

GONE DARK

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INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A figure runs around the corner of some boxes in the far corner of an unknown warehouse. CAROL HOLMANN is limping and holding her stomach, blood on her hands, looking backward every few moments. As she fills up the screen, a gunshot rings out and she drops out of frame. In the distance, the blurred figure of a GUN TOTTING THUG stands; his gun drawn and aimed at the screen.

The gun toting thug starts walking slowly toward Carol, who is lying prostrate on the ground and as helpless as can be. She looks over to her right and in between two rows of boxes, she sees JORDAN BOONE. Jordan, a man in his mid thirties, about 6 feet tall with dark brown hair and an athletic body makes a series of hand signals toward Carol. Blinking in agreement, Carol begins to pay attention to the footsteps of the closing thug.

After a moment, Carol coughs. Jordan looks thru a small space between boxes to get a bearing on the thug. The thug moves over Carol with his gun still drawn. Jordan bends his knees slightly and as soon as he sees the tip of the gun, he leaps from his hiding place, disarms the thug, and chokes the thug to death in a succession of quick and brutal moves. Jordan moves down to Carol.

JORDAN

Don't move.

Jordan rolls her over, noticing that there is no blood on the floor under her. There is no exit wound.

JORDAN

The bullet didn't pass thru.
You're not gonna make it.

CAROL

(breathing slowly,
clutching Jordan's shirt)
I know...they found you...don't
know how...came here to warn
you...find...find the
others...probably dead...

JORDAN

I will.

CAROL

(breathing even slower)
Sorry...I'm sorry...

JORDAN
(soothingly)
Breathe Carol...Just breathe.

CAROL
(dying)
Missed you...

Carol dies in Jordan's arms.

JORDAN
I missed you too.

Jordan stands up and grabs the gun off of the floor. He looks at the gun, then looks down at Carol, and finally looks in the direction of the exit.

CUT TO
BLACK/OPENING
CREDITS

INT. SPARSE BED/BATH ROOM - TWO DAYS EARLIER

Jordan steps out of the shower, pulling a towel around his waist. Using the palm of his hand, he wipes the condensation away from the mirror, revealing his face.

Gazing into his reflection, he worries momentarily and exits.

Hustling into a bedroom, Jordan hurries over to the closet and gets dressed. A bag lies on his bed. Buttoning the last button on his shirt, Jordan walks over, slips a jacket on, and grabs the bag. He walks out of the bedroom door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jordan turns a corner into the kitchen of a medium size ranch house. The windows reveal a view of woods and not much else. RICHARD sits at a medium size table with two small children. They are eating lunch and laughing. The oldest girl makes a face and all three people laugh. Jordan looks over and smirks at the girl, who sticks her tongue out at him. Richard gets up from the table and walks over to the sink with dirty plates in his hands. Turning on the faucet, he speaks to Jordan.

RICHARD
Going to work?

JORDAN
(closing fridge)
Yeah.

RICHARD
Getting back late?

JORDAN
Is that a problem?

RICHARD
In 3 months, it's never been a
problem. Look, you're quiet and
you keep to yourself. I understand
that and I have to say it suits me
just fine. You don't have to be
defensive all the time.

JORDAN
(looking away)
I know...thanks.

RICHARD
For what?

JORDAN
For what you do.

Jordan throws his bag over his shoulder and walks out the front door.

CUT TO

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan approaches his car and runs his hand along a strip of tape stretched across the gap between the hood and the driver's side front quarter panel. The tape is intact and Jordan smiles as he gets into the car.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan arrives to work.

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Driving a forklift, Jordan turns around a corner and loads a pallet into a truck.

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Jordan scribbles on some paperwork, double-checks it, and signs his name.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jordan locks the door, turns around and approaches his car. Inspecting the hood, he touches the scotch tape and nods. Throwing his bag into the passenger side, he gets into his car and drives off.

CUT TO

INT. BOOKSTORE COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Jordan walks up to the counter, orders himself a drink and comes to sit down at an unoccupied table. A girl sitting at a table next to him, SARAH, looks over as he sits down but thinks nothing of it and goes back to her book. Jordan looks around the coffee shop tucked into the corner of the building. A young man brings a coffee to Jordan's table. Jordan pulls out his book and thumbs through it. He looks down at his coffee and realizes there is no cream on his table. He leans over to Sarah.

JORDAN

Can you pass the cream?

