

THE EXPERTS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

OPEN to a well furnished room that exudes wealthy extravagance, but modern sensibilities.

PAN to a monstrous sized wall mounted flat screen with two half empty bottles of champagne, various bottles of penis extension pills, a penis pump, and two glass candy dishes filled with Viagra pills on a table below the television.

PAN to the bed. Two attractive strippers, early twenties, hard bodied, in their underwear, asleep.

DAVID WEBB, late forties to early fifties, stands near the side of the bed, with a wide grin, as he STARES at the women. He REACHES for a silk tiger striped print robe on a chair next to him and PUTS it on, covering his matching boxer shorts.

He MOVES toward the table under the flat screen, GRABS one of the bottles, and prepares to DRINK champagne, but STOPS due to the sound of a gun being COCKED in the background.

PAN to OWEN GRANT, mid to late thirties, fit (And amazingly looks a lot like Jake Gyllenhaal... Possibly) as he sits in a leather chair, dressed like an action film cliché; cafe racer leather jacket, hooded sweat shirt, tee shirt, jeans and boots, and CRADLES a silenced HK VP9 pistol.

OWEN

Hello David... Nice house. I'm guessing selling tech software to the wrong people pays really well.

DAVID

... What--- Who are you?

OWEN

Man with a gun. Based on the outfit I'm guessing you're going for. What. 70s porno star.

Owen REACHES for an air horn canister on the ground next to him, and PRESSES the button, RELEASING a loud sound effect, which affects David and CAUSES the women to WAKE up, then LOWERS the canister to the ground.

The women WAKE up.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Ladies. My apologies for the rude
wake up call.

DAVID

Don't feel too sorry for
them. They're hookers. Not
people.

Both strippers GIVE David the finger.

OWEN

Hookers not people... All you need
are lines of---

PAN to a table with a glass mirror, lines of unused
cocaine, a rolled up hundred dollar bill, and a credit card
on top.

OWEN (CONTINUED)

Cocaine on a mirror. You're
seriously straight out of the d-bag
handbook.

David attempts to REACH under the table near him.

PAN to a red panic button under the table.

OWEN (CONTINUED)

Got into your house without setting
off the alarm. You really think
your panic button works?

DAVID

I---

OWEN

Rhetorical question Dave.

Owen REACHES for a luxury gift bag on the floor, and THROWS
it toward the women.

OWEN (CONTINUED)

That's a hundred grand for each
of you. You saw nothing. You
know nothing... Based on what you
had to deal with. You probably
deserve more.

DAVID

Fuck you---

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

You're the one standing near a penis pump and a row of dick pills... Just saying.

DAVID

They didn't have any complaints.

Both women humorously hand MOTION that David is not well endowed.

OWEN

Ladies. Sorry for the inconvenience. You've done a great service for humanity, and the prostitute community as a whole... You're free to go.

EXT. LUXURY HOME - DAY

A late model to brand new CADILLAC CTS Sedan SPEEDS away from the mansion.

INT. LUXURY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

David stands near a window, and angrily WATCHES the car SPEED away.

Owen is behind him with his pistol HELD lowered to the ground.

OWEN

You want to lose the robe.

David TURNS around.

OWEN (CONTINUED)

If I have to look at that thing any longer I might just shoot myself.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR WAREHOUSE - DAY

An HK G36 Rifle is near a tree.

PAN to ADAM LOCKE, mid to late thirties, fit, in a suit, and solid dress shirt, as he LEANS against the tree (He LOOKS almost eerily similar to Chris Evans... Possibly).

He starts to SING.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
Sky rockets in flight... Afternoon
delight.

He RAISES his left arm to LOOK at his watch.

ADAM
11:25... Good song though.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Several SUVs MOVE toward a gated entrance.

Suddenly the lights GO out, and the SUVs come to a STOP.

The Lights come on.

PAN to ADAM on an elevated catwalk with a mounted M134
Mini-gun in front of him.

ADAM
Possibly overkill.

Adam thinks for a moment.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
Fuck it.

Adam FIRES at will.

SUVs REVERSE, and are HIT by rounds.

Gunfire DESTROYS the building.

SUVs STOP as the drivers are killed.

Suited men EXIT SUVs, and are CUT down.

Adam CONTINUES to FIRE.

The final SUV, in reverse, FLIPS over as rounds HIT the
front of the SUV and the front tires.

Adam STOPS firing, then SURVEYS the damage.

ADAM
Overkill.

RONALD MARTIN, late forties, in suit and tie dress, CRAWLS
out of an overturned SUV, slightly injured.

He attempts to WALK off, but FALLS forward near, Adam, who's in front of him. Ronald LOOKS up, attempts to RISE, then passes out.

WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Adam stands in the middle of the chaos with his rifle in hand.

PAN to Ronald as he sits on the ground in front of an SUV.

RONALD

Do you know who the fuck I am?

ADAM

I do. It's the reason I did the whole shoot. Kill. Bang bang thing... If you were just some guy who worked at PINKBERRY I probably wouldn't be here?

RONALD

You're a dead man.

Adam hand MOTIONS for him to stop speaking.

ADAM

Really don't appreciate the tone---

RONALD

Fuck you.

Adam FIRES a single shot into Ronald's upper right arm, which causes him to SCREAM in pain.

RONALD (CONTINUED)

You shot me.

ADAM

I did.

RONALD

Fuck that hurts---

ADAM

I can do this another way. A big ass fucking SCARFACE chainsaw way. You want that?

Ronald is very nervous.

(CONTINUED)

RONALD
No. No. No---

ADAM
You sure---

RONALD
No. No... Just tell me what you
want.

WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Three very large open black money cases are on a desk, and they REVEAL stacked bills.

PAN to Adam and Ronald on opposite sides of the desk.

ADAM
Ronald. Ronald. Ronald. You've
been a very busy drug dealer.

Adam MOVES closer to the cases, and LOOKS at the stacked bills in front of him.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
Hello money. I'm Adam... I know
you don't know me, but rest
assured. You're in safe
hands. You're going to a special
place to be used to make a better
and safer world... And if I'm
lucky. I get to spend some of you
on beer and strippers.

Ronald STARES nervously at Adam.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
I said some... Some. Not
all... I work hard. I want to
treat myself. You saw how many
people I killed---

RONALD
Whatever keeps me from getting shot
again.

ADAM
You pay eight dollars for a beer
you might as well see some titties
right... Fair is fair.

WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON - LATER

Ronald sits on the desk. He HEARS a BEEP, MOVES toward the back of the desk, then OPENS up a drawer to REVEAL a large explosive device with a ticking electronic timer.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The warehouse EXPLODES.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

ADAM LOOKS at the explosion, then CHECKS his watch.

ADAM
Huh... 12:05.

PAN to the warehouse, now engulfed in flames. AFTERNOON DELIGHT PLAYS as soundtrack music.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE SCREEN: THE EXPERTS APPEARS IN RED LETTERING ON A BLACK SCREEN.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Owen, dressed in a button down casual shirt, tee-shirt, jeans and boots, WALKS toward an empty elevator and ENTERS.

Adam, in an expensive looking suit, solid dress shirt, and solid matching tie, ENTERS.

ADAM
Morning.

M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - TOP FLOOR - DAY

Owen and Adam WALK toward two hand scanners and two speakers on a wall at the end of the hall.

They each PLACE a hand on a scanner.

OWEN
Owen Grant. Code
vanguard. 10-02-77.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Adam Locke. Code LEXINGTON
STEELE. 69-69-69.

Owen ROLLS his eyes.

A BEEP is heard, then the walls slowly OPEN and SPLIT to REVEAL a large modern looking work area: glass walls, modern furniture, flats screens that SHOW camera feeds from various areas. Men and women in professional and casual business attire MOVE about.

LAUREN ROSS, late twenties to thirties (And in a crazy way, might be a doppelganger of Aubrey Plaza... Possibly), sits near a flat screen and LOOKS at a satellite relay (unseen to the audience).

Owen and Adam ENTER.

Employees STOP their activity.

PAN to an elevated office at the end of the floor with the name MELISSA COX on the glass entry door.

MELISSA COX, forties (And for some weird reason could be Taraji P. Henson's twin... Maybe), business suited, stands in front of her office.

MELISSA

Owen. Adam. Glad your
back. Conference room. Now.

M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A very large flat screen monitor on the wall PLAYS a satellite relay of the building Adam BLEW up.

PAN to a large conference table in a modern looking room, Melissa, at the head, and Owen and Adam across from each other.

They all LOOK at the frozen image on screen.

PAN to Lauren, who stands near Melissa with a tablet computer in hand.

MELISSA

A building blowing up in the middle of nowhere usually wouldn't end up on our radar, but when one of the bodies found in the rubble was on our kill list. That changes things.

(CONTINUED)

Melissa TURNS to Lauren.

MELISSA

Lauren.

LAUREN

... That's video from the secure satellite feed. The local sheriffs department responded to an explosion outside of the city and found that.

ADAM

It's amazing what you can see in HD.

OWEN

It's amazing you're not in a psych ward.

Adam REACHES for a muffin from a platter in the center.

MELISSA

Don't.

Adam relents, and RETRACTS his arm.

MELISSA (CONTINUED)

M2 Global is a covert private intelligence agency. A covert agency I run. That's why Melissa Cox is the name plate on the big office at the end of the hall... What about any of that is covert?

ADAM

... They're all dead... Dead men tell no tales... The dead don't speak. I can keep going---

OWEN

Medication helps.

Melissa NODS at Lauren, and she USES her tablet.

PAN to a split screen of David Webb and Ronald Martin on the flat screen.

LAUREN

DAVID WEBB. Software dealer. RONALD MARTIN. Drug trafficker... The CIA has

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN (cont'd)
undercover agents inside both of
their organizations, and needed
them dealt with, without getting
their hands dirty.

Melissa LOOKS toward Adam's direction.

MELISSA
You want to explain why you
vaporized a building?

OWEN
Low impulse control... Just a shot
in the dark.

ADAM
Better than a low sperm count.

OWEN
Sperm count... You realize you're
a walking, talking, 24-7 erection.

ADAM
At least my dick sees the light of
day---

LAUREN
Why'd I come to work today?

OWEN
That's what makes you a walking
STD.

ADAM
Really---

OWEN
I can get Gonorrhoea just shaking
your hand.

ADAM
Is that right?

Adam STANDS, GRABS his crotch, then attempts to REACH over
the table.

Owen DRAWS an HK VP9 pistol from a rear waist holster, then
OCOCKS the pistol.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Fifteen reasons for you to back up. Hollow point reasons.

MELISSA

Boys. Boys. Boys. I'm sensing the tension... Either take it outside, or get a room.

ADAM

He couldn't handle the ride---

OWEN

You're about to handle a bullet.

MELISSA

In your holster... Now.

Owen UN-COCKS his weapon, then PLACES it back in his holster.

MELISSA (CONTINUED)

Two assignments that needed to be handled fuck up free. That's why I assigned them to my best... Owen and Adam. The white balls to my big black dick.

LAUREN

I really should've called in sick today.

OWEN

... A dick visual---

MELISSA

A big black dick visual.

LAUREN

I graduated from MIT. And this. This is what I deal with.

OWEN

You just compared me to a testicle boss.

MELISSA

Don't worry. You're the smooth, shiny, hairless one.

She POINTS toward Adam.

MELISSA (CONTINUED)

You. You're the crusty, shriveled one.

OWEN

Grandpa balls---

ADAM

Grandpa ball---

LAUREN

What the fuck?

MELISSA

... You decided to turn a building into a Roman Candle... Please enlighten us as to why?

ADAM

Ronald Martin was a narc trafficker the CIA wanted taken out without using their own resources... Loud and messy.

MELISSA

That's right.

ADAM

Strange request from black ops. Don't you think?

OWEN

We're a service agency. We do what they pay us to.

ADAM

... Langley tried to fuck us.

LAUREN

What?

MELISSA

What are you talking about?

ADAM

The CIA was using us as cover to rip him off.

OWEN

You sure about this?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

My agency contact was a little too insistent on the house security codes being correct. Trap... The floor plans seemed too recent for a house built in the 80s. Trap---

OWEN

So you build houses now?

ADAM

... I followed my contact to Martin's stash house way out in the sticks and saw him with a black ops strike unit doing recon.

OWEN

And you did this? Without them knowing?

ADAM

News flash. You're not the only one who wore dog tags in another life---

MELISSA

Owen. Let him finish.

ADAM

... I storm his house. Draw his people away from the building. They take his money... I complete the objective, or end up dead. Either way. Christmas comes early for them----

LAUREN

Trap.

PAN to all three of them as they LOOK at her.

LAUREN (CONTINUED)

Dicks and balls coming at me from every direction, and me saying trap's a problem---

ADAM

Gang-bangs can be fun.

Lauren LOOKS toward Owen's direction.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN
Please shoot him.

MELISSA
.... How much?

ADAM
Thirty million. Maybe more---

LAUREN
I want a raise.

OWEN
... Still doesn't explain you
blowing up a building.

ADAM
Maybe they found out he was
stealing. Maybe his men ripped him
off. The cops think it was an
ambush. The feds think it was a
drug hit. The CIA... They can
have fun trying to figure it out.

LAUREN
Boss... This assignment wasn't
given to us from our regular agency
contact---

ADAM
The reason why they had no problem
dropping me into a shit-storm.

MELISSA
What about the money?

Adam SMILES.

ADAM
They ask about it. They admit it
exists. They admit they tried to
fuck us... Money. What money?

Melissa PUSHES the muffin tray to Adam.

MELISSA
Take two.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF LONDON - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Fifteen to twenty thuggish looking men in standard thug clothing: leather, wool, denim, cargo pants and boots (imagine the SCHOTT NYC online catalog... Not that SCHOTT NYC is thuggish... Just saying), stand with HK automatic weapons in hand, near open weapon cases with explosives, anti-tank weapons and grenades.

A suited male, ENGLISH, in all black, WALKS toward the men.

SUITED MALE

The buyers will be here in an hour... Finish the deal. Then finish them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF LONDON - NIGHT

The suited male WALKS toward a parked late to new model CADILLAC CTS.

He REACHES the rear of the car, then STOPS.

PAN to red target dots on his chest.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF LONDON - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The men MOVE about the warehouse.

Flash bang grenades CRASH through windows, and LAND on the floor. They EXPLODE, and the thugs fall.

They are CUT down by men in black tactical gear, and armed with HK G36 rifles. The tactical men FIRE until their weapons are empty.

PAN to the dead men on the ground.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF LONDON - NIGHT

The men LOAD weapon cases into late to new model SUVs, ENTER the vehicles, then SPEED OFF.

EXT. MILITARY TYPE HELICOPTER IN THE AIRSPACE ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The suited male sits with his hands zip tie cuffed behind him.

PAN to MARTIN DEXTER, ENGLISH, late forties to fifties, impeccably dressed in all white: suit, dress shirt, tie, and dress shoes.

The suited male nervously LOOKS upward.

SUITED MALE

Mr. Dexter---

MARTIN

Martin son. Call me Martin... You stealing my weapons, then trying to sell them makes any need for formality a non-issue.

SUITED MALE

I didn't---

MARTIN

I'd expect this from Americans. Because. Well they're bloody Americans... You're English. Act like it.

Martin TURNS to SPEAK to RORY BAKER, late thirties to forties, fit, dressed as the tactical men (And surprisingly looks a lot like Scott Adkins... Possibly).

MARTIN

Rory. If you'd be so kind.

Rory PULLS a detonator from a pant pocket, then PRESSES the center red button.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF LONDON - NIGHT

The warehouse EXPLODES.

EXT. MILITARY TYPE HELICOPTER IN THE AIRSPACE ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Martin LOOKS at the flame ball with delight.

He TURNS to Rory, then NODS.

(CONTINUED)

Rory MOVES toward the suited male, DRAGS him to the rear exit door, then viciously PUNCHES him, which FLOORS him.

RORY

You know you've given me work to do. Tracking down what you sold... The good news. I know who has it. The bad... That means we don't need you.

Rory HITS the rear exit door button, then STRAPS himself into a safety harness on the wall.

PAN to the rear exit door as it LOWERS OPEN.

The suited male RISES from the ground, and begins to BEG.

SUITED MALE

Rory. Please.

RORY

Mr. Baker.

He KICKS the suited male toward the OPEN rear door.

The male GRABS a safety strap on the wall, and HOLDS on for dear life.

RORY (CONTINUED)

Today it's Mr. Baker.

SUITED MALE

... GUY RITCHIE much.

Rory is confused.

RORY

What?

SUITED MALE

Guy Ritchie. The director... LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS.

RORY

No clue what you're talking about mate.

SUITED MALE

You're Rory Baker. The bad guy in the film is RORY BREAKER. He tells someone real tough guy like. Call me Mr. Breaker---

RORY
Piss off.

Martin begins to LAUGH.

SUITED MALE
Thrown out of a plane into a
bloody inferno while this bastard
laughs his ass off... Bollocks.

The suited male FALLS.

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The suited male SCREAMS out as he FALLS toward the flames.

SUITED MALE
Fuck you GOLDFINGER.

The male FALLS into the FLAMES.

EXT. MILITARY TYPE HELICOPTER IN THE AIRSPACE ABOVE THE
WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Martin is confused.

MARTIN
Goldfinger.

RORY
... Bond villain. Over the top
way of killing people.

MARTIN
What---

RORY
Then your suit.

MARTIN
What about it?

RORY
A bit much for an attack on a
weapons depot.

MARTIN
It's bespoke tailored---

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Okay---

MARTIN

And quite expensive.

RORY

... It's ice cream
white... Rainbow sprinkles on a
cone white.

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The military helicopter FLIES off.

INT. OFF-SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM -
NIGHT

A male, dressed in business clothing, sits in a metal chair
next to a metal table.

OFF-SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

KARA OLIVER, thirties, fit (And looks a lot like Scarlett
Johansson... Maybe), stands in the corner. She ROLLS up
the sleeves of her white dress shirt, MOVES forward, then
STOPS as she gets to a female computer tech near a computer
bay.

KARA

Can you zoom in please?

From her seated position, the tech TAPS keys, and a CLOSE up
shot of the male's face appears on the flat screen.

FEMALE TECH

He's sweating.

KARA

Like Lindsey Lohan at a court
hearing.

A BUZZ is heard, then several males dressed in black
tactical clothing, and carrying black tactical cases, ENTER,
led by TREVOR YATES, late thirties to mid forties, tall, and
built like a muscular football player.

TREVOR

Agent Oliver?

(CONTINUED)

KARA

Kara.

TREVOR

... TREVOR YATES... I'm here to help.

OFF- SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

One of Trevor's men, OPENS tactical cases on a table, and REVEALS stainless steel knives, hammers, injection guns and various vials filled with fluid.

OFF-SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

Kara, Trevor and his team stand behind the tech as they WATCH the activity in the interrogation room on the flat screen.

TREVOR

Time to start the show.

The men are sickly AMUSED by the statement.

KARA

Torture at the secret government building. Cliche, and a waist of time.

TREVOR

We need him to talk. That's what we do. This part of the job a little too scary for you... Kara.

His men LAUGH.

KARA

What did you just say?

The tech TURNS around to VIEW the interaction.

TREVOR

You need me to repeat myself?

Trevor MOVES closer to her.

Kara forcefully PULLS Trevor into a vicious KNEE to the groin.

Trevor SCREAMS, GRABS his crotch with both hands, and FALLS to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

My balls... My sweet testes.

The tech and his men WATCH in amazement.

TREVOR (CONTINUED)

Bitch.

Trevor FALLS forward, face first.

FEMALE TECH

... You need ice for those testes?

OFF- SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kara ENTERS the room.

KARA

This ends now.

The male is about to speak, but Kara STOPS him.

KARA (CONTINUED)

Back off.

The male RETREATS backward.

PAN to Kara in front of the male target.

KARA (CONTINUED)

Sir. You've been taken to an off
the books government
facility. Whether you walk out of
here is up to you.

KARA (CONTINUED/ O.S.)

Hold this.

PAN to her bra landing in Trevor's man's hand.

The male is surprised.

MALE TARGET

You got your bra off without taking
off your shirt.

KARA

... Ancient Chinese secret.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT

You're not Chinese---

(CONTINUED)

KARA
Shut - the fuck - up.

Kara MOVES closer to the target.

KARA (CONTINUED)
You work for MARTIN DEXTER. I want
information. You'll give it to me.

MALE TARGET
I know my rights... Lawyer. Now.

Kara OPENS her shirt and FLASHES her breasts at him (her
breasts are not shown).

MALE TARGET (CONTINUED)
I--- Ah... I.

OFF-SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

The female tech, and Trevor's men WATCH in amazed silence.

FEMALE TECH
Don't have a dick. Still have a
hard-on.

OFF- SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

MARISSA
Where's Martin Dexter?

MALE TARGET
Vegas... He may check out Cirque
Du Soleil while he's there.

MARISSA
He'll need a contact to run point
for him?

MALE TARGET
I can't tell you that---

KARA
Titties.

He TAKES another look at her chest.

MALE TARGET
Whatever you want to know.

(CONTINUED)

KARA
... Thank you.

Kara BUTTONS her shirt, then TURNS toward the man behind her.

KARA (CONTINUED)
What the fuck.

Pan to the male, who SNIFFS her bra.

KARA (CONTINUED)
What's wrong with you?

He STOPS his bra sniffing.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT
Don't judge me.

