black floors and modern lighting. John wears his new suit and shakes hands with the SALESMAN. John writes a check and hands it to the Salesman. He looks to the car with an ear to ear grin revealing a cherry 1965 SHELBY GT500 COBRA MUSTANG.

END MONTAGE:

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

SUP: WASHINGTON D.C.

The once empty luxury apartment is now completely furnished with designer furniture. Music plays from a sound system.

John steps out of his large marble walk-in shower dancing slightly to the beat. He wraps a towel around his waist and walks into his bedroom.

He sees his cell phone sitting on the dresser and stares at it in thought. After a moment, he picks it up and dials a number.

INT. CLARKE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

A cozy setup with soft colors and nice furniture. She does well for herself. Clarke breaks a sweat on a stationary bike while watching TV. Her cell phone rings. She eyes the caller and answers.

CLARKE  
(into phone)  
Ah ha, so you are still alive. Here  
I thought that's the last I'd seen  
of you.

JOHN (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
You better watch that edge before  
you cut somebody with it.

They both laugh.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I'm sorry I meant to call but I've  
just been in and out of town and  
slammed at work lately. I'm free  
tonight though...

CLARKE  
Well aren't I the lucky girl? This  
is kind of short notice...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

John slowly paces in his room.

JOHN  
Which is exactly why I have to take  
you out and make it up to you.  
Please, dinner on me.

CLARKE (V.O.)  
A quick dinner?

JOHN  
Absolutely quick. What, you think I  
want a long dinner? Slow down,  
you're smothering me.

They both laugh a little.

CLARKE (V.O.)  
(sighing)  
Normally I'd say no, but I'm hungry  
and a Lean Cuisine and a glass of  
red just won't satisfy me tonight.

John smiles.

JOHN  
Done, I'll pick you up at eight.

Silence for a beat.

CLARKE (V.O.)  
Alright, but you have some major  
points to make up mister.

EXT. CLARKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clarke exits her apartment building wearing that little black dress that all women keep in their arsenal.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John wears a designer suit with no tie. He watches in silence as Clarke walks up to the car. She looks stunning and he can't take his eyes off her. John hesitates for a moment in awe as she gets closer to the car, then springs into action.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John gets out of the car and walks around to greet Clarke.

CLARKE

Hi.

Figuratively picking his tongue up off the ground.

JOHN

You look amazing.

CLARKE

Way to come out of the gate with a compliment. Good start.

Clarke playfully hits John in the shoulder. John smirks and opens the passenger side door for Clarke. She smiles and gets into the brand new Mustang that sits parked at the curb.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - LATER

The date is going well. They are both tipsy and lean into one another as they converse. Clarke laughs as John takes a sip of his wine. A Waiter takes away the remnants of a gourmet dessert.

JOHN

That was probably the best meal of my life.

CLARKE

I have to admit, at first I didn't know what to expect out of tonight. I hadn't heard from you in longer than I give most guys to call. But between the food, the wine, and the conversation, this has been a great night.

JOHN  
I couldn't have said it better.

John smiles and raises his glass to Clarke.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
So what made you decide to take me  
up on the date?

CLARKE  
Honestly I just wanted a free meal.

They both laugh.

CLARKE (CONT'D)  
Kidding. I don't know, curiosity I  
guess.

JOHN  
Ah, that mysterious man with more  
under the surface than he lets on?

CLARKE  
Something like that.

Clarke smiles and takes a sip of her wine.

The Waiter sets the check down in between them. John grabs  
the bill and opens it revealing a FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR tab.

JOHN  
I got this.

John takes out his wallet and draws a brand new PLATINUM  
CREDIT CARD with the "SIGN THE BACK BEFORE ACTIVATING"  
STICKER still on the back. Clarke clocks this and smiles.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - LATER

John and Clarke wait out front for the Valet. Clarke shivers  
from the cool night air. John notices.

JOHN  
Here.

John takes off his jacket and wraps it around her, pulling  
her in close. Clarke looks at him impressed and turned on.

CLARKE  
You just think you know every  
little trick to getting a Southern  
girl in bed, don't you?

JOHN  
No, just most of them.

They are moments away from a kiss when the Valet pulls John's Mustang up to the entrance.

CLARKE  
How fast can you get us to your place?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR

John PEELS OUT of the restaurant driveway, tires smoking and screeching. The Mustang weaves through the city streets at high speeds like a bat out of hell.

This concerns Clarke, who grabs the console and the ceiling handle. John looks to her and smiles. Clarke looks to him and his smile is contagious. She cannot help but grin.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John and Clarke burst in through the door, already in sexual frenzy. Clarke drops her purse and John his keys as they ravenously make out.

John picks Clarke up who wraps her legs around him. They crash into pots and pans as they undress each other, tearing fabric, breaking clasps, and popping off buttons.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

John and Clarke lay in bed totally spent. Clarke rests her head on John's shoulder as she pets his chest. They are in complete bliss. Clarke looks around his room, which is sparsely decorated with modern paintings, designer art deco furniture, stainless steel fixtures and neon lights. Her eyes settle on... a MINIATURE FARNESE ATLAS SCULPTURE on his dresser. She cocks her head, confused.

CLARKE  
Who decorated this place?

JOHN  
(looking around)  
You know, I don't even remember. I paid some guy.

CLARKE

I would say this place is  
ridiculous but I think that would  
be an understatement.

John smiles eyeing the layout.

JOHN

I know its over the top. I couldn't  
believe it was mine when I got it.  
But when I started this new job I  
figured, what the hell, I'll treat  
myself.

Clarke shrugs. That was a good answer.

CLARKE

What do you do again?

JOHN

I'm a consultant at Global Security  
Concepts.

CLARKE

Gotta love those uber broad company  
names.

(beat)

So, what does a "consultant" do?

JOHN

Uh it's boring really. Just a bunch  
of flying around to meetings. I  
can't complain though, I've done  
well. It's given me the opportunity  
to actually do something for  
myself. Never had the time or money  
before.

CLARKE

You should treat yourself.

Clarke strokes John's chest over his BULLET WOUNDS.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

What happened here.

JOHN

I was shot in the back twice, on  
mission when I was a Pararescue  
Jumper. That's where the bullets  
came out. Didn't actually feel them  
when it happened. Just felt my legs  
give out.

CLARKE

Wow that's intense. What made you want to do a crazy thing like that?

JOHN

That's a long story.

CLARKE

Make it a short one.

JOHN

Well, if you must know, my Dad was a soldier in Delta Force. His team was doing recon in Kosovo when they were ambushed. I was eighteen. The local militia picked him up and tortured him to death. Higher ups didn't see a politically savvy option to get him back. They said they were working on it but, no one came to save him.

Clarke's smile fades.

CLARKE

That's awful, I'm so sorry.

JOHN

He was a great man.

(beat; self-realization)

He taught me discipline and structure. Taught me how to be a man. I wanted to be just like him. So, I joined the Army the day we buried him. When I heard I could be part of a team that rescues soldiers, I couldn't resist and transferred to the Air Force and applied for the PJ's. Gotta love the irony there.

CLARKE

I'm sure he would have been proud of you though.

JOHN

Hope so.

(realization)

I don't think I've ever really thought about it that way, let alone tell anyone about it.

(catching himself)

Listen to me blabbering. That was long as hell.



CLARKE

No, I'm glad you told me. We've all got something wrong. Anyone says they don't, their probably worst of all. Take me, my Mom and Dad split when I was sixteen. Mom was controlling with her money, Dad tried to buy my love with his. So I decided, to hell with both of them. I'll get a job and never have to ask either of them for a dime.

JOHN

From what I can tell you never did.

CLARKE

Nope.

(sighing)

Problem is, since then I either scare men away with my success or keep em' at a distance with how busy I make myself.

JOHN

Well you got me here.

CLARKE

No, YOU got me here. And I'm still trying to figure out how.

JOHN

Well since we're here, I think we should both stop thinking and enjoy.

John rolls on top of Clarke and kisses her passionately.

Clarke giggles in ecstasy. John pulls the sheets back over them.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

John shutters and turns in bed, disturbed by a nightmare. Clarke sleeps soundly next to him.

FLASH TO:

INT. PARARESCUE TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

John and Kyle sit at a make-shift table in the rec room. John leans back in a chair and throws a rubber ball that bounces back in rhythm off a plywood wall.

JOHN  
I am so bored.

KYLE  
Judgin by how its been lately,  
we'll be gettin some action soon  
enough.

A lull as John continues tossing the ball. THUNK THUNK.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Karen's got one on the way.

John catches the ball and turns to Kyle.

JOHN  
No shit man?! Sure its yours?

Kyle kicks Johns chair almost sending him toppling over. John rights himself, smirks and leans in to Kyle.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
No bullshit dude, I'm really happy  
for you.

KYLE  
Thanks. Just gets me to thinkin. I  
want to be around for that.

JOHN  
Bro, we're gonna get out of this  
fuckin sandbox and you're gonna be  
the best damn dad ever.

KYLE  
You think?

JOHN  
Definitely.

FLASH TO:

INT. CV-22 OSPREY - NIGHT

Kyle lays bleeding out on the floor of the cargo bay. His eyes rapidly blink as he gurgles blood. John reaches out and grasps Kyle's hand.

FLASH TO:

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John's eyes shoot open. He takes a deep gasp, realizing his surroundings. He checks himself to see that he and the sheets are both drenched in sweat. He rolls over to Clarke, who snuggles into the sheets, still sleeping peacefully.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SUP: MOOREFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA.

John, Lachlan, Deacon, Sandro and a few other team members sit in a large briefing room that overlooks a courtyard. Every wall of the room is glass. All of the men chat.

LACHLAN

You have some good time off?

JOHN

Yeah not too bad. Actually met a great girl.

LACHLAN

There you go mate. I bet you knocked her dead.

John smiles.

JOHN

We had fun. What about you?

LACHLAN

Ah, just what I needed. Caught some waves in Christchurch. Some good swells out there and plenty of lady tourists looking for an exotic Ausie to play with, if you know what I mean.

They both laugh.

CAPTAIN (late 50's), burly, grey buzz cut walks into the room and changes the whole mood. The men straighten up.

CAPTAIN

Alright everybody shut up, we're gonna get to it.

Captain takes a remote control and lowers a screen and a projector from the ceiling. All of the glass walls and windows go opaque. Pictures of a DORKY AMERICAN MAN and a LANKY ARAB MAN come onto the screen.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Say hello to George Edwards and Abdulla Yusef Aziz. They are bad men. Aziz is a shadow financier for The Muslim Brotherhood and the Haqqini Network. And now recently he's started using his connections to traffic information, amongst other things, on the black market. That's where Edwards comes in.

Captain flashes to different pictures of Edwards and Aziz.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

According to our employer, Lundquist Dunham's internal investigation, Edwards, a disgruntled employee, recently hacked their servers and disappeared with just about every dark secret they'd prefer stay that way. Their intel tracked Edwards to Kuwait City where they think he is using Aziz to broker a deal with one of his affiliates.

John and the team take notes and are very professional.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Now personally, I wouldn't think twice about putting a hollow point between these asshole's eyes and calling it a day. But our employer has different plans. This is a defense contractor people, so this is also a matter of national security. Your mission is to take custody of Edwards and Aziz. Bag em, and tag em and DO WHAT IT TAKES to get whatever intel you can. That's all.

EXT. GSC COMPOUND - RUNWAY - DAY

John, Lachlan, Deacon, Sandro and the rest of the team walk with weapons cases on GSC's private runway tarmac towards a G5 PRIVATE JET. John looks at the plane in awe.

JOHN

This is our ride? What happened to the 737?

LACHLAN

We fly what the client will pay  
for, and Lundquist Dunham has its  
own fleet of these bad boys. Perks  
of workin for private enterprise.

JOHN

Woah, this is awesome.

Lachlan laughs.

LACHLAN

Beats checking your machine gun  
with TSA.

INT. G5 PRIVATE JET

John and the team settle into the all-leather and rare-wood  
cabin. Deacon pops a bottle of champagne and drinks straight  
out of it. John looks at him confused.

DEACON

Don't give me that shit. It's five-  
o'clock somewhere.

Sandro pops one as well and they cheers with the bottles.

SANDRO

Hell yeah it is.

The PILOT (mid 60's), ex-military, comes out of the cockpit.

PILOT

I hear we got a fellow pigeon on  
board?

John nods at attention.

JOHN

That's me. Captain John Turner,  
Pararescueman, retired.

John gives a weak salute.

PILOT

Good to have you on board Captain.  
You boys dug my ass out of the  
trenches on more than one sortie.

John nods to him with a smile. Deacon interrupts.

DEACON  
Hey Cap, how about you make it fun  
for the new guy? It's his first  
ride on this bird.

PILOT  
You got it.

The Pilot retreats into the cockpit.

DEACON  
You're gonna love this.

Deacon takes a swig and hands the bottle to Lachlan who does the same.

Sandro takes out a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS and distributes some to Deacon and the other men who crunch them and wash them down with champagne.

Sandro offers them to John.

JOHN  
No, I'm good.

SANDRO  
You sure, it's going to be a long  
flight.

John looks to the others who have already downed the pills.

JOHN  
Ah fuck it.

John takes two pills and downs them with the champagne.

DEACON  
Atta boy.

Deacon leans his large leather seat back and grunts in comfort.

EXT. G5 PRIVATE JET

The G5 taxis to the runway and GUNS THE ENGINES.

INT. G5 PRIVATE JET

John is thrown back in his seat. He looks to Lachlan and Deacon who smile at him with anticipation.

EXT. G5 PRIVATE JET

The G5's engines roar and shoot the plane down the runway like a slingshot. The pilot pulls the landing gear and the airplane rockets only feet above the runway, gaining speed.

Just before the runway ends the pilot throws the stick back causing the plane to take off nearly straight up in the air.

INT. G5 PRIVATE JET

John, Lachlan, Deacon and Sandro take the massive G-forces with childlike laughs.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

SUP: KUWAIT CITY, KUWAIT.

The modern art-deco skyline sits on the Persian Gulf. TWO GSC TEAM MEMBERS stand on a balcony of a hotel across the street from a SOCCER STADIUM. They monitor the stadium entrances with high-tech SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT.

CONTRACTOR 1

(into com)

Ten minutes left in the game. No action here. Sierra, how you holding up?

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - DAY

Another GSC CONTRACTOR poses as a FAN with binoculars.

THROUGH BINOCULARS:

ABDULLA YUSEF AZIZ (late 40's) salt and pepper hair and Hijab stands in his CORPORATE BOX watching the game with intensity. Next to him is GEORGE EDWARDS in wire frame glasses. They are surrounded by MULTIPLE BODY GUARDS and GORGEOUS WOMEN. Aziz claps his hands as his team scores. The CROWD CHEERS and breaks into a FIGHT SONG.

CONTRACTOR 3 (V.O.)

All quiet here. No movement.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Mercs watch the FEED FROM THE BINOCULARS on their surveillance monitors.

CONTRACTOR 1  
(into com)  
Acknowledged.

ON THE SCREEN Aziz flirts with the women. One feeds him a strawberry.

CONTRACTOR 1 (CONT'D)  
Look at this asshole. How rich Cap  
say this guy was, couple billion?

CONTRACTOR 2  
(envious)  
I don't know, but you can't stay  
off the radar with that kind of  
cheese though.

CONTRACTOR 1  
I guess stealing from one of Uncle  
Sam's made men crosses the line  
into water boarding territory.

CONTRACTOR 2  
Please, what a joke, I went through  
that shit in the SAS. He doesn't  
give it all up, they're gonna give  
his ass a couple thousand volts  
till he can't remember his own  
name.

INT. VAN - DAY

John is in the back of a supped-up black van with Deacon and Lachlan. Sandro is in the driver's seat. They are amped.

The men listen to the radio cues from the recon team.

CONTRACTOR 3 (V.O.)  
Romeo, Sierra has eyes on X-ray.  
Target is Oscar Mike, four bogies  
in tail, ETA three minutes.

CONTRACTOR 1 (V.O.)  
Acknowledged Sierra, Romeo has eyes  
on convoy.



EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Mercs ZOOM in on the convoy of Escalade pick-up trucks and Mercedes SUVs pulling up in front of the soccer stadium.

CONTRACTOR 1

(into com)

Count three vehicles, ten bogies.  
Tango team acknowledge, target en route.

INT. VAN - DAY

John, Deacon and Lachlan COCK their weapons. It's go time.

JOHN

(into com)

Roger Sierra, Tango acknowledged.

(to team)

Alright, let's bag this sonofabitch. Slow is smooth and smooth is fast. Ready boys?

DEACON

Born ready.

Deacon grabs Sandro's seat and shakes it. He grunts and slaps himself on the head. Lachlan nods to John.

LACHLAN

Lets do this.

Sandro puts on his driving goggles. He is amped up and ready to drive like no other.

SANDRO

Here we go baby!

Sandro starts the engine and bangs on the steering wheel.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - DAY

Aziz and Edwards walk out of the stadium flanked by the four heavily armed bodyguards. The gunmen keep alert as they walk their boss and his guest to the convoy.

Aziz and Edwards are just yards away from the convoy when:

THE BLACK VAN speeds over the curb and pulls RIGHT IN BETWEEN the targets and the Suburban, trapping the doors of the Guard's car shut.

The van door SLIDES open to reveal John, Deacon and Lachlan in ski masks. John grabs Aziz and TAZERS him in the NECK, incapacitating him instantly. Lachlan follows suit with Edwards. Deacon instantly engages the Guards SHOOTING each with a SILENCED .45 CALIBER PISTOL... PFFT PFFT! PFFT PFFT!. John and Lachlan DRAG their limp prey into the van. John SLAMS the door shut.

MEN from the convoy pile out and OPEN FIRE at the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Sandro slams on the accelerator and lets out a battle cry. He cuts the van to the right.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - DAY

The van TAKES OFF. Guards pepper their retreat with AUTOMATIC FIRE. A Guard angrily motions to the others to give chase.

INT. VAN - DAY

John and Lachlan go to work: ZIP-TYING Aziz and Edward's feet and hands. INJECTING them with a SEDATIVE. DUCT TAPING their mouth, eyes and ears. Putting a BLACK BAG over their heads.

JOHN  
(into com)  
Tango team has the package,  
proceeding to extract.

Lachlan let's out an adrenaline fueled howl. Sandro follows and bangs the wheel with his fist in excitement.

DEACON  
We gottem. They didn't stand a  
fuckin chance.

SANDRO  
That's how we do it.

JOHN  
We lose the rest?

Sandro checks his mirrors.

SANDRO  
All clear baby.

JOHN  
That was good.

John nods and looks to Lachlan who has a giddy child like expression on his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You just cant help yourself. You  
love this shit.

LACHLAN  
I live for this mate.

John smiles and shakes his head and bumps fists with Lachlan.

AUTOMATIC FIRE slams into the back of the van. IN THE REAR  
VIEW MIRROR SANDRO SEES:

Aziz's convoy right on their asses.

SANDRO  
We got contact rear!

John and Lachlan's faces tense up.

JOHN  
It's not over yet.

LACHLAN  
We gotta return fire. You take the  
left.

Lachlan hands John an H&K 21E BELT-FED MACHINE GUN with a  
drum magazine. Lachlan readies his H&K G36C ASSAULT RIFLE and  
motions John to fire.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
Let's give these shaggers some of  
their own medicine.

Lachlan smiles. John smirks. Sandro looks into his side-view  
mirrors to see TWO PICK UP TRUCKS and TWO SUBURBANS right on  
their ass. Gunmen hang out of the windows and stand in the  
truck beds SPRAYING rounds wildly. The side view mirror is  
struck by a round and SHATTERS into sparks.

SANDRO  
Would you guys hurry the fuck up  
and get these cuzãos off us!

John crouches and aims his rifle out of the rear window.  
Lachlan engages as well, firing out of the side of the van.  
He takes out TWO of the men standing in the truck bed with  
deliberate rapid fire. The men go down firing, one falls out  
of the truck and careens into a car parked on the street.

John shreds the lead trucks windshield with bursts of fire. Red puffs splash onto the glass. The driver is now dead. The man riding in shotgun goes to grab the wheel. John fires another large burst killing the man instantly. His body falls dead over the wheel, jerking it and sending the pick-up truck crashing into a car.

The rest of the men in the back are tossed into the air like rag dolls as the truck tumbles end over end. John smirks for a beat of celebration. The smoke clears and he sees that the rest of the trucks are still hot on their trail.

JOHN

Push the button! We need back up!

SANDRO

Fuck that, we can lose these  
punhetas!

EXT. KUWAIT CITY STREETS - DAY

The van and Suburban cut through the streets at high speeds. Sandro dodges TRAFFIC and PEDESTRIANS by inches but manages to keep control.

Men lean out of windows SPRAYING BULLETS. They SWERVE in and out of traffic. CIVILIANS DODGE stray bullets.

INT. VAN - DAY

John climbs up to Sandro and Deacon in the front seats.

JOHN

Push the fuckin button! We need to stop somewhere and confront them. Trust me it'll be the only way we shake them. They'll never let us into the airport with this kind of heat.

SANDRO

Stop?! Are you serious?! You hear all that shit back there?! These guys are pissed!

LACHLAN

(to Sandro)

He's right.

(to John)

Give the order.

DEACON  
Sorry man but I agree.

SANDRO  
Aw shit!

Sandro opens the console revealing TWO RED BUTTONS. Sandro pushes the buttons and holds them down. An audible tone comes over the speakers.

GSC SWITCH BOARD OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Operator, state your pin?

JOHN  
Alpha Beta Delta Mike.

GSC SWITCH BOARD OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Roger. How can we assist you?

JOHN  
Tango team has encountered heavy resistance. We need back up to help us counter attack immediately.

GSC SWITCH BOARD OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Roger that Tango. Tracking you at two space one four decimal one eight three south in grid fifty.

JOHN  
Roger confirmed. Requesting a welcome party the second we get into an open channel.

GSC SWITCH BOARD OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Tango team, acknowledged. There is a square two clicks east of your location. Should be the perfect spot. Welcome party will be waiting.

JOHN  
That's the place. We're moving ETA two minutes.

GSC SWITCH BOARD OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Copy Tango.

JOHN  
(to men)  
We're gonna stop and tear these guys some new assholes. Get ready for a fight.

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

The van flies into the SQUARE, which is actually an open air market lined with VENDORS, PEDESTRIANS, and fruit stands. Aziz's convoy is not far behind.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

John looks to their surroundings confused.

JOHN

This isn't a square, this is a damn flea market.

John spots the GSC Armored Suburban waiting with FOUR CONTRACTORS ready to rock and roll. John points them out to Sandro.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There they are! Put us right next to them!

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - SAME TIME

In an instant the van FISH TAILS to the left SCREECHING TO A HALT right in line with the Suburban and perpendicular to the chase vehicles. The chase vehicles do the same only ten feet behind, SMASHING vendor carts. The Contractors OPEN FIRE.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

John opens the door and he and Lachlan take firing positions.

Deacon readies his VALKYRIE M4 BELT-FED MACHINE GUN. Sandro climbs into the back of the van and grabs his FN FAL ASSAULT RIFLE and RACKS the slide.

Deacon takes a VIAL OF COCAINE out of his vest. He SNORTS the powder in it, his eyes going wide. John clocks this unnerved as he exits the van with Lachlan and Sandro. They take positions along the side of the van. Deacon COCKS his machine gun with a look of excitement on his face.

DEACON

Aw yeah, let's get some.

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

MULTIPLE GUARDS pile out of the chase vehicles BLASTING AK-47s in a huge BARRAGE OF FIRE.

There are now two battle lines with gunmen trading FIRE.

Deacon climbs out of the van with rage in his eyes and ducks near John.

DEACON

I'll cover.

Deacon unleashes HUGE BURSTS from his machine gun at the guards who scatter for cover behind their pick up trucks. John pops out and sprays BURSTS at the guards DOWNING one. Sandro joins the fight and TAKES SHOTS at the attackers.

The guards duck behind their vehicles and blindly return fire, their bullets EXPLODING fruit and splintering wood all around. Pedestrians SCREAM and run for cover.

FOUR CONTRACTORS from the Suburban join John, Deacon, Lachlan and Sandro. All of them begin firing at Aziz's men.

John DOWNS ANOTHER one of them, the rest scattering back to cover. Deacon UNLOADS his machine gun at the trucks. The bullets are just pinging off the sides.

Deacon bashes his gun into the van frustrated.

DEACON (CONT'D)

This fuckin' pussy shit isn't  
getting through! I need  
penetration.

(to John)

I'll be right back.

John looks at Deacon confused and goes back to engaging the enemy. Deacon drops out of the fire fight and climbs back into the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Deacon reaches into a backpack and methodically switches out the top of his rifle for the BEOWULF 50 CALIBER VERSION.

DEACON

They want to play rough. OK. Say  
hello to MY little friend.

He inserts a 30 round drum magazine and RACKS the rifle.

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

John HITS another guard in the chest with a burst. Other Contractors TAKE OUT the remaining guys in front of Aziz's convoy.

The FIRE FIGHT IS MASSIVE. Bullets wiz from every angle of the stalled convoy, impacting the market as Pedestrians duck for cover.

John fires HUGE BURSTS from his rifle, pinning Aziz's men down behind the convoy.

Deacon emerges with the Beowulf, standing tall and fearless as BULLETS PING all around him from the haphazard fire of Aziz's men. John turns to see him.

JOHN

Get down!

Deacon raises the Beowulf and unleashes a HUGE BURST of rounds, sending FIRE BARKING from the barrel.

The rounds easily penetrate the lightly armored SUVs, shredding one of them. TWO ATTACKERS go down with TANGERINE-SIZED wounds, sending BLOOD SPATTERING ALL OVER THE SUVs.

Deacon aims at the second car and fires. The men behind are TORN TO PIECES by the massive rounds.

Deacon's eyes are wide and blood shot. The veins in his neck pulsate. Deacon is turning the tide of the shootout.

LACHLAN

(into com)

We have to get out of here now  
before reinforcements arrive and  
we're really fucked!

John nods and nudges Deacon who gives him a crazy smile.

JOHN

We're Oscar Mike! Back in the van!

John, Lachlan and Sandro climb back into the van. Deacon disregards the order and ducks to reload his weapon. The barrel radiates smoke and heat.

Deacon rises again and slowly WALKS TOWARD THE CONVOY. Deacon fires a few more bursts, SHREDDING more of the guards. The remaining guards run for cover in the market, intermittently returning fire.



INT./EXT. VAN

John leans out to see that Deacon is down range.

JOHN  
Deac, what the fuck are you doing?!  
We have to leave now! Get your ass  
back here!

Deacon ignores this and continues firing and slowly approaching the convoy like a machine.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(to Lachlan)  
Where the hell is he going?!

Lachlan shrugs.

SANDRO  
We gotta roll now man! Victor team  
is ready to move!

John grunts, rolls his head in frustration and punches the front seat.

JOHN  
I'm going to get him, cover me.

Lachlan nods and stands to provide COVER FIRE over the top of the van.

INT. OPEN AIR MARKET

John runs out after him. Deacon continues firing as he DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CONVOY.

Lachlan scans the shattered trucks for any signs of resistance.

John rounds the corner to the other side of the van revealing TORN METAL and DEAD BODIES. He looks to Deacon who stands over a WOUNDED MAN who is clinging to life. Deacon raises his gun and BAM! BLASTS the man with a SHOT TO THE CHEST sending him FLYING INTO THE SIDE OF THE SUV. John looks on in horror as BLOOD SPATTERS onto their FACES. John stands there in shock. Deacon looks to him with a sadistic smile, blood dripping off his face. Deacon licks his lips.

DEACON  
Blew that fucker away good!

Bullets impact near Deacon from TWO guards who have taken cover behind a fruit stand. John ducks for cover and motions to Deacon to do the same.

JOHN

Get down!

Deacon is not even fazed. He turns to the guards who are now using the VENDORS AS SHIELDS and HOLDING them at GUN POINT.

John pops up and takes aim at one of the guard's heads.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I got the one on the right. You  
take left on three.

Deacon looks to John with rage in his eyes and again flashes that smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

One, two...

Deacon fires, SHOOTING THE HOSTAGE MULTIPLE TIMES IN THE CHEST. The bullets SLICE THROUGH the hostage and OBLITERATE the guard on the other side. Both of them go down hard.

John expertly DOWNS his target with a shot between the eyes leaving the hostage completely unharmed.

John looks to Deacon, frozen in shock at his lack of respect for human life. John regains his composure.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get the hell back to the van, now!

Deacon nods and they both run back to the van.

INT./EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

John and Deacon climb in.

SANDRO

Where the fuck were you!?

DEACON

Just had to test out my new toy.  
That was awesome! Those fuckers  
can't shoot for shit!

JOHN

Yeah neither can you! You blew away  
a God damn shop keeper back there,  
on purpose! You're gone man, you're  
fuckin' crazy!

DEACON

You wanna' make something of it  
PJ?!

LACHLAN

Both of you settle, the bad guys  
are out there.

JOHN

(into com)

Victor team we are clear. Let's  
move out.

The van and Suburban take off down the dirt road. John sits  
in the van silent and shaking. He wipes some of the man's  
blood off of his face and arms trying to snap out of his  
shock. He looks to Lachlan who stares out the window  
vigilant.

EXT. KUWAIT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DUSK

The van and the Suburban pull up to an airplane hangar where  
their G5 jet is waiting. The team gets out of the van.

LACHLAN

Alright let's get the yank and the  
arab on the plane. It's gonna be a  
long night for all of us.

John and Sandro grab Aziz and haul him towards the plane.  
Deacon grabs Edwards and slings him over his shoulder like  
its nothing as he climbs the stairs of the G5.

DEACON

You ladies need some help?

John rolls his eyes.

JOHN

(to himself)

This fuckin guy.

INT./EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

SUP: UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

A dank, vacant space with a TEMPORARY STRUCTURE in the middle that is wrapped in TWO-WAY MIRRORED GLASS. White-hot lamps beam down on men in front of the mirror. Deacon stands in front of Aziz and Edwards who are now ZIP-TIED to wooden chairs next to each other. Aziz's face is beaten and bloody. Edwards has a black canvass bag over his head. Aziz moans and is barely conscious.

Standing next to Deacon wearing a BLACK BALACLAVA with MIRRORED LENSES for eyes and all black tactical gear is GHOST (age unknown). Deacon holds a phonebook that has been wrapped in duct tape.

GHOST

Who did you sell the files to? What group were they connected to?

AZIZ

You think you have power. You are nothing. The Caliphate will rise again and your kind will...

Ghost motions to Deacon who SMASHES the phone book into Aziz's face again and again. Ghost motions to stop. Ghost pushes his face into Aziz's so that he can see his own beaten reflection in the lenses. Tears stream down Aziz's face.

GHOST

See the thing you rag heads don't get is that I don't subscribe to ANYTHING. I don't have a God, an ideology, a code. I don't live by any rules. I am a force. I do what I will. And that makes me immeasurably more dangerous than you.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - VIEWING ROOM

John and Lachlan watch on as the interrogation plays out in front of them and on monitors. They sip coffee. Sandro sits in a chair with his feet up on a table listening to music on an iPod and moving to the beat with his eyes closed.

JOHN

He sure has a way with people.

LACHLAN

Don't he? Ghost always got to get his act in. Personally I think he's a puff.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR

AZIZ

Allah Akbar. Allah Akbar!

Deacon hits him. Aziz spits blood onto Deacon's face.

DEACON

You fuckin sonofabitch.

Deacon pummels Aziz again and again until he is nearly lifeless. Deacon wraps his mouth in duct tape. He crosses over to Edwards and rips the bag off his head and the duct tape off his mouth. Edwards squints his sweat and blood caked face, and looks to Aziz's limp and bloody body in horror.

GHOST

Listen to me very carefully. I'm running out of patience and your friend over here has taken up all of my time. You don't want to die for these fuckin hajejes do you? Now, I need you to tell me who you sold the files to.

A look of terror comes over Edwards' face.

EDWARDS

(becoming more frantic)

I don't know... I don't, I swear. I only dealt with Aziz, he set up the deal. I just gave him the files!

Deacon rolls his neck in frustration.

GHOST

You just don't get it, do you?

(to Deacon)

Wrap him up.

Deacon drops the phone book onto the blood soiled ground, walks over to a table and grabs a CLEAR PLASTIC BAG.

EDWARDS

Please don't kill me! I hooked up with Aziz through a contact I made at a tech conference in Munich. I don't know anything else!

He walks behind Edwards and puts the bag over his head and seals it tight, pulling back on it like reigns. Edwards' voice is muffled in choking gargles. Deacon takes the bag off his head. Edwards gasps for air.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I over heard Aziz on the phone  
saying something about Mali. But I  
don't speak fuckin arabic! I don't  
know where! I swear to God that's  
all I know!

GHOST

God won't help you here. I control  
your fate. I'm your god now.

Deacon drags the bag back over Edwards' head for even longer  
than before.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - VIEWING ROOM

JOHN

What is he doing? The guy's giving  
up the goods!

LACHLAN

Just leave em. He's done this  
hundreds of times.

John watches as Edwards shakes violently, his blood dying the  
inside of the plastic bag red.

JOHN

He's gonna fucking kill him! Aren't  
you going to stop this?!

Lachlan just looks to John with a blank expression.

GHOST (V.O.)

I know you know more! Tell me!

JOHN

Fuck this shit!

John sets his coffee down and moves deliberately to exit the  
viewing room.

LACHLAN

I wouldn't do that!

Sandro stands and takes the earbuds out.

SANDRO

What's goin on? What did I miss?

Lachlan grunts and gives chase. Sandro eyes the monitor.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR

Ghost motions to Deacon to lift the bag.

Edwards' body slinks down, his head hanging low oozing blood and mucus. Deacon lifts Edwards' head and checks his pulse.

DEACON

He's gone. Fuckin pussy.

GHOST

We got enough. Let's clean up.

John bursts out of the viewing room from across the hangar.

JOHN

Deac, he's had enough! What are you doing?!

Deacon turns back to John as he approaches and smirks. He turns back, draws his PISTOL and SHOOTS Aziz in the forehead TWICE. Aziz's head whips back in a puff of red mist.

John freezes in shock.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you!?

DEACON

We don't leave witnesses. Why your panties in a wad?

John charges at Deacon in rage and SHOVES him into the table sending Deacons pistol sliding away. John immobilizes Deacon's arm and chokes him with his wrist.

JOHN

You were supposed to get us intel not execute our only leads!

Deacon stomps John's shin and pushes him back landing a RIGHT CROSS to John's face. Stunned, John takes the punch and shoots in, taking Deacon to the ground on his back.

John returns and lands FOUR PUNCHES to Deacon's face bouncing his head on the ground. Deacon elbows John in the ribs and rolls on top of John. In a scramble Deacon DRAWS A KNIFE from a sheath on his ankle.

DEACON

Do you really want to play, huh?!

Deacon rolls towards John and pushes the knife towards his throat, the blade now touching.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Deacon! That's enough!

John looks to him in shock. Deacon freezes and flashes his crazy smile. He relaxes his grasp of the knife and retracts it from John's neck. John rolls away and quickly gets to his feet with fists at the ready. Deacon sheaths his blade.

JOHN  
You fuckin' lunatic! The next time you pull some shit like that you better be prepared to use it, because I'll take it from you and shove it up your fuckin' ass!

Deacon laughs. John stares at him like the nut case he is.

DEACON  
You're pretty scrappy for an Air Force PJ. Not bad, I'm impressed.

JOHN  
Fuck you!  
(to Lachlan)  
Are you gonna stand for this?! He just shot two unarmed prisoners in cold blood!

Lachlan throws up his hands.

LACHLAN  
They weren't exactly saints mate. Aziz runs a international black market and the other was a bloody Benedict Arnold traitor. Listen, it's been a long night for everybody. Both of you cool it and get your shit together so we can get topside alright?... Alright?!

Deacon nods at Lachlan. John takes a deep breath.

JOHN  
Yeah. Fine.

He and Deacon stare daggers at each other.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John meticulously makes himself a sandwich on his kitchen island while Clarke sits on the counter watching him. A REDSKINS GAME is playing in the background on a 100 inch flatscreen TV.



JOHN

You are in for a treat. This is my favorite sandwich. Grilled chicken breast, melted pepper-jack, avocado, arugula, tomato and bacon over a toasted french baguette. Mmm, delicioso.

John blows a kiss at Clarke who smiles.

CLARKE

A man that is single and cooks?  
I've died and gone to heaven.

John shimmies over to in between Clarke's legs and feeds her a bit of the ingredients. She gives him a sensual kiss.

JOHN

Don't act like you'd cheat on Ryan Gosling for me or anything.

John winks at her and pours a craft beer into two Pilsner glasses with perfect head. Clarke laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Miss, would you mind grabbing those?

Clarke grabs the beers as John walks the plates of food over to his leather couch and takes a seat with Clarke.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And now we feast. Cheers.

Clarke and John clink glasses and kiss.

John goes to sink his teeth into the sandwich but is interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. He rolls his eyes in annoyance and takes a sip of his beer.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll get that.

John opens it to reveal, DETECTIVE ROBERT CHILDS (late 40s).

CHILDS

John Turner?

JOHN

Depends whose asking.

CHILDS

Detective Robert Childs. I'm an investigator with the U.S. Department of State. May I come in?

JOHN

Actually I was just getting ready to sit down to lunch and watch the game. Could we do this another time?

CHILDS

Right, the Redskins are up. Morris is having a great game. I was listening on the radio. Had to drive all over the city to track you down.

Childs leans in to look around John's apartment.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Went by your old place. Boy did you upgrade. Must be doing well for yourself.

John shuts the door to shield Clarke from the conversation as she watches the game.

JOHN

Uh yeah. I'm sorry can I see some ID.

CHILDS

Course.

Childs fumbles out his wallet with I.D. and hands it to John. John looks it over.

JOHN

Alright what can I do for you Mr. Childs?

CHILDS

Detective. I'm investigating the murder of an American national living abroad. His name was George Edwards.

JOHN

OK, what's that have to do with me?

CHILDS

Well that remains to be seen. See we've tracked Edwards to Kuwait City and after that he just... poof disappeared.

JOHN

I'm not sure I follow.

CHILDS

You will. See we know Edwards was on the run trying to sell intel stolen from his former employer Lundquist Dunham. And we know that he was brokering a deal to sell it through Abdullah Aziz in Kuwait. Sometime after, they were systematically tortured and executed. Authorities found their bodies in a trash compactor in Lebanon.

JOHN

I'm sorry but...

CHILDS

Let me finish... We know that Global Security Concepts took a contract with Lundquist Dunham and flew their jet to Kuwait. YOU are one of GSC's top... operators.

John's face hardens. He pushes back with confidence.

JOHN

Very interesting. You're right. I do some consulting for GSC but mostly from behind a desk. If I hear of anything around the office I'll be sure to contact you.

Childs backs off a bit. He knows he's not going to crack John in one go. He takes a deep breath and retrieves an ENVELOPE from his suit coat.

CHILDS

No need. I am formally serving you with a subpoena for your sworn testimony on the matter. And may I remind you everything you say will be under oath and a felony of the highest order if perjured.

(beat)

We'll be in touch.

Childs gives John the envelope, turns and leaves. John watches him saunter down the hallway with both fear and anger in his eyes.

John pockets the envelope and walks back into his living area still stunned.

CLARKE

Oh yeah! Morris just broke through the line for forty. He's killin it today.

JOHN

(sotto)  
So I hear.

CLARKE

Who was at the door?

JOHN

Oh it was nothing. Just some kid down the way selling candy bars for his basketball team.

CLARKE

In a building like this? Surprised the parents wouldn't just write a check. So what kind did you get?

JOHN

Eh, I just gave him the money and told him to keep em.

CLARKE

You are such a sweetheart.

Clarke sensually kisses John and turns back to the game, cuddling up to him. The look on John's face says it all.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - 21ST FLOOR

John gets off the elevator and sees Dice's Secretary.

JOHN

Is Michael in?

SECRETARY

Um, let me check.

The Secretary puts the phone to her ear.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Dice, Mr. Turner is here and  
would like to speak with you  
(to John)  
Go right in.

The giant office doors automatically part.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - DICE'S OFFICE

John enters the office to see Dice sitting in a Franklin Tuft Club chair intensely reading a large book by a flickering modern fireplace. Dice looks up to John approaching. The doors close behind John. Outside, a THUNDERSTORM rumbles in the distance.

DICE  
John. Good to see you. Just  
catching up on my reading. Did you  
know King Solomon enlisted the  
power of dark spirits to erect his  
great temple?

JOHN  
(deadpan)  
No, I didn't.

DICE  
Knowledge fascinates me. There's so  
much out there and most people know  
so little. So, to what do I owe  
this visit?

John takes the envelope from his back pocket and tosses it at Dice.

JOHN  
A State Department investigator  
came by my place yesterday asking  
questions about our last op.

DICE  
Interesting. What kind of  
questions?

JOHN  
Let's cut through the bullshit,  
alright. You know exactly what he  
was there for. He wants to know my  
involvement.

DICE  
And what did you tell him?

JOHN

Nothing. I blew him off. But I can tell this guy is going to be a pain in the ass. He's not gonna just go away. He had details, he knows we were there. I have to give sworn testimony!

DICE

(smiling care-free)

Let's not get too worked up here John. I got one of those too. This happens all the time, it's standard operating procedure. They're always poking around in someone's business. Trust me, if the government is asking questions its because they don't have the answers, and as per usual, they're in the dark. So as long as we don't give them a thread to pull on, we're in the clear.

JOHN

So what? You want me to just lie to a Federal agent... under oath?! I didn't sign on for that shit! I...

Dice snaps and SLAMS the book shut, dead serious. He stands to his feet, the true killer in him coming out.

DICE

I want you to tow the fucking line here! A unified front! We give them nothing, they have nothing! United we stand, divided we fall! One of us cracks we all go down! Get it?!

Dice stares deep into John's eyes. John's jaw and fists clench.

DICE (CONT'D)

(suppressing this side)

This is a game they are playing here John... and everyone has a lot to lose... I trust you'll do what's necessary... Now if you could excuse me, I seldom find myself with the time to indulge my thirst for enlightenment.

Dice goes back to reading his book with John still standing there. The office doors swing open. John knows this conversation is over and turns to walk away.

DICE (CONT'D)  
Oh and John?

John stops and gives him a half turn.

DICE (CONT'D)  
Let's keep this whole matter  
between you and me. No reason to  
drag anyone else into the fray.

INT. CAFE - DAY

SUP: WASHINGTON D.C.

John and Clarke sit at a nice French café. They sit in silence looking over the menu. Outside the window, rain pours and thunder booms.

JOHN  
This place is nice, and so close to  
my place.

CLARKE  
(deadpan)  
Yeah, its great.

John cocks his head. He is not sure what is going on.

JOHN  
So what do you think you'll get?

Clarke looks at her menu intently. Her brow furrows.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Is something wrong?

Clarke looks up and gives John a fake smile. Her eyes shoot back to the menu.

CLARKE  
No, everything's fine.

Smelling the bullshit, John rolls his eyes and continues looking at his menu. Clarke pushes John's menu down. He looks to her with surprise.

CLARKE (CONT'D)  
(quivering)  
I lied. I was going to save this  
discussion for after lunch, but I  
just can't.

JOHN  
What's going on?

CLARKE  
John, I know what you do for a living. What you really do.

John is completely caught off guard.

JOHN  
What are you talking about?

CLARKE  
Don't do that. You know. GSC? The work trips? You're not a consultant, you're a MERCENARY.

John's face drops. The cat is out of the bag.

JOHN  
Who told you that?

CLARKE  
A guy from the State Department came by my office today. Do you have any idea how humiliating that is? He told me what it is you do, what your company does.  
(leaning in; serious)  
You're working for a bunch of violent sociopaths that wage war for the highest bidder.

John can't believe what is happening. He pushes back.

JOHN  
Clarke that guy's an asshole. He came by my place too. Everything he said was bullshit.

CLARKE  
Oh yeah? Well all I know is that in all my relationship experiences I've never had a FEDERAL AGENT asking questions about my boyfriend! God knows what he's investigating in the first place!

JOHN  
Listen I can explain everything.

A tear runs down her face. She catches it with her napkin.



CLARKE

I don't want you to explain.

(deep sigh)

This is all too much already, plain and simple. And if it's true, it's that much worse.

JOHN

(trying to convince both her and himself)

Clarke, I'm not doing anything wrong or illegal here. Its not like I'm a drug dealer! I work for one of the biggest private security firms around, and I'm good at it. You ambushing me like this is crazy.

Clarke stands. John stands as well.

CLARKE

I have to go. I can't do this here.

JOHN

Clarke, wait. Please...

Clarke draws some money out of her purse and sets it down.

CLARKE

I just can't.

Clarke abruptly leaves the restaurant. John just stands there stunned as she walks away.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - GYM - DAY

SUP: MOOREFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA.

John puts his iPod earbuds in. He tears open one of the FOIL POUCHES that Doc gave him and squeezes the liquid underneath his tongue.

He intensely throws up bench press, which is more than double the weight he was doing a few months ago. He racks the weights and looks at how much he just did with wide eyes.

JOHN

(to himself)

Supplements my ass. No way this stuff is legit.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

John is in a steaming hot shower cleansing himself from the events that shake his memory.

FLASH TO:

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Deacon CUTTING DOWN THE CIVILIAN in the market with AUTOMATIC FIRE. Chunks of BLOOD spirt into the air.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR

Deacon SHOOTING Aziz IN THE HEAD.

John looks down to his hands which are now COVERED WITH BLOOD. Deacon looks to him with a sadistic smile, blood dripping off his face. Deacon licks his lips.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. GSC COMPOUND - LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

John shakes off the memory trip and rubs his head and face under the steaming hot cascade. John turns off the shower, wraps a towel around himself and exits.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - LOCKER ROOM

John approaches a bank of sinks in front of a large mirror where Lachlan is shaving with a ANTIQUE STRAIGHT RAZOR. John walks to an adjacent sink.

LACHLAN

Hey there.

JOHN

(sullen)

Hey.

John prepares his razor and smears shaving cream on his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(on Lachlan's razor)

I guess you don't have a problem  
with razor burn.

LACHLAN  
(smirking)  
Naw, tough skin. Been doing it this way since I was thirteen.

John shakes his head with a faint smile.

JOHN  
You're one of a kind, man.

Lachlan motions to John's razor.

LACHLAN  
Funny, me ma used to say the same.  
If I would have used something like that me pop would have called me a Sheila and kicked me ass.

John lets out a weak laugh and begins shaving slowly.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
You alright?

JOHN  
Uh yeah, I'm fine, why?

LACHLAN  
Because you look like you just fucked your mother.

John finally lets out a real laugh.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
That's more like it.

JOHN  
It's really nothing. Just still getting used to this lifestyle I guess.

LACHLAN  
This job is definitely different from anything else. That's why I love it.

John nods. He turns a bit more towards Lachlan.

JOHN  
(searching for the words)  
Back in Kuwait. What Deacon did was... what's his deal?

Lachlan doesn't break his stride.

LACHLAN

Aw that guy, he's an unpredictable one. Gets the job done though.

JOHN

Yeah, but leaving the team and going into the field of fire? He could have gotten himself or one of us killed by not following protocol.

LACHLAN

When you talk about protocol you sound like a serviceman. We're Mercs, hired guns. The only protocol GSC cares about is we get the missions done with out fucking up too much of their equipment. Nothing else.

The realization hits John about what this job really is.

JOHN

But Lach, he killed two unarmed HVTs.

LACHLAN

They're all baddies though, the way I look at it. Now you see that this gig can ask for more than the service. When you operate outside of the lines, it tends to get a bit messy. Take a look at your bank statement. It's that fat because we take contracts others won't.

(beat)

Deac is one of the finest killers I've ever met. But I wouldn't be surprised if he goes out in a blaze of gunfire someday.

John nods and continues shaving.

JOHN

Anyone drop by your place lately, asking questions?

LACHLAN

Na, about what?

JOHN

Ah nothin.

Lachlan notices John is strained.

LACHLAN  
Hope it wasn't another lassie with  
a paternity test.

John lets out a tense laugh. They both chuckle.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
Listen mate, try not to dwell on  
the past. There will always be  
another mission. Won't do any good  
to stir up any trouble either.  
Folks like you around here.

Lachlan towels off his face and sheaths his knife.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
See you around.

Lachlan exits. John stands looking himself in the mirror. One side of his face is clean shaved and the other is covered in shaving cream.

John is caught between two versions of himself, and he can't figure out which one he is anymore.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John calls Clarke. He lets it ring through to the message machine but can't stomach the nerves to leave another message and hangs up.

John paces in his room then decides to give it one more try. His call rings through to the machine.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Hey, its me. I haven't heard from  
you in a while.

INT. CLARKE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Clarke enters and hears John's message as it's recording.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I think that if I could see you  
again we could figure this out.  
Talk it over. We had a great thing.  
Anyway, It'd be good to hear from  
you.

She hovers over the phone and answers it just before John hangs up.

CLARKE  
(into phone)  
Hello? John?

JOHN (V.O.)  
Hey, did you hear all that?

CLARKE  
Yeah I did.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Well what do you think?

CLARKE  
John I like you... I really do. And I understand that we have only known each other for a short time but... I just can't be with someone who kills people for money.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Clarke it's not like that. I'm a soldier. I always have been.

CLARKE  
Oh John, you of all people should know there's a big difference between being a soldier that fights for his country, and a soldier that fights for a paycheck.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

John stands listening, frozen.

CLARKE (V.O.)  
(sincere)  
I'm sorry John, I care about you but I just can't be with a Mercenary.  
(somber)  
Goodbye.

Clarke hangs up the call. John drops his head in defeat.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A sterile white room with a two-way mirror for a wall. John sits across a table from Detective Childs. Childs has a dossier laid out in front of him and presses a small red button on a microphone in the center of the table. He clicks his pen and jots down notes from time to time.

CHILDS

Detective Robert Childs ID number 003135 interviewing John Turner. For the record Mr. Turner, you are under oath to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, is that correct.

JOHN

Yes sir.

CHILDS

And you are aware of your Constitutional rights?

JOHN

Yes sir.

CHILDS

Wonderful, let's proceed.

JOHN

You went to my girlfriend's work and questioned her. You cost me the only good thing in my life.

CHILDS

It's standard protocol, nothing personal. Gotta follow all the leads. I'm sure she'll understand once all the dust settles.

JOHN

You didn't have to do that and you know it. Just because I may work for assholes, doesn't make me one.

CHILDS

John I couldn't have said it better myself. And that is precisely why I came to you and you alone. You are different.

JOHN

I told you I don't know anything.

Childs smug smile drops off his face. He pushes the red button turning off the microphone.

CHILDS

You done bullshitting me yet? You realize I have you under court order right? I can keep you here as long as I see fit.

(MORE)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Like you, I'm a professional. I do THIS for a living. We've had a case file open on GSC for over a year. In that time they have gone from a blip on our radar to one of the largest private security companies in the world. Now we know there's something rotten in Denmark, but they have been quite elusive. But now, I'm finally going to nail them for this one. And you are going to help me.

JOHN

I don't even know what you are talking about.

CHILDS

When they killed George Edwards, they didn't just kill another piece of shit from butt-fuck Egypt. They killed an American citizen. Albeit a scumbag, but an American scumbag. And if you want the ugly truth, only Uncle Sam can kill American citizens and get away with it. For everyone else there is a guy like me waiting to fuck them. And if you don't help me, I'm going to add you to my list.

JOHN

How could I help you?

CHILDS

You give me everything. Names, dates, times, locations, fucking stool samples I don't care I want it all. You get on board, and I promise your name won't even make the papers.

John takes a deep sigh thinking it over.

JOHN

Alright I'll do it.

CHILDS

That's more like it.

Childs presses turns the micro phone back on.



CHILDS (CONT'D)

Now John, what was the involvement of your employer, Global Security Concepts, in the death of George Francis Edwards?

JOHN

I do not have any knowledge of any George Francis Edwards nor my company's involvement with his death and I would like to respectfully invoke my fifth amendment rights on all further inquiries... Are we done here?

Childs sits back in his chair deflated.

CHILDS

Yes we are finished.

Childs smirks, turns the microphone off and folds up his dossier.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Funny, you know I didn't expect that from you. I guess I'll just have to CATCH you later.

Childs takes an about face and saunters out of the room. John watches him with a steely gaze.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

SUP: Bamako-Sénou International Airport. BAMAKO, MALI.

John, Lachlan, Deacon, Sandro and TWO OTHER GSC MERCENARY FIRE TEAMS meet. In the background is a C-17 Globemaster III cargo aircraft. The men stand around Captain who holds a pointer and runs through a mission on a large table, with a model mock up of a small city and a map.

CAPTAIN

Alright here's the run down. Your mission is to covertly infiltrate and retrieve all intelligence files that were stolen. They are being held here in Mali in the northern province of Timbuktu. Now our intel on the ground says this building is an underground HQ for an off-shoot of Al-Qaeda called Ansar al-Din. They recently seized power over this area by force.

DEACON

What the hell these cave-dwellers  
need with computer files?

CAPTAIN

From what we can tell, their plan  
is to attack weapons shipments and  
depots that LD has been supplying  
to the Malian Government off the  
books. Our plan is to be in and out  
before the local militia gets wind.  
This is there city now. These are  
their streets and they know them  
well. At approximately 0500 hours,  
Alpha, Bravo and Charlie teams roll  
out, call sign Actual. Alpha and  
Bravo teams will secure the  
perimeter and Charlie will recover  
the package and torch the building.  
Assuming all goes to plan, by 0700  
we should be kicking back sipping  
scotch at the HQ. Blue Label on me.

The men smile and murmur.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I'll be riding shotgun with Little  
Bird, call sign Archangel, and  
providing air support and forward  
command from above. Stay frosty  
gentlemen and keep your guard up.

EXT. MALI HIGHWAY - DAWN

SUP: TIMBUKTU, MALI.

High above the dusty highway in the middle of nowhere an MH-6  
LITTLE BIRD HELICOPTER armed with dual MINIGUNS and ROCKET  
PODS flies above an CONVOY OF SIX ARMORED SUBURBANS. The  
convoy hauls ass down the road, dust trail in it's wake.

TWO of the Suburbans have MINIGUNS mounted inside the cabin  
that raise into turrets on the top, manned by MERCS. RADIO  
CHATTER can be heard from the helo and the convoy.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(through com)

Actual this is Archangel, you are  
approximately two minutes out from  
waypoint Delta. Button it up men.

INT./EXT. ARMORED SUBURBAN

In the third Suburban in the convoy John, Deacon and Lachlan ride, scanning the horizon. Sandro drives. Each of the men are decked out in body armor, SILENCED ASSAULT RIFLES, machine pistols, and ammo mags that makes every other mission look like they went out with squirt guns. The men cock their weapons.

Deacon's gear is sleeveless, showing his bulging tat-covered muscles and his face is PAINTED LIKE A SKULL. He looks like a killing machine.

LACHLAN

Cap's givin us the go head to go  
weapons hot at the first sight  
armed resistance.

DEACON

Translation: Light up every  
motherfucker we see. Roger that.

John shakes his head.

JOHN

Don't think they'll go down so  
easy. These guys are battle  
hardened. I ran into them in Iraq  
on more than one occasion. Bastards  
traveled a thousand miles just to  
try to get a piece of us.

DEACON

Yeah, well good thing they're  
willing to die for their cause and  
I'm willing to kill them for mine.

JOHN

And what's your cause Deac?

DEACON

Entertainment.

Lachlan let's out a laugh. John rolls his eyes.

EXT. TIMBUKTU STREET

The Suburbans blast through a chain link fence that surrounds the large THREE STORY STRUCTURE. They screech to a halt. The Mercs pile out of the Suburbans. Two INSURGENTS with AK-47 bursts out of the main door FIRING WILDLY. John engages one and Lachlan the other. The men go down in with the quiet PFFFT of their silenced weapons.

JOHN  
Well they know something's up.  
Let's move.

John, Deacon Sandro and Lachlan stack on the door and breach.

INT. ANSAR AL-DIN HQ

The team moves into the lobby of the dilapidated, once pristine, government building. The lobby is flanked by stairways that lead to offices on the second floor.

JOHN  
Clear left.

LACHLAN  
Clear right.

JOHN  
I don't like this. They have the  
high ground. We gotta push.

Just then FOUR INSURGENTS hesitantly walk out of the door at the top of the stairs holding AKs. Sandro clocks them.

SANDRO  
Contact left!

Sandro opens fire downing one then another. Deacon takes the other two out before they can even get a shot off.

LACHLAN  
Good eye mate. They don't have a  
bloody clue what's goin on but they  
are definitely on the alert. Let's  
move.

The team pushes up the stairway and past the bodies. They stack on the door.

INT. ANSAR AL-DIN HQ - SECOND FLOOR

JOHN  
It's locked. Blow it.

Deacon pulls a BREACHING CHARGE from his gear and stick it to the door. The team stack along side the wall. John nods to him three times and he blows it. One side of the door is totally obliterated.

John and the team move into an open floor with disheveled cubicles creating a maze.

INSURGENT HACKERS AND SOLDIERS sit at desks covered with computer hard drives and screens connected in a Rube Goldberg sort of network. John spots an INSURGENT picking up his AK and downs him with a PFFT. Lachlan does the same PFFT PFFT, Gunman go down one after the other. Deacon sprays unarmed Hackers with fire spewing blood all over their computer screens.

GUNMEN burst into the room from a stairwell FIRING, their bullets tearing chunks out of the cubicles around the team. They all dive for cover.

LACHLAN

This cover ain't gonna cut it.  
Their rounds are slicing through  
these things like a hot knife  
through butter.

John looks around the office-like room and settles on a LARGE STEEL FILE CABINET.

JOHN

Yo Deac, help me push this shit  
over.

Deacon nods and he and John smash into the file cabinet turning it over on its side. The team slides behind it as the Gunman continue their fire.

LACHLAN

Good man. Whose got bangs?

SANDRO

I got two.

LACHLAN

Pop em.

Sandro takes two FLASH BANG GRENADES off his vest and tosses one to Deacon. They pull the pins and toss them. The team covers their heads.

The concussive EXPLOSIONS blind the Gunman and they drop to the ground. The team rises and with PFFT's each DROP the remaining gunmen in pink mists. The room goes eerily silent.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

We gotta find that drive.

SANDRO

How the fuck we supposed to do  
that? There's shit everywhere.

John looks around.

JOHN  
It's not out here. Its in there.

John points to an office door that is shut.

SANDRO  
How the hell you know that?

JOHN  
They were protecting it. The first place they went.

SANDRO  
OK boy genius.

Lachlan nods and moves toward the door.

INT. ANSAR AL-DIN HQ - OFFICE

The team blows the door and enters, sweeping the room with their weapons. No resistance, just a single computer terminal on an ornate old government desk. A RED HARD DRIVE with the Lundquist Dunham LOGO embossed on it sits next to the monitor on the desk.

LACHLAN  
We got it.

JOHN  
Pack it up and pry the drive out of that computer. Sandro, start laying out incendiary charges.

EXT. ANSAR AL-DIN HQ

The team moves out of the building where the other Mercs stand guard.

JOHN  
Blow it.

Sandro CLICKS a detonator. Instantly the whole second floor explodes in HELLFIRE. Flames burst every window engulfing the entire building.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Job done. Let's move out.  
(into com)  
Archangel this is Actual. We have the package. Moving to exfil.

INT./EXT. LITTLE BIRD

Captain has a headset on and looks at a map. He looks to the PILOT and points down to the building erupting in flames.

CAPTAIN  
(into com)  
Roger Actual. Well done boys. Get  
your asses in the can. We've got  
you the whole way.

The Little Bird drops altitude.

EXT. ANSAR AL-DIN HQ

The teams get back into their Suburbans and take off speeding down the road with the building burning like a torch in the background.

INT. CLAY HOUSE

An ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER is eating dinner and reading the KORAN. A TEENAGE INSURGENT bursts into the room.

TEEN INSURGENT  
(subtitled Arabic)  
*Sir, soldiers have set our building  
ablaze. They killed everyone.*

The Commander slowly turns his scarred face towards the boy.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER  
(subtitled Arabic)  
*Where are they now?*

EXT. MALI HIGHWAY

The convoy speeds down the highway.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Actual, Archangel has eyes on a  
large quantity of burnt-out  
vehicles obstructing the road up  
ahead. There is no alternate route  
but I see no visible hostiles. Slow  
down to maneuver around the debris  
and proceed with caution.

## INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN

The convoy slows down and enters the city. Burnt out vehicles litter the highway. Sandro eyes their surroundings.

SANDRO

I don't like this man. We're  
sitting ducks here.

All of the Mercs are on high alert.

## INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

The Ansar Al-Din Commander directs Insurgents carrying AK-47s and RPGs around an apartment building. The men break down doors and take over civilian apartments.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER

(subtitled Arabic)

*Take positions! Don't let them get  
a way! Fight and die for Allah!*

One INSURGENT rifle butts an OLD MAN who goes down unconscious. A MALIAN WOMAN in a BURKAH pleads to the Commander.

MALIAN WOMAN

(subtitled Arabic)

*That's my father! Please leave us,  
we don't want any trouble!*

The Commander draws his pistol and SHOOTs the woman in the forehead, blood spraying all over the Teen Insurgent. The Insurgents see this and freeze.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER

(subtitled Arabic)

*What are you waiting for?! Go! Kill  
them in the name of Allah!*

## EXT. MALI STREET

The convoy has now slowed down to a snail's pace. The ISLAMIC CALL TO PRAYER echoes through the streets.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Actual, keep eyes on buildings  
adjacent to the highway.

Without warning, an RPG SHOOTs OUT from the top floor of a one of the buildings.



The ROCKET SMASHES into the FIRST ARMORED armored Suburban in the convoy, sending SPARKS and FLAMES into the air. The armored Suburban takes the hit but does not explode.

The driver is knocked unconscious. The convoy comes to a halt with its path blocked by the WRECKAGE.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
RPG! RPG! Actual, RPG came from the  
top floor of the building directly  
to your east.

EXT. MALI STREET

ANOTHER RPG FIRED from the same window IMPACTS the front armored Suburban again, it's men NARROWLY escaping the EXPLOSION by retreating to another Suburban in the convoy. The driver is not as lucky as the Suburban is destroyed in a BALL OF FLAME. SCORES OF INSURGENTS with AK-47s RUN OUT from behind the two buildings and flood the streets, haphazardly shooting at the convoy. The Mercs spring into action.

Instantly MINIGUNS rise out of the cabins on the armored Suburbans and spool up, CUTTING DOWN some of the insurgents.

ANOTHER RPG comes out of the building and SMASHES into the last vehicle in the convoy. The convoy is now TRAPPED between the FLAMING WRECKAGE.

An ENTIRE FLOOR of the building OPENS FIRE on the trapped Merc teams below.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Actual, your path is blocked! Alpha  
team is down! Multiple armed  
personnel! Take firing positions,  
you're trapped in a killhole!

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN

SANDRO  
Yeah, no fuckin' shit!

JOHN  
Contact right!

John swings his rifle around and DOWNS another INSURGENT.

INT./EXT. LITTLE BIRD

Captain stares down intensely as the fight unfolds below.

An RPG is FIRED at the Little Bird.

CAPTAIN  
RPG! Evasive maneuvers!

The Little Bird banks so far its almost upside down, barely dodging the rocket.

EXT. MALI STREET

All of the Mercs are now out of their vehicles and joining in the fight. John ducks behind the armored door of the Suburban. He returns FIRE at an insurgent HITTING HIM WITH A BURST and sending puffs of pink mist into the air. A Merc on the minigun of the Suburban UNLOADS on the plethora of insurgents coming from all angles, cutting them to pieces. It is a target-rich environment.

John, Deacon, Lachlan and Sandro and the rest of the Mercs unleash HEAVY FIRE and each TAKES OUT A FEW attackers. A Merc is DOWNED by enemy fire coming from the building.

An RPG BLASTS out of the building and EXPLODES next to a Suburban, killing another Merc.

John ducks behind the Suburban dodging the BLAST. ANOTHER GROUP of insurgents RUSH OUT into the street YELLING out a war cry and FIRING their assault rifles.

John rises and fires at them DOWNING ONE. He looks to Lachlan who is pinned down, bullets impacting all around him. Just then, Lachlan is HIT WITH A BURST across his arm and chest and goes down wounded. The insurgents overwhelm Lachlan's position and grab onto him.

John raises his rifle to engage the targets but... his MAG IS DRY. John ejects the spent mag and thrusts a fresh one into his rifle and racks it. He raises the rifle to shoot back but its too late. He catches a last glimpse of the insurgents dragging Lachlan into a building adjacent to the highway.

JOHN  
Fuck!

John crouches and runs to Deacon who is intermittently shooting at incoming targets. Sandro stands nearby, also returning fire.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
They got Lach!

DEACON  
What?

JOHN

They took him into that building.  
He's hit. We gotta go get him.

DEACON

Are you fuckin' kidding me!? Look  
around you, we're in the shit! I'm  
not going anywhere.

JOHN

Deac, they're going to kill him.  
We'll never get him back if we  
don't go after them now!

DEACON

You said he was hit. Trust me he's  
dead already. Fuckin' rag heads!

Deacon unloads a massive BURST at the enemy. John looks to Sandro.

JOHN

Sandro we gotta go get Lach. I need  
you to cover my ass.

SANDRO

Deac's right man. He's toast by  
now. We need to finish the mission  
and get the fuck outa' here!

John looks to the OTHER MERCS engaging the enemy.

JOHN

(to team)

We need to get Lachlan back. Whose  
with me?

For a brief moment the other Mercs stop firing and turn to John. NONE OF THEM RAISE THEIR HANDS.

John shakes his head in disbelief and disgust.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I'll get him myself.

John sprints towards the building's entrance where Lachlan was taken. Bullets pop and ping all around him as he hops over burnt wreckage and dead bodies. When he is feet from the door, John slides and bursts through the open door.

## INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

John kneels in the hallway of a seedy apartment building. The only illumination is sunlight pouring in through windows. John flicks on the LIGHT mounted on his assault rifle. He looks to the soiled white linoleum floor and traces streaks of BLOOD from the entrance down the hallway.

John quickly but stealthily makes his way down the hall. Sweat beads on his forehead. His senses are sharp and on high alert. Voices echo, dust wafts in the beam of his light.

John hears a scratching sound from an apartment closest to him. He approaches the door and reaches out for the knob when... the door shoots open. John readies to fire when he sees... a LITTLE BOY standing in the door way. The boy blocks his eyes from John's light with fear on his face.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
Holy shit.

John takes a deep sigh of relief.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey buddy, you speak English?

The boy just stands there frozen, then opens the door revealing an even younger LITTLE GIRL.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Great.  
(to boy)  
It's OK. It's OK. I wont hurt you.

John slowly and softly grabs the boys hand and puts his pointer finger over his mouth.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Shhhh. Go back in the room, lock  
the door and stay there. OK?

John points into the apartment and nudges the boy back in. The boy nods affirmatively and closes the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
Jesus.

John continues down the hall following Lachlan's blood trail. He comes to a corner where it is smeared, obviously a poor attempt at concealing their location. Down the hallway, John hears men struggling from behind a door.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
 (heavily muffled)  
 You fuckin' bastards never learn.  
 I'm not a bloody Yank and I don't  
 give a shit about you or your  
 cause!

John approaches the door. He peers through a crack in the door and sees Lachlan on his knees with his hands bound behind his back with cord. The Commander, the Teen Insurgent and another Insurgent stand around him, one VIDEO TAPING the exchange, one wielding an AK-47 and the other holding a CHAINSAW. The man with the AK gives a speech in Arabic, pulling on Lachlan's hair.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER  
 (subtitled Arabic)  
*... Allah willing, we will strike  
 down these infidels and those who  
 sent them and the Caliphate will  
 rise once again...*

The insurgent PULL STARTS the chainsaw which ROARS to life.

John stands back and readies to kick in the door when... he hears the distinctive CLICK of a pistol being cocked as it is thrust against the back of his head. John freezes.

INSURGENT 2  
 (in English)  
 Don't move. You American?

John lowers his rifle and puts his left hand in the air.

JOHN  
 Yes, I'm an American. Please don't  
 shoot.

INSURGENT 2  
 (in English)  
 Shut up! Drop your weapon!  
 (subtitled Arabic)  
*There's another one out here!*

John takes a step back and instantly spins around, grabs the man's weapon and strikes him in the face with an open palm punch. Stunned, the man stumbles back. John jerks the pistol out of the insurgent's hand and SHOOTS him MULTIPLE TIMES in the chest. Blood gushes out of his wounds as he falls to the ground.

John drops the pistol, readies his rifle and looks down the hallway. The boy peaks out of his door and gives John a scowl. He clearly sold John out.

John makes eye contact with him for a beat and spins back around to the door where Lachlan is being held.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HOLDING ROOM

The insurgents holding Lachlan hostage are in a panic.

LACHLAN  
(beaten but laughing)  
Uh oh, you and your mates are  
bloody fucked now!

INSURGENT 1  
(to Lachlan in English)  
Shut up!

The insurgent rifle-butts Lachlan's wounded shoulder. Lachlan grimaces in pain, blood oozing from his wound. Lachlan quietly picks at the cord and loosens it. The man behind the camera motions to the other two to go out in the hall.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER  
(subtitled Arabic)  
*You two go, get out there now!*

The insurgents COCK their AKs and open the door. Seeing their dead comrade, they exit weapons at the ready.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Just as they are out into the hall the first one GOES DOWN with TWO SHOTS to the back. The Teen Insurgent spins to see John laying prone on the floor. John FIRES a BURST right into the his chest, sending him FIRING wildly in shock. John gets up from the floor and checks the entrance.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HOLDING ROOM

The Commander FIRES a burst into the door way. John ducks back to dodge. Seeing that the gunman's back is turned on him, Lachlan unravels his bindings and creeps to his feet as the man intermittently FIRES, YELLING out.

ANSAR AL-DIN COMMANDER  
(subtitled Arabic)  
*I'll kill every last one of you  
Satanic pigs!*

Lachlan wraps his arms around the man's neck in a choke hold. The Commander fires wildly into the ceiling until the weapon runs dry.

John pops back in the door, walks a few steps and SHOOTs the man with a double tap to the chest. The Commander falls limp in Lachlan's arms. Lachlan shoots a look to John.

LACHLAN

You came for me! You are one crazy sonofabitch!

FOOTSTEPS and YELLING in Arabic can be heard all around from insurgents in the building responding to the gun fire.

JOHN

That others may live.

(beat)

Love to stay and chat, but we have to get the hell out of here. You good?

LACHLAN

As good as I've ever been. Me vest took the brunt of it. They just clipped me' wing. Let's go.

Lachlan picks up one of the man's AKs and COCKS it.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

John and Lachlan tactically sneak down the hallway towards the exit, checking their angles in expert fashion. Lachlan grunts and grits his teeth from the intense pain shooting through his shoulder. Blood drips down his arm and hand.

JOHN

Hang in there.

LACHLAN

(re: his arm)

She'll be right.

John smirks. Lachlan switches stance to steady his rifle on his hip as they move.

A group of FOUR INSURGENTS rush down stairways on both sides of the hallway, trapping John and Lachlan in the middle.

JOHN

Get down!

Both hit the deck and FIRE, DOWNING a few of each group. The insurgents FIRE above them, HITTING their own men.

LACHLAN

Good call. Move!

John and Lachlan hop to their feet and sprint down the hall and out of the building.

INT. MALI STREET

John and Lachlan dodge GUNFIRE as they sprint towards the convoy, which is still pinned down under heavy fire. They slide into the wheel well of a Suburban next to their team.

SANDRO

There you are man. We thought we lost you.

LACHLAN

(sarcastic)

I bet.

Lachlan checks his wound.

JOHN

We need to get that looked at.

Lachlan ties a medic bandage around it with his teeth.

LACHLAN

(clearly lying; in pain)

I'm fine. Can't even feel it.

JOHN

You're a terrible liar.

Lachlan smirks.

Next to John, Deacon gets on his com unit.

DEACON

(into com)

Archangel this is Actual! We need a strafing run on the fifth floor of that building right now! I'm talking guns and rockets, they're tearing our shit up!

INT./EXT. LITTLE BIRD

Captain points to the building.

CAPTAIN

(to Pilot)

We have to get guns on that building now.



LITTLE BIRD PILOT  
Sir, if we drop altitude we could  
be hit.

CAPTAIN  
Get your ass below the hard deck or  
they're all dead! Strafe it now!

The Pilot nods. The Little Bird drops altitude and banks,  
heading for the building. The pilot DODGES ANOTHER RPG.

EXT. MALI STREET

The Mercs have taken out the majority of the ground troops  
but a HAIL OF FIRE pins them down from above.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
(through com)  
Actual, on my call I need  
suppressing fire on that floor.  
Give me everything you got!

John looks to the building. Out of the corner of his eye he  
spots TWO WOMEN IN BURKAS and FIVE CHILDREN on a balcony. The  
kids look out onto the destruction with hands over their ears  
and terror on their faces. The women herd them together and  
into the building.

John motions to Deacon who spots the CIVILIANS.

JOHN  
Call off the rockets! We've got  
NC's!

Deacon completely ignores John.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Deac, you hear me!? We have to call  
off the strafing run!

Deacon looks John in the eyes with a dead expression. John  
looks above to see the Little Bird diving in and immediately  
gets on his com.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(into com)  
Archangel this is Actual, abort  
fire mission. We have civilians in  
that building.

Deacon interrupts.

DEACON  
(into com)  
Negative Archangel, range is clear,  
continue with strafing run.

John looks to Deacon in shocked disbelief.

INT. LITTLE BIRD

The Little Bird Pilot listens to John's request.

JOHN (V.O.)  
We have NC's, I repeat, non-  
combatants in the building, call  
off the rockets!

The Little Bird Pilot looks to Captain for consideration.  
Captain shakes it off completely and points his finger down  
to continue the run.

EXT. MALI STREET

Deacon continues to stare John in the eyes.

DEACON  
(into com)  
Archangel you are still go. Fire  
for effect!

John looks to the building where the civilians are and then  
looks back to Deacon.

JOHN  
Deacon, what the fuck are you  
doing?!

DEACON  
I don't take chances.

Deacon flashes his crazy smirk.

JOHN  
There are innocent families up  
there!

Deacon doesn't move a muscle. Feeling desperation, John draws  
his .45 CALIBER PISTOL and points it at Deacon.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Call them off now!

Deacon smiles even bigger and scoffs at John's gun.

DEACON  
Or what? You gonna shoot me  
Princess?

Deacon rises to his feet.

TIGHT ON JOHN'S EYES, sweat beads down his brow. His finger slowly depresses the TRIGGER. Is he going to shoot his own team member?!

At that exact moment, DEACON'S CHEST IS RIPPED TO PIECES BY GUNFIRE. BLOOD GUSHES as he falls to his knees, then to the ground, dead.

TIGHT ON JOHN'S FACE, he cannot believe what has just happened. He looks to his gun in disbelief.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Contact right!

Lachlan FIRES a BURST, DOWNING Deacon's SHOOTER.

Lachlan looks to Deacon's body covered in blood, then to John still holding his gun in shock. They make eye contact. Lachlan gives John an assured nod. Their moment is broken by:

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Suppressing fire! Unleash hell!

John looks to Lachlan with eyes wide.

JOHN  
(into com)  
Archangel, Actual, I repeat there  
are women and children up there!  
Abort!

Not a person even hesitates at John's futile request. The Mercs OPEN FIRE sending a WALL OF HOT LEAD into the building. The Little Bird comes in, levels off and readies for a strafing run. John grabs his head and looks to the balcony where the Women and Children just were.

INT./EXT. LITTLE BIRD

The Little Bird strafes horizontally and FIRES ITS MINIGUNS. SHELL CASINGS CASCADE FROM THE WEAPONS onto the Mercs below. ROCKETS SHOOT from the pods in rapid succession.

## INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Insurgents are TORN TO PIECES by the hail of fire. Every surface is dotted with bullet holes that chew through the cement. Rockets SLAM into support columns EXPLODING them to bits in BALLS OF FIRE.

## INT./EXT. LITTLE BIRD

The Little Bird strafes the ENTIRE FLOOR until it has exhausted its rockets and ammo and the barrels of its miniguns GLOW RED-HOT.

## EXT. MALI STREET

Masonry and glass rain onto the street below. John and the Mercs dive for cover, dodging the debris. Without warning, the building FRACTURES DOWN THE CENTER, CRUMBLING IN ON ITSELF. THE TOWER IMPLODES as it COLLAPSES into a PILE OF DUST AND RUBBLE.

Below, the highway is now dead silent and still. John stands and looks to the decimated apartment building. He takes a deep breath, still in shock. He looks to Lachlan who gives him a nod.

LACHLAN

(into com)

Archangel, this is Actual Charlie.  
Good guns, range looks all clear.  
Thanks for the support.

(to team)

We need to pack it up and get the  
package back to base.

JOHN

(gathering his composure)

Uh, yeah let's move. We're only  
five miles north.

Sandro eyes Deacon's limp body, now laying in a pool of blood. He pops a few pills from a bottle in his vest and crunches them up.

SANDRO

Hell yeah, let's get the fuck outa  
here.

INT. G5 PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

John sits alone in a large leather seat watching the satellite TV and coming down off of his adrenaline dump. On the screen is a news report about the conflict. A VIDEO of the demolished building is ON SCREEN. Civilians sift through rubble, finding only pieces of bodies.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(from TV)

Information is still coming in, but initial reports indicate a brutal fire fight took place today in Timbuktu, Mali. During the shootout, five contractors from private-security giant, Global Security Concepts, and an estimated one hundred Ansar al-din insurgents were killed. Also caught in the crossfire were eighteen civilians, including women and children.

John's face takes the information with pain.

In the background the rest of the team drinks and does drugs to celebrate the mission. John is completely detached. The TV plays loud enough so that the others can hear the report. None of them care to listen. Lachlan, his arm now fully bandaged in a sling, notices John sitting sullen and alone.

EXT. GSC COMPOUND - PRIVATE RUNWAY

SUP: MOOREFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA.

The G5 is just pulling to a stop on the landing strip.

All of the men pile down the plane's stairs holding half empty champagne bottles and are now drunk and ready for a good time. They don't seem to care that a few of their comrades didn't make it back. They'll still get paid.

MERCENARY 1

Alright, who's coming to the clubs tonight?

SANDRO

Yeah boy, let me call my guy and I'll hook it up with some hundred percent Columbian.

Lachlan laughs. John is still obviously withdrawn.

All of the men walk towards the GSC building. Lachlan hangs back with John who gathers his things.

LACHLAN

What about you? You coming out?

JOHN

No, I'm not Lach.

LACHLAN

Something wrong?

John looks up from his bags to Lachlan's eyes.

JOHN

Yeah. You know, a few weeks ago I would have never said this but now...

(beat)

I don't want to earn a living doing what we do anymore. I never got into this sort of thing for the money anyway. Before, it was all about honor and loyalty, fighting for what's right, for my brothers in arms, helping those in need. It's become something totally different... I know my time as a soldier is finished. I'm quitting GSC, Lac.

LACHLAN

That's a big decision, mate. The kind that requires some ponderin'. You sure you want to make it now?

John smiles faintly.

JOHN

Yeah, you know, I think if I can't make it now, I never will.

Lachlan nods affirmatively.

LACHLAN

See that's a good thing then. I've been a soldier in one way or another all my life, always will be. That's who I am. But in my years down range I've learned you can't be something you're not. That's the kind of shit that'll get a bloke killed.

(beat)

(MORE)

LACHLAN (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd get yourself sorted  
out eventually.

John nods, smiles and raises his hand to salute.

JOHN  
Its been a pleasure Lieutenant  
Harris.

LACHLAN  
The pleasure is all mine Captain.

Lachlan salutes and gives John a brotherly hug, grunting a little from the pain in his arm.

Lachlan walks away towards GSC and joins the rest of the men.  
John looks to the upper floors.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - 21ST FLOOR

John gets off the elevator and sees Dice's Secretary. He walks past her abruptly, not waiting for the OK to go in. The Secretary just looks at him with her mouth open, stunned.

INT. GSC COMPOUND - MICHAEL DICE'S OFFICE

John walks into the office to see Dice busy going over paper work. Dice looks up and flashes his million dollar smile.

DICE  
John, what's going on? I heard that  
Mali was a tough one. But you guys  
got the job done. Glad to see you  
home in one piece.  
(dismissive)  
Did you need something?

JOHN  
I wanted to tell you that this was  
my final mission. I'm just not cut  
out for this kind of work.

DICE  
I beg to differ. You've become a  
real asset to us here. You're a  
damn good soldier John. It's in  
your blood.

JOHN  
Don't patronize me. I know your  
game.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

The State Department is coming at you and you need people to take the fall. You think you can keep slinging your bullshit and keep throwing money at us until you give us all up to save your own ass. Well I'm not that guy.

Dice takes a serious breath and flashes a smile.

DICE

John if you are saying what I think you're saying, you are making a terrible mistake. See, what's it going to look like when you come out against me? "Detective I have no idea why a disgruntled former employee, who I gave a chance after he was dishonorably discharged, would make these inflammatory and false accusations towards me. Oh, maybe its because he has a rampant drug abuse problem. And look here, I have blood tests that confirm he was under the influence anabolic steroids, cocaine and oxycodone while on contract for the government. Now I'm not sure how many laws that violates, but he sure cant be seen as a credible witness now can he?"

Johns face drops. Dice winks.

DICE (CONT'D)

Let's face it John. Either way you lose.

John smirks and shakes his head in amazement. He he should have seen this coming.

JOHN

On my last mission with the PJ's, every man on my team broke orders from our XO to save a wounded airman. Six men were ready to give their lives for him. One did. Back in Mali, Lac was captured and not one of your hired guns would help me get him back. The difference between mercs and soldiers couldn't be clearer to me now.

(beat)

(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)

Thank you for putting things in perspective for me. I know I've done some things I'm not proud of. I've strayed off my own path. The fact is, I don't care about anything you could hold over my head because I'm man enough to face my demons. You should ask yourself if you are.

Dice involuntarily gulps. The first crack in his armor. John turns for the door and leaves the office. John walks past the secretary and doesn't even acknowledge her. He boards the elevator and the doors close.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK - LATER

SUP: ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

John walks down the sidewalk of his old neighborhood. He scans the old architecture, the graffiti and posters. There is a new calm about him as he saunters with his hands in his pockets. He takes out his cell phone and a business card. He makes a call.

INT. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE OFFICES

A desk with stacks of briefs and binders. Under Secretary Eric Thompson sits reading over documents with his reading glasses on.

AID (V.O.)

(through intercom)

Secretary Thompson I have a John Turner on the line for you.

Thompson pauses for a moment, then presses the button.

THOMPSON

(into intercom)

Put him through.

The phone rings and Thompson answers.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

John, how are you?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

John continues to walk and talk.

JOHN  
 (into phone)  
 Remember how you said you owed me a big one for Guayaquil? Well I could really use that favor. I have some information that one of your investigators, Robert Childs, would be very interested in, but I'm going to need your protection.

INT. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE OFFICES

THOMPSON  
 Come on in and the three of us can have a chat. I'll make sure your hands stay clean John.

Thompson hangs up the phone and pushes his intercom button.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
 (into intercom)  
 Heather can you get Detective Robert Childs on the phone. He's in our Investigative Bureau.

AID  
 Right away sir.

EXT. CITY STREETS

John walks into his old hang-out.

INT. JACK'S PUB

John walks up to the bar. Jack greets him.

JACK  
 It's been a while son.

JOHN  
 Too long.

JACK  
 What'll you have?

JOHN  
 (thinking for a beat;  
 smiling)  
 How bout' some Makers, neat.

Jack turns and pours the whiskey. John looks to the TV where the Washington Wizards are playing. Jack brings him his order.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Good game?

JACK  
No, but it's not like it matters  
until the playoffs.

John nods and takes a sip of his whiskey and eyes the glass, it reminding him of Clarke.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(on John's demeanor)  
Say, there's someone in the back  
who may enjoy your company.

JOHN  
Yeah?

Jack motions to a booth in the corner of the bar. John turns to see who it is. In the back of the bar sitting in a dark booth is Clarke. She raises her head from a book she is reading.

She sees John and John sees her. John smiles and begins to rise to move to her table.

INT. CAFE - DAY

SUP: ONE MONTH LATER

John and Clarke are sitting at a table doing a crossword puzzle together. We can tell they are very much in love. The TV plays in the background. It catches John's attention for a moment.

ON THE SCREEN: A news report is filming live in front of The Capitol. Michael Dice walks down the ivory steps flanked by a team of lawyers and personal security with microphones and cameras in his face.

DICE  
I am innocent and hold my  
contractors to the highest  
standards. No one has been able to  
prove one shred of evidence that I  
or the leadership at my company  
ordered the murder of George  
Edwards.

(MORE)

DICE (CONT'D)

We have consistently maintained the same truth that it was rogue employee Deacon McManus who was operating outside the bounds of his operational directives. He would have been prosecuted and punished under US law, however he was subsequently killed while on a contract.

REPORTER (V.O.)

There you have it, Michael Dice, CEO of Quest Innovations, formerly Global Security Concepts, walked out of congress today with all charges having been dropped in the probe that already caused the ousting of Richard Baker, CEO of defense contractor and weapons manufacturer Lundquist Dunham. Dice, a long standing force in the private security industry is...

CLARKE (O.S.)

What's a nine letter word for one who has unwavering principals?

John brings his attention back to his love.

JOHN

Huh?

CLARKE

What, you want me to finish this all on my own?

John smiles and goes in for a kiss.

FADE TO BLACK.