

THE TIN MAN.

written by
JERRY ROBBINS

jrscreenwriter60@gmail.com

FADE IN

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

GRIFFIN BARLOWE (30) pulls a military-style helmet onto his head, visor up. A leader. Authority drips off him like sweat.

MALIN SHAW (28), sharp-eyed and calm, jams his helmet into place. Focused. Ready.

JACK ROSE (33), confident but running on fumes, forces his helmet on. Tired. Disheveled.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS AS THEY GEAR UP:

- Chest protectors velcroed into place
- Camouflage coats buttoned over the armor.
- Military ammo belts snapped on.
- Tactical knee and elbow pads strapped in.
- Waist bags hooked.
- Visors lowered.

GRIFFIN

Lock and load.

They grab their rifles, cock them.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Watch your flanks. These bastards are good.

MALIN

So they think.

JACK

Kick ass.

Griffin flings open the door. They rush out..

EXT. TACTICAL FIELD - DAY

The morning sun filters through thick trees. Rusty barrels, burned-out cars, and collapsed stone walls litter the battleground.

Griffin, Malin, and Jack sprint in, hit the dirt behind a crumbled wall.

Listening.

Silence.

A twig SNAPS.

GRIFFIN

Enemy target, two o'clock!

Jack springs up, fires -- rapid POP-POP-POP!

Across the field, ENEMY 1 in camouflage ducks behind a tree as blue paint splats against the bark.

MALIN

Oh, man! You should'a had that one!

JACK

Damnit!

MALIN

How could you miss that big ass head!?

Gunfire erupts! Paintballs whip past, pelting trees, dirt, and stone.

A pause.

Griffin JUMPS up and fires -- POP-POP-POP!

ENEMY 2 staggers back, chest splattered yellow.

GRIFFIN

You're out, Harry!

The soldier drops his rifle, leans against a tree.

The fight rages on.

Jack breaks cover, running for a tree --

POP! SPLAT! A paintball slams his helmet.

JACK

Damn!

GRIFFIN

What were you thinking!?

POP-POP-POP!

Paint explodes against the stone wall near Griffin.

JACK

I wasn't! Damn!

GRIFFIN

Malin! The car! You can hit 'em on
their right!

MALIN

On it!

Griffin lies down, covering fire.

Malin races for a burned-out car, rifle ready. He
crouches, steadies --

He springs up, fires --

SPLAT-POP-POP-SPLAT-SPLAT-POP!

Paint slams into Malin's chest, shoulders, helmet.

Riddled.

MALIN (CONT'D)

I'm just wounded!

ENEMY 1 (O.S.)

You're just dead -- fifty times
over!

Griffin shoots Malin a look.

Malin shrugs.

ENEMY 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And then there was one.

Griffin gets ready to fire.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Malin and Jack peel off their gear, shaking their heads
at the beating they just took.

Griffin steps in -- splattered head to toe in paint.

They stare, speechless.

GRIFFIN
We need a new strategy.

EXT. PAINTBALL PARKING LOT - DAY

The three, now in regular clothes, head for their cars.

MILAN
It's pretty pathetic when your
hobby is more exciting than your
actual life.

 GRIFFIN
If your life is dull, consider it
a temporary glitch...

MALIN
It's been dull seven years.

JACK
Temporary is relative.

Griffin and Jack reach a pickup truck.

A SCOTT SECURITY uniform hangs in the back window.

Next to them, Malin unlocks a compact car.

MALIN
We'll practice tomorrow morning.

A phone HUMS.

Griffin tosses his bag into the truck bed and pulls out his phone.

His face drops.

GRIFFIN

What the... I gotta report to
Pacific Industries tonight.

MALIN
What the hell for? It's just
storage.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, with that crotchety old bastard.

MALIN
Maybe he isn't there, so they need
you to cover.

GRIFFIN

Yeah.

Another phone HUMS.

Jack glances at his screen.

JACK

Shit.

GRIFFIN

What?

Malin's phone RINGS.

His expression goes cold.

MALIN

I don't even want to look.

EXT. PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

In the middle of nowhere, surrounded by trees and darkness, stand the tall, cement, fort-like walls.

Four WAREHOUSES sit enclosed within. Each one numbered: 1,2,3, and 4.

An electric MESH FENCE GATE protects the entrance.

Next to it, the GUARD SHACK -- a wooden structure containing a desk, four small CCTV monitors, and a commercial AM radio. Five two-way radios sit in their chargers.

Inside the shack, ED JONES (70s), spots headlights slicing through the black velvet night.

He presses a button. A BUZZER sounds. The gate WHIRS open, its metal frame rattling slightly as it slides along the track.

A battered FORD BRONCO rolls into the compound and parks near the shack.

The door opens, and CARL BOONE (69) steps out.

His Scott Security uniform is pressed, immaculate. His movements, efficient. He puts on a black baseball cap with "SECURITY" blazoned across the front.

Tough as they come -- and you know it.

A BROWN BAG LUNCH in hand, he heads toward the shack as Ed goes to his car.

BOONE

Ed. How's life?

ED

Grandkids suck. Forgot my birthday again.

BOONE

Kids always do.

ED

My grandkids are all in their thirties!

BOONE

You're right. Your grandkids suck.

ED

See ya tomorrow.

BOONE

Drive careful, Ed.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone sets his lunch in the small fridge, slips off his jacket, and settles into the chair.

Outside, Ed drives off, tooting his horn.

Boone reaches for the button to close the gate --

Headlights flare into the compound.

He stops. A flicker of instinct crosses his face.

Too late to shut the gate now. He grabs his jacket and steps outside.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A SCOTT SECURITY CAR. The door opens and out steps CARTER (30s), his "all business" supervisor.

CARTER

Carl.

BOONE

Mister Carter. Surprise inspection?

CARTER

No, no. Special shipment tonight. Two trucks. No paperwork, and there won't be any. But you'll know it's them. A Colonel Day is in charge.

BOONE

Military? At a refrigerator storage warehouse?

CARTER

I don't think they'll be storing a refrigerator.

A brief pause. Boone watches Carter carefully -- but Carter gives nothing away.

CARTER (CONT'D)

They'll be leaving four soldiers with the cargo. Neither you or the other guards are to enter.

Boone tenses. A shift in his stance -- just the slightest sign of wariness.

BOONE

What other guards?

CARTER

Four men from our armed division.

Boone's jaw tightens.

BOONE

I don't need any help with this.

CARTER

We need armed guards. That's the arrangement with the military.

BOONE

I can shoot.

CARTER

You are not certified by Scott Security.

Boone scoffs.

BOONE
"Scott Security."

CARTER
Company policy.

A beat. Boone sizes him up.

BOONE
Right. No problem.

CARTER
I don't want any trouble with
this.

Boone assures him.

BOONE
I got it.

Carter studies him -- still not convinced.

CARTER
Do you?

Boone offers a small smirk. He doesn't answer.

Headlights cut through the compound.

Two cars pull up -- Griffin's Bronco and Malin's compact.

CARTER (CONT'D)
These must be your men now.

BOONE
Thank God. The cavalry's arrived.

Boone and Carter watch as Griffin, Malin, and Jack step out, dressed in their Scott Security uniforms.

CARTER
Don't give them a hard time, Carl.

Boone shoots him a look.

BOONE
Me?

Griffin, Malin, and Jack approach.

GRIFFIN
Mister Carter. Nice to see you.

CARTER
Griffin. This is Carl Boone, your
supervisor at Pacific.

Griffin extends a hand.

GRIFFIN
How do you do.

Boone doesn't blink.

BOONE
Griffin.

GRIFFIN
My friends call me Griff.

Boone shakes his hand -- firm, no nonsense.

CARTER
This is Jack Rose and Malin Shaw.

JACK
Nice to meet you.

Carter turns to Boone.

CARTER
The entire compound needs to be
covered at all times.

GRIFFIN
What are we guarding?

BOONE
Whatever ends up in Warehouse 1
tonight.

GRIFFIN
Refrigerators?

CARTER
Something the military's involved
with.

JACK
Probably a big-ass bomb.

CARTER
All we know is that it requires
armed protection.

JACK
Protection from who?

Boone's eyes drop to Jack's holstered pistol.

BOONE
That little pea-shooter of yours
will hold them off... whoever they
are.

Jack's hand rests on his pistol.

JACK
Standard issue. Glock Seventeen.

Boone is not impressed.

BOONE
Glocks.

Griffin feels superior for a moment.

GRIFFIN
You're not wearing one.

Boone deadpan.

BOONE
No shit.

JACK
What's wrong with it?

Boone tilts his head slightly.

BOONE
Can only kill one at a time.

Griffin smirks.

GRIFFIN
We're good shots, Mister Boone.

Boone meets his gaze. Cold. Unflinching.

BOONE
With targets.
(a beat)
What about when someone is firing
back at you?

The three don't answer.

CARTER
I'm sure everyone is... quite
qualified.

BOONE
Get your radios inside.

The three guards head for the shack.

EXT. ROAD TO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Two Military Troop Army Transport trucks make their way along the pitch-black road.

INT. FRONT GATE PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

Headlights shine into the compound as the transport trucks enter and stop a distance away from Carter.

COLONEL DAY (40s), all brass and authority, steps out of the first truck.

COL. DAY
Gentlemen. I'm Colonel Day. Who is in charge?

CARTER
For the moment, I am. Once I leave, Carl Boone here will be in charge.

Col. Day turns to Boone.

COL. DAY
Why was the gate open?

BOONE
Shift change, sir.

Boone respects the rank.

COL. DAY
Boone, three servers will be stored here. They will be guarded by four men at all times with shifts changing every eight hours.

BOONE
Yes, sir.

COL. DAY
They will protect these servers inside the warehouse. You and your men shall protect them outside, here in the compound.

BOONE
May I ask, sir?

COL. DAY
Yes?

BOONE
Are we expecting company?

COL. DAY
It's just a precaution.

SERGEANT PETERS(40s), gruff and tough as nails, exits the second truck.

SGT. PETERS
Everybody out! Fall in!

TEN SOLDIERS jump down from the back of the second truck and fall into formation.

Boone turns to the Colonel.

BOONE
A precaution?

TWO SOLDIERS in the first truck lower the tailgate to reveal THREE LARGE COMPUTER SERVERS on wooden pallets and covered in shrink wrap.

Boone approaches the Sergeant and the soldiers.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Sergeant.

The Sergeant turns to him.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Where are you out of?

The Sergeant glances at "SECURITY" on Boone's cap.

SGT. PETERS
None of your business.

A pause.

BOONE
I never heard of that base. Oh, wait... maybe I have. Isn't it near that small town called "Go fuck yourself?"

The Sergeant tenses, his eyes narrow. A few deliberate steps toward Boone, as if deciding whether to engage.

SGT. PETERS

Maybe we can meet later and you can draw me a map.

BOONE

Why wait? I can rip your lips off right here. If you know how to read you can use them for book marks.

Their eyes are locked in a steely glare.

BOONE (CONT'D)

If you don't, I can shove 'em up your ass.

A quiet SNICKER from a soldier at attention.

The Sergeant turns to face them.

SGT. PETERS

Find something amusing!?

Boone laughs.

BOONE

Come on, Sarge. What's not amusing with an asshole like you?

The Sergeant clenches his fists, jaw tight. He's ready for a fight but holds his ground.

COL. DAY

Peters!

He snaps to attention.

SGT. PETERS

Sir!

Col. Day, Carter, and the Guards approach.

CARTER

Boone, what's going on?

BOONE

Just a little friendly chat. Ain't that right, Peters?

Sergeant Peters reins in his anger.

COL. DAY

Sergeant?

SGT. PETERS

That's right, Colonel.

COL. DAY

Sergeant, pick your four men and get to Warehouse 1. The rest back onto the truck. You'll be relieved at 0-eight hundred.

SGT. PETERS

Sir.

CARTER

Colonel, if there will be nothing else...

COL. DAY

Thank you for your help. You have my contact number if you need it, and of course, Sergeant Peters can reach me as well.

Carter leaves the army to their business as he leads Boone, Griffin, Jack, and Malin to the guard shack.

CARTER

Boone, if you need to reach me, don't hesitate.

BOONE

Right.

Carter veers off toward his car.

CARTER

I'll be here for the shift change at eight.

BOONE

I think it will be a slow night, Carter.

CARTER

Not unless you decide to take on that Sergeant.

BOONE

I don't fight ladies, sir.

Carter smiles as he opens his car door.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Wait a sec... I thought you said
four additional guards.

Carter glances at the three men present -- Griffin,
Malin, and Jack.

CARTER
You're right! Where's Hudson?

BOONE
You tell me.

A compact car skids through the gate, brakes squealing.
The driver's door flies open, and TOBY FLAGG (19), jumps
out, his uniform slightly wrinkled, but his expression
bright and eager.

TOBY
Pacific Industries? Am I late?

Carter hurries over.

CARTER
Toby Flagg? You're not Max Hudson.

TOBY
No, sir. Hudson's out sick. They
called me in. Said it was a good
opportunity to get some real-world
experience.

BOONE
Real-world experience, huh? You
done security before?

TOBY
Oh, yeah. Totally. Well, sort of.
You know, mostly training. But I
did a couple of shifts at the
mall. Loss prevention. I'm a quick
learner, though.

A beat. Boone's stare is granite -- he doesn't flinch.

BOONE
Where's your sidearm?

Toby pats his hip -- nothing there. He fumbles at his
belt, cheeks flushing.

TOBY

I... uh... they said I'll be taking the firearms certification next week.

Boone's expression doesn't change. He turns to Carter, who shifts uncomfortably.

CARTER

Use him for lookout duty... or, you know, something. All of you here and Hudson are the only armed security we have.

Boone considers this, then gives Toby a nod.

BOONE

You any good with a flashlight?

TOBY

Absolutely. Best in my class.

Malin smirks, Jack rolls his eyes, and Griffin offers a small, supportive smile.

BOONE

All right, kid. You're on perimeter watch. Stick close to the shack, keep your eyes open, and holler if you see anything.

TOBY

You got it.

BOONE

Grab a radio in the shack.

Boone gives Carter a sideways glance.

CARTER

He's here, he's warm, and he'll do what he's told. Sometimes, that's all you need.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

INSERT:

A FINGER presses the red BUTTON. The gate BUZZES and begins to SLIDE SHUT.

EXT. PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

Carter's car pulls away. The GATE WHIRS closed behind him, the electric mesh sparking slightly as it locks into place.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone takes a seat, opens a drawer in the desk and rummages through it, as they gather around.

BOONE
Where the hell....

He produces a MAP, unfolds it on the desk.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Here we go. Simple. Three
warehouses. Four guards. Army is
Warehouse 1.
(points to Griffin)
You take Warehouse 2. Jack, is it?

Jack nods.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Warehouse 3.

Boone looks at Malin.

BOONE (CONT'D)
You take Four.

Boone's eyes land on Toby, standing near the door, trying to look as capable as the others.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Toby, right?

TOBY
Yes, sir.

BOONE
You're on the front gate. You see
anything out of the ordinary, you
get on the radio. I'll be in the
shack on the monitors.

TOBY
Yes, sir, but...

BOONE
What?

TOBY

If you're in the shack, you'll see
a car at the gate.

BOONE

They want armed guards here. The
army has soldiers in Warehouse 1.
If anyone is going to attack they
ain't gonna drive up and ring the
bell. I need eyes outside. If
you're not up to it --

TOBY

No, sir! I'm up to it!

BOONE

Any questions?

JACK

Why can't we stay together?

BOONE

You have a glee club or something?

JACK

Three guns are better than one.

BOONE

We need to cover the perimeter.
There's a desk and chair in each
warehouse. Once an hour, do an
exterior walk-around of your
building.

He hands each of them a two-way radio.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Use these to call in after your
perimeter checks.

Radios in hand, they exit the guard shack. Boone watches
the monitors as they head in different directions.

He sees the two trucks in front of Warehouse 1, and
mutters under his breath.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Why do I feel like a worm on a
hook?

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - LATER

The two trucks have gone. The warehouse door is closed tight. Distant night sounds drift through the air -- an owl, the soft rustle of leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

The main door is shut. The small entry door stands ajar, a sliver of light spilling onto the gravel.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

A single desk lamp casts a dim, yellow glow in the cavernous space.

Griffin sits reclined in his chair, feet up, fingers tapping the edge of the 2 way radio. His eyes are fixed on it -- waiting, listening.

A quiet CLICK echoes.

He jolts up, chair legs screeching. His Glock is half-drawn as he turns to the shadows behind him.

Footsteps. Slow. Approaching.

Jack steps into the light, hands raised.

JACK

Just me.

GRIFFIN

Give me a heart attack, why don't ya?

JACK

Sorry.

Jack drops onto the edge of the desk, glancing at the two-way radio.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why do they need us if they got the army in there?

GRIFFIN

I've been thinking about that.
Probably to keep up appearances.
Make things look... normal.

Griffin returns to his chair as Jack sits on his desk.

JACK
So, we'd be the first ones hit if
anything goes down.

Griffin sits back down, uneasy.

GRIFFIN
Yeah.

JACK
We should have a plan. If we hear
shots -- where do we meet up?

JACK (CONT'D)
The shack?

GRIFFIN
Nah, first place they'd take out.

JACK
Yeah. You know, Boone is right
about one thing. We can only kill
one at a time with our Glocks.

GRIFFIN
I wouldn't worry about it.
Nothing's gonna happen. Security
overkill.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base to Warehouse 2.

Griffin exchanges a look with Jack.

JACK
Aren't you gonna answer?

GRIFFIN
I'm in the little boys room taking
a piss.

Jack laughs.

RADIO CRACKLES again.

BOONE (V.O.)
Get off your ass, Griffin, and
answer the damned radio.

Griffin freezes. His eyes widen.

GRIFFIN
What the... how the hell!?

He lunges forward snatches up the radio.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Warehouse 2, go for Griffin.

 BOONE (V.O.)
That wasn't so hard, was it?

Griffin shoots Jack a look, nods toward the dark corner of the warehouse.

 GRIFFIN
Jack, check out that corner.
 (back to radio)
Wasn't hard at all, Boone.

Jack moves silently into the shadows.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

On one of the small monitors, Griffin sits at his desk. Jack moves closer to the camera, his silhouette blocking the light -- then slips into the shadows, vanishing.

 BOONE
Jack's got the idea. Big Brother
is watching you.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Jack steps out of the shadow, his eyes on the corner.

 JACK
Yeah, camera in the corner.

 GRIFFIN
Boone, what's the big secret
around here? What's with the
military?

 BOONE (V.O.)
That's above my pay grade.

 GRIFFIN
Best guess?

BOONE (V.O.)

I'm paid to sit in this shack and keep the gate locked until eight in the morning. I don't guess.

GRIFFIN

You're not even a little curious?

BOONE (V.O.)

Sometimes it's better not to know.

GRIFFIN

Why's that?

BOONE (V.O.)

Because if you knew, you might not want to guard it.

Jack smirks, leans against the desk.

JACK

Got that right.

GRIFFIN

Come on, Boone. You gotta wonder. You almost took on that sergeant to get some answers.

BOONE (V.O.)

I'd take on that sergeant because he's a jackass.

GRIFFIN

He would've kicked your ass. No offense, but you got a few years on him.

A beat. The radio crackles.

BOONE (V.O.)

Tell Jack to get back to his post.

Jack straightens, mock salute to Griffin.

JACK

I heard ya. Later, Griff.

Jack heads toward the rear entrance, his figure swallowed by the darkness.

GRIFFIN

Anything else?

BOONE (V.O.)
Stay alert. Base out.

Griffin drops the radio onto the desk. His eyes narrow at the camera's faint red glow.

He raises a hand, gives it a sarcastic wave.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Griffin waves on the monitor.

Boone's lips curl in a half-smirk.

BOONE
What a little asshole.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

PVT. TARNOFF (20) and PVT. LA SCALA (25) sit on stacked pallets near the servers, rifles across their laps.

PVT. AMES (20), shuffles a deck of cards. PFC. HENNINGS (25), removes the SINCGARS radio from its camouflage pack.

A makeshift table hosts a battered coffee percolator, steam wafting.

SERGEANT PETERS stands by the small entry door, open just a crack. He sips coffee, eyes on the outside.

TARNOFF
See anything, Sarge?

SGT. PETERS
Just that asshole in the guard shack.

REILLY
I thought you were gonna let him have it.

TARNOFF
I'd put five on the Sarge.

LA SCALA
I don't know. That guy didn't flinch. Maybe he could take ya, Sarge.

SGT. PETERS
Enough with the bullshit.

He snaps at Tarnoff and La Scala.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
You two -- on your feet. Stay
alert.

They hop up, weapons at the ready.

TARNOFF
I bet it's the Russians.

LA SCALA
Russian what?

TARNOFF
Whatever's on these servers. It's
gotta be the Russians.

LA SCALA
Russians don't give a damn
anymore. It's China.

TARNOFF
What do you think, Sarge?

SGT. PETERS
I think you need to shut your
mouths.

He steps outside, door clicking shut behind him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Sergeant Peters pulls a cigarette from his pocket, lights
it, takes a long drag.

He stares at the guard shack in the distance.

A tiny orange glow -- Boone, mirroring him. Smoke drifts
between them.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Hennings adjusts knobs on the SINCGARS radio. Static
crackles, nothing else.

Tarnoff and La Scala settle back on the pallets. Ames
slaps down a card.

AMES

Damn!

He reshuffles, hands quick and practiced.

AMES (CONT'D)

Think I'll cheat this time.

TARNOFF

Can you get any music on that,
Hennings?

HENNINGS

I wish.

AMES

What's eating the Sarge?

TARNOFF

I'll give you a hint: because this
place sucks.

AMES

Because this place sucks?

TARNOFF

Give the man a prize.

LA SCALA

You think someone's actually gonna
try and take these servers?

AMES

If they didn't, we wouldn't be
here.

TARNOFF

They'd leave it to the rent-a-cops
outside.

The mood dims. A thread of reality pulls at their
bravado.

AMES

Any of you... ever killed someone?

Silence.

AMES (CONT'D)

Hennings?

Hennings gives a slight shake of his head "no."

AMES (CONT'D)
La Scala?

LA SCALA
No.

Ames turns to Tarnoff.

TARNOFF
There's always a first time.

Ames studies the cards, his hands slow, deliberate.

AMES
I wonder... after you do it... how
you change.

Eyes on the cards, voice low.

AMES (CONT'D)
When you've got kids, sitting
around the tree at Christmas...
does it sneak up on you? That
kill.

A beat. Nobody responds.

AMES (CONT'D)
You don't forget that... right? It
never really goes away.

Hennings' fingers tighten on the radio dial. Tarnoff
chews the inside of his cheek. La Scala stares at the
door with no emotion on his face.

The silence settles, heavy.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone watches as Sergeant Peters flicks his cigarette and
slips back into Warehouse 1.

Boone takes a final drag, flicks the butt out the door.

He looks up, and his eyes narrow.

In the distant woods, a BURST of light.

A brief moment.

Darkness.

Another FLICKER of light.

EXT. THE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Toby's eyes are glued to the distant light flashes.

Another FLASH.

A second light -- further away from the first.

BOONE (O.S.)

What do you think?

TOBY

(surprised)

Sir! I was just going to radio it
in to you.

BOONE

I've been watching it too.

TOBY

Two different lights. Signals?

Boone walks the length of the gate, his eyes locked on
the trees, his voice distant.

BOONE

Possibly.

TOBY

Maybe we should go out and take a
look.

BOONE

If we were in Iraq we'd already be
over there... but we're at Pacific
Industries and they're not on our
property. So -- we watch.

Boone turns to leave as Toby fumbles with his flashlight.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Don't shine anything out in that
direction.

Toby turns to him, puzzled.

BOONE (CONT'D)

We don't want *them* to know that we
know.... Do we?

A beat.

TOBY

Right.

Boone returns to the shack as Toby stares toward the woods... and darkness.

INT. GUARD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The voice of a REPORTER fades in on the AM radio.

REPORTER (V.O.)
-- this was before any indication
of trouble was revealed.

Boone enters -- he focuses on the radio.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Our sources tell us that a U.S.
Army Special Forces unit captured
servers in Eastern Europe ex-
Communist bloc countries.

Boone's eyes tighten.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The servers are said to contain
highly classified intelligence on
U.S. financial data, and could
contain proof of espionage by high-
ranking government officials.

Boone's focus locks on Warehouse 1.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The Pentagon has denied such a
raid took place, and claimed no
knowledge of the situation. We'll
be back with the weather, after
this.

A chirpy RADIO JINGLE cuts in.

Boone glares out his window where he saw the flashes.

INT. WAREHOUSE 4 - NIGHT

Malin leans in through the frame of the open entrance door. He has his pistol in hand, removes the magazine.

He studies it.

Locks the magazine into place, holsters the gun, and pulls his radio from his belt clip.

MALIN

Malin to Griff, come in.

A pause.

MALIN (CONT'D)

Malin to Griff. Come in.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Griff. Go ahead, Malin.

MALIN

I was thinking about this morning.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

What about it?

MALIN

We got beat bad. Why?

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

The other guys were better than us. Simple.

MALIN

Better? Or were we sloppy? I mean, I'm a dead shot. So are you. Why would we be taken out like that?

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Forgot to duck.

MALIN

No, man, I'm being serious here!

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Their voices CRACKLE over the two-way radio. Boone's hand reaches out and turns up the volume.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

It's probably like Boone said. You can be a great shot, but it's different when they're firing at you.

MALIN (V.O.)

He probably heard that on some dumb-ass TV show.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Maybe he did, but you gotta admit it makes sense.

INT. WAREHOUSE 4 - NIGHT

Malin remains at the doorway -- lost in thought. A
CRACKLE on the radio --

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)

 Malin?

Malin doesn't react.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)

 Hey, you there?

 MALIN

 In the morning... we gotta think
 like those are real bullets
 shooting at us. We gotta step up
 our game.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Seated on his desk, Griffin holds the radio to his mouth
but doesn't speak.

A short silence.

 MALIN (V.O.)

 Malin, out.

 GRIFFIN

 Roger.

He stands, clips the radio onto his belt, opens the door,
and looks out onto the empty surroundings.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Tarnoff and La Scala remain under arms near the servers.
Hennings is with the radio.

Sergeant Peters holds the radio's receiver to his ear.

 SGT. PETERS

 Yes, sir. Correct... yes, sir.
 Thank you, sir.

He hands the receiver to Hennings.

 SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)

 All right, listen up.

The soldiers focus on him.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
There is just one man who can hack
into these hard drives.

PFC. HENNINGS
Hell, Sarge, I can hack into it.

SGT. PETERS
Someone far above us thinks these
hard drives might be booby-
trapped.

The soldiers guarding the servers take slow, careful
steps back.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
There's one guy who they think can
defuse said booby trap, and he
just happens to be in Switzerland.

TARNOFF
Switzerland!?

AMES
What's he doing there?

LA SCALA
Skiing.

TARNOFF
Yodeling.

SGT. PETERS
Just pray he doesn't fall off an
Alp and die, because we're stuck
here until they get him.

AMES
A flight from Switzerland would
take a few hours. He could be here
by tomorrow night.

SGT. PETERS
He's in prison.

TARNOFF
So he's a *bad* yodeler.

SGT. PETERS
Cut the shit, Tarnoff. They're
working through diplomatic
channels.

AMES
That will take years.

LA SCALA
Is he a spy or something?

SGT. PETERS
You know what I know.

INT. WAREHOUSE 4 - NIGHT

Malin is at a desk HUMMING a tune as he reads a paperback. His radio CLICKS.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base to Warehouse 4. Malin.

He grabs the radio.

MALIN
Go for Malin.

BOONE (V.O.)
Time for a walk-around. Over.

MALIN
Roger that.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base out.

Malin clips the radio to his belt and grabs a flashlight.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 4 - CONTINUOUS

The service door opens and Malin steps out.

A profound stillness blankets everything.

A look in both directions, and he takes a slow walk along the front of the building.

A bright FLASH -- as if from a camera, lights up the woods beyond the fence. He shines a light on the area.

A RUSTLE of underbrush.

Malin stands still -- and listens.

The CRACKLE of the radio -- a whispered voice on the other end.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base to Malin.

MALIN
Go for Malin... and yes... there
was a flash.

BOONE (V.O.)
Did you see where?

MALIN
Yes... I was looking right at it.
I hope I was smiling... because
I'd bet the farm it was a camera.

BOONE (V.O.)
See anything?

MALIN
Whatever it was, I heard it
running away.

BOONE (V.O.)
Proceed with caution. Base out.

Malin resumes his patrol with slow steps as he disappears
around the corner.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin reads a book at his desk. His phone HUMS.

INSERT:

CELL SCREEN: "KATE"

BACK TO SCENE

Griffin answers.

GRIFFIN
Hey, babe.

KATE (V.O.)
Where are you?

GRIFFIN
At work.

KATE (V.O.)
I just went by the bank. You
weren't on tonight.

GRIFFIN
They changed my location.

 KATE (V.O.)
Why didn't you tell me?

 GRIFFIN
Slept late. No time.

 KATE (V.O.)
I made you something to eat.

 GRIFFIN
Can't. No visitors.

 KATE (V.O.)
So where are you?

 GRIFFIN
I can't say. It's... confidential.

 KATE (V.O.)
Confidential? Really?

 GRIFFIN
Yeah. Jack and Malin are here too.

 KATE (V.O.)
Put them on.

 GRIFFIN
They're in other buildings.

 KATE (V.O.)
Convenient.

 GRIFFIN
It's not only convenient, it's the truth.

 KATE (V.O.)
Who is she?

 GRIFFIN
What!? Kate, you gotta stop being so insecure.

 KATE (V.O.)
I'm not insecure! I just want to know! Thank God I found this out before we get married!

GRIFFIN

Kate, trust is the most important thing in a relationship.

KATE (V.O.)

I thought it was love.

GRIFFIN

Okay, trust is the second most important thing.

KATE (V.O.)

So trust isn't important.

GRIFFIN

I didn't say that!

KATE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Griff... it's just that my friend Jessica's husband cheated on her.

GRIFFIN

What's that got to do with us?

KATE (V.O.)

Nothing... it just gets you thinking, you know?

GRIFFIN

Don't think about it. It's not us. I love you, I'm going to marry you, and I have never cheated on you.

A pause on the other end.

KATE (V.O.)

You've looked a few times, haven't you?

GRIFFIN

Kate, I love you! I'll see you in the morning after paintball, goodnight!

He ends the call.

Griffin holds his phone up and takes a video... showing an entire 380 of the warehouse.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

See? I - am - a - lone.

A long beat.

MALIN
So... what the hell you guys got
in there?

AMES
Sorry, classified.

MALIN
Yeah, I figured. But we're
guarding it too. You could at
least give me a hint.

AMES
No.

MALIN
If I guess, will you nod?

Ames stares at him.

MALIN (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a "maybe." Is it
dangerous?

No response.

MALIN (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a "possibly."
Somebody after it?

Nothing.

MALIN (CONT'D)
Closer, huh? What is it... some
new bomb?

Ames flicks his cigarette to the ground, crushes it with
his boot.

AMES
Have a good night, Malin.

He turns and walks off. Malin watches until he disappears
around the corner.

Malin exhales, unclips his radio.

MALIN
Warehouse 4 to base.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base here.

MALIN

Walk around complete -- in ten seconds.

BOONE (V.O.)

Roger that.

MALIN

Army boys ain't too friendly.

BOONE (V.O.)

You are not to enter that warehouse.

MALIN

Didn't. One of 'em bumped into me. Asked if my Glock was all I had.

A pause.

BOONE (V.O.)

Compared to a 7.62mm service rifle, that's like bringing a slingshot to a gunfight.

Jack chimes in.

JACK (V.O.)

Let's invite them to the range in the morning and clean their clocks.

MALIN

Oh, hell yeah.

BOONE (V.O.)

What range?

Silence. Malin grimaces.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - DAY

In the early morning sunlight, Boone watches Warehouse 1 as Sergeant Peters and his men climb into the truck and new soldiers enter the building.

A new GUARD sits in the shack.

Griffin, Malin, and Jack approach their parked cars.

GRIFFIN

Morning shift are at their posts, and we-are-outta here.

BOONE

What's this range of yours?

GRIFFIN

Gun range we practice at.

BOONE

Yeah? Well, I ain't army, but how about I go with you?

They stare at him.

MALIN

You?

BOONE

I'm sure you've been talking and want to kick my ass. Here's your chance.

GRIFFIN

Well... you see, Boone... It's just...

MALIN

At your age...

BOONE

Age?

JACK

And you don't carry...

BOONE

What the hell are you talking about? I carry.

GRIFFIN

You can't use your weapon at this course.

BOONE

Fine. I'll use one of yours.

They can't respond but show uneasy smiles.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Griffin, Malin, and Jack are in their camouflage uniforms and helmets.

Boone wears a paintball vest over his security uniform. Jack hands him a helmet that is plain in comparison with the others.

BOONE
What's this?

JACK
Your helmet.

BOONE
I thought we were shooting? What's all this trick or treat shit?

MALIN
You'll need that.

Boone rejects the helmet.

BOONE
Screw that. Let's go.

Griffin hands him a paintball gun. Boone looks at him with dismay.

BOONE (CONT'D)
What the hell kind of rifle is this?

GRIFFIN
Paintball.

BOONE
Paintball!? What the fuck is paintball!?

MALIN
Just pull the trigger like any other gun!

Jack opens the door and they exit.

EXT. TACTICAL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Griffin leads the way into the field. They stop near the car wreck.

GRIFFIN
Let's split into teams. Malin, you're with me, Jack, you're with Boone.

BOONE

What do you mean teams? Where's the target?

GRIFFIN

We shoot against each other.

Boone examines his rifle.

BOONE

How many rounds in here?

MALIN

Two hundred.

BOONE

And it's paint?

JACK

Hurts like hell if you get hit. Sure you don't want a helmet?

BOONE

I'm good. Hey listen, Jack. Why don't you go over with Malin and Griffin.

JACK

Huh?

BOONE

I like to work alone.

JACK

It's your funeral.

Examining the gun --

BOONE

Sure, whatever you say, kid.

GRIFFIN

As soon as we walk away, it's game on.

BOONE

Yeah.

Griffin, Jack, and Malin head toward the collapsed stone wall as Boone checks out the rifle.

Griffin yells out!

GRIFFIN

Scatter!

They break into a run. Griffin jumps over the stone wall and takes up firing position.

Malin and Jack take cover behind some rusty barrels.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Fire!

POP-POP-POP! The HISS and POP of flying paintballs fill the air!

BOONE

Oh, shit!

He lunges out of the way as dozens of paint SPLATS slam into the car!

Boone's face is total concentration. He sticks his head up as --

POP-POP-POP - dozens more SPLATS hit the car. He sticks the butt of his rifle off to the side of the car

POP-POP-POP- SPLAT! SPLAT! The guns fire an endless barrage of paintballs SPLATTERING onto the car.

A pause.

BOONE (CONT'D)

That should be about two hundred.

Behind the stone wall and the barrels, the team reloads their magazines.

Boone steps out into the open.

He WHISTLES through his teeth.

Griffin, Jack, and Malin pop their heads up to see.

POP-POP-POP

SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT!

With one shot each, Boone hits the face mask of each man - directly between the eyes.

They remain in place. Dumbfounded.

GRIFFIN
 (wipes paint from his
 goggles)
What the hell just happened?

 BOONE
Is that the general idea?

Marlin's face and goggles are totally plastered in blue.
Unable to see, he faces a different direction as --

 MALIN
Okay, I am officially not inviting
you next time.

EXT. SMALL RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The lawn is well-groomed and the house exterior is neat
and clean. No toys in the yard. No signs of family. Just
Boone's Bronco in the garage, the only vehicle around.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everything in its place and in order. At a side table, a
whiskey bottle sits next to a single crystal glass on a
tray for two.

On the mantle is a framed photo of a much younger Boone
with a lovely woman. A wedding photo. He is in dress
blues of the Marine Corps.

His jacket is crammed with medals and ribbons.

INT. THE DEN - DAY

Boone sits in a recliner chair and pours a whiskey. He
takes a drink and stares into oblivion.

On the wall, his medals and ribbons are neatly framed.

But above them, larger, centered -- the Congressional
Medal of Honor.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Total darkness.

A key CLICKS. A lock CLUNKS open.

The metal door RATTLES as it rolls up.

Light slices through the black, illuminating dust swirling in the air.

Boone stands still.

His fingers curl against the doorframe.

His eyes settle on something deep inside.

EXT. PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - SUNSET

Boone climbs out of his Bronco as Ed heads to his car.

BOONE

Ed. How's life?

ED

Same as yesterday.

BOONE

Sorry to hear that.

ED

Them soldiers changed the guard ten minutes ago -- so no trucks scheduled.

BOONE

Hope this is the last night.
Thanks, Ed.

ED

Have a good night.

Boone enters the guard shack just as Griffin arrives with Jack and Malin... and a moment later Toby pulls up behind Malin.

INT. GRIFFIN'S CAR - SUNSET

Griffin and Jack are mid-conversation.

JACK

I say we just ask him.

GRIFFIN

If he wanted us to know, he would have told us.

JACK

I've seen some impressive shots before, but that was off the charts. He didn't even think! Whistle -- hello? - splat!

Griffin parks.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you know anybody who can shoot like that!? I don't know anybody who can shoot like that!

EXT. PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - SUNSET

As they exit the car, Ed's vehicle passes through the gate. It closes behind him.

MALIN

Hey! I had an idea! If we can get Boone to join our team, we'll be unbeatable!

GRIFFIN

He won't join.

MALIN

How do you know!?

GRIFFIN

Didn't you hear what he said when he left?

JACK

"Paintball is for pussies."

MALIN

He said that?

GRIFFIN

Right after he said "this was stupid, thanks for the laugh."

MALIN

My head was kinda rattled after I got hit. Guess I missed that.

TOBY

Paintball!?

GRIFFIN

Yeah. You play?

TOBY

Yep.

GRIFFIN

You're on Malin's team.

BOONE (O.S.)

Good evening.

They turn to see Boone approach.

GRIFFIN

Hi.

JACK

Boone.

BOONE

Toby. Max Hudson's still sick?

TOBY

I guess. They called me and told me to report here.

BOONE

Same post as last night.

TOBY

Yes, sir.

Boone turns to the others.

BOONE

Since you were so kind inviting me to your range, or whatever the hell that was... I'd return the favor.

GRIFFIN

What do you have in mind?

Boone glances toward his truck, then back to them.

BOONE

I'd like to take you to my range after the shift.

MALIN

We have to account for all our bullets. If our guns are fired, we have to fill out a report.

BOONE

Not those Glocks. These.

He walks to his Bronco, opens the tailgate.

Jack leans in to take a look -- then stops cold.

JACK

What the hell!?

Inside -- an arsenal.

Weapons stacked neatly in foam casings. Rifles, handguns, and something else -- a sealed metal crate with military markings, its edges worn from use.

BOONE

We got two AK-47s, two NCM Assault Rifles, a Bravo Squad Assault Rifle, AK-74 with grenade launcher, SWAT Mini-K, Pulse Rifle, and a .50 Caliber Sniper Rifle.

Jack spots a smaller case, opens it -- hand grenades.

JACK

Jesus Christ! Grenades!?

Boone smirks.

BOONE

And those green cubes? Claymore mines.

Jack steps back. Malin stares at Boone like he's seeing him for the first time.

MALIN

Aren't those illegal?

BOONE

Who's gonna take them from me?

A beat.

Boone closes the tailgate.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Better get to your posts.

Jack grins.

JACK

Count me in, Boone!

Me, too! GRIFFIN

Yeah, sounds good. MALIN

Toby? BOONE

Hell, yeah! TOBY

End of shift, we'll meet here. BOONE

As they walk toward the warehouses, Malin mutters under his breath --

Who the hell is Carl Boone? MALIN

They disappear into the dark.

Boone pulls a .357 Magnum from the trunk, checks the barrel, then strolls toward the front gate.

Beyond the fence -- the black tree line.

He watches.

Nothing.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin searches his phone. He scrolls through several pages until something catches his eye.

ON THE SCREEN is a picture of Carl Boone, in a Marine Combat uniform. His name printed underneath.

Griffin continues to read the article.

Holy shit. GRIFFIN

EXT. WAREHOUSE 4 - NIGHT

Malin leans against the wall next to the open service door. His eyes are closed.

Griffin approaches and wakes him with a start!

GRIFFIN

Malin?

MALIN

Damnit! Shit! You trying to give me a heart attack? You know better than to sneak up on a guy!

GRIFFIN

You're working. You're not supposed to be sleeping.

MALIN

Yeah, like I slept today after this morning?

GRIFFIN

Listen to this.

(reads from his
phone)

"Sergeant Major Carl Boone, is the highest decorated NCO in the history of the United States Marine Corp...."

MALIN

Where did you find that?

GRIFFIN

You wanted to know who he was. So did I. I Googled his name, and he came up on a page of Congressional Medal of Honors recipients.

MALIN

What!?

Griffin continues to read.

GRIFFIN

A Congressional Medal of Honor recipient for his action in the Gulf War, he served four tours in Afghanistan, Iraq, and other engagements still classified."

MALIN

We dragged a goddamn war hero to paintball?

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Hennings mans the radio, while Ames and Tarnoff are under arms near the server.

A CALL comes in.

HENNINGS

Sarge, HQ.

Sergeant Peters approaches and takes the receiver.

SGT. PETERS

Sergeant Peters.

COL. DAY (V.O.)

Peters, Colonel Day.

SGT. PETERS

Yes, sir.

COL. DAY (V.O.)

Peters, we have not had much success in getting our hacker out of prison -- however the Secretary of State is flying there now, and our hope is that an "in person" meeting with the President of the Swiss Confederation will do the trick.

SGT. PETERS

Yes, sir.

COL. DAY (V.O.)

The longer this takes, the more chance that the location of the servers will be discovered.

SGT. PETERS

That was on my mind, sir.

COL. DAY (V.O.)

I'll be sending in reinforcements in the morning. We're going to garrison the compound with one hundred men.

Peters is taken aback.

SGT. PETERS

Shit... sir. Who's after these things!?

COL. DAY (V.O.)
There are... several countries
involved. Including our own.

SGT. PETERS
Understood.

COL. DAY (V.O.)
Keep on alert.

SGT. PETERS
Sir.

The men have taken interest as Sergeant Peters hands the receiver to Hennings.

Ames and Tarnoff exchange an uneasy look.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

The compound glows faintly in the distance, a fortress of concrete and steel.

A lone speck -- Boone -- stands near the fence, unmoving. Watching.

A gloved hand, clad in black, reaches down, lifting a compact tactical flashlight.

The beam flicks on -- brief, controlled -- sweeping over the damp earth.

It halts. A pair of binoculars rests among the leaves.

The light clicks off.

A hand grips the binoculars, raises them.

Through the lenses -- night vision glow -- Boone comes into focus.

He stands rigid, eyes locked on the tree line.

Unflinching.

The lenses tremble -- just slightly.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone shuts off the light inside the shack and peers out the window at the woods.

A brief FLASH of light.

A beat.

Another FLASH, just a little farther to the left.

Boone's jaw tightens.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Boone's voice crackles over the security radio.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base to Warehouse 1. Sergeant, are
you there?

Hennings passes the radio to Sergeant Peters.

SGT. PETERS
This is Peters. What do you want?

BOONE (V.O.)
Can you spare two men to take a
little walk?

SGT. PETERS
Why?

BOONE (V.O.)
I think we have something that
needs checking out.

SGT. PETERS
I'll spare one man. You provide
the other.

BOONE (V.O.)
Done. Base out.

Sergeant Peters hands the receiver to Hennings.

SGT. PETERS
You're in charge till I get back.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters and Griffin move through the trees and
underbrush, each step measured, deliberate.

Branches sway overhead, a rustle of leaves. The night air
holds its breath.

A SNAP of a twig.

Both men freeze.

Eyes scan the dark, rifles steady.

Silence.

Sergeant Peters lowers his rifle as he gestures for Griffin to continue.

They crouch behind a tree. Peters raises his large night vision binoculars.

THROUGH THE LENS:

The compound comes into view, bathed in green. They see no movement.

 GRIFFIN
Griffin to base.

 BOONE
Base -- Go for Griffin.

 GRIFFIN
We're ready to signal.

 BOONE (V.O.)
Roger that.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

With the lights off in the shack, Boone remains a silhouette against the window.

Through the glass, a light FLASHES on and off three times from the woods.

Boone doesn't move. He speaks into his radio.

 BOONE
That's the spot.

A drop of sweat rolls down Boone's temple.

Outside, the compound is still. Waiting.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters turns to Griffin.

GRIFFIN

Griffin out.

(he turns to Sergeant
Peters)

You heard the man. This is the
place.

They advance, with care.

SGT. PETERS

If anyone was here, they're gone
now.

Sergeant Peters and Griffin turn on their flashlights as
they examine the area.

Griffin spots several cigarette butts crushed into a
cleared area of dirt.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)

They clear away for an ashtray and
the rest of the leaves are crushed
down.

GRIFFIN

Maybe it was just kids having a
smoke?

SGT. PETERS

No bike tracks and we're miles
from the nearest house.

Sergeant Peters radios Boone.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)

Peters to base.

Griffin flashes the light toward the base.

BOONE (V.O.)

Base here.

SGT. PETERS

Take a look and confirm -- this is
where you saw the light?

BOONE (V.O.)

No question about it. Anything
there?

SGT. PETERS

Cigarette butts.

BOONE (V.O.)
That's enough for me.

Sergeant Peters hesitates.

SGT. PETERS
Yeah... me too.

GRIFFIN
Griffin out. We're headed back.

BOONE (V.O.)
Roger.

SGT. PETERS
I think we're gonna have company
tonight.

He turns and walks away as Griffin follows.

GRIFFIN
Who?

SGT. PETERS
That was a lookout post. Probably
had a radio system given the
crushed leaves.

GRIFFIN
So why do you think we're having
company?

Sergeant Peters continues to lead the way at a steady
pace.

SGT. PETERS
A lookout retreats when his job is
done.

GRIFFIN
So what the hell are they after?
And who are "they!?"

SGT. PETERS
Classified, and "I don't know."

GRIFFIN
So I'm supposed to protect
something I know nothing about
from people...

SGT. PETERS
Who are the enemy.

GRIFFIN

What enemy!?

SGT. PETERS

I don't know.

GRIFFIN

You don't know much, do you?

SGT. PETERS

I'm just a sergeant.

GRIFFIN

"Above your paygrade," yeah, I heard that before.

SGT. PETERS

I know this much. We're getting reinforcements in the morning.

GRIFFIN

Sounds like you're expecting "a lot" of company.

SGT. PETERS

How long have you known Boone?

GRIFFIN

Since yesterday.

SGT. PETERS

That all?

GRIFFIN

Yeah. I'm armed security. This place doesn't usually need it. They moved us here last night.

SGT. PETERS

What do you know about Boone?

GRIFFIN

I know that he's a dead shot... and what I read about him online.

SGT. PETERS

What did it say online?

GRIFFIN

Basically that he's someone you never want to screw with.

EXT. ROAD TO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Two army transport trucks travel at moderate speed.

INT. LEAD TRUCK - NIGHT

Seated next to the DRIVER, is GENERAL ELLIS (45), stern, no-nonsense, no humor.

With an impatient glare, he checks the time on his wristwatch.

EXT. FRONT GATE PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

The gate is closing as Boone and Toby join the Sergeant Peters and Griffin.

SGT. PETERS

You were right. We were being watched. I can send a man up here to give you some fire power.

BOONE

Keep all you got with the cargo.

SGT. PETERS

All right. Radio if you need us.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

La Scala paces as Hennings reads a book.

TARNOFF

La Scala, take it easy. What got into you?

LA SCALA

It doesn't bother you that we're guarding these things with four men, and command thinks they need a hundred!?

TARNOFF

Look on the bright side -- we'll have more down time.

LA SCALA

Something's going on that we don't know about.

HENNINGS

There's always something going on
we don't know about.

AMES

That's an army prerequisite.

The door opens and Sergeant Peters enters.

He notices that all eyes are on him as he heads for the
table and pours a coffee.

SGT. PETERS

I had a look around outside the
compound. There were signs that a
lookout was posted there. It's
possible our position has been
discovered.

LA SCALA

Which explains the reinforcements.

SGT. PETERS

La Scala, post yourself at the
rear door.

LA SCALA

Right, Sarge.

SGT. PETERS

Hennings, get me Colonel Hill on
the radio.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone sees two army trucks approach the gate.

EXT. FRONT GATE PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

The gate doesn't open.

The trucks stop.

Boone exits the guard shack as the driver of the first
truck jumps out.

DRIVER

Open the gate for General Ellis.

BOONE

Who's General Ellis?

DRIVER
United States Army. Open up.

BOONE
I haven't been notified.

The General, angry, exits the truck and nods for the driver to return.

GEN. ELLIS
My visit is intentionally
unannounced for security reasons.
Please open the gate.

BOONE
You won't mind if I ask you to
wait while I phone this in for
confirmation.

GEN. ELLIS
I do mind!

General Ellis pulls a WALTHER PISTOL with a SILENCER
attached from his coat pocket.

THWIP! Boone's chest jerks back. He looks down at the
bullet hole in his shirt.

THWIP! A second shot slams into his leg.

Boone crumples to the ground. Blood seeps from his leg
wound, but his upper body remains motionless -- eyes half-
closed, breathing shallow.

A beat. Boone doesn't move.

Toby turns the corner of the shack and spots Boone on the
ground. His eyes widen -- he draws his pistol.

Ellis doesn't hesitate --

THWIP!

Toby's body jolts. He staggers, a bloom of blood
spreading across his chest. He collapses next to Boone,
his unfired pistol slipping from his grasp.

Boone's eyes stay open but unfocused. Not a twitch.

Ellis watches them both. Satisfied, he lowers the gun and
signals to his men.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin, head back in his chair, sits up, alert.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 4 - NIGHT

Malin, outside the door, hears the deep, low rumble of truck engines.

He pulls his radio -- hesitates -- listens -- slips it back onto his belt.

Silent, he edges along the wall, hand on his pistol.

At the corner, Griffin appears -- both men freeze.

MALIN

Shit, man! You scared the hell out of me!

GRIFFIN

Did you hear that sound?

MALIN

Yeah, like a crash.

GRIFFIN

I think a truck rammed the gate.

Eyes lock. They hurry forward, low and fast.

EXT. THE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Two trucks idle just inside the compound.

General Ellis stands firm as SERGEANT SNYDER exits the cab of the second truck, rushing to the back.

TWENTY INFANTRY SOLDIERS leap from the transport, fanning out with precision.

Rifles raised, they take cover -- some near the trucks, others behind the guards' cars.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Griffin and Malin peek around the corner.

Soldiers in firing positions. Rifles aimed forward.

They see Boone and Toby, on the ground, motionless.

GRIFFIN

Those are our soldiers.

MALIN

So why did they shoot Boone and the kid?

GRIFFIN

Come on.

They pull back, shadows in the night.

EXT. THE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

General Ellis scans the compound.

LT. OGDEN (20s), a studious, bookish I.T. officer, rushes to him -- laptop clutched under his arm.

GEN. ELLIS

Lieutenant Ogden. Kill the cell signals.

LT. OGDEN

Just need to tap into the system.

GEN. ELLIS

Do it.

Lieutenant Ogden scurries into the guard shack.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS (20s) sidles up to Ellis. A polished surface with a greasy undertone.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

Captain Reynolds, you picked your men wisely.

CAPT. REYNOLDS

Thank you, General.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Soldiers hunker down and take cover behind tipped-over refrigerator crates.

The coffee table has been flipped onto its side -- a makeshift barricade.

Hennings crouches beside Sergeant Peters.

Tarnoff peers through the narrow opening of the door -- signals with his hand:

Twenty soldiers.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Griffin and Malin move swiftly along the shadows -- Jack emerges from the opposite direction.

JACK

What the hell is going on?

GRIFFIN

Army soldiers, but they shot Boone.

JACK

What!?

MALIN

And they crashed the gate. They ain't ours.

GRIFFIN

Let's get inside--find out what the sergeant wants us to do.

Weapons ready, they slip into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters, rifle ready, whips around as Griffin, Malin, and Jack enter.

He meets them halfway, voice low and urgent.

SGT. PETERS

We've got eyes on the front gate. Any more trucks?

GRIFFIN

Just the two. Twenty men, two drivers, three officers.

MALIN

In U.S. Army uniforms.

SGT. PETERS

They're called fucking traitors.

GRIFFIN

They got Boone and Toby. Where do you want us?

SGT. PETERS

Pick off as many as you can when they charge us.

MALIN

You're all in the same uniforms. We won't know who to shoot from a distance.

SGT. PETERS

We'll hold our ground inside. Our orders are to protect the servers, and that's what we'll do. Anyone outside is fair game.

JACK

Did you call for help?

SGT. PETERS

Tried. Signals are jammed. Cell phones, too.

The lights cut out -- pitch black.

JACK

And the power.

MALIN

Bastards know what they're doing.

GRIFFIN

We'll move outside. Good luck.

SGT. PETERS

Don't get shot.

EXT. THE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Lieutenant Ogden rushes to General Ellis.

Ellis signals the trucks forward as soldiers advance in attack formation.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Griffin, Malin, and Jack crouch at the warehouse edge, silent, waiting.

The enemy soldiers pass by, focused ahead.

The trio darts to the perimeter wall, finding a forklift parked nearby.

They see Boone and Toby's bodies where they fell near the shack... Blood on the ground glistens under the light.

MALIN

Damn. They got Toby.

JACK

It's just us.

GRIFFIN

We have to get over there.

MALIN

We'll be spotted running across that opening.

Malin eyes the forklift.

MALIN (CONT'D)

Are the keys in that thing? We can use it for a lift over the wall!

JACK

No keys.

Griffin spots barrels stacked against the warehouse wall.

EXT. THE FRONT WALL - MOMENTS LATER

A barrel braced against the wall.

Jack scales first -- over and down.

Malin follows -- quick jump, grip, pull.

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FRONT WALL - NIGHT

Pistols drawn, Jack and Malin scan the area as Griffin drops down beside them.

They spot the smashed gate ahead -- move swiftly.

At the mesh wall, Griffin takes a cautious peek.

Soldiers remain focused on Warehouse 1.

Boone's body -- gone.

Toby remains where he fell.

A blood trail leads to the guard shack.

GRIFFIN

What the hell!?

Assured the enemy's focus is elsewhere, they crouch low and move fast -- slipping into the guard shack.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

The door clicks shut. The trio crouches below the windows -- Jack leans against the door.

Boone sits against the wall, unbuttoning his shirt.

His pant leg is soaked in blood.

GRIFFIN

Where are you hit?

Boone pulls his shirt open to reveal a bulletproof vest.

BOONE

Right in the bulletproof vest. But the prick had to take another shot at my leg. Who the fuck does that!?

JACK

Shit! We thought you were dead!

BOONE

You don't shoot someone in the heart and then shoot them in the leg! What a jackass!

Malin pulls his belt -- tightens a tourniquet on Boone's leg. Malin tugs -- Boone winces.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Toby bought it.

GRIFFIN

Yeah.

BOONE

Didn't turn and run. Kid had guts.

Jack grabs the first aid kit on the wall, rips out the bandage roll, and gets to work.

BOONE (CONT'D)
What's going on out there?

GRIFFIN
Twenty men, three officers.
They're outside the warehouse
ready to attack.

BOONE
They don't know how many soldiers
are in there.

GRIFFIN
They must. The lookout --

BOONE
They don't know, otherwise they
would have been inside already.

MALIN
Why are our soldiers attacking our
soldiers!?

BOONE
Those are traitors.

GRIFFIN
That's what Sergeant Peters said.

BOONE
Well, nice to know that Dogface
and me agree on something.

MALIN
Son of a bitch -- we're screwed.

BOONE
Anyone get a call out for
reinforcements?

GRIFFIN
Radios and cell phones are jammed.

BOONE
The base radios should still work.

Boone fumbles with his keys -- hands them to Griffin.

BOONE (CONT'D)
My truck. Take what you need.

MALIN
Then what?

BOONE

Hit 'em in both flanks. Fire and get the hell out of there.

GRIFFIN

Right.

BOONE

We'll stay in contact by radio.

Boone pulls his pistol, checks the magazine.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I'll defend the gate.

GRIFFIN

What's the plan?

BOONE

Kill these Goons.

JACK

Shouldn't we try and take some alive?

BOONE

The penalty for treason is death. We'll be saving taxpayers a lot of money.

JACK

Good point!

GRIFFIN

Let's move.

Weapons ready, they slip out of the shack.

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

Griffin, Jack, and Malin arrive at the Bronco. A quick look over the shoulder, and he sees that they are out of view to the soldiers.

GRIFFIN

Get your paintball belts from your cars.

JACK

Why?

GRIFFIN

You need something to carry the
hand grenades in.

MALIN

Cool! I forgot about those!

Jack and Malin hurry to their cars as Griffin opens the
tailgate of the Bronco.

The stash of arms brings a smile to his face.

GRIFFIN

Just like Christmas.

He pulls the box of grenades closer to the front.

Malin and Jack return with the belts.

They load up with hand grenades.

Griffin and Malin take the NCM Assault Rifles.

Jack grabs an AK-47.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Take extra magazines.

And they do.

Griffin picks up the .50 caliber sniper rifle.

At the last minute, he sees an FNX -45 Tactical Pistol
with a silencer. He sticks it into his waistband.

They kneel low behind the car as Griffin closes the trunk
in silence.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Be right back.

He hurries into the guard shack.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Griffin hands the rifle to Boone.

GRIFFIN

Thought you could use this.

BOONE

Thanks.

Griffin turns to leave.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Hey --

He turns to Boone.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Be careful. Their guns aren't
loaded with paintballs.

Griffin manages a smile, and he's off.

Boone checks the rifle for ammo.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Last stand at the Alamo, baby.

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

Griffin returns. Jack watches through the car window.

MALIN
We can't scale the wall from the
outside. How are we gonna get
across the open space?

JACK
Even without the lights they'll
see us.

GRIFFIN
I know.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The traitor soldiers remain in attack position.

Their rifles are trained on the service door.

General Ellis, along with Captain Reynolds and Lieutenant
Ogden are off to the side behind one of the trucks.

CAPT. REYNOLDS
I say we rush 'em.

GEN. ELLIS
We don't know how many they got.

CAPT. REYNOLDS
What did the lookout see?

GEN. ELLIS

The trucks were blocking his view
when the troops disembarked.

CAPT. REYNOLDS

So they may have six, they may
have fifty.

GEN. ELLIS

Let's find out.

The General walks toward the service door of the
warehouse. He calls to his men.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

Lower your weapons.

And they do.

The General stands ten feet from the door.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

You. Inside. This is General
Maxwell Reynolds. I wish to speak
with your officer in command.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters is near the door with Hennings.

He speaks in a hushed tone.

SGT. PETERS

General Ellis?

Hennings shrugs "I don't know."

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The General stares at the door.

It opens, and Sergeant Peters emerges, his rifle in hand,
but lowered. He takes a few steps forward.

The sergeant's eyes are locked onto the General.

SGT. PETERS

Sergeant Peters.

A pause.

GEN. ELLIS
I am waiting for your salute,
Sergeant Peters.

Sergeant Peters turns to see the damaged front gate.

SGT. PETERS
Don't you know how to knock,
General?

GEN. ELLIS
You dare take that tone with me?

SGT. PETERS
Simple question.

GEN. ELLIS
How dare you.

SGT. PETERS
Are you part of the
reinforcements?

This takes the General by subtle surprise.

GEN. ELLIS
You were told of reinforcements?

SGT. PETERS
You should know if I was.

GEN. ELLIS
All right, Sergeant. Enough is
enough. Step aside. We are here to
take the servers.

SGT. PETERS
May I see your orders, sir?

The General glares at him.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
Protocol, Sir.

GEN. ELLIS
I don't have to show a sergeant my
orders.

SGT. PETERS
All due respect, this is my
command and if you are here to
relieve it, I need to see your
orders.

GEN. ELLIS
You're finished in this army,
Sergeant.

SGT. PETERS
General, you crashed the gate
down, your men are behind cover
ready to fire, and you've jammed
communication. If those are
grounds for a court-martial, bring
it on.

Sergeant Peters takes slow, backward steps to the door.

GEN. ELLIS
We intend to.

Sergeant Peters stops.

His back against the door.

SGT. PETERS
One more thing.

GEN. ELLIS
What would that be?

SGT. PETERS
Your men.

General Ellis tilts his head, curious,

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
Those are not army issue boots and
I don't know what the fuck kind of
insignia that is on their sleeves.
Something out of Hollywood?

In a fast move, Sergeant Peters flings the door open and
darts inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Peters falls to the ground as Hennings slams the door
closed and slides a metal lock into place.

SGT. PETERS
They ain't army!

THE SOUND OF AUTOMATIC RIFLES CRACK into the air!

The door INDENTS from bullet impacts!

Calm, poised, rifles pointed forward, the soldiers remain ready to fire.

Sergeant Peters and Hennings make their way to a turned-over refrigerator box.

HENNINGS

Who are they?

SGT. PETERS

Not ours, that's all I know.

EXT. THE CARS - CONTINUOUS

Griffin, Jack, and Malin watch as the soldiers FIRE at the warehouse.

GRIFFIN

Let's go!

Griffin leads the way as they race across the open lot.

The soldiers SHOOTING at the building do not notice the three guards hurrying to the side of the building.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The General watches as bullets slam into the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The soldiers watch as the door buckles and moonlight shines through the holes.

SGT. PETERS

They'll be in here in a minute.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Griffin, Malin and Jack turn the corner and are behind Warehouse 1.

They see TWO ENEMY SOLDIERS at the door, ready to enter!

Griffin raises his rifle.

BANG! BANG! Both soldiers drop dead.

Griffin is stunned.

MALIN

Holy shit. You killed them.

JACK

(realization sinks
in)

Real dead. Not paintball dead.

They hurry to the door.

Griffin opens the door a crack. The SHOOTING rings through the warehouse.

La Scala yanks the door open and Griffin has a rifle pointed to his face.

GRIFFIN

Shit! It's us! The guards!

LA SCALA

What the hell!? You were almost killed!

Griffin, Jack, and Malin push by him.

GRIFFIN

So were you.

La Scala sees the two dead soldiers.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters sees them approach.

SGT. PETERS

What are you doing here? They're gonna be in here in a minute. I need you on their flanks.

GRIFFIN

We're headed there. Thought you might like a couple of these.

Griffin gives him four grenades.

SGT. PETERS

Grenades!?

GRIFFIN

Do you have any?

SGT. PETERS

No. We weren't expecting... where
the hell did you get these!?

GRIFFIN

Boone.

Griffin turns and hurries to the rear door with Jack and
Malin behind him.

Sergeant Peters turns as the door comes off its hinge,
CLANGING to the floor. Moonlight floods the space.

SGT. PETERS

Get down!

The soldiers duck behind their cover.

Sergeant Peters pulls the pin.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)

(sotto, almost a
whisper)

Come on in, boys.

A beat of silence. Heavy. Expectant.

The enemy soldiers kick in what's left of the door --

Peters tosses the grenade.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Three soldiers at the door --

BOOM!

The explosion ROCKS the compound.

Debris rains down like ash.

General Ellis brushes dust from his coat, unphased.
Captain Reynolds crawls from under a broken crate, his
men sprawled in various states of disarray.

GEN. ELLIS

Captain. You want me to do it
myself?

Reynolds stands, a smear of blood across his cheek

CAPT. REYNOLDS

Number one squad!

He motions for them to follow as they rush the door.

A GRENADE is tossed out. Reynolds and the soldiers scatter, duck, and roll!

BOOM! The explosion covers the outside in dust and falling debris.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin and Jack rush toward the front corner. Griffin crouches, peers around the edge.

Smoke and dust shroud Warehouse 1.

The forklift sits a few yards away.

 GRIFFIN

 I'm gonna take cover over there.
 You hold here.

 JACK

 Got it.

 GRIFFIN

 If I need to get out fast, keep
 'em off me.

Griffin checks over his shoulder -- Malin, at the rear corner, gives a nod.

He sprints for the forklift -- ENEMY SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE!

PING! PING! Bullets ping off metal.

Griffin FIRES BACK -- BANG! BANG! TWO SOLDIERS DROP.

Jack ducks low, SQUEEZES OFF SHOTS -- more soldiers scatter, surprised.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

General Ellis and Lieutenant Ogden duck as bullets spark off the truck hood.

 GEN. ELLIS

 Reynolds! Flank 'em!

 CAPT. REYNOLDS

 Yes, sir!

Captain Reynolds signals three soldiers -- they follow him into the alley between Warehouses 1 and 2.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin spots the soldiers rushing the alley.

He takes aim --

BANG! A soldier drops.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - REAR - NIGHT

Captain Reynolds and two soldiers advance with slow, cautious precision.

Malin appears at the corner -- UNLEASHES A BURST OF FIRE!

One soldier crumples.

The second RETURNS FIRE -- BANG! BANG! -- rounds chip concrete as Malin ducks back.

A quick sidestep -- Malin SHOOTS -- BANG! The second soldier goes down.

Captain Reynolds quickly ducks into the rear door of Warehouse 2.

Malin follows -- pulls the pin on a GRENADE.

He cracks the door, tosses it in --

BOOM!

A flash, debris flies.

Malin kicks the door open, rifle ready--

A shadow moves --

Captain Reynolds, bloodied, raises his gun --

MALIN

Shit!

Malin FIRES -- BANG! BANG! BANG!

Captain Reynolds slumps. Silence.

Malin exhales, sweat on his brow.

MALIN (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Enemy soldiers pepper the building with fire.

Lieutenant Ogden crouches beside General Ellis.

LT. OGDEN
The explosion -- sounded like the
other building.

GEN. ELLIS
Reynolds didn't make it.

The General studies the field.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
They would have more than two men
on our flank if they had more fire
power in there.

He calls to Sergeant Snyder.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
Snyder!

The Sergeant snaps to attention.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
Move in.

SGT. SNYDER
Sir!

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters listens -- the gunfire slows.

SGT. PETERS
They're repositioning. This is it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin peeks out from behind the forklift. The enemy
soldiers ready to charge.

He aims.

EIGHT SOLDIERS rush the door --

BANG! BANG!

Two go down.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The soldiers storm through the doorway -- A STORM OF BULLETS SPRAYS INTO THE ROOM!

Ames takes a round to the head -- crumples.

Tarnoff FIRES BACK -- BANG -- drops one soldier before he is cut down.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Griffin listens to the battle inside --

INTENSE GUNFIRE, SHOUTS.

Jack, eyes wide, grips his weapon tight.

JACK

Griff! If we stay, we're gonna be cut off!

Griffin nods, focused.

The enemy soldiers remain locked on the warehouse, unaware of them.

Griffin crouches low and races to the building's cover.

Malin appears at the rear corner... covered in dust.

MALIN

I got Reynolds.

GRIFFIN

Good.

Together, they melt into the shadows.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters and Hennings FIRE from behind the overturned table.

A SHARP CRACK.

Hennings takes a bullet to the forehead, drops.

Sergeant Peters catches a shot to the shoulder, then the arm. His rifle is yanked away as ENEMY SOLDIERS rush him.

FLASHES OF GUNFIRE ignite the dark rear of the warehouse.

BANG! La Scala FIRES -- one soldier falls, dead.

The remaining soldiers respond with a HAIL OF BULLETS -- splinters and debris shower the darkness.

Silence.

General Ellis strides in, Lieutenant Ogden at his side.

Ogden's eyes snap to the SERVERS.

GEN. ELLIS
Are those what we want?

LT. OGDEN
Indeed they are.

GEN. ELLIS
Pull the drives. We need to move.

Lieutenant Ogden weaves through the wreckage, boots crunching over debris.

He nudges Tarnoff's corpse with his boot -- rolls it off the server pallet.

A quick slice of his knife, and the plastic wrapping falls away.

General Ellis looms over the bleeding Sergeant Peters.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
How did that work out for you,
Sergeant?

SGT. PETERS
You're not out of here yet.

GEN. ELLIS
What's left? One sniper? Two,
maybe? We'll shut them down.

SGT. PETERS
Guys like you... always so damn
sure of yourselves. Usually right
before you screw up.

GEN. ELLIS
Not this time.

SGT. PETERS
Keep counting those chickens,
General.

Ellis kneels, his face close to Peters.

GEN. ELLIS
You're bleeding out. I'm not
letting anyone patch you up. So
maybe enjoy your final moments and
keep your bourgeois insults to
yourself.

Lieutenant Ogden calls over --

LT. OGDEN
Sir? Got a situation.

The General joins him at the servers.

GEN. ELLIS
What is it?

LT. OGDEN
There's wiring here I've never
seen before.

GEN. ELLIS
And?

LT. OGDEN
Might be booby-trapped. I need to
run a scan.

GEN. ELLIS
You said this would be easy.

LT. OGDEN
Just covering our asses. Could
take ten minutes. Or hours.

GEN. ELLIS
Make it ten.

Lieutenant Ogden pulls a device from his pack and
carefully connects it to the server.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Griffin, Jack, and Malin move with stealth, keeping low
along the building's back wall.

They slide behind another forklift.

Jack holds up a hand -- a signal.

Two ENEMY SOLDIERS slip out of the rear door, rifles at the ready.

The three guards freeze.

MALIN

Who the hell are these guys!?

GRIFFIN

I don't know.

JACK

There can't be too many of them left.

GRIFFIN

There's enough to kill us.

Malin looks at the guard shack.

MALIN

Try Boone. Maybe he's got eyes on the front.

Griffin unclips his radio.

GRIFFIN

(into radio)

Griffin to base.

A pause.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Griffin to base.

BOONE (V.O.)

Base. What's your location?

GRIFFIN

West wall. Warehouse 1. We've got eyes on you.

BOONE (V.O.)

Any intel on the inside?

GRIFFIN

Negative

BOONE (V.O.)

Did you lose anyone?

GRIFFIN

Not yet.

BOONE (V.O.)

After watching you this morning,
I'm amazed to hear that.

JACK

(mutters)
What a prick.

Malin smirks.

MALIN

Just when I was starting to like
him.

Griffin keeps his tone steady.

GRIFFIN

Easier when someone's shooting
back.

Boone's laugh crackles over the radio.

BOONE (V.O.)

Good. That's the attitude.

MALIN

Okay, I like him again.

GRIFFIN

You have a visual on the front?

BOONE (V.O.)

Affirmative. Two guards.

GRIFFIN

Same in the back. Take 'em out?

BOONE (V.O.)

If we start a firefight, they
might kill prisoners -- if they've
got any.

GRIFFIN

I grabbed the FN-45 Tactical
with the silencer.

A beat -- then Boone's voice, a hint of approval.

BOONE (V.O.)

I'm starting to like you, Griffin.
Hold on --

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - FRONT

Three enemy soldiers exit the warehouse. With the two guards at the door, they form a unit and head toward the guard shack.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - CONTINUOUS

Griffin holds the radio close in a tight grip, his finger ready on the button.

Boone's voice crackles through -- low and urgent.

BOONE (V.O.)
Five men headed toward the gate.
Stay low. Out.

They sink as low as possible behind the forklift -- barely breathing.

FOOTSTEPS grow louder, crunching over gravel and debris, then fade.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

The .357 Magnum is steady in Boone's hands.

Through the grimy window, he watches the five soldiers draw closer --

Then veer off toward the gate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

From their hiding spot, Griffin, Malin, and Jack watch as the soldiers clear away the wreckage of the gate.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters slumps against a crate, his face pale, weak from blood loss.

General Ellis looms over him as Lieutenant Ogden approaches at a fast pace.

GEN. ELLIS
Well?

LT. OGDEN

If I try to copy or remove the
hard drive, it'll trigger a full
data wipe.

GEN. ELLIS

Erase!? Everything!?

LT. OGDEN

Yes, General.

GEN. ELLIS

Retrievable?

LT. OGDEN

Highly unlikely. Even if we could,
it'd be corrupted. Gibberish.

The General's eyes narrow -- a simmering frustration.

GEN. ELLIS

Options?

LT. OGDEN

There's a code.

GEN. ELLIS

Do you know it?

LT. OGDEN

No, sir.

GEN. ELLIS

You're supposed to hack anything.

LT. OGDEN

I've never seen anything like this
before. This is different.

GEN. ELLIS

What do you mean?

LT. OGDEN

Someone went to great lengths to
lock this down.

GEN. ELLIS

The clock's ticking, Lieutenant.
Make it happen.

LT. OGDEN

Sir.

Lieutenant Ogden returns to the servers.

General Ellis turns his cold gaze on Sergeant Peters.

GEN. ELLIS
You mentioned reinforcements.

SGT. PETERS
Did I?

GEN. ELLIS
How many? When?

SGT. PETERS
Beats me.

GEN. ELLIS
That doesn't sound honest.

SGT. PETERS
Honest? You wouldn't know "honest"
if it bit you on the ass.

The General pulls his pistol -- aims it at Peters' knee.

GEN. ELLIS
You'll know a bullet when it
enters your knee.

SGT. PETERS
Go ahead. I don't give a fuck.
You're not getting a thing from
me, you Commie bastard.

GEN. ELLIS
Commie? I'm a General in the
United States Army.

SGT. PETERS
You're a traitor. And where I come
from, that spells "Commie."

The General's finger tightens on the trigger.

GEN. ELLIS
What time. How many?

SGT. PETERS
Nine in the morning. Twenty
thousand guys. Or maybe it was
twenty hundred hours and nine
guys.

The General presses the gun against Peters' forehead.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
Always get it mixed up.

The General pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

Nothing.

Sergeant Peters doesn't flinch.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
What kind of soldier are you?
Don't even know when your
magazine's empty?

The General's face hardens. He PISTOL WHIPS Peters across the face -- blood splatters the concrete.

Sergeant Peters grins, his teeth red.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
I'll tell you this much.

A beat.

GEN. ELLIS
Go on.

SGT. PETERS
You ain't gettin' outta here
alive.

General Ellis pulls his radio and speaks -- his voice cold and precise.

GEN. ELLIS
This is General Ellis to outside
guards. Find those security guards
and kill them. Now.

Sergeant Peters' smile widens -- a mix of blood and defiance.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
(mocking)
Security guards.

SGT. PETERS
Security guards with grenades.

EXT. FRONT GATE PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

The guards have finished clearing the entrance.

SOLDIER 1

So now we find the armed guards.

SOLDIER 2

Hey. Didn't the General shoot one right here?

A blood smear leads to the guard shack. They advance -- silent and lethal.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Malin spots the soldiers approaching the shack. He signals to Griffin and Jack.

A boot SCUFFS on pavement.

Griffin lowers his head, peering beneath the forklift --

Two soldiers. Walking straight for them.

Griffin eases the FNX -45 Tactical from his waistband.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Two soldiers step into the shack --

Boone sits, calm, his Magnum aimed squarely at them.

BOONE

Smile.

THWIP! THWIP!

Silenced shots. The soldiers crumple, blood trickling from their foreheads.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Griffin stands, FIRES --

CLICK! CLICK!

An empty magazine.

THUMP! THUMP!

The two soldiers collapse, a hole in each back.

Boone lowers his silenced pistol from the guard shack doorway. He nods to Griffin, Malin, and Jack -- an unspoken signal.

They sprint to the guard shack.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Griffin, Jack, and Malin rush into the building, hunched low and away from the door.

BOONE

When you take a pistol you make
sure it has ammo.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, I know!

BOONE

You didn't know!

GRIFFIN

Well, I know now! Gimme a break,
I've never been in a war before!

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

General Ellis watches Lieutenant Ogden type code into a laptop with wires hooked into the server.

He checks his watch.

Ellis approaches Sergeant Peters, and notices the sergeant's radio, on a table next to him.

He picks it up, and turns it on.

GEN. ELLIS

This is General Maxwell Ellis,
inside Warehouse 1. I am looking
to speak to the security guards.

No response.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

This is General Maxwell Ellis. Is
anyone there?

BOONE (V.O.)

Yeah. What do you want?

GEN. ELLIS

I want you to give up. I'd hate to see any more death this evening.

BOONE (V.O.)

Why's that? Does it offend you, somehow, Maxie?

GEN. ELLIS

No, no. It doesn't offend me. Your loved ones will miss you more than I.

BOONE (V.O.)

I don't have any loved ones, Maxie. Hey, are you really a General?

GEN. ELLIS

I am.

BOONE (V.O.)

In what country?

GEN. ELLIS

America.

BOONE (V.O.)

I see you as more of a traitor. You and those thug soldiers of yours.

GEN. ELLIS

I don't consider myself a traitor.

BOONE (V.O.)

Traitors usually don't, Jackass.

GEN. ELLIS

Surrender. You are outnumbered.

BOONE (V.O.)

Yeah? I just popped three of your Goons in the head. You're running out of Goons, Maxie.

GEN. ELLIS

Not at all. I was supposed to be in and out of here in ten minutes. However, the servers are presenting a problem that has caused a delay. Another truck will be arriving momentarily with additional backup.

This concerns Sergeant Peters.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
As was the plan. So fight on, Tin
Man. You will all be dead by
sunrise.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone reaches to the counter, scoops up his car keys.

BOONE
That guy's starting to piss me
off.

MALIN
Shit, man! More coming!?

Boone dangles the keys in front of Griffin.

BOONE
Time for a crash course.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Lieutenant Ogden turns to General Ellis.

LT. OGDEN
I can't do it. I need more tools.

GEN. ELLIS
You were supposed to be the best!

LT. OGDEN
I am the best! I wasn't expecting
this! This is screwed up! I've
never seen a set-up like this!
What the fuck is on this thing!?

GEN. ELLIS
Blackmail for a lifetime.

LT. OGDEN
What kind of blackmail?

GEN. ELLIS
The kind that topples governments.

SGT. PETERS
So whoever you work for had these
servers overseas?

GEN. ELLIS

Not us. Another country was
hacking the information.
Washington raided the servers to
scrub the evidence.

SGT. PETERS

You gotta be shittin' me.

LT. OGDEN

What's on there, exactly?

GEN. ELLIS

Communist ties. Bribes. Murder
cover-ups. Sexual deviance that'd
make a dominatrix blush.

SGT. PETERS

And you're here to keep it under
wraps.

GEN. ELLIS

Or leak it. Depends on who pays up
first... and how much.

SGT. PETERS

This is all about covering for a
bunch of pervs in Washington?

GEN. ELLIS

Pervs pay.

He turns to Sergeant Snyder.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

Snyder. Our friend on the radio
said some of our men were killed.
Have a look around.

Sergeant Snyder sprints for the far end of the warehouse.

EXT. FRONT GATE PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

Lying down, Griffin and Jack set the claymore mines with
great care.

Boone watches from the window.

Griffin holds a wire for Boone to see and points to the
back of the mine.

Boone nods "yes."

JACK

If you sneeze, we blow up.

GRIFFIN

They're not that sensitive. You can tap dance on this thing.

JACK

You don't know shit about these!

GRIFFIN

I know, but acting like I do helps my nerves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - REAR - NIGHT

Behind the forklift, Malin watches them set the mines at the gate. He turns to see Sergeant Snyder creep along the wall, inches from the corner.

Malin jumps up, FIRES and Snyder falls dead.

Griffin and Jack turn to Malin, who waves that he is okay. They continue to work.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - CONTINUOUS

General Ellis turns to Sergeant Peters.

GEN. ELLIS

Hear that? One of your guards, eliminated.

LT. OGDEN

Sir, I can't crack the code. I'm sorry... it's too risky here.

The General glances at his watch.

GEN. ELLIS

Right. We take the servers.

He turns to the Driver.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)

Get the truck backed up to the door.

DRIVER

We're down to 6 men, sir, counting me.

GEN. ELLIS
Reinforcements are on the way.
Pull the truck up.

DRIVER
What about our other truck?

GEN. ELLIS
Leave it.

The Driver heads for the door and hesitates.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Holding his arms in the air to show no weapons, the
Driver walks toward the first truck.

He climbs in and starts the engine.

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

Malin waits at the cars as Griffin and Jack hurry in,
hunched down.

MALIN
All set?

Griffin speaks into the radio.

GRIFFIN
Come in base.

BOONE (V.O.)
Base. Go ahead.

GRIFFIN
We're moving out - you got eyes on
the gate?

BOONE
Eyes on the gate. Make sure every
one of your bullets finds a home.
Out.

Griffin clips the radio to his belt.

GRIFFIN
We need to position to their
front. Behind all that crap over
there.

JACK
They must be getting ready to
leave.

GRIFFIN
Let's go.

They take off toward the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The truck backs up to the door.

The driver exits, hands in the air, and scurries inside
the warehouse.

Two soldiers appear on the roof and FIRE! RAINING BULLETS
onto the defenses below!

Bullets SLAM into the wall and dirt as Griffin, Jack, and
Malin hit the ground.

BULLETS EXPLODE all around them.

JACK
Son of a bitch!

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Two soldiers, and Lieutenant Ogden struggle to move the
servers toward the door.

Sergeant Peters works on the ropes that bind his hands
behind his chair.

EXT. ROAD TO COMPOUND - NIGHT

The reinforcement transport truck races through the dark.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Wood and pavement splinter as the roof snipers continue
to fire!

JACK
We can't get a shot off! What the
hell!?

MALIN

They gotta reload sometime. When they do, open up on the roof!

EXT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

The barrel of the .50 Caliber Snipers Rifle sticks out of the doorframe.

A finger pulls the trigger.

BANG!

EXT. ROOF OF WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

One of the SNIPERS is hit and falls. The other sniper retreats.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The firing from above stops.

Griffin, Jack, and Malin open fire on the truck.

They get RETURN GUNSHOTS as bullets hit all around them.

MALIN

We can't stay here!

GRIFFIN

Let's pull back to the cars! We might be able to hit them from there!

MALIN

Shit man! I don't want my car looking like Bonnie and Clyde's last ride!

Jack, Griffin, and Malin tear off for the cars, shooting as they go!

More SHOTS are fired at them!

THUD! Jack is hit in the arm.

He SCREAMS out!

JACK

I'm hit!

Griffin stops and helps Jack behind some crates.

Malin turns to see the sniper from the roof hot on his tail!

Malin SHOOTS and misses.

Bullets HIT THE GROUND around Malin as he races for his car.

Malin SHOOTS again -- CLICK CLICK!

MALIN

Shit!

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

He reaches his car and flings open the door.

The SNIPER aims as he runs toward him!

Malin pulls out his paintball rifle -- Aims -- Fires!

SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT the sniper goes down like a ton of bricks. His face covered in blood and yellow paint.

Malin looks at the paintball rifle in disbelief, tosses it back into the car, and changes his gun magazine.

MALIN

Told you, paintballs hurt!

BANG! THUD! Malin goes down with a bullet in his leg.

MALIN (CONT'D)

Aw, shit!

He limps behind his car, joined by Griffin and Jack.

MALIN (CONT'D)

Where the hell were you!?

JACK

I was running around out there
getting shot -- where the fuck do
you think I was!?

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Two servers are on the truck. General Ellis, Lieutenant Ogden, and a SOLDIER lift the last one onto the tailgate.

THUD!

It falls on its side. They slide it next to the others.

GEN. ELLIS
That didn't damage it, did it?

LT. OGDEN
We just want the hard drives.
They're fine.

GEN. ELLIS
Good.

He turns to the Driver.

GEN. ELLIS (CONT'D)
Let's go.

General Ellis, Lieutenant Ogden, and the remaining soldier climb into the back of the truck.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

The Driver creeps along the side of the truck, and climbs into the cab.

INT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

Sergeant Peters struggles, trying to loosen the ropes.

EXT. ROAD TO COMPOUND - NIGHT

The reinforcement transport truck approaches the gate.

The TRANSPORT DRIVER sees the Claymore mines and slams on the breaks! SCREEEECH!

TRANSPORT DRIVER
Mines ahead!

OFFICER (O.S.)
Everyone out!

Soldiers spill out of truck.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Boone watches as soldiers jump from the truck, rifles at the ready.

He remains calm.

BOONE

The wonderful thing about Claymore mines... you don't have to drive over them to go "boom." Sayonara, boys.

He triggers the clip.

BOOOOOOM!

The mines blow and the TRUCK EXPLODES in a fireball!

Boone ducks as the explosion SMASHES the windows in the guard shack.

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

Griffin, Jack, and Malin watch the destruction.

JACK

Holy shit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 1 - NIGHT

General Ellis sees the reinforcement truck burn at the gate, destroyed.

He turns back to his truck, climbs into the passenger side, and slams the door shut.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

The Driver watches in shock.

GEN. ELLIS

Move.

DRIVER

What!? We can't drive through that!

GEN. ELLIS

Ram it out of the way.

DRIVER

We'll blow up if we try to ram it!

GEN. ELLIS
Then drive around it! We can't
stay here!

The Driver puts the truck into gear and steps on the gas.

EXT. PACIFIC INDUSTRIES COMPOUND - NIGHT

The truck heads toward the gate and the burning remains.

Griffin keeps his eye on the truck as he slams a new
magazine into his rifle.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

General Ellis sees Griffin run in front of the truck and
open fire!

The General ducks as the Driver is killed.

Griffin shoots up the tires.

The truck stops.

Lieutenant Ogden and the soldier leap off the tailgate
and raise their guns to fire.

BOONE (O.S.)
(yells)
Hold it!

General Ellis and Lieutenant Ogden turn to see the
bloodied, dirty, exhausted, but smiling, Boone.

General Ellis is shocked --

GEN. ELLIS
You? You.... I shot you in the
heart! I saw you die --

BOONE (V.O.)
Yeah, that didn't work out too
well, Maxie. See... I haven't got
a heart.

General Ellis can only stare -- astonished.

BOONE
Just like the Tin Man. I love that
movie. Do you like that movie?

General Ellis pulls his pistol from his pocket and before he can aim --

BANG! BANG!

Boone fires. Lieutenant Ogden topples back.

General Ellis stares at Boone, mouth agape. After a moment, blood trickles from his heart.

BOONE (CONT'D)
You got one, though.

The General falls to his knees, then falls forward. Dead.

Griffin turns to see Malin, rifle in hand, smile at him.

Boone limps to the dead General.

He surveys the destruction as Griffin goes to him.

Boone nods toward Malin and Jack.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Hurt bad?

GRIFFIN
They'll be all right.

Sergeant Peters approaches.

BOONE
Son of a bitch. I thought you were dead.

SGT. PETERS
My men are.

He nods to the dead General.

SGT. PETERS (CONT'D)
You deprived me of the honor.

BOONE
Sorry. The moment presented itself.

Malin and Jack join them.

Sirens of emergency vehicles approach.

SGT. PETERS

When the jamming cut out, I put a call through. Figured it was time to bring in the cavalry.

Ambulances, police cars, and a military car arrive and skirt around the burning wreck.

MALIN

So this shit's over now, right?

GRIFFIN

It's over. Let's get you guys to the medics.

SGT. PETERS

I need to report in and make sure these servers get into the right hands.

BOONE

What hands are those?

SGT. PETERS

The few honest leaders we have left.

They shake hands, and Sergeant Peters turns and exits.

BOONE

Peters.

Sergeant Peters stops and turns to see Boone gesture.

BOONE (CONT'D)

The medics are that way. The report can wait.

Sergeant Peters smiles.

PETERS

Right.

He changes direction and disappears into the flashing lights and activity.

Griffin lends Boone his shoulder for support, as they head toward the gate.

Jack assists the limping Malin.

MALIN

Damn, this hurts!

JACK
Mine hurts too, Malin.

MALIN
Yeah, but you don't walk on your
arm!

Boone speaks quietly to Griffin.

BOONE
Tell the truth.

Griffin turns to him.

BOONE (CONT'D)
This beats the hell out of
paintball.

Griffin joins Boone in a smile as they limp and scuff
past the burning truck to the emergency vehicles.

FADE OUT.