Sarah grabs the cream without looking away from her book but as she hands it to him; she catches a slight glance at his book.

SARAH

What're you reading?

Jordan doesn't answer for a moment, just continues to look at his book.

Her glance unwavering, he looks to her with suspicion, then back down at his book. Then he responds.

JORDAN
(eyeing the book)
A book about computers.

Sarah looks over at the cover and reads aloud.

SARAH
(leaning forward)
Identity Theft...What do you do?

Jordan looks at her suspiciously again before glancing down at his coffee. He moves in his chair as if suddenly becoming unsettled and resets himself into a more guarded position.

JORDAN
(staring)
Lady, why do you care about what I read or what I do?

SARAH
(leaning back)
I was just wondering. I work in Border's. I see you in there every once and a while. Sorry...

Sarah returns to her book. Jordan stares down at his book for a moment. He glances at Sarah a few times before leaning in to speak.

JORDAN
(leaning forward)
Look, I didn't mean to be like that. I'm a computer consultant, my name's Jordan.

Sarah looks at him for a moment and finally shakes his outstretched hand.

JORDAN
Do you like it there? At Border's?

SARAH
Yeah. I get a discount and I've got a lot of free time to read.

JORDAN
Why's that?

SARAH

I just got out of the army. Trying to put life together again you know.

JORDAN

(looking down)

I was never in the army but I know the feeling. What do you think you're gonna do?

SARAH

I don't know. I'm thinking about trying to...

As she talks, Jordan gathers his things and sits down at her table, directly across from her. She looks up surprised but keeps talking in the same tone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...go back to school. Get a degree in graphic arts maybe.

JORDAN

Sounds great.

SARAH

Yeah...

ESTABLISH TABLE - LS

CUT TO

EXT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

Jordan and Sarah stand outside the bookstore later that night. Sarah digs into her purse for something. Slung the purse backward, she pulls a pen out and grabs Jordan's hand. Jordan peers down at his hand as she writes a phone number. Jordan looks back up at her and smiles.

CUT TO

EXT. RICHARD'S BACKYARD - DAY

Jordan walks out of a door and into a large and forested back yard. He stretches out in the doorway as Richard is knelt down in the grass a few yards from the house. Jordan drops his hands from over his head and walks toward Richard.

RICHARD
 (moving his hand over the
 grass)
 Out late last night?

JORDAN
 I was at the bookstore. Decided to
 sit down and have some coffee. Met
 a girl.

RICHARD
 And did she meet you back?

JORDAN
 She talked to me.

RICHARD
 If you want the house to yourself
 this weekend, I can go see my
 brother.

JORDAN
 What about the kids?

RICHARD
 They're with their mom this
 weekend. I dropped them off about
 an hour ago.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (looking up)
 Thought I might get some yard work
 done seeing as how my houseguest
 decided to sleep all day.

JORDAN
 (stuffing hands in
 pockets)
 Yeah...

Richard looks back down at his yard work and Jordan smiles
 slightly.

RICHARD
 Are you gonna see her again?

JORDAN
 I don't know. Maybe.

RICHARD
 (standing and facing
 Jordan)
 Sure you do. It's simple, either
 (MORE)

RICHARD (Cont'd)
 you want to see her again or you
 don't.

JORDAN
 Yeah...

RICHARD
 (unmoving)
 But?

JORDAN
 (hesitating)
 I'm not exactly in the market.

RICHARD
 Look, I know you're on the run or
 something. Anyone who pays cash to
 live in someone else's house and
 only has one bag to his name, has
 his own problems to deal with.

A look of panic flashes across Jordan's eyes. His muscles
 tense but he doesn't move.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 And personally, I don't care. I've
 said it before; you keep to
 yourself and smile at my kids.
 That's all I need to know.

Jordan relaxes his eyes and his body visibly.

RICHARD
 Whatever you're running from,
 you've obviously become pretty good
 at it. But someday, it's gonna
 catch up to you. If this girl is
 interested, then why waste time
 wondering if you can keep it up?

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (placing his hand on
 Jordan's shoulder)
 Go. You should take the chance.

Jordan nods, slowly convincing himself. He smiles to
 Richard who throws his head in the direction of the house.
 Jordan walks off into the house and Richard goes back to
 tending to the grass.

FADE OUT

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

FADE IN

Jordan and Sarah lean on the railing of an apartment balcony. They both have drinks in their hand but neither of them takes a sip. They are close but looking out at the view from the balcony.

SARAH

Do you ever get lonely? Being a consultant, all that traveling. It must be lonely.

JORDAN

It's part of the life. Somethings you have to learn to live without. Or just live with in small amounts.

Jordan turns away from the view and settles on Sarah.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What about you?

SARAH

Yeah. After the army, normal life just didn't fit anymore. On one hand, I need the routine and on the other hand, I need...something else. It's like I'm two people.

Sarah looks into her drink and chuckles to herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And you know what they say: three's a crowd.

JORDAN

(moving closer)

Not tonight.

Jordan leans in and kisses Sarah. Then, in each other's arms, they move into the apartment. The bedroom light goes out.

FADE OUT

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

FADE IN

Sarah awakens to find Jordan is gone. She rolls away from where he lay previously on the bed. In the other room, a phone rings. Wrapping a blanket around herself, she walks out of the bedroom and into a living room. The light from the cell phone illuminates the small room. She picks it up and hesitates after looking at the caller id. She answers anyway.

SARAH

Yes?

VOICE

Have you made contact?

SARAH

Of course.

VOICE

And?

SARAH

It's definitely him. I pulled a fingerprint off of his glass while he was asleep. It's a 95% match.

VOICE

Is he there?

SARAH

No. He'd already gone when I woke up.

VOICE

What about the tracker?

SARAH

I wasn't near his car and he left his jacket here. He's good. There's no doubt about that. He watches everything like a hawk. I'm surprised I've been able to get this close without catching his attention.

MS ON SARAH PANS AWAY TO A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE THAT IS VISIBLE THRU WINDOW

CUT TO

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jordan sits in a car parked outside Sarah's apartment. Thru the earphone in his right ear, he can hear both sides of the cell phone conversation Sarah is having.

VOICE (V.O.)
When will you see him again?

SARAH (V.O.)
It's too early to tell but at least
2 days.

VOICE (V.O.)
We have to leave him out in the
open. He is way too valuable right
now on the street so just get as
close as you can. We've only got
two days to bag this guy before
Justice comes down on this. Make
it happen.

SARAH (V.O.)
I'll take care of it.

The phone conversation ends with a click and Jordan sits in his car, incredulous. He take the earpiece out of his ear and tosses it on top of a black listening device in the passenger seat. The car starts with a dull roar and Jordan drives away from the apartment complex.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

Jordan drives down a large highway in the midday sunlight. On his way to the warehouse he works in, he notices a black car following him. He moves from lane to lane. The car mirrors his moves. Jordan puts his hands at 10 and 2 on the steering wheel and suddenly jerks across two lanes and onto an off ramp. The black car misses its opportunity to do the same and keeps driving. Jordan looks in the rearview mirror and doesn't see the black car. He takes surface streets back to his warehouse.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Jordan pulls into the warehouse parking lot;

the only car around. Throwing his messenger bag over his shoulder, he jumps out of the car and runs up to the door. He unlocks it quickly and steps into the door.

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Light streams in thru the open door as it slowly closes. Jordan runs down to the other end of the warehouse and into the bathroom. Flipping the light on, he looks at the ceiling. Jordan take his bag off of his shoulder, stands on the toilet, reaches into a ceiling panel, and pulls down a small hard drive. He drops down from the toilet seat and thows the bag back over his shoulder, dropping the hard drive into his bag. When Jordan walks out of the bathroom, he sees light from the direction of the door. The light seems to sigh as the waxing and waning of the door opening twice indicates strangers in the warehouse. Jordan slides the messenger bag all the way behind his back.

JORDAN

Shit.

He runs across the large opening near the bathroom and slides into a space between two rows of boxes, taking off his bag and setting it beside him. Carol comes running around a row of boxes further down the warehouse. A few moments later, a gun shot rings out.

REUSE OPENING LS

CUT TO BLACK

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jordan looks back down to the thug again. A cellphone sticks out of the thugs jacket pocket so Jordan reaches down and takes it. He walks over to his hiding spot and grabbing his bag, he places the gun into a front pocket. The sun sets as Jordan runs back to the door he came in thru.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jordan runs down the stairs into the parking lot and climbs into an older model sedan. The tires squeal as the car pulls out onto the main road.

CUT TO

I/E. CAR ON INTERSTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan drives onto an interstate and heads out into the night.

CUT TO

EXT. GEORGIA STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - LATER

Jordan passes an exit sign saying "Georgia State University". Slowing down, he pulls off onto the exit ramp and heads toward the University. Jordan drives onto a straight road in downtown Atlanta. Once he passes into the campus of Georgia State University, he parks on the street outside a row of three buildings near the corner of Central Avenue and Decatur Street.

Jordan wears a cautious look as he steps out of the car, hangs his bag over his shoulder, and walks into the street. The campus is deserted and Jordan crosses the street with ease as there is no traffic on the roads. Jordan enters a building marked "Arts & Humanities".

INT. ART BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jordan walks down a series of hallways and up a stairwell to a higher floor. The hallway in front of the stairwell door is adorned with lockers. Jordan walks to a locker in a back corner and takes a small key out of his bag. The lock clicks open with the turn of the key and Jordan sighs at the sight of another black messenger bag in the locker.

He switches his bags out, taking the gun from his first bag and placing it in a pocket of the second, black bag, and secures the locker once more. Checking around for people, Jordan takes a cell phone out of the bag and turns it on. He puts the cellphone in his jacket pocket. Then Jordan pulls another gun, a military grade pistol, from the bag. Pulling the slide back, he checks the receiver for a round. Finding the receiver empty, he releases the slide and drops the clip into his hands. Seeing the clip full, Jordan returns it to the gun and jerks the slide back; chambering a round. He holds it in his hands for a second.

JORDAN
(to himself)
Here we go again.

Jordan places the gun in his bag and slides the bag onto his back. He walks back down the stairs, thru the hallways, and back out into the street.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan closes the driver's side door of his car and reaches into his pocket and pulls out the thug's cellphone. He flips thru the options and calls the last number dialed. After a moment, the phone rings. It rings five times before switching over to voice mail. A pleasant female voice comes on.

VOICEMAIL

You've reached McManus Security.
We're unable to take your call at
the moment, but if you...

Jordan ends the call before the recording finishes.

JORDAN

(to himself)

Mercs...Now what was Cal's cover
name...

Jordan thinks for a moment and then takes out his new phone and calls 411.

JORDAN

(to phone)

Atlanta, Georgia. Micheal S.
Friel. Try Mike Friel. Can I get
that address?

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Jordan pulls up to a nice apartment building and looks at the windows for a moment. Then he drives 2 blocks down and parks behind another building.

Jordan steps out of the car and throws the messenger bag over his shoulder again. The car door slams shut and Jordan starts walking down the street, hands in his pockets with a carefree attitude to look inconspicuous.

When he gets to the building he had eyed moments before, he notices a gate. Jordan digs into his bag and clutches a knife and a plastic card. Just then, JULIA walks out of the gate and holds it open for him. He nods and she nods back.

I/E. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Jordan sees a sign directing visitors to the different arrangement of numbered apartments. He walks in the direction the sign points and heads up a flight of stairs.

Upon reaching the floor he was looking for, he stops just before entering the hallway, flips up the top of his bag, clutches the gun, and flips the safety off. He pokes his head into the hallway and looks both directions before stepping out. Hand clinched tightly around the gun, he stops in front of apartment 2340.

JORDAN
(to himself)
2340.

Jordan steps to the side and turns, putting his back up against the wall next to the door. Pulling the gun into the open, he knocks on the door with his empty hand. After a moment and no answer or sound from the apartment, he knocks again, back still flush with the wall and eyes darting back and forth down the hallway. After another moment and still no answer, Jordan puts the gun in the back of his jeans and pulls the knife out of his bag. He slides the knife inbetween the door and the frame, moves it around while applying turning pressure to the doorknob, and the door clicks open slightly. Jordan returns the knife to the bag and takes the gun out from his jeans. Taking up an entry position, he opens the door with a decent push and clears both sides of the door. Cautiously, he steps into the apartment.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment door opens into a small foyer with kitched access immediately to the left. Jordan clears both areas, keeping quiet. He sees the trappings of a average life all over the apartment: keys on the table next to the door, magazines on the coffee table, empty glasses next to the sink. The bedroom door is slightly open and Jordan proceeds in that general direction. Jordan sees a small drop of something on the floor. He bends down and touches it, realizes it is blood, and immediately stands up and points his gun at the door. Using his foot, he kicks the door open slowly. A man lies on his back, motionless, with two red spots on his chest and one on his head. Jordan looks around the room and clears it.

Once satisfied that the room is clear, he walks over to the body of CAL NORTON and stares for a moment.

JORDAN
(to himself)
Shit Cal.

There is a note layed next to Cal's body that bears just one word "Dresden". Jordan flips the safety on his gun and slides it into the waistband of his jeans. He pulls out a black glove from his bag. His hands are steady as he slides the glove on and puts two fingers on Cal's neck. He moves his fingers to Cal's chest wound.

JORDAN
(to himself)
Hours...First Carol and now you.

Jordan closes Cal's eyes with his gloved hand. Then he picks up the note, crumples it in his hand, and tosses it across the room. The glove snaps as Jordan pulls it inside out and returns it back to his bag. He walks over to Cal's computer and notices that it is still on. When he turns on the monitor, the computer is frozen on the address listing and photo of another friend of Jordan's: Major Kenneth Mako. Jordan jumps up from the computer and runs out of the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan runs out of the front of Cal's apartment complex and into the early morning. Without hesitation, he immediately heads straight for his car. Without even putting his seatbelt on, he flies down the street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan pulls into a space across the street from Major Mako's apartment building. He grabs his bag and jumps out of the car. Rushing into the building, he doesn't notice Julia walking away from the building, down the sidewalk.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan runs up the flights of stairs and slams out of the stairwell exit, flying into an open hallway. He runs down the hallway until he gets to the end.

Turning to see the door to Major Mako's apartment open, he runs right at it but stops short and draws his gun. He slowly enters the apartment but as soon as his gun passes the edge of the door, the door flies into Jordan and knocks him backward; stumbling. Jordan falls to the floor. Sarah pops out from behind the door, gun drawn, and is caught off guard by Jordan's presence.

JORDAN

Sarah?

Sarah turns and runs out the door and into the hallway. Jordan gets up as fast as he can and runs out into the hallway after her. He chases Sarah into the stairwell but is too far behind to catch up. Moving around at the top of the stairwell, Jordan tries to get a good shot on Sarah but misses. He runs down the stairwell after her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jordan bursts out onto the street and immediately puts his gun into his bag. He looks both directions but doesn't see Sarah anywhere.

JORDAN

Damn it.

Jordan walks across the street to his car.

CUT TO

I/E. LARGE PARKING LOT/CAR - EVENING

Sarah pulls into a large parking lot in front of a department store. Still sweating from the chase, she parks her car next to a payphone and gets out. The parking lot seems nearly empty so Sarah slides up to the payphone. She pulls the handset down and dials an unusually long series of numbers. After a few moments and some strange sounds, the phone clicks and a male voice comes thru.

VOICE

Go secure.

SARAH

We have a serious problem sir.

VOICE

You're god damn right we have a serious problem. Where is Boone?

SARAH

I don't know sir but that's not our problem. Everyone who knew Boone or could have helped Boone is dead. These were professional hits. Every single one looked like it was designed to send a message. There were notes laying next to the bodies. They said Dresden. I repeat, Dresden.

VOICE

Jesus. I did not need this Agent Diaz. I'm dispatching a team now but if all of Boone's contacts are dead, he may have gone underground.

SARAH

He's been underground for months sir.

VOICE

No, he went dark. Don't confuse the two. We may have lost our chance on this one. Justice is breathing down our necks and we need something to show.

SARAH

I can find him.

VOICE

No. Boone is not your priority anymore. I want this other shooter. The professional. I want Dresden and if Boone is underground, this hitter is the only connection. I want them alive, Agent Diaz.

SARAH

Sir, I can find him.

Jordan walks up behind Sarah, aims his gun square at her head and cocks the hammer.

JORDAN

I'll save you the trouble.

Sarah turns around slowly, keeping her hands in plain sight.

SARAH
Jordan, I...

JORDAN
Save it. Hang up and throw it
away.

VOICE (V.O.)
(from handset)
Let me make this clear, find the
shooter, or you're off this
assignment, Diaz. Do you hear me?
Diaz?

Sarah nods and presses the off button on her phone. She
throws it a few feet to the right.

JORDAN
Gun. Two fingers. Behind the car.

Sarah takes two fingers into her jacket and pulls out a
compact pistol not unlike Jordan's. A clap rings out as
the gun strike the pavement behind the car. Jordan motions
for Sarah to sit down. She keeps her hands up and kneels
down on the ground.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Who do you work for?

SARAH
You know I can't tell you that.

JORDAN
Not army huh? That's a shame. I
liked that about you.

SARAH
I can help you out of this. You
don't need the gun.

Jordan fires a round off to Sarah's right.

JORDAN
Who do you work for?

Just then, a loud alarm goes off on Jordan's cellphone. He
immediately grabs Sarah and dives behind her car. Just as
they pass the edge of the car, a loud shot rings out and a
large puff of asphalt goes up in the air near the back of
the car. On the other side of the parking lot, Julia
kneels in against a wall, holding an assault rifle. Jordan
leans out from behind the car and another shot rings out.
Jordan sees the muzzle flash.

SARAH
I didn't kill your friends. But I
bet whoever is shooting at us did.

Jordan points the gun at Sarah's head and looks her right
in her eyes. He lingers there for a moment and then turns
back to the parking lot.

JORDAN
FBI?

Sarah nods.

JORDAN
Great.

SARAH
Now do you believe me?

JORDAN
Not really. But you're not trying
to kill me. It's a good start.

Jordan pulls the second gun from his bag and hands it to
Sarah. She flips the safety. Another Shot hits the back
of the car.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
How does the FBI even know who I
am?

SARAH
Dresden.

JORDAN
What do you know about it?

Another shot hits a tire.

SARAH
Not much. Just that the justice
department wants you because of it.
What is it?

JORDAN
It was an operation in China. 3
CIA black bag operators defected
and were pulling smash and grabs on
deep cover US assets in the region.
Hold on.

Jordan pops out from behind the car and fires 3 rounds
toward Julia then slumps back into position next to Sarah.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

My team was sent in to take them out. Before we got the chance, we found out they were still spooks, trying to cover up some botched operation. That was Operation Dresden. We killed the spooks but since they were on the payroll, CIA came after us. We all went dark. I took the only copy of the Dresden files with me.

Sarah fires two round over the top of the car and just as she gets back down, another rifle round shatters the rear windshield.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Justice wants to prosecute, Army Intel wants to bring me in, and I bet that is a CIA sniper trying to kill me and get the hard drive. Got that?

SARAH

Sure.

JORDAN

Flank right. I'll draw fire.

Sarah nods and gets ready to run. Jordan takes a deep breath and pops out from behind the car. He takes 3 shots, each one connects with the wall next to Julia, filling her vision with dust. Sarah runs out into the parking lot and beyond Julia's sight.

Sarah comes around the opposite side of the building, gun ready, moving in a cover formation. Suddenly, two shots crack into Sarah's chest and she drops to the ground. The gun slides out of her hand as she clutches her chest but she stops moving after a few moments.

Jordan comes around the corner Julia was originally firing from and sees Sarah lying on the ground. He slowly makes his way to her body, eyes darting back and forth. A gun clicks from behind him and he stops in his tracks. Two shots ring out into the air again as two bullets plow into Jordan's back and he goes flying forward a few feet and lands next to Sarah on the ground.

Julia stands 30 yards away, rifle at the ready, in a bank of trees. She slings the rifle over her shoulder and pulls out a pistol but as soon as she flips the safety, she hears sirens in the distance.

Knowing she cant have any connection, she drops the rifle to the ground in the exact spot she fired from and runs off into the parking lot. In the far corner, a black sedan lies parked in the shadows. Julia runs over to Sarah's car and grabs Jordan's bag. She gets into her black sedan, starts it up, and pulls out a cellphone. She types a single text message into the phone: ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE, and presses send. She tosses the phone into the passenger seat and drives off.

Meanwhile, Sarah and Jordan lie unmoving on the ground behind the building. The camera lingers on their body for a long time before Jordan finally stirs. He rolls over and tries to take a deep breath but finds no air. So he opens his jacket and reveals a bullet proof vest. One bullet apparently got past the vest as blood from Jordan's shoulder lines the side of the vest. He pulls the straps off and takes a deep, painful breath.

The sounds begin to clarify and Jordan hears the sirens getting close. Climbing to his feet, he looks at Sarah for moment and presses two fingers to her neck to check her pulse. He hangs his head when he discovers no pulse.

JORDAN

Shit.

Jordan steps over to his gun lying on the ground and picks it up. He stands up slowly and looks in the direction of the sirens, clutches the gun in his hand, then looks in the direction of the parking lot.

CUT TO BLACK -
END CREDITS