

FADE IN:

EXT. BEIRUT MOUNTAINS/ROAD - DAY

A black BMW speeds down an open lane.

INT. CAR- DAY

TONY JAMES, 36, is driving. Frustration shows on his thin face. His green boot SLAMS on the brake pedal and the car slides to a halt. Tony picks up his cell phone.

TONY:

Dina, didn't I made it clear that I
want no calls until I come back?
For fuck sake, I live in the
country of beauty and I can't chill
out for some time.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE

IAN JAMES, 31, sips a Coke as he talks.

IAN:

Really Tony? Dina? How can you get
mixed up with my number and Dina's
unless she was the last number
dialed?

INTERCUT BETWEEN IAN and TONY

Tony shows an annoyed expression at the same time smiling

TONY:

Oh, damn you, Ian! You had to ruin
my mood aye?

IAN:

You are always in a happy mood even
while sitting at this office. I
just can't really believe that with
this much work you show a big ass
smile on your face.

Ian starts to gasp with anger

TONY:

Your vocal expression seems to be
exhausted.

IAN:

my vocal? why don't you get in here
and see the amount of pending

IAN:
meetings you leave on the same day
and just go out to chill?

Tony starts to face palm

TONY:
DAMN! I think I got a meeting with
the ICB

IAN:
Ohh them. Good you remembered
because they are waiting outside
for over 10 minutes and they
wouldn't want to talk to anyone but
you

Tony brakes and curves for a u-turn at 120 Mph

TONY:
Alright, I am on my way. Hold them
up

Tony hangs up and throws the phone with a rush to the right
seat

CUT

TO

INT.JAMES CORPORATE OFFICE JCO PARKING LOT

Tony drives through the parking lot as the uniformed guards
are standing outside the building. He exits the car and
hands the keys to one of the guards. Tony takes off his
shades with sweat covered all over his face while he's
rushing down the main elevator, wearing his coat. He presses
Key 11 and once it reaches there. He exits the elevator in a
rush.

INT.JCO MEETING ROOM

Employees are seen sitting to their desks and typing some
notes on the computer. They stand up to welcome Tony,
nevertheless, He ignores and takes fast steps to the meeting
room. They go back to their work. Tony opens the meeting
room door and smiles as he sees FRED CLARK AND JOEY NOBLE
sitting down by the meeting table and looks at their watch
with frustration. Ian is sitting on the left side to the
table.

FRED:
This is so unorganized and
completely disrespectful to the

FRED:
ICB! You don't just take 30 minutes
off our busy schedule for nothing.

Tony looks down with a shy expression as he approaches the meeting table and sits opposite the men.

TONY:
Pardon, Mr. Clark. Busy day since 7
am, watching the carriages exported
overseas.

JOEY:
You can do all that at different
timings, not at the time of the
ICB's meeting.

FRED:
We are also loaded with
transactions and meetings to
attend. If you weren't Mr. James's
son, I can just simply ditch you
and won't mind about making anymore
deals for a company that is run by
a unorganised leader.

Tony starts to sweat and feels a bit ashamed while Ian just gives him a "deal with it" face.

TONY:
Can we not talk about personal
matters now? We got business to
handle.

FRED:
Whatever. So you called us in for a
"magical deal" that will change
both our businesses fortune.

Tony lays his back to the chair with confidence

TONY:
So Mr. Fred, it's a great honor to
have you right here and allowing
great transactions to occur for the
past months. So why don't we merge
both industries and invest a large
sum of capital? that's gonna
benefit us both very perfectly.

Fred starts to sigh then smile in a silly way

FRED:

Mr tony. It was a great honor too to work with a great industry like JCO and all credits to Mr. James. I could agree to this deal but... I don't guarantee that I can gain higher sales behind this...

IAN:

And why is that?

Fred was going to speak but Joey stops him and speaks instead

JOEY:

Speaking the truth, After Mr James's death, This company lost its motion and started to pull its weight down the market. If it wasn't our intervention, the government would've been in this meeting room instead while both of you can spend the rest of your lives at the prison until you find a way to pay taxes at the rate of 2 Billion!

FRED:

Exactly. Mr. James had those taxes locked up and was able to deal with the corporate office by paying lower rates as they think that's the full tax. We did the same thing as he did and even better. The city is filled with your projects and that couldn't have happened if we didn't pay 70% of its budget. Although, we get no returns but that's because we don't ask for it.

tony starts to feel disappointed from the discussion

TONY:

Ohh so you mean our business "sucks" don't ya? Well why don't you stop using this line " I did it for your father" because we all know that's nothing but BULLSHIT!

tony slams his hand at the table, causing some papers to fly out and gives a shocking look at the ICB men faces

IAN:

TONY:
Tony, what's the point of
frustration?

tony pushes Ian at the side without looking at him

FRED:
Oh that's just an insult over
there! I've never been humiliated
ever by such person.

The ICB men begins make their way to the door but stops as
they hear Tony calling them

TONY:
(angry)
LISTEN MR BUSY GUY. YOU WANNA END
OUR DEALS. IT'S FINE. BUT YOU
DON'T HUMILIATE OUR NAME, SPEAK
BULLSHIT THAT YOU LIKED OUR FATHER
WHEN WE ALL KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO
THIS BUSINESS BACK 10 YEARS TO
FORCE HIM FOR A MERGE. I TRIED TO
DO SOMETHING FOR THE BENEFIT OF US
BUT I RATHER LOSE A BILLION THEN
MERGING WITH A BUNCH OF MONEY
WHORES AND BACK BITERS! NOW GET
THE HELL OUT OF MY OFFICE

Fred and Joey feels disgusted and starts to get pissed

FRED:
You just disgraced us! You don't do
that to the ICB. Never!

Tony goes over and holds Fred from his collar

TONY:
I do that to people who uses people
for their benefits then hides
behind the helping hand when they
are nothing but MONEY WHORES! OUT!

Tony releases his hands off Fred

FRED:
(shouts)
YOU JUST DECLARED WAR NOW DONT CRY
FOR MERCY CAUSE ONCE U DO, THE WAR
WILL FIRE UP MORE THAN ANYTHING ON
YOU!

CUT TO:

EXT. JCO BUILDING- PARKING LOT- DAY

The ICB men exits the building with frustration and gets into their car, slamming the door.

JOEY:

I told you not to go there. I knew that punk would offer us that deal. He knows everything about what we did to Mr James and you know it. Why would he allege with us unless the plan was to take the money, Build back all what he lost then blow us up?

FRED:

He isn't that smart. He's just like his father, dumb person breaking into a market full of intelligence. Amateur.

JOEY:

Nah, he's smart and maybe that's why he knows about the past. I am afraid he knows about our true history.

FRED:

Joey! Our history is deleted. If he knows anything he won't be able to use them cause there is no evidence!

JOEY:

Maybe...

Both lights up their cigarettes and puffs out with anger

JOEY:

So, what's next?

FRED:

He just insulted us and threatened our name. So next is going to be an ear twitch. He does something worse, he gets our worst too

Both smiles grimly

CUT TO:

INT- JCO MAIN OFFICE

Tony lights up his cigarette and leans on the chair confidently while Ian is putting his hand on his face, shaking his head

IAN:

What the hell is wrong with your mind? You simply call these guys over here and then insult them? You just called it a war.

TONY:

Oh Ian, you really believe I called them for a purpose? I never wanted to offer them this deal anyway. I wasn't going to even accept any offers they were going to make.

IAN:

Then whats the point of all the bullshit that's just happened. You think its fun to get our lives in the danger side?!

TONY:

No, but it's fun to play down those money whores. I called them on their busy day and tend to be so late so I can get their nerves boiling. This offer was to tell myself that they are still money whores. They took away everything from your father under his own will. Once he died, they took the full advantage of controlling the business indirectly and so that I know how much of love they can give to money so I offered them this deal, when I know well they will refuse because they aren't willing to get down for loss in this business.

IAN:

And you sir didn't include a plan B if they had accepted?

TONY:

Did that but I knew it wasn't going to take effect so I said screw it

IAN:
I am afraid to say you are losing everything from this point.

TONY:
I am WINNING everything, Ian

IAN:
You just insulted them. They are not stupid to lay what just happened to the sea. You threatened them with the old shit they did.

TONY:
That's nothing compared to the threat they are going to surrender for

Ian smiles sarcastically

IAN:
Oh yeah, old files that already been buried to the ground because there is not a single proof of it anymore? If you are going to use them, I assure you that it's a fail as they got connections all around Beirut. that can easily break the business then break YOU! Beirut is in the pockets of the ICB.

tony stands up and pats on Ian,s back

TONY:
I got connections too, but mines can lead to a real chaos down the streets.

IAN:
Oh, those crime gangs that you be using up to ruin our reputation globally?

TONY:
Man Ian, why don't you do me a small favor; leave this company, stay home, eat chips and watch some of your shitty Paranormal Romance that makes you so stupid. Or Nah, how about I leave this make you the CEO but then don't come to me crying "my fathers business is dying waah" because then I will give you a good whooping ass time.

IAN:

You mean I will be the one coming to you with a the whooping ass time, which explains that I proved you wrong

TONY:

You are speaking like he isn't my father. I love him and all but the thing is: I don't watch paranormal romance shows and learn some gay cliches that you are killing me with right now. I invent ideas to make sure this company stays up the lead.

IAN:

Yeah by getting the danger in the business? Do you know ICB can get through the old taxes and from there, the only door open for us, is the PRISON.

TONY:

If they are that smart to think about it, then Plan B

Ian sighs and starts to look quizzed.

IAN:

and that is?

Tony shakes his head

TONY:

Not now. They won't think about it because what I just did is a small step. They aren't that dumb to use the big bomb for something they already know.. but I promise you-

Ian cuts him off

IAN:

I Promise you Tony, If this business goes down, whether it's your fault or not, I will do what my father would feel comfortable in his grave for, KILL YOU!

TONY:

Ian, I got no time for your drama.
It's either you get back to your
office or sit your ass down at home
and don't ever show me your
face. I hate cowards whom overreact
to everything

Ian walks to the door but stops as he talks without turning
his back

IAN:

Mark my words Ton, we are here
together, but once we are down,
someone is also down, and that's
gonna be no one else but you!

Ian slams the door shut. Tony picks up his phone and dials a
number

TONY:

Morning sir..... No no, I just
need a request but it's over the
limits.... This can't be said over
a phone... How about tomorrow at my
office?... great see ya then

Tony hangs up the phone

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM ROAD- NIGHT

A motorbike speeds on a busy and narrow lane in the middle
of local shops, grouped by a large crowd of traditional
people. The motorbike is parked next a scuffled apartment in
a run down block of the road. The figure gets off the
motorbike and takes off the helmet gear, only to reveal,
MARK JAMES, 29, with an abrupt face expression and brusque
personality.

INT.MARKS BUILDING

Mark takes out the keys and struggles to open a wooden old
door that has a rusted handle. He finally opens the door and
gasps heavily

MARK:

Woof. 10 years of suffocating. When
can this end to

He slowly gets in and switches on the nearby light as he
closes the door, which is slammed shut.

INT.LIVING ROOM

A small room with old fashioned seating set and a ripped off rocket chair. MARK enters the small kitchen and he kisses SARAH MESYLL,25, in her neck while she washes the dishes. He feels her sweat and remains on holding to her tightly. Sarah pushes him off and continues to wash the dishes while talking

SARAH:

Once you get us in a better house
than this shit, you can touch me
all day long

MARK:

Not again SARAH. Why can't you
understand I got Debts to pay?

SARAH:

Why can't you understand, that I
got tired and sick of doing all the
housework every single day? I AM
DONE

SARAH slams the dishes into the sink and is about to leave Mark but grabs her hand gently then gets her to his left side.

MARK:

I told you many times don't moan
around the bushes.

SARAH:

What do you mean?

MARK:

You know damn well what I am
talking about. Sarah, I am not
gonna let you get out of this house
and lie to me that you're at work
then later I figure you are getting
dollars rolled over your body

SARAH:

Look whose talking! Weren't you
there also that time? Oh no you
weren't, because you were busy
getting your penis sucked by a
slutty piece of shit at the back
room

MARK:

You knew I had to so don't use this
as hangar to raise your stupidity
and shame on me because

SARAH cuts him off

SARAH:

Because you are a liar!

MARK:

Working for the CIA and the country
doesn't make me a liar, Sarah.

SARAH:

Oww Mark, Don't start up with that
again. We all know the only plans
that they pick you up for, are
conspiracies and that's because
they need a formerly professional
assassin to finish off what goes on
behind the scenes at the Bureau. I
might be a boring housewife, but
I'm not a dumb one.

MARK:

I won't argue for something that's
been dead already 4 years back. But
since you started the talk, I got
to defend myself

SARAH:

You don't have anything to defend
for. You are a hypocritical liar.
You are talking about me being a
pole stripper while you were that
one club cleaner who sneaks behind
the curtain just to look at the
strippers ass.

Mark is starting to get nervous but he gasps and holds down

MARK:

I don't remember that because I
decided to lay down the past and
become a clean sheet

SARAH:

Oh, tell me that midnight robberies
and street fights are clean, am I
not correct?

MARK:
these are the opportunities I got
and if I deny them, its better that
I become a housewife and do my
dishes all day.

SARAH:
Something better than what a
hypocrite does.

BASH! Mark gets really pissed and slaps Sarah hard till she
falls down. Mark leans down to her

MARK:
I saved your life from the life of
a stripper. I loved yoy. Still do
and always will. Unfortunately, if
this is going to be the next
conversations in our life, then I
have no choice but keeping you back
to your own originated hood because
I am afraid of having getting kids
with the same genes of their
mother's.

Mark walks away and stops at the door

MARK:
Your movement is limited. This
house is your one and only
destination. I am not being mean,
but that's what a person who loves
someone would do.

MARK exits the house. The door is slammed shut! We see Sarah
on the floor crying and stampeding with her fists

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL INTERGRATION BUREAU- STREET- DAY

A lightened up logo of the building brightens up a darkened
area. Heavy-armored trucks with the words "F.I.B." written
on them are parked at the front. A black sedan car pulls up
at the main entrance. The driver exits the car, approaching
to the back seat, only to open the door for CHRIS PATTERSON,
58, the Chief executive officer of the Bureau. He walks
towards a narrow line of soldiers
A lightened up logo of the
building brightens up a darkened area. Heavy-armored trucks
with the words "F.I.B." written on them are parked at the
front. A black sedan car pulls up at the main entrance. The
driver exits the car, approaching to the back seat, only to
open the door for CHRIS PATTERSON, 58,

the Chief executive officer of the Bureau. He walks towards a narrow line of soldiers standing by the gate. Chris looks pretty cool and confident.

CUT TO:

INT. FIB MAIN HALL

Officers with blue uniform labeled with the initials "FIB" sewed on them, are seen at a long cabin-like offices. They greet Chris in a honorable way as he walks.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE

Chris is seen sitting by his office desk and lays his back comfortably. He drinks a cup of coffee and takes his hand out the pocket and answers the call. It is not shown what is Chris saying, nor the other speaker. One of the FIB officers, DAVE WILLIAMS, 27, approaches him in a rush. From his face expression, we can tell something isn't good.

DAVE:

Mr. Patterson?

Chris spills over the coffee from the shock.

CHRIS:

Bastard! where the hell you learned manners?

DAVE:

Oh, I am sorry sir. I just want to-

CHRIS:

You think I am even in the mood now to listen to you? God I hang up the line with Stephanie Wilson

DAVE:

Sir, this is more important than Stephanie Wilson

Chris stands up and wears his specs

CHRIS:

Tell me about it

DAVE:

Target Mark James escaped

Chris shakes his head as he facepalms

CHRIS:

I was always right about you, dumb moron.

dave looks down and feels sorry

CHRIS:

Now, what shall I say to the state secretary? Should I tell him that we lost the target because the Bureau hires morons in here?

DAVE:

Sir I-

Chris cuts him off

CHRIS:

You shouldn't be talking Dave. After what you told me, I am supposed to take off that badge of honor and pride on your chest because you have no values. Come on. We were going to the sky once Mark James gets in here red handed. The president. The people. The government. Everyone, was going to honor us for capturing the most wanted international terrorist. Now get the fuck out of my office. You just ruined my mood twice.

Dave salutes. He exits the room Chris picks up the phone and dials Stephanie's number

CHRIS:

I am sorry Steph my officers are just stupid.... Uhh, Listen I need you for a favor... Mark James... That's right, the 7 years wanted terrorist..... You know your job I won't guide you... Once it's settled, you get your commission in full!

FADE OUT

EXT. TONY'S MANSION- DAY

A green large mansion with a disco- like flooring and tiles. A shirtless Tony is laying down on the patio by the outdoor swimming pool, with his shades. A fair color woman, dressed in a black zipper jacket, approaches with a suitcase. She sits near Tony and opens the suitcase.

TONY:
10.Million.Dollars... Right Steph?

STEPHANIE, 29, nods her head. Tony takes off his shades and looks at her with a smile

TONY:
And Mark?

STEPH:
Escaped the cops attention and he's probably at his house.

TONY:
Chris wasn't impressed aye?

STEPH:
He asked me to kill him for the double of the cash I got you now

TONY:
Sweet deal. I mean stupid

STEPH:
I told him I would do it

TONY:
He's tripping you. You kill him, Chris throws the case and then he is able to retrieve those files that you are threatening him about.

STEPH:
Why would Chris even do that. He's the Chief of the FIB. A small call wouldn't cost him much to get me in prison for life.

TONY:
Chris is under the bulb. One shot and he's going to end up in an investigation room for 7 hours and answering questions from the head Prosecutor. Chris is not that stupid to make such calls.

STEPH:

I still don't understand why would he do that

TONY:

Because the ICB, his clients. Those files you got of Chris's history, involves the ICB too. It relates the full story of how he released them as a team of undercover cops. Chris wouldn't be able to threaten you even if he was clear from the pressure. that's because of the little lie you made- or basically we made- that you are a private agent from the CIA.

STEPH:

(nods)

Mhm..

TONY:

Chris gets paid from the ICB in a sum of 25 million yearly, a favor for the dirty jobs he does for them.

STEPH:

I still don't understand, who are the ICB?

TONY:

A large Multinational organization in the Media industry. they claim sponsorships for most world's richest Channels and production industries. That's the information on the newspaper but behind the scenes; they are crime lords, drug dealers and every dirt sheet you can imagine.

STEPH:

And that's why you want them dead?

TONY:

These money whores robbed my father and fooled him that the company is about to blow down if the taxes aren't paid. They bribed the tax office and robbed 900 million dollars, so they would get my dad under their coke with the fake

TONY:
love. Now they are trying to rob me
because we are rising in the stock.

STEPH:
So you offer them a partnership
when they are robbing you already?

TONY:
To fulfill everything you desire,
you make full use of every single
thing happening around.

STEPH:
I don't get it.

TONY:
This is a one step to what I am
planning of: make them feel they're
money whores. When they don't
accept, that means they don't want
to partner with a losing company
because that's going to pay them a
lot and all they need is EVERYTHING
in their own way.

STEPH:
I seriously started to doubt how
you think

TONY:
The devil wouldn't even think in my
way

STEPH:
(gasps heavily)
So what am I supposed to do
now?

TONY:
You did what I asked you perfectly:
free Mark from the cops. Thanks to
you.

STEPH:
Appreciated. Now what is next?

TONY:
My office, up there. Off you go!

Steph nods and walks to mansion main door. Tony smiles
grimly as he looks at the money He closes the case and
carries it to the main door

CUT TO:

INT. JCOI OFFICE- NIGHT

Ian is seen sitting on Tony's desk and skipping through files. A sound of a figure's footsteps walking towards the door. Thriller music is on as the suspense begins on knowing who that figure is. Ian is still seen searching in the papers and suddenly his face turns to a shock as the figure opens the door. it's MARK!

IAN:

What the hell are you doing here?

MARK:

I think I am the one supposed to ask you that question

Ian grabs his pistol and aims at MARK

IAN:

you better leave and zip your fat mouth in seeing me here or else

Ian Triggers the pistol.

MARK:

woah-woah Ian, Calm down bro. I am coming to help you

IAN:

I Don't accept any help from a criminal who killed his own father. You are so lucky that we are letting you live.

MARK:

Peace? Yeah getting murder threats and spending 5 years of my life in jail was peace? Or how about getting fired from the Bureau by Chris Patterson, the man who had some good faith in me and turned out to be a traitor, because he likes to listen to Tony's riddles.

IAN:

I have no idea what the fuck you are talking about. All we did was dropping a lawsuit that you have no claim to be apart of the Lambert's family.

MARK:

Yeah, bribing the jury was a good job or using the ICB to get it done. One more thing, don't accuse me of killing our father-

Ian cuts him off

IAN:

you better not say the word "Our" -

this time Mark cuts him off

MARK:

No it's OURS. I didn't kill our father. All I did was face him with the truth: that he stole my earnings in this family.

IAN:

Then you chain-sawed him to death.

MARK:

You know who it was

IAN:

Tony is a loyal son and would never do such thing. You can wash these stories to the sea because they got no point of validity.

MARK:

Tony wanted the company and everything. He was the one who argues alot with dad. So why not suspect him first?

IAN:

I won't go through that bullshit face-off. You better get the fuck out of here, before I squeeze in two bullets right into your brain.

MARK:

Ian, I am not here to rewind the past. I am here to compensate for you to give my earnings back.

IAN:

Funny boy. Thinking I would betray Tony and join your forces?

MARK:
As if you didn't

IAN:
Oh no bro, another bullshit is
coming out from your mouth

MARK:

That's not bullshit. It's the truth
which explains what you are doing
here at late night.

IAN:

It's my duty to watch out the work
at anytime.

MARK:
Maybe you're right. Or maybe it's
your duty to rob the business from
Tony by faking some love to dad and
riddling lies pull him down the
level then blame it on him, so the
business starts to sweat down and
you gain it then. Even tony, he's
also a-

Ian cuts him off. Ian claps slowly with the gun handled in
his finger

IAN:
Bravo Mark. you are really
talented in making movie twists.
It's just that you need a good
production company for presentation
and I can help in that.

MARK:
you don't have to believe me. all
you have to do is-

Mark takes out a flash drive.

MARK(CONT'D):
Watch me giving this to Tony

IAN:
(Laughs sarcastically)
And whats inside that drive? Porn
movies? Tony and I stopped jerking
off longtime ago so no thanks. You
can shit your pants and leave this
place

MARK:

Something more precious to your
life. It's either survive or die.

Ian starts to trigger the pistol towards his head

IAN:

I enjoyed this stupid conversation
with you. I just wish this could
happen again but sadly, you won't
be able to. Your grave is craving
for your arrival or maybe it's
craving for your wife's.

Ian SHOTS a bullet. Mark DUCKS and the bullet hits the
door. Mark runs and TWISTS Ian's arms, dropping his gun by
force and starts to choke him.

MARK:

Listen here! Keep your shit to your
mouth and never talk about my wife.
I might have done many sins in my
life, but the one sin I would be
proud of is sticking one bullet
through your head. Unfortunately, I
can't do that at the moment because
I am afraid to say, I need you!

Ian tries to remove Mark's arms off his neck but it's
tightened forcefully.

MARK:

I will leave now, but not for long.
This drive is going with me until
the next time we meet. You probably
figured what's in it. If you
didn't, I guess I will make it very
clear at our next meeting. Believe
that!

Mark PUSHES Ian heavily to the ground and exits the room.
Ian holds his neck and gasps heavily from the choke.

IAN:

Bastard!

He gets up using the help of the desk and goes for the water
cooler. He drinks from the tap but looks like it was so hot,
as he spills the water out.

INT.TONY'S MANSION LIVING ROOM- DAY

Tony is seen shirtless with trunks on, laying on a patio comfortably, while drinking a cup of Wine and watching TV

INT.TV SCREEN

The TV Is set on a News channel with a reporter addressing a bombing which had happened. We can hear Tony cursing and skips the channels all over. All he sees is news news news.

INT.LIVING ROOM

Tony throws the TV remote with anger and stands up to make himself another glass of wine. He opens the fridge and finds empty wine bottles. he stares at it with frustration

TONY:

Ughh, not a single thing in this house would make me feel comfortable.

Suddenly, his phone rings and shows the name "RICHARDSON". Tony picks up the phone and answers the call. RICHARDSON'S Speaks through the line, no signs of his character yet.

RICHARDSON: (O.S)

What's up, Buddy!

Tony sits on a rocking chair and his face expression shows tiredness during speaking.

TONY:

Yeah?

RICHARDSON: (O.S)

Oh, nice way to greet your buddy right there. Forgot our childhood times? Man you broke my crayons-

Tony cuts him off

TONY:

Yeah I know, I know. All that bullshit you keep reminding me of each time you call but today If I get to hear this, I'll just burst your ears right now until they cough out blood and you find it impossible to pick up that phone to your bloodied ears and call me ever again

RICHARD: (O.S)

Man will you ever calm those
raging lips down? I called for your
guidance

TONY:

Then get to the fucking point and
quit your stupidity because You
seriously have no idea how bad my
rage can explode to right now.

RICHARDSON: (O.S)

And by telling you the good news of
today, the rage would be covered in
dust and replaced by excitement

Moment of silence surrounds the atmosphere for 20 seconds as
Richardson is telling Tony about the news but the talk had
been played in silence. Frustrating expressions plots Tonys
face in slow motion mode as he throws off the phone,
shattering the screen glass to the ground. Slow motion is
still in effect as tony stamps strongly on the broken bits
of the phone with an anger unleashed. He looks down at the
phone and storms off loudly as he widens his eyes

TONY:

YOU CALL THIS A GOOD NEWS?!?! DO
YOU FUCKING CALL THIS GOOD??!

Tony kicks off the empty wine glass off the sofa table.
Suddenly, he begins to lose his weight balance and holds
onto the chair wrench. His head starts to tilt. His hand is
pulled off the wrench. In slow motion, Tony collapses to the
floor as his hand bangs on the surface. His eyes begins to
shut.

CUT TO:

INT. MAFIA MANSION- DON ALFERDO'S OFFICE- DAY

A Large Mafia office covered with brown arabesque wall and
floor tiles. A large bookshelf to the top left side of the
room, alongside a bundle of armor guns on the shelf. We see
a brown desk, filled with scuffled papers. It has a wide
Plate name of ALFERDO ALMUNDO on the center of the desk.
Slowly, we see DON ALFERDO'S, 50, sitting behind the desk
reading out some files. He grew a white hair from the
sides of a completely bald head. ALFERDO is the first Boss
to the worlds threatening Italian Mob. There is a knock on
the door and Alfredo coughs loudly to make his presence
known for the guest. A figure is shown opening the door,
dressed in a navy suit with a ray ban specs worn.

ALFERDO:

You may have a seat, Mr Richardson.

It's RICHARDSON MILLER, 25, the one who delivered the mysterious news which left Tony unleashing his anger. He approaches to the desk and smiles with a hard grin as he sits down to the left side.

RICHARD:

It's done boss.

He raises his thumbs up

ALFERDO:

Excellento! Did he make out any reaction?

RICHARD:

All I could hear was a beep boop beep. I think he's going mad to this

ALFERDO:

I can't imagine my plans going well without your presence involved in it.

Richard looks down and smiles

RICHARD:

I am doing whats the best for you Don. We have to put aside our feelings and friendships towards people, in the benefit of our mentors. That's what I did to Tony, otherwise I would've associated with him in the business.

ALFERDO:

And that's what I want you to do.

RICHARD:

Yeah but, he's probably going to storm off at me. Hell, he might aswell end our friendship.

ALFERDO:

That would be decided by a retarded businessman. Tony is going to need you very often.

RICHARD:

I am sorry boss but why me? I sound like a joker to him.

ALFERDO:

You just called in and told that you saw Joe from the ICB talking to Steph and offering her cash. With that news, he's going to need you to track Stephanie and getting to the bottom line of this. He will feel you're trustworthy enough and from there, you seize the opportunity and offer him the association which you will have to come here and discuss this plan alongside here. captche?

RICHARDSON:

(laughs hysterically)
the only Italian word i can speak. Anyways you need anything from me, boss?

ALFERDO:

Shaiew.

Alfredo lights up a cigarette and lays comfortably on the chair. Richard begins to walk out, however, he stops by the door and turns back to Alfredo.

RICHARD:

Senor?

ALFERDO:

Si?

RICHARD:

Isn't it pretty obvious that what was told is fake? I mean Stephanie is a loyal person to Tony and-

Alfredo cuts him off and opens his drawer to grab an envelope. He hands it to Richard.

ALFERDO:

Our technicians were able to photoshop some pictures that can get Tony to believe. Use them only when needed. Tony is a brain driver and can get you to suspect yourself

RICHARD:
Got it. Shaiew boss.

CUT TO:

TONY'S MANSION- BEDROOM- NIGHT

Tony is seen laying down on the bed with only half eyes opened. A pulse rate is getting unplugged from his fingers by a doctor in a white coat. Nurses are seen on the sides whereas on the right side of the bed, Ian is holding his hands. He looks so uneasy to Tony, whom barely able to speak with a swallowed voice. He just turns to Ian's side and smiles.

TONY:
Ian, I am sorry

IAN:
Sorry for?

TONY:
You saved my life and got the
paramedics in-

Tony coughs

TONY: (Cont'd)
here-

Tony heavily coughs as he spits a yellowish saliva in a tissue held in his hands.

IAN:
Relax. There are no thanks for a
helping hand between the brothers.

TONY:
Yet you still helped me after I
insulted you-

The bad cough strikes again. Ian cuts him off and signals tony that the doctors are in the room

IAN:
Um Doctor Brad, I wanna speak to
Tony privately if that doesn't
concern his health.

The doctor laughs sarcastically

DOC:

No, don't worry it won't unless
it's a discussion about something
that would affect his health badly,
I suggest it can be later.

Tony points at the doctor and smiles

TONY:

Without this man, Our father
would've been dead before we could
even become mature.

Tony squeezes his face tightly to speak

DOC:

I always pledged my assistance for
this Family's survival. I will be
leaving to the clinic. Ian, make
sure he avoids those cigarettes.

The doctor makes his way to leave the room. Ian sits on the
edge of the bed

IAN:

Whatever happens between us,
doesn't have to be told in front of
anyone-

Suddenly, Tony stretches up and takes off the blanket. He
doesn't look happy at all.

TONY:

I hoped that everything could only
stay between us and not fly around
with others

IAN:

What are you exactly trying to say
Ton? It's fine if you are
suspecting me. I am getting used to
this.

TONY:

But this isn't like before Ian. You
didn't find me laying on the floor
and spitting blood just because of
a pressure attack. Richard called
me earlier.

Ian laughs sarcastically

IAN:

Oh, so you got a pressure attack
from his stupidity right? hahaha
Tony looks serious

TONY:

This time, he wasn't stupid.
Richard caught ya with mark, in my
Office!

IAN:

No thanks I am not Gay

TONY:

You are not gay but you are an
asshole! Dealing money with mark
over my life> Over your brother's
life?

IAN:

Listen Tony. I am not going to hide
the fact that he stormed off to the
office last night and threatened to
kill me if I don't get him in the
family as soon as possible.

TONY:

Yeah you got that right but there
is a part 2 to this.

IAN:

That was when I called the guards
to pull him off the building?

TONY:

No, it was when you pulled out the
flash drive involving everything
related to the company and us.
Richard caught him with the drive
when he existed. You are such a
money whore. Now i see why you
defend the ICB. Assholes collide
together!

IAN:

I don't even...

tony cuts him off

TONY:
 don't bother completing the
 sentence. I was always strict to
 you but never thought You would
 favor money over your brother. So
 now, I don't think we can be
 brothers anymore, which leads me to
 say, I disban the partnership!

Ian's face is in a shock but then he laughs sarcastically
 and starts to walk off. He stops by the door and looks down
 at Tony with a smile

IAN:
 I was always loyal to this family
 and everything related to it. Never
 had anything on my mind but how to
 keep the success of the family
 business. If that's going to be the
 returns for my loyalty, then screw
 the family, screw the business and
 screw YOU!

He looks at tony with horror and anger as he slams the door
 shut. Tony looks at the door with an evil grin.

CUT TO:

INT.ROOFTOP OF A BUILDING- NIGHT

The place looks like an open warehouse with a sniper locked
 on the ledge and machinery guns set on the floor in their
 cases. We see a figure from their backpack, puffing out a
 huge cloud of smoke, which flies over the air. The figure
 is a female as she has really long blended hair, dressed in
 a full black leather outfit. Another figure starts to walk
 towards the female figure. He begins to speak with the angle
 taking shots of the figure#1 back and figure #2 foot.

FIGURE #2:
 Finito!

FIGURE #1:
 Did you find him suspicious of your
 words?

FIGURE #2:
 Absolutely no! I just told him what
 exactly we planned: Joe and Steph
 were seen exchanging cash. I can
 tell that Alferdo was really happy
 as He thinks I told Tony what
 exactly was planned.

Figure #2 is revealed to be RICHARDSON. The female's figure

FEMALE FIGURE:
Interesting. What about Tony?

RICHARD:

The guy is probably laying in his bed surrounded by his doctors. Honestly, I feel sorry for him. It was a blockbuster for him to hear that and-

the female figure cuts him off as she is still turning her back and storms off at him.

FEMALE FIGURE:
I don't even care about his health issues. Just get to the bottom of this and tell me what did he say.

RICHARD:

Jeez umm, I saw Ian getting into his house than a couple of minutes later he walked out sorrowful. I think they pulled the fight.

FEMALE FIGURE:
Great! Now I can finally say, We are doing this! I am just only a step away to grab everything related to this Family and then watch them all burning down to the ground!

RICHARD:
But what if Alferdo finds out the plan and-

Cuts him off again

FEMALE FIGURE:
he will never find out because he thinks I am now no longer connected to Tony since I am a traitor, idiot.

She turns as she's standing on the ledge. It's Stephanie! Richardson begins to walk off with a confusion on his face. He stops by the door as Stephanie calls him.

STEPH:

Boy! If Alferdo finds out, I got no one to blame but you! And When I don't get something working, believe me the bad side of Stephanie will outrage. Not even Mark should know about it

RICHARD:

But mark is our man

STEPHANIE:

I know he is, But what I illustrated for him is that I am doing what's the best for him. Once we get everything done, we don't need him anymore.

she smiles mysteriously as Richard is still confused and walks off. Steph exhales as she looks down to the streets

INT CASINO BAR NIGHT

Ian is seen exhausted as he sits down on the patio. he lays his head on the table as the bartender walks past him then wakes up.

BARTENDER:

Oh, Mr Ian! How's it going.
Longtime no see

Ian's voice went too deep

IAN:

Yeah uhh, Hi Diego. Just one vodka on the moon and please don't bother me For now.

Diego walks off in silence. Suddenly, Ian receives a PHONE CALL. It shows MARK. He gets up in a rRUSH and was about to answer. However, when he turned around, a blonde beautiful woman BUMPED into him in a hurried way. His phone DROPPED down to the floor as hers DROPPED too. Both cell phones were exactly similar no difference in them. They went to pick down their phones while making an eye contact for 7 seconds. A SMILE was exchanged until they got back to their senses and accidentally picked the wrong cell phones. We can tell that the love from the first time had begun. They stood up.

IAN:
I am so sorry

GIRL:
Oh no, I am supposed to say that.

IAN:
No that's fine. If you mind, wanna
have a drink or you would be late
for your thing

The GIRL thinks for 5 seconds then nods her head. She follows Ian to the Patio as they sat down. Ian extends his hand to the girl. She extends her too.

IAN:
Ian James

GIRL:
Debby Borne

IAN:
daughter of Jack Borne, the
Chairman of ABC Ltd?

DEBBY:
That's my uncle. My father is dead
and he wasn't that known hence, he
was the Chief executive officer of
the company.

IAN:
Oh I'm sorry. Your uncle is one of
the most important clients for my
company too. Oh, I forgot to
introduce you my job-

DEBBY:
Ian James the legal executive
officer of JCO International Ltd.

Debby smiles confidently

IAN:
Wow. I never knew that I was that
famous.

DEBBY:
You have no idea how my Uncle keeps
talking about your company. If he

IAN:
holds an appreciation night for the company, it wouldn't be enough to express his love for it. He only knows you and, Tony I think?

IAN:

We are the sons of James Patterson, the founder of the whole organization. your uncle was actually supposed to be associated with us too but, Tony doesn't like anyone outside of the family to join the corporation.

DEBBY:

Yeah, he told me about it. Anyways may I know what does the business actually produces because I am just blank to this world, no matter how my uncle makes it simple for me.

IAN:

Well, Its a media line. We operate different sections of the media industry. TV channels, Newspaper, and magazines. We usually focus on the TV channel "JCO" which involves everything you can ever watch on TV with 24/7 daily operation. Its just like your Uncle's.

DEBBY:

oh, i remembered. Aaron Davis presents a political show on your channel every day isn't it?

IAN:

You seriously don't know the changes in the world nowadays. Aaron was fired 6 months ago for calling big shots on the government. Tony fired him because the government told him so. Conspiracy theories.

Debby was about to speak as she suddenly receives a phone call. she stands up

DEBBY:
Uhh just a second

IAN:

Yeah sure

Debby answers and goes out of the Bar. She answers

DEBBY:
Hello?

FIGURE(VO):
A girly voice? Is that the way you
can run from me?!

DEBBY:
I'm sorry, who's speaking?

FIGURE(VO):
Nice shot Dude, but won't work for
me. I am waiting at Arz Lebanon by
10. You don't come and believe me I
am just going to kill that hot
chick sitting next to you in the
bar.

Debby sighs and looks around to check if anyone is watching
her

FIGURE(VO):
It's okay you won't be able to find
me. Debby, isn't it? Just tell Ian
I am waiting for him at the Arz.
Get him to come over or else, you
will be coming over but it would be
your last visit there because it's
your death! Believe that

Line cuts

Debby feels CONFUSED and looks like tears are about to pop
out of her eyes from the fear. She LOOKS at the phone screen
as shes trying to unlock it but failed since it's not her
phone. She then noticed that isn't her phone and covered her
face with her hands IN SHOCK. She RUSHED to the casino as
unfortunately, Ian disappeared. Her face started to blush
and turn red. Debby passed by the bartender.

DEBBY:
umm, Diego? Did you see Ian James
anywhere?

DIEGO:
I am actually searching for him.
The vodka was ready for like 10
minutes and he simply evaporated.

DEBBY:

Ugh

she walks off the casino and looks around her in confusion.

DEBBY:
what did i even bring myself to?!

INT. ICB MAIN OFFICE ROOM- DAY

Fred is sitting at the front of the desk while Joey is on the left opposite side. Fred is searching for papers and files. The desk looks messed up.

JOEY:
what are you even trying to find
for?

Fred isn't concentrating with Joeys talk as he is still scuffing through files.

FRED:
Where can it be?

JOEY:
What?

Fred looks at joey and slams his hand on the table with frustration.

FRED:
The Flash drive! It has everything
related to our association with-

Joey cuts him off

JOEY:
Oh, that.

He lays his back confidently and lights a cigarette.

JOEY:
I took it, about two days ago.

FRED:
Alright, But why?

FRED:
JOEY:

Sometimes you have to ignore the boss's words for the company's success.

FRED:
Don't get it..

JOEY:
It was given to Mark.

Fred slowly stands up and bends to Joey.

FRED:
How, stupid, are you?
mark? seriously?

JOEY:
He's the only one who can help in breaking down the Lambert's.

FRED:
HE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM!

JOEY:
Was one of them. He only thinks about how to win back everything he simply lost.

FRED:
Hes a fucking former assassin. A simple trick can burn us to the ground.

JOEY:
You just said it, Former. Now all he wants is to get on the top and we will help him to do that.

FRED:
But the flash drive. It has everything that we've dealt with Ian! If something happens to him, We are going to die.

JOEY:
Ian? Oh well, I think we don't need him anymore. He is not convenient

FRED:
 enough to Tony I can't deny that he
 is trying to help us. Yet, He
 doesn't have any effect on Tony.
 The paranormal romance he watches
 had cursed his brain cells. We can
 throw him to our hit list as well.
 As long as he shouldn't know that
 We are no longer needed for his
 services, or else he's going to dig
 down the old files and get us down.

Fred slowly stands up and walks over to the other side of
 the room, staring at the portrait with label of ICB while
 talking to Joey.

FRED:
 Joey, You think this can actually
 lead us to the dominant power?

JOEY:
 Lead us? Fred, look around you. We
 already hold the power. We own 70%
 of the shares to all the media
 companies. We own this market. All
 that we need is JCO to fall of the
 rank. We cannot deny that they are
 the hottest industry in the market,
 but that's only a history. the
 people believe they are still in
 their prime but that's not the
 matter anymore. They are falling
 day by day and no one is realizing
 it is us who are causing the fall.
 We basically own the media industry
 indirectly. Hell, we can even hit
 the government too.

FRED:
 Which is what I am thinking of.

Joey stands up slowly

JOEY:
 Hitting the government?

Fred turns to Joey

FRED:
 That's where the dominant power is!
 anyways, back to our talk, What if
 mark screws this up?

JOEY:

Then we will screw him up. I don't think he is that dumb because he needs us. He needs the money to pay off his debts to Chris Patterson.

FRED:

He can play us down once he gets what he wants.

JOEY:

He doesn't even know that we are the cause behind this

Fred sighs

JOEY:

I got my ways Fred. My people. My ways.

Fred is taking out another cigarette and lights it up. Same thing as Joey.

CUT

TO:

INT.CADILLAC 95' CAR

Ian is seen trying to figure how to unlock the phone. He doesn't recognize it since the lock screen wallpaper is similar to his phone. Suddenly, he receives a phone call from an Unknown source. He answers

DEBBY (V.O):

Hello, it's Debby. Whose speaking.
Is this Ian James?

IAN:

Yeah?

DEBBY:

Umm, I am Debby. We met moments earlier at the Casino.

IAN:

Oh Hey! How did you figure out my number?

DEBBY:

Well, our phones were exchanged accidentally when we bumped into each other. This is supposed to be my phone you are answering from.

IAN:
Shit! I am so sorry for that.

DEBBY:
No that's okay, we all do mistakes.
Can we meet like right now at the
Casino?

IAN:
Oh well, This is going to take a
longtime because I am not in town
at the moment. I just moved off
Beirut.

DEBBY:
How fast!

IAN:
Can we meet tomorrow?

DEBBY:
Ugh. There is someone who wants to
meet you at the Arz now. He just
called 10 minutes back.

IAN:
Do you know who?

DEBBY:
Unknown source. Must be a payphone

Ian's face feels exhausted as he puts his hands on his face

IAN:
Alright, thank you. I will be
meeting you at the Casino tomorrow
night.

DEBBY:
Yeah sure. Bye.

the line cuts Ian stares at the phone viciously. He signals
the driver for u turn.

CUT TO

ARZ LEBANON- NIGHT

Its the peak of a mountain. Circled with dinning tables and
small cafes. Ian's car is driving upwards the hillside. They
park to the left and Ian walks out of the car. He stares at
a figure, which his back side is shown, hiding his face.

FIGURE:
I said we would be meeting very soon.

It's Mark.

IAN:
I have no time to waste.

MARK:
Neither do I

IAN:
So Get to the bottom of this.

Mark takes a flash drive and dangles it in front of Ian.

MARK:
You see that? Did I tell you about it?

IAN:
No.What about it?

MARK:
Everything! You, the ICB.
Everything!

IAN:

Am I supposed to be scared right now?

MARK:
I am gonna bet that you haven't slept since the time We met from the terror and fear.

IAN:
Fear of Tony knowing about it?

MARK:
I guess yeah?

IAN:
What if I told you, I don't care.

Ian walks towards mark and bends to him.

IAN:
Tony is no longer a matter to me,
Which is why i came here.

MARK:

Oh, new trick you are playing out?

Ian pulls marks collar with force.

IAN:

Listen! I am the one who needs you!
I don't give a single fuck about
Telling this to Tony because you
know what, I don't consider myself
as a Family member anymore! I came
here only to tell you this, you're
going to listen to me and do
whatever I ask you to do. We both
are in this for the same goal.
Bring Tony down. So enough with
your bullshit and don't even utter
a word because the tables are
turned out.

Ian lets go mark and begin to walk off to the car. He opens
the back door but stops and looks at mark

MARK:

But he is your brother isn't it?
What happened?

IAN:

Its too hard to consider myself as
Tony's brother or even member to
this Family. You seek revenge
because you were kicked out of the
family and same goes for me. So
basically we are an uneven
alliance.

Mark smiles grimly but then shakes his head

MARK:

I still don't understand what am I
supposed to do?

IAN:

Make sure you survive until Tuesday
morning, That's where our next
meeting, at the same place.

he gets into the car and opens the window.

IAN: (O.S)

Make sure to tell the ICB about
what we planned too. I am serious!

The car drives off as the focuses on mark's exhausted expression.

CUT TO

ALFERDO'S MANSION- LIVING ROOM

Alferdo is seen lighting a cigarette and laying his back to the sofa comfortably. Two guards approach to him.

GUARD 1:

Senor, Mr Tony James is waiting outside.

Alferdo signals for him to enter Guard walks off to the door and opens it for Tony to pass in. Tony sits next to Alferdo on the Sofa.

TONY:

Senor Alferdo, Gracias! Gracias de puto for allowing me to request your help.

ALFERDO:

My door was never closed for any injured legs. Despite, I am the cure to the Injury.

TONY:

But my injury needs a career-threatening surgery. So will you be able to cure that?

ALFERDO:

You pay high fees for these type of surgeries, Don't you?

Tony pulls out a chequebook from his pocket and pulls a pen as he writes down 2 MILLION DOLLARS and hands it to Alferdo. Alferdo smiles sarcastically and tears off the cheque.

ALFERDO:

Stronzo! You think I am a clown who makes you laugh to pay that shit? I would let what happened right there flow but-

Tony cuts him off.

TONY:

How many money whores I've met this week. Actually because this just explains the background of this city's high-life men.

ALFERDO:

Tony, you haven't really seen the bad side of mine. So stick your shit tongue in your mouth and pull it once you know how to respect lordship. You came here for help. I don't accept any, unless I get my commission.

TONY:

How many commissions you receive huh? First was from the FIB when you false accused that my father works as a drug lord behind the scenes? Or from the ICB when they threatened you to pull an assassination on Mr Yeng because he was causing them troubles and probably the only one who had the balls to mess with them directly. You know what you are? A puppet! Joey and Fred knows your full history that can just turn your fortune into a 200 meters prison room. Hell, maybe a dark grave. Alferdo you came all the way from Italy just to build a larger fortune and expand your business worldwide. All I can see is that you expanded the ICB's, not yours. In simple, your mafia is just a power shade, nothing more.

- Alferdo cuts him off

ALFERDO:

You don't just enter my house to speak your bullshit and confront me. I don't even know what the actual fuck you are talking about. All I know is that You got a request but the fee sum is too high-

Tony cuts him off

TONY:

You didn't even listen to my request.

ALFERDO:

And I don't want to listen

TONY:
 Neither I wanted to tell you
 anything! It was just a trap to
 tell how you are a one big money
 whore who drinks the money wrath
 and gives nothing in return but
 bullets flying around just to
 protect his reputation.

Alferdo starts to look nervous.

ALFERDO:

DANIELO!

3 guardsmen break in and stare at Alferdo

ALFERDO:
 THROW THAT STRONZO OUT OF HERE!

Guards were about to touch Tony but he signals them to back
 off tony bends down to Alferdo

TONY:
 Un hombre cue pide a sus perros a
 luchar por él, no es un hombre.
 Shaiew.

Tony releases his hand off Alferdo and starts to walk away.
 Alferdo looks really disappointed with the way Tony insulted
 him in Italian and throws off his bottle of wine next to
 him.

ALFERDO:
 MADRE DE PUTTO!

GUARD 1:
 Should we teach him a lesson,
 Senor?

ALFERDO:
 I am going to teach him a lesson he
 will never wake up from. Leave!

Guards begin to walk off.

INT. AIRPORT CHECK IN- DAY-

We can see Fred and Joey getting their passports checked in.
 There is an uncertainty to where they're travelling. The
 Lady officer stamps the passport and hands it to them.

OFFICER:
Have a nice trip Sir

JOEY:

Thanks.

Both were looking very suspicious as they took a long distance to reach the furthest elevator.

CUT TO

EXT. AIRPORT PLANE HANGAR- DAY

Joey and Fred are seen at the aircraft Hangars which is only purposed for private jets. On the top of the hangar, it's labelled as "ICB". Once they reach, a figure dressed in a navy suit is standing and showing his back. Joey opens the luggage and shows the figure a 1.5 cocaine keys. The figure turns around to the ICB men as he looks pleased. He bends down to the bag. It's CHRIS PATTERSON!

CHRIS:
Good job fellas!

JOEY:
Now it's our turn.

CHRIS:
Oh you mean the money, well, there is a catch.

Both men exchanged weird looks to each other.

FRED:
Are you trying to play some kind of a joke here Chris?

CHRIS:
Oh my dear Fred. This isn't a joke at all.

JOEY:
Then it might be a new reality show made by the FIB

CHRIS:
Uhh, reality shows are for kids and what I am about to say, is the big guys talk.

FRED:

Speak

CHRIS:

Mark James

JOEY:

What about it?

FRED:

Wait a second Jo, who the hell is
mark James even?

CHRIS:

I was expecting a better answer
than that Fred

FRED:

An answer to what? Someone that we
don't even know shit about?

CHRIS:

Oh if this bullshit is true, then
which imposers of the ICB would
hire street gangs to hijack a
military truck and free Mark James,
the world's most wanted terrorist
from the hands of Justice?

FRED:

you just said it. Street gangs.

CHRIS:

Don't play this kind of fool on me.
I know you both very well and I
know what kind of business you
would make from freeing that
terrorist.

JOEY:

Oh, it sounds like we are the only
conspiracy theorists in this
country.

FRED:

Nah Jo. We are not the only one.
The FIB themselves are led by a
conspiracy theorist and he's
standing right in front of us.
Recruiting the Muslim brotherhood
to hijack this country wasn't a
conspiracy made by you, isn't
Chris?

Chris takes off his sunglasses and starts to look worried now.

CHRIS:

Well, don't bring what's the best for this country into our dirty work. Basically- YOURS!

FRED:

Can we like end this drama and get our money right now because honestly ,we didn't come all the way just to make a deal for someone whom we never heard about.

CHRIS:

There is no money if no Mark

Joey walks towards Chris and grabs his neck forcefully.

JOEY:

Listen to me you little puppet. I am getting my money no matter what. I have no Idea who the fuck is Mark James. So get to the bottom of this and give us our money or else you will be enjoying the next years of your life in a cell room.

Fred pulls away Joey as Chris felt suffocated.

CHRIS:

I won't spend my life in Jail alone because you both would be joining me roo.

Fred starts to get bored and fed up.

FRED:

Alright. Now I don't have time for this drama. I am giving you 2 weeks' time limit. You get our money in this same place, you are free from legal prosecution because we would somehow turn you down using your really old files. Mr. Yeng. The real mystery behind his murder. The winter deal which involved the FIB releasing many terrorists under the condition of 90 million dollars, which was organized by the one and only Chris Patterson! And there, we got no

FRED:
fingerprints. So we are totally
free from your only bloodshed.

CHRIS:
You really think that's the real
deal?

JOEY:
You are playing us down by bringing
up some weird name of mark James
which we haven't even dealt with.

Joey beings to raise his voice. Chris gets really pissed

CHRIS:
Hey! You ever raise your damn voice
on me and I will give you a hard
kick ass time, SOB.

Joey starts to get nervous

JOEY:
Who the hell are you calling a
bitch huh?

Joey and Chris start to get close to each other with anger
as Fred breaks them off.

FRED:
BOTH OF YOU! QUIT THIS!

JOEY:
HE F*N CALLED ME A SON OF A BITCH.

FRED:
QUIT MOANING!.... Chris, can we get
to the bottom of this very quickly
because I am starting to really get
irritated.

CHRIS:
It's simple boy. Get me Mark James,
you get your money in full
settlement.

FRED:
But the thing is, we don't even
know him so how will we even find
him?

CHRIS:

Don't bullshit Fred. I mean don't say that bullshit to me because I know very well you both helped him to run. See basically, if you don't get me mark in a limit of 2 weeks' time, I will have to unleash the real side of Chris Patterson.

Joey and Fred start to wipe off their sweat on their faces.

CHRIS:

It's not going to be the FIB's cell prison. It's going to be MY CELL PRISON! It's where all those mind fuckers are tortured at, UNDER THIS BASE! Now they're probably getting 100 whiplashes for all their fuck sins. Do you like to join the blacklist of my victims? Great! Get me mark James in 2 weeks, at this same place. Oh and remember, never try to fuck around or bullshit to me, because I am always watching you at every single step you make. There will be no escape plans achieved because you will never know when I am going to send you down there. It might be exactly after two weeks or after one month or maybe at the same time you think of running away cause as I said, you are always under my bulb. Believe that lads.

Fred face palms while Joey looks at Chris in a distressed way.

FRED:

See. we will try to find and get him .

Chris cuts him off

CHRIS:

Fred, you can lie to anyone in this world, but you can never skip your bullshit to the man who fixed all those paper works for your company to be legalized. For the man who knows every single detail about your crime life before publicity. For the man who has pile of files

CHRIS:
of the ICB's dirty jobs in the
middle east.

FRED:

Umm, alright but now, we can't go
back to the airport so how will we
get back to the city.

CHRIS:
Oh, my private jet is waiting over
there. Remember carefully, my words
are always fixed. No last chances
Oh, and you're welcome.

Both men walk to the private jet and stares with distress to
Chris. They board the jet as Chris is smiling viciously.

INT.PRIVATE JET-

Fred and Joey are relaxing on a comfortable dinning sofa
whereas Joey looks worried. Fred lights his cigar.

JOEY:
I don't even know how did you even
think about accepting this
bullshit?

FRED:
Then what you wanted me to do? Just
argue for the sake of insanity and
raise hell among us.

JOEY:
We could always kill him! Nobody
will realize it because no one
knows our relationship type with
him. Ever!

FRED:
Are you stupid or stupid? If Chris
dies, our files will be now less
secretive to the FIB! Chris keeps
a list of his clients. This could
be exposed. It would be a surprise
for them to know that we are just
one in many. They are going to run
a search in detail about the type
of deals we had, which if
discovered, the Interpol would
intervene and we got nowhere to
hide. Not even in Afghanistan!

JOEY:

But with us agreeing to the deal,
it's like we are going to expose
Mark.

FRED:

You think I have the same stupidity
to do such thing? I just agreed to
get rid of his bullshit. He could
have got us killed right on the
spot.

JOEY:

So what are you going to do about
it? There must be a way!

FRED:

Chris is really smart, he probably
knows the play to all tricks of the
book. You hit a score on him, he's
going to hit a bigger one.

JOEY:

How about bribing?

FRED:

Chris can be the money's favorite
dog. In this case, money won't help
him redeem his position if Mark
James isn't arrested.

JOEY:

Then we are down to one choice

FRED:

Which is?

JOEY:

Give him Mark and then free him
again

FRED:

How are you even my business
partner? MORON!

JOEY:

(smiles with sarcasm)

It was joke chill

FRED:

Are you really in the mood for
jokes?

JOEY:
Alright, Alright. Then what way
will you think of? If mark is in
Chris's hands, the fear won't be
from Chris but from the FIB's
investigation. Mark could snitch on
us.

FRED:
Will you ever shut up? Gosh I am
trying to think of a way.

JOEY:
Alright fine, fine.

After 1 minute of silence

FRED:
You know what, I am going to give
him an offer he will never refuse!

JOEY:
Have you been watching Godfather
lately?

Fred looks at Joey in a displeased expression.

FRED:
What a joke.

JOEY:
Then what is that offer which he
won't refuse?

FRED:
Not now. I just need to make sure
of something once we get back.

Both looks at the pilot cabin in a suspicious way. Fred
shakes his head to the pilot's room side for Joey to
understand the signal. Joey nods his head as he smiles.

INT.PRIVATE JET PILOT CABIN

The pilot is stretching his legs onto the plane's inner deck
as he's watching the plane movement on a small sized
monitor screen. Fred, followed by Joey, opens the door and
looks at the pilot. He doesn't turn around but knows that
they're here.

PILOT:
Gentlemen, can you please leave this
room. It's only for authorized use.

FRED:

Oh really? I am so sorry. I just wanted to ask about the time we are reaching.

PILOT:

It's not like you're traveling to Canada! It's just 20 minutes from the Airport to Beirut!

Joey's hands reaches out to his pocket KNIFE from the rear back pocket of his pants. As the pilot continues to talk without turning around, Fred LOCKS the pilot's neck with full pressure. Joey unfolds the knife and SLINGS it right onto the pilot's forehead. It was a very disgusting moment as the BLOOD popped out all over both men's body. They dragged him to the back rear door of the Jet and held tightly to the handle as they opened the door. The wind pressure was very high in which both kept holding the door handles and applied full force to KICK off the pilot out of the plane! They immediately closed the door and gasped heavily.

JOEY:

Was that the offer that you won't make him refuse? Taking his private jet as a hostage and then threatening him? Chris has more than 12 jets. If one goes down, it doesn't make any difference.

Fred starts to pull his hair in anger.

FRED:

IDIOTTT!!!

He walks out to the main Pilot cabin.

JOEY:

(Questioning himself)
What the hell did I do now?

FRED:(O.S)

Get your ass in here and drive this jet. I thought you had some knowledge about being a pilot moron!

JOEY

(to himself)
now he needs my help but I won't do it.

Fred shouts, even more, louder as Joey runs to the main door.

INTERNATIONAL LTD- TONY'S CORPORATE OFFICE ROOM- DAY

Tony is wearing his specs and typing on the computer. He looks more serious and focused. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door.

TONY:
Come in

He doesn't look at the door. Tony's Secretary, DINA enters.

DINA:
Mr. Tony, Mr. Vincent Abraham the
Vice- chairman of ESPO Trading is
waiting at my office.

Tony takes off his specs and stops typing as he starts to smile now.

TONY:
Let him enter.

Dina exits the room as VINCENT ABRAHAM, a tall, white-bearded with a scruffy white hair enters the room with a big smile on his face.

VINCE:

TONY!

TONY:
VINCENT! LONGTIME NO SEE!

Both men hug each other, then Tony asks him to sit down. Tony sits opposite Vincent.

VINCENT:
Woo! J.C.O- I see no difference
from 10 years ago. The same
decoration, Same offices setups and
on top of that the enterprise
remains!

TONY:
Time flew too fast old man. Back in
times where all of us used to grab
eggs and throw it over the white
chicks in the streets. Remember?

Vincent laughs loudly

VINCENT:

You should never stop remembering those sick ass moments. Oh by the way, I am sorry for the loss of Mr. James. I didn't know about this until I went to Moscow since the TV headlines were rushing down with the news there.

TONY:

It's okay, Thanks, old man. So how's your business going?

VINCE:

Too much of stress and work all over me. I closed it down and took my investment back. Fuck this shit.

TONY:

I told you several times never take the risk of being a sole trader. You should have joined me as a partner.

VINCE:

At that time, I had no knowledge about how to operate a business. I just wanted high profits so I felt that being alone will help, but not always. After my global expansion, I lost control and started to lose all my employees. My budget was down to negative. Anyways, how about your company? I've seen the investment market and I was so amused to see this company at the top rank.

TONY:

Please don't refer to the Market board's stats. You clearly have no idea about the kind of tantrum thrown at us by the ICB.

VINCE:

Are they still funding the company? Hell, they're good it seems.

TONY:

Not anymore. I cut the agreement between both companies. Money whores.

VINCE:

Money is the motivation Tony. No money, no business.

TONY:

They're taking the meaning of money to a whole new level of a dirty Market abuse. Bloodshed in the streets, bribing the FIB, supporting the world's biggest terrorist organization, what more of motivation money could bring?! In the end, they turn the tables down if you expose them.

VINCE:

Tony, I got a solution for your problems. Actually two of them.

TONY:

I am listening old friend.

VINCE:

Option 1- Fix your problems with the ICB. Make it a friendly Market. If both companies join forces, the Market would be a monopoly!

TONY:

Fuck monopoly. Fuck the friendly Market and FUCK THE ICB. Fuck them ten times to the ground.

Tony slams his hand on the desk with anger

VINCE:

Tony chill. I just suggested.

TONY:

Vince if you want our friendship to remain, never talk to me about this anymore. I hear the name of ICB and it spoils my day.

VINCE:

Then we are only down with option 2, which is: a group of investors are looking for a company that they could help to raise it back to the top as it was.

TONY:

Are they well known through the market?

VINCE:

They tried it on many companies which suffered a breakdown. Luckily these motherfuckers raised to the top of the Market again. Their profession is in the Media. All business costs and matters would be handled by them including a heavy investment of 70% to the company.

TONY:

No returns?

VINCE:

Of course there is but only a 10% of the company's enterprise no more. They won't be doing a heavy investment for fun!

TONY:

Related to the ICB in any sort?

Vincent is silent for 20 seconds.

TONY:

Vince?

VINCE:

Fred and the company owner are family friends.

TONY:

Then option 2 is invalid too!

VINCE:

But tony, you are going to win a lot from them.

TONY:

I don't want anything to do with the ICB in my company. Now since they're related, end this topic too!

VINCE:

I guess this conversation ended too because-

Vince looks at his watch.

VINCE(CONT'D)
I gotta go now.

TONY:
Are you back to flirting with the
Arab chicks till 6 AM?

Vince stands up and walks to the door as he continues to
talk to tony

VINCE:
As long as I still got the balls!

TONY:
What balls! You are going to die
if you check out on her boobs old
man.

VINCE:
It's true that I am 50 years old.
Yet, I have the power of a 16 years
old teen.

Vince pulls his tongue out and walks away.

TONY:
(Laughs loudly)
Alright I'll meet you at the
cemetery tonight, I mean your
grave.

Vince comes back immediately

VINCE:
Buddy, what happened to Ian?

TONY:
Long story

VINCE:
Is he okay?

TONY:
Physically yes. Mentally, you know
Ian and how those Paranormal
romance killed his brain cells.

VINCE:
Alright buddy. Catch up with ya
tomorrow. Chill out on Ian for
sometime mate.

TONY:
Have a good day. Or have a good
afterlife

VINCE:O.S
You suck

Vince walks away as he laughs. Tony continues to laugh even
after Vince walks away.

INT.OUTSIDE OF JCO BUILDING- DAY-

Vince looks worried as he picks up his phone. We can see
he's scuffling through contacts. Vincent selects a unknown
number saved on his contacts. Vince looks worried and begins
to walk on the pathway as he dials the number.

FIGURE (V.O):
Hello

We can hear the figure's voice through the phone but some of
the words may be unclear due to deep voice.

VINCE:
I just finished.

FIGURE (V.O):
And?

VINCE:
He refused both options.

FIGURE (V.O):
I thought you were his so called
childhood buddy?

VINCE:
He asked me if the investors were
related to ICB or not. I had to say
they're just family friends because
if he finds out they're related, I
am exposed.

FIGURE(V.O):
STRONZO!

Line suddenly cuts. Vince glances a strange look as he walks
to his GT Mustang.

INT.ALFERDO'S MANSION- MASTER ROOM- DAY

Alferdo is sitting on his king sized chair, lighting a cigar while Richardson cracks his knuckles. Alferdo starts to get annoyed from the sound Richard is tipping off.

ALFERDO:
Madre de puto. Quit it

RICHARD:
Sorry Senor but this idiot got me worried right now.

ALFERDO:
Didn't you talk to him before setting up this plan?

RICHARD:
Sadly no. We just called and I offered him 2 million in favor of persuading Tony.

ALFERDO:
Idioto. Now tell me what should I do. I want to control this company. I wanna make Tony feel defeated and shattered.

Alferdo squeezes tightly an empty cup of glass as it shatters.

ALFERDO:
Like this!

He grabs a tissue to wipe off the blood on his hand from the broken glass.

RICHARD:
Well I wasn't really a good student in Business studies so I might not be able to find for kick-ass way. I used to get a C in commerce and all my teachers hated me so-

Alferdo cuts him off as he begins to get annoyed

ALFERDO:
Puto! Quit this bullshit. I only asked for a way, not for your shitty life story.

RICHARD:
I just wanted you to be aware of my
situation so you don't get fooled
down.

Alferdo Pulls out gun and aims at Richard

RICHARD:
Woah Senor.

ALFERDO:
JUST SAY IT ALREADY STRONZO!

Alferdo puts his gun down.

RICHARD:
Alright, how about a takeover?

ALFERDO:
explain?

RICHARD:
Basically as per my knowledge-

Alferdo cuts him off again

ALFERDO:
FUCK YOUR KNOWLEDGE. GET TO THE
POINT, SUE CAZZO!

RICHARD:
that was mean, but I can take it.
Just try to pull the best of yours
in order to breakdown Tony's
company. Once this happens,
approach to him with your team of
lawyers and say that you are
taking over due to the poor
financial records in the company
which allows businesses like mines
due to the good financial budget to
take full control of a falling
company. Daradada!

ALFERDO:
I said I don't want my name
involved with Tony directly. Find
another plan.

RICHARD:
Then simple. Take off your name and
replace it with those bunch of
investors that Vince offered him
for. Nothing would change but that.

Alferdo lights another cigar and lays his back comfortably.

ALFERDO:
This sounds opportunistic.

RICHARD:
Really? I am impressed that you're going to use my help. Finally someone is taking my words effectively.

ALFERDO:
Que? I didn't say I am going by your way. I just said it sounds opportunistic, but not for a takeover.

RICHARD:
That's what the method is meant for.

Alferdo glances at Richard with a displeased look.

ALFERDO:
None of your damn business.

RICHARD:
Oh, why is that?

ALFERDO:
Alright get out! I got some important meeting right now.

RICHARD:
Senor, I expect a better style in treatment.

ALFERDO:
Better style? Sure!

Alferdo aims the pistol gun at Richard and shoots off a bullet skipping to his sides. The bullet hits the door surface.

RICHARD:
Woah! Never mind I lied.

ALFERDO:
You better be.

RICHARD:
as he leaves)
Stronzo!

ALFERDO:
YOU WERE SAYING?

Richard stops walking by the door and turns to alferdo.

RICHARD:
No I was saying strong guy,
referring to you.

ALFERDO:
Si! Now get lost!

Richard leaves the room.

INT.CASINO BAR- NIGHT-

Ian enters the bar looking around for Debby. Debby is found sitting by the patio. She is looking totally drunk as she lays her head onto the bar table. Ian spots her out and walks over. He pats her on her back, in which she woke up with a shock. A huge smile was shown on her face once she saw Ian but still she looks blocked-out.

IAN:
So we meet again!

DEBBY:
Indeed.

Ian and Debby exchanges their phones but keeps glancing at each other in a lovely way.

IAN:
You don't really know about this
phone. If I leave it for some
hours, I will find around 40 calls.

DEBBY:
The importance of an international
businessman.

IAN:
You can call it the stress of an
international businessman instead.

Debby laughs quietly.

DEBBY:
I don't understand this.

IAN:
What?

DEBBY:
How could you be having an amazing
sense of humor while your brother
is totally different?

Ian starts to look confused.

IAN:
You mean Tony?

DEBBY:
No. I've never seen Tony through my
life. Indeed I've heard of him from
my Uncle. I am talking about Mark.
He sounds like a drug dealer.

Ian's face is electrified with shockwaves.

IAN:
He called?

DEBBY:
Yeah. The time when I told you he's
the one whom wanted to meet ya.

IAN:
Was he aggressive?

DEBBY:
Dude! He was talking as if some
drug dealer and you're supposed to
pay him for the coke and all these
things related to Scarface series.

Ian smiles

IAN:
Scarface! It looks like we have one
thing in common- our sense of
humor.

DEBBY:
I am not that really type of funny
person. Just formalities are an
important rule to my life.

IAN:
See! another common thing.

DEBBY:
Kidding?

IAN:

Of course I am. If that's my rule,
I wouldn't pass by the bar and sit
with you for a longtime because of
bad publicity.

DEBBY:

Even I was kidding. Was this a
coincidence?

IAN:

Another common thing between us-
Fake lying.

DEBBY:

I guess you are my long lost
brother then.

Both laughs sarcastically as Ian drinks a heavy shots of vodka. They look absolutely drunk! Both stares at each other in a romantic way. Ian starts to SHIVER his lips, while Debby begins to sweat.

INT.IAN'S VILLA- NIGHT

Debby runs to the sofa, stretching all over comfortably. Ian begins to UNZIP his shirts, as Debby STRIPS off her clothes while she's laying down. They both make LOVE.

INT.IAN'S VILLA- LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Debby is SLEEPING over Ian's chest as they are naked. A FIGURE is walking from the villa's main door to the sofa. The figure stretches his hand onto Ian's face with a HARD SLAP. He is yet to be unseen. Ian wakes up and looks at Debby fully naked. He starts to feel ashamed and COVERS his chest but he's unaware of the figure's presence. The figure SPLASHES a bottle of water right over Ian's face. He gets shocked as he looks at the figure. Debby suddenly wakes up and feels shocked at her current state. She COVERS her body with the blanket. The figure is revealed to be FRED. Fred smiles viciously as he stares at the affirmed couple.

FRED:

I guess it wasn't the one night you
were always expecting. Tell me it
is not correct?

Ian stutters to speak as he looks back and forth to Debby and Fred.

FRED:

Don't worry Ian. You can have a quick look at yourself from yesterday's thrilling sex show over here.

Fred takes out his camera and shows Ian his SEX TAPE with Debby. Debby starts to release tears from her eyes.

DEBBY:

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

She rapidly keeps SLAPPING Ian

DEBBY:

YOU RACICAL SCUM! YOU GOT ME IN HERE FOR A SHOW?!

FRED:

Calm down Debby, or should I call you by the name of Michelle "Chris" Patterson??

Ian is still in shock. Debby looks down to the floor after what Fred said.

FRED:

Guys come on. I hate Mexican drama. I am not here to rewind everyone's ugly truth. I am here to create the new ugly truth for both of you. Something to keep at my secret storage room just like I kept yours Debby. Nobody knew that Chris was your biological father. Even Ian doesn't know that the name you gave for your uncle, isn't even real because Chris Patterson never had brother.

DEBBY:

you came all the way to kill me right? Just do it Fred. My life is ruined anyways. Do it!

Debby screams in tears.

FRED:

If I wanted to kill you, I would've done that long ago since the time you attempted a fail assassination to Mr. James, the father of the man

FRED:
whom you shared your pussy with
last night. Don't worry, I am
just going to call your father and
tell him that you're safe under the
ICB. It's just business babe.
Unless if your father pretended to
be the city's saint, which he will
never become one then I would
apologize because as I said, it's
just business.

Fred signals his men to come inside. Guards TIES Debby in a shallow bag and injects her arms, causing her to feel DIZZY and sleep off. They take her to the car as Fred and Ian are in the scene. Ian is still speechless as he WIDENS his eyes with an act of fear to Fred. He stutters to speak as his lips shiver rapidly.

FRED:
Tongue twisted? No worries mate. I
am not here to kill you which I
actually should be doing since you
stabbed our deal and tried to use
Mark to your side against us.

Ian's facial expression changes to sorrow. He finally feels confident to speak.

IAN:
Same thing. It's just business,
loser.

FRED:

Bravo. Your senses are back. Ian
James is finally becoming involved
into the Business world!

Ian ignores his sarcasm.

IAN:
Why did you take her?

FRED:
I just said it. Her father needs to
know the value of ICB.

IAN:
Since when does the ICB really care
about their values?

FRED:

Since the day we decided to extend
our hands with some ruthless
mother-fuckersss like your whole
family.

IAN:

After all what I've served? I
ABANDONADED MY FATHER JUST FOR YOUR
GODAMN SAKE! I KILLED MY OWN
FATHER! DO YOU KNOW WHAT DOES THAT
MEAN?

FRED:

I haven't lost my word on our deal
yet because for the reason I came
here today.

Fred takes out a pistol from his back pocket and hands it to
Ian.

FRED:

You are going to need this.

Ian sighs

IAN:

For?

FRED:

To kill her father. He's going to
ruin all our plans. He wants me to
get him Mark for the Bureau
investigation. If Mark gets into
the Feds, we all are joining him
too.

IAN:

What if I refuse?

Fred snatches the gun from Ian's hands and aims to his
forehead

FRED:

"The critical burnout of Ian James
in his Villa". A good way to create
a blockbuster for ALL media
channels, especially JCO

IAN:

I guess there is only one choice.

FRED:
I'll take that as a yes.

IAN:
Indeed.

FRED:
Good. I really didn't want to have
to kill you Ian.

Fred turns and throws the knife into the wall. He begins walking out of the house and then speaks to Ian without turning back.

FRED:
Your movement I have to say is
limited buddy. The only time you're
going to get out of this house, to
kill Chris Patterson. You pass,
you're off. Fail and get nailed.

IAN:
Are you trying to say I am locked
at my own house?

FRED:
You promised Mark to meet him on
Tuesday, which is Tomorrow. I am
afraid I can't let that happen. You
should be absolutely free from the
justice excruciation. Chaw

Ian looks at the gun with a disgust as he feels like it's his first time to kill. Ian rewinds the time when he killed his father.

SUPER: FLASHBACK: AUGUST- 2009

INT.JAMES'S MANSION- MASTER ROOM

Ian and his father, JAMES, are having a serious pull-off argument as James looks to be the one starting it. Ian looks at his father with sorrow and might as his eyes always turn to the shotgun attached on the wall of James's room. Till mid-scene, the conversation could not be heard as the thriller music in the background of the scene was covering. Then the conversation can be heard at one certain point.

JAMES:
YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THIS FAMILY.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE
BUSSINESS, YOU HAVE NO ETHICAL
VALUES TO ANYONE BUT JUST

JAMES:
 YOURSELF AND YOU ARE STUPID! NOT
 EVEN A SINGLE LOVE STORY YOU
 MANAGED TO GO WITH. I SACRIFICED
 MY LIFE FOR YOU AND TONY! MOSTLY
 YOU! STILL YOU DON'T CHANGE! I
 DON'T WANT YOU IN THIS HOUSE ANYMO-

IAN:
 SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT
 UUUUPP!

James's looks at Ian with a shock at the way he's
 disrespecting him.

IAN:
 YOU KEEP TELLING ME THIS SAME
 BULLSHIT LECTURE EVERY SINGLE
 FUCKIN' DAY AND I LEARN NOTHING BUT
 HATE AND JEALOUSY. EVERY SINGLE
 TIME YOU TALK I JUST FEEL LIKE
 SNAPPING A BULLET RIGHT INTO YOUR
 F*N EYE.

JAMES:

 Is this the way I raised you?

IAN:
 YES! THE WAY YOU FAVOR TONY THAN ME
 AND ALL THOSE INSULTS YOU DROP ON
 MY HEAD EVERY SINGLE TIME, MAKES ME
 FEEL THAT I WANNA END YOUR
 LIFE, WHICH I AM GOING TO DO.

Ian pushes aside his father and runs to grab the shotgun
 from the wall-shelf. He aims at James.

JAMES:
 You really won't pull that trigger
 am I not correct?

IAN:
 Don't force me to.

JAMES:
 My talks weren't about planting the
 hate and evil into your heart. It's
 for your benefit. You do know-

Ian cuts him off as he storms loudly.

IAN:
 SHUT UP. YOU NEVER WANTED TO
 BENEFIT ME. IT WAS ALWAYS TONY!
 TONY IS THIS! TONY IS THAT!
 TONY GETS THIS! TONY GOES THERE! I
 AM SICK AND TIRED OF TONY, SICK AND
 TIRED OF YOU, SICK AND TIRED OF
 THIS WHOLE DAMNED FAMILY!

James smiles as Ian speaks.

JAMES:
 You know wha-

Ian pulls the trigger and shoots James to his head. James falls down as the smile is still shown on his face. Ian puts his foot onto James chest as he looks at him with a disgust.

FADE IN-

INT.JCO BUILDING- TONY'S OFFICE- DAY-

The office door opens as the landlord comes in. His name is 'PAUL MURDOCH'. He is sits on the chair opposite Tony's desk. His bodyguard stands with his hands crossed next to the door.

TONY:
 Mr. Murdoch. What an unexpected pleasure.

PAUL:
 Mr. Tony. How nice it is to be here.

TONY:
 Anyway, what can I do for you?

PAUL:
 Well you probably know why I'm here.

TONY:
 Oh yes, the new contract for the new TV shows bundle which will be aired in JCO channel, am I not correct?

PAUL:
 Exactly. After all we have been waiting to hear from you for over a month... But umm, I got something off my chest to say

Paul moves around uncomfortably.

TONY:

I am listening

PAUL:

Oh, Well, firstly I'm very sorry about that, after all it, has taken me over four weeks to come to a decision.

TONY:

I see. And what is your conclusion?

PAUL:

Well Mr Tony here's the problem, I appreciate the services Your organization has given us. I mean don't get me wrong, at the time I thought it was a good idea. But the time has come to re-consider your new contract.

TONY:

I see. You do know that your re-consideration puts us in an awkward position? This deal is the magical wound which is going to raise back my budget once more. 60 million can lead to a fallout. Hell, a bankruptcy is expected too!

PAUL:

Yes, I understand. It's just the services you have put upon me and my establishment has not lived up to its expectations.

TONY:

In what way?

PAUL:

Well just the other day, the TV host of your political show, Adam Siegfried, had criticized the government's act, in which influences my reputation as my channel lies under the government's authority. This will result in the government pulling away the trust certificate from me and maybe the Bureau will be involved because I am aligned myself with people who

PAUL:
cratered the government, without
thinking that it was a show host
but not the owner.

TONY:
Well you can't blame me for that.
We live in a democratic country. I
can't tell Adam to stop raiding the
government or else he can sue me
for violating the democracy laws by
forcing him to speak scripted
languages.

PAUL:
It would not have happened if your
so called professional TV hosts had
been pulling their weight, thanks
to them, I could lose my license if
I align with this industry. The way
I see it they are a bunch of time
wasters looking forward to their
pay cheques at the end of the week,
and basically, it's going to be my
organization whom going to
fund-raise these shows, according
to the agreement we discussed.

TONY:
You can't back out now! Once you've
signed something there's no turning
back.

The conversation heats up.

PAUL:
Forgive me for being rude but do
you expect me to sign this on the
dotted line? Where my job can be
simply lost and my life could be
placed on a risk of life sentence
in jail, and you pig are going to
be robbing me lock, stock and
fucking barrel, in the process. I
don't think so.

Tony presses a button on his desk.

TONY:
You're going to wish you never said
that.

PAUL:
Are you threatening me Mr. Tony?

Paul stands up. He puts the document back into his case.

TONY:
Yes, you could say that. It's a
nice little establishment you have
Mr. Murdoch; it would be a pity to
lose it all tomorrow.

PAUL:
Look I've really had a bad week and
I don't want to spend another
minute listening to your crappy
threats.

Somebody knocks on the door.

TONY:
(Voice raised.) Come in.

A heavily built barman comes in.

BARMAN:
Everything ok?

TONY:
Oh just in time could you escort
Paul Murdoch out as he was just
leaving.

BARMAN:
With pleasure!

Paul smirks at Tony as he walks away. His bodyguard glares
at the barman in a mean looking way. Paul turns round, he
points his middle finger at Tony

PAUL:
Fuck you!

TONY:
I'll be looking forward to make you
regret living you little scum
traitor.

Paul and the bodyguard walk away; Tony takes a deep breath
he sits back down on the chair.

TONY (TO HIMSELF):
This prick is going to fuck up my
company's budget. Barman was

TONY (TO HIMSELF):
sitting down and he could hear
Tony.

BARMAN:
Is everything alright boss?

TONY:
No. Nothing is alright. This
scumbag just costed me a loss of 60
million..... Listen Terry, I
got to ask you something.

BARMAN:
I am up for your royalty boss.

TONY:
Close the door and pull out a chair
next to me.

Barman goes to close the door as the scene ends to here.

INT.ALFERDO'S MANSION- MAIN OFFICE

Alferdo is sitting at his desk with Richardson who is
holding a MARIJAUNA cigarette.

RICHARD:
Senor, I caught someone smoking
this in the toilets. Shall I
discipline them?

ALFERDO:
No tell him if he wants to smoke a
joint, to do it on his breaks not
when there is work to be done,
stronzo.

RICHARD:
No bother.

Alferdo's bodyguard chaps the door.

ALFERDO:
Belvaboria plait.

The guard enters.

GUARD:
Don, there is a Mr. Murdoch here to
see you.

ALFERDO:
Send him in.

The guard smiles, Alferdo looks at Richardson.

ALFERDO(CONTINUING):
Leave that here with me and I'll
deal with it.

RICHARD:
No worries.

Paul comes into the office, Richardson walks out. Paul makes
himself at home.

ALFERDO:
So how's things, how did you get on
at James's sons?

Alferdo puts the cigarette into his
mouth he picks up a lighter and
ignites the remaining Marijuana
cigarette.

PAUL:
He's doesn't look to be satisfied
at all. It was like he's going to
commit suicide after that meeting

Alferdo takes a draw from the cigarette he blows out the
smoke. He passes it over to Paul.

ALFERDO:
Why what did he say?

Paul takes a draw and blows out the smoke.

PAUL:
Do you really want to know?

ALFERDO:
Go on.

PAUL:
Well from the top. He basically
threatened me because I went
against the contract and by that
means he's going to lose a heavy
budget, which can lead to
bankruptcy. He wasn't really
thinking when he said that because
at the end, he called his guard to
kick me out. Boss, I am afraid now.

PAUL:
He might search in the feds and
find out the whole story was fake
because I don't work for them,
moreover, I'm a well-known prisoner
to the Bureau. If he finds out,
you're gone too because he's will
figure out the company belongs to
the Mafia.

Paul pauses.

PAUL:
Well you know what, I got something
better for this but-

Alferdo cuts him off.

ALFERDO:
There is no point to worry. Tony's
losing everything. He's just
feeling delusional at the moment.
He's going to ignite a huge
fireball on someone, until he loses
his senses and gets taken for a
trial of murder attempt. Tony has
many enemies and it could be anyone
whom he can suspect. It will never
be me. Never.

Alferdo picks up the phone.

PAUL:
SENOR, what are you going to do?

ALFERDO:
Elevate to the next step.

PAUL:
Non- Cappachi?

ALFERDO:
You'll see.

Paul takes another puff he coughs on the smoke.

ALFERDO:
Good shit eh?

PAUL:
(Short-breathed.): Yeah.

Alferdo shakes his head.

ALFERDO:
 Roberto , sei ei ragazzi gratuito
 per domani notte? Buona. Vieni a
 trovarci a 4.30. Ciao.

He puts the phone down.

ALFERDO:
 Tony sta per pentirsi

PAUL:
 I don't speak Italian.

ALFERDO:
 You don't have to know what I said.
 You only have to see

INT.IAN'S VILLA- LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Fred walks in the house as he sees Ian's beard had grown fluffily and looking so distressed as he holds the gun Fred gave him. Ian isn't aware of Fred's presence until Fred fires the trigger onto the wall. Ian jumps off the chair and looks at Fred in a shock. Fred laughs viciously.

IAN:
 since when you were here?

FRED:
 Hahahaha. I never left.... How do
 you expect me to leave you alone?

IAN:
 Whatever psychopath. When will I
 finish off this deal?

FRED:
 you are supposed to start now.

IAN:
 Then what are you waiting for? I am
 all ready, just on hold for your
 commands.

FRED:
 I said you are supposed to, not you
 are going to. God bless me from
 those grammar nazis.

Ian runs towards Fred in anger and points the gun to his forehead.

IAN:
ONE MORE TIME YOU INSULT ME, I'LL
SHOOT THAT SHITHEAD OFF TO HELL!

FRED:
Did you really mean to say that?

IAN:
It's about DOING IT!

FRED:
You called it.

Suddenly, Fred twists Ian's wrist and kicks off the gun from his hand. He locks down Ian very tightly, causing it suffocating for Ian to breath.

FRED:
How about this huh? Maybe I got a
white hair and full grown beard but
I am still Fred Clark! I have no
fear to snap a straight bullet over
someone's head.

Fred picks up the fallen gun by his other hand as he points it to Ian's head.

FRED:
It won't really matter if you don't
get to finish off the deal because
honestly, I don't need you anymore.
(Ian(coughs heavily as he
tries to remove Fred's arms
from his neck):)
(Alright Alright, just..
rele...ass.ee me.)

FRED:
Too soon babe.

Fred knocks off the tip of the gun to Ian's head, causing him to get knocked out cold. Fred drags Ian to his main bedroom and picks him up onto his king sized bed. He unzips Ian's clothes in full. Screen fades out as Fred closes the door while leaving the room and smiles sarcastically.

INT.IAN'S VILLA- MAIN ROOM- NIGHT

Ian wakes up finding himself shirtless on his bed, with DEBBY also fully naked on his left side and is wounded all over her body as the blood is splashed over her forehead too. Ian looks at her in horror and keeps shaking her to see if she's actually dead or no. Ian can hear hard-knocking

footsteps towards the door. He can see the shadow of the shoes through the bottom of the door. The door is locked. Ian goes over to wear his shirt and trousers in a rush. He can hear several bangs on the door and shouting by many people. At the last, the outsiders had strongly pushed the door, allowing to enter. It's CHRIS PATTERSON and his BODYGUARDS. Chris glances in a horrific expression at his daughter as she's seen bloodied all over the bed. Ian is just watching chris and was about to speak but Chris cut him short.

CHRIS:
(Stuttering to talk as he shivers):
It was you!

IAN:
No it wasn't. I swear to god It's not me! I was also found drugged in this bed.

CHRIS:
HOW DID SHE GET TO YOUR HOUSE IF SO?

IAN:
Sir, It's not me! Mr. Chris, I am Ian James. Remember? How could I be a killer?

CHRIS:
You were always one! You think I didn't know about the death of your father?

Ian(in his mind): Fred you son of a bitch.

CHRIS:
You are one scumbag. I should've thought of you from the first time.

IAN:
Debby is my wife. How could I kill-

Chris cuts him off with a loud storming.

CHRIS:
SHUT UP! MY DAUGHTER IS A VIRGIN
YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU FUCKING
PLAYED HER MIND DOWN!

Chris reloads his pistol and aims it at Ian.

IAN:

Mr. Chris. Don't do this. I have no clue about it. She is my wife. We got married secretly, just 2 days ago. I know it's a sin, but we loved each other. I would never do that to the one person I actually loved in my whole life.

CHRIS:

You knew she was my daughter so you decided to fire two birds with one bullet. Amateur mistake!

IAN:

Why would I get rid of you? Sir, you are the reason why this company of mines and Tony's exists. If you secured our past through the Bureau, we could've lived in jail forever.

CHRIS:

I AM NOT EVEN LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS! I GOT TO END THIS! SO LONG IAN!

Chris rounds off the bullet to the wall, as Ian jumps to the left side on the bed and kicks off chris's gun from his hand. The guards shoot off rounders all over the wall as Ian ducks down continuously and rapidly. Ian looks at the opened window and decides to run quickly and jump out of the villa while the shooting was going on. He lands safely onto the grass and prepares to run off. Chris orders his guard to get him alive as he fell to the floor due to Ian's attack on him. Ian runs out of the villa as the guards' stampedes behind him. Ian climbs a ladder of a normal building until he reaches to a rooftop, followed by the guards still behind. Ian walks right to the rooftop and finds numerous of machine guns fixed onto the rooftop base in order, with a sniper rifle attached on the ledge of the rooftop. Ian looks satisfied.

IAN:

Heaven?!

He is about to take off the sniper rifle when a guard bursts through the roof door. Ian swings the gun around and pulls the trigger blowing his attacker's face off. He finishes packing up the gun in a random suitcase he's found and quickly gets up running across the roof. He jumps from the rooftop to the next building. The guards trying to catch him follow also jumping. Ian lands upon a large building

rooftop, complete with rooftop door, dining table, and fire escape. The rooftop door explodes into splinters of wood as two guards storm through. By this time the other three from before have caught up, and it's an action-packed brawl on the rooftop. The two guards charge immediately at Ian. Ian throws his briefcase at one of the guards, knocking him out and roundhouse kicks the other guard. Grabbing the stolen sniper suitcase, he whips it across the approaching guards, knocking him flat over the dining table, breaking him into halves. Another guard comes up behind Ian, as he points the gun to the back of his head until Ian turns around, he immediately kept rapidly punching him in the left side of the chest, then kicking him in the back, causing Ian to jump over the guard on the broken table. Ian quickly stands to his feet but is caught off guard by the same guard, who punched him across the face. Ian holds the guard's arms and twists it, and sends him sprawling into the feet of another approaching guard, tripping him. As the guards are lying over one another, another guard jumps over the dining table and quickly attempts tripping Ian, however Ian jumps and lands on the guard's legs, breaking it. As that guard screams in horror, Ian swiftly uppercuts him in the jaw, knocking him into the side of one of the roof. The guard which was attacked in the start of the brawl, has recovered and tackles Ian. Ian quickly knocks him off and gets to his feet. The two are now fighting very close to the ledge of the building's roof. The sole survivor of the guards, attempts a punch at Ian's bloodied face, but with a quick move Ian dodges it. The guard then tries a high kick at his head. All in one, Ian ducks and grabs his legs and whips it off the ledge of the building, where he screams in agony as he falls down to a trash can.

IAN:

This is the end to all those mind
twisters.

Ian turns around and sees one more guard lying next to the rooftop blown door. The guard is reaching for small pistol. Ian notices the sniper suitcase he stole, is lying on the ground. He jumps on the case, and rolls over as he jumps, slides on it over to the guard. Ian quickly crushes the guard's hand, and steps on the very end of the handle on the pistol. This causes the pistol to rise into the air, where Ian grabs it and fires a bullet to the guard's head. Ian wipes his mouth off, as he hears the click of a mini pistol pointed at the back of his head. The first guard is still alive, with an evil grin on his face, is about to pull the trigger. Ian turns around and round kicks the gun into the air, he kicks the guard off the end side of the building, and while the guard is still flying in the air, Ian grabs the gun and lands a bullet in the falling guard's head. Ian turns around and notices a guard getting up.

IAN:

Come on this wasn't meant to be 007
Spectra.

Ian runs swiftly towards the guard, he picks up the gun and places a bullet over his head. Ian doesn't have a lot of time, his breathing is becoming thin from the brawl, he is starting to feel unconscious. The one guard is struggling with the dining table covering his head, and right behind him is the fire escape. With his last ounce of strength, Ian rapid fires the guard in his face. He grabs the rifle, swings around the guard, smashing him in the back of the head with the tip of the rifle, dethroning him completely. He then swirls the rifle around and shoots right the handle to the emergency escape. He leaps over the bloodied bodies and right to the emergency escape exit door.

INT.AN APARTMENT-NIGHT

He smashes through a window into an apartment, exits the door, down the stairs. He hears more footsteps and angry voice. He has a feeling that more guards are coming from the bottom floor up. He quickly tries to get down the next set of stairs but sees shadows on the wall of a figure approaching with a pistol. The lights suddenly black out as Ian deeps down his pocket to search for his phone. He switches on the flashlight, shockingly notices the presence of CHRIS PATTERSON. Chris aims the pistol at his forehead. Ian feels shameless to kill an old man.

CHRIS:

Nobody asked you to kill my
daughter.

IAN:

yes..... You really don't want to
know, but in fact, I am going to
say it.

CHRIS:

shhhhh

IAN:

It's Fred.

Chris pauses for a minute but then smiles sarcastically to Ian.

CHRIS:

You want to run out of your crime
isn't it?

IAN:
 I swear to god it's Fred. He did
 that because I refused to kill you.
 THE TARGET WAS YOU!

CHRIS:
 Fuck! You!

Suddenly, a series of bullet shots bounces into Chris's body from an unknown setting. Ian looks horrified as he drops his cellphone, rolling over the staircases. Ian holds his phone quickly before it's lost and looks at Chris as he slowly begins to die. The lights are still off.

CHRIS (SHORT BREATHED):
 I should've known for this whole
 time, that Fred is playing the fool
 on me.

Chris's eyes slowly blank down as another bullet shot had gone right into Ian's shoulders. Ian holds his wounded shoulder and manages to run off the flight of staircases, with a difficulty.

EXT. STREETS LANES - NIGHT

Ian runs hardly across the street, and searches for his exit point. He heads for a skewered entrance in the middle of the road, which is far off the location of the brawl. Ian falls off the to the wall of a dark street and rests his shoulders. He takes off his shirt to cover the wound. Ian is seen with a trunked vest, as he walks down the narrow streets in a distressed expression.

IAN (TO HIMSELF):
 What the actual fuck has just
 happened?

FADE OUT:

INT. SEDAN CAB - DAY -

Richardson is seen at the backseat of the cab. He's seen trying to surf down through his contacts until he presses the name of STEPAHNIE. Her phone is switched off as heard in the call. Richard begins to get frustrated.

RICHARD (TO HIMSELF):
 Stephanie come onnn! This is
 important, jeez.

The cab driver starts to look at Richard's worry through the car mirror.

DRIVER:
To where sir?

RICHARD:
I just said. Street no. 20 east of
Physio Casino Bar club.

DRIVER:
Oh there. You should've told me
because I skipped it.

RICHARD:
Oh my... I'm going to sue your cab
company for hiring idiots in their
work.

DRIVER:
Alright then. The driver brakes
heavily through the streets as he
stops Richardson by other end to
the casino Bar.

RICHARD:
Woof! How fast.

Richard gives the driver 20 bucks, as he exits the cab. Richard looks around to check if anyone is looking at him. He climbs the ladder of a building until he reaches the rooftop. He starts calling the name of Stephanie while he was climbing the ladder. Once he reached the rooftop, he finds a group of uniformed police officers, with a long clip roped around the whole rooftop. This is the same rooftop of the brawl which took place the night before. Richard glances at the place with a horrific look, as he sees several bodies being wrapped in a white blanket and besides them are the cops taking down notes and scanning fingerprints of the place.

Richard(to himself): Fuck me,
should I run?

The cops noticed the presence of
Richard and calls him back before
rappels down.

COP:
YOU!

RICHARD (GULPS):
Yes, sir?

COP:
Are you the owner of this place?

RICHARD:

Ummm actually yes.. or wait no I am not.. or actually I think I am, but wait no no I am not the owner.

The cop expresses a weird look at his face.

COP:

What type of weed you high on?

RICHARD:

No I ain't high but,
(Richard remembers quickly the words of Stephanie in her voice (Remember, don't you dare tell anyone about this base is mine at all. If anyone knows, not even the cops would protect you from my wrath of blood flood)

RICHARD:

It's actually mine, sir.

Cop: you said 1000 stories to me, which one to believe, dumbass.

RICHARD:

The..... the way how you guys changed this base, that made me confuse. But what's happening here?

COP:

Anyways, the FIB chief officer and his guards had been murdered over here. Some were thrown off the roof, some were burned and lastly, the chief officer himself, was found rolled onto the flights of staircases.

RICHARD:

Is it Chris Patterson?

COP:

You get that right boy.

RICHARD (IN HIS MIND):

What the hell you did over here Stephanie. The guy was clean.

Richard stares for a longtime at the scenario as the cop kept calling him for a longtime until he shacked richard's shoulder.

COP:

OI!

Richard shakes his head rapidly.

RICHARD:

Sorry sir. You were saying?

COP:

Can you tell me, what made you so fidgeted when you saw the cops over here.

RICHARD:

I wasn't, I just wanted to tie my shoe laces.

COP:

But it's already tied.

RICHARD:

I thought it wasn't tied.

COP:

God burn this creature.

A uniformed cop approaches to the detective speaking to Richard with a plastic bag, containing a door handle.

YOUNG COP:

Sir, I found this.

DETECTIVE COP:

wow. A door handle. I am so proud.
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS
ROOKIE?

YOUNG COP:

Fingerprints are scanned just a minute ago. The report is getting printed in a while.

DETECTIVE:

How are you printing it?

YOUNG COP:

We are the Artificial intelligence
of the Bureau, Mr. Evac Norton.

Evac looks at Richard with a smile as he introduces his workplace to him. Richard gulps and starts to sweat, as he tries to smile to cover up the tension on his face. Another cop approaches to them.

YOUNG COP 2:
The report is printed.

YOUNG COP 1:
Roger that.

Young cop 2 leaves the scene. Young cop 1 reads the report in a suspicious way.

YOUNG COP:
Target identity: Richardson Miller.

Richardson's jaws drop as he hears his name. He loses control and cracks his knuckles. His sweat begins to wear down his whole face, as it becomes noticed by the cops. The young cop starts to look suspicioning.

EVAC:
Sir, are you okay?

RICHARD:
Uhh Yeah I am fine. I am actually ill due to the cold weather.....

EVAC:
Oh we can get inside to continue the investigation.

RICHARD:
Yeah sure, umm, may I use the washroom? It's urgent.

EVAC:
You can.

Richard speeds to the washroom, before he enters inside, Evac calls him loudly from behind.

EVAC:
Umm sir, May I know your good name?

Richard panics even more as he has no clue what to say. He turns out slowly with a bearable smile on his face.

RICHARD:
Can you say again?

EVAC:
Your good name

RICHARD:
Oh my name?

EVAC:
No the guy who fell off the
building. Is this a troll or some?

RICHARD:
Uhh it's Paul Murdoch.

EVAC:
Oh thank you.

Richard runs fast to the washroom, as the cops start to
suspect the movement of Richard.

YOUNG COP:
Sir, He's tensioned. Evac
(sarcastic): I didn't see that.

YOUNG COP:
Should we keep him under our eye?

EVAC:
He's staying here only. No moving
anywhere, but he shouldn't notice.
Until we get to know who is behind
this horrific murder.

YOUNG COP:
Roger that.

EVAC:
You didn't complete reading the
report.

YOUNG COP:
Bulgarian citizen. The suspect
resides in a ranch at the coastal
provision of Beirut. No wives, no
kids. Lives alone. Unemployed
currently.

EVAC:
Photo of the identity?

YOUNG COP:
Not shown.

EVAC:
You are ordered, execute him and
hold down his house. He must be a
main suspect.

YOUNG COP:
Roger that..... What about Paul?

EVAC:
I will handle this.

FADES OUT

Evac and his crew of cops are waiting besides the washroom door. Evac looks nervous as he keeps looking on and off at the watch.

EVAC:
Mr Paul it's been 10 minutes and
you still haven't come out. Is
everything okay there?

The cops together work to kick off the door. There is no one in the washroom, as the window was opened. Evac face-palms.

COP:

BOSS, HE ESCAPED.

EVAC:

I CAN SEE THAT! SHIT!

Evac pauses.

EVAC:

Wait a minute, this guy is the main suspect found on the fingerprints.

He looked nervous when he heard the name. All the cops sigh as they listen to Evac.

EVAC:
Follow his place of reside and
execute him if he's found. GO!

The cops speed up as they rappel down the ladder and gets into the armed forces jeep.

CUT TO:

EXT.- STREET- NIGHT

Richardson is seen running with full speed, without knowing his direction. He keeps running until he reaches sewed abandoned slum street. As running, he gets tripped by an unknown figure, who pulled its legs. Richard rises up and looks at the figure in a shock. The figure is revealed to be STEPHANIE, in a full zipped, black costume. Steph doesn't look impressed as Richard tries to hug her and she backed him off.

RICHARD:

Why?

STEPH:

Who are you to hug me?

RICHARD:

Your right hand man. It's Richard.

STEPH:

I don't know anyone by that name.
Or wait, I think I know him: the
criminal who flooded the rooftop
rumble.

RICHARD:

Steph, what are you even saying?
It's your place.

STEPH:

I told you not to tell anyone about
this place. Your stupidity got you
suspected.

RICHARD:

Nah, don't worry. I flew off
somehow. I told them my name is
Paul Murdoch.

STEPH:

It could've been believed if I
haven't called the cops that the
guy in the washroom, is Richardson,
the owner of this base.

RICHARD:

FOR WHAT?!?!?

STEPH:

You are now a burnt playmaker. Your
existence at the moment, will allow
the feds to hold us down to hell.

STEPH:
Your double faced identity is
ruining my reputation and it's
running ALFERDO'S TOO!

RICHARD:
What bullshit?

STEPH:
I know everything Richard. I know
everything since day 1.

Suddenly, the siren of the police cars sounds off as Richard tries to run but Stephanie punches him and runs away before the police car speculates her identity. Richard tries to stand but out of nowhere, two bullets were fired right into Richard's head. The cops speed up once they heard the bullet shots, in which they reached and found Richard flooded with blood. The cops spread all over the street, instance for protection.

CUT TO:

INT.ICB'S CORPORATE OFFICE- FRED'S OFFICE- DAY

Fred is seen typing through his phone and smiles as if he read a joke. Suddenly, Joey enters rapidly, which freaked out Fred and led in him losing control and dropping his phone on the floor.

FRED:
Oh my! Stupidest associate I've
ever seen in my life.

JOEY:
oops. I am sorry.

Fred shows his index finger with frustration.

JOEY:
Oh, you're welcome.

FRED:
you're going to pay 1000 bucks for
the phone's repair.

JOEY:
But, what I am going to tell you,
is even worth more than 1000 bucks.

FRED:
Speak?

JOEY:
Chris Patterson was found killed in
a rooftop building. All his guards
were flooded too.

FRED:
He's killed?

JOEY:
Yeah man! This is great! Now we can
no longer worry about him. I have a
feeling you pulled this, right?

Fred loses focus for a minute as he thinks for himself.

FRED (TO HIMSELF):
you shouldn't have done that Ian.
Not a rooftop rumble.

JOEY:
OI! Where's your mind going?

FRED:
Do you know who killed him?

JOEY:
I just said I have a feeling it's
you mate.

FRED:
No! Absolutely not me! I am not an
idiot to start off a rooftop rumble
and lead series of investigation up
my ass.

JOEY:
why would they hold you off? You
never even been to his office or
even his house to meet him. It was
always a private meeting, so they
wouldn't even consider this.

FRED:
You have no idea about what went on
last two days.

JOEY:
I know dude, I was getting all your
steps from your men, that's why I
am saying this, you're the one who
pulled it off. Getting Ian sharing
his bed with a murdered Debby,
could have pissed Chris off and

JOEY:
lead to the brawl, but how did they
reach up to a rooftop?

FRED:
murdered debby? All what I did was
get Ian shirtless and I was going
to force the girl to get laid but
the bitch flew off. I have no idea
that Ian actually killed him.

JOEY:
It's fineee bro! Chris is now gone.
Whether it's you or someone else,
the most important thing is, Mark
Is still in our possession.

FRED:
What about Ian? If the cops run
behind him, we all are burned.

JOEY:
Don't worry about Ian, he must've
escaped from the country or some.
Anyways, you wanted to get him
killed right?

FRED:
I wanted to. But now things
changed.

JOEY:
You mean?

FRED:
Ian must live, he's the only route
to breakdown tony's corporation.

JOEY:
You didn't know that the blood of
the brothers dried into water? Tony
broke the contract with Ian, so now
he has no influence on his business
deals.

FRED:
Technically, he does. If you think
of pulling a war between both, this
is a great opportunity for our
intervention. Let the two have the
money and the authority war which
will lead to the secrets revealed,
Tony starts to worry, He tries to

FRED:
find a way to kill Ian, same thing
goes for Ian, then BOOM!

JOEY:
But how will we intervene?

FRED:
Leave it to me Joey.

JOEY:
Nah. I left the whole past week to
your hands and in the end, you
don't even know what happened. So I
need to know about this.

FRED:
Alright then, I am just going to
give a hint. Mark James.

JOEY:
Explain?

FRED:
Another hint? That would be the
last one if so.

JOEY:
Just say it already.

FRED:
mark is our man, so he's going to
act as our representative to try
and control JCO.

JOEY:
I still didn't get it.

FRED:
You will see it.

JOEY:

Oh my god! I won't wait for another
week.

FRED:
This might take more than a week,
so have patience, because shit is
about to go down!

Joey looks confused when Fred said that and starts to think
about this whole plan while Fred smiles as he looks at Joey.

CUT TO:

INT.JCO MEDIA LINE COMPOUND- JCO TV

ADAM SEIGFRED, is seen sitting down to a booth and reads the script for tonight's talk show. He doesn't seem happy about this script and throws it off with anger, without anyone noticing it. The men are signaling Adam to get ready as the show is going to air live.

CAMERMAN:

Alright Adam we are about to shoot,
3.2.1. GO!

Adam starts the show with a distressed facial expression.

ADAM:

Beirut: Quiet town or hell on earth? That's the question that is on everyone's lips. In a series of crimes, which have occurred within a space of a week's time. Here I am, live, recalling my same words from the past episodes: What is the government doing? Jerking off? Farting? Fucking hookers? All that is possible because this is the nature background to this town. What the hell are you bunch of clowns doing here? What happened to the FIB? The one and only agency that stood by the people at times and now? It's broke! Not reliable. Not trustworthy. They can't stand up against any dominant power in this country because Chris Patterson was sucking the ICB's cock 24/7, that mother fucker, and now he's sucking the devil's in hell because he was backstabbed. the one reason why everyone in this city are morons, because they believe riddles and rhymes from these scumbags, the ICB. Backstabbers. Money whores. Lack of humanity. They bribed our country's own defence and caused the Best and brightest of the FIB to quit or retire or buried, because they were too good. What in the name of Jesus Christ nailed to the cross is the government even doing to help this country from its downfall?

Adam pauses.

ADAM:

We are still Waiting exclusively
for the outcome to which to date
has become the biggest media
production of the year and has
gripped the nation by throat.
Earlier this week, it was about a
rooftop rumble and now, it's about
an innocent citizen called
Richardson Miller, killed by bunch
of officers, because the real

ADAM:
 killers behind the murder are
 sitting at their asses eating crips
 and watching Opera house on MBC!
 YES, I AM SPEAKING TO THE ICB! THE
 ONE THAT HYPOTIZED THE COUNTRY'S
 DEFENCE FORCE AND TOOK THEM UNDER
 THEIR COCK.

The men and the audience at the show is in full shock.

ADAM:
 I address all of you citizens
 tonight, not as a TV show host that
 is getting paid so that's why I am
 doing this, not as the leader to
 the Anti-discrimination movement
 which nobody even gives a single
 fuck about, but as a citizen. We
 are faced with the very gravest of
 challenges. The Bible itself, calls
 the doomsday- the end of all
 things. And yet, for the first time
 in the history of the planet, a
 group of cow-munchers are not even
 realizing that one-day god is going
 to rot them in hell for causing the
 extinction to humanity. Therefore,
 I highly recommend, each and every
 single one of you watching me now,
 the ones whom really care for this
 country's future. The ones that
 will do anything to stop the
 corruption. To all, citizens: take
 a life-risk and step up, for the
 rights of humanity, under a "walk
 of shame". That's right,
 walk.of.shame. It's so simple.
 Walk-chant-risk-sound your voice.
 ERUPT YOUR VOICE. CALL THE ICB TO
 THE GROUND. BOYCOTT! REFUSE! IT'S
 TIME FOR THE ICB TO KNOW THE SINS.

Intercut scenes were shown in 4 phases. First phase cut to, a fractured Ian, who's sitting down at a regular coffee shop and turns his attention to the TV as he glances in disappointment at Adam's political show air. The second phase cuts to an angry Alferdo who throws off his vine glass as he watches Adam's show, with Paul Murdoch sitting by his side. The third phase cuts to Fred sitting to his office desk and Joey is opposite, as both men don't seem to be happy about what Adam is airing.

JOEY:

How the living fuck on earth is
this piece of shit having that much
of balls to speak his own bullshit
about the government? For fuck
sakes he deserves one.

FRED:

It's called Tony James. (Fred
looked at Adam's show quizzically)

The Last phase, cuts to Tony James, standing by the end of his company's building main hall as the whole crew is watching the show with a glance of shock on their faces, whereas Tony showed a sly smile on his face while watching the show from the back.

INT.JCO TV- (CONTINUOUS)

ADAM:

and some of you might not like the
type of phrases I tend to use
during my show, well let me explain
to you, you don't like my show, you
better flip off your TV because---

Suddenly, ADAM received one bullet to his head, which can't be shown which direction the bullet came from as the man also got shot, as an evidence of the getting flipped onto the man's head and instantly recording his face bumped into the screen as both falls. Everyone from the audience runs off the fire escape route as the building's security ensures that their exit is well consisted. The intercut to the four phases quickly glances but for each phase, 7 seconds were adjusted. Ian, Alferdo and the ICB associates, were slack-jawed, at the same time, were so radiant to the news, especially Alferdo and Paul Murdoch's phase. Only phase 4, the whole JCO crew, screaming in agony, while Tony was tight lipped and looked very displeased. It seems that he's about to seek redemption. Tony quickly takes out his cellphone and dials a random number. Once the line is picked, Tony looks even more sorrowed.

TONY:

Finish it!

Tony quickly hangs up and stares with an absent air at the crew's moaning to the recent event.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A very rush hour in the central business district in Beirut. The unknown figure wearing a hooded beanie, leather scarf and a black leather jacket is walking straight on the platform near the busy shops, as he's only shown from his backside. As he reaches to the end of the street, which is a very dry and deserted area. The hooded man sports a cabin from the furthest distance. He walks slowly and calmly to the ripped walled cabin. The figure is still showing his back to the . The shabby door creaks open to reveal a small dark room. The smell of coffee enters his nostrils, something is going on. The figure flicks the light switch on, as he stands by the fixed mirror, only to reveal a mid-sized, has a distinctive scar along his right cheek. The is fully zoomed on the figure's scar, still not showing his full identity. The figure is still to be unknown as he walks towards a scrapped door. The figure kicks off the door handle, slowly opening into a dark and large sized room. The figure turns on the light beside him. The makes it through a huge board, including the pictures of "RICHARDSON", "CHRIS PATTERSON" and "ADAM SEIGFRED", with a hole in the middle of Richard and chris's photo. The figure sticks up a knife right into the middle of Adam's photo, scratching it roughly. zooms out onto the figure in full, only to reveal a cold hearted facial expression of mark JAMES! mark takes out his knife and sticks it hardly onto the floor, trying to cut a squared area. Once he's done, he removes the squared part and elevates downwards to the underground.

INT.UNDERGROUND

The place is in a heavy lock of armed guns, with each is fixed onto the base floor. MARK: opens up the sniper suitcase and smiles radiantly as he looks at the sniper clean and fresh. He zips the suitcase and takes it with him as he leaves. He stops under the uncovered floor. mark (shakes his head): Not worth it now.

He drops back the suitcase and uses the dangled rope to climb up. mark covers the floor again. He takes out a family photo of "IAN, TONY, HIS FATHER JAMES AND HIS MOTHER). mark takes out his knife and pokes it through Ian's and Tony's face rapidly.

CUT TO:

INT.JCO BUILDING- TONY'S OFFICE- DAY

Tony is totally absent in the air as he crosses his arms over his head onto the desk. EVAC, the police officer, is sitting opposite tony's desk, looking at his watch in a nervous way. Tony suddenly rises up as he's shocked when he looks at Evac sitting.

TONY:
Since when you sitting here?

EVAC:
Since the time you decided to put
your head down, 10 minutes ago.

TONY:
So..... how did things go?

EVAC:
He's at the foundry. My men are
cleaning his dirt upside down, over
there.

Tony suddenly rises up with a radiant laugh.

TONY:
FUCK YEAH! YOU GOING BY MY CAR OR
YOURS?

EVAC:
Hold hold hold. It's the FIB's
foundry, you probably get what I
mean.

TONY:
I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK! TAKE ME
TO THE FOUNDRY RIGHT! FUCKING! NOW!

EVAC:
But,

TONY:
THERE ARE NO BUTS OR DICKS. YOU
TAKE ME TO THE FOUNDRY, OR ELSE I
WILL TAKE YOU TO MY ONE. AND TRUST
ME I WOULD LESS CARE IF YOU WORK
FOR THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IN THE
FIB, BECAUSE I WOULD SLICE YOUR
THROAT DOWN EVAC.

Evac stands up slowly in a distressed look.

EVAC:
Uhh, I guess, my car?

TONY:
GOOD! LET'S GO!

CUT TO:

INT.FIB'S FOUNDRY- DAY

The place is flooded with many armed un-uniformed police guards. Evac walks ahead of Tony, guiding him to the unknown hostage. The hostage has a blindfold wrapped over his head. Tony slaps the figure very viciously with the blindfold on. The figure coughs out blood heavily as it rains down over his shirt. Tony signals Evac to leave along with the guards.

TONY:
Ian James, long time no see. (The figure is revealed to be IAN)

IAN:
How do you know my name? and who the fuck is you? Why am I even here?

Tony removes the blindfold from Ian's head. Ian looks so roughed up and has many big bruises all over his face. He gets even shocked when Tony is revealed.

IAN:
The last person in this world, that I would expect him to do this.

TONY:
Surprised?

IAN:
Oh, my brother testifies!

TONY:
Testify?! Against who? Against my own brother who sold me out to the same people who killed our father? Or wait, shall I call this as, the same people who hired my OWN BROTHER TO KILL OUR FATHER!

Ian begins to smile in a devilish way.

TONY:
What in the name of Jesus Christ nailed to the cross were you even

TONY:
thinking about accepting this
offer.

IAN:
You really wanna know? It's you,
Tony! The guy that the father used
to treat him like a playboy and a
right hand to his everything. But
me, I am just a waste of air that
was born by mistake, according to
his saying. Now I proved that I am
no longer a waste of air and
decided to take my own life steps.
The first one was to burn down your
father and soon, it will be the
burnout of you!

TONY:
My burnout? You clearly don't watch
the news right? If you're getting
out to the sunlight, you are going
straight to the FIB'S HQ
Investigation room.

IAN:
Because Adam was right. This
country frees the real killers to
enjoy their lives, while some
innocent ones are forced to spend
their afterlife at god's own
property.

TONY:
You talking about Adam seigfred?
The poor little political TV show
host whom you killed anonymously?
Or wait a second, talk about the
innocent fella, Richardson Miller,
who was killed because he was false
accused to the murder of Chris
Patterson.

IAN:
Are you even hearing yourself when
you say that? It's like
contradicting your own damn self.
You rob off the biggest and the
baddest Multinationals and swipe
off the society's debit cards by
bribing the largest banks, just
because the CEO was your childhood
pal.

TONY:

And weren't you the same associate that helped me with all of these? The same associate who stuck next to me through the good and bad. The same associate who didn't bother risking his life, by investing all what he owns just to grow this industry. And now, you're just a sympatric killer, who won't bother risking his life even.

IAN:

I HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE!

TONY:

YES YOU DID! MY FATHER WAS THE FIRST ON THE HITLIST!

IAN:

IT WAS JUST HIM! THEN I CLEARLY HAVE NO IDEA ABOUT THE DEATH OF CHRIS NOR THE OTHER ONES.

TONY:

Chris died in the same rooftop, that-

Ian cuts him off

IAN:

speaking about the rooftop, you really wanna know why Richardson was suspected? That's the mind of a mentally blinded one eye person. Richard was the owner to the rooftop. Even worse, the one fundraising him, is your only secret spy, Stephanie.

Tony pauses for a minute but then laughs sarcastically.

TONY:

Nice way to change topics. Stephanie was always loyal to me.

IAN:

Stephanie? When will you ever wake up. Steph is the one holding Richard as a puppet between Alferdo, Chris, the ICB and finally you! Ever thought about the one who has the ability to help mark to

IAN:
 escape? Stephanie is just a
 mastermind. Richard was the puppet.

Tony ignores Ian's talk and takes out a 9mm pistol. He reloads it.

TONY:
 I enjoyed this little time,
 rewinding the old times together.
 But as you know Ian, everything has
 to come to an end.

IAN:
 You mean, every good thing!

TONY:
 The good always becomes bad. No
 difference really. Tony aims the
 gun at Ian's head.

Ian smiles

IAN:
 I would love to die by your bullet.
 It's like the blood wrath.

TONY:
 It's no more a blood.

The door busts open and EVAC and armed men enters the foundry. They start shooting in the air very randomly.

EVAC:
 IAN JAMES! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

IAN:
 OH MY BROTHER TESTIFY! RIGHT TONY?

Tony takes out his knife from the backpocket and throws it onto the ropes tied to Ian's chair, Allowing Ian to be free. Tony gives Ian another gun, as he holds his own.

IAN:
 YOU BETTER NOT DITCH ME OVER HERE.

The armed forces men unleash a spray of gun fire on Ian and Tony, who ducks down onto a barrack. Ian quickly slides to reach to another cover to the east and ducks down, while shooting rapidly the armed forces.

IAN:
I TOLD YA TONY! ALL GOOD THINGS
COMES TO AN END.

TONY:
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF
BULLSHIT I AM GOING THROUGH RIGHT
NOW! IF THESE ARE REAL COPS, I AM
ACTUALLY DEAD.

IAN:
SINS OF THE FATHER!

They continue to shoot while talking. Tony takes out his knife, sending it launching into an armed man, knocking him over. Dozens of men enter the foundry throwing off random bullets out of the way.

IAN:
Well, this is going to be fun.

TONY:
FOR YOU! I AM AN INTERNATIONAL
BUSINESSMAN. THE REAL FUN WOULD BE
SPENDING 10 YEARS OF MY LIFE IN A
CELLED ROOM.

IAN:
MAYBE THIS IS A WAKE UP CALL! TO
STAND UP AGAINST YOUR OWN SINS, OR
THE ONES YOUR FATHER CREATED FOR
YA.

Tony dives to the rear exit door to the foundry, rolling in managing to avoid their bullets. He reaches the staircases next to the door and pulls out a machinery gun.

IAN:
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

TONY:
I'VE BEEN TO THIS FOUNDRY BEFORE,
THE TIME WHEN MR YENG WAS KILLED IN
HERE.

Thee armed men try to pile into the staircases, while Ian's reloading the gun as he's not aware of their presence coming. Ian throws a knife right into the one armed man's chest, just before Tony gets into an armed man and rapidly splashes a spray of fire onto all armed men standing by him. The men fall off like a domino. Evac appears to be missing from the foundry, while all armed men whom attacked, got sprayed off an open fire. Tony looks up to Ian, while standing by the exit door.

TONY:
you got a car?

IAN:
Yeah... A black sedan.

TONY:
Good, I'm using it.

IAN:
Let's go, before more hijacks this
place

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ian and Tony runs to the black sedan

TONY:
This yours? He is indicating the
sedan.

IAN:
Yeah. Something that I bought on my
own, away from your father's sins.

Both men get into the car, with Tony driving. A gunshot
echoes and we see sparks from a bullet connecting with the
car's steel.

TONY:
TAKE THIS AND SHOOT! (Hands him a
machinery gun)

Ian turns and fires a shot to the head at the shooting armed
man.

IAN:
Where the hell we headed to?

TONY:
Away from those guys.

IAN:
you can never hide away from this
country's armed forces.

TONY:
Stronzo!

Ian looks at Tony blankly.

TONY:
IT'S ALFERDO! EVAC WAS A SET-UP!

IAN:
I always had a feeling about that
the time he host aged me to the
foundry.

TONY:
That's why I started shooting,
otherwise I could've left you
serving your own death if they were
real cops. I wouldn't get involved
with this bullshit with the Feds.

IAN:
You will never change. I guess it's
rather dying alone than dying with
a greedy mother fucker.

Tony starts to get nervous as he speeds up.

TONY:
Yes, I'll never change, especially
to you! THE BROTHER WHO KILLED HIS
OWN FATHER! THIS ISN'T OVER YET,
IAN!

Tony screeches around a street corner, almost flipping the car. He swerves past taxi's and buses. Out of nowhere, a sleek, blue motorbike comes roaring out of an alleyway to the side of Tony. There is an armed forces solider on it, firing wildly with an Uzi, his long black hair flapping vigorously behind his head.

TONY:
get that wheel.

IAN:
ARE YOU STUPID?!! WE ARE IN THE
MIDDLE OF A GUNFIRE! I CAN'T GET
OFF THE-

TONY:
shut up and Take it!

Tony quickly climbs into the back seat and pulls out his 44 magnum. Climbing out of the sunroof halfway, he fires at the solider. The motorbike falls to the ground, making sparks, and is soon hit by an oncoming truck. Another black sedan emerges from behind the truck and begins to pick up speed, heading closer to Tony. The driver appears to be EVAC.

TONY:
IAN! STAY IN HERE!

IAN:
WHY ARE YOU CONTRADICTING YOUR OWN
WORDS?

TONY:
EVAC IS BEHIND US!

IAN:
That bitch called it upon himself.

The sedan is now practically bumper to bumper with Tony's sedan, and before an armed solider sitting next to Evac, can climb out the window, he is shot in the forehead by Ian.

TONY:
"I only killed once in my life"
enough said.

IAN:
that one time made a professional,
but not as a murderer.

TONY:
You're so not safe today, Ian.

IAN:
JUST END THIS MASSACRE THEN WE CAN
TALK ABOUT YOUR REDEMPTION.

Tony's sedan screeches and turns down the alley, but the black sedan of Evac swerves in as well. Interestingly enough, the alley way can fit a maximum of two cars side by side. Both sedan cars pull up alongside, creating a kind of bridge for Tony to cross to the other car. Completely climbing out of the sunroof, Tony crosses to the other car and begins firing through the roof. As a result of this however many more holes explode through the roof of the black sedan of Evac's.

IAN:
Jesus Christ they have Uzi's!

Tony falls back onto his sedan, and Evac climbs through the sedan sunroof. Showdown. Evac flicks out a knife, a dirty smile on his face. Tony simply smirks and raises his machinery gun.

TONY:
Amateur cop.

He pulls the trigger, but nothing happens. Evac approaches Tony, and the two begin a sloppy tussle. A punch here and there, and finally Tony is standing over Evac, the knife pointed at his throat.

TONY:
Who set you up?

EVAC
(sarcastic):
Your mom

Tony gets nervous and punches Evac right onto his lips, causing him to bleed.

TONY:
Again, who set you up?

EVAC:
Your dad.

Tony squeezes Evac's ear, popping blood out of it. He screeches his right ear off his head. Evac screams in agony.

TONY:
Next time, it's your eyes. Who set
you up?

Evac finally gives up.

EVAC:
Paul Murdoch.

Tony stares at Evac in a cheeky smile.

TONY:
So this wasn't the FIB?

EVAC:
Paul ordered me to get rid of you.
That's why I kidnapped Ian, to grab
your attention.

TONY:
Too bad.

It happens extraordinarily fast, a small over pass bridge comes flashes past, as Tony kicks off Evac, whipping him off the sedan sunroof, leaving him crushed on the road behind. Tony lets out a sigh and climbs back into his crushed Sedan, as Ian is waiting for him.

IAN:
Who was it?

TONY:

IT'S ALFERDO.

IAN:
I just heard the name of Paul
Murdoch.

TONY:
He's just another set-up to this
wild card.

IAN:
So? Your plan is still the same?
Get rid of me right?

TONY:
If there's anyone going to kill
you, it's going to be me.

IAN:
So you're here to finish the job?

TONY:
Not today. I still need you.

IAN:
But I don't want to help you
anymore. This family is like a
trash to me.

Tony brakes suddenly and screeches for a long drift, as he
pulls out his knife and puts it under Ian's throat.

TONY:
I hate to say this, but you're the
only key to solve all those
problems around.

Ian doesn't show any reaction to the knife on his threat.

IAN:
You're getting this wrong my
friend.

TONY:
We'll see about that, my friend.

Tony slowly gets back to his seat and throws off the knife
from Ian's neck.

TONY:
you better thank me for letting you
live today, because remember, I no
longer have mercy on anyone.

IAN:
Scared?

TONY:
of you?

IAN:
Should be!

TONY:
you're the one who should be
scared, not me.

IAN:
I am not even scared, because just
like you planned out everything, I
got everything planned too.

TONY:
We'll see whose plan works out in
the end, my blood brother!

IAN:
The smartest!

(while looking at the axe pulled out from under Tony's seat)

Ian smashes Tony's head to the glass and picks up an axe which he found under the driver's seat. Ian opens the door and tries to run down the street, as Tony's holding his blooded head and is totally absent about Ian's escape. Ian continues to run with the axe in his hand very fast, in which he became at a far distance from Tony. Tony's still holding his head, as residents began to surround the car, wondering what has happened. Tony wasn't aware of his surroundings, until he took off his hands from his head and looked around. He began to get very nervous as he looks around the opposite seat and doesn't find Ian.

TONY:
FUCK ME!

Tony kicks the accelerator with force, as he speeds up his car.

ALFERDO'S MANSION- MAIN OFFICE ROOM- DAY.

Alferdo is puffing a hard Marijuana while sitting on his king sized chair, as Paul Murdoch, surfs over his phone and looking to be excited about something he just saw. Alferdo notices his excitement.

ALFERDO:
Any good news, Paul?

Paul immediately releases off the smile from his face and tends to act normal.

PAUL:
Uhh nothing Senor. There is nothing confirmed yet.

ALFERDO:
Can you show me that phone for a second?

PAUL:
Sure senor but-

ALFERDO:
SHOW IT!

Paul hands him his phone with shivers. Alferdo checks through his phone.

ALFERDO:
Pornography? Jeez Murdoch, watch it while you're alone, not when you got meetings.

Alferdo hands him back his phone.

PAUL:
Sorry senor, it was just too boring.

ALFERDO:
Whatever!

Suddenly, there is a knock on the door.

ALFERDO:
Come in?

Alferdo's CHIEF GUARD, WILLIAM, opens the door and enters the room.

WILLIAM:
Senor, Mr Joey Noble and Mr. Fred
Clark are waiting outside.

PAUL(SIGH):
You called them? For what?

ALFERDO:
You'll just see.

Alferdo looks back at William.

ALFERDO:
call them in.

William gets out, within 5 seconds, the ICB associates enter
the room and makes themselves at home.

FRED:
Senor Alferdo, Longtime.

ALFERDO:
Yeah it's really a long one since
you came over my office. Now the
business world transformed your
lives aye?

FRED:
Uhh not really. At least we haven't
sold our names and origins, just
for the sake of growing a business.

Alferdo starts to look disappointed but tries to hide it
with a small sly smile.

ALFERDO:
This isn't the thing I called you
for

JOEY:
Then what you called us for? You
want more money yeah? We give no
more because We never took anything
in return from you, ALBERTO!

Paul sighs

ALFERDO:
Reminding me of my old name doesn't
mean You've done something good for
me.

JOEY:

But reminding you of your own country, US OF A, which we bailed you illegally, out of a death sentence for..... Being a part of an assassination attempt to the President?

Paul even looks more confused.

PAUL:

I don't get anything.

Alferdo starts to grin and bite his lips.

ALFERDO:

You had no choice. Your families were on my hitlist, I haven't requested this, so I didn't really consider a return favor for y'all, but for now I will, because I am going to settle a small game between the four of us.

FRED:

Which game? Blowjob or 69?

Paul, Fred and Joey laughs hysterically, as Alferdo looks at disgust to Joey and Fred.

ALFERDO:

It's a do it or die game.

The three men starts to get serious.

JOEY:

About?

Alferdo opens his drawer and takes a file bundle, labeled as "DO OR DIE". He takes out 2 more copies and hands out to each of them. As they all start opening the file, they find only one paper, containing photos of: TONY JAMES, IAN JAMES, mark JAMES AND STEPHANIE WILSON! The ICB men tends to look very concentrating, while Paul just closes the file, with no sign of expression.

JOEY:

Now? You're talking about this deal now?! After the rise of JCO's empire, and you're fucking asking us to finish them off?!?!?

FRED:

And what's the culprit behind killing mark? The guy was always loyal to us, especially you! If it wasn't mark, you could've been making a mafia inside the prison rooms at the Bureau.

ALFERDO:

Firstly, Tony and Ian are playing by our minds. Making a fake ass show of "no love found" between the brothers, then one by one, they start shooting the enemies down like dominos. The rooftop rumble was a starting point made by Ian. Followed by Richardson, which fortunately, my boys were able to capture fired up moments between Stephanie comforting Richardson, in which few minutes later, Richardson was found dead and Stephanie flunked away.

Alferdo takes out the pictures from the drawer and gives it to Fred.

JOEY:

What does Stephanie have to do with Tony's plans?

ALFERDO:

Stephanie is a playmaker. She works for her own empire, but uses Tony as a fake curtain, to cover up all her crime acts, when Tony is also able to use her for his benefit quite easily. But anyways, Richardson deserved it because the ones who just thinks about biting my back, I bite his before, luckily god saved him from getting killed by me.

FRED:

But Tony and Ian are no longer associates.

JOEY:

Exactly. I had one of my men snitching to him about the real story behind his father's murder.

PAUL:

Nope! That was my guy who snitched to Tony.

ALFERDO:

Paul's right! Evac Norton, you all know him well.

PAUL:

Allow me to continue, senor.

ALFERDO:

With pleasure.

Alferdo lights a new cigarette by triggering his pistol and offers the ICB men a cigar, which they refuse in a gentle way).

PAUL:

Tony requested from Evac to find him Ian and get him locked up in the FIB's foundry. Evac did it and Tony was there. The conversation of redemption took so long between the brothers, so Evac had no choice-

Alferdo cuts him off with a loud storming.

ALFERDO:

Evac had no choice but to get killed by the brothers, sadly.

Paul turns to Alferdo, with a shocking glance at his face.

PAUL (STUTTERS):

How did you get to know about this before me?!

ALFERDO:

Watching Pornography, remember?!

Paul hesitates to look at Alferdo's face as he feels ashamed of the little lie he made.

ALFERDO:

I just said it Paul, I don't like snakes.

Alferdo takes a quick shot at Paul, using his pistol, sending him crashing back to his chair. The ICB associates glance in horror at the incident.

ALFERDO:

He just wanted to hide everything from me, so when Tony or Ian gets killed, the gain would be his only and then disappear to nowhere. Stronzo! Doesn't even know that Evac Norton was my guy in the first place.

The guards enter the room, as Alferdo signals them to take the blooded Paul Murdoch away from the office. They carry him and exits the room.

ALFERDO:

Back to our game yet?

FRED:

Yeah for sure, I am just scared to sleep tonight from watching this horror film.

Alferdo laughs hysterically

ALFERDO:

Hahahaha. Don't worry, if you always lay under Alferdo's guide path, you will never feel scared.

JOEY:

Alright then, what's next?

ALFERDO:

I knew that Tony and Ian aren't really getting along with each other. I just had to know if Paul was actually a liar, or he forgot to tell me that the brothers worked together to clear off the FIB at the foundry.

FRED:

Then you're right, Joey. Ian must be the one who killed Chris and Tony could be behind the rest.

JOEY:

But what about mark?

ALFERDO:

mark's fault is that he belongs to the family. No matter what services he does, or the amount of missions he carries for our benefit, he

ALFERDO:
would still carry the same genes
from his father.

FRED:
mark just wants his earnings back.
He hates James just like we do and
even worse.

ALFERDO:
Even Ian, otherwise he wouldn't
have picked the gun and killed him.

FRED:
Ian is just stupid! He doesn't
think for himself or basically, now
he started to think of making his
own way, but after what you told
me, he's back to his stupidity.
Paranormal romance movies
influence.

ALFERDO:
For mark, his greediness and filthy
to wealth and power, is just like
his father's. If we help him rise
to become the company's new owner,
He won't let anyone from outside
the family hold a small percentage
of the management even. It's all
for himself. Even worse, he could
turn the tables on us if we object
on any decision.

JOEY:
Just like Tony.

ALFERDO:
Si!

FRED:
But the thing is, mark evaporated
out of a sudden.

ALFERDO:
He's probably under the ground
again. He doesn't know Chris
Patterson died that's why.

JOEY:
Or maybe he does?

ALFERDO:

Then mark isn't an ally anymore.
He's got some plans set too.

JOEY:

Hell, yeah. He was supposed to meet
us right after Chris's meeting. He
just responded to the call but then
he never showed up to us.

FRED:

But mark would never join forces
with Tony and Ian. NEVER!

ALFERDO:

Tell me that you and Joey weren't
worried about joining forces, 10
years' back, in which you did.
Because: Cash rules.

JOEY:

Excuse me-

Alferdo cuts him off

ALFERDO:

Not excused, now shut up!

FRED:

So, what's the bottom of this plan?

ALFERDO:

The four must be dead, before 28th
of August, before 2 weeks
basically.

JOEY:

Why a specific date?

ALFERDO:

Alrightttt, this is really important
so fix your ears before I speak
further.

Joey actually listens to what Alferdo said, but Fred
sarcastically laughs at Joey.

ALFERDO:

28th of August, is remarked as the
Big Global Bang!

JOEY:
Prostitution day?

ALFERDO:
IMMATURE!

FRED:
Shut up Jo!

ALFERDO:
Let me explain to you this.

ALFERDO:
there is a huge drugs and arms
smuggling operation going down on
that day. This operation takes
place every year at that day. There
are many involved in it, each from
different countries, and smuggled
the drugs and arms to their
country.

JOEY:
Names?

ALFERDO:
Antonio Carlos, the state of
secretary of Rome, Mr. Fahad
Elbaneer, the CEO of "Arab
Commercial" Bank. Our dear friend
whose sitting by right now

Alferdo indicates to himself

ALFERDO:
Mr James Lambert, whose now dead as
you know. Now, the man in charge of
this entire operation was a huge
Spanish crime lord, hiding in
Mexico, Mr. Martinez Sanchez. Any
ways, each representative was paid
a hefty amount from the crime lord
for their services to him. However,
this is where the bullshit begins.
The crime lord made it so that if a
representative died, their sons or
his siblings, would be continuing
their legacy. Now that James
himself died, Tony is the new
representative to the Lambert's.
Now Tony's pulling off all his hard
work, to be the one to smuggle the
largest deal, and gain the big

ALFERDO:
prize ultimately. But if Tony dies,
it's not the end of the Lambert's.
Ian and Mark will probably receive
a call from the crime lord,
offering them a Tony's place to the
operation.

JOEY:
How can that be a worry?

ALFERDO:
Tony, is actually the second in
command, because he's probably the
only one who made the biggest score
of 540 Million in exchange of drugs
smuggling. I couldn't even do that.
The lord depends on him for nearly
everything, it's usually because
James and Mr Martinez were best
friends. That's the worry, Tony
should die so that the others win
more. Tony could even put pressure
on the crime lord and force him to
kill me. If he's not killed before
the operation, he's going to report
the crime lord to get rid of ME!
Hell, he could even kill the whole
of the representatives if Tony says
so. That's why, the Lambert's
should die, before we get to die!

FRED:
Why don't we just kill the crime
lord better?

ALFERDO:
That's another clause: If the crime
lord dies, the whole operation
stops. If that happens, all the
income I receive, is gone, because
I only work for this operation.

FRED:
That's why you were trying to
capture off JCO??

ALFERDO:
Si! Something to use as a backup,
because I am not guaranteeing this
crime lord. He's a wide target to
many organizations, so one small
shot and I am gone too! Get them

ALFERDO:
killed boys. Maybe if Tony wins
this year's operation, both your
turns are next.

The ICB men thinks for a while, as they stare at each other blankly. They turn back to Alferdo, as they nod their head twice. Alferdo smiles and lays his back to the chair comfortably. Fred and Ian doesn't seem to be happy about this decision now. Joey suddenly turns to Alferdo as he speaks roughly.

JOEY:
Under one condition: help us get
through this operation too.

Alferdo lights his cigarette once more and nods his head, with satisfaction.

ALFERDO:
I'll try. Both men smile

CUT TO

"THE NIGHT OF 27TH AUGUST' APPEARS AS A SENTENCE TO
THE BACKGROUND OF BEIRUT'S MOUNTAINS SCENE.

TONY'S VILLA- MAIN OFFICE- NIGHT

Tony is seen surfing over his phone shows full seriousness. Ian comes in from another room, with a full grown beard and long blonde hair. Tony isn't paying attention to Ian's presence in the room.

IAN:
What are you scuffling for? Tony
looks at Ian in a tempered
expression, as he hesitates to drop
his phone. Ian looks suspicioning
to Tony's act.

TONY:
Why the fuck do you care? Get
inside, we got a heavy shit to
finish off tomorrow.

IAN:
That's why I am came here. I won't
do it.

TONY:
Joke?

IAN:
For real.

TONY:
Why is that?

IAN:
Because you're a bastard!

TONY:
You don't want me to raise the gun
on you again

IAN:
I would rather die get involved
with a cheap ass motherfucker that
sold his own family's career and
legacy, and sold out to his own
enemies, just for an operation.

TONY:
The fuck you talking?

IAN:
The Mexican crime lord, the drug
smuggling operations that take
place every year on 28th of august,
and your associations with Alferdo
himself. That's just a big sellout.

TONY:
You uncovered the whole plot, seems
like it.

IAN:
You wanted to set me up. It's
simple: I kill Alferdo, I get
trapped by the crime lord's road,
the ICB's road, the FIB's road and
your road. Fortunately, I was too
smart to uncover it quickly, now I
know the one behind all those
killings over the past months.

TONY:
If I wanted to get you killed, I
could've done it right now.

IAN:
You just wanted a scenario away
from getting suspected, so that was
the way to get me killed.

TONY:

You can think of it in any way you wish to think, but the stake remains the same. You're going to finish it off.

IAN:

The one raised by the gun, falls by the gun. Good night, Brother.

Unexpectedly the front of a truck comes crashing through the villa's main gate. It crashes into the security's cabin room. The truck comes crashing up as Ian and Tony looks down the window at the on-coming truck. Tony's guards start to make a run for it

INT. VILLA

Tony runs to the window and witnesses the massacre. He quickly goes to his desk drawer and opens it. he goes into it and finds a key. He takes it and turns round to the metal cupboard located behind him. He puts the key in and turns it, the cupboard door is unlocked. Automatic Weapons are exposed.

TONY:

It's probably Alferdo and the ICB. They pulled up together.

IAN:

So double trouble?

TONY:

They called it upon themselves. No need to wait for tomorrow.

IAN:

I never said I am doing it.

TONY:

There's no choice. It's do or die.

Tony throws off a machinery gun to Ian. Ian catches. Ian looks out at the window and sees the disaster.

IAN:

You're right! There are no choices.

TONY:

Great! Let's finish this first, then I get to finish you later.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA

The guards are seen blasted off from a huge explosion down the garden.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S ROOM

The brothers' guns are loaded as they walk downstairs; they are ready for action. The truck eventually comes to a halt. The guards surround the vehicle and begin shooting, bullets smash the window in the driver's seat and impale the steel and radiator cage. The guards realize, that there is nobody firing back and there's no sign of life. The guns stop firing. One guard walks over to the truck cab, holding his gun as he reaches for the truck backdoor and opens it quickly. Out of the blue he's sees a masked man, who is crouched down on the floor. He is pointing a gun at the guard. The gun goes off, the single bullet hits a guard in the forehead, he is stunned. He falls backwards and lands on the ground. The masked figure pulls the pin out of a grenade, he throws it out the window. The grenade lands beside five of the guards, who are crouched down behind the table like soldiers in a trench. The device explodes straight away, killing the men by throwing their bodies up into the air. The other five men start shooting the truck again. A fire has started; the emergency sprinkler system is activated. And the fire alarm begins to make strident noise. Water comes showering down soaking up the area. The masked man comes out of the cab carrying a M16 machine that has a rocket launcher attached to it. He jumps down onto his feet. The masked figure looks up the villa windows as he sees Ian and Tony's shadows walking slowly with a gun raised. The brothers are holding the machine guns. They look out from the hallway's window and sees a masked figure.

TONY (TALKING TO IAN):

This doesn't look like Alferdo's guys.

IAN:

A truck and grenades. Not even the ICB's shit.

Tony breaks out the windows with the back of the gun and points at the masked man and fires. the target jumps out of harm's way. Ian hits a rocket to the truck and explodes. The truck disintegrates into a huge fireball, throwing glass and steel. The force of the blast causes the masked man to fall forward onto his stomach. Tony doesn't look happy.

TONY:
Who sent ya, mother fucker!

Tony begins shooting at the figure, the bullets hit the stone floor making sparks. The masked man rolls over, struggling to avoid death. He gets back up onto his feet and hides behind a bricked wall. The five guards remaining keeps shooting into the figure's direction. The figure angrily points the launcher and fires as the missile hits Tony's office room which completely is destroyed, the guards are thrown forward by the blast their bodies fly over. Tony is furious at the carnage within his place, as Ian continues to fire quickly onto the figure.

TONY:
(Frustrated)

Go tell your boss to come at me
instead of sending out a bitch ass
motherfucker to finish their jobs.

As the truck burns, the figure reloads the rocket launcher. He dives round the corner for the ground. Tony's eyes show fear as the masked man fires the launcher. Tony and Ian dives for cover throwing themselves onto separated directions from the hallway. They crawl along the floor. The missile makes a destroying entrance. It hits the wall which is divided by two windows. An explosion is seen from the point where the rocket hit. It has made a big gaping hole. Tony's suit and hair is covered in dust, bits of wall and mortar. He is coughing and choking. There are no signs of Ian at the moment. Tony's room is completely devastated by the aftermath. Tony crawls across the floor. A figure's foot stomps on Tony's hands. It slides onto the figure's masked face.

MASKED FIGURE:
Hello Tony, Remember that voice?

TONY:
Who is it?

MASKED FIGURE:
your dead soul, bitch!

The figure ambushing punt kicks Tony in the face.

MASKED FIGURE:
Get up boy. Or I can say, get up
brother.

Tony's lips are burst open, he puts his hand on it and looks at the blood. The figure's takes out his mask, only to reveal the almightily MARK JAMES, showing a smirked smile on his face.

TONY: (SHOCKED)

No. It can't be. It can't be you.
This isn't reality, tell me that.

MARK:

Unfortunately, It's reality.
Welcome to the real world, Tony!
The world you always lived in.
Murder, sex, power, money and
business. Compared to my life, it's
a savage. Your father made me feel
worthless. I always better, but
your father planted the evil minds
in my heart. He made me hate you.
He didn't need to say it directly,
but he always treated you just like
Michael Corleone treated Vincent
Corleone. A fictitious example, but
really close to what your father
did. I always wanted a straight
chance to place the bullet through
his head, but luckily your brother
Ian raced the first.

Tony wipes off his blood from his mouth as he looks at it in disgust and then stares at mark

MARK:

Yeah, it's blood. Now you know how
it feels?

TONY:

You're here to finish the job? Or
some redemption seeking of your
own?

MARK:

Does it really matter?

TONY:

I won't die if Alferdo said so. My
enemies will never dethrone the
power over me.

MARK:

Oh, Don't worry about Alferdo. He's
probably getting fried up by the
devil, down there.

(MARK points to the ground).

TONY:
You killed him?

MARK:
I didn't kill him.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: ALFERDO'S MANSION- NIGHT.

Alferdo's seen sitting by his office, with the ICB men preparing heavy guns and zipping them into suitcases, at the dining table in the opposite room. Joey starts to panic a bit as he slowly kicks Fred's leg, to grab his attention.

FRED
(annoyed):
Watch your way, Jo.

JOEY
(Panicking and talks softly)
Fred, I am worried. That fat prick might set us up.

FRED:
For? He needs someone to get rid of the Lambert's. We are the ones.

JOEY:
I heard that the murder of Richard was a whole plot by him.

FRED
(sighs)
What makes you say that? Richard was his right hand man.

JOEY:
Stephanie. She is a double agent. Hell, even triple. She works for this man, Tony and Chris Patterson.

Fred shakes his head with a sarcastic smile on his face, as he turns around to packing the guns into the cases.

FRED:
You really stupid, bro. Just don't even think about it. If he wanted to set us up, he wouldn't have convinced the crime lord for our recruitment into the operation.

Joey starts to bite his lips and sweats down. Fred looks at Joey with a suspicious, in which Joey isn't aware that he's looking at him, due to the tension.

FRED:

Joey, this isn't about what you told me.

JOEY (STUTTERS):

W.w.what do you mean?

FRED(SUSPICIOUS):

Jo, you're worried because of something else. Say it.

JOEY (HESITATING):

Promise me you won't get pissed.

FRED:

That's even worse. Tell.. me... Jo.

Joey keeps biting his lips until he breaths heavily and starts narrating

JOEY:

I spent last night at the casino. I was totally drunk and stressed. Stephanie Wilson approached at me, as a hooker. Believe me Fred, she was amusing. I paid her and took her over my house for the night.

FRED

(worried)

Then?

JOEY:

As I said, I was totally drunk and tired. I confessed to her just like my wife, in which I secretly married her on the spot. I told her about everything, the ICB, Alferdo, Tony and the plan we set. Once I woke up, she wasn't there. The locker was totally empty. Every single thing related to the ICB, it's in there. That's in addition to our bank accounts details. Later, I figured out it was Stephanie Wilson. Motherfucker!

FRED
(angry)
How...stupid...are..you...

JOEY:

I was drunk.

FRED:
YOU SAW HER PICTURE WHEN ALFERDO
ADDRESSED THE PLAN. HOW CAN YOU GET
SO STUPID???

JOEY:
I never knew it was her, I was out
of the world, mentally.

FRED:
Joey, you just fucked up
everything. Stephanie is probably
taking this down to Tony, and watch
our businesses getting burnt.

Joey looks down in a shame. Fred holds Joey's chin tightly
with anger.

FRED:
Joey, get your guys and make it
quickly through this son of a
bitch's house.

JOEY:
What if she isn't there-

FRED:
FIND HER! CRACK DOWN THE EARTH'S
CRUST! I WON'T DIE BECAUSE OF YOUR
STUPIDTY, UNDERSTAND?

JOEY:
I'll try-

FRED:
There are no "tries", it's a do or
die. It won't matter killing my own
associate, if he's going to get my
power to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFERDO'S ROOM

Alferdo is lighting a cigarette, as he receives a phone call. He picks up.

ALFERDO:

Holla

VOICE O.S:

Alferdo AlMundo?

ALFERDO (SIGHS):

Si, que?

VOICE (O.S):

Your partners aren't nice after all. Burn them before they burn you.

ALFERDO (ANGRY):

who is this?

VOICE O.S:

I am your dead soul. CAIO.

The line cuts, as Alferdo slowly stands up and ignites the cigarette. He starts to look at the door. He quickly makes a phone call.

ALFERDO:

Roberto! GET YOUR ASS IN HERE, QUICK!

ROBERTO O.S:

I am sorry Senor. I can't.

ALFERDO:

WHAT DO YOU MEAN! I SAID GET YOUR FUCKING ASS IN HERE BEFORE I BURN YOUR WHOLE FAMILY DOWN!

ROBERTO O.S:

I wish I could, but-

Suddenly, a bullet shot sound was rounded off. the voice that called Alferdo earlier appears in the call.

VOICE O.S:

Roberto, is no more! Burn them before they burn you! Check it in the drawer.

LINE CUTS OFF.

Alferdo opens his drawer and finds pictures taken of Stephanie Wilson and Joey Noble sharing their bed together. Alferdo gets even more frustrated. Alferdo starts to walk with anger boiling on his face, towards the door. He quickly opens it and walks to the hallway, searching for the ICB's room.

CUT TO:

ALFERDO'S MANSION- DINNING ROOM

Alferdo quickly storms off the room, as the ICB men gets shocked from his unexpected entrance.

FRED (TRIES TO COVER HIS SWEAT):
 Senor, we are almost done. Just two more sniper rifles to pack, then we are loading it into the jeep.

Alferdo stares significantly at Joey.

JOEY (STUTTERS):
 Is there anything, senor?

Alferdo doesn't utter a word and shows Joey the pictures. Fred face palms quickly as joey looks to the floor, covering his shame.

Alferdo raises his gun towards Joey.

JOEY (IS SHOCKED):
 Senor, what are you doing? I-

ALFERDO:
 I said it before, I burn rattlesnakes.

JOEY:
 No don't do it.

Alferdo quickly triggers the gun and rounds two bullets into Joey's head. Joey falls down onto the dining table, as Fred widens his mouth in shock.

ALFERDO:
 He was always sly, never liked him since day one.

FRED:
 Neither do I, he was stupid. I was going to cut my contract with him

FRED:
by the end of the year anyways.
I've had enough literally.

Alferdo smiles hysterically, as he aims the gun towards Fred too.

FRED (PANICS):
Senor, I am not Joey. I have
nothing to do with this too.

ALFERDO:
I don't like liars too. You weren't
loyal to your own partner, so I
have no guarantee that you would be
loyal to me too.

Alferdo quickly rounds off two bullets through Fred's chest. He smiles with a heavy gasp. However, a gun point tangles to the back of his head, with a voice of a female.

VOICE:
Freeze. Don't even think about it.

The voice is revealed to be, STEPHANIE WILSON. She rotates Alferdo's head to her side. Alferdo glances in shock.

ALFERDO:
You came to kill me?

STEPHANIE:
Who said that?

Stephanie rounds off a bullet to Alferdo's head straight away. She sticks the pistol into Alferdo's hand as he falls and pulls over the ICB men on top of each other. As Stephanie smirks to the dead bodies, she wears her mask and runs temperedly to the window, only to jump back to the rooftop, in which she gets in her helicopter and flies off.

CUT TO:

THE DESTROYED OFFICE (CONTINUNING)-

TONY:
Where did Stephanie go?

MARK:
Found burned inside her helicopter
on the hills. Anyways, she deserved
this end.

TONY:
You killed her?

MARK:
It's called, redemption. Stephanie was your bitch always. So for once, I had to make her work as my bitch, then get her burned down, just like what I am going to do right now for you. The eye of evil will never end, but the people will, and their punishment is hell.

TONY:
Please mark, don't do this. I'm sorry, really sorry, for all the bad times you went through. But it wasn't my fault, your father was the one. Blame him, not me. It's not my fault he treated me like that. Please mark I'm-

Mark kicks Tony in his spinal cord, as he is thrown onto the other side.

MARK:
after what you did to me, sorry is not good enough.

TONY:
you know what, blame Ian! He's the one behind all this bullshit. NOT ME!

MARK:
I don't have to blame Ian. Ian's getting his flesh burnt down at the other room over here, too.

Tony looks at Mark in a shock

MARK:
Don't get shocked Tony, every bad guy deserves a big hit. You made a lot of sins, so your hit is even bigger.

TONY:
Nobody claimed you as a god.

MARK:
I am not a god; I am the messenger of cash rules.

TONY:

You do realize that the FIB is searching the dust and smoke to find you. What you're doing is going to extend the life sentence, hell even death can happen. You're an international criminal who killed the Chief officer of the Bureau, followed by an innocent person then a TV host, then two international businessmen. This is insanity, not even crime.

MARK:

I know. But I'm getting used to living the criminal lifestyle. To tell you the truth, I'm actually enjoying it. It's like a mission of fortune. I am washing away the sins from this country, but my aim is only for myself. I've done all of this, just to climb up your level, and watch you on begging for mercy.

TONY:

So this is what you've decided to become? Living without a care, without a heart? This isn't the same mark that took care of me when I went through the heart diagnosis surgery.

MARK:

And what about you Tony? Oh wait, you were always an asshole but the difference from the past and now, is that you never liked to hurt people, but now, you enjoy doing it

TONY:

you're little personal war for all those things that happened. Why Chris? Why Adam? Why Richard? Why Ian?!?! YOUR OWN BLOOD BROTHER!

MARK:

It's not about anyone brother, I'm only doing this for the people down there protesting for your organization to step down, and for my redemption too.

TONY:

Protest?

Mark quickly takes out his cell phone and shows a footage of protesting going on at the streets . Tony glances in shock as he sees people chanting and insulting the name of JCO.

TONY:

For what? WE WERE ALWAYS CLEAN!

MARK:

Oh, you didn't know?!?! The town had been whipped off. Schools, hospitals, stations and many things, had been burned down by mafioso men. I had Stephanie to report the FIB that the whole massacre is caused by a war between Alferdo's Mafia and JCO. That's why, the ICB is shutdown few hours ago, most probably your company is getting one by today too.

TONY (SCREAMS):

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?!?!? I NEVER EVEN HURT YOU! I LEFT YOU ALONE! THIS IS COMPLETE LIES!

MARK:

To hit you where it hurts the most. To make you realize, that you are a force to be reckoned with. You always left me in pain and agony, now it's your time to drive away to hell, because anyway, whether it's me or the FIB, you're going to die!

Tony remains quiet, he looks down. Mark realizes Tony's sorrow.

MARK:

Now you come to realize what it's really like to feel injustice? I know you had nothing to do about this, but when you sent your men to fuck my wife in her bed and then kill her, this was injustice.

TONY:

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

MARK:
SARAH! Now you know what I am
talking about.

Tony looks at mark in sorrow.

TONY:
It wasn't me.

MARK:
Your men turned the tables against
you when I caught them red handed.

Mark begins to tear down and quickly wipes off and gets back
into seriousness.

TONY:
I had to do it. Ian told me so-

Mark quickly kicks Tony's ribs dashingly.

MARK:
(anger):
FOR ONCE IN YOUR FUCKING LIFE! GROW
SOME BALLSAND SPEAK OUT THE TRUTH!
IAN HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
IAN'S THE ONE WHO TOLD ME THAT
YOU KILLED MY WIFE.

TONY
(Shakes his head)
Impossible!

MARK:
I hate to have to tell you this.
You were fooled by everyone, even
the closest to you, Ian. Sins of
the father.

CUT TO:

EXT. TONY'S VILLA- CARPARK

The sound of sirens is heard, smoke is coming from the
house's main entrance and from the damaged part of the
villa.

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM

TONY
(debased):
Come on, let me make it up
to you,..I can hear them coming.

Mark grabs the back of Tony's legs and forcibly picks him up, Rampaging his head full-force into the damaged wall. Tony is close to passing out.

MARK:
(smirks)
How ya feel getting shoved up in
your own office?

Mark gets down and grabs Tony's hair.

MARK:
I said how. Don't you dare not
answer my questions!

Tony's face is debased, fully bruised and showered in water. His full face is blooded.

TONY:
you see that wall?

MARK:
The battered one? Yeah, What about
it?

TONY:
There is an axe under my bed. Take
it and smash the wall.

MARK:
It's already smashed you dumbfuck!

TONY:
Just do as I said.

Mark grabs the axe from under the bed and smashes the wall even more worse than it is. A chain of money rains down, covering the whole room. mark holds a 100-dollar note.

MARK:
Oh aye Tony. Feeling charitable,
all of a sudden?

TONY:
Call it whatever you wish. I don't
wanna die in here. I just want to

TONY:
live and survive, even if I won't
be spending my life in this
country.

MARK:
Unfortunately, you're not running
away.

Mark ambushing stands on Tony's chest. He takes out all Tony's credit cards from his study desk and zips them through his pocket. He then scuffles through evidences related to him, in which once he found, he rips them off. Tony looks sorrowed but in pain.

MARK:
Fucking hell Bro, you actually keep
track of everyone's files. Even the
closest ones.... Assholes never
change.

The two men hear the sirens getting closer. Mark smiles creakingly, as Tony tries to swamp and batters to Mark's legs. Tony is crying in pain.

TONY:
Please, mark! I am begging you!
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN! If they come
over here, MY CAREER IS GONE! I'M
GOING TO JAIL FOREVER!

Mark kicks off Tony's hands, as he shakes his head with a smile.

MARK:
Welll I guess this is a final
goodbye Tony, by the time they
arrive, you will realize all the
sins, washing away in front of your
eyes. Remember back at times, you
strictly told me you never wanted
to see my face again? Now you will
never see this face again. Not even
surprise, because both of us will
be in places, were it's difficult
to reach each other. Hopefully by
then, a prison cell will have made
you into a better person, but I
doubt, because Assholes never
change. You're one of them, Tony.
But before I leave, I got something
to do. It's for my heart to rest.

Mark grabs a lighter and ignites the credit cards of Tony. Tony's eyes blink in tears as he watches the fire glooming.

MARK:

So Long, Tony James Lambert.

Mark walks out the room, with a cheeky smile. Tears come Tony's eyes as he clammers with his injuries. He shouts out loud.

TONY (SHOUTING):

WE ARE NOT DONE YET, MARK
THIS ISN'T OVER! IT'S NOT!

Tony starts to feel delusional as he imagines the souls of Ian, Chris Patterson, SARAH, Adam Seigfred and Richardson, surrounding Tony as he is confused and looks around himself. They laugh holistically.

ALL:

YOU BROUGHT IT TO YOURSELF!

They all disappear suddenly, as Tony shouts loudly.

TONY:

MAAAAARRK!!!!!!!!!!

Tony's voice echoes, Mark walks casually and smiles as he hears Tony's voice.

VINCENT ABRAHAM, and ten other armed forces, come into the room and see Tony lying on the floor. They point their guns at him, as Vincent watches Tony getting up, in agony. Tony stares at Vincent in questioned

TONY:

Vince? You work for them?

Vince looks down in shame but then looks at Tony quickly with no expression shown.

VINCE:

I am sorry Tony, we were always
friends, but..

Vince looks at the fellow officers, then back at Tony.

VINCE:

Arrest him!

Tony sighs as he doesn't know why Vince turned on him. One of the officers takes out a set of handcuffs.

TONY:
FOR WHAT?!?!? VINCENT, WE ARE
FRIENDS!

Vince starts to release tears from his eyes, then wipes them off as he looks very serious.

VINCE:
You always say it, business is
business.

Officers ties a handcuff into Tony's hands. Tony starts to tear down, as he gets handcuffed and follows Vince and the officers as they walk out.

FADES OUT

FADES IN-

EXT. COURTHOUSE- MORNING-

Reporters are standing and holding a microphone in one hand and a notepad in the other. A whole crowd of protesters are standing holding up banners which has different insults on them from "GOVERNMENT'S PUPPET" to "JCO=HELL ON EARTH". The courthouse's front doors open, Tony's left arm is fractured. The crowd throws stones at him as he walks, in which Tony raises his arms to block the stones. His face is taped with bruises all over. He is accompanied by his team of lawyers and VINCENT ABRAHAM. There are flashes from s and rival reporters trying to get a few words from Tony, but Vince pushes them away. Tony looks battered and very ill. Vince and Tony exchange stare down on and off.

VINCE:
I couldn't tell the truth, Tony.
Forgive me.

TONY:
If I was you back there, I wouldn't
expose my father's secret.

VINCE
(looks shocked)
You know?

TONY:

Since the time you came over my
office, 2 months back. Your
national ID bounced off your pocket
but I didn't want to hurt you by
anyways, in which you did. Your

VINCE
father Chris Patterson sent you as
an undercover.

Vince starts to look down in shame.

TONY:
Don't worry! Your secret will
always remain a secret, only to me.
Your father's story, will never be
told, because by walking out there,
I am no longer alive.

VINCE:
But you are innocent Tony. You
should speak out. You should expose
the truth to the whole world, maybe
your death sentence will lower to
some few years. Tell them about
Mark. Do something PROVING JUSTICE
ONCE IN YOUR LIFE!

Both men could be seen through a binoculars attached to a
sniper rifle. Target focuses on Vince, then moves to Tony.

TONY:
Vince, my way of justice is not the
same to the FIB's way of Justice.

VINCE:
Justice is only one, and for
everyone.

TONY:
If so, nobody would've committed a
mistake.

VINCE:
Looks like I'll never meet someone
that stands for Justice, all I see
is money whores, assholes & dirt
sheets. My father is a bigger one.
I feel disgraced.

TONY:
You will meet a lot, but on the day
of Resurrection.

An unknown armed men walk off from a black sedan and carries
rifles as they approach to the courthouse. The Security
forces walks on the sides of Vince and Tony. A person
holding a sniper from a rooftop. The other guy come down
from the vehicle at gunpoint From the standpoint of

binoculars and Sniper rifle, the target is aimed at Vince and Tony. Tony notices the binocular from distance and smiles, as he feels like his end is coming. Complete darkness hails on the screen as several bullets were rounded off in some strong bullet shots. Screen fades in, as we see Tony falling backwards and lands on the ground pulling Vincent down with him. A massacre has taken place around the court house as unknown men, spraying a gunfire war among each other. The crowds of people scream and run away. Uniformed policemen, trying to end this massacre, manages to hold off many of the killers, whereas some were shot viciously.

CUT TO:

INT.AIRPORT-DEPARTURE LOUNGE.

The television is showing adverts; MARK looks quite strange as he faked a long black beard with specs worn and is drinking a cup of coffee. He looks up at the television. Suddenly a breaking news flash through the TV.

TV NEWSCASTER:

Good afternoon. It has been reported that International JCO Entrepreneur, Tony James Lambert, has just been shot dead outside court, after a heavy massacre took place, nearly taking away lives of police officers as well as protesters. Many of the killers had been arrested by the surviving police officers, while some were shot in position. Tony Lambert, had just been convicted and condemned to death sentence in prison, for the recent crimes that took place. No reports to be covered on the real mastermind behind this street war, but rumors circulate that it's an act of revenge brought on by the murder of the big Mafioso, Alferdo AlMundo. The government had made a press on the complete lockdown on the multinational business of ICB, due to the death of the owners and the exposition of many evidence, showing the corruption overtaken behind the scenes, this applies to the lockdown of JCO as well. Thank you for watching bulletin news and good afternoon.

TANNOY:

Beirut Airways flight 129 to Sydney
is now boarding at gate 5. Please
have your tickets ready for
boarding.

The passengers stand up and start to walk towards the
boarding gate. Mark stands and follows, as he wears his
black shades.

CUT TO:

INT.PLANE - MAIN CABIN

Passengers are making themselves comfortable in their
designated seats. Some are putting hand luggage into the
storage cabinets. Mark goes past passengers as he walks up
the aisle. He finds an empty row of four vacant seats. He
goes in and sits down on the seat next to the window, he
makes himself comfortable. He then puts his seatbelt on.
Feeling relaxed, relived and liberated he rests his head on
the wall looking out the window, and puts his earphones' as
he tunes in his iPod. A figure pulls out the earphone and
taps on Mark's shoulders.

VOICE:

Is this seat taken?

Mark turns his head round; he sees SARAH smiling at him. She
smiles back.

MARK:

I had a feeling you're going to
come.

Mark stands up, allowing Sarah to sit on the inside seat.

SARAH:

I saw the news today.

Mark stares at Sarah with a smile.

SARAH:

This is the first time you're
smiling with pleasure, especially
to me.

MARK:

Because I finally cleared off the
fire which was locked inside my
heart, for nearly 10 years. Thanks
to you.

SARAH:

Don't say that. All I did was follow your orders. You told me to disappear, I did.

MARK:

Do you love me Sarah?

Sarah stares at Mark with a shy smile.

SARAH:

If they put the whole world on one side, and you on the other, I would choose to die with you. Hell, I would kill myself for you.

MARK:

I don't know what to say.

Sarah rests her head on Mark's shoulder, as he looks out the window. Sarah opens her eyes and lifts her head, she puts the palm of her hand onto Mark's right cheek. He turns round his head moves forward Sarah's lips they meet. They continue to kiss. Suddenly, a male cabin crew member's steps on the side of the couple's seats, with a beverage tray.

CABIN CREW MEMBER:

Umm excuse me sir.

Mark stops kissing as he turns around to see the beverage tray. He smiles until he looks at the cabin crew member's face, in which he was in full shock and horror. Sarah covered her mouth with her hands in sign of shock.

CABIN CREW MEMBER:

Looking for someone?

The cabin crew member takes off his shades, only to reveal TONY JAMES, which was supposed to be dead. His face is covered in dust and bruises. Mark slowly stands up from his seat, with both brothers exchanging stares to one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY

The plane is going at high speed, the front of it rises up. And heads for the blue sky. The back wheels eventually rise from the ground.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK TO:- THE COURT MASSACRE AFTERMATH- DAY

The officers are distracted by taking away the dead bodies. Tony's body was covered by a police van. He punches the engine and with a difficulty, runs away, with no walking stick, in which he kept falling on his way out.

CUT TO:

INT.CABIN PLANE (CONTINUNG)

TONY:

We are flying, and NOW, you're dying.

MARK:

Well, this isn't over yet...

A sound of a gun click as Tony takes it out, snakingly. Mark checks himself to find a weapon, but sadly it was taken during the airport check out. The passengers start to get confused, only until they see the face of Tony, in which they try running away. SARAH screams in agony once she sees Tony's gun. Slowly, Mark smiles as we can see him trying to take out a knife from under the passengers' seat. Both exchanges vicious smiles.

SCREEN GOES BLACK WITH FIVE GUNSHOTS BEING HEARD AND PEOPLE SCREAMING LOUDLY. It's not clear who was the one killed.

THE SCREEN FADES TO BLACK. THE END CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS.

FADES IN

TONY JAMES LAMBERT

IAN JAMES LAMBERT

MARK JAMES LAMBERT

ALFERDO ALMUNDO

FRED CLARK

JOEY NOBLE

CHRIS PATTERSON

STEPHANIE WILSON

RICHARDSON MILLER

SARAH

EVAC NORTON

VINCENT ABRAHAM

GUEST OF HONOR: JAMES LAMBERT

CAUTION: THIS MOVIE IS NOT MEANT TO DISCUSS ABOUT AN ACTUAL
FIGURE'S LIFE, NOR IT IS RELATING TO ANY ARAB COUNTRIES
ISSUES, WHEREAS IT IS BASED ON THE CREATIVITY OF THE WRITER.

THE END

FADE OUT: