

FADE IN.

INT. BUNKER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

A WOMAN stands below the hum of the flickering florescent lights. Her eyes are fixed ahead on the thick, SOLID-STEEL DOOR as her BLOODIED LAB COAT sways slightly. She's trembling and mumbling something under her breath and most of the color has left her near fifty-year old face. We see behind her is a control panel with VARIOUS MONITORS that snow and stutter with an electronic buzzing sound that fills the room. From behind the steel door SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS. A few at first, then more. Her pulse quickens.

We hear what sounds like whispers, though it's no language we've ever heard. WE see on the monitors behind her, a poor image of what's on the other side of the door. THREE MALE FIGURES IN DARK COATS are standing there. She can't take her eyes off the door. I'm not sure she's so much as blinked.

Another sound comes crawling from behind the door. It starts deep and low, then joined by another as it continues to rise. The sound cuts through the electric buzzing of the control room. Her eyes dart and she can feel the blood beating in her ears. It gets louder and louder.

THE OVERHEAD LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLICKER as they fight for power. On the monitors, we can see the same power shortage throughout the bunker.

The bellowing outside grows ever more intense, forcing the doctor to break her silence.

WOMAN
LEAVE ME ALONE!!

Instantly, THE POWER GOES OUT and the MONSTROUS SOUNDS STOP. In darkness, WE HEAR NOTHING BUT HER ERRATIC BREATHING. The monitors behind her, now only snow, put the Doctor in silhouette. The monitor that gave view of the outside of the door is also blacked out. Only one monitor remains - that which is viewing itself - a camera inside the control room.

She holds her breath and listens. After a long, unnerving silent moment, the "something" outside makes a sound for her... "BOOM"... "BOOM"...

"They" start BANGING ON THE DOOR. Slow to start, but quickly picking up the pace.

BOOM! BOOM!... BOOM!...BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

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She shakes and shivers. Her nerves split and she answers the knocking with a PRIMAL SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTEL BUILDING-INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

THWACK! A FIST SLAMS into the side of STEVEN CHILDS' face. He's a 'suit and tie' guy who looks to fit well in the corporate world, except for his bloodied face. He sits tied to a chair as RICHARDS, a heavy set, mid-forties bruiser stands before him. WHAM! He punches Childs again. LAWSON casually observes the beating as he sits on a small wooden table, enjoying a cigarette. Richards' sweat soaked shirt and heavy breathing suggest he has been putting his time in on Mr. Childs.

LAWSON

I find it interesting...that some people think... or perhaps hope that their actions might somehow go unnoticed? Or perhaps that we'll turn the other cheek?

CHILDS

I'm sorry...I...I promise I won't...

Lawson casually waves his hand, signalling to Richards who whips another hard looping punch that lands on Childs' jaw. Lawson then grabs the metal chair and approaches Childs. He spins it around backwards and sits, facing his hostage.

LAWSON

I'm so glad you brought that up, Steven. I'd like to talk to you about 'promises'. Keeping promises establishes trust and trust is the backbone for any relationship, business or otherwise, would you agree?

Childs nods.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

You, made many promises, didn't you? Contractual promises when you arrived here, do you remember?

BEAT - Childs can feel where this is going.

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LAWSON (CONT'D)

Now, these weren't contractual promises, written in small print half way down the page somewhere in the middle of a wordy, two-hundred page document in subpart L that you couldn't be expected to look at... We made these... contractual promises... and the consequences for breaking them, painfully clear, so there is a trust. If I say, 'I promise I won't kill you'... you'd like to be able to trust that, wouldn't you?

Lawson slowly moves closer to Childs and sits just inches away as he waits for an answer.

LAWSON (CONT'D)

Sorry, did you not understand the question? It's simple really.

Lawson takes a final drag from his cigarette and proceeds to put it out on Childs' neck as the beaten captive SCREAMS IN PAIN.

WHAM! The door behind them is kicked open as A SQUAD OF MILITARYESQUE TROOPS STORM THE ROOM. LT. DEAKON and SGT. VENETTI lead the pack with MACHINE GUNS BLAZING. After entering the room, they drop to a squat and the two men entering behind them (JOHNSON and COLLINS) immediately begin firing over them. Riddled with bullets, LAWSON AND RICHARDS ARE KILLED within seconds. Smoke fills the room as the gas-masked soldiers begin to CUT CHILDS LOOSE. A barrage of gunfire ensues in the hallway between the troops and corporate security. We see another member of the rescue team get shot and fall pass the doorway.

DEAKON

(Noticing the downed soldier)
We need cover, NOW!

From outside the hallway, we hear a burst of gunfire as PHILLIPS nears the door. He steps past the TWO FALLEN GUARDS just outside the door.

PHILLIPS

On it!

DAX moves in and helps Phillips cover the hall. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

DAX

(to the team)
Hurry it up, we got two minutes!

(CONTINUED)

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COLLINS

We got it!

Getting the captive loose, the men grab him and slam him face first onto the wooden table as Venetti quickly TAPES HIS WRIST TOGETHER. Deakon presses the man's face firmly on the table with one hand and STARTS RUMMAGING THROUGH HIS POCKETS with the other.

DEAKON

(lifts his mask)

What's your name?!

CHILDS

(confused)

Wha...What?!

DEAKON

You're name?! What's your fucking name?!

Identify yourself!

Deakon finds the man's wallet in one of his pockets and CHECKS FOR HIS ID.

CHILDS

Ch-Ch-Childs! Steven Childs!

He pockets the wallet and pulls his mask back down as he yanks Childs to his feet.

DEAKON

Confirmed!

The team quickly surrounds Childs in a Secret Service type formation as they head out of the room.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Engaging in SPORADIC GUNFIGHTS, the rescue team make their way down the hall.

DEAKON

(into his radio)

Headed your way!!

His RADIO ISN'T WORKING PROPERLY AS USUAL. He taps his ear piece and hits his radio.

DEAKON (CONT'D)

Hey! En route! Do you copy?!

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

A helicopter is waiting for the rescue team on the rooftop.
The PILOT answers the call from Deakon.

PILOT
(into his radio)
Yeah! Hurry it up! We got one minute!

BACK TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The troops make their way through the hall.

DAX
(checking his watch)
Deac! We got sixty seconds!

DEAKON
I got that!

Bullets fly as the troops exchange fire with SECURITY OFFICERS on their way to the rooftop. DEAKON NOTICES A COUPLE OF HIS FALLEN MEN ALONG THE WAY AND MOVES ON. Dax jumps ahead as they get to the locked door. He quickly releases his weapon and pulls out his electronic Access Encoder to unlock the door. The first code he tries doesn't seem to work.

DAX
Fuck!

VENETTI
Dax!

DAX
Hold on!

Dax punches a few buttons on the encoder and slides his car into the card reader again. Click! THE DOOR UNLOCKS and the team begin to funnel into it.

Just then, FINCHER IS HIT IN THE CHEST and sent to the floor. SANTO the medic, rushes to his aid and drags him into cover as Deakon lays down suppression fire behind her. THE REST OF THE TEAM TRY TO HELP, BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK.

DEAKON
(to Phillips)
Go! Get outta here!

PHILLIPS
Fuck that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phillips continues to try to help but is kept at bay.

DEAKON

GO!

VENETTI

LaCosta!...map!

LaCosta tosses the map to Venetti who then slides it to Deakon.

VENETTI (CONT'D)

You better be there!

Deakon nods then hands the map to Santo, PICKS UP FINCHER and they're off LIMPING DOWN THE HALLS. With them gone, Venetti and his boys take off battling their way through corridors.

Santo is about fifteen feet in front of Deakon, clearing rooms as she goes and trying to navigate with the map.

SANTO

Come on, this way.

DEAKON IS STILL CARRYING FINCHER. Occasionally he stops and turns to fire behind him at the handful of enemy troops on their heels.

Santo crosses a room and glances down at the map for a second as an ENEMY SERGEANT PUTS A GUN TO HER HEAD. A moment later we see THREE OTHER ENEMY SOLDIERS step out in the room behind her.

Looking back the way he came, Deakon enters the first room. Startled, one of the enemy troops turn and opens fire. In an instant FINCHER IS SHREDDED with gunfire and sent to the ground. Totally surprised Deakon freezes where he stands. As the Enemy Sergeant holds Santo by the throat the others rush to surround Deakon.

ENEMY SERGEANT

Don't you even fucking think about...

Before the Enemy Sergeant can finish his sentence DEAKON HAS PULLED HIS KNIFE and is on the other three. After Deakon finishes off the third man(the one who shot Fincher), HE LOSES IT AND HACKS AWAY AT HIS DEAD BODY. Enemy Sergeant sees an opportunity for a clean shot. Just as he takes aim, SANTO PUSHES HIS GUN ARM AWAY AND THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND. Before Enemy Sergeant can realize what's happened, SANTO FIRES HIS GUN INTO HIS FACE at point-blank range. Wiping the blood splatter from her face, she moves towards Fincher to see if it's as grim as it appears.

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Before she can get to him, DEAKON GRABS HER by the collar pulls her behind him out the door into the next hall.

DEAKON

He's gone. We gotta go.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

As the rooftop hatch flies open, Deakon and Santo enter onto the rooftop. Before them, the team and the flight crew are standing by their helicopter firing in every direction. Deakon fires down into the roof hatch before running to join the others as they get on board. The helicopter/plane lifts off.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Deakon rips his gas-mask off and looks around in a panic as the rest of the team are incredibly tired and beaten.

DEAKON

Role call!

VENETTI

(to the team)

Masks off! Now! Hurry it up!

The team start to remove their masks.

DEAKON

Where's Orvik?!

(to the team)

Orvik!? Where's Rayger?

DEAKON SEARCHES THE FACES OF HIS MEN and tries to calculate who is missing. He sees MARVIN, Phillips, Dax, Johnson and LaCosta before meeting eyes with COLLINS, another one of his beaten down soldiers.

COLLINS

They didn't make it man. Intel was bullshit.

VENETTI

(to Deakon)

They got Andrews and Fincher too. Four total.

DEAKON

I know they got Fincher!

DEAKON'S EMOTION'S OVERCOME HIM as he realizes the men he lost.

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He rocks back in forth, trying to control his rage in front of his men. It becomes clear that THEY WERE MISINFORMED ABOUT THE MISSION going into it.

Childs sits across from him, still shaken by his near death experience.

 CHILDS
 (to Deakon)
Thank you.

 DEAKON
What's that?

 CHILDS
Uh... Thank you.

DEAKON THROWS HIS GAS MASK AT THE FORMER HOSTAGE and his rage spews out.

 DEAKON
I lost four of my guys down there for you! You?! You're nothing! You're a fuckin suit! As far as I'm concerned, you were getting what you deserved! So you don't thank me for shit, you got that!?

Deakon sits back and tries to calm a bit. We see his GROUP OF SOLDIERS STARING AT CHILDS as their bodies rock with the motion of the helicopter ride.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY - DAY

Deakon and Venetti make their way down the hall. As they approach the large double doors of MR. JONES' office, they RAISE THEIR ARMS FOR THE ROUTINE 'PAT DOWN' by the awaiting GUARDS.

 GUARD 1
Morning ladies.

The Guard 1 starts patting Deakon down as Guard 2 does the same to Venetti.

 DEAKON
 (Re: the pat down)
You gonna buy me dinner this time?

 GUARD 1
No desert.

(CONTINUED)

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DEAKON

Story of my life. How's Jenny and the kids?

GUARD 1

Fuck if I know...

GUARD 2

Jones is killing us with overtime.

VENETTI

(to Guard 1)

Yeah, I thought you was on vacation this week...

GUARD 1

So did I. Wife is pissed. Kids are pissed.

DEAKON

Sorry man.

GUARD 1

Is what it is. There is an upside though...

Both guards finish the routine pat down and pull out scanners and scan the BARCODE MARKING on the back of Deakon and Venetti's necks. They beep in approval.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

(into his radio)

Mr. Jones, charlie-mike-two-one-two-five-niner and charlie-mike-six-zero-six-two are here.

MR. JONES

Send them in.

GUARD 1

(to Deakon)

At least we ain't you guys.

Deakon and Venetti head to enter Mr. Jones' office.

DEAKON

There is an upside.

INT. MR. JONES' OFFICE - DAY

Deakon and Venetti walk into the big board room size office as the Guards follows behind and station themselves by the door.

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There are several executives milling about the room, looking at various pictures and maps. Many turn to notice the soldiers and seem on-guard.

The room itself looks like a mix between any plush executive board room and a military command center. MR. JONES, a large, fifty-something, balding "suit" sits at the head of the table. AGENT DANE and DR. TAYLOR sit across the table. There is a large map on the table. Deakon and Venetti casually take a seat at the table.

MR. JONES
 (sarcastically)
 Have a seat.
 (to the room)
 Excuse us gentlemen.

The other people in the room stop what they're doing and quickly clear out except for Mr. Jones and the two agents. The Guards stay at their post inside the room, until Mr. Jones motions for them to exit also. The GUARDS LOOK CONFUSED for a moment as this is unusual, but Mr. Jones gives them an, "It's alright" nod and THEY LEAVE THE ROOM, closing the doors behind them.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)
 (to Deakon and Venetti)
 Guys. How are things?

DEAKON
 (to the point)
 Things are things. What's this about?

MR. JONES
 (to Dane and Taylor)
 Please excuse him, he's a bit direct.

Agent Dane smiles.

MR. JONES (CONT'D)
 (to the soldiers)
 First off, I wanted to congratulate you on your mission accomplished. If my records are correct Deakon, you're at 81 completed? You're at 33 Venetti? Artec is very pleased with your team's work...

DEAKON
 Four my guys are dead.

MR. JONES
 I heard. And I'm very sorry for your team's loss. Unfortunate rules of the game, I'm afraid.
 (MORE)

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