KARA
I'm right here. Right fucking here.

MALE TARGET
Really didn't need to see that.

Kara TAKES off a black heel, then THROWS it towards him, which he DODGES.

KARA
You like smelling shit. Have at it.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT
Don't flatter yourself.

Kara TURNS to SPEAK with the target.

KARA
The Central Intelligence Agency thanks you for your cooperation in this matter. We'll make sure you're fully---

Kara STOPS as the male target POINTS toward the rear of the room.

KARA (CONTINUED)
Please tell me he's not---

PAN to the male nose deep in her heel.

(CONTINUED)

KARA (CONTINUED)

Nose in the shoe. Just all the way
in there.

MALE TARGET

Seek help.

KARA

Deep. Serious help.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT

... Don't make this weird---

KARA

We're way past that.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT

... Can I have the other one?

KARA

Have a threesome on your own time.

OFF-SITE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits with ice on his crotch as he WATCHES the
monitor, then SHRUGS.

TREVOR

I've done worse.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - GYM - DAY

In a full capacity gym, Owen, in work out pants and
sneakers, JOGS on a treadmill.

Adam ENTERS.

ADAM

Was sup---

OWEN

Go away---

Lauren ENTERS, in a sports tank top, work out pants, and
sneakers.

LAUREN

Owen... Perv.

Adam RESPONDS in a perv-like manner.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
Well - hello - Ms. - Ross.

Lauren LOOKS at Adam with disgust.

LAUREN
Why do I suddenly feel like I need
a shower?

ADAM
Make it a double.

OWEN
... Typical.

ADAM
She mentioned a shower.

LAUREN
... Fuck me.

ADAM
Rubber. No rubber.

LAUREN
What?

ADAM
Just wondering if this will lead to
some cream-pie action.

LAUREN
Your junk comes anywhere near me---

Owen SHAKES his head in disgust.

Melissa ENTERS also dressed in work out gear.

Owen STOPS the machine, GETS off, then USES a nearby towel
to DRY off.

OWEN
Boss.

MELISSA
Nice work on your
assignment. Quick and clean. As
always.

OWEN
Thank you.

Melissa TURNS to Adam.

MELISSA

And you... Not exactly happy about the skill set used... But you didn't make this personal. Protected our relationship with our regular agency contact, and brought us a shitload of cash.

OWEN

You've got to be kidding me?

MELISSA

Don't worry. You're still my smooth and hairless one---

LAUREN

KFC. STARBUCKS. I can start on Monday.

MELISSA

... You'll find a little extra in your paychecks... Call it a bonus.

ADAM

Ass and titties. Ass and---

PAN to Owen, Lauren, and Melissa as they STARE at him.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

I said it. I'm not taking it back.

LAUREN

Hey. Hey. Hey. What about---

MELISSA

You to Lauren.

OWEN

Weren't you bitching about working here like thirty seconds ago?

LAUREN

Money talks... Cash can make you abandon your principles... Good weed costs money.

PAN to Melissa, Owen, and Adam as they STARE at her.

LAUREN (CONTINUED)

So I've been told.

Owen MOVES closer to Melissa.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Can I have a minute.

She NODS, and they EXIT.

ADAM

Now back to that cream-pie
option... Front door... Backdoor.

Lauren LOOKS back with annoyed silence.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

I'm good with whatever.

CORPORATE BUILDING - GYM - DAY

Owen and Melissa stand in a vacant hallway.

MELISSA

What's on your mind Owen?

OWEN

The bonus... Keep it.

MELISSA

You suddenly want to play Mr.
innocent now?

OWEN

I kill people... They're bad guys,
but take away the fancy wrapping,
it's still killing.

MELISSA

... What's this really about?

OWEN

Locke---

MELISSA

What is this? Kindergarten.

OWEN

I did just explain the whole
killing on contract thing. I can
rewind, then press fast forward.

MELISSA

My foot. Your ass. I can make it
happen... A spiked LOUBOUTIN ankle
deep. You want that?

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Already had my prostate checked
boss.

She SMILES, then GRABS his cheeks with both hands.

MELISSA

Ah. Momma's baby smiling.

She LOOKS at his body, which Owen NOTICES.

OWEN

You just called yourself momma.

MELISSA

I did.

OWEN

That would make this a parent-son
relationship.

MELISSA

We can do the step-son, milf porn
thing.

OWEN

... I work in a madhouse.

INT. LAS VEGAS HIGH RISE BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kara, in black tactical clothing, sits behind a desk in a
modern looking office. She REACHES for a hand mic attached
to a tactical radio.

KARA

Control. This is Oliver.

MALE CONTROL AGENT (O.S.)

... This is control.

KARA

Accessing Files... Confirm
receipt.

MALE CONTROL AGENT (O.S.)

Confirmed.

LAS VEGAS HIGH RISE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ten suit and tie wearing males, with security radios with ear and arm pieces MOVE down a hallway.

LAS VEGAS HIGH RISE BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

GAVIN ELLIS, mid to late thirties, sits behind his desk.

LAS VEGAS HIGH RISE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The security team has made it to Gavin's office.

A gunshot TAKES out the key card mechanism on the door.

PAN to Kara as she RUNS toward the security team with silenced HK P30L pistols in hand.

PAN to the security team as they DRAW HK VP9 pistols.

LEAD SECURITY OFFICER

Open fire.

KARA LOWERS herself into a full speed knee slide forward, then FIRES her pistols at the security team.

The team FALLS without being able to fire a shot.

LAS VEGAS HIGH RISE BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Gavin REACHES into his briefcase for a standard HK USP pistol, STANDS, and POINTS it forward.

KARA (O.S.)

GAVIN ELLIS... Drop the weapon and step out.

Gavin FIRES his weapon until he's out of ammo.

PAN to Kara as she ENTERS the office.

Kara PULLS a large combat knife from a waist pouch.

KARA

I know. Knife to a gunfight, but you're out of bullets, and my dick's bigger than yours... Martin Dexter. You tell us the where and when. You get a new life. Compliments of Uncle Sam.

(CONTINUED)

GAVIN
I talk. I die.

KARA
You don't. I kill you... There's
also the fact I accessed your
computer system, and copied every
file you have.

GAVIN cautiously LOWERS the weapon, and PLACES it on the
desk, then Kara HOLSTERS her knife.

KARA (CONTINUED)
Alright then. Let's get you ready
for pick up.

Kara PICKS up Gavin's weapon, EJECTS the magazine, then
EJECTS the shell casing in the chamber.

Gavin RESPONDS in a confused manner.

GAVIN
What are you doing?

Kara KNOCKS out Gavin with a hand strike to his head.

KARA
Knocking you the fuck out.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Melissa sits at the head of the table.

PAN to JOHN CHANG and TROY HAYES, both in their forties, in
suit and tie dress, who sit across from each other.

MELISSA
JOHN CHANG... How's my favorite
CIA contact?

JOHN
Good... You're looking good. As
always.

MELISSA
You trying to sweet talk me?

JOHN
Maybe.

PAN to Troy.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
You realize I'm sitting right here?

JOHN
... Excuse Troy. He's new.

MELISSA
And rude---

JOHN
And kind of a cock block---

TROY
Agent Hayes. Sitting right here.

MELISSA
... Our meet and greets are usually not threesomes.

JOHN
Troy's with our accountability unit.

TROY
I'm here to assess the appropriateness of out-sourcing agency assignments to companies like yours.

MELISSA
Companies like ours... We're M2 Global sweetie. There's no company like this one.

TROY
The CIA recently contracted M2 Global to resolve two covert operational situations we didn't want tracking back to us... For some, unknown reason, one of your targets died in an explosion.

JOHN
Covert ops. Some outcomes we don't see coming.

MELISSA
You want a guarantee. Buy a lottery ticket.

TROY
Companies like yours are assets that, unfortunately, the powers
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TROY (cont'd)
that be deem useful... I think
you're blood money soldiers who
aren't much better than the people
you take out.

Melissa PULLS a stainless still long barrel 357 Magnum
revolver from under the table.

PAN to the revolver.

MELISSA
You want to repeat that?

JOHN
Oh Shit.

MELISSA
The microphone's right here.

JOHN
... He's not worth the paperwork.

Troy RESPONDS in an angry manner.

TROY
Excuse me.

JOHN
You die. I have to file a
report. Then a memo. Then a bunch
of long ass e-mails---

MELISSA
Government bureaucracy.

TROY
Paperwork---

JOHN
I hate that shit---

TROY
Paperwork---

MELISSA
You want some cream for that
butt-hurt?

TROY
Unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Then there's the whole me fucking her. Her fucking me deal... That goes down the drain if you die---

TROY

Oh. We wouldn't want that?

Melissa air KISSES John.

JOHN

Glad you understand.

TROY

Can we get back to why we came here in the first place---

MELISSA

John wanting to play hide the egg roll---

JOHN

Shrimp roll---

TROY

Enough.

EXT. NEVADA - DESERT - DAY

A Fleet of CADILLAC ESCALADES DRIVE toward a destination.

NEVADA - DESERT - INSIDE THE REAR OF THE LAST CADILLAC ESCALADE - DAY

Martin sits in the rear, in a suit, and dress shirt with an ascot, and AVIATOR SUNGLASSES.

PAN to Rory, in a tee shirt and jeans, next to Martin.

MARTIN

You've located my cargo.

RORY

Yes sir.

MARTIN

Excellent... And the complex.

RORY

Ready and online.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Good. I want to finish this. Then get back to London.

RORY

London.

MARTIN

Yes Rory. London... It's just like America, but with actual class.

RORY

... It's not so bad here.

MARTIN

Says the man who thinks fish and chips is fine dining.

Rory is annoyed.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)

Cheer up Rory. Just having a laugh.

RORY

Don't need reassurance sir. I'm just thinking about the risks... MI5. MI6. The CIA---

MARTIN

I don't fear them. They fear me... So should you.

PAN to an I-PHONE in a heavy duty case on the seat next to Martin as it RINGS, with the chorus of the SPICE GIRLS song, WANNABE as the ring-tone.

RORY

I'm absolutely terrified sir.

INT. LOFT BUILDING - LOFT - AFTERNOON

A male, in suit and tie dress, sits in the center of an empty loft, with a hood on his head.

PAN to his hands behind him, in restraint cuffs.

FOOTSTEPS are HEARD.

PAN to seven suit and tie clad males, euro-criminal looking, as they WALK toward the hood covered male.

(CONTINUED)

The lead male PULLS the hood from the male's head, which REVEALS him to be Owen.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL

I asked for a courier. I asked for three million dollars.

The lead criminal TURNS to SPEAK to the men in RUSSIAN.

OWEN

English... It's rude to leave me out of the conversation.

The lead criminal TURNS his attention back to Owen.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL

You're some type of comedian, or something... I have a joke for you... What did the American asshole tell the Russian?

OWEN

I give up.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL

Nothing.

OWEN

... I didn't get it. Maybe it's the Russian to English translation.

He DRAWS an HK P30L pistol from behind him, then COCKS the pistol.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL

He's says nothing because he's dead... I think that's really funny.

OWEN

... You like movies?

He is confused.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL

Movies.

OWEN

I love them. Mostly action films... The best part is that one scene when the lead actor's in one of those tied to a chair in a room with a bunch of nameless bad

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OWEN (cont'd)
guys... He gets free. Kills
everyone, and just as he's about to
walk away---

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL
You're crazy---

OWEN
The main bad guy pops back
up. Then gets killed in some
really crazy way.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL
... Victor.

OWEN
What's that?

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL/ VICTOR
... My name is Victor.

He MOVES closer to Owen.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL/ VICTOR (CONTINUED)
Now you know my name.

Owen RAISES his hands up to show that he has gotten out of
his restraint cuffs, which SHOCKS the lead criminal.

OWEN
Well... Would you look at that.

Owen PUNCHES the lead criminal.

He DROPS his gun, which Owen CATCHES, and he SHOTS him.

With a mix of JUDO, and close quarters combat, Owen is able
to attack, shoot and kill the men with body and
head-shots, without an enemy hand touching him.

He SURVEYS the area, INSPECTS the weapon, CONFIRMS that it's
empty, TOSSES it aside, then BEGINS his exit.

PAN to Victor in the background. He's in pain due to a
lower torso wound.

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL/ VICTOR
Son of a bitch.

Victor starts to COUGH.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
You might want to just give up and
die. It'll be easier for you---

LEAD EURO CRIMINAL/ VICTOR
Fuck you.

Owen POINTS to something behind Victor.

PAN to a large window behind Victor.

OWEN
I don't know your last name, so
that does change things up a bit.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - DAY

Victor is FORCED out of the window violently.

He SCREAMS during a long FALL.

INT. LOFT BUILDING - LOFT - DAY

Owen STANDS in front of the window and LOOKS down.

OWEN
Not by much though.

EXT. CADILLAC ESCALADE ON ROAD - AFTERNOON

Owen sits in the driver's seat.

A cellphone RING is heard through the blue tooth feature of
the radio, and Owen, answers the call.

OWEN
Hello.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Lauren sits behind a desk in her office.

She SPEAKS to Owen via speakerphone.

LAUREN
You done playing with the Russians?

INTER-CUT BETWEEN OWEN AND LAUREN:

OWEN

Uh huh.

LAUREN

Good. Cox needs you on something ASAP. CIA business.

OWEN

She's ready to deal with them so quick after what they pulled?

LAUREN

Business is business---

OWEN

Chang---

LAUREN

Yep.

OWEN

... Figures.

LAUREN

I'll forward the mission intel and the contact info on who you'll be working with.

Owen is confused.

OWEN

Working with?

INT. HIGH RISE CONDO BUILDING - CONDO ENTRANCE DOOR - DAY

Owen stands in front of the condo door, then KNOCKS.

Moments later, an attractive, well endowed woman, OPENS the door, topless.

TOPLESS WOMAN

Hello.

PAN to Owen as he stands in confused silence.

HIGH RISE CONDO BUILDING - CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Owen sits on a leather couch.

(CONTINUED)

TOPLESS WOMAN (O.S.)

Juice.

PAN to the woman standing over him, behind him, with glasses of orange juice in each hand.

He MOVES due to her breasts at hover level above his head.

TOPLESS WOMAN (CONTINUED)

It's fresh squeezed.

OWEN

... No... Thanks though.

She PLACES one of the glasses on a table near her.

TOPLESS WOMAN

I'm headed to the shower... It was nice meeting you.

She HUGS him.

TOPLESS WOMAN (CONTINUED)

I hope you don't mind. I'm a huger.

OWEN

... Not a problem... Ah---

TOPLESS WOMAN

Cinnamon.

OWEN

What?

TOPLESS WOMAN

That's my name... Cinnamon.

Owen STARES in silence.

HIGH RISE CONDO BUILDING - CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Owen ENTERS a large kitchen.

PAN to ADAM behind a center counter, shirtless, with ingredients for breakfast placed on the counter.

ADAM

Sorry to make you wait. I'm a real tyrant about my prep process. No one in here until I'm ready... You hungry?

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I'm good.

ADAM

Suit yourself.

OWEN

... You usually let people answer
your door... Topless.

ADAM

One. If you're invited. My home's
your home. Two. they're just
tits... Really nice tits, but tits
just the same.

OWEN

Cinnamon.

ADAM

That's her name---

OWEN

At the Jiggle Room.

ADAM

What?

OWEN

The strip club... Where she works.

ADAM

Just because her name's Cinnamon
she's a stripper. Maybe her name's
just Cinnamon. Maybe she works
with senior citizens. Did you
think about that?

OWEN

... I just assumed---

ADAM

And you just assumed your way into
making an ass of yourself.

OWEN

... I'm sorry.

Adam GIVES Owen a serious LOOK, then SMILES.

ADAM

No you're right. She's a stripper.

Adam LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONTINUED)
Works with old people.

Adam continues to LAUGH.

OWEN
Ha. Ha... So what's her real name.

ADAM
Cinnamon.

OWEN
... Her name's Cinnamon. And she's a stripper.

ADAM
That's right.

OWEN
So what's her stage name?

ADAM
Diamond... Silly right?

OWEN
I... Never mind.

ADAM
Basil. Parsley. Mushrooms... Shit. Forget the black pepper.

Adam MOVES away from the counter.

OWEN appears STUNNED by what he sees.

PAN to ADAM, near an OPEN cabinet. He REVEALS himself to be fully naked, except for a pair of pink bunny slippers completely covering his feet.

PAN to a heart tattoo on his left buttock.

OWEN
What the fuck?

Adam TURNS around(his genitals are not shown).

ADAM
Something wrong---

OWEN
Adam junior swinging free.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
My dick. My house.

OWEN
It's just... Just out there---

ADAM
Well stop fucking looking at it.

OWEN
... There's a restaurant across
the street. I'll get an egg white
omelet. Coffee. Bleach for my
eyes... You call me when you're
ready.

Owen EXITS.

PAN to Adam.

ADAM
You try to be a good host... Some
people.

EXT. LONDON BACK ROAD - NIGHT

Five late model to new CADILLAC ESCALADES MOVE down a
secluded road, with two semi trucks behind the SUVs.

PAN to gravel colored road spikes ahead.

The SUVs CROSS over the spikes and the drivers lose CONTROL
of the vehicles.

Flash bang grenades LAND near the SUVs, then EXPLODE.

Thuggish looking men in denim, leather and wool EXIT the
vehicles, and STUMBLE.

Automatic gunfire SPRAYS the area from all sides.

The men DIE, and the vehicles SUSTAIN damage.

LONDON BACK ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

Rory leads a team of ten of Martin's men in tactical gear,
with HK automatic weapons in hand toward the thugs on th
ground.

(CONTINUED)

RORY
Kill and confirm shots. Then get
our cargo.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - communications room - night

Large mounted flat screens PLAY various camera feeds.

PAN to Rory, now in a sweater, jeans and boots, in the
center of the room.

Martin ENTERS, dressed in a floral dress shirt and dress
pants. As he gets near the center, one of his men PUSHES an
over-sized leather chair near Rory, and Martin SITS.

RORY PULLS a remote from his pant pocket, then uses it.

PAN to the flat screens that DISPLAY a Black male in his
forties, a Latin male in his fifties, a White female in her
fifties, and an Asian male in his thirties.

PAN to the screen with the Black male.

MARTIN (O.S.)
MALCOLM ECHIEBI. Kenya.

PAN to the screen with the Latin male

MARTIN (O.S.)
RAMON CASTILLO. Colombia.

PAN to the screen with the White female.

MARTIN (O.S.)
OKSANA ROSKOV. Russia.

PAN to the screen with the Asian male.

MARTIN (O.S.)
PAKORN NAMART. Thailand.

MALE SPEAKER VOICE
Connection confirmed. Initiating
audio access.

MARTIN
Hello everyone... I've called this
meeting due to an immediate issue
in need of resolution... Apologies
in full for the short notice.

(CONTINUED)

PAKORN
What's this about?

OKSAN
What's so important that we had to
meet so quickly.

MARTIN
... The future.

MALCOLM
Vagueness just makes this more of a
problem.

MARTIN
You. All of you have been my
primary arms distributors---

RAMON
And.

MARTIN
Patience.

RAMON
... Go ahead.

MARTIN
Because of your efforts, my weapons
have been spread throughout the
globe. Making me a very wealthy
man.

PAKORN
Is this get together for something
vital, or an excuse for you to tell
us what common sense allows us to
already know.

MALCOLM
You sell to us. We sell to
others. You get a cut of the
profit... This has been a very
profitable relationship for all of
us.

OKSANA
All due respect... Get to the
point.

MARTIN
I'm getting out?

(CONTINUED)

RAMON

What do you mean---

MARTIN

I'm retiring... You four are my most trusted. We'll meet. Discuss terms, then my organization becomes yours.

PAKORN

Is this a joke?

MARTIN

No... The kingdom is yours.

RAMON

... I've worked with you the longest, so I should be moving into your position, not sharing power---

MARTIN

That's not how this works.

Ramon's screen GOES blank.

PAN to the flat screens that show hesitation from them all.

MALCOLM

What if he becomes a problem.

MALCOLM

In the years we've worked together. Have there been threats. Always... Have those threats ever been a problem?

Martin TURNS to Rory.

MARTIN

Mr. Baker. If you will.

RORY

... You'll be informed of the exact time and location once you arrive on US soil. Upon your arrival---

One of Martin's men BRINGS a white Persian cat to Martin, which he joyously ACCEPTS.

MARTIN

Well hello MAJOR TOM. Good boy. Good boy Major Tom. Are you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (cont'd)
a good boy? Yes. Yes you are. Yes
- you - are.

PAN to each flat screen as they WATCH, in comic amazement.

MALCOLM
Do you need a moment with your
pet... BLOFELD---

OKSANA
Blofeld.

They cautiously laugh.

PAKORN
A white cat. Right on his lap.

They all LAUGH louder.

Rory attempts to save face.

RORY
As stated previously. You'll be
directed to the meet site upon
arrival. Good day.

He SHUTS off the monitors.

MARTIN
Blofeld... What we're they going
on about?

Martin PULLS the cat closer to him.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)
Do you know what they're talking
about Major? No you don't. You
don't because your a cat.

RORY
Sir.

Martin TURNS his attention back to Rory.

MARTIN
Yes.

RORY
Gavin Ellis.

MARTIN

Yes... Him.

RORY

You realize we wouldn't have been able to secure this location without him.

MARTIN

And for that I now have to deal with a couple of Yanks that think they're worthy of my business.

RORY

If it makes you feel any better, their base of operations is located in Europe.

MARTIN

Oh. They're high society... Well then. Nothing but the best for them. I'll even make reservations for dinner... DOMINO'S. MCDONALD'S... TACO BELL.

Martin LAUGHS, then EXITS the room.

PAN to Rory.

RORY

Bloody hell.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE HANGAR - AFTERNOON

Kara stands near a LEARJET, dressed down in denim and leather, with a coffee in hand.

Owen, dressed as he arrived at Adam's condo, and Adam, suit and dress shirt clad (imagine Nicholas Cage as CASTOR TROY in FACE/OFF), WALK toward Kara.

KARA

Mr. Grant... Mr. Locke.

Owen EXTENDS an arm for a handshake.

OWEN

Owen.

She does the same.

(CONTINUED)

KARA

Kara.

They both SMILE at each other, which Adam notices.

EXT. LEARJET IN AIR - AFTERNOON

Kara, Owen, and Adam sit at a table with bottles of water on top of it.

PAN to a LOWERED flat screen across from them that DISPLAYS Martin's picture.

KARA

Martin Dexter. He's one of the great white whales in the intelligence world... He's responsible for more arms getting in the hands of groups on the agency kill list than anyone else.

ADAM

The intel package said he distributes to groups overseas.

KARA

He sells to arms dealers in large bundles, then they move the inventory for him.

OWEN

You know what this Vegas deal's about?

KARA

No. But for him to actually set this up on US soil. This has to be big.

ADAM

This seems like something Langley and company can handle. Why involve us?

KARA

You're professional. Well trained---

OWEN

And we're deniable assets the CIA can cut strings to if this turns out to be BS.

(CONTINUED)

KARA
... Don't take it personal.

ADAM
We get paid really well not to.

KARA
... Gavin Ellis. Dexter's US contact. He arranged for American buyers to be part of the deal... Dexter wasn't happy about it, but he really didn't have much of a choice. That's our in.

Kara PULLS two USB sticks from a jacket pocket, then PLACES them on the table.

KARA (CONTINUED)
Your cover identities.

Kara RISES from her seat.

KARA (CONTINUED)
Not to be rude, but my engine's running on E... Kitchen's full. Take anything you want. I'm headed to the back to get some rest before we touch down.

OWEN
We'll try to keep it down.

KARA
The bedroom's soundproof, but thanks for the concern.

OWEN
You're welcome.

Kara GIVES a longish STARE to Owen, then WALKS toward the rear of the plane, as Owen WATCHES.

OWEN
Pretty face and you don't act like a---

PAN to ADAM.

ADAM
Please tell me you're going to hit that.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
And I spoke to soon.

ADAM
... Besides. She wants you not
me.

OWEN
What---

ADAM
She practically dragged you by your
dick back there with her.

Adam COVERS his mouth, then mumbles.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
You know what that is... That's
you talking, but she can't hear you
because you're being faced
smothered by her ass... Brown eye
right on your right eye.

Owen is annoyed.

OWEN
Sometimes I wonder if Cox is smart
enough to run the show.

ADAM
Why's that?

OWEN
She hired you.

Adam is angry.

ADAM
What's your problem?

OWEN
With you?

ADAM
With the STAY PUFF MARSHMALLOW
MAN--- No asshole. With me?

OWEN
You really want to know---

ADAM
From day one you've had some bug up
your ass about me. You want to
tell me why?

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

... You're a loose cannon. You have no sense of responsibility. No sense of boundaries. You're an ever constant dick joke waiting to be said---

ADAM

Fuck you---

OWEN

Not a condom strong enough in the world for that to happen.

ADAM

You know what your problem is?

OWEN

I'll go against my better judgment and play along... Adam. What's my problem---

ADAM

You're a miserable asshole.

OWEN

... That was just genius.

ADAM

You show up to work. You get praised for what you do, then get pissed when someone else is just as capable, and gets acknowledged for it... This is covert intelligence. You want to feel special. Work somewhere else.

OWEN

Career advice from you---

ADAM

You hear what comes out of everyone's mouth, but you act like I'm some nut job---

OWEN

The laundry list of things you've said to Lauren warrants that.

ADAM

I joke. I kid. She does the same. It's give and take.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

It's an excuse you use to cross the line.

ADAM

Okay. Maybe. At times. I go a little too far---

OWEN

Dick swinging free in your kitchen. Way to far---

ADAM

It was a joke---

OWEN

No. You're a joke.

ADAM

Joke... Didn't know you were fucking perfect.

OWEN

Not perfect. Just professional. You might want to try it.

ADAM

You don't know me.

OWEN

I know your personal life would make a rock star jealous.

ADAM

This is dangerous work... I make the most of my downtime.

OWEN

I met Caramel---

ADAM

Cinnamon---

OWEN

Like that's any better---

ADAM

... I am who I am. Take it, or leave it.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Or. Ignore it because you're not
worth my time.

PAN to an angry Adam.

EXT. MIAMI - PRIVATE AIRPLANE HANGAR - AFTERNOON

A Learjet STOPS in a secluded hangar.

PAN to suit wearing LATIN males near four PARKED new
MERCEDES S-Class four door sedans.

Ramon, in a floral button down, dress pants and loafers,
EXITS the plane.

INT. SOUTH BEACH HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - HALLWAY AFTERNOON

The men SURROUND Ramon as they WALK to the end of the hall.

The sound of an elevator arriving behind them STOPS them.

The men DRAW and COCK standard HK handguns.

PAN to the elevator as it OPENS.

The men RAISE their weapons a surround Ramon.

The elevator OPENS to REVEAL that it's empty.

RAMON

It's nothing.

The men HOLSTER their weapons.

A WHISTLE is heard from the other end.

PAN to RORY at the other end of the hall in head to toe full
body armor, with a raised combat mask, and a SAIGA 12 auto
shotgun, loaded with a drum magazine.

The lead male GRABS Ramon, and DRAGS him away.

The men RE-DRAW their pistols.

RORY

You going to stand there holding
your cocks, or are we doing this?

He LOWERS his combat face mask.

The gun battle STARTS.

(CONTINUED)

The men SHOOT at RORY with the bullets bouncing off his armor.

RORY FIRES his weapon, and MOWS them down.

SOUTH BEACH HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - SUITE - AFTERNOON

Ramon HIDES behind a bar in the room, nervous as he HOLDS an HK P30L pistol in hand.

SOUTH BEACH HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Rory SHOOTS the last man, then RAISES his mask.

PAN to bodies and blood everywhere.

RORY
Moan if you're alive.

A MOAN is heard.

Rory FIRES multiple shots.

RORY (CONTINUED)
Now you're not.

SOUTH BEACH HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - SUITE - AFTERNOON

Ramon CONTINUES to hide behind the bar.

Martin's voice is heard in the background.

MARTIN (O.S.)
Ramon... You there?

PAN to a large flat screen on the wall that displays Martin.

Ramon and his man MOVE toward the flat screen.

MARTIN
I offer you the keys to the kingdom, and you throw them back like a petulant child--- You ungrateful bastard.

RAMON
Martin... We can talk about this.

PAN to the FRONT door as it's BLOWN off its hinges, and RORY ENTERS with his gun in hand.

(CONTINUED)

RORY
Drop your weapons... Now.

Ramon and his man DROP their pistols.

MARTIN
Time to meet your maker.

Martin starts to LAUGH, then suddenly STOPS when he hears Major Tom meow.

Martin PULLS the cat to his lap and STROKES him.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)
Any last words.

RAMON
... Fuck you DR. EVIL.

Rory SHOOTS them dead.

Martin is confused.

MARTIN
Dr. Evil---

RORY
Never mind.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kara LEADS Owen and Adam into a control room.

PAN to flat screen monitors on walls, and a metal table in the center.

KARA
You reviewed your cover information?

OWEN
Cover to cover.

ADAM
... It won't work---

OWEN
Here we go.

KARA
... Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
I think they're to clean---

KARA
Clean---

ADAM
As in the opposite of dirty.

Kara is annoyed.

KARA
Your identities were worked up
based on intel I collected... I
think they're fine.

ADAM
You know the target, but based on
what I see---

KARA
What you see---

ADAM
The basics will get us through the
door, but we may need to improvise.

KARA
You mean pull something out of your
ass?

ADAM
I said improvise. Anything coming
out of anyone's ass is your
suggestion.

Kara is angry.

KARA
Follow the script.

ADAM
And if I don't?

KARA
Then I'll go off script, and
improvise how I'll kill you.

KARA EXITS the room.

PAN back to ADAM.

ADAM
She seems nice.

EXT. NEVADA - DESERT - NIGHT

A late model to brand new CADILLAC ESCALADE comes to a STOP in the middle of nowhere.

Owen EXITS the driver's seat, dressed in a smart looking dark suit, solid dress shirt and solid tie.

Adam EXITS the front passenger seat in all BURBERRY: purple velvet tuxedo jacket, white dress shirt, black bow tie black, dress pants, and black polished ceremonial dress shoes, topped off with modern black framed glasses and cuff links.

PAN to a button on Owen's sleeve.

KARA (O.S.)
Owen. Do you copy?

Owen RAISES his sleeve.

OWEN
Loud and clear.

KARA (O.S.)
The buttons on your suits are wired for picture and sound.

ADAM
So are my glasses.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

Kara sits on the table, in workout gear, and HOLDS a combat knife as she WATCHES Owen and Adam's video feeds.

KARA
Yes.

Kara THROWS the knife forward.

PAN to a black and white file photo of Owen thumb-tacked to a wall with her combat knife in his head.

KARA (CONTINUED)
Yes they are.

EXT. NEVADA - DESERT - NIGHT

Martin's military helicopter APPROACHES and LANDS.

Rory, in a dark suit, and dress shirt, without a tie, EXITS.

RORY

Gentlemen. I'm Rory Baker... Mr.
Dexter's expecting you.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRSPACE - NIGHT

The military helicopter MOVES toward it's destination.

PAN forward to see the Las Vegas skyline.

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Owen and Adam sit in chairs in an expensive looking suite.

PAN to Rory as he WALKS into the room.

RORY

Owen Grant... Adam
Locke... Martin Dexter.

Martin ENTERS, dressed the same as Adam.

Owen and Adam RISE from their seats.

Martin STARES impressively at ADAM.

LAS VEGAS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -
LATER

Owen and ADAM are seated, with Martin seated across from them.

MARTIN

You're not what I expected.

ADAM

Well you're exactly as I
expected... BURBERRY?

MARTIN

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
I'd say it does you well, but
Burberry makes any and everyone a
bit more than they're worth---

OWEN
Get a room---

MARTIN
Excuse me?

ADAM
I think he was saying we should get
down to business soon... Patience.

He TURNS to Martin.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
I'm sorry about this... You know
how Americans can be.

MARTIN
... What do you mean? Americans?

Owen STARES at Adam.

ADAM
I'm Canadian.

Martin is surprised.

MARTIN
Canadian.

ADAM
Yes.

MARTIN
... But you don't sound---

ADAM
You mean. What's that a-boot (Last
line said in a bad Canadian
accent).

MARTIN
Yes.

ADAM
My parents--- Scottish by the
way. They moved to Canada.

Adam PRETENDS to become emotional.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONTINUED)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to---

MARTIN

It's alright.

ADAM

One day while we were downtown. Just as we were about to go into a restaurant... Some drunk American tourists. Arguing about football---

MARTIN

You mean that Monday night man on man wank-fest... Bollocks.

ADAM

One of them pulled out a gun. He just started shooting... I can still remember what he said... This is how we do it in the south boy. (Last line said with a bad Southern accent).

MARTIN

Bastard.

ADAM

Dad took a bullet for mom. And mom... She took one for me... With her last breath.

He PRETENDS to become more emotional, then SPEAKS in a bad Scottish accent.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

Wee laddie. Don't hate them... Don't hate the southern ones... Yes they're violent. Uncultured. Prone to inbreeding.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

KARA LOOKS at the video relay.

KARA

What the fuck.

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ADAM

Adam. Love. Not hate... Then she died... And that's how I lost me maa and me daa (end of using bad Scottish accent).

Owen is even more confused.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

I got sent to live with family in America right after.

MARTIN

Did you ever find the shooter.

ADAM

I did... In Alabama---

MARTIN

Of course---

ADAM

But it was to late... His son beat me to it.

He TURNS to Owen.

ADAM

Isn't that right Owen?

PAN to Owen, who remains silent.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

Owen.

Owen SPEAKS in a Southern accent.

OWEN

Yeah... I killed him... I reckon I did.

ADAM

... Owen would say how he would judge people he barely knew. Act superior to everyone. Just an abusive. Drunk. Miserable. Cocksucker.

MARTIN

He was a racist---

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

No---

ADAM

But he was an asshole. A
judgmental asshole... Also named
Owen.

Owen GLARES at Adam.

ADAM (CONTINUED)

I got there and saw this
poor. Uneducated. Shoeless. Dirty---

OWEN

It wasn't that bad.

ADAM

I decided that I wouldn't let him
become his father... An
angry. Moody. Arrogant. Judgmental---

OWEN

Said judgmental already---

ADAM

Abusive asshole... Who probably
had sex with farm animals---

MARTIN

Well it is the south.

ADAM

And with my help. He hasn't had
sex with a cow or any of his
cousins... Isn't that right Owen?

PAN to Owen, who does not know what to say.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

Owen and Adam ENTER.

PAN to Kara near the table in a bathrobe and bunny slippers,
as she towel DRYs her hair.

KARA

The grand tale of your family being
taken out by a crazed redneck... A
little bit BATMAN. A little bit
DELIVERANCE---

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
A little bit bullshit.

ADAM
It worked. Didn't it?

KARA
You want to explain?

ADAM
Dexter needed a shot of UK
superiority. I just gave him an
overdose.

KARA
Why Scottish.

ADAM
Cooler accent.

Kara reluctantly SMILES.

KARA
It worked. So I don't have to
castrate you.

Kara begins to WALK away.

OWEN (O.S.)
One more thing.

Kara TURNS around.

OWEN (CONTINUED)
My dad was from Georgia.

ADAM
And you're from Portland, so I
guess that makes you Southern
adjacent---

OWEN
He wasn't a redneck. He wasn't a
racist. He didn't have sex with a
chicken.

ADAM
It was an operational decision to
change the playbook. No insult was
meant... We good?

Owen THROWS a violent punch that HITS Adam in the face, and
leaves him Frozen in place.

(CONTINUED)

PAN to Kara, in shock.

OWEN

We are now.

INT. HOME IN THE SUBURBS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa, in a button down dress shirt and dress pants, WALKS into her living room.

PAN to John, naked, except for a pair of cowboy boots, and a bag of Chinese takeout strategically PLACED in front of his penis, SPREAD out on the couch.

MELISSA

You realize your bare ass is on a three thousand dollar couch---

JOHN

Boots to.

MELISSA

How'd you get in?

JOHN

... I used my imagination.

MELISSA

Is that a fact---

JOHN

It is.

Melissa GLARES at John.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

You did say you wanted the egg roll.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Owen, shirtless in a pair of boxer shorts, is on the floor DOING push ups.

He STOPS due to a message acknowledgment heard from a tablet on his bed. He RISES from the floor, GRABS the tablet, then OPENS up a video link.

PAN to the tablet that DISPLAYS a relay from Lauren.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

You want tell me why you sucker punched Adam? And before you ask. He didn't tell me. She did.

OWEN

... He's an asshole---

LAUREN

And somewhat obsessed with them, but that still doesn't explain why you did what you did.

OWEN

Repeating the he's an asshole defense to submit to the court your honor.

LAUREN

... I'm sending you his agency file... Read it. Then see if you still feel that way?

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin sits on a couch, minus his tuxedo jacket.

PAN to a large flat screen on a wall that displays a split screen of Malcolm, Oksana and Pakorn.

MARTIN

I trust that you're travel was pleasant.

PAKORN

The trip was fine.

MALCOLM

I can assume this call is about our meeting?

MARTIN

It is... We'll meet tomorrow, if that's alright with everyone.

PAKORN

That's fine---

MALCOLM

For me as well.

(CONTINUED)

OKSANA

... It might be a problem for Ramon.

Martin SMILES.

MARTIN

As I said. He was free to follow his own path. Unfortunately it led to a bullet.

They appear concerned.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)

That was a strategic move to protect our interests.

PAKORN

How so?

MARTIN

You throw away an opportunity due to arrogance. You allow yourself to be killed by hubris... Simply put. He cut off his nose to spite his face. He got what he deserved.

They all appear impressed, as if he's never said anything intelligent before.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)

Yes. I can end a conversation without some last second event making me look like a bloody moron.

Martin USES a remote to turn off the flat screen.

PAN above Martin to an extremely large velvet picture of Martin at the beach in a pair of Union Jack SPEEDOS, as he holds Major Tom.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Kara, in a button down shirt, jeans and boots, sits on the table and sips coffee.

Owen, in a suit, solid dress shirt, and tie, ENTERS the room.

Kara is annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Before you say anything. I want to apologize... You contracted our company to assist because we're professionals. I didn't act like one.

Kara SMILES, and Owen SMILES back.

Kara suddenly changes from calm to serious.

KARA

Duck---

OWEN

What?

A fist HITS Owen in the face, which FLOORS him.

PAN to Adam, shirtless in a pair of workout pants and sneakers.

ADAM

Get up motherfucker.

Owen RISES from the floor.

OWEN

... I was an asshole on the plane. A bigger one here. I shouldn't have put a hand on you... I'm sorry.

He's about to CHARGE Owen, but begrudgingly ends the conflict.

ADAM

I had this all planned out. I come in, rip you a new asshole---

OWEN

You and assholes---

PAN to Kara who RESPONDS with a strange LOOK.

ADAM

What?

OWEN

... Never mind.

ADAM

You were supposed to be a massive
dick about this.

OWEN

I'm trying something new.

Adam ATTEMPTS to CONTINUE the conflict, then ACCEPTS the
apology.

ADAM

Fuck it.

They have a nice male bonding moment with a HANDSHAKE, which
gets INTERRUPTED by Kara.

KARA

Boys. Now that you've made nice...
Time to make the donuts.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - WEAPONS LOADING FLOOR - DAY

Martin, in all BURBERRY: silk blazer, dress shirt, dress
pants, leads Owen and Adam, now BURBERRY suit and tie
dressed, through the weapons floor.

PAN to HK weapons on racks, explosives and anti-tank weapons
in cases, and armored vehicles.

MARTIN

Gentleman. What you see here is
just a small sample of my
inventory.

ADAM

It's impressive.

MARTIN

So what do you think of all this
Tex?

Owen SPEAKS in a Southern accent.

OWEN

Alabama.

MARTIN

... Texas. Alabama. You're still
able to get fried food and marry
your sister.

Owen GLARES at Martin.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Martin sits at the head of a glass table in a white on white room, with Owen and Adam sitting across from each other.

PAN to RORY, in a sweater, jeans and boots, behind Martin.

MARTIN

So... What can I do for you?

ADAM

We have buyers that need weapons... They're willing to pay above market value. If you're serious about making deal.

MARTIN

You know my reputation. You can trust that I'm a very serious man.

They are INTERRUPTED by a cellphone that PLAYS the chorus of Aqua's song BARBIE GIRL, as a ring tone.

PAN to Owen and Adam in shock.

Martin GRABS the cellphone from a jacket pocket, then HANDS it to Rory.

RORY EXITS with the cellphone.

PAN to Martin, who is mortified by what happened.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)

A prank... Rory just having a laugh.

PAN to an amused Owen.

OWEN

I reckon he did.

INT. HOME IN THE SUBURBS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melissa, in a pants business suit and dress shirt, LEADS John, now dressed in a suit and dress shirt, into the room.

Melissa SITS on the couch.

MELISSA

Well that was fun---

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Fun. That was a triple X porn
film.

Melissa LAUGHS.

MELISSA

So what now?

A gun being COCKED is heard in the background.

PAN to John with an HK P30L pistol in hand.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kara WALKS down the hall, but STOPS due to an alarm.

Karen DRAWS a standard HK USP pistol from behind, which was
near four magazines.

NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Kara MOVES down the stairs.

PAN to Trevor in tactical gear, with twenty of Martin's men
behind him, also in full tactical gear, and armed with HK
automatic weapons.

Trevor SMILES.

TREVOR

Hey. Kara. Chang says
hi... Before you ask. My balls
are just fine.

Kara SHOOTS him in the leg, and he FALLS.

KARA

... How's your leg?

TREVOR

Kill that bitch.

Kara KILLS three of Martin's men with head-shots.

They FIRE at her, and she RETURNS fire as she EVADES them.

NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kara EXITS the stairwell. She GETS to cover behind a corner at the end of a hall, and is able to KILL several more of the men with head-shots.

She RUNS down a hall while she RELOADS.

NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - SECURE ROOM - DAY

Kara ENTERS, SHUTS the door, PUNCHES a code into a key pad next to the door, HOLSTERS her pistol, then MOVES to a weapons locker.

NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - outside of SECURE ROOM - DAY

One of Martin's men PLACES an explosive on the door lock, DETONATES it, and they FORCE entry.

Kara is nowhere to be found.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rory RETURNS, WALKS to Martin, then WHISPERS in his ear.

MARTIN

Pardon the interruption. This will only take a moment.

Martin and Rory EXIT.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - SECURE ROOM - DAY

Martin's men stand in the room.

PAN to Trevor as he LIMPS in with a bandage on leg.

He SURVEYS the room, confused, due to Kara's miraculous escape.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Owen and Adam CONTINUE to wait for Martin to return.

PAN to a flat screen on the wall that DISPLAYS a relay of Martin.

Owen and Adam STARE at confusion at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Gentlemen. I regret to inform you
that we won't be able to complete
our meeting.

PAN to VENTS on the wall that OPEN and release a heavy
stream of white gas.

Owen and Adam RISE from their chairs, and attempt to ESCAPE,
but they FALL.

PAN to Adam.

ADAM

Knock out gas... Fuck you
Goldfinger.

Adam FALLS into unconsciousness.

MARTIN

Already been said.

PAN to Owen.

OWEN

Doesn't make it any less true---

MARTIN

Piss Off.

Owen FALLS into unconsciousness.

PAN to Owen and Adam unconscious on the ground.

INT. HOME IN THE SUBURBS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The doorbell RINGS.

JOHN

Who's that?

PAN to Lauren, in a wool coat, sweater, jeans and boots, as
she ENTERS.

John RAISES his gun toward Lauren.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

Don't you knock.

Lauren is nervous.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

What the fuck's going on?

MELISSA

... John just got into bed with the devil.

LAUREN

... He had sex with Adam?

JOHN

No. Her.

LAUREN

And you're pointing a gun at her... The sex that bad---

MELISSA

Little girl. Don't make me hurt you.

JOHN

Shut up.

MELISSA

... What do you want John?

JOHN

Dexter's going to be our new supplier. He sells to who we want sold to, allowing him a few side deals now and then for a high service fee... I need any information you have on him gone.

LAUREN

Do you know who you're dealing with?

JOHN

Yes---

LAUREN

What about Kara?

JOHN

A dedicated agent who died in the line of duty... I'm fucking weepy already.

He LOOKS toward Lauren.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Lauren. Be a good girl and do what
I ask, so I don't have to shoot
you.

Melissa LOOKS toward Lauren.

MELISSA

The tablet on the table. Grab it,
then open up file 1077.

Lauren is confused.

LAUREN

What---

MELISSA

Just do it.

PAN to LAUREN as she OPENS the file.

JOHN

Put it on the ground... Slowly.

Lauren does as asked, then BACKS away.

John LOWERS himself to a knee, USES his free hand to touch
the tablet, then a taser effect SHOCKS him.

Lauren REACHES for a pocket knife in a jean pocket, THROWS
it to Melissa, which she CATCHES to CUT her hands free.

Lauren THROWS a vicious punch to John's face, GRABS the gun,
then THROWS it to Melissa, which she CATCHES.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - DAY

Numerous CADILLAC ESCALADES are parked near each other.

PAN to the perverted Special Activities Agent from before,
also in tactical gear.

PAN to one of Kara's boots on the ground.

The agent GRABS the boot, TAKES a long SNIFF, then DROPS it.

PAN to one of Kara's socks on the ground.

The agent SMILES, GRABS the sock, then TAKES a LONG sniff.

(CONTINUED)

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT
It must be my birthday.

PAN to Kara's panties on the ground.

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AGENT (CONTINUED)
Christmas came early.

He BENDS down, then GRABS the panties.

PAN to Kara, who STABS him in the chest from behind.

She MOVES from behind him, and he FALLS to the ground on his back. About to fall into death sleep, and moments from closing his eyes, He RAISES an arm and HOLDS up a finger to motion her to hold on.

He HOLDS the panties to his nose, then TAKES a final long SNIFF, which disgusts Kara.

KARA
Are you fucking kidding me?

He TAKES a final labored breath, then dies.

INT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Trevor is in the room with several of Martin's men.

TREVOR
Where the fuck is she?

PAN to a flat screen on the wall as it displays a countdown clock at seven seconds.

Trevor STARES at the display.

EXT. NEVADA CIA BLACK-SITE - DAY

The building EXPLODES.

KARA SPEEDS away in an SUV, with the building in ruin behind it.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Owen and Adam sit across from each other on metal slab benches in a white on white holding cell.

(CONTINUED)

Both of them have their hands restrained with heavy hinged handcuffs that don't allow them to raise their arms very much. Owen is restrained from the front, and Adam is restrained from behind.

PAN to a bandage on Owen's lower left arm.

OWEN

Lauren gave me your file... You were a Ranger.

ADAM

A punk. Smart ass kid. No direction... Enlisting saved my ass from a cell or a body bag.

OWEN

Staff Sergeant Adam Locke ... You're file says you went in alone into an active fire fight to save a tech analyst on loan to Spec Ops... No wonder why Lauren puts up with you.

ADAM

I just followed orders.

OWEN

You did more than that... That's why she puts up with you.

ADAM

That. And Adam junior---

OWEN

Really trying to forget about seeing him.

ADAM

... So how'd you end up part of our little circle?

OWEN

College... Army... Then here.

ADAM

You know. This is the first meaningful conversation we've ever had.

OWEN

Might as well. Dexter's going to kill us.

ADAM
Maybe. Maybe not.

OWEN
... See the bandage. They cut out
my tracking beacon. No beacon. No
rescue.

PAN to Adam's arms.

OWEN
You still have your tracker?

ADAM
Yeah.

OWEN
Where?

Adam RISES up from his metal slab.

ADAM
Somewhere I can't reach.

OWEN
You're mouth?

ADAM
No, but it's near an opening.

OWEN
... You had them put it in your
dick.

ADAM
No.

OWEN
... Your balls.

ADAM
Getting warmer---

OWEN
If you think I'm shoving my hand up
your ass---

ADAM
Tempting, but no.

Owen realizes where it is.

OWEN

You can't be serious?

ADAM

Ding. Ding. Ding. Yes Owen for fifty points. Survey says... The taint.

OWEN

... You know. Death might not be so bad.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Three men, in suit and tie dress, with HK automatic weapons stand guard.

M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Seven other suit and tie dressed men stand guard in an empty office.

M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

PAN to an elevator door, that OPENS.

One of the men MOVES forward to assess the situation. He GETS to the elevator, which he finds empty.

The sound of loud gunshots in the background FORCE him to turn around.

PAN to Melissa with a Desert Eagle raised toward him.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

The doors OPEN, which cause the men to RAISE their HK automatic weapons.

PAN to John, who ENTERS.

JOHN

Now what?

John is SHOT in the leg from behind, which FLOORS him.

PAN to Melissa with a Desert Eagle in each hand.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

If any of you motherfuckers have ever seen SET IT OFF. Now might be time for you to RUN.

The men LOOK at each other, then mockingly LAUGH.

JOHN

Seriously... Look at what's in front of you. Do you really think---

PAN to the men as they are SHOT.

Melissa has both of her guns raised.

PAN to John in shock.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

Okay.

Lauren ENTERS the room.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

Nice of you to clear a path for her. Ross being the tech person probably means she can't handle a---

Lauren DRAWS an HK VP9 pistol from a rear waist holster, COCKS the pistol, then SHOOTS confirmation kill shots into Martin's men.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

I'll just shut the fuck up now.

Lauren MOVES toward a computer bay, then attempts to access the computer system.

LAUREN

I can't get in.

JOHN

I had your system locked.

Melissa MOVES toward John, with one of her pistols pointed toward him.

JOHN (CONTINUED)

You kill me. You get nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA
Who said anything about killing
you.

She POINTS her gun in a bullet path toward his crotch.

MELISSA (CONTINUED)
I've already had the egg roll---

JOHN
The code's changjohn563.

PAN to Lauren as she ENTERS the code.

LAUREN
I'm in.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Rory, in all black: tee shirt, camo pants, tactical boots,
and armed with HK P30L pistols, ENTERS with a shopping bag.

Owen and Adam STAND up to FACE him.

RORY
A change of clothes.

ADAM
I only wear top of the line. If
that isn't. I may have to make a
complaint to management... Maybe
even put up a bad write up on YELP.

OWEN
... Yelp. Not bad---

ADAM
Really. You don't think I was
pushing it---

OWEN
Worked for me.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - WEAPONS LOADING FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Closed weapons cases are all over.

PAN to a catwalk above. Martin, in a gray suit, floral
dress shirt, and matching tie, is stationary above,
surrounded by his tactical men.

(CONTINUED)

PAN to OWEN and ADAM as they ENTER the area, with their hands restrained behind them with zip ties cuffs, dressed the same as RORY.

PAN to a gigantic flat screen above Martin that DISPLAYS a Learjet in flight.

MARTIN

Three of the biggest arms suppliers in the world are on that plane... The US government was given intelligence that a major event was about to happen.

EXT. LEARJET IN AIR -AFTERNOON

Pakorn, Malcolm, and Oksana sit in a luxurious plane.

EXT. LEARJET IN AIRSPACE - AFTERNOON

PAN to a missile headed for the plane.

EXT. LEARJET IN AIR - AFTERNOON

Pakorn NOTICES the missile in air.

EXT. LEARJET IN AIRSPACE - AFTERNOON

The jet is BLOWN out of the sky.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - WEAPONS LOADING FLOOR - AFTERNOON

MARTIN

It just did.

Owen and Adam LOOK at the destruction.

MARTIN (CONTINUED)

I was approached by a member of your C-I-A... He let me know that a very tenacious agent was on my trail and would not stop until I was in prison or dead... I played along. Then made it look like I was setting up some major deal in the US... As if.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Asshole.

RORY

I'd choose my words wisely.

PAN back to Martin.

MARTIN

I sell to who they want supplied
to, and the US authorities stay
away.

OWEN

You hate America so much, but you
make a deal with the CIA.

MARTIN

Given that type of freedom. I can
learn to hate you YANK bastards a
little less.

OWEN

She won't stop... I can guarantee
you that.

MARTIN

On screen.

PAN to the flat screen which DISPLAYS the ruins of the CIA
Black Site.

Owen ATTEMPTS to MOVE forward, but Rory KICKS him in the
back of the leg, which FLOORS him to a knee bent position.

ADAM

Hey---

RORY

On your knees.

He POINTS the gun to the back of Owen's head.

RORY (CONTINUED)

Do it.

Adam begrudgingly follows orders.

RORY (CONTINUED)

Don't worry. I'm sure she didn't
suffer. Right sir?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

... I guess.

RORY

... You didn't get confirmation
that she's dead.

MARTIN

The bloody thing's in ruins.

RORY

Are you taking a piss---

MARTIN

She's dead. She has to be.

PAN to a somewhat relieved Owen.

RORY

I really think you should've
confirmed the kill.

MARTIN

Bollocks... I worried about her as
much as I'm worried about the
tracking beacon they set off.

Owen and Martin are confused.

RORY

Are you fucking mental?

MARTIN

This base is off the
radar. Hidden. What could wrong.

PAN to Adam.

ADAM

Nice job---

MARTIN

What? Goldfinger. Blofeld. What
Bond villain do you want to compare
me to.

ADAM

I wasn't thinking about calling you
a Bond villain... Cobra Commander.

PAN to Owen as he LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Cobra what---

ADAM

Cobra Commander... Well an incompetent English Cobra Commander... You even have Destro holding a gun at us---

RORY

Destro's Scottish---

ADAM

Uh huh---

RORY

From Scotland---

OWEN

Like we can tell the difference.

Adam LAUGHS.

PAN to the ceiling, where an explosion OCCURS.

Kara, dressed in a combat suit with body armor, REPELS down, with an HK P30L in hand, and a large weapons bag attached to the rope.

She SHOOTS Rory's gun out of his hand, which CAUSES him to RUN off.

Kara SHOOTS at, and KILLS some of Martin's men, while the surviving men ESCORT him away.

PAN to Kara on the ground.

KARA

Happy to see me.

Owen and Kara have a moment of semi-romantic staring, which is INTERRUPTED.

KARA (CONTINUED)

Hold on a second.

PAN to two of Martin's men who approach gun ready.

Kara KILLS them with head-shots.

ADAM

I think I just came a little bit.

She points to the weapons bag.

(CONTINUED)

KARA

I brought presents. Gear up... I got this.

OWEN

You sure?

Kara KICKS open a weapons case, GRABS an HK G36 rifle, THROWS it up, CATCHES it, COCKS the weapon, the FIRES toward the background.

PAN to three of Martin's men as they are SHOT and killed.

OWEN (CONTINUED)

Okay then.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

A door is BLOWN off its hinges from an explosion.

PAN to Owen and Adam in heavy tactical black armor, armed with HK standard semi-automatic pistols, G36 Rifles, grenades, and multiple ammo pouches.

Adam SCREAMS out.

ADAM

Hey Cobra Commander... DUKE and SNAKE EYES are coming for you.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - OFFICE - DAY

Martin and Rory RUSH into an office.

PAN to Martin near a rear wall with a hand ID scanner. He USES it to access a secret door.

The WALLS OPEN to REVEAL a secret exit.

He's about to ESCAPE, but STOPS.

PAN to Rory, with a HK P30L pistol, POINTED at Martin.

RORY

You stupid bastard.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - WEAPONS LOADING FLOOR - AFTERNOON

PAN to Martin's men as they RUSH forward.

KARA, with an HK P30L pistol in each hand, SHOOTS and KILLS them.

PAN to Martin's men REPELLING from the roof.

Kara SHOOTS, and KILLS them.

PAN to a CADILLAC ESCALADE as it RUSHES at Kara.

KARA ROLLS to the ground, DROPS her pistols, GRABS an HK G36 rifle on the ground, COCKS the weapon, then FIRES at the SUV. The SUV SWERVES, HITS a wall, then EXPLODES.

PAN to one of Martin's men as he CHARGES at Kara.

Kara DROPS her gun, PULLS a combat knife from a pouch, then THROWS it, with the blade landing in his chest. This CAUSES him to FALL, and his HK VP9 pistol FLIES from his hand, which KARA CATCHES, COCKS, then FIRES head-shots into him.

Kara SIGHS, then MOVES toward stacked weapons crates, which she SITS on.

A battle SCREAM is heard.

PAN to two of Martin's men with HK G36 RIFLES in hand.

Kara KILLS one of them with a head-shot, then WOUNDS the other with a leg shot, which FLOORS him.

PAN to Kara's gun held to the man's head.

KARA

I've killed like fifty of you. You
really think you're anything
special---

MARTIN'S MAN

Fuck you bitch.

Kara SHOOTS him in the stomach.

PAN to Kara as she LOOKS at the nails on her gun hand.

KARA

Time for a mani.

Martin's man makes one last attempt to ATTACK her, then she KILLS him with a head shot.

(CONTINUED)

Kara LOOKS down at her boot.

KARA (CONTINUED)
And maybe a pedi.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Owen and Adam MOVE up the stairwell. They SHOOT and KILL Martin's men as they come from above and below.

PAN to one of Martin's men who Owen SHOTS and kills, and he FALLS from above.

PAN to a group of Martin's men who RUSH from behind, Owen THROWS a grenade which LANDS near them, EXPLODES, KILLS them, then SENDS them backwards.

PAN to Owen as he MOWS down and KILLS several of Martin's men who approach from above.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

RORY
You useless. Arrogant. Cartoon.
Moron.

MARTIN
Watch your mouth---

RORY
I worked for you. Bled and sweat
for you, and never said a word
about the moronic things you've
said and done... The CIA having
your back meant I could cash out
and walk away, but you couldn't
hold up your end.

MARTIN
I can fix this.

RORY
It's over... You're over.

PAN to Major Tom on the ground.

RORY (CONTINUED)
I'll start with you.

PAN to Martin as he PULLS a blade from his belt buckle, then THROWS it at Rory, which LANDS in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

Rory DROPS his weapon, then FALLS to his knees
MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - STAIRWELL - top floor - AFTERNOON

Three of Martin's men RUSH out of the door.

PAN to Owen as he SHOOTS them dead with his rifle.

The last of Martin's men RUSHES from behind.

PAN to Adam as he SHOOTS him dead with his rifle.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - TOP FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Owen and Adam RELOAD their rifles, and MOVE forward.

PAN to the office at the end of the hall.

OWEN
Office---

ADAM
On it.

MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

They ENTER the room.

PAN to Rory, still on his knees.

RORY
Help me.

Owen PULLS the blade from his chest.

Adam GLARES at Owen.

OWEN
He said help him.

PAN to Rory as he FALLS backward.

EXT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - ROOF - AFTERNOON

Martin's military helicopter is at the ready.

PAN to Martin as he RUSHES toward the helicopter with Major Tom in hand.

EXT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - ROOF - MARTIN'S MILITARY
HELICOPTER - AFTERNOON

Martin GETS into the helicopter.

MARTIN

Go.

The helicopter LIFTS off.

EXT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - ROOF - AFTERNOON

Owen and Adam COME out of the secret exit.

PAN to the helicopter in air.

Owen and Adam as they FIRE their RIFLES at the helicopter.

Rounds HIT the top and rear rotor.

EXT. NEVADA AIRSPACE - MARTIN'S MILITARY HELICOPTER -
AFTERNOON

The pilot STRUGGLES to maintain control.

PAN to Martin as he CLUTCHES his cat.

MARTIN

Hold on Major.

The cat jumps out of the open helicopter door and LANDS in
Adam's arms.

PAN to Owen.

OWEN

And that just happened.

EXT. NEVADA AIRSPACE - MARTIN'S MILITARY HELICOPTER -
AFTERNOON

MARTIN'S PILOT

Brace for impact.

The helicopter CRASHES.

EXT. NEVADA - DESERT - MARTIN'S MILITARY HELICOPTER -
AFTERNOON

The pilot is dead.

PAN to Martin, still alive. He RIPS off his safety belt,
then CLIMBS out of the helicopter.

MARTIN
... Goldfinger... Blofeld... Dr.
Evil... Bloody Cobra
Commander... Call me whatever you
like... Martin Dexter always wins.

The helicopter EXPLODES and KILLS him.

INT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - WEAPONS LOADING FLOOR -
AFTERNOON

CIA personnel MOVE about the area.

PAN to Rory, who's handcuffed to a gurney.

The CIA staff member STOPS the gurney when it gets near Owen
and Adam, who still HOLDS Major To

RORY
Dexter---

OWEN/ ADAM
Dead---

RORY
Sweet.

EXT. MARTIN'S NEVADA BASE - AFTERNOON

Troy, in a suit and tie, stands near tactical squad CIA
members, in a HUFF.

PAN to Kara, who WALKS toward a tactical squad CIA member,
and HANDS him her body armor.

Troy WALKS toward Kara.

TROY
A CIA building blown sky
high. Dexter dead. Bodies all
over the place---

(CONTINUED)

KARA

I see a major threat toe-tagged, a shitload of weapons black ops can use without having to cut a check, and computer files that will probably lead you to overseas accounts holding ten figures... I'd call that a good day.

TROY

You're getting de-briefed. Right now. Do you hear me. Right---

Kara DRAWS an HK P30L pistol from a holster and COCKS the weapon.

TROY

Or we can do this Monday---
Tuesday... You call me when you're available.

TROY WALKS away.

PAN to Owen and Adam as they WALK toward Kara.

KARA

A cat.

OWEN

Adam's new boyfriend.

Owen and Kara STARE at each other in another semi-romantic moment.

ADAM (O.S.)

Would the two of you just fuck already.

Owen TURNS to RESPOND.

OWEN

Just stop... I pretty sure that's not what she's thinking about---

KARA

Yes it is.

PAN to Adam with a told you so SMILE on his face.

KARA (CONTINUED)

You seem like a nice guy. I've been throwing signals left and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KARA (CONTINUED) (cont'd)
right... Do I have to sit on your
face for you to---

Owen PULLS Kara close and KISSES her, and she KISSES him
back.

ADAM
Good. Good for you.

They continue to KISS.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
I'm happy for you.

They continue to KISS.

ADAM (CONTINUED)
... You've get her. And I'm
holding a cat... Just - great.

PAN to the cat.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Melissa, in a pants business suit and dress shirt, stands
near the conference table.

PAN to Lauren, in a button down dress shirt and dress pants,
with Major Tom in hand.

PAN to a flat screen that displays an aerial view of a
building.

MELISSA
What's their status?

LAUREN
They're on the move.

MELISSA
Alright boys... Get your asses out
of there.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

A helicopter is at ready status.

PAN to Owen and Adam, in denim, button down shirts, white tee shirts, and body armor, while holding HK automatic weapons.

They ENTER the helicopter in a RUSH.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - HELICOPTER - DAY

OWEN
Go. Go. Go.

The helicopter TAKES off.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN AIRSPACE - DAY

OWEN
We good---

ADAM
Yeah---

Owen is concerned.

OWEN
How much C4 did you use?

ADAM
Enough---

OWEN
Adam.

ADAM
I'm insulted... We're working together. We hang out. You have a new girlfriend. The major reason you were able to pull that stick out of your ass... Maybe now you can shove stuff up hers.

OWEN
Stop---

ADAM
Too much---

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
Just a little.

ADAM
... See. You told me. I
listened. I stopped... The new
Adam. A model of restraint.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The building EXPLODES.

INT. M2 GLOBAL CORPORATE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Melissa and Lauren are in shock as they STARE at the video
playback.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN AIRSPACE - DAY

The pilot LOOKS at the explosion.

PAN to Owen.

OWEN
Restraint.

PAN to Adam.

ADAM
... Baby-steps.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN AIRSPACE - DAY

The helicopter FLIES away with the explosion in the
background.

FADE OUT: