

SHADOW TRADE

**Written By
Mike Donald**

Jason Forde /Producer
Four Quadrant Films
1 Charles land park
Greystones
Co Wicklow
Call 086-2405464
mrjasonforde@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. KUWAITI DESERT - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS across the dunes. Powerful search lights dimmed by swirling sand as M1-A ABRAMS tanks rumble through the night.

SUPER: "KUWAIT 1995"

INT. MI-A ABRAMS - COMMANDER'S STATION

Infra-Red and digital map screens reveal an ANOMALY.

DRIVER (V.O.)

Thermals are showing heat signatures...maybe power plant.

COMMANDER

Okay everybody, shut it down, we'll sit this one out.

LATER

Work lights bathe the area in a sodium wash. Soldiers have cleared the sand revealing a pair of large, armored doors.

HANDS pack C4 and detonators around the centre of the doors. Soldiers pull back behind the tanks -- WHUMP! The smoke clears revealing mangled doors hanging open.

A military ROBOT heads through the doors. Searchlight on.

A figure leans around the edge of the tank -- points a LENS towards the robot as it disappears from view.

ROBOT POV

A vast cavern. The searchlight swings round -- reveals the satanic folded wings of MIG 25 JETS hunched in the dark.

At the far end of the hanger -- steel doors grind open -- a flickering GREEN light bathes the robot.

BOT OPERATOR (V.O.)

What the...

DESERT

An African American soldier moves past the end of one of the tanks -- 35mm CAMERA up to his eye -- snapping away, oblivious to danger, LT. LEON BRICKMAN, (30s) and fearless.

INT. HANGER - INNER ROOM

Racks of GREEN LED digital readouts, global TIME ZONES. Beneath them a RED LED display counts down to ZERO.

ROBOT

Swiveling it's grab arm...tracks SPINNING as it races towards the displays trying to beat the COUNTDOWN...

WHUMP!

White hot SHRAPNEL flies through the air -- impacts with the REACTIVE armor of the Abrams -- which EXPLODES outwards.

A body flies through the air -- 35mm CAMERA falling to the ground -- LENS reflecting the FIREBALL billowing out of the hanger.

WHITEOUT:

EXT. NEW YORK 2001 - CHRYSUS CAPITAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A glittering BRONZED needle dominating the skyline. A rising stock line curving to form the company name: CHRYSUS CAPITAL.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - TRADING ROOM

Tense faces stare at their screens -- men YELL into phones. Share prices flicker across the screens -- green figures swimming upwards -- following the money.

SUPER - NEW YORK 2001

Two TRADERS, ZAK BRANHAM (30s) and PAULO DINARDI (30s) high five each other as they close a trade.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An OLD Triumph motorcycle weaves through grid-locked traffic, bumps a cab wing mirror -- the driver leans out the window.

CAB DRIVER

Watch what you're doing with that piece of shit!

The bike rider gives a broad smile -- (30s) with a tired but handsome face, intelligent eyes -- a sign on the pannier reads DREW ELLIOT - DATA SUPPORT SERVICES.

ELLIOT

At least my shit's moving.

The cabbie gives him the finger. Elliot drops a gear and accelerates away.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

Meet Leon Brickman again, older now, in a wheelchair with his shirt off, wearing dog tags.

Puckered scars punctuate his chest -- sad eyes beneath white pepper in his dark hair.

Chest X-RAYS clipped onto a light box -- numerous small metal pieces showing -- SHRAPNEL.

DR CARMEN LEONI, a sensual Brazilian in her 40s, studies the pictures -- taps a small white shape beneath the heart.

CARMEN

I'm worried about this.

BRICKMAN

I 'aint celebrating 'bout it myself.

CARMEN

No luck with your claim yet?

BRICKMAN

Nope, apparently I was in the wrong place.

CARMEN

You all were. How's the pain?

BRICKMAN

A bitch, I feel the cold, and walking's difficult.

CARMEN

Nerve damage takes a long time to heal. Gentle exercise, use the wheelchair when you can.

BRICKMAN

Damn, and I had my heart set on the New York marathon.

CARMEN

Leon...if that shrapnel decides to go on vacation...

BRICKMAN

I know, live each day as it comes.

CARMEN

That's a good attitude. Do you have a partner?

BRICKMAN

From time to time, I ain't giving everything up.

CARMEN

I meant someone to keep an eye on you.

BRICKMAN

Naa, I wear the trousers in my house...iron them as well.

CARMEN

Okay, well you look after yourself,
I'll see you next week.

BRICKMAN

You can take that to the bank.

He leaves, she looks after him -- shakes her head, sad.

INT. PUBLISHERS - RECEPTION - DAY

Elliot blasts through the reception, carrying a small tool case,
and lugging a laptop.

A harassed MAN greets him. Meet MR BOGGS, CEO.

BOGGS

Thank Christ, Deputy Editor's
computer's down, network printer's
screwed...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

BOGGS

...proof reader's got some sort of
computer virus...it's a shitstorm.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Elliot heads towards the printer. Hits the MENU on the top,
fingers a blur -- it spits paper out -- he moves quickly past
some desks heading towards the end of the office.

The Deputy Editor, a ruffled man in a tight shirt sits in his
chair drinking from a mug. Elliot rolls him out of the way,
slopping coffee onto his shirt.

DEPUTY EDITOR

Hey!

Elliot gives him the smile.

ELLIOT

Bit of a hurry here...

Boggs shoots the editor a look that says "Shut the fuck up!"
Elliot punches keys on the computer -- source code streams
across the screen.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Memory's rammed...you keep pressing
print it's 'gonna back you up worse
than a cheese tasting festival...

And then he's heading through the office -- Boggs running to
keep up.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Virus?

Boggs points to a WOMAN doing her nails at a desk nearby.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Morning, just need to plug in...

He runs a cable from his laptop into her computer -- machine code scrolls across his screen. Elliot slides a CD into his laptop -- loads a virus scanning programme.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Just having a little sniff into your hard drive...

The woman shrugs.

WOMAN

Sniff away.

INSERT SCREEN

A series of VIRUS warnings flash up and are swiftly DELETED. Website addresses scroll by -- a couple in particular register. - "GIRL ON GIRL" and "LESBOS LOUNGE".

ELLIOT

Okay, you're done. You had a Trojan virus in your system files.

WOMAN

Trojan?

ELLIOT

Bunch of Greeks used a wooden horse filled with soldiers to sneak up on the Trojans...this sucker does the same, slips in through the back door and trashes your system.

BOGGS

How the hell did that get in there?

ELLIOT

Probably an internet site...

The woman looks uncomfortable. Elliot covers for her.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Or E-mail. I've beefed up your firewall settings, shouldn't happen again.

He shoots a look at the woman.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You have to be careful on the internet, it's like the Wild West out there.

The woman mouths a "Thank you" to Elliot.

BOGGS

Okay everybody, back to work.

INT. BOGGS' OFFICE - DAY

Boggs looks at Elliot's invoice.

BOGGS

Holy crap!

ELLIOT

It's the best kind.

Boggs cuts a check.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

Two men, RAY (40s), piggy eyes and a gut, TODD (35), harder with a rat like face, flank a MAN with the demeanor of an undertaker.

Meet NATHANIEL STONE, CEO of Chrysus. An enigmatic face framing AQUATIC blue eyes behind steel rimmed glasses -- he chugs from a small tube of Ice Mints.

INT. SUB-LEVEL - CHRYSUS CAPITAL CONTROL ROOM - ETERNAL NIGHT

Low level red light leaks from over head spots. Staff work TRADING DESKS in the centre of the room.

Screens fill one wall with the worlds NEWS channels -- below flickering Ichimoku charts of the global markets.

INT. STONE'S CONTROL ROOM OFFICE

Stone sits in a black leather chair overlooking his kingdom from behind a smoked glass window.

A large plasma screen sits in front of him -- displays a MARKET HEAT CHART -- a swarm of color ranging from deep red to green showing the direction of all market activity.

Stone, speaks into a headset.

STONE

Run CNN.

Displays merge into a single digital composite of CNN's live NEWS feed. Text flows beneath a satellite picture.

"Oil refinery in terrorist attack"

Oil refineries billow black smoke and flames as storage tanks EXPLODE. Stone's glasses reflect red as the INDEX BLEEDS.

INT. LEON BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Military photo's from war zones adorn the wall, including one of Elliot and Brickman in a desert wearing Camos.

One picture in particular shows Brickman on a small BOAT, the "HELEN" a smiling WOMAN hugs him, let's assume this is Helen.

A gas FIRE burns brightly.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

Lines of code scroll across a screen -- IP addresses flashing past -- the screen goes clear -- reflecting Elliot's face.

ELLIOT

They're ya go, you're back on line.
You had an IP conflict.

Brickman leans heavily on a walking stick -- moves across the room and settles into a wheelchair.

BRICKMAN

IP conflict huh? Wanna cold one?

Elliot looks at his watch -- picks up his bag.

ELLIOT

Naa, Gotta scoot, there's some heavy numbers hitting the trading floors this afternoon, could be good for me.

Brickman nods. Points at Elliot's bag, suddenly animated.

BRICKMAN

What you got?

Elliot grins -- pulls out some VIDEOS from the bag, also inside is a book, old and well-worn, gilt letters on the spine "JESSE LIVERMORE'S Reminiscences of a stock operator"

ELLIOT

'couple of classics, Kill Charley Varrick and Three Day's of The Condor.

Brickman reaches into a pouch in the side of his wheelchair and pulls out some videos.

BRICKMAN

I raise you All The President's Men, and Get Carter, the original not that piece of shit remake...and I see you with...

He places a Video reverently on the table.

BRICKMAN (CONT'D)
Diva...classic noir.

Elliot looks at it -- nods in appreciation.

ELLIOT
 Mmmm, going arty farty on me huh?

He wheels across the floor to get the door as Elliot collects his things. Suddenly serious.

BRICKMAN
 Any nearer to nailing his ass?

ELLIOT
 I'm working on it.

INT. SPIRO'S DELI/CAFE - DAY

Elliot is at the counter chatting with HALEY (30s) the attractive owner. Zak and Paulo the traders we saw earlier are talking LOUDLY at a corner table.

Haley hands Elliot a coffee.

ELLIOT
 Thanks Haley, how's it going?

HALEY
 Hangin'. How's my laptop doing?

ELLIOT
 I'm 'gonna have to swap out the drive...yours is screwed...

HALEY
 Story of my life. How much do I owe you?

ELLIOT
 Your smile covers it...'sides, I was gonna upgrade my drive anyway, you can have the old one.

HALEY
 Cool.
 (beat)
 Hey Drew, how come you haven't hit on me? I mean you've been coming in here for months now, and I am kinda cute.

ELLIOT
 Ah, well that's the problem see, I have been asking you out, but because I speak in machine code we just haven't been communicating.

HALEY

Okay, so if I could understand robot speak what would you have said?

Elliot looks towards Zak and Paulo.

ELLIOT

That I'm a bit of a page 404 when it comes to relationships, but if I wasn't, you'd be my first choice...gotta' go.

Haley smiles to herself as she watches him head towards the traders.

TRADERS

Hyped up, proud of themselves.

ZAK

You so screwed those Goldman Sacks of shit, they never saw it coming.

PAULO

Gonna be a lot of necks wishing they hadn't put their 401K's into oil.

He catches sight of Elliot heading towards them.

PAULO (CONT'D)

Oops, wannabe incoming.

Elliot comes up to them, grinning amiably.

ELLIOT

Wanted to thank you guys for the trading books.

ZAK

That's okay, too late for us if we need that shit now.

ELLIOT

Any openings on the trading side?

ZAK

Nothing at the moment.

Zak looks at his watch.

ZAK (CONT'D)

We'd better hike, payroll numbers are out today...if the middle east situation gets any worse we're 'gonna get slam dunked on the oil futures...

They rise.

ELLIOT

Okay, thanks...you have any systems problems give me a ring. I do a lot of maintenance work up at Chrysus.

He hands them a business card.

PAULO

Thanks, you never know.

Elliot watches them go.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Elliot halts as a couple of traders hurry past. He reaches into his bag and brings out an AEROSOL.

He puts the nozzle between the metal slats of a VENTILATION GRILLE and holds it down -- vapor sprays out.

He removes the aerosol, stows it in his bag -- opens a metal briefcase racked out with slotted foam containing HARD DRIVES. Takes one out -- snaps the case shut.

TRADING FLOOR

An air of expectation -- a hard faced trader stretches -- cracks his knuckles -- flexes his fingers above the keyboard.

TRADER

Lock and load guys, figures will be out in thirty minutes.

INT. AIR DUCT

A cloud of LIQUID GAS swirls through a metallic maze of air conditioning ducts. Going with the:

GAS CLOUD

SPINNING through blackness -- towards a powerful fan -- being sucked into the armature of the motor -- swirling round the flickering sparks from the commutator. The gas IGNITES.

FLAMES lick over the copper wires -- varnished insulation fuels the fire. BANG! The motor disintegrates -- spews shards of MOLTEN metal down through the shaft.

They TUMBLE through the dark, SMASH through a grille into...

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - MIRROR SERVER VAULT ROOM.

RACKS of high end SERVERS pack the room -- SMOKE is sucked into them through their cooling fans -- warning lights FLASH. Freezing Halon gas BLASTS from overhead vents, filling the room.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - TRADING ROOM

CHAOS -- screens and systems malfunctioning. Zak and Paulo are in a huddle in front of a flickering screen.

PAULO

Where's the Goddamn backup system?

The hard faced trader goes past. Zak waves at him.

ZAK

Lubnik! 'the hells happening?

LUBNIK

We were already on the backup system, main systems on a virus scan, we've had a ventilation burn out in the mirror vault, servers are screwed...

PAULO

Where are the techs?

LUBNIK

Most of 'em are at a computer games fair in Malibu, those Geeks'll travel to the moon for a free mousemat and a t-shirt...stand by techs are in a gridlock on Main...place's a car park.

ZAK

Shit!

Zak rubs his face, reaches into his pocket and pulls out Elliot's business card.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL, MIRROR SERVER VAULT ROOM - DAY

Elliot crouches in front of the servers. Leads feed from his laptop to the server racks. Zak and Paulo look on.

ELLIOT

Boot files are corrupted, gotta' clone them from a ghost drive...

Elliot hits a key and code spews across the screen -- one by one the red lights on the server racks go green -- monitors flash up re-boot sequences.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You're back on line.

ZAK

Thanks, you saved our asses today.

PAULO

Yeah, awesome.

Then they're gone -- Elliot watches them go -- works at something on his laptop.

An icon flashes: DOWNLOAD COMPLETE. Satisfied he unplugs the lead from the server -- closes his laptop -- which is when he notices the STEEL DOOR at the other end of the room marked:

"STRICTLY NO ADMITTANCE TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL"

Which now sits AJAR. Elliot eases open the door, his face is bathed in a flickering GREEN GLOW. He reaches into his pocket -- pulls out a DIGITAL CAMERA.

INT. STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

A panoramic view over Manhattan. Stone turns a business card over in his fingers.

STONE
Drew Elliot.

Zak clears his throat.

ZAK
Freelance tech...got our servers back on line yesterday...

PAULO
Yeah, he's bright, we could use him.

Stone's eyes fasten on Paulo.

STONE
Do I look like a fucking employment agency?

Silence.

STONE (CONT'D)
Good, glad we straightened that out.

He gets up from behind the desk -- pops a mint into his mouth. Walks behind the two seated traders.

STONE (CONT'D)
What else do you know about him.

ZAK
He wants to be a trader and...

STONE
Which is why you idiots allowed him access to our secure servers...on which our confidential client and trade details are stored...

PAULO
We thought...

Stone crunches a mint.

STONE
That's the problem right there.

INT. CAR - DAY

A CELLPHONE rests on an EAR -- an eye gleams under a peaked cap, a MOUTH talks.

MAN (V.O.)
I'm in position.

INT. STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Stone stands by the window -- he's talking on the phone.

STONE
They're on their way out.

EXT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - STREET - DAY

Paulo and Zak are assisted out onto the street by security. They each clutch a cardboard box with their possessions in them. Stand there -- stunned, angry.

PAULO
What have I said about helping people?

ZAK
Ungrateful reptile...we saved him millions.

PAULO
This sucks!

They step out into the street -- WHUMP! Blood sprays over the windscreen of the SECURITY TRUCK that blasts out of nowhere. Papers and possessions fly through the air.

INT. STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Stone looks down at the two bodies on the road far below. He hits speed dial on his cell.

INT. SECURITY TRUCK - SAMETIME

A cellphone RINGS. The windshield wipers smear blood across the glass as the MAN driving attempts to clean the screen and answer the phone.

The truck swerves. BANG! Takes out the side of a parked car, careens through a barrier and accelerates away. The man driving gets a grip on the cell. Meet VINCENT DE SILVA, (30s).

DE SILVA
Kinda' busy here...

INTERCUT

INT. STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE

STONE
I said to frighten them, not kill
them.

SECURITY TRUCK

De Silva looks at the rear view mirror, shrugs.

DE SILVA
They'll be fine, we have great
surgeons here, besides I'd say they're
pretty frightened.

STONE
I hope you're right, they were good
traders.
(beat)
Anyway, I may have another job, it's
just backup.

Stone turns Elliot's BUSINESS CARD over in his hand.

De Silva swerves round a jaywalker, takes out another car, keeps
on going.

DE SILVA
You wanna reschedule this call, I'm
breaking the law here!

He dumps the cell, swerves into the kerb -- slams the brakes on.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

On the passenger seat:

A wide eyed SECURITY GUARD, tape over his mouth -- hands tied.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
You might wanna check the front tire
pressures, handling's a little on the
soft side.

And then he's out of the truck and gone.

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

Elliot slides to a halt outside his battered trailer.

A truck pulls up beside him -- a grizzled head peers out. LOUIE
VALDEZ park manager (50s).

LOUIS
How's it hanging?

ELLIOT
Yeah, great...

LOUIS
That's good, 'cos you owe me three months.

ELLIOT
Sorry Louis, I don't have it right now.

LOUIS
Yeah, well you know, I let you have the prime spot, what with the view and the satellite...

He gestures to the garbage strewn wasteland behind Elliot's trailer.

ELLIOT
Yeah, it's the eighth wonder of the world.

LOUIS
Just if you 'aint gonna come up with the cash there's plenty of people after your spot...

ELLIOT
That's always the way with prime real estate.

LOUIS
Prime real estate, I should put that in the brochure.

ELLIOT
Great idea Louis.

LOUIS
Cash is king my man.

INT. ELLIOT'S TRAILER - DAY

A spartan and functional space. Some shelves hold Video's and market trading books.

On one wall a couple of small framed photographs.

Elliot in uniform wearing headphones in a desert leaning on a Mine Detector. And the same photo we saw in Brickman's apartment of them both in the desert

A PRINTER whines as it delivers the photograph Elliot took of the room in the vault at Chrysus.

The vault's racked out with GREEN LED digital readouts displaying global TIME ZONES. A closer printout shows the display manufacturers name: ***DIGIT ALLEY***.

Elliot works at the laptop. Opens a file -- DATA scrolls across the screen -- CHRYSUS TRADE ARCHIVES: a series of trades, Company ticker, number of contracts and times.

He halts at a particular date -- A large number of contracts in OIL FUTURES.

Elliot logs on to a WEBSITE: CNN ARCHIVES:

TERRORIST INCIDENTS -- an OIL REFINERY explosion matches the date on the OIL CONTRACT -- he looks at the timing of the attack and the time of the trade -- seconds ahead.

ELLIOT

Helluva' coincidence Mr Stone.

INTERNET SEARCH MONTAGE:

Pictures of ATOMIC CLOCKS, DIGITAL DISPLAYS and TIME CODE generator manufacturers scroll down the screen -- specifically: DIGIT-ALLEY Corp.

A list of its clients -- Multinationals, Financial companies.

Another web page -- A headline "DIGIT-ALLEY founder dies in tragic diving accident". -- a picture of the CEO of Digit-alley REUTER NEINMAN.

EXT. DIGIT ALLEY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A squat concrete building, drab and functional some signage: "DIGIT ALLEY - CHRONOLOGICAL and SYNC SYSTEMS.". It backs onto a construction site opposite a warehouse -- GRANITE DISTRIBUTION.

INT. DIGIT ALLEY - TEST ROOM - DAY

Racks of test equipment -- waveform monitors and monitors displaying global time zones.

Stone and a TECHNICIAN stand in front of the displays. The Technician holds a display the size of a mobile.

TECHNICIAN

Variable latency, multiple quartz switching...

Stone takes the box.

STONE

And you worked alone?

TECHNICIAN

Yes.

(beat)

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
We agreed on full payment upon
completion.

Stone smiles -- pulls out a .22 pistol.

STONE
There's been a change of plan.

The technician does a strange thing -- he laughs.

TECHNICIAN
Oh really? You've been watching too
much bad television.

STONE
What?

TECHNICIAN
You're not the only one that can
change plans.

He swivels a computer screen towards Stone.

INSERT SCREEN

An E-mail flashes up on the screen with multiple addresses, in particular -- CIA, WASHINGTON POST etc. A timer counts down from 60 Minutes in the corner of the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Unless I cancel the auto-sequence with
a code, this will be sent...

The technician smiles.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Obviously I'm the only person that
knows the code.

STONE
Obviously.

TECHNICIAN
My fee is now one billion U.S.

STONE
I don't have that sort of money.

TECHNICIAN
Don't play games, I've seen the trucks
going into Granite. Neinman found out
what you were doing. That's why you
had him killed.

STONE
 You're mistaken, it really was just a
 tragic accident...they happen all the
 time.

And with that, he whips his gun up and shoots! A neat hole opens
 up in the technician's forehead.

STONE (CONT'D)
 Ooops!

He pulls out his cell -- hits speed dial.

STONE (CONT'D)
 Stone, get an encryption guy over to
 Digit Alley, now.

INT. ELLIOT'S TRAILER - DAY

Elliot fits a HARD DRIVE into Haley's Laptop. He turns the
 computer on -- The cursor winks - REFORMAT Y/N?

ELLIOT
 Always with the questions.

INT. SPIRO'S DELI - DAY

Elliot comes in with Haley's laptop. He seems nervous.

HALEY
 Hiya Drew...all done?

Elliot hands the laptop over.

ELLIOT
 Oh, yeah, all done.

HALEY
 Thanks...Latte on me?

Elliot looks around.

ELLIOT
 Great, er, you seen Zak and Paulo?

Haley's face falls.

HALEY
 You didn't hear?

ELLIOT
 What?

HALEY
 They were in a hit an run, with a
 truck.

ELLIOT
Are they okay?

HALEY
I don't think so.
(beat)
It was a big truck.

Off Elliot -- processing this news.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

A computer TECHNICIAN stands in front of Stone. Looks like he doesn't see much daylight. He wears a loud Hawaiian shirt.

He holds Elliot's MAC G4 in his hand.

STONE
Nothing?

The technician clears his throat.

TECHNICIAN
The drive was clean. But...

Stone crunches a mint.

STONE
But?

TECHNICIAN
There was evidence of data transfers
in the logfile...

STONE
How much?

TECHNICIAN
With the right compression...
(beat)
All of it.

Stone's eyes burn.

INT. STONE'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Monitors on Stone's desk display pictures of Elliot, his resume and other information. A MAN sits in the shadows GENERAL GLYNT.

GLYNT
Do we have a problem?

Stone doesn't look up from his screens.

STONE
He's a freelance IT tech, did some
time in Iraq. Bomb disposal unit.

GLYNT

That doesn't sound good.

STONE

His father committed suicide...kid was brought up by his mother. Before she drank herself to death...

Glynt leans out of the shadows -- a handsome face except for the scar on his lip which gives him a permanent snarl.

GLYNT

Spare me the Peggy Sue sentimentality...could he compromise the operation?

Stone looks up from his screens.

STONE

He had access to our servers.

GLYNT

And?

STONE

When the mirror server went off line we lost power to the security cameras in the Cronos vault.

(beat)

The locks defaulted to open...he could have seen something.

Glynt nods -- case closed.

GLYNT

Shut him down.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A SEDAN is parked up outside the entrance.

INT. SEDAN

Ray and Todd sit inside watching. Ray eats a burger -- pieces of onion and sauce drip onto his lap.

He wipes them up with a piece of napkin, spreading the stain. Todd looks at him like you would a messy child.

RAY

Whaddaya use?

TODD

Hydrogen.

RAY

Timer?

TODD
Old school, untraceable.

RAY
Tragic accident, sweet.

TODD
Yeah, and not as damaging to the
environment as Methane.

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

The door to the RV opens and Louis comes down the steps holding two large black plastic bags.

TODD AND RAY'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

They look on as Louis dumps the bags on the ground.

TODD
'the hell's he doing?

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

Elliot rides up on his bike and comes to a halt outside his RV.

ELLIOT
What the...?

LOUIS
I told you, no pay, no stay, I got a
new client movin' in. I bagged your
stuff.

Elliot looks in the bags, at his clothes and videos.

ELLIOT
They were in order.

LOUIS
So sue me.

ELLIOT
Where's my laptop?

LOUIS
Didn't see no laptop, just clothes and
your videos.

INT. ELLIOT'S RV - DAY

Elliot comes in and closes the door behind him -- part of the lock falls off. He tries to open the door but it's jammed.

ELLIOT
Great.

He bends down to pick up the piece of LOCK. It's been cut through, a jagged cut, fresh metal glinting.

He looks around, sees something on the floor. A computer MOUSE. He's about to straighten up when he spots a half open storage compartment. Now he's really pumped.

He edges towards it, looks through the gap.

ELLIOT'S POV

A small DEVICE connected by wires to a detonator attached to a 15 liter GAS tank. A Mickey Mouse ALARM CLOCK counts down from 60 secs.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Aw C'mon!

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Todd looks at his watch -- the seconds tick down.

TODD

Not long now.

INT. ELLIOT'S RV - DAY

Elliot stares at the countdown, mind racing, expression one of icy calm. Mickey's hand points to the time.

40 Secs, 35,34,33,30,29...

He straightens up goes over to a portable GAS HEATER -- wrenches the back open -- disconnects the hose from the fire and drags the gas bottle over to the DEVICE.

25 Secs, 24,23,22,21,20...

Elliot produces a pocket knife. Slips his motorcycle gloves on. Jams the blade into the end of the tube.

Mickey looks on: 12 Secs,11,10,9.8...

GAS hisses out of the tube, FROST forms on Elliot's GLOVES.

5 Secs,4,3...

He points the tube at the CLOCK...ICE forms as the gas flows across its metal body.

1 Second. The clock hand stops.

EXT. ELLIOT'S RV - DAY

The door EXPLODES through the air and crashes onto the ground. Elliot's booted foot steps down from the RV.

Louis stares. Elliot ties both of the rubbish bags together and hangs them over the back of his bike.

LOUIS
Hey! You gotta' pay for that!

ELLIOT
Sue me.

He moves Louis away from the trailer.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
You might wanna call the bomb squad
when you get a second.

He starts his bike, guns the motor and roars off -- passing the Sedan as he goes. Louis looks after him, puzzled.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Todd and Ray turn and watch him go. On a SCREEN displaying a street grid -- a RED dot leaves the RV Park.

RAY
That 'ain't good.

TODD AND RAY'S POV - THROUGH WINDSCREEN

Louis looks back at the RV -- a long drawn out heartbeat...

KABOOM!

The RV EXPLODES.

INT. TODD AND RAY'S POV - THROUGH WINDSCREEN

A chemical toilet seat bounces off the sedan's hood -- brown gunk smears the windshield. Todd looks at Ray.

TODD
Don't say a fuckin' word!

A Cell phone rings - the caller ID: STONE

RAY
It's him. You wanna explain?

Ray answers the phone, listens.

RAY (CONT'D)
Not yet...we had some shit to deal
with.

His eyes let out a silent prayer.

RAY (CONT'D)
Understood.

He shuts off the phone.

RAY (CONT'D)
He wants us to do someone else, friend
of Elliot.

TODD
Would have been good to know that a
little freakin' earlier.

EXT. U-STORE FACILITY - DAY

Elliot's bike is parked outside.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Elliot signs some papers at the desk. A MAN hands him a key.

ELLIOT
Humidity controlled right?

MAN
Yeah, what you storing, the Mona Lisa?

ELLIOT
How'd you know?

MAN
Lucky guess, lotta' art dealers bring
their stuff here in bin bags.

Elliot heads out the door.

INT. BRICKMAN'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Elliot paces round the room, Brickman watches.

BRICKMAN
Two traders in a hit and run...and
that's a bad thing?

ELLIOT
The bomb in my trailer?

BRICKMAN
You think Stone's behind it?

ELLIOT
Who else.

BRICKMAN
Look, I know he scammed your father
but...

ELLIOT
He did more than that...

Off Elliot

FLASHBACK - INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

A younger Elliot walks down the hallway towards a half open door. Eases it open.

STUDY

The body of his FATHER slumped on a desk, a gun by his hand, blood pooling from his head. A TV on in the background -- CNN NEWS running the PRESIDENT'S DAY celebrations.

ON YOUNG ELLIOT'S FACE

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I was fifteen...

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BRICKMAN'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Elliot stares out of the window -- remembering.

ELLIOT
I tried to run away from it, spent time in the forces while mom drank to forget. I should have been with her...by the time I got back it was too late, her liver was shot.

BRICKMAN
You couldn't have stopped her...liquor's a bitch.

ELLIOT
I promised her I would find the man responsible and make him pay.

BRICKMAN
And you will. With the data you downloaded you can bury him.

ELLIOT
I saw something at Chrysus, while I was in the vault.

Elliot pulls out a printout of the MIRROR VAULT photo.

BRICKMAN
Jesus!

ELLIOT
There was a locked room in the server mirror vault. Lock must have tripped when I triggered the smoke alarms.

BRICKMAN
It's a mirror image of the setup in Kuwait.

Elliot produces a picture of the DIGIT-ALLEY facility next to the construction site.

ELLIOT

Digit-Alley, they supply time-code generators for the military, communication companies and financial services...

Elliot produces another print out -- a headline of Neinman's accident.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Seems he got the timing of his air-supply wrong.

BRICKMAN

Not a good way to go, alone in the dark.

ELLIOT

Bad timing...for a man who earned his living dealing in nano seconds.

BRICKMAN

If Stone's connected to that installation in Kuwait...

ELLIOT

Then he's also responsible for what happened to you.

Brickman's eyes burn with a cold fury.

BRICKMAN

Fuck data, that sonofabitch is going down.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Glynt and another MAN, JOHANSSON, (40s) hard face, muscled.

GLYNT

I don't like loose ends.

STONE

So he has a friend, two for one, no problem.

Glynt holds up a LOCAL newspaper. A picture of a dazed looking Louie in front of smoking trailer stares out at us from the front page.

GLYNT

What was this, target practice?

Stone crunches a mint.

STONE

False start.

GLYNT

Johansson will be holding your hand in any future operations, just in case you need to mop up.

STONE

I don't think we're at that level yet.

GLYNT

What, the getting it right level?

STONE

By tomorrow they'll both be history.

GLYNT

Let's hope so. How's business?

Stone taps some buttons on a keyboard. The screens fill with information.

STONE

One hundred billion in cash, a trillion in derivatives and five hundred billion in bonds and CSD'S. People are nervous right now, we can use that.

GLYNT

Yes, we've been getting chatter from our middle east section for weeks now.

STONE

We should increase our short position. If something big happens we can come out of the market and sit on cash and gold.

GLYNT

No, the boys upstairs are already getting nervous about our operation. If the oversight committee gets a sniff of what's going on here you can kiss your ass goodbye.

STONE

I didn't sign on to be pussy whipped by committees...

GLYNT

You didn't sign on, you got caught with your hand in the federal piggy bank trading forged junk bonds. You were looking at a life time in the slammer till we cut you a deal.

STONE

You couldn't do this without me, I developed the software and hired the traders. Without me you'd still be buying rusty T34's on the Russian black market.

Glynt rises.

GLYNT

Don't get ahead of yourself Nat, just keep the money coming in and we'll all be fine.

He walks out with Johansson. Stone grinds a mint, eyes filled with hate.

EXT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT

A black sedan sits in the shadows. The dark shapes of Todd and Ray look up at the window.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The tracking SCREEN displays Elliot's bike flashing RED on the street grid outside Brickman's apartment.

Todd looks up at the lit window of Brickman's house. He points a SCOPE with a digital display towards the house -- a THERMAL readout shows a heat source flickering on the display. The Sedan moves off.

INT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elliot looks out of the window -- watches the Sedan leave.

ELLIOT

That's the same car that was outside the trailer park.

BRICKMAN

It's a common make.

ELLIOT

That's the point, they look like everyone else. Mind if I use your bathroom?

BRICKMAN

Naa, knock yourself out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

500 Metres from Brickman's house, the Sedan parks.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

TODD
Okay, let's do it...Oh and Ray...

Ray turns to him.

TODD (CONT'D)
Don't start the fucking car 'til I
tell you okay?

EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Todd exits the car -- pops the trunk and pulls out a hand held SA-7 GRAIL Missile Launcher.

He fixes a sight to it -- turns on the scope -- hefts the launcher to his shoulder. A red thermal pattern flickers amongst the grainy green vista.

INT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brickman makes coffee -- moves past the window as...

SERIES OF SHOTS

TODD

Fires up the POWER SUPPLY of the SA-7 -- a low WHINE as the gyros and electronics stabilize.

BRICKMAN

Glances out of the window.

TODD

Finger squeezing the TRIGGER on the stock.

BRICKMAN

Is staring out of the window -- some primal sixth sense giving him pause...

TODD

On the SA-7 the seeker electronics lock onto the target and a RED LIGHT changes to GREEN in the SIGHT MECHANISM -- a continuous BUZZ emits from the device -- TARGET ACQUIRED.

BRICKMAN

Still looking out of the window -- a tiny FLASH of red shifting to green -- out in the dark -- could be a rear brake light on a distant highway -- and yet...

THE BOOSTER ROCKET

Throws FLAME out of the back of the launcher as it hurls the MISSILE up the tube.

BRICKMAN

Looks through the window at a PLUME of FLAME burning in the dark.

THE MISSILE

Exits the launcher at 32 metres a second -- stabilizer fins flick out -- the main sustainer rocket FIRES -- hurls the missile forwards.

INT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brickman sees the flame trail of what he now knows is a missile streaking towards him at 385 metres a second.

In that second he snatches the coffee machine water jug up and dowses the FLAMES of the GAS FIRE behind him.

Dives towards a small chest on the floor with "HELEN" stencilled on the side of it. Wrenches it open -- pulls something out.

Whirls towards the window.

The blunt nose of the SA-7 streaks towards him as:

BANG!

He fires at the window which explodes outwards as a FLARE rockets through it -- throws himself to the floor as...

The SA-7 screams up and past the window -- locking onto the distress flare that EXPLODES above it.

TODD AND RAY'S POV - THROUGH WINDSCREEN

The Missile streaking up into the sky after the flare.

The flare DIES.

The missile searches for a new target. Ray PANICS -- turns the ignition key -- fires up the motor -- revs the engine.

EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Todd drops the launcher -- dives into the car.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Todd tries to grab the keys from the ignition.

TODD

The engine! It's a fucking heat source
you moron!

Ray is past listening because all he can see in the rear view mirror is an SA-7 closing fast.

EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The Missile ROCKETS towards the car -- which accelerates, swerving erratically as Todd and Ray wrestle for control.

The car slams to a halt -- SILENCE as the Missile streaks over the roof and curves up into the air ahead of the stationary vehicle -- the HOT engine block ticks.

The Missile reacquires -- comes HURTLING down towards them.

RAY (V.O.)
That 'aint good.

KA-BOOM! The Missile hits the Sedan and explodes -- launching the vehicle skyward -- flaming fragments lighting up the sky.

EXT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

The street is full of, fire trucks, cops, patrol cars, and CSI officers.

Fireman hose water over the smoking remains of the Sedan. The remains of Ray, Todd and the Sedan are winched onto a CSI flatbed.

OFF TO ONE SIDE

De Silva watches the proceedings from the shadows.

EXT. SPIRO'S DELI/CAFE - NIGHT

Elliot waits across the road leaning on his bike. Haley closes the Cafe -- activates the electric shutters.

Smiles when she sees Elliot -- walks towards him, laptop bag slung over her shoulder.

ELLIOT
Thanks for seeing me.

HALEY
Solved your four o four problem?

ELLIOT
I'm sorry, I was being a dick.

HALEY
Worse than that you were being an inaccurate dick. Mac's don't normally have four o fours, that's more of a PC thing.

ELLIOT
You got me. How's your Mac anyway?

HALEY

Great thanks.

ELLIOT

It might need optimizing, I didn't have time to do a full installation.

HALEY

Okay, and how long would that sort of thing take?

ELLIOT

Couple of hours.

HALEY

Long enough for a dinner then?

Elliot smiles. Which is when the two MEN come out of nowhere.

One of them grabs Haley's computer bag, the other takes a swing at Elliot with a baseball bat.

Haley screams -- Elliot grabs the bat, uses the momentum to flick his assailant over one shoulder, swings the bat round into the other MAN'S knee.

There's a crack as bone shatters -- he hits the floor screaming, clutches his mangled knee.

The other man gets up, dazed -- reaches into his jacket -- it's the last thing he does -- Elliot hits him with a short jab to the nose, he hits the ground, eyes rolling up in his head.

The other man starts to crawl away -- Elliot grabs him by the hair -- slams his head onto the pavement -- he groans and goes limp. They both look like ex-military -- hard faces and bodies.

Elliot picks up Haley's bag.

ELLIOT

You okay?

Haley nods -- still shaken.

HALEY

That was awesome. How did you...

ELLIOT

Just got a few lucky punches in.

HALEY

Lucky for me. What did they want?

ELLIOT

Anything they could get, just muggers wanting to score.

Elliot looks around -- concerned.

HALEY

Do you mind if we take a rain check on the dinner...

ELLIOT

Sure, I'll give you a lift back.

HALEY

Thanks...for everything.

She leans forwards and gives him a kiss -- it becomes a long one. A man on the ground groans. She breaks off.

HALEY (CONT'D)

Do you mind if we...

Elliot nods. Hands her a helmet from his bike.

ELLIOT

I'm not mad on crowds myself.

INT. HALEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elliot and Haley lie entwined together. Haley wears a dreamy expression -- things have gone well. She sits up on one elbow, looks at him. He opens his eyes.

ELLIOT

What?

HALEY

I was just thinking what a great operating system you have.

ELLIOT

Yeah? What's wrong with my firmware?

HALEY

Enough with the analogies.

Elliot sits up.

ELLIOT

Look Haley...

HALEY

Uh Oh, that doesn't sound good.

ELLIOT

You need to know some things...

HALEY

You're married.

ELLIOT

No, but I'm involved with some people who aren't very nice.

HALEY

We all have people in our life that
can make things difficult for us.

ELLIOT

It's more serious than that.

HALEY

Either this is bullshit, or I may not
see you again, either way, I want to
remember tonight.

She starts to kiss him, he responds, they fall back down onto
the bed.

EXT. BRICKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elliot coasts to a halt outside -- parks his bike up. The
apartment is dark -- Elliot looks around -- no one in sight. He
heads to the front door -- rings the bell -- tries the door.

It swings open.

HALLWAY

ELLIOT

Leon?

He moves along the hallway -- tries a light switch -- nothing
doing.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Leon?

He reaches the living room -- opens the door...

LIVING ROOM

Wind blows through the broken window -- the curtain FLAPS. A
motionless BODY lies on the floor.

ELLIOT

Leon!

He runs over to Brickman-- kneels down beside him -- feels for a
pulse -- the body GROANS!

BRICKMAN

I ain't dead yet. Tried to mend a
fuse, don't feel so good.

Brickman's face is grey, dark shadows beneath his eyes.

ELLIOT

You need to get to a hospital.

Elliot picks up the phone and dials 911.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Yes, I need an ambulance ...suspected heart attack..., I'm at 133, 142nd St, Hamilton Heights...

LATER

Brickman is sitting up in the wheelchair -- sips water from a glass, shivers -- Elliot relights the gas fire, puts a rug over his legs, keeps him talking.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So that's why they drove off...

BRICKMAN

An SA-7 has a five hundred metres minimum range...just like a bullet it needs to reach the correct velocity to be effective.

Brickman's eyes droop -- he struggles to keep them open. Elliot shakes him -- forces him to keep talking.

ELLIOT

Why were you taking pictures that night in the desert?

BRICKMAN

I didn't want to be a soldier anymore...I'd seen enough killing to last me a lifetime...wanted to be a photo journalist ...thought if I left the service with a good story I could get a job with one of the illustrated magazines...Time maybe...

ELLIOT

That's why you didn't stay behind the tank.

BRICKMAN

Just need to sleep.

ELLIOT

Hang in there Leon.

Brickman is fading fast -- the sound of an approaching siren grows -- the room is filled with blue and red light -- Brickman stares sightlessly at the ceiling.

WHITEOUT

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Clear!

The CRACKLE of electricity jerks us into...

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - CCU - DAY

A BRIGHT light floods into the room through a window to the left of a BED where Brickman lies asleep.

Heart monitoring equipment BEEPS -- a drip snakes down to his arm. There's a portable DE-FIB box and some other electronic monitoring equipment on a table next to him.

Dr Carmen Leoni checks his chart. Elliot sits on a chair beside the bed.

ELLIOT
How's he doing?

CARMEN
Piece of shrapnel near his heart,
shifted...we had to operate.
We got it out in time. He just needs
to rest up.

ELLIOT
He doesn't do rest very easily.

CARMEN
I know. Don't stay too long.

She leaves -- closes the door behind her with a CLICK!
Brickman's eyes flick open.

ELLIOT
Gave us a bit of a scare there old
man.

BRICKMAN
Now I know how it feels to be
defragged.

He tries to sit up.

ELLIOT
Whoa Soldier, at ease.

Brickman gestures to a jacket on a chair by the bed.

BRICKMAN
My pocket...

Elliot reaches into Brickman's jacket pocket -- pulls out an envelope -- the word "HELEN" in faded letters on the front.

BRICKMAN (CONT'D)
You need to disappear.

Elliot opens the envelope -- takes out some keys. He pulls a photograph out. Same as the one in the apartment -- Brickman and the smiling woman hugging on the "HELEN".

ELLIOT
Who was Helen?

BRICKMAN
Another life my friend.

ELLIOT
Married?

BRICKMAN
Nearly.

ELLIOT
What happened?

BRICKMAN
The war...it changes you, she didn't like the new me...hell I wasn't mad about him either.

(a long beat, then)

She met someone else.

(beat)

Florida's nice this time of year, fishing's good and it's warm.

ELLIOT
Don't go all Midnight Cowboy on me, you're gonna make it.

BRICKMAN
Listen to me, whatever's going down here Stone isn't in it alone. That installation in the desert, that was military, I'm sure of it.

Elliot slides another internet picture across to Brickman. A picture of GRANITE DISTRIBUTION.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
Stone's on the board.

Elliot produces another picture. Armoured trucks leaving from Granite, the name on the side of the trucks is ZOOT SECURITY.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Zoot Security work for the government, they move money around.

Brickman studies the photographs.

BRICKMAN
Place is a fortress.

ELLIOT
Granite Distribution is a storage facility for the federal reserve. It's where they store the cash for the pentagons' black budget projects ...

BRICKMAN

Stealth bombers and shit, billion
dollar money pits. If Stone's
connected to the government you're
gonna need to do more than disappear,
you're gonna need plastic surgery.

Elliot puts the two printouts next to each other, Digit Alley
separated by a construction site from Granite Distribution. He
taps the printouts with his finger.

ELLIOT (V.O)

I need to get in here.

EXT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A three story concrete block, reinforced girders sweep around the
armored glass slots that serve as windows.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - CASH VAULT - DAY

MONEY lots of it -- shrink wrapped, stacked on LASER GUIDED
pallets -- under a fluorescent sky.

ROBOTS move billions of DOLLARS around this three story steel
fortress.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

LASER machines cut and seal blocks of money into PLASTIC
wrapping -- conveyor belts them to waiting pallets. Scissor
lifts place the pallets of money onto shelves.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

High tech -- Two OPERATORS man monitors showing the vault and
the robots moving around -- other screens display the money
palets as computer icons -- total value, one hundred billion.

Another bank of monitors shows the outside world.

INSERT SCREENS

Huge DUMPER TRUCKS shift earth, EARTH MOVERS level the ground
with vast SCRAPERS -- concrete is poured into foundation
pilings.

The remains of a Multi-Story car park are being demolished. A
PILE-DRIVER slams into the ground with tremendous force.
Triggering ALARMS in the warehouse car park.

BACK TO SCENE

An electronic alarm beeps from the control desk.

OPERATOR 1

I'm gonna back the sensitivity off
while they're using the pile driver.

The other OPERATOR looks up from a magazine.

OPERATOR 2
 Fine by me, it 'ain't likely Tom
 Cruise is gonna drop in.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - VIRGINIA - DAY

A Grey concrete mass blighting the landscape.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Three MEN sit around an oblong table, MARTIN FREEMAN, JACK LANDIS and C.I.A Deputy Vice Director JOHN MADLEY, he's in charge. They're on a conference call.

MADLEY
 I'm here. So is Jack Landis and Martin Fulmen. We understand you want to take this private?

VOICE (V.O)
 Under the circumstances yes.

MADLEY
 You know I'm against private contractors, they can turn around and bite you on the ass.

VOICE (V.O)
 You have an alternative?

FULMEN
 Martin Fulmen here. We have an operative, black ops specialist, off the books but under our control...it's a deniable source, and expendable if necessary.

A long pause.

VOICE (V.O)
 Your call.

Madley looks around -- wanting full agreement -- heads nod.

MADLEY
 Okay, we'll handle it this end.
 (beat)
 Download and delete?

VOICE (V.O.)
 Yes.

The line goes dead. Madley hits an intercom key.

MADLEY
 Send him in.

He looks around the room.

MADLEY (CONT'D)

We push the button on this guy we
better be ready to mop up.

The door opens. De Silva comes in. Madley gestures for him to sit down. Slides a folder across the table.

De Silva sits, flicks open the cover -- Elliot's face stares out at him -- a flicker of recognition from De Silva.

DE SILVA

A Computer tech? What did he do,
illegal porn sites?

Silence.

MADLEY

You have the file.

DE SILVA

The file only has what you've put in
it. Is he more dangerous than he
looks?

Madley looks at the others, they shrug -- over to him.

MADLEY

We've been getting a lot of chatter
recently from our Middle East
friends...word is he's one of their
assets.

DE SILVA

Okay. Is this your first attempt? You
know how I hate sloppy seconds.

MADLEY

No, this is a virgin retirement plan.

DE SILVA

Why not call it a Retirement
Investment Plan, then you could call
it R.I.P., I know how you guys love
your acronyms.

Blank stares all round. De Silva shrugs.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

Just a thought.

MADLEY

Your account will be credited within
the hour...I assume you won't be
charging us for your humourous input.

De Silva exits. His humorous demeanor doesn't reach his eyes. They're like flint. The door closes behind him.

MADLEY (CONT'D)
Are you sure about him?

FULMEN
We can have him shadowed.

MADLEY
How good is he?

FULMEN
Iraqi's captured him during Desert Sabre...tortured him for five days straight...

MADLEY
He tell 'em anything?

FULMEN
When the marines went into the compound to get him out they were too late...

Madley looks puzzled.

FULMEN (CONT'D)
They found twelve of them dead, he took five out hand to hand, the rest with whatever was lying around...killed one of them with a rat's skeleton for Chrissake.
(beat)
So to answer your question, I wouldn't want to cross him.

Off Madley.

INT. SCIENCE SHACK - DAY

A small cluttered shop racked out with new and used scientific instruments. The owner, one JED "SMILER" JONES (40s), with the nervy sunken eyes of an insomniac.

SMILER
I got Gold coated, tungsten, Molybdenum, Nickel or Aluminum.

ELLIOT
Ion beam sputtered coating, Gold or Molybdenum if you've got it.

Smiler pulls some small wooden boxes down -- opens one to reveal some circular mirrors set into velvet lined slots.

SMILER
Good choice.

He pulls a mirror out, hands it to Elliot.

ELLIOT
Okay. Give me a couple of cube beam
splitters as well.

SMILER
Non-Polarized?

Elliot nods, peels off some dollars.

SMILER (CONT'D)
Cash, sweet.

Elliot puts the equipment into a ruck-sac and leaves.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A light dusting of snow -- a white ANGEL looks down on the kneeling figure of Elliot. He scrapes some snow from a headstone revealing an inscription.

MICHAEL MACARTHY July 30th 1948 to Feb 18th 1991.

"Peace at last"

ELLIOT
Nearly time Dad. I'm going to bring
them down like I promised Mom.

And then he's up and gone -- walking through the cemetery until he's swallowed up by the whiteness.

INT. GENERAL GLYNT'S CAR - DAY

It's dark in here. Glynt sits next to Johansson, he looks serious.

GLYNT
Stone's becoming a liability.

JOHANSSON
You want me to rein him in?

GLYNT
Not yet, we might need him to earn a
medal.

JOHANSSON
Then what?

Glynt slides a couple of sheets over to him -- they contain details and headshots of Elliot and De Silva.

GLYNT
That pussy Madley has brought De Silva
in to take Elliot out...

Johansson processes this.

JOHANSSON
And he's also working for Stone?

GLYNT
De Silva doesn't have a problem taking money from two paymasters for the same contract.

Johansson studies the paperwork. Reacts to the information.

GLYNT (CONT'D)
Do you have a problem?

Johansson looks at him -- eyes hard.

JOHANSSON
No Sir.

GLYNT
If De Silva leaves any loose ends, tie them up...then do him.

Glynt hands him a small device with a screen.

GLYNT (CONT'D)
Stone had a tracker put on Elliot. Find him and De Silva won't be far behind.

EXT. PARK - DAY

De Silva sits on a park bench talking on his Cell.

DE SILVA
...I watched the cops scrape Laurel and Hardy from a car that ate a SAM-7.
(listens)
Guy that was with him is in Cedars intensive care unit with a cardiac condition.
(listens)
You still want me to...Okay.

He cuts off the caller.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

De Silva, wearing a white Doctors coat and a stethoscope heads down the corridor -- flicks a look at a piece of paper with a ROOM number on it: 66. Sees a Nurses station ahead.

He looks into a room -- an OLD LADY dozes -- he ducks in and hits her call button -- slips back out.

The nurse heads away from her station -- passes him. De Silva, nods to her -- waits until she goes into the room -- darts into...

INT. ROOM 66 - NIGHT

Brickman sleeps -- a nebulizer mask helps him breath -- the monitors beep.

De Silva comes in switches off the monitoring alarm -- pulls some leads out -- produces a syringe from his pocket -- moves over to the drip -- preparing to inject into the line.

As he stretches out his arm Brickman's hand shoots out -- crushes his forearm in a steel grip -- eyes flicking open.

De Silva tries to get his arm free, but it's held in a vice. The syringe clatters to the floor.

Brickman grabs at the drip stand -- smashes it into the side of De Silva's head -- De Silva eats the pain, grabs the stand.

Forces it down onto Brickman's NECK, choking him.

Brickman thrashes around trying to get a purchase on the bed and break free from the deadly hold.

His flailing hand rips at De Silva's shirt -- tearing it open, revealing swinging dog tags -- he's weakening now.

Gasping for breath -- his flailing hand connects with something.

The DE-FIB unit.

Fingers hit a button -- readouts display CHARGING -- capacitors whine.

De Silva pushes harder.

Brickman slams the defibrillator pad onto the metal drip stand. BANG! They're both blown apart -- sparks arcing between their DOG TAGS as they are fused together.

De Silva crashes to the floor, ripping Brickman's Dog Tags off with his momentum -- Brickman slumps back on the bed.

De Silva groans, pulls himself up from the ground -- looks at the Dog-Tags -- sees the name -- eyes widening in recognition.

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. ARABIAN DESERT - NIGHT

Lieutenant Leon Brickman on the ground fighting for life -- a SOLDIER beside him turning towards us -- the young, frightened face of Vincent De Silva -- BLOOD pouring from a gash on his forehead as he yells.

DE SILVA

Medic!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. ROOM 66 - NIGHT

The lights are now on.

DE SILVA

Lieutenant Brickman, what the hell?!

BRICKMAN

De Silva?

De Silva slumps down onto the chair next to Brickman.

DE SILVA

You look older.

BRICKMAN

And you got ugly, Jeez.

Brickman massages his bruised neck, winces.

DE SILVA

I didn't know it was you.

BRICKMAN

That's okay, I'd hate you to have murdered the wrong guy. Since when did you start killing people for pleasure.

DE SILVA

I was a mess when I came back, shrapnel screwed my head up. I went off the rails, had a shit load of debt, loan sharks on my back.

(a long beat, then)

A guy raped and killed a young kid, got off on a technicality...parents wanted justice. I did a deal.

BRICKMAN

You do this full time now?

DE SILVA

It's a living, and there's less boot cleaning than at Pendleton.

BRICKMAN

Private or government?

DE SILVA

Bit of both.

Brickman nods. Looks at De Silva, some past pain showing.

BRICKMAN
You still with...

DE SILVA
Naa I screwed that up as well.
(a long beat, then)
Look I, well...

BRICKMAN
You don't have to apologise...

DE SILVA
Well I wasn't going to...it's not like
I stole her...

BRICKMAN
You always were a prick.

De Silva snorts, getting antsy.

DE SILVA
Well maybe that's what she liked.

That does it. Brickman lunges for him, gets a grip on his neck,
De Silva gets Brickman round the neck as well.

BRICKMAN
You asshole!

The door flies open and Carmen comes in.

DR LEONI
Hey!

De Silva lets go of Brickman, covers.

DE SILVA
It's okay, we're friends he was
choking...right Leon?

Brickman, sucks in some air.

BRICKMAN
S'right Doc, something went down the
wrong way.

She looks at them, unsure. Fixes De Silva with a hard look.

DR LEONI
I want you're dumb ass outta here in
five...

DE SILVA
Me?

She looks at Brickman.

DR LEONI

Well he sure as hell ain't leavin'

And with that she heads out the door. De Silva watches her.

DE SILVA

I think you have a fan club there.

BRICKMAN

You better get out before she calls security. But before you go, any idea why someone wants me dead?

DE SILVA

You tell me.

BRICKMAN

I have a "Monica Lewinsky for President" bumper sticker?

DE SILVA

That's it...case closed.

BRICKMAN

What happens if you don't kill me?

De Silva thinks about this.

DE SILVA

I'd have to give the money back.

BRICKMAN

I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble.

DE SILVA

And someone else would come to finish the job, and me.

A pause while he lets that sink in.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

What do you know about Drew Elliot?

BRICKMAN

Why do you want to know?

DE SILVA

I've been given a download and delete order on him by the CIA and a private contractor.

BRICKMAN

Download and delete? Jesus you guys like to make things tidy.

De Silva waits.

BRICKMAN (CONT'D)

Drew's a friend of mine, one of the good guys, anybody wants him dead, they're gonna be the bad guys, trust me on that.

DE SILVA

I'm guessing they think you're involved with whatever Elliot's doing.

BRICKMAN

That make's me feel better.

A pause as De Silva thinks things through.

DE SILVA

Well it's been great catching up, but I have a job to do.

Off Brickman's worried face.

EXT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

BANG! A window EXPLODES outwards on the third floor -- a BODY plunges through the air -- smacks into the ground.

STAFF run out of the entrance heading towards the body. A NURSE reaches the scene -- feels a wrist -- she looks at the TAG on his wrist -- ROOM 66 - Patient: L. BRICKMAN.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On De Silva as he wheels Brickman away from the hospital in a wheelchair.

BRICKMAN

Who was he?

DE SILVA

Down and out involved in a hit and run, DOA.

BRICKMAN

You're gonna give me half your fee, right?

DE SILVA

Minus expenses.

BRICKMAN

What expenses?

DE SILVA

I had to get help, pay the creepy guy at the mortuary...

BRICKMAN

What sort of help?

Two PARAMEDICS run past -- there's an AMBULANCE behind them with it's doors open. De Silva wheels Brickman towards it. Carmen appears.

BRICKMAN (CONT'D)
Helluva a first date.

CARMEN
Helluva way to get my attention.

She lifts Brickman into the back of the Ambulance as De Silva heads round to the front. She's strong. Brickman notices.

BRICKMAN
You still do that slow motion Karate stuff?

DR LEONI
It's called Tai Chi.

She climbs in, slams the door. The ambulance takes off, lights flashing.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - DAY

A small BOAT "*The Helen*" makes it's way through the industrial heartland. Elliot skillfully handles the craft -- consults a map and increases the throttle.

INT. DR LEONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carmen prepares some medication in the background. De Silva stands next to Brickman.

DE SILVA
Where's Elliot?

BRICKMAN
Why should I trust you?

DE SILVA
Look, I'm going to find him anyway, but once they discover I welshed on the deal, and they will, then they'll send others.

Carmen comes over.

CARMEN
Time for your shot.

She rubs his arm with some spirit -- squirts the syringe.

BRICKMAN
What is it?

CARMEN

It'll help relieve the pain, you'll
have to be careful of those stitches.

She injects him.

BRICKMAN

Does that mean we won't be dancing
anytime soon?

DR LEONI

That all depends on who's leading.

She smiles at him. De Silva works on Brickman.

DE SILVA

Look, I could have killed you back at
the hospital if I'd wanted to.

BRICKMAN

You think?

DR LEONI

Look, I know you two have some
history, but don't you think it's time
you moved on? If you care about Drew
then you should be helping him.

Brickman sighs, comes to a decision. Turns to De Silva.

BRICKMAN

Okay. That night in the desert...do
you remember what we saw in the
hanger?

DE SILVA

Some kinda' communications centre.

BRICKMAN

Drew saw the same set up at a brokers
he works for, made by a company called
Digit Alley.

DE SILVA

Everyone wants him dead, because he
saw some digital read outs? That
doesn't fly.

BRICKMAN

Why did the CIA bring you in?

DE SILVA

They think he's a sleeper, working for
a Middle East cell. I'm meant to find
out what they're planning, then...

BRICKMAN

Delete.

De Silva shrugs.

BRICKMAN (CONT'D)

He's no terrorist, he just wants justice.

DE SILVA

Who from?

BRICKMAN

Head of Chrysus Capital.

DE SILVA

Nathaniel Stone?

BRICKMAN

Yes, why?

DE SILVA

He's the private contractor who hired me.

BRICKMAN

I think you're working for the wrong side.

De Silva produces a bank statement, hands it to Brickman.

DE SILVA

Five hundred thousand deposited in Drews bank account three months ago, routed through Riyadh to an offshore account in the Caymans.

BRICKMAN

How do you know this isn't fake?

De Silva produces another receipt.

DE SILVA

An order through a fictitious construction company to supply a 100 Kilos of C4.

BRICKMAN

Bullshit. He watches movies and fixes computers, hell, he fixed mine in a heartbeat.

DE SILVA

How do you know he didn't put some tracking shit on your hard drive, maybe he's jacking into your bank account right now.

BRICKMAN

Are you messing with me?

DE SILVA

Well someone's messing with someone,
we just don't know who.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - SUNSET

The "HELEN" is tied up.

Elliot looks through a pair of binoculars at the GRANITE DISTRIBUTION building.

On the deck next to him there's a hard hat, some steel construction pins and a couple of orange pennants.

This is a different Elliot to the easy going one we first saw. Harder, focussed like a man on a mission.

He reaches inside a bag and pulls out some building plans, spreads them out on the deck -- traces his finger to a section marked VENTILATION PLANT.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Technicians and satellites scan the world for information. Tired but focussed individuals looking for anything that will make sense of the jigsaw of digital intelligence.

An OPERATOR hands a printout to Deputy Vice Director Madley. Madley looks at it -- it doesn't make him happy.

INT. CIA - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jack Landis and Martin Fulmen sit opposite Madley.

MADLEY

De Silva has lost our shadow, we don't know where he is.

Jack leans forwards.

FULMEN

And Elliot?

MADLEY

Off the grid.

FULMEN

This is a shitstorm.

Madley pulls a file out -- taps it.

MADLEY

Our intel is pointing towards a major event within the next forty-eight hours...

JACK

And we have no idea what it is?

MADLEY
Only the codename HUBRIS and that
Elliot's involved.

He looks round for a reaction.

MADLEY (CONT'D)
Anybody know what it could mean?

FULMEN
Hubris was a challenge to the Gods or
their laws usually resulting in the
destruction of the people responsible.

MADLEY
I'm aware of the Greek connection, I'm
talking about the real world.

FULMEN
Tomorrow is February the 19th...

MADLEY
President's day.

Off Madley.

EXT. WASTELAND - GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - NIGHT

Elliot stands on some wasteland in the shadows overlooking the
construction site in front of Granite Distribution. He looks
through night vision binoculars.

POV - NIGHT VISION

Scanning the area around the concrete structure.

CLICK! The sound of a safety catch coming off.

ON ELLIOT

A silencer presses against the back of his head.

DE SILVA (O.S.)
Nice an easy.

Elliot slowly lowers the Binoculars and turns to see De Silva.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Since when did you become James Bond?

Elliot smiles, strangely confident.

ELLIOT
Long story, but yours could be
considerably shorter. The heading
might be, "Landmine victim."

De Silva looks down, he's standing on a small METAL PLATE the edge poking out from under his foot. Elliot uncurls his hand from a REMOTE CONTROL the size of an electronic car key.

DE SILVA

I feel we may have gotten off on the wrong foot.

ELLIOT

Well that's true in your case.

De Silva drops the magazine out of his gun.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

And the chamber?

De Silva shrugs.

DE SILVA

Force of habit.

He ejects the bullet from the breech. Elliot takes the gun.

ELLIOT

Bad habit.

DE SILVA

Just a small point, but if I go, you go.

ELLIOT

Only if it's armed.

De Silva realises -- too late -- Elliot hits the arm button on the key fob -- a red light begins to flash.

DE SILVA

You can't do this.

ELLIOT

Why not? Seems you were more than happy to put a round into my head.

DE SILVA

It may have looked that way.

ELLIOT

I see, and what way should it have looked?

DE SILVA

Brickman thinks you're a stand up guy.

ELLIOT

You know Leon?

DE SILVA

I'm Vincent De Silva. I was in the Marines with him, Operation Sabre.

ELLIOT

Vincent? You saved his life.

DE SILVA

I helped. So you see in a way we're on the same side.

ELLIOT

Sides can change. Someone tries to blow me up, fires a missile at Leon's apartment, you show up and put a gun to my head...you see how easy it is to get confused?

DE SILVA

How about you tell me what you know, I'll tell you what I know...if we're all headed in the same direction maybe we can move forward.

ELLIOT

I'm listening.

De Silva reaches slowly into his jacket and hands him the Bank statement and the explosives receipt. Elliot reads.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You think I'd live in a trailer park if this was in my account?

DE SILVA

That's what Brickman said, but you'd be stupid to have a mansion in the Hamptons wouldn't you.

Elliot holds up the explosives receipt.

ELLIOT

This is another forgery.

DE SILVA

Easy to say.

Elliot reaches into his jacket and produces a receipt -- hands it to De Silva.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

You're handing me an authentic receipt for C4 to prove you've been set up?

ELLIOT

Exactly, if they've suspected me of being a terrorist how come they didn't track down the actual receipt?

DE SILVA

There's a weird logic to that. Okay, Nathaniel Stone paid me to babysit a couple of guys carrying out a hit...turns out the targets were you and Leon. When it went bad he passed the contract over to me...I didn't know it was Leon until I showed up at the hospital.

Elliot is suddenly worried.

ELLIOT

Where's Leon now?

DE SILVA

Dead...as far as my employers are concerned. Don't worry he's in safe hands.

ELLIOT

You said employers?

DE SILVA

Okay, here's the thing, the CIA want you dead as well. They gave me the information about your bank account and the C4.

ELLIOT

Why would they lie?

DE SILVA

I don't know, but if they find out I've gone down on the deal I'm an asset they no longer need.

Elliot stares at him -- deactivates the MINE -- De Silva eases his foot up. Elliot reaches down and picks up a flat metal plate the size of a CD jewel case.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He studies the mine.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

This the new stuff?

ELLIOT

Electro binary C4, harmless until you put a current through it, voltage alters the chemical composition of the explosive compound, varying the voltage determines the size of the explosion.

DE SILVA
Okay, you want to level with me?

A phone rings -- Elliot pulls his mobile out.

ELLIOT
Leon? You okay?

He shoots a look at De Silva.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Yeah, we already met, you were right,
he's a little trigger happy.
(beat)
I'm bringing him up to speed. Okay,
you text me on the hour, give me a
heads up if anything comes down the
pipe. Okay.

He flicks the phone off.

DE SILVA
Trigger happy?

ELLIOT
Figure of speech.

DE SILVA
Okay, why are you here?

ELLIOT
It's taken years to find Stone, and to
get near enough to shut him down.

DE SILVA
Because of what he did to your
parents?

ELLIOT
Yes, but now it's not just about me.
Whatever the reason for the facility
outside Kuwait and the one running up
at Chrysus Capital, the C.I.A are
pretty keen to cover it up...I want to
know why.

De Silva begins to put the pieces together.

DE SILVA
And you think the answer's here?

ELLIOT
I'm just following the money.

DE SILVA
What are you going to do?

ELLIOT

First I'm going to take his money, and
then I'm going to destroy his company.

De Silva shrugs.

DE SILVA

I usually work alone, but you know
what they say about two heads?

Elliot looks at him -- deadpans.

ELLIOT

They make a bigger target?

EXT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - DAY

A hired SUV sits outside.

INT. SUV - DAY

Elliot and De Silva study the forbidding security of the
building.

DE SILVA

You wanna' tell me how you're gonna
get inside?

ELLIOT

Through the front door.

DE SILVA

What makes you think they'll let you
in?

ELLIOT

Ever heard of the Trojan Horse?

Off De Silva's blank look.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - RECEPTION - DAY

A DELIVERY MAN wearing a cap and dark glasses buzzes the
reception -- the intercom crackles. The man bends down to speak
into the mic -- it's De Silva.

He has a large wooden box on a manual lift trolley stencilled
AIR CON.

DE SILVA

Delivery, urgent.

INTERCOM (V.O)

I don't have any deliveries scheduled.

De Silva shrugs.

DE SILVA

No problem, I can always come back.

(beat)

Thing is, they said it was real urgent, and that without the parts they'd have to shut the whole plant down...so I just need your name, in case there's some sort of insurance claim.

A long pause -- the intercom crackles with anticipation.

INTERCOM (V.O)

Wait a second.

There's a click and the door opens. De Silva wheels the box up to the desk. A WOMAN looks down at the box -- De Silva hands over a form -- she signs it. He looks at the signature.

DE SILVA

Bleb, that's a pretty name.

She smiles -- the name's prettier than her.

BLEB

You can't leave that here.

De Silva wipes sweat from his face.

DE SILVA

Don't tell me you want this carried up any stairs.

BLEB

No, you can put it in the maintenance room.

She points to a steel utilities door opposite the LIFTS. De Silva wheels the box towards the door -- Bleb dials a number.

BLEB (CONT'D)

Hi George, I got a delivery of some Air Conditioning parts, says they're urgent...you know anything about that?

(listens)

Okay, well when you find out they're in the maintenance room.

De Silva opens the door and manhandles the box into the room.

ROOM

Full of electrical junction boxes and VENTILATION DUCTS.

De Silva looks at the reception -- Bleb is answering another call -- he levers a cover from the side of one of the ventilation ducts, checks some AIR HOLES on the side of the box.

DE SILVA
Give my love to the Trojans.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

He leaves the door to the maintenance room slightly ajar. Heads past the Reception -- nods to Bleb -- she smiles as he leaves.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - MAINTENANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The wooden box sits in the dark -- there's a CLICK!

A soft HISS.

Thick black smoke starts to drift out of the air holes in the side of the box -- is drawn into the DUCT.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

De Silva and Elliot are parked next to the construction site. Trucks and earth moving equipment work under floodlights. De Silva looks at his watch.

Elliot wears a Fireman's uniform.

DE SILVA
How much you reckon's in the vault?

ELLIOT
One hundred billion dollars in cash.

De Silva lets out a whistle.

DE SILVA
How are you going to get that out?

ELLIOT
I said I was going to take his money,
not spend it.

DE SILVA
You wanna explain that?

ELLIOT
No.

DE SILVA
You're not very trusting are you?

ELLIOT
They get hold of you before I get out
where does that leave me?

De Silva shrugs. The sound of SIRENS fills the night -- FIRE ENGINES scream up to the entrance -- FIREFIGHTERS jump out.

DE SILVA
We're on.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Elliot gets out of the car and goes round to the trunk -- pulls out a jacket, air tank and helmet -- puts them on -- slings a Ruck-Sac over his shoulder.

He heads over to the front of the building -- the doors are open and smoke billows out into the street.

EXT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The FIRE CAPTAIN orchestrates proceedings -- SIX FIREFIGHTERS head into the reception -- more firefighters head round the outside of the building. One of them uses an INFRA RED scanning device.

FIREMAN 1

No sign of a heat source, we got smoke coming through the ventilation system.

FIRE CAPTAIN

Get in there and find the source.

The Firefighters head into the building -- smoke swirls out into the street. Elliot keeps his head down -- slips in unnoticed.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Elliot heads through reception, through a FIRE EXIT.

STAIRS

Elliot comes to a door marked ROOF.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

De Silva looks at his watch and over at the Fire Engines and Firefighters. He wears an earpiece -- Walkie-Talkie on the seat.

DE SILVA

Come on Elliot, it ain't gonna take them long to work it out.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Elliot is next to some VENTILATION DUCTS. An electrical wire feeds into a DUCT -- a LAPTOP SCREEN shows a picture of the inside of the vault. He types instructions on the laptop.

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

It's dark in here -- a TRANSMITTER and a BEAM SPLITTER hang from the cable -- the transmitter pulses -- sends out a reticulated burst of LASER.

Laser beams flash back to it and are split off, linking up around the vault. A beam hits a control panel on a wall bringing it to life.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Elliot programs in something from the laptop. He hits a button.

INSERT SCREEN

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Okay, time to wake up.

On his SCREEN TWO robot cutting machines wink into life. Another two packaging robots raise their mechanical arms.

A high power LASER beam shoots out across the room and weaves a pattern through the darkness -- a brief kaleidoscope of colour.

SMOKE drifts across the network of laser beams that spiderweb the Vault.

Robot arms sink back into their cradles like resting Cobras.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Outside the front entrance three black Escalades skid to a halt. Serious looking MEN pile out -- FEDS.

DE SILVA
Uh oh, we got company.

He thumbs the transmit button on his mic.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Okay hotshot, you wanna discuss your exit strategy, you got serious company headed your way.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Elliot crouches on the roof.

ELLIOT
What's the beef?

DE SILVA (V.O.)
I'd say at least nine prime rib. If you gotta' paddle you might wanna get it out.

ELLIOT
Consider it out...

Elliot winds up the cable and stows the equipment into his Ruck-sac. He hears the low WHINE of a HELICOPTER.

It's drifting across the river, damped engine, no running lights, barely visible hanging in the sky.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Not good.

HELICOPTER

Heading towards the roof -- a MAN leaning out of the door with a high-powered rifle and a LASER sight -- Johansson.

The helicopter comes closer, a searchlight flares into life hunting across the roof.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Elliot ducks behind an metal duct. A voice in his ear.

DE SILVA (V.O.)
I think you got more company.

Elliot keys the W/T.

ELLIOT
Yeah, I noticed that, thanks for the heads up tho'. Suggestions?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

De Silva looks up at the hovering helicopter as it scans the roof with its searchlight. A red flash from a Laser sight flares from the open door on the side.

DE SILVA
Unless you've got a surface to air missile in your kit I'm struggling here.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Elliot's mind races. Suddenly, he smiles.

ELLIOT
Thanks for that, you just gave me an idea.

DE SILVA (V.O.)
I did?

Elliot reaches for something in his Ruck-Sac, slips it into his pocket. Then he stands up -- heads across the roof towards the waiting helicopter -- is he mad?

DE-SILVA'S POV - THROUGH SUV WINDSHIELD

As Elliot moves across the roof with his hands in the air.

DE SILVA
That's your idea!

ELLIOT (V.O.)
It's a start.

A red LASER dot appears on Elliot's chest.

HELICOPTER

Johansson listens to instructions through his headphones.

JOHANSSON

I have a clear shot...he's giving
himself up...Okay.

Johansson focusses -- looks like he's going to take the shot.

ROOF

Elliot looks down at the red dot on his chest and back to the helicopter, calculating something.

In one fluid move he swings his arm down to his chest -- there's a brilliant FLASH as the beam is reflected back.

Straight into the eyes of the helicopter PILOT!

HELICOPTER

An explosion of RED light sears the pilot's retinas.

He screams in agony! The Helicopter plunges towards the ground, spiralling out of control.

JOHANSSON

Is hurled against the side of the fuselage, RIFLE spinning down through the air as the helicopter twists sickeningly, engines screaming. Johansson fights the G-Force and drags himself back into the machine by his harness.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Pull her up!

The pilot is howling in pain, fighting with the controls and his blindness. The earth hurtles closer.

Johanson throws himself towards the controls -- manages to yank on the stick -- too late!

CRASH! The helicopter makes a heavy landing -- skids along the road -- sparks trailing from it's landing gear as it disintegrates.

Johansson throws himself clear, seconds before the machine smashes through a wire fence and smacks into a row of parked cars -- alarms blare, and then WHUMP!

The Helicopter EXPLODES!

Fiery fragments rain down on the road, falling from the sky around Johansson, narrowly missing him. He picks himself up and jogs back towards Granite.

ROOF

Elliot looks down at the carnage. Speaks into his W/T.

ELLIOT
You okay down there?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

De Silva stares at the Firemen, and the flaming wreckage in the street. Approaching sirens SCREAM.

DE SILVA
Thanks for asking. Hell, you sure know
how to throw a party.

DE SILVA'S POV - THROUGH SUV WINDSHIELD

As Johansson goes into Granite.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
You better get outta' there, the guy
you knocked out of the sky is headed
in to see you, and he doesn't look
happy!

ROOF

ELLIOT
I'm on my way.

He heads towards the roof door -- opens it -- there's the sound of running feet POUNDING up the stairs.

He runs back to the edge of the roof.

STAIRS

Three serious looking MEN are headed towards the roof -- they are all heavily armed. One of them is Johansson.

ROOF

Elliot is in a window cleaning HOIST -- heading down the outside of the building. Johansson bursts out onto the roof, the MEN follow. He looks at the DUCT -- the grille hangs off.

He hears a MOTOR -- heads for the edge of the roof and looks down. Sees the HOIST level with the second floor -- SHOTS!

Bullets ricochet around the hoist -- Elliot throws himself to the deck. The hoist stops -- begins to head back up.

HOIST

Elliot looks around desperately -- pulls the AIR TANK from his back -- hurls it at the WINDOW opposite -- BANG! The glass shatters -- he throws himself through -- lands inside the...

OFFICE

Rolls across the floor and the broken glass -- hands bleeding, out of breath. He picks up the tank and barrels out the door into...

STAIRWELL

BLAM! BLAM! A fusillade of shots clatter off the HANDRAIL. He ducks back into the

OFFICE

Unscrews the tank's VALVE -- the gas HISSING -- hurls it through the DOOR -- a blizzard of gunfire greets it.

THE TANK

ROLLS across the floor -- is hit by a stray bullet.

KABOOM! The MEN are hit by a wall of flame -- one of them is smashed against the wall, the other blown down the stairs.

JOHANSSON

Flies through the air -- manages to grab onto the HANDRAIL -- dangles there, and with his other hand pumps shots at Elliot as he heads down -- they lock eyes.

ELLIOT

Runs down the stairs meets firefighters on their way up.

ELLIOT

There's an armed man up there.

They halt -- one of them speaks into his mic.

FIREMAN 2

Captain, we got a problem...

Five MEN, guns drawn, run past them, one of them shouts back.

MAN 1

Clear the area, it's a false alarm, we'll take it from here.

FIREMAN 2

Your call action man.

(beat)

Okay men, back down, report to the Captain.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

Elliot heads through reception -- passes some more armed men going in.

Makes it to the door as Johansson appears from the stairs -- scans the surrounding Firefighters -- sees the back of a FIREMAN leaving -- something catches his eye -- no TANK!

He draws his gun, starts FIRING! People hit the deck. Johansson heads for the door -- THUD! An AIR TANK catches him on the back, knocking him to the ground.

Johansson looks up into the blazing eyes of the FIRE CAPTAIN.

FIRE CAPTAIN

No son of a bitch endangers my men, I don't care who you are!

Johansson's eyes are black with fury -- he points his gun at the Captain, it looks like he's actually going to shoot him.

The Captain holds his stare -- Johansson gets up gives a mad smile and runs for the door. The Captain looks after him.

FIRE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Government asshole.

EXT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - STREET

Elliot running for his life -- bullets whizzing past him, shedding his great coat and helmet. Makes it to the car, throws himself in. It takes off, tires wailing.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

De Silva accelerates away.

DE SILVA

That's your exit strategy?

Elliot looks behind at an Escalade in pursuit -- looks ahead as another one heads round the corner.

ELLIOT

No.

DE SILVA

Nice job with the mirror by the way, where'd ya you learn that?

ELLIOT

Perseus, used a golden necklace to reflect Medusa's deadly stare...

DE SILVA

What is it with you and the Greeks?

De Silva spots the Escalade heading towards them.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

Shit!

The entrance to the CONSTRUCTION SITE is to their left.

ELLIOT

Go left.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

De Silva swerves through the gate, just misses a huge DUMP TRUCK bouncing over uneven ground.

DE SILVA

And this is a good idea, why?

The ESCALADES are now in hot pursuit -- weaving past DIGGERS and DUMP TRUCKS as they close in on the SUV.

LEAD ESCALADE

Johansson in the passenger seat, reloading a machine gun.

JOHANSSON

Get closer.

The second Escalade moves to cut the SUV off -- De Silva sees it and spins the wheel, broadsides it -- they race neck and neck over rutted tracks jockeying for position.

SUV

ELLIOT

Over there!

He points at a small rise.

DE SILVA

Exit strategy?

ELLIOT

For someone.

Bullets pepper the bodywork. As both cars hit the rise.

ESCALADE 2

DRIVER

SHIIITTT!!

The Escalade TAKES OFF! Flies through the air.

SMASH!

Lands in a pit of wet concrete -- pandemonium as everybody struggles to get out -- wading through the grey mush.

SUV

De Silva smiles as they swerve round an EARTH-MOVER.

SMASH! The remaining Escalade rams them from behind.

DE SILVA

Now where!

De Silva swerves around DUMPERS and EARTH-MOVING machines putting them between him and the following Escalade.

ELLIOT

Head for the crane.

Ahead of them a TRACKED CRANE lowers a CONCRETE pipe towards a HOLE -- the driver sees the approaching mayhem. De Silva floors it -- looks at the crane, then Elliot.

DE SILVA

You're not serious.

ELLIOT

I'll need this...

He reaches into De Silva's jacket -- unholsters his Beretta XX-TREME. De Silva drops a gear -- the engine HOWLS as they barrel towards the hanging PIPE -- De Silva nods at the gun.

DE SILVA

You okay with that?

ELLIOT

I saw Lethal Weapon...

Off De Silva's look...

LEAD ESCALADE

The driver looks unsure, eases back on the gas -- Johansson points his gun at him.

JOHANSSON

Faster!

The driver accelerates.

SUV

Fifty feet away from the swinging PIPE.

CRANE DRIVER

Jumps out of his cab and runs through the mud.

The SUV flies through the air -- beneath the hanging pipe. Elliot SHOTS through the side window at the crane CABLE.

CUTS it!

The PIPE crashes towards the ground as the...

ESCALADE

Follows them -- WHUMP! The PIPE smashes through the back of the Escalade ROOF bringing it to a shuddering stop!

BANG! BANG! BANG! Gunfire shatters the windshield as Johansson shoots it out -- throws himself clear.

WHOOSH!

The Escalade bursts into flames -- EXPLODES! Scatters debris around the site -- Johansson keeps going -- an Energiser Bunny.

He unloads a volley of fire at the disappearing SUV -- brings a huge SHOVEL TRUCK to a halt -- forces the driver out at gun point -- climbs in and stomps on the gas -- hurtles off in pursuit of the SUV!

JOHANSSON

Fires round the side of the windscreen at the SUV -- can't get a clear shot -- tries to get alongside them.

NEW ANGLE

As TWO more Escalades careen into the construction site and slam to a halt -- disgorge ARMED men.

One of the MEN sees Johansson firing at the SUV from the truck. He climbs into the cab of an EARTH-MOVER -- heads off towards Johansson as another MAN jumps into the cab of a DUMPER truck and accelerates away in pursuit.

JOHANSSON

In the SHOVEL TRUCK is gaining on the SUV which struggles through the thick MUD -- he lowers the steel SHOVEL.

DE SILVA

Is fighting to control the SUV, trying to get a grip as...

CRASH! The DUMPER TRUCK pulls along side -- smashing into the SUV peeling off metal like a banana skin -- huge WHEELS whirling next to them.

BANG! Johansson rams the SHOVEL into the rear of the SUV.

DE SILVA

Now would be a good time to confide in me!

ELLIOT

Nearly there.

DE SILVA
 Nearly where!

And this is where they are RIGHT NOW:

Sliding through the MUD, with Johansson in the SHOVEL TRUCK right behind them -- a DUMPER TRUCK alongside chewing metal, whilst heading towards them, BELCHING smoke from its stack, is forty tons of EARTH MOVER -- it doesn't look good.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
 You don't have an exit strategy do you...Shit!

De Silva drops a gear, manages to pull away from the Dumper and the Shovel truck.

ELLIOT
 When you play chess you don't take all the pieces down at once...

DE SILVA
 That's all I need, a freaking game I don't understand.

ELLIOT
 It's all about making the right moves at the right time.

The EARTH SCRAPER is a hundred metres in front of them. Johansson is twenty five metres behind them.

DE SILVA
 Well how come they seem to know all of your moves?

Johansson lets fly with another burst of machine gun fire. A wing mirror EXPLODES next to De Silva.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
 Give me a clue why don't you!

Ahead of them -- TWO STEEL PINS -- five metres apart with an orange pennant on each of them.

ELLIOT
 Get between those orange pennants before the Earth Mover gets there.

De Silva looks at him -- shakes his head, slams the gear lever into LOW and churns mud to get the SUV moving -- the EARTH SCRAPER is nearly at the pennants -- Johansson is closing, as is the DUMPER TRUCK.

JOHANSSON

STRAFES the SUV with his machine pistol -- the back window explodes.

DE SILVA

Shit!

Elliot removes a REMOTE CONTROL from his pocket -- De Silva wrestles with the wheel. Flicks a look at Elliot.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)

Tell me that's not a garage door remote!

And then things get a whole lot worse as...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The EARTH beside the SUV explodes as an APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER chops the ground either side of the SUV with a 600 rounds a minute CHAIN GUN.

De Silva ACCELERATES, engine SCREAMING in protest.

The pennants are metres away -- to the left a LARGE CRANE, to the right a stack of FUEL DRUMS -- the APACHE sweeps round shadowing the EARTH SCRAPER -- settling low for the kill.

Elliot presses the REMOTE and fires a stream of shots up at the Crane Arm SUPPORT wires -- SEVERES them.

WHUMP!

The earth ERUPTS -- as a shaped EXPLOSION carves out a cheese shaped wedge that drops down into the void below.

The SUV hurtles down the ramp of collapsed earth and rubble -- as the Crane arm plunges towards the ground.

KERRANG!

Johansson in the SHOVEL TRUCK collides head on with the EARTH SCRAPER -- torn metal SCREAMING as they both plummet into the VOID.

KA-BLAM!

The crane arm crashes down onto the APACHE!

Sends it slamming into the ground -- its ROTATING BLADES smashing into the FUEL DRUMS.

WHUMP! They EXPLODE into the air trailing FIRE -- drop back onto the remaining DUMPER TRUCK, totalling it.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

SUV

Bursts out of a cloud of dust from the collapsed roof behind.

DE SILVA

Brings the vehicle to a shuddering halt.

Explosions echo around the subterranean concrete womb. Fire BELCHES from the hole in the ceiling lighting up the dark.

DE SILVA
Who has access to an Apache Attack
helicopter?

ELLIOT
Military?

DE SILVA
Great, things are really looking up.

The SUV accelerates away through the desolate car park.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

SHOVEL TRUCK

The buckled, scorched door of the machine grinds open.

JOHANSSON - Bleeding and bruised, falls to the ground -- drags himself upright -- eyes blazing as he limps into the gloom.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - STREET

Johansson speaks into his mobile.

JOHANSSON
Yes General, I'm afraid we may have a
problem.

INTERCUT with General Glynt's car.

INT. CAR

In the back of his car, speaking on a mobile phone.

GLYNT
Specifically?

JOHANSSON
Granite was compromised.

GLYNT
The money?

JOHANSSON
Intact.

There is a significant pause. Johansson licks his lips. Then:

GLYNT
You took care of them yes?

JOHANSSON
I'm afraid not...they were very well
prepared.

GLYNT
 You had what...
 (beat, as he counts in his
 head)
 Thirty men, a helicopter gunship and a
 lot of firepower, am I right?

Johansson looks worried.

JOHANSSON
 Sir.

GLYNT
 That's very disappointing. They may
 know everything, Cronos, the whole
 operation, yes?

JOHANSSON
 Yes. Awaiting orders, sir.

GLYNT
 Johansson, I think it's time we showed
 them what we mean by global warming.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - "HELEN" - DAWN

The Helen is moored between two long cargo barges.
 The motorbike is parked alongside under a tarpaulin.

INT. HELEN

Elliot and De Silva look out over the river.

DE SILVA
 Now that you've started world war
 three what's next?

ELLIOT
 Stone.

DE SILVA
 How?

ELLIOT
 Tomorrow is the start of the holiday,
 Chrysus will be deserted.

DE SILVA
 Stone won't be there though.

ELLIOT
 Yes he will.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - MORGUE - DAY

Johansson is on his mobile -- in the background a MORGUE
 ATTENDANT counts a sheaf of dollars.

JOHANSSON
 ...there was a substitution ...and his
 Cardiologist is missing...

INT. CAR - GENERAL GLYNT - INTERCUT

GLYNT
 You have her address?

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - MORGUE - DAY

JOHANSSON
 Yes Sir.

Johansson shuts his phone off.

ATTENDANT
 You want anything else?

He nods slyly over at something under a sheet -- a hand with
 painted nails hangs over the side of the gurney.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Bit of R n' R if you know what I mean.

Johansson does, but it seems even a psycho killer has limits.

JOHANSSON
 Thank you, but you have another
 customer to deal with.

The attendant looks puzzled.

ATTENDANT
 I don't have no...

PHUT! PHUT! Johansson nails his odious ass.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

General Glynt and Madley in the room -- tension palpable.

MADLEY
 We agreed to shut Elliot down, but
 that wasn't good enough for you, no,
 you let Stone bring in his men, they
 screwed up, Brickman became involved,
 and God knows how but he's managed to
 turn De Silva. So now we have three of
 them off the grid, with enough
 information to blow the whole
 operation out of the water.

GLYNT
 There's always collateral in a war.

MADLEY

You people. I've covered up your mess in every third world country that has a Goddamn flag, so don't think I'm going to sit here and let you screw up what's left of this operation.

GLYNT

I'll shut them down, you have my word on that.

MADLEY

Have it under control in 24 hours or you'd better have your story straight for the oversight committee.

GLYNT cold as ice.

GLYNT

Don't worry, they won't see another sunrise.

INT. DR LEONI'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY

Leon sleeps on the couch -- Carmen is in the kitchen

DR LEONI (O.S.)

You wanna Coffee?

Leon looks up. Seems to hear something, starts to rise when BANG!

The door is kicked open and he's looking down the barrels of two guns held by Johansson and another man with an unfeasible thick neck.

JOHANSSON

No ill effects from your fall?

Carmen comes through from the kitchen holding a coffee. Johansson points the gun at Brickman.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

No one needs to get hurt.

Carmen ignores him and hurls the mug of scalding hot coffee right at NECK -- who screams and drops his gun.

She follows this up by planting her foot right into Johansson's gut -- sends him spinning around.

Johansson brings his gun up fast, jams it into Brickman's throat, eyes blazing caught off guard by her ferocity.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

One more move and he's gone!

Neck moans, rubs his eyes and blinks, moves over to Carmen and picks her up in one hand, choking her as she dangles.

BRICKMAN

Let her go or I swear to God...

It looks like Neck is debating whether to snap her neck.

JOHANSSON

Let her go...a dead hostage is no good to us.

Neck releases her and she slumps to the floor. Brickman goes to help her up. Looks at Johansson.

BRICKMAN

You're already dead

JOHANSSON

Tie them up.

Neck produces some cable ties and locks Carmen's hands behind her back. Johansson keeps his gun on Brickman while Neck zips him up. Johansson picks up his Cell. Dials. Listens.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

We have them.

EXT. MR ZIPPY - CAR HIRE - DAY

A slack jawed salesman stares at the bullet riddled SUV leaking oil onto the ground. De Silva drops the keys into his hand.

DE SILVA

She's got a full tank of gas.

(beat)

You might wanna check the front tire pressures. I found the handling a little on the soft side.

Off the SALESMAN.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - DAY

The Helen chugs slowly up river -- past heavy industry along the shoreline.

ELLIOT'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Skimming across the water is an Apache Attack Helicopter.

DE SILVA (V.O.)

We have to assume they have them.

BACK TO SCENE - ON ELLIOT

ELLIOT

I know.

De Silva stares out across the river.

DE SILVA
You ready for this?

ELLIOT
More than they know.

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot looks at a SCREEN -- a red light BLINKS signalling the TRACKER on Elliot's motorbike -- the pilot speaks into his headset. Johansson sits in the Co-pilot's seat.

PILOT
I have confirmation...permission to complete.

GLYNT (V.0)
You have authorization, terminate with extreme prejudice.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - DAY

The Apache swoops out of the sky -- nose tilted down.

The CHAIN GUN pours shells into the small craft -- shredding the wooden structure, windows explode, smoke pours from the engine.

INT. HELEN - CABIN

A smoking hell of flying splinters -- shattered glass spraying through the air -- while water pours through the holed hull as the whole structure is racked with bullets.

ANGLE ON

Taped to a 15 Liter GAS BOTTLE in the middle of this hailstorm of fire is a small metal BOX -- a RED light winking, it's the TRACKING device from Elliot's Motorbike.

A wire leads from a detonator into a block of C4 taped next to the tracking device.

EXT. PASSAIC RIVER - NEW JERSEY - DAY

The Apache -- moving around the craft -- battering it with the downdraft of it's beating rotors.

PILOT

Looking closer -- something wrong.

PILOT
I don't see...

KA-BOOM!

The "HELEN" explodes -- debris -- ENGINE parts and a GAS CYLINDER pepper the Apache fuselage -- smashing into its TAIL ROTOR -- the craft spins round out of control

CRASH!

It lands heavily in the water. ROTORS chopping the surface as it disintegrates -- sinks from sight.

ELLIOT'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

As the wreckage of the Apache slides beneath the water.

INT. BARGE - DAY

Elliot and De Silva move through the interior of the long moored barge that they have been watching from, head towards a set of steps leading out to the:

DECK

Elliot slides the small remote into his pocket.

DE SILVA

You know they'll keep on coming.

ELLIOT

Maybe, but so will I, and sooner or later they'll run out of money.

They step down from the Barge -- Elliot climbs onto the motorbike, De Silva rides pillion.

DE SILVA

They could be waiting for us.

ELLIOT

I hope so.

He kicks the motor over -- bangs the clutch out and they take off, wheels scrabbling for grip.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

Further down the shoreline.

A FIGURE claws it's way out of the murky water -- obsidian slivers for eyes -- Johansson -- he looks pissed.

INT. DR LEONI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Elliot and De Silva, guns drawn, look around -- behind them the shattered front door hangs open. There are signs of a struggle, broken furniture -- a smashed mug on the floor.

A MEDICAL KIT has been hastily ripped open, pieces of it scattered over the floor.

DE SILVA
Looks like they put up a fight.

ELLIOT
They need them alive.

DE SILVA
Why?

ELLIOT
To get to us...

The phone rings. Elliot picks it up, listens. Puts it down.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Stone. He wants to meet.

DE SILVA
Conditions?

ELLIOT
He wants his data back, or everyone dies.

A pause as De Silva thinks the ramifications through.

DE SILVA
This is going to be a slaughterhouse,
it's my field, you don't have to do
this.

Elliot looks at him -- not an option.

ELLIOT
You're wrong, this is exactly what I
have to do.
(a long beat, then)
How many guns do you have?

INT. DE SILVA'S STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

They both wear black sweatshirts and dark jeans -- assorted weapons lie on top of the table -- MK16 assault rifles, a BERETTA XX-TREME.

De Silva straps a colt .22 into an ankle holster, hands a Beretta to Elliot -- loads the MK16's into a large canvas zip bag. They both lock eyes.

DE SILVA
Headshots, they may be wearing
vests...you okay with this?

Elliot nods.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Just remember, anybody we leave alive
can kill them, or us.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

Water drips from a cancerous concrete roof. In the harsh glare of construction lights a couple of Black Escalades form an enclave in the midst of which are Brickman and Carmen.

They're tied to a concrete column.

Eight HEAVIES surround them -- all armed and wearing earpieces. Thick neck is there, he wipes blood from his fist. Stone oversees the activities.

Brickman is bloodied but defiant, Carmen looks absolutely terrified -- her clothes dirty and torn. Stone looks at his watch -- shakes his head.

STONE

I was rather hoping that Mr Johansson would be joining us, he's so much better at this.

Brickman lifts his head wearily -- eyes filled with hate.

BRICKMAN

I'm sorry for your loss.

Stone looks worried for a millisecond.

STONE

I don't believe you know Mr Johansson very well...he has qualities, let's just say he doesn't believe in death.

Carmen looks him in the eye.

CARMEN

We all die.

STONE

Maybe, but it's all a matter of timing.

BRICKMAN

When De Silva get's here your time's up.

STONE

Sadly I don't think he'll be able to make it.

A NOISE -- the sound of faltering footsteps -- the heavies whirl towards the sound. Stone holds up his hand.

STONE (CONT'D)

Nobody fires till I give the order.

The concrete cavern echoes to the sound of safeties coming off. At the edge of the light someone limps into view. Johansson. Wet, bloodied -- unstoppable.

STONE (CONT'D)

Mr Johansson, you look...untidy.
Problem?

Johansson straightens himself up -- moves closer.

JOHANSSON

They got away.

STONE

How?

JOHANSSON

We lost the Apache.

STONE

Jesus! Do you think I'm made of money.
(laughs)
Well maybe, but hell how many
helicopters do you need?

JOHANSSON

They were lucky.

STONE

No, you're lucky...lucky I don't blow
your stupid head off.
(beat)
The General told me you were the best.
Show me something you can do.

He gestures to a defiant Brickman.

STONE (CONT'D)

Get this Sonofabitch to talk.

Johansson moves over to Brickman-- backhands him in the face. Brickman spits blood -- says nothing. Johansson draws a pistol and aims it at his kneecap -- cocks the hammer.

BANG! BANG! A burst of gunfire takes out the lights.

The darkness is lit by muzzle flashes as all hell breaks loose. The heavies are hit hard -- FOUR in front of the left hand Escalade are chopped to pieces -- windshields explode, headlamps shatter -- bodies jerk.

The FOUR on the left try and regroup -- one of them makes it into the Escalade and starts the engine -- headlights come on revealing the carnage.

The THREE remaining HEAVIES can't see shit so they're just spraying bullets all around -- stone chips fly off the column next to Brickman's head -- stone shards drawing blood.

ESCALADE

Smoking rubber as it takes off down the garage -- going God knows where -- because the next thing we know is that a set of headlights are heading straight at it.

ESCALADE DRIVERS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Dazzled by the lights swerving from side to side trying to get a clear view.

BACK TO SCENE

DRIVER

Jamming an UZI out of the window firing a volley of bullets at the approaching car -- the car returns fire -- takes out the Escalade's headlights -- shatters the windshield.

ESCALADE

Playing chicken as the approaching car matches him move for move SWERVING side to side -- the Escalade finally decides to go for it. The turbocharger SCREAMS!

BANG! The approaching CAR'S left headlight EXPLODES as it hits something -- while the right HEADLIGHT continues!

An explosion of tearing METAL as the Escalade SMASHES head on into a concrete column.

ELLIOT

Flying past on the motor bike -- shattered remains of the wooden plank that held the other light jutting out beside him.

He roars past the remaining heavies -- flicks his lights off and comes to a halt in the darkness beyond the remaining Escalade. De Silva leans out from behind a column cradling an M16. He hands him one.

DE SILVA

Nice trick, what now?

Elliot rests his gun against the column -- puts on some night vision goggles, De Silva slips his pair on.

ELLIOT

How many we got?

De Silva looks through the goggles.

NIGHT VISION POV

A series of shots...

Johansson crouched behind the remaining Escalade.

TWO heavies at the rear.

ONE crouched behind a COLUMN.

DE SILVA (V.O.)
I see three foot soldiers, and the
energiser bunny...

ELLIOT
No sign of Stone.

WHAPP!

A searing light flares into their goggles as the Escalade switches on its HEADLIGHTS blinding them.

There's a soft CLICK! As the hammer comes up on the gun that digs into De Silva's NECK.

BACK TO SCENE

Johansson is holding the gun. Stone is behind him.

STONE
Put the guns down, nice and slow.

He signals to the remaining men -- Johansson comes over -- covers Elliot, Neck and the remaining three heavies move towards them.

Elliot puts the M16 down next to his foot -- looks at De Silva.

ELLIOT
Do as he says Vincent, don't be a
hero.

De Silva puts his M16 down on the floor.

DE SILVA
You know me, one for all and all for
one...

Elliot catches his eye -- and a second later they make their move.

ELLIOT

Hooks a foot under the M16 -- heaves it at Johansson -- CRACK, it hits him in the shins -- as...

DE SILVA

Swings round -- smashes Stone in the face, snatches up his M16 and fires on full auto -- takes the three approaching heavies and the Neck out in a lead firestorm.

JOHANSSON

Comes up and slams the butt of his gun into De Silva -- knocks him to the ground, as...

STONE

Digs his gun into Elliot's back -- it's over.

STONE

Enough. You give me what I want and maybe some of you will come out of this.

ELLIOT

I don't have it.

BAM! Johansson smashes him to the floor.

STONE

That would be the wrong answer.

De Silva lashes a foot out, catches Johansson in the nuts. Follows it up with a piledriver to the chin -- but he's still groggy and Johansson recovers fast -- clubs him to the floor.

STONE (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake will you get control of him.

Johansson hauls De Silva to his feet.

STONE (CONT'D)

Okay, you seem really eager to die, so why don't I make it simple.

He pulls a Colt .22 from an ankle holster -- pushes against De Silva's forehead -- pulls back the hammer.

ELLIOT

He doesn't know anything.

STONE

Perfect, so we don't really need him do we?

De Silva's eyes bore into Stone's -- he pushes hard -- forcing Stone's hand and the gun back. -- is he mad? It certainly looks like he has a death wish.

STONE (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

De Silva keeps looking at him -- keeps pushing.

DE SILVA

You can't do it can you, you'd rather get your pet monkey here to do the dirty stuff...go on squeeze the trigger, for once in your life why don't you have the balls to do it yourself...

Stone shakes his head.

STONE

You've been watching too much bad television.

He squeezes the trigger -- BLAM! De Silva is blown backwards -- crashes to the floor. Elliot lashes out -- tries to get to him but is beaten back by Johansson.

ELLIOT

No!

Brickman and Carmen look on in horror -- Brickman strains against his bonds -- it's futile.

BRICKMAN

You're dead!

Johansson looks at De Silva -- something in his eyes, it doesn't look like he's enjoying this.

STONE

Untie Brickman, put him with these two in the car.

Johansson ties Elliot's hands behind his back with cable ties. Stone goes over to the column Carmen's strapped to. He fiddles with something on the column.

ANGLE ON

HANDS set a TIMER, linked to a detonator plugged into a sizeable block of C4.

STONE (CONT'D)

Just so things don't drag one, I'm going to give us thirty-minutes...I do hope the information is nearby.

Brickman loses it.

BRICKMAN

You murdering bastard! She's nothing to do with this, let her go, leave me here.

STONE
 Sorry, it doesn't work that way,
 nobody cares about you, you care about
 her, and he...
 (nods at Elliot)
 ...cares about you.

Elliot sags...it's over.

ELLIOT
 It's at Chrysus.

As Elliot is dragged away by Johansson he looks down at De Silva's prone body -- head in a pool of blood.

INT. ESCALADE TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Johansson moves through the car park, drives around the burnt out shell of the other Escalade. Stone in the passenger seat points a gun at Elliot and Brickman in the back.

STONE
 Just so we save a bit of time when we
 get there, where exactly is it?

ELLIOT
 In the mirror vault.

STONE
 Of course, hiding the wood in the
 trees.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

Carmen strains against the straps binding her. The timer counts down from 20 minutes. She screams for help -- the sound echoing around her concrete mausoleum.

EXT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Stone slews the Escalade across the entrance --gets out and bangs on the glass doors -- the night security MAN comes hurrying over -- recognizes him and opens the door.

He looks at Stone's dishevelled appearance, at Johansson, Elliot and Brickman.

NIGHT SECURITY
 Mr Stone, are you alright?

Stone glares at him.

STONE
 Take a wild fucking guess.

The security guy backs off.

STONE (CONT'D)
 You can go now, I'll lock up.

The Security Guard doesn't waste anytime, he heads out into the night.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - BENEATH THE VOID

Rain falls -- streaming down onto the smashed machinery.

DE SILVA

A motionless body below -- a trickle of water slides from the cancerous concrete -- bathes his cold dead face -- washes the dried blood from his torn flesh -- a once proud warrior no more...and yet...

Something is going on -- the slightest tremor of a muscle -- the flicker of an eyelid? The last spasmodic twitches of biological reaction in a corpse...maybe...

FLASHBACK

ARABIAN DESERT, KUWAIT 1995 - NIGHT

Quick FLASHES of DE SILVA:

FLASH - The ABRAMS MIA armor exploding -- a piece of shrapnel hitting De Silva in the forehead -- blood pulsing.

FLASH - De Silva doing CPR - on Brickman under the night sky. A jagged tear in his forehead leaking blood -- a flash of metal under the skin.

FLASH - A surgeon looking down at him in a field hospital doing triage -- feeling the metal embedded in his forehead.

SURGEON
 We take it out we could lose
 him...close him up.

BACK TO PRESENT

ON DE SILVA

EYES - Snapping open -- a rasp of a breath sucked in hard.

De Silva explodes off the hard concrete, caught between the desert and the reality of his new pain -- reaching up to pull the jagged piece of SHRAPNEL from his forehead.

FINGERS holding bloody metal -- mashed .22 Slug embedded in it. He slips the memento of rebirth into his pocket -- drawing in another God given breath.

Moving with purpose now -- ripping a piece of cloth from his shirt -- tying it around the wound -- staunching the blood.

Looking around -- moving over past the fallen -- scooping up an UZI -- moving to the MOTORBIKE -- kicking it into life.

He moves off into the dark.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Grim faces all round as Stone and Johansson hold Elliot, and Brickman at gun point as they head down. Arrive at the lower floor. They get out. Head down the:

CORRIDOR

Stone and Johansson keep a safe distance behind Elliot and Brickman, guns levelled.

ELLIOT

How do we know you'll let her live?

STONE

You don't. What you do know is if I don't get the data in...

He looks at his watch.

STONE (CONT'D)

Fifteen minutes she'll be under a ton of concrete.

BRICKMAN

...we'll never get back there in time...

STONE

You're right.

He holds up the small DEVICE we saw him take from the Technician at Digit Alley. It contains a red and a green button. A DISPLAY duplicates the timer on the explosives next to Carmen -- it reads 14 Minutes and counting.

STONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's why I have this. I can vary the time clock, turn it off or...

He leaves it hanging. They come to a steel door, Stone punches a security code in -- they go through.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - MIRROR SERVER VAULT ROOM

Stone heads down towards another door at the end of the room. He punches in a security code and pulls the door open -- racks of LED displays wink balefully at him

He sees something glinting, sitting in an empty RACK.

He reach in and takes it out -- a battered leatherbound BOOK! Stone stares at it -- can't believe it.

Gilt letters: "JESSE LIVERMORE'S Reminiscences of a stock operator." He opens the book -- an inscription.

"To Drew, on your fifteenth birthday, all my love"

It's signed MICHAEL MACARTHY.

Stone turns to Elliot, rage suffusing his face.

ELLIOT

Jessie Livermore made over a hundred million dollars in the crash of '29, before he committed suicide...it doesn't matter how much money you make...you'll never be happy.

STONE

What is this?

ELLIOT

My real name's Drew Macarthy, I changed it to Elliot after my Father died, he committed suicide but your finger was on the trigger.

Stone struggling to put it together -- shakes his head.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You were a broker at Stonebridge Equities, you sold my father the worthless stock that bankrupted him

STONE

I sold a lot of greedy suckers stock back then. I can't remember every loser's name.

(beat)

The servers, you caused the shut down, to access the data...

ELLIOT

And then I saw these.

He gestures to the racks of DIGITAL DISPLAYS.

STONE

You're running out of time.

Elliot shakes his head.

ELLIOT

Maybe, but so are you. In five minutes it'll be President's day, and the end of your world. If you don't believe me go to the control room.

This gives Stone a jolt. He gestures to Johansson. He shoves Brickman out of the Vault, Stone digs his gun into Elliot's back. They head out into the:

CORRIDOR

The entrance to the Control Room faces them. While Johansson keeps a gun on both of them Stone punches in another code.

STONE

How do you know about the control room?

ELLIOT

When I analyzed the data I discovered what you were really doing.

They go into the:

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - CONTROL ROOM

It's quiet in here. The giant screens are filled with market data and CNN NEWS feeds. The trading desks are deserted.

A large DIGITAL DISPLAY on Stones desk reads 11.57 p.m. Other displays show various time zones around the world. Everything looks normal.

Stone jams his gun against Elliot's forehead. His other finger rests on the button of the Remote Detonator.

STONE

No more games. Give me the data or she dies.

Brickman stares at Elliot.

BRICKMAN

Drew. For Chrissake!

ELLIOT

He's going to kill her anyway, he's going to kill all of us, it's just a matter of time.

BRICKMAN

You don't know that!

ELLIOT

I do. This thing is too big for it to go any other way.

Stone's expression shows he's right.

STONE

We're wasting time.

ELLIOT

You were being fed market moving news seconds ahead of anybody else, that combined with the latency you were adding to the global ticker feeds meant you were able to make billions every time the market reacted.

Suddenly the screens on Stone's desk burst into life. Automatic trading screens fill with contracts being placed. Stone whirls round.

STONE

What the...!

Elliot makes his move. Hurling himself at Stone, knocking the device out of his hands -- it falls towards the floor.

Lands with a thump face down.

The room goes quiet. Stone keeps his gun trained on Elliot as he reaches for the device -- turns it over.

The DISPLAY winks at him - "DETONATION ACTIVATED" Brickman sees it. Falls to his knees.

BRICKMAN

No!

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

A dark cavernous entrance - rain in sheets.

WHUMP! A ball of smoke and flame BELCHES out of the entrance, spewing dust and debris into the night. And in that split second, two FIGURES on a MOTORBIKE burst through the choking smoke.

De Silva, with Carmen clinging onto him for dear life, accelerate away from the red maw of FLAME billowing out behind them. The bike skids to a halt. They look behind them -- faces bathed in the red glow of the explosion.

Carmen turns back to De Silva. Punches him HARD!

DR LEONI

Don't you ever pull that shit again!
(beat)
Did you do that on purpose?

DE SILVA

Hell no, you think I wanna' be like Robo Cop. I was hoping he'd back down and I could grab his gun.

DR LEONI

Oh yeah, that was 'gonna work.

She unwraps his makeshift bandage.

CARMEN

You're lucky your shrapnel was titanium.

DE SILVA

If I was being anal I'd mention it was actually tri-modal aluminium.

Carmen gives him a look.

DR LEONI

You lookin' for a kick in your anality?

DE SILVA

Just saying.

DR LEONI

You'll need some stitches.

DE SILVA

Maybe, but we don't have the time.

INT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - CONTROL ROOM

Stone is staring at the screens as more and more automated trades go through -- he frantically tries to take control, but nothing is responding.

STONE

How are you doing this!

ELLIOT

You were using billions of black budget funding to move the markets, then shadow trading it with untraceable money, moving it into cash to fund military projects and keeping billions for yourself.

STONE

Everybody takes a cut, that's business.

ELLIOT

Thing is you're taking a cut of blood money. The cash is being used to fund terrorism.

This gets Johansson's attention. Stone turns to him.

STONE

Why don't you do something useful and get rid of them...I have better things to do than think for you...

Johansson hesitates.

STONE (CONT'D)
Just do it!

Stone shakes his head and raises his gun -- points it at Elliot.

BANG!

The shot knocks Stone off his feet -- blood leaks from a wound in his shoulder. He looks round in surprise at two people who should be dead.

DE SILVA
It's only a flesh wound...but it could
get worse.

Carmen runs to Brickman, he nods at De Silva -- all square now. De Silva points his gun at Johansson.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Drop the gun.

Johansson looks at him -- gun muzzle to gun muzzle, it's a stand off. Carmen unties Brickman and Elliot.

Elliot takes a gun from Carmen, levels it at Johansson. The man isn't going to back down. Stone leans against the trading desk, winces with pain.

STONE
Shoot them, Jesus!

Johansson slowly lowers his gun -- releases the mag, puts both pieces on the floor -- kicks them across towards Elliot.

JOHANSSON
I don't hold with terrorism.

He walks towards De Silva.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
I'm just a hired gun, making a living.
No one wants to know you when you come
back.

De Silva and him lock eyes.

DE SILVA
Keep walking, I see you again, I'll
kill you.

Johansson gives a grim smile.

JOHANSSON
You'll try.

And then he's gone. There's a distant RUMBLE as an explosion detonates many floors above -- the building rocks -- pieces of ceiling falling away.

STONE

What have you done?

Stone looks at the trading screens -- his expression changes. On the large plasma screen, a sea of RED sweeps across the it like a forest fire as the markets dive.

ELLIOT

Five minutes ago Chrysus bought a hundred billion dollars worth of stocks including your own on the foreign markets...stocks susceptible to any kind of perceived terrorist attack...

And now the SCREENS are full of CNN NEWS -- and the pictures are of the CHRYSUS CAPITAL building - SMOKE billowing from the top floor. Rolling ticker headlines scroll past:

"SUSPECTED TERRORIST ATTACK"

STONE

Turns around and hits a key -- two digital clocks flash up on his screen -- in perfect sync -- his face pales.

STONE

The clocks...you've altered them, that's not possible...

ELLIOT

You're bankrupt.

A SERIES OF FLASHBACK IMAGES

Elliot in the Chrysus MIRROR SERVER VAULT -- on his laptop uploading software onto the servers -- icons flashing on the screen DATA DOWNLOADED -- HUBRIS UPLOADING -- REMOTE ACCESS PROTOCOL INITIATED.

ELLIOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hubris, my software. I uploaded it while I downloaded your data...it's a Trojan, gave me a back door into your system, access to your Ticker Plant software, I was able to offset the latency, put the clocks back in sync, you're watching in real time now.

INT. ELLIOT'S RV - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Elliot moulding C4 plastic explosives into a pile of HARD DRIVE cases -- connecting wires from the looms on their chassis into the explosives. Slotting them into a briefcase.

ELLIOT (V.O.)

While you thought I was upgrading your computers I was seeding them with Electro Binary C4, under my control via your network.

Elliot inserting the Hard Drive CASES packed with explosives into workstations near supporting columns in the building.

BACK TO PRESENT

Stone looks at him -- can't take in the enormity of his undoing.

STONE

You're the terrorist!

ELLIOT

No, I'm a freedom fighter. Freeing you of all your money and the world of a murdering parasite.

STONE

You think your taxes pay enough to keep you safe? Wars don't come cheap and neither does peace.

ELLIOT

Nobody gave you the power to play God.

BRICKMAN

You can't just keep printing money.

Stone looks at him -- shrugs.

STONE

Abraham Lincoln started it, we've always printed money...we just got smarter at it...

Another explosion rips through the building -- plaster dust falls from the ceiling.

BRICKMAN

We need to get out of here.

Elliot points the gun at Stone.

ELLIOT

You'd better come with us.

STONE

Shoot me or get off my trading floor, I have work to do.

DE SILVA

I'll shoot the Sonofabitch, let him see how it feels.

Elliot looks at him -- it's over -- all hate drained.

ELLIOT
He's already dead, along with
everything he stands for. C'mon.

Stone turns back to the screens -- begins to feverishly trade.
Madness burning in those eyes.

EXPLOSIONS tear through the building -- he continues to trade as
his world collapses around him -- a master of the universe going
down with his ship. De Silva has his gun levelled at Stone.

BRICKMAN
C'mon, he's not worth dying for.

CARMEN
We need to go, now!.

The explosions are LOUDER now. They run through the door.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE - BASEMENT - DAY

Stumbling amongst SMOKE and blaring alarms -- kicking open a
door out into the...

EXT. CHRYSUS CAPITAL - STREET - DAY

HELL -- Smoke and flames BELCH from the collapsing golden NEEDLE
above them -- flaming DEBRIS crashing to the ground as
EXPLOSIONS rock the building.

EMERGENCY VEHICLES form a barrier keeping everybody away.

Elliot and Carmen supporting Brickman, stagger into the street.
Heading away from the building as SIRENS WAIL and HELICOPTERS
fly overhead. A FIRE CAPTAIN comes over to them.

FIRE CAPTAIN
Anybody else in there?

Elliot looks him straight in the eye.

ELLIOT
No one, it's clear.

The Fire Captain nods -- speaks into his Walkie-Talkie.

FIRE CAPTAIN
Okay, all units keep everybody back,
this is coming down.
(to Elliot)
You need to get behind the barrier.

The Captain moves away -- something small and metallic crunches
under his boot as he goes -- an ICE MINT container.

Behind them the Golden needle that was Chrysus Capital is breaking up -- the name comes apart, letters tumbling down towards the street.

And then the whole edifice comes crashing down -- like the controlled demolition it is, the building collapses into itself, an avalanche of thundering masonry and steel.

INT. GRANITE DISTRIBUTION - VAULT - SAMETIME

In the DARK -- amongst the billions of dollars packed and wrapped from floor to ceiling -- something stirs.

Control lights blink ON -- ROBOT arms rise into the air like hooded cobras.

And in a blinding display, LASERS dance in the dark -- sweeping to and fro weaving their own hypnotic ritual of light.

Seconds later they wink OFF -- a thin skein of smoke drifts lazily drifts through the dark -- while in the:

CONTROL ROOM

The two OPERATORS look on in stunned confusion at their control panels, as one by one the fiscal icons representing the money turn from GREEN to RED.

OPERATOR 1

...the Hell is going on?

The other operator looks at his vault monitors -- it all looks normal -- but then a small trace of smoke drifts across the screen -- SIRENS scream as the smoke alarms trigger.

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

The operators stand in the doorway -- they sweep their torches around -- all looks normal...and yet.

As the beam sweeps over a wall it illuminates letters, burnt into the concrete by a powerful LASER:

"HUBRIS"

Operator 1 stares at it.

OPERATOR 1

What the...?

They head deeper into the vault -- move over to a large stack of shrink wrapped money piled on a pallet -- operator 1 reaches out to touch the pile.

And then something happens that will remain with him for the rest of his life.

The whole stack crumbles under his fingers -- laser sliced into oblivion, millions worth of dollar dust pours onto the floor, as all around a chain reaction continues throughout the vault.

One by one the contents of the pallets crumble and rain down from the sky producing the worlds most expensive snowstorm as one hundred billion dollars turns to dust.

Off their faces as we...

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - PRIVATE WARD

Two figures, faces swathed in bandages and full body casts, stare with glazed eyes at a plasma screen on the wall.

The only way we know who they are is from the names on their CHARTS: "ZAK BRANHAM" and "PAULO DINARDI" One of them painfully operates the REMOTE CONTROL volume as the CNN NEWS comes on.

INSERT SCREEN

The smoking ruin of CHRYSUS CAPITAL. Over this:

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

...Marring the President's Day celebrations Chrysus Capital was the victim of what appears to be a terrorist attack, though no lives were lost, and no one has claimed responsibility. Nathaniel Stone the Director of Chrysus is being sought by the FSA to answer charges of insider dealing...

CHANGE OF ANGLE

Another item comes on the news. A picture of GENERAL GLYNT.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

A small boat, about the same size as the "HELEN" maybe a little more up market -- the name on the stern "CARMEN" -- chugging through the Keys, glassy blue water sparking in the dazzling sunlight.

OVER THIS

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

The Congress oversight committee is investigating General Glynt after one hundred billion dollars of arms procurement money vanished from a secure storage facility overnight...

INT. "THE CARMEN" - DAY

ON SCREEN The CNN news ends.

BACK TO SCENE

ON DECK

De Silva pilots the boat, turns off a TV built into the dashboard. Carmen and Brickman pour drinks while Elliot and Haley, share kisses between cooking fish on a small barbecue.

De Silva looks over -- speaks to Elliot.

DE SILVA
How the hell did you do that?

ELLIOT
Trick of the light.

DE SILVA
Some trick. I don't suppose you kept
any back for expenses.

Elliot smiles that smile.

ELLIOT
No. But I did get a call from a
contact of mine at the Congress
Oversight Committee.

De Silva throttles back.

DE SILVA
You're kidding.

ELLIOT
Talking about putting together a new
kind of financial enforcement agency.

DE SILVA
They have anybody in mind?

ELLIOT
I said I'd ask around.

And from that we pull back over the sparkling waters of the Florida Keys -- the sun glinting off the water, it's another beautiful day.

In the distance an insect like speck hums across the water.

A dark predatory shadow against the horizon -- wind from the rotors thudding against the surface of the sea.

FADE OUT.