

Victory Disease

written by

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CUE IN MUSIC- THE MOLDAU BY BEDRICH SMETANA PLAYS.

ON BLACK: "VICTORY DISEASE"- OCCURS IN MILITARY HISTORY WHEN COMPLACENCY OR ARROGANCE, BROUGHT ON BY A VICTORY OR A SERIES OF VICTORIES, MAKES AN ENGAGEMENT END DISASTROUSLY FOR A COMMANDER AND HIS FORCES.

EXT. SACRAMENTO-AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE-PARKING LOT-DAY

SUPER: Fall 2017.

The SOUND of rain trickles onto the cars parked side by side each other.

BENJAMIN REYNOLDS (26, slim built, scruffy face, dark circles under eyes) walks to class, head down, slouched shoulders, slaps on headphones to his ears.

Ben places his hood down to feel the rain. Students walk past him with umbrellas and hoods on.

Ben listens to the music as if to wrap himself in a warm blanket.

The students mind their own business, Ben scans with his eyes every person who walks past him, almost on the verge of panic. His eyes shut when...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

Ben opens his eyes, dirt and black sediment on his face. His helmet, the same. He wears Army digital camouflage uniform.

His demeanor speaks defeat. He moves forward as soldiers walk behind and around scattered. Destruction lies behind Ben.

As he walks forward, he holds an M4 with an Aimpoint CompM4 CCO scope.

His body armor is covered in dirt and debris, one glove hangs over his ammunition pouch with his hand covered in blood.

A group of soldiers follows behind him as they walk back to their vehicles. Everyone is tired. They want to go home.

BACK TO:

EXT. SACRAMENTO-AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE-DAY-2017-FALL-RAIN

On Ben's eyes: The thousand yard stare as rain drips from his face. He doesn't blink.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT (V.O.)
Victory disease. It was all victory
disease.

He continues to walk with the same shocked demeanor.

INT. AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE-THEATER WORKSHOP-DAY

Ben steps into the theater workshop. The technical director MIKE (52), turns around in his swivel chair and smiles as Ben approaches.

Ben lifts one side of his headphones. The music is HEARD from one side.

MIKE
Alright Ben, I need you to build a
few studio flats with us today.
I'll give you a hand in just a sec.

Ben nods his head and places his backpack down.

Ben grabs a tape measure and proceeds his work.

The tape measure pulls back as it makes a metallic rush and SLAP.

Ben cuts pieces of wood with a band saw. The saws buzz as he's in his own world of comfort.

Ben runs a line of glue at the edge of the freshly cut piece, he attaches it to another cut piece.

Ben and Mike places a slab of plywood over the built frame.

Ben uses a staple gun on the pieces together. SHUNT! SHUNT! SHUNT!

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey so why don't you get together
with some of these other students
and help them out?

Ben doesn't speak.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I am always seeing you work by
yourself.

On Peter (22, tall, lanky, smiles a lot) working with another student, they build a studio flat together.

Peter's smile is obnoxious to Ben.

MIKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Why not Peter? You two would make a great team.

Again... Ben stays silent.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Uh-huh....
 (beat)
 Hey Peter!

Mike waves over to Peter who stops his work.

Ben bites his lip in annoyance. Peter looks over at Ben drills twice upwards playfully with the impact gun.

BEN
 Why?

MIKE
 You'll be fine.

PETER
 Hey Ben!

Peter holds his hand out to shake, Ben looks down at his hand, his eyes move up to Peter. He walks away to grab a tool. Peter follows behind.

PETER (CONT'D)
 I know we've been in the same class for almost a month now, but I...

Ben rummages through the cabinet looking for more staples and glue. His focused is fixed away from Peter. Peter looms behind him.

EXT. AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE-PARKING LOT-DAY-RAIN

The rain beats down hard onto Bens' hood as he walks back to his car. Peter runs over to catch up with Ben, waves him down.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Ben! Wait up!

Ben turns to face Peter, he eagerly wants to leave. He takes off his headphones.

END MUSIC

BEN

What?

PETER

I wanted to ask if you plan to tech any upcoming shows. The sign up sheets are up tomorrow.

BEN

I... I don't know.

PETER

Well hey there is this party at my place Saturday, if you're interested. You should come...

Peter pulls out his cellphone. He hands it to Ben.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here put your number down.

Ben reluctantly grabs it. Ben inputs his number and hands it to Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wait! What about my number?

BEN

You've got mine.

PETER

Oh... yeah sure no problem.

Ben gets into his car and looks at his blue infantry cord on his rearview mirror, flicks it, and drives off.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX-DAY

Ben parks his car and pulls out his phone.

A text from a number reads, "2664 Cassidy way. Party on Saturday! Come on by!"

Ben clicks his phone off heads back to his apartment.

INT. APARTMENT-EVENING

Ben walks in covered with sawdust and wet from the rain.

The apartment is full of clutter and hard to move around. Boxes have yet to be opened, piles of clothes that say, "Donate", empty beer bottles on the table-top.

He sits to take his boots off and looks over at his brother, THOMAS REYNOLDS (21) sits on the couch, and plays video games. His feet propped up in the table, one sock has a hole with his big toe out.

BEN

How'd the job interview go?

THOMAS

I didn't go. I doubt they would hire me.

BEN

It's retail man, why wouldn't they hire you?

THOMAS

I make enough money doing what I am doing anyway.

BEN

Selling drugs is how you plan on paying the bills?! You're not exactly starting fresh.

THOMAS

Hell yeah. The weed business is booming right now. Let me show you so this new strain I got.

Thomas pulls out the weed and grinds it. Ben checks his phone.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What's that?

BEN

This kid invited me to a party.

THOMAS

It could be good for you.

Thomas sprinkles weed into a joint and rolls it up, he hands it over to Ben and lights it for him.

Ben takes a small hit. Then another. He passes it back to Thomas. He leans back and sinks into the couch.

BEN
I'm going to need more of this
later.

Ben stares up at the popcorn ceiling.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. SACRAMENTO-V.A. CLINIC-THERAPIST OFFICE-DAY

The ceiling changes from popcorn ceiling to tiles.

Ben stares upward slouches back arms crossed under his
armpits, NANCY (67) his therapist walks around to her desk.

NANCY
What brings you here today?

BEN
Well... I can't seem to shake off
the feeling.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. APARTMENT-BATHROOM-NIGHT BEFORE

Ben stares at himself in the mirror. He cracks open a beer,
shoots back pills, and downs them with beer.

Ben looks intently at himself in the mirror. He begins to
feel sleepy.

He begins giggling to himself when-

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-COMBAT OUTPOST-DAY

A convoy approaches into the settlement. Soldiers hop out,
high five each other. They proceed to the clearing barrels.

Ben and another soldier, Specialist Jason Hill (23, black,
tall), and Specialist Anthony Dawson (21, white, broad) all
get out of the Humvee pumped with adrenaline.

BEN
We fucking SMOKED those guys! GOD
DAMN I WANT TO FUCK!

All the guys laugh with glee. Their Squad leader, Staff Sergeant Scott (38, male, black), look over at the party and shakes his head in disappointment.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

"A FEW DAYS LATER"

BOOM!

Knocked back from the force, Ben ducks down from gunfire as it rains down from the sky.

He looks up as he holds his helmet, tears and sweat run down his face.

Dawson and Hill lie in the midst of combat suffering from their wounds. Bullet holes in their torsos, a pool of blood next to them.

Dark clouds cover the red sky and the screams of women and children is heard-- SILENCE!

Ben looks from under the vehicle and sees another soldier dead in place of where Dawson and Hill lie.

In place is Ben's body, blood running down his eyes suffering.

Ben looks closer...

Silence... a little closer...

BOOM! DUST AND ROCK PARTICLES COVER HIS VIEW.

INT. APARTMENT-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Trickles of blood lead from the mirror to Ben.

Ben leaned up against the wall next to the toilet bawls his eyes out. The mirror is cracked as is someone punched it. His right knuckles are bloody.

BACK TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE-DAY-CONTINUOUS

Ben sits for a moment, his hand shakes with a bandage wrap around his fist. Nancy listens in and silently nods her head as the sight of Ben's knuckles is obvious.

Ben looks at Nancy with a gaze.

INT. APARTMENT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Ben wakes up from another nightmare in a sweat. He gets up and turns the lights on.

He looks over at a photo hangs on his wall of his friends from the Army.

NANCY (V.O.)

Can you recall a time when you felt enjoyment?

EXT. FORT BENNING GEORGIA-BARRACKS BUILDING-DAY

Ben (19, well groomed, B-class dress blues, black beret) graduated Basic Training and is gathered with his friends, Private DAWSON, Private HILL, Private GARCIA(20), Private WELLS (20). KATHERINE REYNOLDS (42, Ben's mother) take their photo. FLASHES from her camera hit the soldiers faces.

Sharon (19, female, white, curly hair) stands behind Katherine, arms crossed, half cocked smile.

KATHERINE

Alright boys. One... Two. Three!

FLASH!

BEN

Ah! Jesus... mom can't you turn the flash off?

KATHERINE

Is that a way to speak to your mother SOLDIER?

DAWSON

Yeah don't be talking to your momma like that little man.

Dawson playfully pinch Ben's cheeks. Ben slaps Dawson' hand away and walks up to Katherine and hugs her.

Sharon steps in after Katherine, her and Ben exchange a long kiss.

SHARON
I'm so proud of you.

DAWSON
Hey Reynolds! You going to meet us
at the PX later?
(beat)
We're getting tacos!

Ben's focuses on Sharon. He doesn't break eye contact.

BEN
I'll catch up with you guys later.

DAWSON
Alright baby boy! Nice to met you
Mrs. Reynolds! And... future Mrs.
Reynolds?

Sharon and Ben exchange an awkward look back at Dawson.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Ah... never mind. Marry that clown
before I do!

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT-BENS' BEDROOM-NIGHT

Ben places the photo back on his wall, next to it is a memorial for his fallen friends.

BEN (V.O.)
Vaguely.

He sits back onto his bed and grabs the black memorial bracelet with the names Specialist Hill K.I.A. And Specialist Dawson K.I.A engraved on it.

Ben places the bracelet on his wrist and grabs his bong.

Ben packs in weed and takes a big rip out of the bong.

Ben coughs for a moment. He heads to the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT-BATHROOM-NIGHT

The mirror still smashed, Ben looks at his face in the cracked mirror. He pops in pills.

He checks his phone, he looks at the text from Peter. He lowers his head and clenches the edge of the sink.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE-GARAGE-NIGHT

Ben pulls up in his car.

Hesitant to walk inside, Peter stands in his garage with AUVA(20), MIKAYLA(21), EDDIE(20), JUDE(20), and others all notice Ben sit in his car.

PETER
There he is!

Ben grumbles before he gets out of his car.

He pulls out a pack of beer from his trunk. Peter walks over to help Ben.

BEN
I got it.

PETER
Didn't think you were going to come.

BEN
Neither did I.

Ben shuts his trunk and heads inside.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE-EVENING

Ben heads to the kitchen carrying the beers. He walks past Sharon as she sits on the couch with other party goers. She can't believe her eyes.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE-KITCHEN-EVENING

Sharon approaches behind Ben as he stocks the fridge.

SHARON
Hey soldier...

Ben doesn't respond.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Hey Soldier!

Ben faces Sharon, a little taken back from the sight of her, he abruptly gets up. He hits his head on the inside of the fridge, beer bottles fall out and roll everywhere.

They stand there in silence as her arms crossed with a red solo cup in one hand and a clenched fist in the other, tears run down her face.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Backyard.

EXT. PETERS HOUSE-BACK YARD-NIGHT

Splash! Slap! Ben wipes his face dry, he feels up his cheek.

BEN

Nice to see you too.

More party goers peek outside to watch the drama unfold.

SHARON

The audacity of you showing yourself!... Really?! How dare you!

Sharon grabs another party goers drink out of their hand and splashes it in Ben's face. The music inside stops as the attention is drawn to Ben and Sharon.

BEN

Can you stop that! God!

Ben wipes his face and shakes his hands off, he follows Sharon as she walks back inside as tears run down her face.

Before she opens the door back inside, he calms himself before-

Peter comes out of concern from the situation.

PETER

Is everything alright?

Ben doesn't acknowledge Peter.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE-EVENING

Ben walks behind Sharon into the house. The music goes back on, everyone is still fixed on them.

Sharon continues to walk across the house in tears.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE-EVENING

Sharon wipes her eyes. The party goers go silent as Ben and Sharon walk through the house and up to the front door.

Sharon exits slamming the door. He turns around with everyone still eyes on them.

BEN

Not enough for you?! Well go fuck yourself! All of you!

He steps out then... SLAM! Gossip spreads throughout the house as the party goers talk amongst themselves.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE-EVENING

Peter opens the door as Ben follows Sharon out.

PETER

Aren't you going to take your beer?

BEN

Keep it.

Ben and Sharon continue down the road.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD-SIDEWALK-NIGHT

Ben catches up to Sharon whose arms are crossed, he places his hand gently on her shoulder.

BEN

Sharon...

Ben tries to grab Sharon. She nudges him away.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey... let me talk to you.

Sharon carries onward to her car.

BEN (CONT'D)

HEY!

Sharon stops in her tracks and faces Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

I... didn't want us to meet up like this.

Sharon wipes her tears away.

SHARON

Oh yeah and how exactly did you plan on doing that? If at all? You're such a piece of shit.

BEN

I didn't want you to be hurt if-

SHARON

-Hurt?! *chuckles* You really have the audacity to speak to me!

BEN

I have a bit of explaining to do. Right now may not be the best place or time...

SHARON

Just go. I can't do this tonight.

BEN

Cool... I didn't want to come to this party anyway!

Sharon taken back by the comment steps closer to her car.

SHARON

What happened to you?! Insensitive prick.

Ben pulls out his keys and unlocks his car, he steps inside and drives off. Sharon does the same.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Ben sits back onto his couch next to Thomas who has his feet propped up on the table like before.

THOMAS

Back already?

BEN

Shut up.

Ben sits in silence as he decompresses over the awkward encounter.

A knock at the door. Thomas gets to the door faster and opens it.

RICK (mid 30s, modern day greaser) stands outside their doorway. He walks in without any hesitation, he checks the place out.

RICK
Your place looks fucking janky.

BEN
Who the hell are you?

Thomas stands to the side intimidated.

RICK
Someone who doesn't like waiting to
know where my money is... Thomas?
Chop chop I don't have all day.

Rick grabs Thomas by the shoulder and pushes him away. Ben
gets into Ricks face.

BEN
Get the hell out of here asshole!

RICK
I'm not going anywhere... asshole.

Ben grabs Rick by the collar, Rick slaps his hands away. Ben
grabs him again to yank Rick outside.

THOMAS
Wait wait wait... ok I'll go get
the money. Just... wait here.

Ben and Rick break away from each other. Rick gets into Bens'
face stares him down.

RICK
That was disrespectful as fuck my
guy. You'll learn soon enough
though.

Ben remains silent.

RICK (CONT'D)
Something you want to say?

Ben doesn't say anything. Rick laughs, Ben clenches his
fists.

RICK (CONT'D)
Damn... Hothead huh? Me too. You
seem familiar to me. Haven't I met
you somewhere?

Thomas comes out with a wad of cash hands it over to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thomas...

Rick glances down at the back memorial bracelet on Ben's wrist. His eyes widen in excitement.

RICK (CONT'D)
...Let's have a little chat
outside.

Rick wraps his arm around Thomas' shoulder, escorts him outside. Ben grabs the taser on the counter.

EXT. APARTMENT-PATIO-NIGHT

Rick escorts Thomas away from the apartment pulling him around the corner. Ben eavesdrops on their conversation.

RICK
Where's the rest?

THOMAS
You know I have bills to pay... I
can't-

RICK
-Can't what? You can do better than
that. How about you give your god-
damn marbles a tug!... Figure it
the fuck out!... Next time I show
my face around here pip squeak
inside better watch his tone! DO
YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!

Ben comes in between Rick and Thomas.

BEN
Get out of here. Go. I'll kill you!

RICK
Kill me? That's cute. I'm not going
anywhere until I get what's owed.

Ben pulls out the taser from his back pocket and holds it behind him.

BEN
Last chance... Leave.

Rick gets fed up and tries to grab Ben. Ben zaps Rick with a taser to the neck.

Rick drops to the floor. He holds his neck and shakes for a moment from the voltage.

Rick gets up, Thomas sticks behind Ben. Rick smiles at Thomas.

RICK
You're going to regret that.

Rick points his finger to Ben and Thomas with a sinister smirk. Ben ignites the taser.

Rick backs off and heads the opposite way. Rick adjusts his collar on his jacket and rubs his neck.

Rick walks to his car, Ben follows to make sure he leaves.

Rick gets into his black CHRYSLER 300. Ben looks to make sure he leaves, also takes note of his license plate and model car just in case.

Rick looks over in the direction of another parked car and nods his head.

Rick with a look of intimidation and anger looks back at Ben and Thomas drives off. Ben flips him off.

BEN
Get inside.

THOMAS
... Thanks.

BEN
Just... get inside.

INT. APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Ben and Thomas step back into the apartment and sit on the couch.

BEN
What the hell was that?

THOMAS
Sorry I didn't know HE was going to show up.

Ben grabs the grinder and starts to grind weed. Ben lights up the pipe and takes a hit.

BEN
(coughing)
This dude is not allowed in our place again. If he does, I'll kill him.

Thomas takes the pipe from Ben's hands and takes a big hit out of it.

THOMAS

Alright I have a confession... I sell more than just weed.

BEN

Ok...?

THOMAS

I sell weed, LSD, 'shrooms...meth... cocaine... heroin.

BEN

Damn... Never thought you would result into the piece of shit you are Thomas!

Ben gets up and storms into his bedroom.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

He opens his phone and a text from an unknown number. It reads, "Fine. Let's talk."

Ben shuts his phone then gathers his things.

Thomas stands near the kitchen sink embarrassed.

BEN

Hey, let's talk about this later.

THOMAS

I'm sorry.

Ben dials into his phone as he walks out the front door.

Onto Thomas: He lets out an exhaust from the restraint of his tears, he lays himself on the kitchen floor as he hits the floor with his hand.

EXT. BEN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

The phone answers on the other end.

BEN

Hey.

Ben makes his way to his car, he steps inside.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm leaving now. I'll be there in
fifteen minutes.

We back up as-

INT. MYSTERIOUS CAR-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

A mysterious figure pulls out a phone and takes subtle pictures of Ben as he drives out of the complex.

EXT. LAKE NATOMA-NIGHT

Ben and Sharon sit on the hood of his car as the engine still runs and lights face toward the lake.

BEN
I haven't been here in a hot
minute.

They sit for a moment.

SHARON
So what do you want?

BEN
You deserve to know the truth.

SHARON
It's too late for that.

BEN
I'm not going to be ok with myself
unless I tell you this.

Sharon hops off the car, she faces away from Ben with her arms crossed.

SHARON
Make it quick.

BEN
The day we last spoke out there. It
was quite possibly the worst day of
my life.

Sharon listens in more.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AFGHANISTAN-BATHROOM-DAY

Ben sits in full battle gear inside a stall. His face still dirtied from before. He sits with his helmet on, he unbuckles his chinstrap.

Ben pulls out one of his magazines from his front pouches. He takes out one 5.56 round.

Ben holds the round between his fingers as he loads it into the chamber. He pulls back on the charging handle, finger on the trigger.

Ben turns the weapon to his mouth-

The door OPENS from the outside. Ben immediately stops... hyperventilating.

From the outside of the stall. Staff Sergeant Scott takes off his helmet. He turns on the sink to scrub his face.

Ben's breathing turns into a panic attack. Staff Sergeant Scott looks back at the stall.

BACK TO:

EXT. LAKE NATOMA-NIGHT

Sharon is a little taken back and thinks for a moment.

SHARON

You need help.

BEN

I am getting help... I just...I don't know... I want you to understand.

SHARON

You break up with me and then you try to kill yourself in the same day?

BEN

That's an odd way of saying it but yeah.

SHARON

I don't know what you expected out of this... But that was really not the way to go!

The SOUND of a loud rev from an engine.

Ben and Sharon's attention lead to the car. It's a black car in the distance. It's hard to make out who it is.

BEN

Let's get out of here. The last thing we need tonight are creeps or perverts.

Ben and Sharon enter the car, shut the door and drive off.

I/E. LAKE NATOMA-ROAD-NIGHT

The car follows Ben, it speeds up close behind Ben. The car tailgates Ben, motivated to speed up. The car speeds up with him.

SHARON

Doesn't this guy have anything better to do?

Ben maintains composure. He looks back from the road to the rearview mirror, he recognizes the Chrysler 300.

I/E. HIGHWAY-NIGHT-THE CHASE

The car pulls up next to Ben. The tinted window rolls down to reveal, Rick.

BEN

Shit.

Rick maneuvers to speed up toward the rear of Ben's car. He slightly taps the back end of the vehicle.

Ben turns the steering wheel to adjust straight. He looks back behind him.

SHARON

What the?... Pull over.

BEN

That's not a good idea.

Rick taps the bumper, a little harder this time.

SHARON

Pull over!

Ben's gives in and pulls over to the side of the road.

Rick pulls up to the front of Ben's car.

Rick gets out of his car. Ben and Sharon stick inside for a moment.

BEN
Stay in the car. I'll deal with
this guy.

Ben steps out to confront Rick.

RICK
Small world isn't it?

BEN
What's your problem?

RICK
You hit my car.

BEN
I've got the witness that would say
otherwise.

Rick steps up to Ben, he stands right up in his face.

RICK
That's ok. You'll learn soon
enough.

BEN
Keep your distance.

Rick chest bumps Ben, Ben immediately pushes Rick away. Rick pulls out a can of MACE and sprays it into Ben's face.

Sharon dials the police.

Ben screams and coughs as his eyes burn. Rick sucker punches him across the face. Ben lies on the ground in pain. He tries to take a breath. Rick kicks him in the side.

Sharon is stunned with what just happened.

SHARON
911. We are on the highway leading
back from Lake Natoma. Come
quickly!

Sharon places the phone to the side. 911 is still on the other line.

Ben grabs the front bumper of his car. He hoists himself up on the hood.

BEN

Sharon!

Rick walks back to his car. He opens his trunk to pull out a tire iron. Sharon gets out of the car to help Ben.

SHARON

Stop it!

Rick walks back. Sharon stands in between Ben and Rick.

SHARON (CONT'D)

This is over. The police are on their way.

RICK

Damn. Big man like that having a pretty girl like you to protect him.

Rick grabs Sharon's arm, she tries to resist. He tosses her to the side. Sharon screams out. Ben tries his best to open his eyes.

Rick walks over to Sharon and hits the side of her arm with the tire iron twice. He pulls her up by her hair and slaps her across the face. Sharon goes into the fetal position in pain, scared.

Ben sees RED, his fury fuels him to grapple Rick to the ground.

Ben and Rick fight.

SHARON

Stop it!

Rick grabs Ben by the neck holds him up to the wall chokes him out. Sharon leans over to try to get out of the car. She holds her arm as it may have been broken.

Red and blue lights rise up from the distance. As they approach, Sharon with her good arm waves them down.

Rick gets the upper hand as he knocks the wind out of Ben.

Rick presses the tire iron down into Ben's neck.

Ben's POV: Vision goes blurry as Rick's face is seen, his teeth clenched, eyes wide. Red and Blue lights flash brighter.

Down on Ben's face, veins pop from his forehead, face turns blue. His demeanor becomes calm, he tries to open his eyes which still burn. Ben gets weaker.

Ben's POV: Everything slowly goes dark. A figure appears behind Rick.

A COP(34) runs up behind Rick, shoots a taser into his back causes him to seize. Rick releases Ben whose limp body falls to the floor, his body shakes uncontrollably.

Sharon opens the door and crawls toward Ben. She lightly shakes him awake.

Ben's eyes open as he catches his breath. He slowly regains consciousness. Sharon and Ben look over as the backup police roll up.

Rick on the ground seizes as high voltage runs through his body. The cop releases the charge, Rick shuts his eyes weakened from the taser.

Ben coughs up, his eyes are hard to open. He crawls to the car to get himself up. He holds his side, his face bloody, limps over to Sharon whose on the ground in pain.

TWO PARAMEDICS (Male & Female) run up to assess Sharon and Ben, Rick is now handcuffed and escorted past Ben and Sharon.

PARAMEDIC #1

Sir. Ma'am? We're here to help.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICER (FEMALE) holds a note pad, takes down Ben and Sharon's statements as they sit in the back of an ambulance.

Sharon has a sling on her left arm. Ben's nose has gauze up his nose and wrapped. Around his eyes are red from the mace, partially blackened from being struck in the face.

Paramedic #2 assesses Ben. Paramedic #1 shines a light into Sharon's eyes back and forth.

PARAMEDIC #1

You said he struck you across the head?

Sharon sits in shock. Paramedic #1 holds up her finger. She goes back and forth. Sharon is too shocked to respond.

PARAMEDIC #1 (CONT'D)
Possible concussion. Mostly shock.

The highway patrol officer rips out the page she wrote down and hands it to Ben.

HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICER
Alright, take this. If you want to press charges just contact this number.

BEN
Thanks officer.

Rick looks out of the passing squad car at Ben and Sharon. Ben flips him off. Rick smiles with cocky grin. The squad car drives off.

Thomas rolls up behind the paramedics. He gets out and heads over to Ben and Sharon.

THOMAS
What the hell? Wait?... Sharon?

Thomas looks over at the damage to both vehicles. Rick's car gets placed on the back of a tow truck. He does a double take as he recognizes its Ricks Chrysler 300.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm so confused.

BEN
That guy who came over the house tried to kill us.

Thomas continues with Ben as he paces around.

THOMAS
Oh god. Ben, I... I... your car.

The Female Paramedic assesses Sharon's wounds.

PARAMEDIC #1
Ma'am we're going to need to take you to the hospital.

SHARON
No, I'm fine now. I need to go home.

PARAMEDIC #1
Ma'am? You've had a concussion. I would highly recommend you come with us. You too sir.

Sharon ignores and heads back to Thomas' car. Ben shrugs his shoulders and does the same.

BEN

I'm not down for another night of crazy debauchery. We got it from here ma'am.

Ben and Sharon get into Thomas' car. Thomas still can't believe sight of the wreckage.

INT. THOMAS'S CAR-NIGHT

Ben and Sharon sit in the back. Thomas drives as he frantically adjusts himself in his seat.

BEN (O.C.)

How's your head?

SHARON (O.C.)

Fucking hurts.

Ben holds Sharon close to him. Thomas looks in the rearview mirror. Ben gives Thomas the stink eye.

THOMAS

You... you didn't tell the cops... about me did you?

BEN

No. Retail sounds nice right about now though doesn't it?

EXT. SHARON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Thomas pulls up to the house. Everyone's eyes front. An awkward silence.

Sharon exits the vehicle, Ben taps Thomas' shoulder before he gets out.

BEN

Keep it running.

Ben exits out, he limps around the vehicle to catch up to Sharon whose almost to her front door.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sharon.

Sharon stops in her tracks and laughs for a moment.

BEN (CONT'D)

What?

SHARON

I thought I was going to die.

BEN

I'm proud of you. I would still like to make it up to you in any way.

Sharon crosses her arms, tongue to cheek shakes her head.

SHARON

Sign up for the shows. It could make you less of an ass.

She walks up to the door.

BEN

Hey umm...

SHARON

Ugh... god what?

BEN

The EMT said you shouldn't go to sleep tonight. It would be wise to keep an eye on you.

Sharon heads back inside.

SHARON

Whatever... You leave in the morning... And you're sleeping on the couch!

Ben heads back to Thomas' car. Thomas rolls down the passenger window.

BEN

I'm staying here tonight. I need to make sure she's ok. Probably take her to breakfast in the morning.

THOMAS

Ok. I'm still trying to process this.

BEN

Do what you do best.

Ben walks off toward Sharon's house.

THOMAS
And what's that?

BEN
Get high.

EXT. HIGHWAY-SQUAD CAR-NIGHT

Rick sits in the back of the squad car, he looks out of the window. Three vehicles approach from the rear of the squad car.

One car pulls up in front, MARCUS (32, wears all black, ski mask) pops up from out of the moon roof.

Marcus mounts an M240B machine gun to the top of the vehicle, he loads the feeding tray with ammunition, pulls the cocking handle back then forward to charge the weapon.

INT. SQUAD CAR-BACK SEAT-NIGHT

The passenger cop pulls out the radio. Rick leans forward and smiles.

Rick dives under the seat.

PASSENGER COP
Dispatch. We have a-

Machine gun rounds spray into the squad car, blood splatters everywhere. Both cops are pelts with rounds. Blood hits the backseat. The SOUND of ricochet bullets wizz through.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Another car rolls up behind the squad car as it goes out of control.

The car veers off the road and SKIDS down a hill.

CRASH! Into a tree.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The two cars park above the crashed vehicle.

Marcus steps out, he pulls up his ski mask to reveal his face, a wad of dip in his lower lip, spits out a large amount to the side.

Six gang members in black with ski masks run down the hill.

SMASH! The window of the squad car shatters inside.

Another SMASH! As one gang member grabs the keys off the corpse of the passenger cop.

INT. SQUAD CAR-BACK SEAT-NIGHT

A flashlight shines on Rick's face. Rick's hands behind his back, his shoulder bleeds. He was hit by a round.

RICK

What the hell took you so long?

A hand reaches to pull him out. Two gang members drag him out of the squad car as others pull security to breach him out.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Rick gets into the back of one car. They all drive off while more squad cars follow behind.

The scene of the crash from an aerial perspective.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY-DAY

The same aerial view, now with police at the sight.

Police surround the area as forensics and local cops take pictures. Tension with the on-sight police runs high.

Police Officers stand guard on the hill while others place police tape around the crime scene.

Two FBI AGENTS, Agent Dakota Locklear (Native American, late 20's), and Agent Grady Johnson (Black, late 40's) approach the squad car.

While they inspect the squad car, the POLICE CHIEF (50s) shake hands with the two agents.

CHIEF

Thanks for coming at such short notice.

Johnson and the Chief exchange a handshake.

JOHNSON

Any leads?

CHIEF

Narcotraffickers, using something that fired rapid 7.62 rounds. They came in like they were private security. No traces of who or what, the dash cam never got positive identification.

Locklear squats down as he picks up a bit of dried chewing tobacco on the ground, he rubs it in his fingers then takes a small whiff.

LOCKLEAR

Can we see the footage?

The Chief pulls up the body cam footage on a laptop with the camera attached via HDMI cable. The two Agents look over the Chief's shoulders.

Body cam footage: A black figure pops up as the car appears in front of the squad car.

The police officer in the footage is vaguely heard until.

The SOUNDS of machine gun fire overwhelm the footage.

JOHNSON

These guys know what they're doing.

LOCKLEAR

Not that smart though. Neo Nazis.

The Chief and Johnson look at Locklear.

CHIEF

How can you tell?

LOCKLEAR

Reports of weapons trafficking boils down to them in this area. They make it too easy.

Locklear holds up his fingers with the dip residue.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)

If I'm right, this particular individual loves wintergreen.

Johnson gives Locklear a friendly pat on the back.

JOHNSON

So where can we find the other victims?

CHIEF

Our officers over there have their information and statements.

Johnson gestures to Locklear.

JOHNSON

Go grab those will you?

Locklear nods and heads toward the other cops.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

That boy will surprise you. Top of his class in the academy.

Cop #1 (male, 30s), hands Locklear a piece of paper with the information.

COP #1

It's a shame. Had to rewrite it cause the original had too much blood on it.

Locklear doesn't acknowledge, he returns with the information.

JOHNSON

You ready kid?

LOCKLEAR

Ready. Thank you, Chief.

Agents Johnson and Locklear shake hands with the Chief. The rest of the forensic team continue to take photos of the crime scene.

EXT. DISPOSAL FACILITY-FLASHBACK-NIGHT

The three extraction vehicles roll into the facility past the gate. A FACILITY WORKER (white, 50s, overalls), waves them to come in.

Rick and his men get out of the vehicles. The extraction crew take off their ski masks.

Marcus steps out of his vehicle, he pulls his ski mask off with the M240B slung over his shoulder.

Marcus pulls out the wad of dip in his mouth and chucks it on the ground, he pulls out his dip can, finger snaps it a few times, opens it and puts more in his lower lip.

The men get into other vehicles staged as they leave behind the extraction cars on the back of a hydraulic car crusher. They are all driven out of the area.

A DISPOSAL WORKER (40s, overalls) is in the process to crush the cars with the hydraulic crusher. The Facility Worker instructs him in the process.

INT. DINER-LATE MORNING

Ben and Sharon sit across from each other in a booth.

BEN
How are you feeling?

SHARON
Sleep deprived.

BEN
Welcome to my world.

A Waitress (20s), enters to take their order. She notices Ben and Sharon with their faces bruised. The waitress becomes a little uneasy as she pulls out her order pad.

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

SHARON
Cafe mocha.

BEN
Water and coffee.

WAITRESS
Coming right up.

The Cook (40s) turns up the volume on the television. A news report plays. Ben's attention is drawn to the television. News broadcast plays.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
Vehicular accident off El Dorado
Freeway.

The NEWS headline: TWO LOCAL DEPUTIES MURDERED, VEHICLE ACCIDENT, SUSPECT ON THE LOOSE.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Two Deputies of the Folsom City
 Police Department have been
 assaulted by heavy gunfire. Shots
 heard in local neighborhoods-

Sharon reaches out to Ben's hand. Ben looks down to see Sharon's hand holding his own. Ben gets out of the booth.

SHARON
 Where are you going?

Sharon immediately gets up and exits the Diner. The Waitress looks on with concern, she draws her attention to the news.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT-LATE MORNING

Ben dials up Thomas as Sharon follows behind on their way to the car.

BEN
 C'mon pick up.

The phone clicks on the other end.

THOMAS
 yawns Yeah...?

BEN
 Wake up. Turn on the news.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-LIVING ROOM-LATE MORNING

Thomas changes the channel from his video game to the news.

On the television: An aerial image shows the crashed squad car with police in the area.

NEWS REPORTER
 The two deputies were escorting an
 individual after a highway
 accident. The suspect is known as
 Richard-

Thomas quickly gets off the couch. A sketch image of Rick pops up next to the news anchor.

THOMAS
 Oh god.

A KNOCK on the door.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Someone's here.

BEN (V.O.)
Who's there?... Thomas?

Thomas creeps over to the door.

THOMAS
Stay on the phone with me.

INT. SHARON'S CAR-DAY

Ben, phone in hand, gestures forward to Sharon to go faster.

BEN
Double time it.

SHARON
What's wrong?

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Thomas looks through the peephole.

THOMAS
There are a couple of guys here.

INT. SHARON'S CAR-DAY

Sharon zooms past other cars on the freeway.

THOMAS (V.O.)
You need to come here now.

BEN
We're almost there, hang tight.
Don't do anything stupid.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Thomas backs away from the door. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

THOMAS
Screw this!

Thomas hangs up the phone and backs away.

LOCKLEAR
We know you're in there! Open up!

Thomas runs back into his room. He opens up the window and bashes out the window screen.

INT. SHARON'S CAR-DAY

Ben looks at his phone.

BEN

Go. We need to go now!

SHARON

I'm going as fast as I can!

EXT. BEN'S APARTMENT-DAY-CONTINUOUS

Thomas drops out from the window, he crawls through some bushes. He scans the area when he notices a pair of black hiking shoes appear in front of him.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Ben and Sharon enter through the front door. The news plays in the background.

Thomas with Agents Johnson and Locklear sit at the table. Thomas has handcuffs on him. Johnson stands up to greet Ben.

JOHNSON

Sorry for the intrusion.

Ben looks over at Thomas who looks like he's seen a ghost. Johnson looks back at Thomas, then back at Ben.

Locklear snoops around the apartment. He looks at the photos on the wall, award plaques, and shelves with weed pipes.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm Johnson. This is Locklear.

Agents Johnson shake hands with Ben and Sharon. Locklear remains distant as he continues to snoop.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

We went to the scene of the accident. If you don't mind, let's have a quick chat then we will be on our way.

Ben and Sharon sit at the table with Johnson. Thomas looks to Ben with concern as if he will get ratted out.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So, Ben and Sharon. Thomas here tells me you called him last night to pick you up after an accident, in the report you said, attacked? Was it?

BEN

We don't know who that guy was. Why is he in handcuffs?

Locklear checks out Ben's retirement orders on the wall.

LOCKLEAR

He tried to escape out the window.

JOHNSON

With the statements you gave the sheriffs it all sounds like you both were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

BEN

Yeah. Must have been. Probably thought I was someone else.

Locklear sits back at the table.

LOCKLEAR

Look, I'm not buying this story... This man, why would he want to run you off the road and then pick a fight?

BEN

Like I said. Probably thought I was someone else. Drugs could have been involved.

LOCKLEAR

Uh-huh. I'm not buying your story.

Ben doesn't respond. Locklear heads back over to the shelf with weed pipes. He points to them.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)

Collections?

Locklear picks one off and slides his finger into the bowl. He rubs it between his fingers and sniffs it.

BEN

No, and you realize that stuff is legal. Right?

LOCKLEAR

I don't know. Smells like you have other illegal substances in here.

Locklear eyeballs Ben. They lock eyes... Ben gets up to confront him to his face. The tension is heightened.

THOMAS

I knew him... I...

Everyone looks at Thomas. Thomas gets choked up for a moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ben I'm sorry. There is no way I can keep quiet about this.

BEN

What are you doing?

THOMAS

He was looking for me. He thought the car you were driving was me inside... This guy... he doesn't ever take no for an answer.

JOHNSON

Are you scared of this man?

Thomas is at loss of words. He can no longer speak up. He does a slight nod to assure Johnson's question.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Look son, this man is a fugitive, we have domestic terrorists on our hands. You can help us by figuring out his whereabouts-

Ben and Locklear back away from each other.

BEN

-Is Thomas under arrest?

JOHNSON

We're going to have to order witness protection. For all of you.

Thomas gets up to the kitchen. He pulls out a water pitcher out of the fridge. He struggles to pour himself a glass of water with the handcuffs on. Ben face palms.

BEN

Can you take those off him?

LOCKLEAR

He's going to have to come back with us. There is a lot of tension back at the police department. So we are going to take him ourselves.

Johnson gets up, he places his hands on his belt. Locklear grabs Thomas who places the water glass back down.

BEN

Don't worry Thomas we are going to get a good lawyer.

JOHNSON

Anywhere you two have to be today?

BEN

Sharon and I have this show coming up.

Ben rubs his forehead, he can't deal with this anymore. He turns to Sharon.

LOCKLEAR

A vet whose in theater? You should've stayed in the Army.

BEN

Is there anyway she can be out of this completely?

JOHNSON

The hard answer is no. Until we get more agents out here, Locklear is going to keep an eye on these two.

SHARON

FUCK!

JOHNSON

I'll take in Thomas for the time being. Until then, get comfortable.

BEN

What about this asshole that tried to kill me?

Agents Locklear and Johnson glance at each other.

JOHNSON

It's hard to say.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-EVENING

Rick in his underwear stares at himself in the mirror. A bullet wound in his shoulder, blood runs down his left arm.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

We don't even know where to start yet.

He bites down on a bounded tongue depressor to brace the pain.

Rick takes a pair of pliers and jams it into the bullet wound. He grabs the edge of the sink, bites down hard about to embrace the excruciating pain. He sticks the pliers into the wound and digs inside. He grits through the pain as he pulls out the bullet.

He drops the bloody bullet to the side of the sink.

He walks over to the bed, he pulls out a small suitcase with ammunition inside. He takes one bullet out and heads to the desk.

The desk has a lighter, gauze, medical tape and isopropyl alcohol. He opens up the bottle of isopropyl alcohol and douses the wound. A knock on the door.

Rick gets up to answer. He holds his shoulder as it bleeds.

Marcus and the other men from the extraction team enter the room. Rick heads back to the desk.

RICK

Where any of you followed?

MARCUS

spits All clear.

Rick takes the bullet and yanks the tip off. He holds the shell upward so the gun powder doesn't slip out.

Marcus and the men stand in the back. They watch him treat the wound. Marcus spits into a can.

Rick sprinkles gun powder onto the wound, enough to cover it up. He places the shell down and grabs the lighter. He holds onto the table-top with his left hand to brace for the pain.

Rick lights the lighter and slowly inches toward the wound.

He inches closer.

The powder ignites into Rick's wound. POP!

RICK

Gah!

A flash and smoke rises from his shoulder.

Rick takes the gauze and places it over the wound. The men behind him don't acknowledge his pain.

MARCUS

What's our next move boss?

Rick looks back at them in the mirror as he regains his composure.

RICK

Scope them out. Find out whatever you can on these assholes. Lord only knows they deserve to die.

One of Rick's men, AIDEN (mid 20s) speaks up.

AIDEN

What for?

Rick turns in his chair to face Aiden. His eyes lock onto Aiden as he stands up without a blink in his eyes. Rick grips the pliers.

Aiden gulps as Rick steps closer to him. Aiden eyeballs Rick. Rick examines him for a moment.

RICK

Got something in your eye?

The men step away from Aiden. Rick caresses the pliers onto Aiden's cheek. Aiden slaps it away.

Rick takes a deep breath, then exhales into Aiden's face.

RICK (CONT'D)

How come I've never seen you before?

MARCUS

New guy. Declared his loyalty to our cause.

RICK

Is that right?

Aiden nods. Rick places the pliers under his chin to lift Aiden's head up. Aiden slaps the bloody pliers again. Rick chuckles. The rest of the men except Aiden join in.

RICK (CONT'D)

I don't recall my loyal men to speak out of line. You move again without my say so, I'll just have to make a big example out of you.

Rick slides the pliers down to Aiden's throat. He presses into it. Aiden lets out a slight cough. Aiden grabs the pliers out of Rick's hands.

The two men besides Aiden grab one arm and hold him still. Rick places the pliers back up to Aiden's throat.

RICK (CONT'D)

What I say goes. If you want to keep your tongue. Do as I say. Do as I do. And zero questions will be asked do you understand?!

Aiden shakily nods his head in agreement. Rick takes one good look at Aiden who tries to break free.

Aiden spits in his face. Rick kicks Aiden hard in the groin, then steps back. Rick thinks to himself for a moment, then walks back to the desk.

The two men holding him hit him multiple times. Aiden breaks down crying in pain.

AIDEN

You fucking dictator! I'll kill you!

The men stop beating on Aiden, he stops to catch his breath.

RICK

Where'd you find this guy? Behind the drug store where they give hand jobs for crack? What a joke.

Aiden's urinates through his pants, it runs down his leg and onto the floor. Rick can smell the stench and turns back to Aiden.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hold him over the bathtub.

Two of Rick's men each take hold of Aiden's arms.

AIDEN

No. Please.

The men drag Aiden into the bathroom as he fights to break free.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-BATHROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

The men kick the back of Aiden's legs. Aiden drops to his knees. He struggles to break free.

Rick enters. He clamps the pliers like a pair of tongs.

RICK
Piss on my floor.

Marcus hands Rick a knife. The men hold Aiden's face down into the bathtub.

RICK (CONT'D)
Spit in MY face?

Rick comes up behind Aiden and clamps the pliers onto his tongue. Rick places the blade on top Aiden's tongue as he screams in terror.

Marcus stands to the side. CU on Marcus' mouth as dip spit spills into the can.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Zoom out from the room, a muffled SOUND of screams are heard from the inside. A loud BUZZ is heard.

SMASH CUT:

INT. APARTMENT-BENS' BEDROOM-MORNING

Ben's phone makes a loud BUZZ on his side table. He wakes up in a fright and hyperventilates.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

The dead bodies of Dawson and Hill are seen.

BACK TO:

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT-MORNING

Ben leans up, he rubs his eyes. He catches his breath.

Ben leans over to grab his phone on the nightstand, a text from Peter. He opens the text.

It says, "Is everything ok? I'm sorry about the other night."

Ben ignores the text and rolls back into bed. A knock on his door. Ben gets up and opens the door.

Sharon stands by the doorway with Johnson and Locklear in the living room.

SHARON
Pack your things. We are being
taken to a safe place.

I/E. EL DORADO FREEWAY-DAY

The Agents escort Sharon and Ben in an FBI van. Ben looks in the rearview mirror as Locklear drives. Sharon leans over to Ben, they whisper with each other.

SHARON
(whisper)
Do you think they are baiting us?

BEN
(whisper)
Probably. I don't like this.

SHARON
(whisper)
What do we do?

BEN
(whisper)
I don't know. Let's do whatever we
can to get through it.

They pass the wreckage sight of the squad car accident. A tow truck pulls the squad car out as police have the area still cordoned off.

Ben and Sharon gaze onward at the damage on the squad car.

EXT. OPEN FIELD-SAFEHOUSE-NIGHT

The van with other police squad cars roll into the parking lot of an industrial style building complex.

A black car in the distance watches the vehicles pull in. Marcus leans over the back of his car with a sniper rifle. He adjusts the sights to get a better look.

POV Scope Crosshairs: The crosshairs lead to the van which opens up to see Ben and Sharon being escorted by a few FBI agents into the building. They do a perimeter check. Marcus is too far away to see them.

Marcus calls up on a radio.

MARCUS

Hawkmaster this is Vulture.
Location confirmed. I've got eyes
on the prize.

RICK

(radio)

Good job Vulture. Keep an eye on
them. See if you can pinpoint their
immediate location within the
building... Take out the feds if
you have to but keep our targets
ALIVE. Hawkmaster out.

POV Scope Crosshairs: FBI Agents surround the area with local deputies. Johnson is seen talking with other deputies. Marcus scans upward into different rooms. Nothing.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-4TH FLOOR-NIGHT

The FBI agent Hamilton (female, mid-30s) opens the door, Ben and Sharon walk into the room. It's the size of a studio apartment. One bed and a small bathroom with a kitchenette to the side.

HAMILTON

It's no Ritz Carlton, but it will
have to do for the time being.

SHARON

Can I get my own room?

HAMILTON

Oh. We assumed...

SHARON

Assumed what? That we? *chuckles*
No we aren't together.

HAMILTON

I'll see what I can do.
Unfortunately, this is our only
assigned room for couples.

Sharon sits on the bed, she rubs her temples to calm herself.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I am sorry for the inconvenience...
So let me go through the basic
essentials... Food, water, anything
you wish to get will be provided by
an agent... You will be provided a
temporary vehicle for your
convenience. If you plan to go out,
you will be escorted by an agent.
If you wish to have access to any
medical examinations you will be
provided one.

Agents Johnson and Locklear step in. Ben walks over to the window and opens the blinds.

EXT. OPEN FIELD-SAFEHOUSE-NIGHT

POV SCOPE: Marcus pans up and notices the blinds in the window open. He sees Ben clear as day. He call up on the radio.

MARCUS

I got positive I.D... What next?

RICK

(radio)

Wait until things calm down. Do
they see you?

MARCUS

Nope. I'm out of their range.

RICK

(radio)

Good. Remember, I need them alive.

Marcus sneaks back with the sniper off the car. He takes out the dip from his mouth and chucks it on the ground. He checks his watch and waits.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-4TH FLOOR-DAY

Ben heads to the corner looking around the room. Locklear looks out of the window as Hamilton continues with his information.

HAMILTON

While under this WIT SEC program
you will also have every rights
that-

JOHNSON

Alright Hamilton I think they get the point. Let's leave them to it. Ben, keep your phone on you. We'll have agents around. You let us know if you two need anything.

All three agents leave the room, Locklear chucks a set of car keys to Ben, he exits out and shuts the door. Sharon is leaned up against the bed in a fetal-like position.

Sharon grabs a pillow and throws it at Ben.

BEN

Hey!

She pulls out the blankets off the bed and then the sheets. She takes the sheets and throws it at Ben.

SHARON

You sleep in the bathroom. I don't want to hear from you for the rest of the day.

BEN

Sharon, I know this is a shit situation-

SHARON

Stop talking to me.

BEN

One thing. One thing then I'll go.

Sharon sits at the end of the bed.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look, we have to look out for each other. I don't trust these guys at all.

SHARON

What makes me think I can trust you? Do you think I want to be here?

BEN

This will all be over soon. I'll do what I can to get us back home, then you'll never see me again.

SHARON

Don't make a promise you can't keep.

BEN

Excuse me?... What, do you think I want us to be here?!

SHARON

Don't you raise your voice at me.

BEN

Then don't challenge me on this! I don't want to be here as much as you.

SHARON

I should've left after I saw you at the party.

BEN

And I was on the fence about going. Thomas convinced me.

SHARON

Ever since you walked in I wanted answers but seeing now... that was a bad idea that led us here I have every doubt in my mind you can NEVER do anything good in your life! I don't know who you are anymore!

BEN

I'm sorry you feel that way! I'm sorry for all of this!... I don't know what more to tell you!

Sharon SCOFFS. Ben heads into the bathroom and SLAMS the door.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Sharon HITS the bathroom door from the outside. He ignores Sharon.

SHARON

Grow up!

Ben makes bed in the bathtub with the sheet and pillow. He looks at himself in the mirror for a moment. He squeezes the edge of the sink.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-1ST FLOOR-MORNING

Johnson, Locklear and four other FBI Agents (Male/Female) huddle around a white board. Locklear is setting up a "Family Tree" for a debrief. Hamilton sits to the side.

JOHNSON

Alright. Gather 'round.

Pictures of Rick and his crew branched out under "Drugs". On the board, at the top shows DON ESTEBAN with another branch of "Weapons" with other unmet faces yet. One says, JAVIER under the picture for weapons. Johnson gestures to Locklear.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Whenever your ready.

Locklear grabs a red sharpie and begins...

LOCKLEAR

Whether or not any of you have been updated on the current whereabouts of our suspect. Our witnesses are not currently under any direct threat at this moment.

Locklear circles Rick's picture.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)

This of course is our man and with what's been reported back. One of his new "recruits" have been taken into custody.

HAMILTON

When was this?

JOHNSON

The night he escaped from those two poor deputies.

LOCKLEAR

The next morning Motel Staff found traces of blood and urine inside a room. Forensics is currently working it out as we speak. No suspect, no identifying another victim.

Johnson props his feet up on a table.

FBI AGENT #1

What do you propose?

LOCKLEAR

Find them before they find our two witnesses. So far...

Locklear pulls out a map of cartel compounds with circles around them.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)

We've been scouting these areas for potential trafficking routes where they make their business arrangements.

HAMILTON

So our suspect Rick is arrogant enough to lead us closer to our targeted people?

JOHNSON

Correct.

FBI AGENT #1

Sounds like a cat and mouse game.

JOHNSON

Could be. Be ready to gear up as we are dispatching raid teams to these areas. Our priority is the trafficking on both ends.

LOCKLEAR

We'd be killing two birds with one stone.

Johnson checks his watch.

JOHNSON

Hamilton? Could you check on our people. Make sure they are doing alright.

HAMILTON

Copy that.

Hamilton grabs her things and heads out. Johnson and the other agents gather near the "Family Tree".

JOHNSON

It's a matter of time gents. We've been tracking their strategy for a long time now. Fortunately for us was unfortunate for our victims upstairs.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-4TH FLOOR-MORNING

Sharon sleeps in the bed, Ben is propped up in the bathtub with a sheet and another blanket with a pillow behind his head, earbuds in, he listens to The Moldau.

Ben scrolls through his phone, he looks at old pictures of him and Sharon at a County Fair. He's in his Army dress uniform.

One of them on a Ferris Wheel. Another with Sharon holding a giant plush animal.

The next of Sharon holding up a red checkered paper tray with Fair food.

The last is of them making goofy faces in a selfie holding up beers.

He places his phone down and looks at the ceiling for a moment.

He steps out quietly to not make a sound. He creeps towards the blinds to look outside. A slight knock on the door, Sharon wakes up as Ben walks to go answer.

SHARON

God dammit...

Hamilton is at the door. She walks in as Sharon gets up.

HAMILTON

Morning! Everything good in here?

BEN

Yeah. Quiet night.

SHARON

Can we help you with something?
It's still early.

HAMILTON

Sorry about that. I'm curious about
breakfast ord-

A SHATTER and WIZZ goes into the room. Hamilton's throat gets cut from a bullet, blood gushes from her neck.

Ben catches her as she falls over. Hamilton lets out a breathy wail. She holds her neck gagging in pain as blood spills on the floor.

Ben drags her to a corner, he looks over to Sharon whose paralyzed with shock.

BEN

Duck! Stay away from the window!

Sharon backs up against the wall, she hyperventilates.

Ben peers up to look out the window. He sees a faint FLASH from a reflection in the distance. The faint SOUND of another round goes through the window. Ben ducks down immediately.

Ben low crawls to Hamilton. He grabs the bedsheet from the bathroom and tears a part of it, places pressure of the torn sheet onto Hamilton's neck.

More bullets wizz into the window as Sharon lower herself slowly in shock of the horrific sight of Hamilton dying.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sharon! I need your help!

Sharon doesn't move. Ben applies pressure to Hamilton's neck. Hamilton goes into shock.

BEN (CONT'D)

C'mon stay with me. SHARON!

Sharon is too shocked to move. Hamilton weakly pulls out her radio. Ben takes it from her.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hello? We need help up here! Send help! Agent down!

INT. SAFEHOUSE-1ST FLOOR-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

As the agents looks over the map and "Family Tree". A radio static.

BEN

(over radio)

I repeat Agent down! We have a shots coming into the room!

All the agents draw their weapons and move out.

EXT. OPEN FIELD-SAFEHOUSE-EARLY MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Marcus spits out dip into a cup and charges the sniper rifle. He fires another round toward the building.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-4TH FLOOR-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Johnson and Locklear enter in pistols at the ready. Johnson gets shot in the shoulder and goes down.

Locklear drops to his stomach. He pulls Johnson behind the front door away from the window.

More agents approach to the room. Locklear lowers his hand to get them to duck.

JOHNSON

Sniper!

Ben holds onto Hamilton who slowly dies in his arms. Sharon still in shock, sits up against the wall unable to move.

BEN

No. C'mon.

Blood in Ben's hands, Hamilton is dead. Ben grabs his keys and low crawls out of the room. He notices Locklear assisting Johnson.

The others come in and assess Hamilton. It's too late. Locklear is too busy assessing Johnson. Ben sneaks out of the room and around them.

As Sharon is stuck in the corner, she looks over at Hamilton's dead body unable to process the moment.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-STAIRWELL-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Ben runs down the stairs. He hears FBI agents running up the stairs. He opens up the door going into the 2nd floor to hide.

They all pass by him as they run up. He continues downward as soon as he sees its clear.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE-PARKING LOT-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Ben barges out of the emergency exit. He duck to stay low and pulls out the keys. He presses the unlock button which flashes the lights.

BEN

C'mon where are you?

A blue Nissan Versa in the parking lot flashes its light. Ben runs up and enters the car while he remains ducked down.

He looks up to see the window glass shatters from up above as bullets continue to hit inside.

EXT. OPEN FIELD-SAFEHOUSE-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Marcus focuses intently on the window.

POV SCOPE: The crosshairs aim to Ben as he drives out of the parking lot.

MARCUS

That's right. Come this way.

I/E. OPEN FIELD-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

Ben drives down the road. A FLASH from the sniper scope shows where Marcus is posted. He drives out in the direction of Marcus.

Marcus aims the sniper at the building. Ben SLAMS his vehicle into the back of Marcus' car. Marcus flies off tumbling to the side, the sniper ends up near him.

Ben steps out of the steaming car. He paces toward Marcus quickly as Marcus crawls toward the sniper.

MARCUS

Hope it was all worth it! Boss says
I can't kill you but I beg to
differ!

Ben grabs the sniper over Marcus, but Marcus manages to grab it and hits Ben in the side. Ben falls over in pain.

Marcus tries to hit Ben with the butt stock of the rifle, but Ben grabs the rifle and throws it to the side. Marcus and Ben fight.

After a moment of scuffling in the dirt-

RICK

(radio)

Vulture, this is Hawkmaster. What's
your status?

Ben looks over at the radio in the dirt. Marcus elbows Ben in the side where he is bruised from before. Ben holds his ribs in pain.

MARCUS

So it is you. The boss it right.
You are a fucking pussy.

Ben holds his rib cage as he crawls on the ground.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What? Trying to get up? Pathetic!

Marcus walks over to the car and picks up the radio off the ground.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
This is Vulture. I got your man.
What should I do with him?

Marcus looks out the other direction toward the Safe house.
Ben crawls toward the sniper rifle.

RICK
(radio)
Good work. Now bring him to me.

MARCUS
And the bitch?

RICK
(radio)
Leave her. I just want him.

MARCUS
You got it Hawk-

BANG! Marcus drops the radio. A bullet hole from the back of his head out through his left eye drops to the floor. Ben breathes heavily.

BEN
Stupid bitch.

Ben places the sniper rifle on the back of the car. He painfully drags himself to Marcus' corpse.

Ben picks up the radio grabs Marcus' by the legs and drags him to the crashes vehicles. He leans himself up against the car and props his feet up onto Marcus' corpse. He holds his side before catching his breath. He calls up on the radio.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hawkmaster, this is Vulture. Repeat
your last call?

A tense SILENCE... Then a slight STATIC from the other end.

RICK
(radio)
You killed him, didn't you?

BEN
Little bitch had it coming.

RICK
(radio)
Sly dog. You just made things worse
for yourself you know that?

BEN
Hawkmaster huh?

RICK
(radio)
Sounds familiar doesn't it? I know
who you are.

BEN
You don't know shit.

RICK
(radio)
Oh? But I do.

BEN
I'm not following.

RICK
(radio)
I know you'd recognize your old
call sign now. Wouldn't you Ben?

BEN
How do you know my name?

RICK
(radio)
Does DAWSON ring a bell?

Ben shuts his eyes for a moment.

RICK (CONT'D)
(radio)
A Chaplain showed up to my door one
day. No more brother. No answer as
to why or how.

BEN
Terrorists attacked us.

RICK
(radio)
That's what they said. Only until
recent I was able to dig for the
truth.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
I heard through the grapevine, it
was YOU who got him killed.

Ben opens his eyes. He pulls himself up off the ground using
the car as leverage.

RICK (CONT'D)
(radio)
So here's the deal...

Locklear shows up with other agents.

RICK (CONT'D)
Either you come to me. Or I keep
sending my people to come get you.

Locklear listens in and grabs the radio out of Ben's hand.

Locklear squats down to Marcus' body, he examines his mouth
which holds dip residue. He rubs it between his fingers and
sniffs it. Wintergreen, the familiar scent.

LOCKLEAR
Mr. Reynolds, are you ok?

Ben grabs his rib cage in pain, picks up the sniper rifle and
carries it behind the cars.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)
Ben?

Locklear looks back and notices Ben with the sniper rifle in
his hands. Ben leans up against the car, he looks down at the
sniper rifle for a moment. Ben starts to hyperventilate,
tremors in his hands.

Locklear grabs the rifle, he hands it to another Agent.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)
Ben? I need someone over here!

Ben can't control his heavy breathing. The world starts
spinning. He looks around as more Agents arrive to the scene
with the local police. Ben on his knees clenches his fists in
attempt to calm down, faces Locklear.

BEN
I need to talk to my therapist.

LOCKLEAR
We can provide one for you.

BEN
No. I need to talk to MINE.

LOCKLEAR

I'll see what I can do. We need to get you out of here. More of his guys might show.

BEN

Where's Sharon?

Sharon gets down and hugs Ben out of now where. His panic attack eases away. They hug for a long moment.

SHARON

Hey you... Let's get out of here.

Ben looks into Sharon's eyes. He nods in agreement. Sharon helps Ben off the ground.

Locklear escorts Ben while he's limping. Sharon assists him to an SUV.

Ben and Sharon get inside. Locklear steps into the passenger side. The SUV drives off. The police cordon off the area. They cover Marcus' body with a tarp.

I/E. PARKING STRUCTURE-DAY

The SUV followed by a few more park their vehicles around an FBI van. In the SUV, Ben and Sharon sit in the backseat. Locklear in the passenger seat.

LOCKLEAR

Alright. We managed to get a hold of your therapist. She's waiting for you.

Ben steps out, Sharon grabs his hand.

SHARON

Do you want me with you?

BEN

No. I'll be fine.

SHARON

Ok.

Ben gets into the FBI van, Nancy is waiting on the inside.

INT. FBI VAN-DAY

Ben sits with Nancy, face bruised, dirtied, bags under his eyes, blood on his shirt. He looks like he needs to take a shower from the incident the night before.

Nancy sits across from him taken back by his appearance.

NANCY

So... you wanted to see me?

BEN

Yes.

NANCY

I'm going to be honest with you. I don't know if I can do this under these conditions.

BEN

I had a panic attack.

NANCY

What triggered it? Suicidal thought?

Ben twiddles his thumbs for a moment, he looks down.

BEN

No.

Nancy examines the dirtiness of Ben and is a little uncomfortable.

NANCY

I must ask, why you look like this right now? What happened to you?

BEN

I killed a man out of self-defense.

NANCY

Is this why The FBI has you?

BEN

No... No. I am under witness protection. This man, he was hunting me down.

NANCY

What seems to be going on here?

Ben inhales deep and takes the moment to reflect.

BEN

Back in Afghanistan. We did our missions. Patrolling the local villages, the bazaar. We came under contact so many times... One after the other. Our unit always got the upper hand. We were unstoppable.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

A few desert tan Humvee's roll into the Bazaar area. Soldiers dismount, driver's stay in the vehicles and the gunners turn to their sectors of fire. Ben and a few Soldiers are heard hollering as they step out of the Humvee's.

BEN

Back for round two!

DAWSON

God-damn right!

Staff Sergeant Scott takes the lead of the patrol further into the bazaar. The buildings are ragged, half mud hut buildings falling apart.

The locals watch from the mud huts as Ben tries to hype up the soldiers. A few speak amongst each other.

BACK TO:

INT. FBI VAN-DAY

Nancy nods.

BEN

I took that energy and motivation into the next mission we went on. We were unprepared for what was to happen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

Locals stand on the sides, a few talks amongst one another. Staff Sergeant Scott scans the area. Ben, Dawson, Hill and a few other soldiers are behind at the Humvee's.

BEN

Look at them. Cowards. They're scared of us.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

At ease yourself back there!

Ben, Dawson and Hill laugh with each other.

BEN

God-damn where are they? You motherfuckers want more?!

The locals stare the squad down as they pass by. Staff Sergeant Scott turns to face Ben.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

Reynolds!

Staff Sergeant Scott aggressively approaches Ben and grabs his collars.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT (CONT'D)

You better shut the FUCK UP before I kill you myself!

The hiss of an incoming RPG crescendos toward the squad. BOOM! The impact hits the wall of a mud hut and blows dirt and debris everywhere.

Staff Sergeant Scott let's go of Ben.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT (CONT'D)

Contact!

The soldiers maneuver behind cover. Machine gun fire pops off. Ben hides behind a Humvee and low crawls underneath it as the gunfire becomes too overwhelming.

BACK TO:

INT. FBI VAN-DAY

Ben continues. Nancy looks mortified.

BEN

I was getting addicted to the adrenaline. It felt great every time. Until it got to my head.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

In an instant Hill gets shot in the head. He drops like a rock as machine gun fire flows through the squad. Dawson gets hit in the side, but doesn't die immediately.

Ben stays planted under the truck. He attempts to get out, but rapid gunfire keeps him from coming out. Blood comes out of Dawson mouth, as he gasps, he looks over to Ben who lies underneath the truck unable to move.

BACK TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE-DAY

Ben looks down at the floor.

BEN

We were pinned down. The other platoon came out to push them back.

Ben clenches his fists.

BEN (CONT'D)

I watched my friends die.

Ben gets more tense. This scares Nancy.

NANCY

Ok easy, remember you are in a safe place.

Nancy eases Ben to calm down.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What does this have to do about your current situation?

BEN

My buddy Dawson? His brother wants his revenge. He might get it. He should get it.

Nancy becomes a little uneasy.

NANCY

This is all very unfortunate. You seem to be in very safe hands.

BEN

I trust these guys to take care of me just as I took care of my friends who are dead because of me.

NANCY

You need to give them a chance.

BEN

And if I don't?

NANCY

You have no choice. I applaud you for taking care of the situation, and I was told you tried to save an agent?

BEN

She died in my arms.

NANCY

You still tried. You can't forget your heart has always been in the right place. You did not behave like you did years ago.

BEN

Yeah... I guess your right.

NANCY

Don't forget that. As long as your heart is in the right place. You can do the right thing.

Ben feels better. His moment of clarity is found.

Nancy knocks on the door for the Agent standing outside. The side door opens up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

We're done here.

Ben steps out, Nancy stops him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You must learn to trust YOU again.

The side door shuts.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT-DAY

Rick walks down a flight of stairs escorted by a few members of the cartel. As he goes down, Esteban Rogelio (Hispanic, 60s, suit and tie) sits in a swivel chair faced the direction of the wall. Javier (Hispanic, 40s), stands at his side.

RICK

Don Esteban?

Esteban opens his desk drawer, a wooden box inside. He places the wooden box on his desk as Rick is forced to sit in front of him.

Inside the box: a revolver, gems encrusted on the handle. Esteban pulls it out and observes it intently. His name written on the side.

Esteban gets out of his chair and walks around Rick in an intimidating manner.

Esteban leans up against his desk. He reaches into his suit jacket pocket, he pulls out a single bullet.

Esteban loads the bullet into the cylinder, he spins it.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sir, I...

Esteban points the revolver at Rick and fires it. CLICK! Nothing. Esteban squats in front of Rick.

Esteban pulls the trigger again at Rick. CLICK! Nothing. The tension heightens.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sir you don't...

Esteban puts the revolver to his Rick's head. CLICK! Nothing. Rick becomes uneasy. Esteban places the end of the barrel inside Rick's mouth. Rick tries to shake it off, the cartel members hold him down. Sweat runs down Rick's forehead.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yes, sir I can-

CLICK! Nothing. Esteban grabs Ricks face. He pulls the barrel out of his mouth. Esteban points the revolver to his head.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ok this is all-

Esteban opens the cylinder out and spins it again.

RICK (CONT'D)

This is unnecessary.

Esteban points his revolver to the ceiling. BANG!

ESTEBAN

YOUR RECKLESSNESS IS COSTING ME!

Dust sprinkles from above. Esteban tosses the revolver on his desk, he laughs to himself for a moment.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
Consider yourself lucky today.

Esteban goes back to his desk.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
Why go for this man's brother? He was what? Working for you? If so, that's a shame.

RICK
This guy got my brother killed.

ESTEBAN
And why is this of MY concern?

RICK
This guy was also responsible for your god sons death. He was killed, last night... I know what it feels like to lose family.

Rick holds his hands up pleading for help. The cartel members let go of him.

RICK (CONT'D)
I know who killed him. I ask for the right resources to find him. Don Esteban, we have something in common. It is very important to you and me for what I ask of you.

Esteban pulls out a cigar box. He lights one up with a match. Puffs gently then exhales smoke.

ESTEBAN
We will never have anything in common, ever. But, I am a man of justice. You will consult with Javier... He will find your man. BUT! If the feds catch you. I do not know anything about you. All the money you've been bringing in... C'mon. Don't let that go to waste.

RICK
Don Esteban, with all due respect. I want this guy to come to me. I'll make him come to me.

Esteban blows out more cigar smoke.

ESTEBAN

Under his watch of the feds?
Impossible.

RICK

You may really benefit trusting me
this time.

EXT. WYOMING-CABIN-LATE FALL-DAY

Mountains covered in pine trees, rivers flow through the valley. An open meadow with grassy fields that run for miles. A rustic cabin is seen in the middle of all this scenery.

The FBI van approaches to cabin. Locklear steps out of the van, he opens the side door. Johnson with a sling around his arm steps out, he takes in a big whiff of fresh air.

Ben looks around as he steps out.

BEN

Where are we?

JOHNSON

The beautiful state of Wyoming.

Ben grabs his bag out of the van, he follows behind Johnson.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I have without the highest amount
of doubt you will be found out
here. Beautiful isn't it?

Sharon sticks around in the van. Ben turns back as he realizes she isn't following.

BEN

Hey, I'll be there in a second.

JOHNSON

Take your time.

Ben walks back to the van. He places his bag on the ground and halfway steps up on the step bar of the van interior.

BEN

Hey.

Sharon looks back at Ben. He can tell she's not well.

BEN (CONT'D)

Are you feeling alright?

Sharon shakes her head.

BEN (CONT'D)
They got wild animals out here.
Would that make you feel better?

Still, nothing from Sharon. Ben steps into the van and shuts the door.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry all of this is
happening.

Sharon shuts her eyes as tears stream down. She gets choked up for a moment.

SHARON
You tried to save her but she...

BEN
Hey, none of that.

SHARON
...she was choking. I...

Tears stream down her face unable to get the words out. Ben sits beside her for comfort, she leans into him.

Sharon stays silent, she places her head down into Ben. Sharon looks down as Ben wraps his arms around her and escorts her out.

BEN
Come on. I think you'll like it
here.

Ben picks up Sharon's bag and they head toward the cabin.

Sharon looks over at the mountains. Birds fly over the field, Bison in the distance graze with Pronghorn around. A beautiful sight.

Agents Johnson and Locklear stand at the front of the house waiting for them to arrive.

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-DAY

Ben places the bags down by the front. Sharon looks around, she's not entirely impressed.

JOHNSON
All good?

BEN
Not really. What now?

Sharon continues to examine the house, Ben and the two Agents take a seat at the dining table.

JOHNSON
This is the safest place you can be. Look, I know that the last place-

BEN
-Where the fuck were you guys back there?

JOHNSON
It was unfortunate find. I don't know how they were able to track that safe house.

Locklear enters.

BEN
Unfortunate? Fuck you unfortunate.

LOCKLEAR
Easy.

Ben looks back at Locklear. He gets into Locklear's face.

BEN
No. You don't get to talk to me like that. I went out there and took care of that asshole myself.

Locklear pushes Ben back. Ben gets back into Locklear's face, his wide eyes says he wants to hurt him. Johnson takes a breather.

JOHNSON
Look, you are safe out here. We are going to be scoping these guys out. We have the evidence we need to find them.

BEN
Leave me a gun then.

LOCKLEAR
Not happening.

BEN
Not happening? Like fuck not happening!

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

This guy is out to get me... and everywhere I go they seem to find me!

Ben and Locklear eyeball each other INTENSELY.

LOCKLEAR

We have the radio that was used by this man you took out. We got it from here.

JOHNSON

We'll have agents come out with supplies once a week.

Sharon goes into the bedroom and shuts the door. Ben continues his argument.

BEN

Look, ever since this asshole showed his face. He's been out to get me. So far, we almost got killed AGAIN, one of your agents bled out in my arms!

Locklear gestures and SHUSHES to calm Ben down.

LOCKLEAR

Alright, that's enough.

INT. CABIN-BEDROOM-DAY-CONTINUOUS

Sharon lies in the bed holding a pillow over her head.

BEN (O.S.)

ENOUGH?! YOU INCOMPETENT PRICKS ARE GOING TO GET US KILLED IF YOU DON'T DO YOUR JOB!

Sharon grasps the pillow tighter. She can't deal with this anymore. She slowly gets into the fetal position.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Hey, hey. Let us all calm down. We are doing our best.

BEN (O.S.)

FUCK YOUR BEST!

The SOUND of glass shatters outside the bedroom.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Mr. Reynolds! I suggest you calm
down before you get put down!

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-DAY

Sharon steps out of the bedroom. Ben and the Agents argue
aggressively.

SHARON
Stop.

BEN (O.S.)
We've been at this long
enough-

LOCKLEAR (O.S.)
Last warning if you don't
comply-

SHARON
STOP!

Ben and the Agents CEASE the argument. They look over at
Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Please. I can't deal with this
anymore... How long will we be here
for?

LOCKLEAR
It's hard to say. Weeks... Months.
We are going to have agents pull
duty shifts during your stay. To
keep a better eye on you. Each
shift will swap out on a weekly
basis. We can only risk one agent
at a time.

SHARON
Fine. Can you both go then?... This
is making me nauseous.

Johnson and Locklear acknowledge. Locklear steps outside.
Before Johnson leaves, he holds out his hand for a handshake
Ben goes in for a handshake.

JOHNSON
Under the floorboards. By the
dining table.

Johnson winks at Ben before he exits out.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You two watch out for each other.

Ben looks into his hand: A small tool to pry the floorboard. The Agents exit. Ben watches them leave from the window. He closes the curtains and leans up against the kitchen counter.

Ben looks down at the small tool and places it on the kitchen counter. He notices a record player with a box of vinyl's sit in the corner of the room. His attention is drawn to the floorboards.

Ben moves the table slightly and see's a slight notch in the floorboards, he takes the small tool and pries open it open revealing a rifle case and an ammo can. He pulls out the case. Sharon is a little taken back by his behavior.

SHARON

They are leaving us a gun?

Ben pulls out the ammo can, opens it up and pulls out the small cardboard boxes with the ammo as he loads it in the rifle.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Hang on, what are you doing?

Ben places a few rounds in his pocket, slings the rifle over his shoulder and heads outside. Sharon follows him outside.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going?

Ben doesn't acknowledge as he walks with a purpose.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Are you going to answer me?

Sharon gets in front of him to stop Ben in his tracks. Ben has this weird look in his eye.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Ben?

BEN

I can get him. I have the skills to do it.

SHARON

No... No... you are not.

BEN

I will end this right now Sharon.

Ben still fuming walks around Sharon, she grabs his arm.

SHARON

You can't just leave me out here by myself.

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-LATER

Ben pulls out the box, he skims through the list of records.

BEN

Alright, let's see here...

Ben pulls out different records. He doesn't like any of them. He gives up and leaves to the kitchen.

BEN (CONT'D)

Just a box of bullshit.

Sharon looks through and pulls out a vinyl record. HANK WILLIAMS, MOANIN' THE BLUES.

SHARON

My dad used to listen to him. This takes me back... YOU need to expand your selection of music.

Sharon pulls out the vinyl, places it in the record player and places the needle in the middle of the vinyl. The record spins.

CUE MUSIC over Montage "Alone and Forsaken" by Hank Williams (or a song that implies isolation and desolation). Possibly, "Waiting around to die" by The Be Good Tanyas.

FADE TO:

I/E. CABIN-OCTOBER-DAY-MONTAGE-THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

Ben flips pancakes and fries eggs and bacon over the stove. He watches Sharon sit in the rocking chair outside. Sharon looks out in the distance as she sips on her coffee.

Ben stands beside Sharon as she aims the hunting rifle at a set of cans. Ben adjusts her posture. She fires the rifle at the cans.

Ben chops wood in the back of the house. Log by log, places a new piece and chops them on a stump. He's a lot more grizzled.

Sharon walks past him and heads toward the river. She goes up to it, stares at her reflection for a moment.

Ben walks around to the back of the cabin. Sharon is rigging up a fishing line and carving out fishing rods from branches.

CUT TO:

I/E. CRIMINAL SAFEHOUSE-DAY

The FBI storm the inside of a safe house. They all get everyone out and make their arrests.

Johnson finds bags of drugs underneath the floorboards and inside the ceiling stashed away.

Crates of weapons are being hauled out via pallet jacks. Johnson looks into the crate. Machine guns with bags of drugs. He ponders for a moment.

I/E. CABIN/RIVER-NOVEMBER-DAY-MONTAGE

Sharon takes a knee and opens up the coffee can. Inside holds dirt with worms squirming inside. She pulls one out and hooks it. She casts the rod out into the river.

Sharon walks back with a line of Cutthroat Trout. Ben is impressed. Sharon places the Trout inside and bows at him.

Ben filet's the Trout. He places the knife down and washes his hands. He heads inside the bedroom. He notices a guitar case in the closet.

He opens it up, to the side, a "how to play guitar" guide book. He struts his fingers along the strings before taking it out. He sits on the bed and plucks the guitar strings.

Sharon leans in the door way, arms crossed watches Ben practice plucking the guitar strings on the edge of the bed.

I/E. CABIN-DECEMBER-DAY-MONTAGE

Snow falls across the plains. Sharon in a flannel, cup of coffee in hand, sits at the porch bench as Ben comes back with a gutted white tail deer across his back.

Ben takes apart the hunting rifle to clean it. As he scrubs the bolt of the rifle, he notices Sharon in the corner with the record spinning.

I/E. CABIN-DECEMBER-MORNING-MONTAGE

Ben outside sips his coffee looks out to the road to see if an FBI van will show. Sharon walks out with a fishing rod and the coffee can.

Snow falls as Ben sits on the porch strumming the guitar. An FBI agent walks up to the cabin with bags of groceries, hands it over to Ben. He takes the bags and heads back to the cabin.

Ben closes the door behind, places the more bags down, he pulls out supplies: A hairbrush, shampoo, body wash, more food, coffee, water jugs, fire starters.

I/E. CABIN-DECEMBER-NIGHT-MONTAGE

On Sharon: She sits by the fireplace close to the warmth, she is wrapped in a blanket looking weary.

Ben grabs a blanket in the closet. He takes it to Sharon and wraps her in it. He sits beside her warming his hands over the fire.

The fire reflects on their faces. We stay on them for a moment.

Ben strokes his hands into Sharon's hair. She shuts her eyes for a moment. She takes a part of the blanket and wraps it over Ben's shoulder.

END MUSIC

FADE TO:

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN-DAY

Ben scrubs the pans in the sink.

BEN

Sharon?

He pulls out the eggs and bacon and places them on the kitchen counter.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sharon?

INT. CABIN-BEDROOM-DAY

Sharon by the windowsill stares outside. A slight knock on the door. Sharon gets startled. Ben enters with breakfast.

BEN

Did you get any sleep?

Sharon shakes her head. He places the food on the nightstand. Sharon seems restless from cabin fever.

SHARON

I need to get out of this cabin.

BEN

I could use some fresh air too.

EXT. CABIN-DAY

Ben steps outside. The silent ambiance helps to clear his mind. Sharon follows behind.

He walks down the steps, the SOUND of a CRUMPLE underneath his foot. A blank envelope. He picks it up, checks the front and back, no postage or address written anywhere.

SHARON

What's that?

Ben examines the envelope and opens it.

Multiple Polaroid pictures inside.

The first picture is of the cabin safe house.

The second is of Ben chopping wood in the Fall. Ben frantically goes through the photos.

He goes through more of the photos. One after the other, it shows more of their location, the FBI vehicle, and their daily activities.

A photo of the cabin at night with a faint orange light from the fireplace.

He comes up to the last, it's of Thomas tied to a chair with duct tape over his mouth and a gun pointed to his head, on the bottom of the photo it says, "TURN OVER". Ben flips the photo around, on the back it reads, "SEE YOU SOON".

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-DAY

Sharon looks over Ben's shoulder and down at the photos laid across the table. Ben anxiously pulls out a deck of cards.

SHARON

What do we do now?

Ben places the cards down to start to build a card house. He puts up two cards, but they fall over.

SHARON (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

Ben frantically builds a house of cards. Sharon sits next to him, she places her hand on his shoulder, he gets STARTLED. The cards fall down.

BEN

Jesus... Sorry. Trying to get my mind off this. Building something helps.

Ben looks over at the photos.

BEN (CONT'D)

I need to get a hold of the FBI.

She takes the photo of Thomas. She looks to Ben INTENTLY.

SHARON

I don't understand. I thought he was in jail. What does this mean?

Ben dials a number on his phone. It rings.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Hello?

BEN

You guys need to come here and check something out. This is urgent.

EXT. WYOMING-FBI VAN-SIDE OF ROAD-DAY

Javier and FOUR CARTEL MEMBERS (Hispanic), stand outside of an FBI van. Cartel Member #1 drags the body of a dead agent outside of the van and around the back.

JAVIER

We will be there pronto, just hang tight.

Javier hangs up the phone. He looks over at a vehicle, a mysterious person leans up next to the vehicle.

MYSTERIOUS PERSON

After this, we are done. I can't do this anymore. You have what you need. Keep me out of this.

JAVIER

Don Esteban will decide that.

MYSTERIOUS PERSON

Why not send Rick? This isn't your problem.

JAVIER

Hey, just like you right now. Get paid and don't ask questions. Or should I reconsider our arrangement?

MYSTERIOUS PERSON

No... no. Don't kill them. If so everything is off. I'll deal with Esteban myself.

JAVIER

I wouldn't try. Adiós!

Javier and the cartel members enter the van. They drive off.

INT. CABIN-DAY

Ben heads over to the table and pulls the hunting rifle out with the ammo out of the floorboard.

SHARON

What are you doing?

BEN

Scouting the perimeter. If whoever is out there. I'm going to find them. I'm not taking any chances.

Ben loads in the rounds while he places a few bullets in his jacket pockets. He places the floorboards back.

BEN (CONT'D)

You are going to stay here, lock the doors, close the blinds and keep quiet.

SHARON

Let me come with you...

Ben puts on a scarf and boots before he heads out.

BEN

Look, these past few months was not ever something I wanted to bring in your life. I won't be long.

Ben takes a pair of binoculars off the wall. He places it a pouch and attaches it to his belt.

Ben grabs the walkie-talkie off the counter and tosses one to Sharon.

BEN (CONT'D)

Do not answer unless it's me, or the FBI. God only knows where they're at.

Ben leaves the cabin.

BEN (CONT'D)

They should be here soon. I'm on channel three.

Sharon locks the door behind him then shuts all the curtains in every room.

EXT. WYOMING SAFE HOUSE-FIELD-DAY

Ben treads through the snow with the rifle at the ready. He examines the photo of the cabin. He orients himself to the direction of where the photo was taken.

BEN

Alright. Where were you?

As he moves on, he passes through the wilderness. He takes a look back at the cabin. Smoke rises from the chimney. He double checks the chamber of the hunting rifle to see the rounds inside.

EXT. HILL-DAY

Ben makes his way up the hill, he scans his area, nothing. Everything around is quiet. He turns back to look down at the cabin. He pulls out the photo of the cabin and it's the exact location.

He takes a breather. A vehicle is heard in the distance rolling down the road. Ben pulls out the binoculars to get a better look. An FBI van rolls up to the cabin.

Ben's POV: The van makes a complete stop in front of the house. The side door opens and four men step out of it. Ben takes a closer look. Ben grabs the rifle and makes his way down the snowy hill.

He slides down keeping his focus on the men. A few of them armed with M4's guard the outside of the van and walk around the perimeter of the cabin. Ben calls Sharon over the radio.

BEN

Don't answer the door. Hide!

EXT. CABIN FRONT PORCH-CONTINUOUS

Javier bangs on the front door.

JAVIER

Open up FBI!

INT. CABIN-CONTINUOUS

Sharon backs up slowly with the radio in hand. She looks around to see if there is a good hiding place.

EXT. RIVER-DAY

Ben gets closer as he wades through the water of the sheer cold river. He gets out, half wet and goes into the prone position by the river. He can hear Javier in the distance.

JAVIER

FBI we have your stuff!

Ben holds the rifle up aiming it toward the cabin. He looks through the binoculars to get a better look at the men. Javier still bangs on the door.

EXT. CABIN FRONT PORCH-CONTINUOUS

Javier bangs on the door harder.

JAVIER

Get the fuck out pendejo!

No answer. He signals to the men to rally up. Three of the cartel members go up to the door stacked to storm the cabin.

Ben's POV: The first man kicks down the door, they all go into the house weapons pointed. Ben watches as the men storm inside the cabin.

BEN

Oh god.

Ben stays back to not be seen. He points his rifle at Javier. Javier lights up a cigar and blows the smoke out.

Looking down the sights, Ben is ready to fire at Javier's head.

EXT. CABIN FRONT PORCH-DAY

All of the men come out and one man blocks Javier from the shot.

CARTEL MEMBER #1

Nothing in here. They must have left.

JAVIER

Bullshit.

INT. CABIN-DAY

Javier unholsters his revolver. He walks into the cabin. He fires a few rounds inside, muffled POP SHOTS are heard.

EXT. HILL-DAY

Ben moves a little closer down the hill.

The SOUND of rustling papers and furniture being tossed around from the inside.

JAVIER

(muffled)

There you are!

SCREAMS from Sharon are heard. The men rush inside.

BEN

Shit.

INT. CABIN-DAY

Javier drags Sharon from underneath the floorboards. He has her at gunpoint.

JAVIER
Where is he?

Sharon spits into Javier's face. Javier knocks out Sharon with the pistol grip of his revolver. She falls back and Javier catches her.

EXT. CABIN FRONT PORCH-DAY

He drags out Sharon whose unconscious. The other cartel members prepare to leave when a GUNSHOT is heard. A cartel member is shot through the chest. Blood splatters onto Javier's face.

JAVIER
He's here! In the tree's!

The cartel members aim toward the tree line and start firing.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Cover me!

EXT. TREE LINE-DAY

Ben charges the rifle again moving to a different position. He conceals himself behind some bushes. He notices Javier look around the van.

EXT. CABIN-VAN-DAY

Ben fires another round at the van. A SPARK from the back of the van.

JAVIER
There! Over there!

Javier and the remaining cartel member point their guns into Ben's direction. Ben fires more in their direction. He hits the side of the van.

Ben low crawls behind a tree as bullets wizz by. He pulls out a few bullets from his pocket and loads the rifle.

Ben charges the rifle, points outward, and shoots it again. BANG! Another cartel member down.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Dammit! Let's go!

I/E. CABIN-VAN-DAY

Javier opens the door to the van gets Sharon inside. He shuts the door. The cartel driver turns on the van and turns it around. He drives down the road to get out.

EXT. TREE LINE-DAY

Ben comes out of the woodwork and gets on one knee. He points the rifle at the van driving off and fires rounds at it.

The back window of the van shatters. Ben shoots one of the tires of the van. He charges the rifle again until...

Ben observes the van veers off and crash into the river.

EXT. RIVER-DAY

Ben runs toward the crashed van. The driver gets out, he got shot in the arm pulls a gun on Ben. Ben shoots him. More shots from the inside of the van.

Ben gets behind a large rock. Bullets ricochet off the rock, Ben waits for the right moment.

CARTEL MEMBER #2
Come out! We will kill her!

Ben rises up from behind the rock and shoots Cartel Member #2 in the chest. Cartel member #2 goes down.

Ben charges the hunting rifle again as he approaches closer to the van.

Ben opens the van side door. Javier has a revolver pointed to Sharon's head inside.

JAVIER
Drop it! Drop it or I blow her
brains out.

Ben throws the rifle to the side and puts his hands up.

BEN
What do you want from us?

Javier points the gun at Ben's head.

JAVIER
I want you to get on your fucking
knees.

Ben gets on his knees. Javier points the gun to his head and pulls a radio out. Ben shuts his eyes.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Hawkmaster. Come in.

RICK
(radio)
Did you get them?

JAVIER
I got them. He killed all my men.

RICK
(radio)
Put him on right now!

Javier hands Ben the radio. Gun still pointed at Ben's head. Ben grabs the radio holds it to his ear.

RICK (CONT'D)
(radio)
Are you listening to me? I'm
getting sick of your shit. You know
that?

BEN
Good. Send me more. You make this
too easy.

RICK
(radio)
Oh really? I have someone here who
wants to talk to you.

THOMAS
(radio)
Ben?

BEN
Thomas?! Thomas, where are you?
What happened?

THOMAS
(radio)
I... I don't know. I was pulled out
of my cell in the middle of the
night. They're torturing me... I
want to go home.

BEN
You will. I will get you out.

THOMAS

(radio)

Please. I just want to go home Ben.

BEN

Hang tight buddy. I'll find you.
I'll get you out. We'll go back
home and... I'll make sure you get
a retail job... Not a retail job.
Anything you-

BANG! A gunshot from the other end.

RICK

(radio)

First my brother, now Thomas. I
guess that makes us even now.

Everything around Ben grows silent. Javier grabs the radio out of Ben's hand. Ben drops to the ground in anguish.

JAVIER

(muffled)

I'll need another vehicle sent out
here. Then I'll take him back...

No SOUND is heard. On Ben's face: A tears runs down his face and drop into the snow.

Ben lies there. He looks over at Sharon passed out with blood down the side of her face inside the van.

Ben's BREATHING gets heavy as rage burns in his eyes.

We no longer hear the conversation between Javier and Rick. Javier laughs over Ben. Ben's eyes veer up to Javier who points his revolver at Sharon.

EXT. RIVER-DRIVER'S SIDE VAN-DAY

It's eerily quiet. A FLASH from the revolver muzzle shoots upward from the opposite end of the van.

EXT. RIVER-VAN PASSENGER SIDE-DAY

ONTO Ben: Veins pop out of his forehead, face turns red over Javier STRANGLING him.

Ben's fingers clench deep into Javier's neck. Javier reaches for the revolver. He barely gets a finger on it.

Javier fights to break free. He breaks out of Ben's choke for a moment and reaches closer for the revolver... Ben grabs the revolver.

Ben beats down Javier's face with the revolver handle. Blood splatters onto Ben's face. He continues to beat down Javier with all his aggression. Javier is now unrecognizable.

As Ben gets off Javier and leans up against the van. The ambient SOUND of the environment is heard with Ben's heavy breathing. Ben catches his breath as blood runs into the stream.

Ben grabs the radio and calls up. Blood streaks down his face with his sweat.

BEN

I'll fucking kill you.

RICK

(radio)

Then more people you love will die.
I'll be waiting!

Sharon holds her head as she slowly gains consciousness. She notices Javier's face bludgeoned and gags from the sight. She throws up outside the van.

EXT. CABIN-FIELD-WINTER-DAY

Ben carries Sharon and the rifle over his shoulders, the blood streamed down from his face. They make their way toward the cabin.

SHARON

Slow down, I can't...

A vehicle is seen approaching from behind. It gets closer. Ben looks back and picks up the pace, Sharon struggles to move fast.

BEN

...C'mon. Almost there.

EXT. CABIN FRONT PORCH-DAY

As Ben and Sharon get to the first steps, they fall down. Ben pulls out his rifle, turns and draws it to the vehicle which stops, another FBI van.

Johnson with Williams (40s, female, black) steps out pistols drawn to Ben. Ben stands up still pointing the rifle back at Johnson.

Johnson takes a look at Ben, then looks back at the crashed van in the river.

BEN

You incompetent pricks.

Johnson lowers his pistol. Williams still has hers drawn.

JOHNSON

What happened here?

Ben chokes up. Sharon gets closer to Ben placing her hand on his shoulder. Johnson lowers Williams pistol.

Ben drops the rifle. He breaks down crying into Sharon's shoulder. She EMBRACES him hard. Johnson holsters his pistol. Sharon looks up at Johnson while Ben breaks down.

SHARON

Come on. Let's go back inside.

Johnson stands down as Ben continues to break down. Sharon gets Ben off the ground and takes him inside. Ben stops before he turns and charges at Johnson. Williams draws her pistol back to Ben.

BEN

You! How did they get him?!

Sharon holds him with all her strength to keep him in place.

Johnson insists Williams stands down.

JOHNSON

We have a lot to talk about.

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-LATER

Ben leans over the kitchen sink tapping his finger against the counter. Sharon holds an ice pack on her head. Johnson pops open a bottle of whiskey and pours it in a glass over ice. Williams stands in the corner looking out of the window.

JOHNSON

Word from Locklear says the raid teams have taken over every last compound. We almost got them. Your guy and the cartel.

BEN

So we aren't moving to another location?

JOHNSON

We are working that out but until the next team shows up. Williams will be here with you.

Ben punches a hole in the wall. Sharon goes to Ben concerned. Johnson leans in to Johnson.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Williams? Meet me outside.

WILLIAMS

Yes sir.

Johnson leaves outside, Williams follows. Ben holds his bloody fist over the sink. He eavesdrops from the inside. Sharon approaches from behind. Ben holds his finger over his mouth.

JOHNSON

(muffled)

Call up the main body if I'm not back by this time next week. We're nearly there. Just one more compound and all of this will be put to rest. I'll be on this next raid team.

Williams acknowledges as Johnson heads back in.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Reynolds. We almost got them.

Ben places a gauze on his knuckles and wraps it.

Ben looks to Johnson intently. No more words are exchanged.

Johnson nods to Williams and steps out.

INT. CABIN-LIVING ROOM-LATER

Williams heads out to the van. Ben looks out and places the hunting rifle on the table.

SHARON

You aren't doing this.

As Ben places the rounds in his pockets. He heads to the kitchen and packs food into a tactical backpack.

BEN

I have to bring his body back. You, stay here. I'm leaving you with supplies.

SHARON

So you're leaving me here?

BEN

It's me they want.

SHARON

No... you don't get to do this to me again. Let me come with you!

Ben continues to pack his things.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Fine. You want to get yourself killed? Go. I'm not doing this twice.

BEN

This is different.

Ben doesn't know how to answer. He places his things down and looks at the rifle for a moment. Sharon sits with Ben at the table.

SHARON

What do you mean?

BEN

In Afghanistan, we were sent out to the same area every other day for weeks. Got into the same conflicts and resolved them. One day, I was getting too comfortable with it. That was the day Dawson and Hill died.

SHARON

You have NOTHING to prove for this... I now understand. Don't think I won't defend you.

BEN

It's not about proving anything. It's about trust. The FBI, used the same tactics to keep us safe. Rick's guys? They're using the same tactics to try to kill us.

Ben looks out the window.

BEN (CONT'D)
If you think you aren't doing this
twice? Neither am I.

The van approaches.

BEN (CONT'D)
Lock the doors.

EXT. CABIN-DECEMBER-DAY

Williams opens up the side door of the van. She pulls out
bags of groceries.

Ben around the corner peers around and points the rifle at
Williams before she can get to the door.

WILLIAMS
Hello? It's me!

The SOUND of snow crunches are heard.

BEN
Put your hands up and turn around!

Williams drops the bags and reaches for her gun. Ben
immediately gets up to her head with the rifle.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't do it. Suicide is not an
option for you.

WILLIAMS
You'll be prosecuted for this!

BEN
Pull out your weapon and drop it to
the side!

Williams stands her ground.

BEN (CONT'D)
I SAID DROP YOUR WEAPON!

WILLIAMS
You'll have to shoot me.

Ben eases closer. Williams quickly turns and grabs the rifle.
Sharon quickly steps out and grabs Williams pistol out of the
holster.

Ben collects himself as Williams steps away with her hands
up.

SHARON
Sorry it had to be like this.

BEN
You're going to take me to this
compound. No one else needs to die.

Williams looks at Ben and Sharon fiercely. Ben slings his
rifle, Sharon hands him the pistol. He points it at Williams.

WILLIAMS
If you place the weapons down now
we can talk about this.

BEN
We're done talking. Now move!

Williams grabs bags and takes them to the van. Sharon goes
back inside. Before she shuts the door...

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey... Thank you.

SHARON
Be safe... Ok?

Ben nods. She shuts the door behind her.

INT. FBI VAN-ROAD-DAY

Ben points the pistol at Williams as she drives.

WILLIAMS
Stop pointing that at me.

BEN
Not happening.

Ben pulls out a bag with the food, with one hand makes a
sandwich. He offers it to Williams. Williams doesn't
acknowledge the request.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND-OUTER PERIMETER-NIGHT

Williams stops the van. SUV's parked around the compound with
agents in full combat gear surrounding the area.

The walls have spotlights beaming down as if it were a high
security prison. It's as if World War II happened here
recently. Bodies everywhere.

BEN

How do you suppose we get in?

WILLIAMS

Couldn't tell you. We'll have to go in further.

BEN

Take me inside then.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND-OUTER PERIMETER-NIGHT

Ben and Williams hide behind vehicles to not be seen by the spotlights.

Williams looks around then down toward a creek leading to a large drainage pipe.

WILLIAMS

Down there.

Ben looks down.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND-CREEK-NIGHT

Ben and Williams go down the hill to the creek. Ben still has her at gunpoint. They come across a large drainage pipe with a gate.

Spotlights overhead, Ben looks up and realizes the spotlights haven't moved.

BEN

Get it open.

Williams pulls on the side of the large drainage gate. It won't budge. She tries against with more force. Nothing.

WILLIAMS

Why don't you help me?

Williams leans up against the wall tired from the weight. She pants and works to catch her breath.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Let's just pretend for the next...
who knows how long we'll be here
for you to stop pointing that thing
at me... and ACTUALLY HELP ME!

Ben doesn't lower the weapon. Williams comes to clarity and can't take Ben seriously anymore.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

We've come this far. You might as well trust me if this is our only way in. Why don't you...

Williams gestures him to lower the weapon. Ben points the gun ready to fire.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to turn against you. Right now... white boy. I'm really going to need YOU to TRUST...ME!.. If you can't do that. We're both dead.

Ben lowers the pistol. Williams snatches the pistol out of Ben's hand and points it at him. Ben raises his hands.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You are going to trust me... Ok? I am NOT your enemy. Since being here. We need to finish what hasn't ended here. Now...

Williams holsters her pistol.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You are going to trust me... ok?

Ben acknowledges the situation as his trust with Williams is clear.

Ben goes on the other side and lifts the gate upward. They both open the heavy drainage pipe gate with full force. The gate drops behind them as they get through.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUE-NIGHT

Rick drunk with a bottle of whiskey in his hand walks amongst the remaining FBI agents.

A line of FBI agents are at their knees in a line with cartel members pointing their guns at their heads.

FBI AGENT #1

Backup is on the way. You think you'll get away with this?

A cartel member shoots the FBI Agent #1 in the back of the head, his lifeless body drops to the ground.

RICK

Next one that speaks up out of line. Give me their tongue. Or their lips... Hell... you know what?... Surprise me.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-SEWER-NIGHT

Ben and Williams go through the tunnel of the sewer. Williams has her light out flashing it down the tunnel. Ben has the rifle pointed down.

They come across a ladder up to a manhole cover. Ben nudges to Williams.

BEN

You first.

Williams goes up the ladder, Ben slings the rifle over his shoulder and follows upward.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND-NIGHT

Williams grunts with strength to pull over the manhole cover. She pokes her head out.

The surrounding area is full of dead FBI and Cartel members all over the place.

Ben ducks down about to vomit. Williams sits at the edge.

WILLIAMS

This sight too familiar with you?

Ben collects himself and nods.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You'll be alright. We're almost there.

She nods to Ben and they both get out.

Ben quickly covers up the manhole and joins Williams behind some wooden crates.

Ben regrets the decision of showing up.

BEN

(whispers)

This had to have been recent.

Ben scans the area as Williams scans the other end.

Their focus is placed on the hundreds of dead bodies that surround the area.

WILLIAMS
(whispers)
These were my colleagues.

Williams places her attention to an entrance way.

Ben looks up at the spotlights. No one around.

BEN
(whispers)
I'm sorry it had to be like this.

WILLIAMS
(whispers)
Did you think this was all about you? We've been after these guys for a long time.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Let's see if we can't find anyone still alive.

The sound of COUGHING is heard in the distance. A dying FBI AGENT (40's, male, black) is leaned up against some dead bodies.

Ben and Williams goes up to the dying agent and pulls him to cover.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
What happened here?

DYING AGENT
We... *coughs* we were over run. We were getting the upper hand. But... *wheezes*

The dying agent struggles to get more words out.

Ben compresses his hand on the dying agents wound underneath his body armor.

DYING AGENT (CONT'D)
We called for backup. I don't know if it went through. We've been waiting but no one came. More are being held... over there.

The Dying Agent points to the direction of a subtle light leading down some stairs.

BEN
We'll come back for you.

WILLIAMS
Hand tight. Keep the pressure on.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Cartel Member #3 confronts Rick as he walks amongst the hostages of Agents. Before making his way up the rafters.

CARTEL MEMBER #3
This is enough! Don Esteban will
not tolerate this!

Rick's excessive drinking is causing him to stumble.

RICK
What's the problem? We are in
control now!

CARTEL MEMBER #3
You have gone too far this time!

RICK
Oh have I?

Rick head signals to his men to grab Cartel Member #3. They hold him over the catwalk.

Cartel Member #3 fights to break free.

Rick slices Cartel Member #3's throat open spilling blood on the floor beneath.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-JAILCELL HALLWAY-NIGHT

Ben and Williams come across the grungy holding cells.

They go down the line, Victims (various ages above 18, men and women, half naked) scurry toward the wall afraid of Williams flashlight.

BEN
These people are sick.

They come across a few cells. One victim looks terrified and insane. Scratches on their body with feces on the wall.

WILLIAMS
Human trafficking.

Williams shines the light on the cells. Teenagers, young adults, all look terrified, all filthy.

The loud SOUND of a moan is heard down the hallway of cells. Ben and Williams head down the hallway.

Williams runs up to the cell. The flashlight hit Johnson's face.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Johnson?

JOHNSON

Whose?... who are...

WILLIAMS

Hey, we're here. Backup is on their way,

JOHNSON

No they're not.

Ben and Williams at the bars. A figure appears behind them.

MYSTERIOUS PERSON

... Ben?

Ben quickly turns around and see's Thomas behind the bars. He drops the rifle and grabs Thomas from the outside of the bars embracing him HARD. He begins to break down.

BEN

We're going to get you out of here.

Thomas is too traumatized to do anything. Footsteps approach.

A mysterious person knocks out Williams and another places Ben in a headlock holding a rag of chloroform to his mouth before passing out.

FADE TO BLACK:

ON BLACK: THE SOUND OF PEOPLE MURMURING.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY FAIR-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Ben and Sharon are at a fair game. Ben sits at the game seat in his dress uniform.

It's one of those water squirt target games. Sharon stands behind him.

After the game, Ben and Sharon walk amongst the crowds. Sharon holds a giant plush doll, she SQUEEZES it.

SHARON
Isn't it so cute?

BEN
That game was cake.

Sharon gives Ben a peck on the cheek.

SHARON
Thanks for going against a bunch of young kids and showing them whose boss.

Ben looks over at Sharon who smiles big at him.

BACK TO:

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Ben's POV: Everything is a blur. Rick waves smelling salts in front of Ben whose tied to a chair. Johnson to his left, Williams to his right. He sees soldiers in front of him in place of the FBI agents held hostage.

He shakes his head. Rick slaps him across the face. The soldiers are now FBI Agents held hostage.

The remaining FBI Agents all on their knees with cartel members surrounding them guns drawn. Rick's personal posse to the side.

RICK
I always knew you'd come... I never thought you'd be THAT dumb.

Rick turns to slap Ben across the face.

As he looks up, Locklear stands next to him.

RICK (CONT'D)
That means my plan has fallen into place.

Rick with a metal pipe in hand bangs the edge of the rafters. Everyone down below looks up.

Ben and the others tied up have duct tape over their mouths.

RICK (CONT'D)

The man you all swore to protect
has finally made his way here! You
all know what that means.

Williams looks around frantically, sweat drips down her forehead.

Ben looks over at Johnson, his eyes are fixed downward, he has given up.

Thomas is brought out forcefully in front of everyone. Rick steps around him with the rusty metal pipe.

Thomas looks over at Ben scared. Ben frantically rocks himself back and forth to break free.

Williams sticks her hands down the back of her pants and pulls out a small knife. Ben looks over concerned.

Locklear see's this and grabs the knife out of her hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

Whoa ho ho! What's going on here?

Locklear stands behind Johnson with the knife to his neck. Locklear whispers into Johnson's ear.

LOCKLEAR

(whispers)

Wait for my Que.

Johnson nods.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)

Don't you think they should have
one final word before the bidding
is done?

Rick circles around Thomas caressing his face with the metal pipe, he thinks to himself for a moment.

RICK

Fuck that!

Rick hits Thomas in the kneecap, then in the back, Thomas falls forward.

Ben stops struggling, his focus is drawn on Thomas. Ben's aggression intensifies.

Thomas struggles to get up. Rick kicks Thomas in the side knocking him on his back.

Rick notices Ben trying to get out.

RICK (CONT'D)
Someone shut him up!

Locklear leans up against the wooden crates next to Williams, he pulls the knife to his side and drops it in her lap.

Locklear kicks Ben over.

Ben looks over at Thomas weeping in pain.

BEN
(muffled through duct tape)
I'LL KILL YOU!

Rick points the pipe at Ben.

RICK
Now... you will live with my pain.

Rick lifts the metal pipe. Ben screams through the duct tape.

THWACK!

Williams looks mortified... THWACK! She looks away.

Rick with full force lands another blow... THWACK!

We HEAR Ben's muffled screams... Locklear steps in.

LOCKLEAR
That's enough!

Williams moves her legs to get the knife over to Ben. Rick looks back at Ben perking up a smile. He does the same with Locklear.

Rick makes one last bash into Thomas. THWACK!

Blood drips off the end of the metal pipe. Rick tosses it to the side. Locklear clears his throat.

Ben looks over shocked at the sight of Thomas. Thomas lies dead with blood flowing away from his body.

Rick grabs Ben's face. Ben's eyes are fixated on Thomas.

RICK
How does it feel... huh? I'll give you the honor to walk out of here with your life.

LOCKLEAR
This has gone too far!

Rick lets go of Ben.

RICK
Excuse me?

Rick faces Locklear. The attention is drawn to Locklear.

LOCKLEAR
(to Rick)
I never really knew what your
endgame was... definitely not
this...

Williams slightly moves forward to Ben. The knife almost falls off her leg. She slightly adjusts it as it falls near Ben's hands.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)
(to Rick)
...you had taken my family and in
exchange...

Williams moves closer to Ben. She nudges to the knife behind him. Ben looks back, he feels for the knife.

LOCKLEAR (CONT'D)
(to Rick)
...compromising the location of the
man you claim to have killed your
brother... yet you couldn't care
less for the death of every agent
who lost their fucking lives for
what? This man? You're even now.

Ben quickly cuts through binds almost getting loose.

RICK (O.S.)
You are stepping out of line. You
know what I do to guys like you?

LOCKLEAR
Does it matter? You got what you
wanted. Now tell me where my family
is!

Rick signals his posse to draw their weapons to Locklear. Locklear stands his ground ready to get executed.

Rick causally walks up to Locklear as he pulls the hammer back on his gun. When all of a sudden...

RICK
I'll see to it personally that your
wife and daughter don't suffer too
long.

A helicopter is HEARD overhead with a spotlight shining
through.

RICK (CONT'D)
Go for cover!

The Second FBI Raid team storms the warehouse.

A shootout between the FBI and the cartel commence.

Ben comes up behind Rick STABBING him in the chest. Rick
grabs Ben's forearm as he slowly gets the knife closer to his
chest again.

Ben lets out an angered wail slowly PIERCES Rick in the chest
a second time.

Rick rocks his head back hitting Ben in the face. He elbows
Ben knocking him away.

RICK (CONT'D)
Kill them!

Rick takes off as he pulls the knife out and tosses it away.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-UNDER CATWALK-NIGHT

Locklear limps over to Johnson and Agent William's cutting
them free.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-STAIRS-NIGHT

Ben chases Rick up a flight of stairs. Rick's posse chase
after Ben.

RICK
Grab him!

A few of Rick's men grab Ben, take the knife out of his hand
hold him down opening up his mouth and places the knife on
Ben's tongue over the railing of the stairs.

Johnson shoots Rick's men freeing Ben. Rick runs up a flight
of stairs up to a catwalk. Ben looks down and nods to
Johnson.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-JAILCELL HALLWAY-NIGHT

Williams runs down the stairs.

WILLIAMS

Everyone stay put! Backup is here
and you are all going home!

PRISONER #1

Let us help!

WILLIAMS

For everyone's safety you will all
remain down here.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Ben kicks Rick down the first flight of stairs from the top catwalk. Ben menacingly walks down as Rick tumbles down the first flight.

Rick struggles to get up as Ben grabs his collars and throws him down the next flight of winding stairs and crashes into wooden crates. Rick struggles to get up.

RICK

You got what you deserved!

Ben punches Rick's wounds. Rick grabs a plank from a broken crate with a nail in the side and hits Ben's arm puncturing a hole. Ben falls to the side and covers his arm.

Rick gets up and limps toward a dead cartel member to grab the rifle. He picks it up and rams into a set of double doors heading down a hallway.

Ben leans up against the wooden crates, he grabs a pistol. He looks over at Thomas' dead body. He conjures up his strength and goes to the hallway.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-BACK CORNER-NIGHT

Johnson assesses Locklear.

LOCKLEAR

I'm sorry things turned out this
way.

JOHNSON

Why didn't you say anything?

LOCKLEAR

They took my wife and daughter. I was only protecting them. I'm sorry. I know I can't take this back.

JOHNSON

We'll talk about this later. We need to get our guy. You stay here.

Locklear acknowledges. He pulls out his pistol to protect himself. He soon gets picked up by other FBI agents.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-HALLWAY-NIGHT

Ben holds his arm follows a trail of blood. Rick fires a couple rounds down the hallway.

Ben maneuvers around a corner and tactfully hides between crates and barriers.

RICK

You got me pretty good.

Rick hides into a corner. He charges the rifle releasing a bullet. He quickly takes the tip off the bullet.

RICK (CONT'D)

I actually liked him. Too bad he was pathetic. It must run in the family.

He rips open his shirt exposing his chest wound. He douses the wound in liquor, then takes a big swig.

Ben pursues closer passing by a few dead bodies from the earlier fight.

He rubs his eyes to see... dead bodies of soldiers from his deployment.

He snaps himself out of it. Rick fires down toward Ben's direction.

Ben takes cover behind a wooden crate as wooden shrapnel is flung everywhere.

Ben looks up to see metal objects on top of the crate. He looks down hallway across from him. He pushes over the metal objects.

Rick hears the crash. He holds his lower wound on his ribs and conjures up the strength to get up. He shoots down the hallway.

Rick stops firing to get a better look... he waits for a moment ready to fire.

Ben flanks Rick and grapples him. They both struggle for the rifle. Ben gets the rifle up to Rick's chest and holds it down.

Ben sticks his thumb into Rick's chest wound to weaken him. Rick let's out a wail as blood flows out.

Williams and Johnson run up to Ben and Rick, weapons drawn.

Ben looks down at Rick whose losing strength attempting to fight back. He slowly gets the rifle up to Rick's neck.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN-BAZAAR-DAY

Ben crawls out from underneath the vehicle and gets close to Dawson and Hill.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

Medic!

Ben holds Dawson up to his leg. Dawson struggles to stay awake.

Ben holds Dawson wound but in the moment... Dawson looks up to Ben and smiles one last time.

Dawson lays his head on Ben as his life fades away.

Dawson dies in Ben's arms. Ben looks over at Hill... it's too late. Ben grabs Hill's shoulder and breaks down.

BACK TO:

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND-HALLWAY-NIGHT

Ben holds Rick just as he did Dawson. He looks up to Johnson and Williams.

BEN

Save him... I can't do this... I can't...

The two agents get closer and help to assist Rick's wounds. Rick is incoherent. Johnson looks to Ben concerned.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
We need medical personnel down here.

JOHNSON
Why are you doing this?

Ben gets his hands onto Rick's wounds applying pressure.

BEN
He doesn't need to die. Help me out here please!

FBI Agents run down the hallway with medical bags. Ben gets up and heads down the hallway when the medics arrive.

JOHNSON
Ben!

Ben heads down the hallway without acknowledgment.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND-WAREHOUSE-NIGHT-LATER

Ben's arm is being wrapped as other agents get Rick out in a litter.

Locklear now handcuffed is escorted into the back of an FBI vehicle.

The Dying Agent is placed into a body bag. More agents and local medical personnel do their jobs in the area.

Dead bodies of FBI agents and cartel members are being placed into body bags.

Johnson comes up to Ben and sits with him as he is being assessed.

JOHNSON
I wish I could be your age again.
Fast healing isn't much of an issue for you.

BEN
What happens next?

Johnson pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Ben.

JOHNSON

Seeing is how you held one of our own hostage... we have to take action.

BEN

I understand.

A stretcher with a body bag comes out holding Thomas.

BEN (CONT'D)

Wait...

Ben approaches the body bag. Johnson places his hand on Ben's chest to stop him.

JOHNSON

You've seen enough.

Ben places his hand on the chest of the body bag. He zips the rest of the bag up.

BEN

Will he be taken back home?

JOHNSON

We'll take him where ever you want.

The stretcher is hauled away.

The Prisoners from below are being escorted out with Agent Williams and a team. They are all wrapped in blankets.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

What you did was a big thing. Sparing him like that... Why the change of heart?

Ben takes a drag of the cigarette. He puts it out. Ben holds out his hands for the handcuffs.

BEN

It's complicated.

An FBI SUV pulls up in front of Ben and Johnson. Johnson places handcuffs onto Ben.

JOHNSON

Benjamin Reynolds. You have the right to remain silent... anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney...

Johnson carries on with the Miranda Rights as Ben is escorted into the vehicle.

Johnson signals for the window to roll down.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Look... my condolences. I'll vouch
 for you so your sentence may get
 reduced.

Johnson holds out his hand, they exchange one last handshake.

Johnson taps the vehicle to leave.

The SUV drives off and Johnson heads over to help out with the mess.

Johnson flicks his cigarette away to assist with the cleanup.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON-VISITING ROOM-DAY

Ben in khaki prison garb sits waiting for a visitor. A person walks over to the stall. The man sits down.

Staff Sergeant Scott, now a veteran himself, looking dreary, wearing tattered clothes and an Operation Enduring Freedom Veteran Ball cap.

Ben is a little taken back. They both answer the phones.

BEN
 What are you doing here?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
 I saw what happened on the news.
 Your trial. I thought it was a
 noble thing you did sparing the
 life of that guy.

BEN
 What... are you doing here?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
 I wanted to check up on you.

BEN
 Why though? What makes you think
 I'd have anything good to say about
 you?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
You were one of my best soldiers.

BEN
Who you made out to be a clown?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
I've been wanting to talk about
what happened.

BEN
Fuck you. I'd rather see you dead
in the dirt.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
I'm sure you do. I don't wish that
on you though.

BEN
Make it quick. If I'm here another
minute I might have to extend my
sentence.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
Well... I've been sitting on this
for too long. Now seems like a
better chance than ever.

Ben lightly grinds his teeth.

BEN
Well?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
I feel as if the responsibility was
solely on me. I said things that
were in the heat of the moment.

BEN
Their blood on MY hands. You left
me with that.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
I wish I could take back.

BEN
But you can't! What was done is
done. What more did you want? To
save your own ass with the
situation?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT
It wasn't anything personal. It was
just business.

Ben can't believe what he heard.

BEN

You made it personal! YOU MADE IT
PERSONAL!

Staff Sergeant Scott places the phone down and rubs his face.
He picks up the phone when ready. Ben is still heated.

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

The insurgents would have gotten us
no matter what. Intel later
reported they tracked our
whereabouts-

BEN

No... No... You don't get to come
here and tell me this!

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

No other leader would come back and
admit this... please hear me out.

BEN

-JUST Business?... You made me out
to be the problem and you wait all
this time to say something?

STAFF SERGEANT SCOTT

I really hope we can take this
opportunity to put this all behind
us.

BEN

This better be the last time I see
your fucking face... Cause if I do,
I'll be right back in here. Except
next time, with a longer sentence.

Ben hangs up the phone and exits. As he walks out, he looks
back and realizes he might now find peace.

He takes a deep breath and continues out.

FADE TO BLACK:

ON BLACK: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON-FRONT DESK-DAY

Ben is escorted by two Corrections Officers. The Desk Clerk brings out Ben's belongings.

Ben pulls out his memorial bracelet amongst his other things.

EXT. PRISON-FRONT GATE-DAY

Ben exits out the front gate. Sharon waits for him in the parking lot.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT-DAY-CONTINUOUS

Ben approaches. He drops the box and falls into Sharon. She lowers him down as he sits up to gather his strength. His anguish projects.

BEN

How was the funeral?

Sharon places Ben's things into the trunk.

SHARON

It was beautiful. Everyone in the community showed up.

BEN

I wish I could have been there.

SHARON

We can still go. I have all day.

BEN

Sure. Thanks for being here.

SHARON

Don't worry about it. What can I do for you now? If there was anywhere I could take you... where would it be?

Ben looks down at his memorial bracelet. She lightly grabs Ben's wrist.

BEN

Everything was my fault.

SHARON

Hey... what can I do?

Ben chokes up in his anguish. Sharon lays a hand on Ben's cheek.

BEN

I don't know how to come back from all of this.

SHARON

Hey we are here now. It's over.

BEN

No... I broke your heart. I got weak. I... cause destruction everywhere I go.

Ben teary eyed wipes them away. Sharon chokes up in the moment.

SHARON

I didn't know what happened to you. Everything that's happened. I saw someone that I didn't recognize. Now I'm grateful for it.

BEN

I said things I can't ever take back.

Sharon places her hand on Ben's shoulder.

BEN (CONT'D)

I should have done it when I had the chance.

SHARON

No don't... don't say that. I want you to be ok. You're coming home with me tonight... ok? I wouldn't be here without you.

Sharon lifts Ben up. She comforts him with a long hug.

SHARON (CONT'D)

We are in this together.

BEN

Do you forgive me?

SHARON

I would like to... but... I can work on it.

Sharon perks up a smile. Ben responds back with a smile.

SHARON (CONT'D)
C'mon soldier. Let's get you home.

Before they enter the car-

BEN
There is one place I need to go. If
you don't mind.

EXT. LAKE NATOMA-EVENING

Ben sits at the end of the shoreline. Sharon stays back with the car.

Ben looks down at his memorial bracelet.

Tears run down his eyes. He looks out at the glistening water.

That flashes remind him of-

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FORT BENNING GEORGIA-BARRACKS BUILDING-DAY

Flash photography shines onto Ben and his Army buddies as they pose at attention for a picture.

They casually smile and playfully hit each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-DAY

Ben in his dress blues with other soldiers from his unit stand beside two caskets with American flags draped over.

In the background the Funeral Detail of SEVEN SOLDIER RIFLE TEAM AND A BUGLER STANDS TO THE SIDE.

The twenty-one gun salute commences. The Funeral NCO (male or female) shouts the first command.

FUNERAL NCO
Ready.

The rifle team stands in position charging their rifles.

FUNERAL NCO (CONT'D)
Aim.

The rifle team aims the rifles up.

FUNERAL NCO (CONT'D)

Fire!

SYNCHRONIZED POP SHOTS.

Ben looks over at the rifle team as they prep for another round.

FUNERAL NCO (CONT'D)

Ready... Aim... FIRE!

More synchronized pop shots. Staff Sergeant Scott looks over to Ben. Ben turns away and looks back at the family.

FUNERAL NCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ready... Aim... Fire!

More pop shots... Ben see's the family mourning for their loved ones.

Rick is seen in the back. Ben pays no attention to him. His eyes are fixated on the caskets.

BACK TO:

EXT. LAKE NATOMA-NIGHT

Ben shuts his eyes. He grasps the bracelet. He stands looking out in the lake taking a few deep breaths to soothe himself.

Ben chucks the bracelet into the lake.

The bracelet sinks into the water.

The water ripples flow outward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END