

REVOLUTION CORPS

Written by

R.L. Galbraith

FADE IN:

**EXT. WOODED AREA - NORTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

On a cloudy day in the late afternoon, Novak Bailey, better known as Nova, his former Army aviator call sign, slowly makes his way around a clump of trees so he can better see an old shack several yards away. Nova is an imposing figure of a man: stocky with broad shoulders, short blond hair, rigid face accented by a stubble beard, and an overall demeanor that suggests he's ready to take on the world.

He observes for a few moments before he sees someone come out of the shack and light a cigarette. The young looking man, dressed in shabby clothes, paces as he smokes.

Nova moves closer through trees and foliage. When he gets closer, he draws his weapon and immediately gets the man's attention.

NOVA

Donnie Binns, you need to come with me.

BINNS throws his cigarette on the ground.

BINNS

Who in the hell are you?

Nova moves in, slams Binns against the wall and handcuffs him.

NOVA

My name is Nova. I'm a bounty hunter, and right now, I'm your worst nightmare.

He grabs Binns and marches him out of the forest.

**INT. ENLIGHTMENT ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION CORPS MANAGEMENT (RCM) - SOMEWHERE IN COLORADO - DAY**

Several new members file into the enlightenment room and casually take their seats. The room is a large conference center that is reconfigured for lectures. Soft chairs are there for the members, as well as the lecturer. Paintings of landscapes, and waterscapes hang on the walls.

JON DEMSEY, CEO, tall, tan with dark black hair, walks in, surveys the group, and sits in a chair directly in front of them. CARLA JENSEN, his recruiter, petite, cheerleader attractive, sits right next to him.

DEMPSEY

I believe you made the right choice coming here. We are experts in making your lives better. Our purpose is to enlighten your soul by modifying your critical thinking.

He smiles at the attentive faces.

CARLA

We welcome you all.

DEMPSEY

Our flawless procedure will help you manage your physical and mental health. It's that simple.

A new member, DAISEY, raises her hand.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

Yes, you're Daisey. Correct?

DAISEY

I am. I want to know what to expect while we're here?

DEMPSEY

First of all, we will have a series of lectures in this room. We will break up into groups for further discussions.

DAISEY

Is that all?

DEMPSEY

We have social hours as well.

A new member, HOWIE HAGER, sitting next to Daisey raises his hand.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

Yes, Howie.

HOWIE

Someone told me we have to go through some kind of medical procedure. Is that true?

Dempsey glances around the group before he speaks.

DEMPSEY

We have a separate briefing on that, but yes, each and every one of you will be part of that process.

HOWIE

But what is it?

DEMPSEY

It's the bonus for being here. You will become more aware, better equipped to deal with frustrating problems, and have a mental capacity not experienced by others.

The members glance at one another.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

I want to introduce someone I've known for a while. She's the first one to undergo this procedure. Simone, please say a few words.

Dempsey points to SIMONE, and she stands and looks around at the group.

SIMONE

I'm certainly glad to be here. I know I made the right choice, and I'm sure you will too.

CARLA

Well said. I know you all have paid a lot of money for this experience. You won't be disappointed. Revolution Corps is the face of the future. Grasp it. Love it.

DEMPSEY

Agendas for your stay are posted on the wall outside the enlightenment room.

**INT. MEDICAL PROCEDURE ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION  
CORPS MANAGEMENT (RCM) - DAY**

An hour later, Dempsey walks into a dimly lit sterile medical procedure room in the rear of the headquarters. He's welcomed by Dr. MOHAMMED PATEL, born and educated in India.

PATEL

We are ready when you are.

Dempsey looks around the room. There are two surgery gurneys placed side by side. IV poles are set to the rear. There is an array of computer screens placed in a large unit on the wall. There is a table with containers of miniature transponders that look similar to ear plugs.

DEMPSEY

Are you sure this will work?

Patel looks over at ALICE HAWTHORNE, his nurse, and briefly smiles at her.

She goes over and picks up one of the containers and walks over to Dempsey. She hands the container to him.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

So, this is how this works?

PATEL

Power of suggestion.

Dempsey picks up the small transponder and looks at it while Patel explains.

PATEL (CONT'D)

These devices are state of the art. As long as two people have these devices implanted, they can communicate without saying a word.

DEMPSEY

Sounds like science fiction.

PATEL

The device interacts with neurons of the brain in the frontal lobe that controls the thinking process, and therefore can convince people to do what is suggested through subliminal communication.

Dempsey hands the container back to the nurse.

DEMPSEY

Is that possible?

HAWTHORNE

It's an amazing technology.

PATEL

Sasha will be here tomorrow. He will discuss how you should proceed.

DEMPSEY

Make sure no one knows he's here.  
Bring him right back to the  
procedure room or my office.

Dempsey smiles and walks out of the room.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

An old Jeep drives up a long dirt driveway to a large house surrounded by tall trees.

When the Jeep stops, two people get out and walk up to the front porch.

Nova walks into the house while his girlfriend and associate, TAMICA THORTON, a slender, attractive African American, puts her leather handbag down on the porch floor and sits on a rocking chair.

A minute later, Nova comes out of the house with two beers. He hands one to Tamica and sits next to her in another rocking chair.

TAMICA

Are you all right?

Nova gulps some beer.

NOVA

Not really.

TAMICA

You don't know if your sister was kidnapped?

NOVA

All indications are she was. I mean Simone would never have just disappeared on her own.

TAMICA

Okay, how do you want to proceed?

Nova looks away like he's in thought. He takes another swig of his beer.

NOVA

She had a new boyfriend, but I don't know who he is.

TAMICA

You don't think he did something to her?

NOVA

I haven't a fucking clue.

Tamica slowly sips some beer. She puts her hand on his arm.

TAMICA

I know what's wrong. You're sorry you retired.

He looks away and doesn't respond.

TAMICA (CONT'D)

You have more to offer now.

Nova, still looking away, drinks his beer down, and thinks back.

FLASHBACK:

**EXT. TARMAC - BAGRAM AIR BASE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY**

On a clear and sunny afternoon, a UH-60 Black Hawk lands on the tarmac. After it shuts down, the two pilots and four others get out and head toward a small building next to several hangers.

Nova and his copilot, CAJUN, tall African American, born and bred in Louisiana, walk in back of the others.

CAJUN

That mission was fucking exhilarating.

NOVA

Hell yeah. I wonder what the rangers thought.

They reach the building and go in.

**INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Nova and Cajun take a seat with the four Army Rangers. The senior ranger, Sergeant RICKY SANDOVAL is the lead in the discussions. Sandoval, stocky, crew cut, is the epitome of the term full of yourself.

SANDOVAL

Fuck it, I think we killed twenty of those bastards. There might have been more.

NOVA

When's the next go?

Sandoval looks over at Sergeant BILL BRAGG.

SANDOVAL

In three days. Right?

BRAGG

Two days. Wheels up at 0430.

CAJUN

Where's the mission?

BRAGG

Hindu Kush.

SANDOVAL

It'll be a totally different mission than today. We'll be looking for an outpost somewhere in the mountains.

NOVA

(grins)

This never gets old.

He glances over at Cajun.

CAJUN

I'm loving it.

SANDOVAL

We're going to kill those motherfuckers.

They all laugh.

RETURN TO PRESENT

**INT. WORK ROOM - COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Nova and Tamica walk into the work room: a converted den. Tamica goes over to the computer terminal and takes a seat. Nova sits in an easy chair with another beer.

TAMICA

We need to up our game. I mean we should have a better motto. What about this?

She goes over to a white board and writes **The Best Bounty Hunter is a Warrior.**

NOVA

Yeah, it's all right.

TAMICA

If this works out, you probably need to get another guy to help you. I mean, I won't get you anywhere.

Nova sips his beer.

NOVA

I think I have just the right guy.

TAMICA

Who?

NOVA

Ricky Sandoval.

TAMICA

Who's that?

NOVA

He's a former Army Ranger who doesn't take any prisoners. He'll do just fine.

TAMICA

Where can I get hold of him?

NOVA

Not sure. Look, I'll take care of it.

Tamica starts typing.

TAMICA

I'll build you a website that should generate more interest.

NOVA

(smiles)  
Whatever you say.

He downs his beer.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey sits at his desk reading a book when SASHA, his new Russian handler, walks in, glances around, and takes a seat. He speaks in broken English.

DEMPSEY

I understand you go by Sasha?

Sasha straightens his tie and creases his coat.

SASHA

(grins)

How many people are enrolled here?

DEMPSEY

Twenty five, but that will soon change.

SASHA

I want to meet with Dr. Patel today.

DEMPSEY

Of course.

Sasha doesn't respond.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

I believe we will accomplish the goals you've set out for us.

SASHA

When do the operations begin?

DEMPSEY

If you mean when are the transponders being implanted, that would be any day now.

SASHA

What about yourself?

DEMPSEY

I won't give it a second thought.

SASHA

Where is Patel?

DEMPSEY

Follow me.

**INT. MEDICAL PROCEDURE ROOM - DAY**

Dr. Patel and Hawthorne are working on computers when Dempsey and Sasha walk in.

Sasha wanders around the room, as if he's conducting an inspection.

SASHA

This appears adequate, but you are behind.

Patel approaches Sasha.

PATEL

That will get corrected.

DEMPSEY

We have every intention of accelerating the process once we begin.

Sasha looks at his watch.

SASHA

You have two weeks.

Dempsey glances over at Patel.

DEMPSEY

(grins)

Done.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

The next day, Dempsey meets with Patel concerning the first transponder implant procedure.

PATEL

I'm not sure we can get this all done in two weeks.

DEMPSEY

We have no choice.

PATEL

(abrupt)

I'm concerned about ethics.

DEMPSEY

We're way past that. Sasha pays us well. Revolution Corps wouldn't exist if not for his benefactors.

PATEL  
You mean the Russians.

DEMPSEY  
(smiles)  
You just need to get back to your  
room and get ready. Simone is first  
up this afternoon.

PATEL  
We're expecting her.

Patel departs.

Dempsey pulls out a folder from his top drawer. He begins to read when Simone knocks on the door. He motions for her to come in.

She nervously sits in a chair next to his desk. He stares at her for a moment.

DEMPSEY  
This afternoon, you will undergo a  
life changing event.

SIMONE  
I understand.

DEMPSEY  
You won't feel a thing.

SIMONE  
This won't affect my intelligence.  
Correct?

Dempsey sits back and glares at her.

DEMPSEY  
Nothing to worry about.

SIMONE  
But what does it exactly do?

DEMPSEY  
You will receive life coaching  
through messages you will receive  
from this incredible device.

SIMONE  
(unnerved)  
Does it really work?

DEMPSEY  
Are you not on board?

SIMONE

No, no, I'm ready. I just have a little nerves.

DEMPSEY

You'll be fine.

**INT. MEDICAL PROCEEDURE ROOM - DAY**

Dr. Patel and nurse Hawthorne hover over Simone as she lays on the gurney; dead to the world. Hawthorne hands the transponder to the doctor. Patel carefully inserts the transponder in the skull on her right side.

Dempsey watches the procedure from outside the room, looking through a small window. It puts a smile on his face.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

On a sunny day, an old beat up BMW drives up the dirt driveway.

When it stops, Ricky Sandoval, now sporting a beard, dressed in khakis with a camouflaged shirt, and a straw hat, gets out and walks toward the porch.

Nova walks out of the house and greets him.

NOVA

(grins)

Nice car.

SANDOVAL

Yeah, right.

Nova motions for Sandoval to join him on a walk on the property.

NOVA

Look, I'm glad you came.

SANDOVAL

So, you're a bounty hunter now.

NOVA

I've done a few. It's pretty cool, and I'm actually good at it.

SANDOVAL

Is there any money in it?

Nova points to a bench near a several tall trees. They take a seat.

NOVA

Only if you get the right gig.

SANDOVAL

I guess that's not too bad.

NOVA

What ever happened to Cajun?

SANDOVAL

I think he's in California  
somewhere. Why?

NOVA

I don't know. Maybe he would be  
interested.

SANDOVAL

I think he's flying for the state  
police, but I'm not totally sure.

Nova stands and starts walking.

NOVA

Lets' go back to the house.

**INT. WORK ROOM - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

They walk in and Nova goes to the kitchen to get two beers.  
Sitting there drinking, they continue their discussion.

SANDOVAL

So, you just work out of here.

NOVA

It's better than driving 30 miles  
one way.

SANDOVAL

Where's your better half?

NOVA

She's upstairs.

Sandoval goes over and looks out the front door.

SANDOVAL

How'd you find this place?

NOVA

I bought it from a friend.

SANDOVAL  
 (laughs)  
 Not bad.

Tamica walks into the room. She approaches Sandoval.

TAMICA  
 You must be Ricky.

He smiles and shakes her hand. She goes over to the computer terminal.

NOVA  
 We're in the process of procuring  
 two jobs.

He takes a sip of his beer, and looks over at Sandoval.

NOVA (CONT'D)  
 So, I'll need your help.

SANDOVAL  
 (grins)  
 You're in luck, I don't have  
 anything else to do at the moment.

NOVA  
 I never doubted you.

**INT. OFFICE OF ASSISTANT MANAGER - CRESCENT BANK - MEMPHIS  
 TENNESSEE - DAY**

In the morning, BARBARA YEAGER walks into her office with a large briefcase. She carefully places it next to the wall and takes a seat.

A TELLER looks in the door.

TELLER  
 You're here early today.

YEAGER  
 Only for moment. I have an  
 appointment to go to.

She reviews several file folders on her desk, and then puts them in the top drawer. She looks at her watch, sits back in thought, like she's listening to something, her eyes rolling back and forth. She stands, takes a deep breath, and walks out of the office, leaving the briefcase against the wall.

**EXT. CRESCENT BANK - MEMPHIS - DAY**

Yeager walks away from the bank and crosses the street.

A giant explosion rocks the bank, as debris is thrown for hundreds of feet all over the street and into other buildings.

Sirens can be heard, as dozens of people are fighting for their lives.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey waits in his office, drinking his coffee, in anticipation of talking to an old friend who helped him initially set up Revolution Corps.

BEN RODRIGUEZ arrives, looks around, and takes a seat.

RODRIGUEZ

Got your call, so here I am.

DEMPSEY

Just wanted to get you up to date.

RODRIGUEZ

This place is looking a lot better.

DEMPSEY

It was just a matter of time.

RODRIGUEZ

Has Sasha been here yet?

DEMPSEY

I think he believes we're on the forefront of utilizing this technology.

Rodriguez gets a confused look on his face.

RODRIGUEZ

(abrupt)

You don't know. Do you?

DEMPSEY

Enlighten me.

RODRIGUEZ

Sasha is running at least five other cover organizations for Alexander Ruffin.

Dempsey leans forward.

DEMPSEY

What?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, there are dozens of people already fitted with these transponders.

DEMPSEY

I had no idea.

Rodriguez smirks as he speaks.

RODRIGUEZ

But you knew what you were getting into.

DEMPSEY

Where are these places?

RODRIGUEZ

Don't know.

DEMPSEY

I need to talk to Sasha.

RODRIGUEZ

Be careful. He's really not a nice person.

Dempsey's face becomes ridged with a defined frown.

Rodriguez walks out and Carla enters.

CARLA

Who was that?

DEMPSEY

An old friend.

CARLA

Do you have a moment?

He motions for her to take a seat.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I want to increase our recruiting.

DEMPSEY

(smiles)

By all means.

CARLA

I think it will be better for us financially.

DEMPSEY

Just make sure they're vetted.

She stands to depart.

CARLA

That's never been a problem.

She walks out with a smile on her face.

**EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NORTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - NIGHT**

Right after dusk, Nova and Sandoval walk among rubble a distance from the building.

SANDOVAL

You think this guy's in there?

NOVA

He's been seen there before.

They start to walk closer to the building.

NOVA (CONT'D)

He's supposedly armed and dangerous, so we need to do this right.

They move near the building and draw their weapons. They go in what appears to be the only door.

**INT. INSIDE ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT**

It's dark with only a small amount of light coming in from a crack in one of the walls. The building is a warehouse with over a dozen shelves with boxes piled to the ceiling. Nova stops and calls out the suspect's name.

NOVA

It's over Burris. Give yourself up.

His words are followed by silence. He whispers to Sandoval.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Go around to the other side.

Sandoval slowly walks to the other side of the building.

NOVA (CONT'D)

We're not going away, so give up.

A shot rings out from around one of the shelves. Nova moves out of the way.

NOVA (CONT'D)

We don't want to hurt you. Now,  
walk out where I can see you.

Sandoval moves around one of the shelves and sees Burris who points his gun at him.

SANDOVAL

Drop your weapon.

Burris doesn't do so, but points his weapon at Sandoval who fires at him.

Burris drops to the ground, blood saturating the floor. Nova runs around the corner.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

He gave me no choice.

Nova puts his arm on Sandoval's shoulder.

NOVA

Don't worry. It was justified.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - SOMEWHERE IN  
UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY**

Sasha observes for a few moments, as five individuals do individual tasks on computers affixed against the wall. He is approached by his superior, ALEXANDER RUFFIN.

RUFFIN

We should talk in my office.

Sasha follows his boss around the corner, heading to the office.

**INT. OFFICE OF ALEXANDER RUFFIN - DAY**

They take a seat. Ruffin pours tea into two cups and hands one to Sasha.

RUFFIN

We are on track to take down the  
electrical grid in the Washington  
D.C. area.

SASHA  
Is that wise?

RUFFIN  
I thought I would get your  
attention.

He takes a sip of his tea.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)  
We will experiment with other  
cities first.

SASHA  
So, I assume the transponders are  
working.

RUFFIN  
Great technology does great things.

Sasha smiles.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)  
What is the status of Revolution  
Corps?

SASHA  
They are starting to implant.

RUFFIN  
You should ensure a quick  
completion. We have work for them  
to do.

Sasha grins and drinks his tea.

**INT. ENLIGHTMENT ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION CORPS  
MANAGEMENT (RCM) - DAY**

Dempsey sits in his soft chair and pontificates about his  
passion for wellness. Several of his members attend, anxious  
to hear what he has to say.

DEMPSEY  
My desire is for everyone here to  
be enlightened. We don't take  
anyone's frustrations lightly.

DAISEY  
Will your devices really help us?

DEMPSEY

They're designed to give you the edge in critical thinking and being successful in what you set out to do.

Another member, AXL, speaks up.

AXL

My parents named me after Axl Rose. Do like Axl Rose?

DEMPSEY

(grins)

Sure. Are you a musician?

AXL

Yeah, I play the drums.

DEMPSEY

A rock star. Good.

Axl looks over at his friend, ROBB.

ROBB

I'm a musician too. I play guitar. Axl and I are trying to start a band.

DEMPSEY

That's important to hear, but what we're all about here is finding our true selves. Deciding to form a band is a good start, but we are more than that. We need to dig down to our inner soul. Our devices will help you more than you know.

DAISEY

It sounds so exciting.

DEMPSEY

I believe you will all understand over time. Sit back and breath in the fresh air. Open up your mind to greatness.

He looks around the room.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

Let's take a small break.

They all walk out of the room. Dempsey sits in his chair and meditates.

**INT. MOSES BAR - SOUTH PORTLAND - NIGHT**

Nova waits for an old friend while he savors a beer. Sitting in the back of the bar, it's dimly lit, and for a Thursday night, it's not crowded.

His friend, KEVIN HAGER, walks up to the booth, holding a beer, and takes a seat.

NOVA  
Been a while.

KEVIN  
You're pretty easy to find.

NOVA  
You said on the phone you had something to talk about.

KEVIN  
I want you to find my brother.

The waitress interrupts, setting a basket of chips on the table. Nova smiles and waits till she walks away.

NOVA  
He's missing?

KEVIN  
At least a month.

NOVA  
Have you gone to the police?

KEVIN  
No, he's got a record and I don't know what kind of support I can get from them.

NOVA  
You know I'm not a private eye, I'm a bounty hunter. Did he skip parole or something?

KEVIN  
No, I just think you're the guy to find him.

Kevin takes a long sip of his beer.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Did you ever hear of Revolution Corps Management?

NOVA  
No, what is it?

KEVIN  
Some guy told me it's a cult  
masquerading as some kind of  
management company.

NOVA  
What does that have to do with your  
brother?

KEVIN  
When he was younger, he was in a  
cult. Just seems to me he  
gravitates to them.

NOVA  
Where was he last seen?

KEVIN  
Somewhere in Colorado.

Nova thinks for a moment.

NOVA  
Let me be clear, I'm looking for my  
sister who's missing, so finding  
your brother could take some time.

KEVIN  
Understand.

NOVA  
Let me talk to my partner. I'll see  
what I can do. Do you have a  
picture of him?

Kevin reaches in his wallet and pulls out a small photo of  
his brother, and hands it to Nova.

They click beer bottles, and motion for the waitress to take  
their bar order.

**INT. WORK ROOM - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Sandoval walks into the room. Tamica is working on the  
computer. Nova is nowhere to be seen.

SANDOVAL  
Where's the boss?

TAMICA  
He'll be down in a minute.

SANDOVAL  
Anything going on?

TAMICA  
Looks like we may have a few possibilities.

Nova walks in and sits in his soft chair.

NOVA  
Want a beer?

Sandoval smiles, which signifies to Nova he wants one.

TAMICA  
I'll get them.

Sandoval sits across from Nova.

NOVA  
What do you know about an organization called Revolution Corps?

SANDOVAL  
Nothing. Why?

NOVA  
An old friend of mine thinks his brother may have joined them.

SANDOVAL  
Is that a problem?

NOVA  
They're supposedly a cult.

Tamica brings in the beer.

SANDOVAL  
What does he expect us to do?

NOVA  
He wants his brother found.

TAMICA  
Is he a felon?

NOVA  
No, but he was in a cult when he was younger.

Nova guzzles some beer.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Look, we need to do some research on this group. They apparently operate out of Colorado.

TAMICA

I'll see what I can find.

Sandoval stands to stretch, and goes over to the mantle on the fireplace. He picks up a picture frame.

SANDOVAL

Who's this?

NOVA

My sister. She's missing, or at least no one can find her.

Sandoval puts the picture frame back, takes out his cell phone and takes a picture of Nova's sister.

SANDOVAL

Just in case.

NOVA

We have to look for her, but I'm not sure where to begin.

Sandoval sits and drinks his beer.

SANDOVAL

Hey, do you remember when you and Cajun had that issue with a contractor overseas?

NOVA

At the bar?

SANDOVAL

What was his name? Deming or something.

NOVA

I think it was more like Dempsey.

FLASHBACK:

**INT. MAKESHIFT BAR - BAGRAM AIR BASE - NIGHT**

In a crowded room after a mission, Nova and Cajun sit at a small table, drinking beers.

The bar is in a converted barracks room on the first floor. There's not much on the walls but mission plaques.

Tired from a recent mission, they enjoy their beers. Sandoval stands at the bar conversing with other soldiers.

NOVA

I think our next mission is in two days.

CAJUN

(laughs)

Let's just stay here and drink.

Two guys with beers enter and sit at a table next to Nova and Cajun. CRADDOCK, and DEMPSEY glance around the room.

Dempsey looks over at Nova.

DEMPSEY

Shouldn't you two be out fighting the enemy?

NOVA

We're done for today.

CAJUN

What have you guys been doing?

Dempsey looks over at Craddock and snickers.

DEMPSEY

Repairing a hanger that's ready to fall down.

CRADDOCK

Are we winning the war?

CAJUN

We're working on it.

DEMPSEY

I certainly hope so, but don't make it too quick. We want to stay a while.

He laughs and takes a drink of his beer.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

The money here's good.

NOVA

We're not here to fund your contract work.

DEMPSEY

Really?

NOVA

Your name is Dempsey. Right?

DEMPSEY

Yeah, so what?

NOVA

Weren't you involved in contract fraud last year?

DEMPSEY

That's bullshit. You don't know what you're fucking talking about.

Nova downs some beer and looks over at Cajun.

NOVA

I'm surprised your still here.

DEMPSEY

You need to shut your fucking mouth.

NOVA

(grins)

I suppose you're going to take care of that.

Dempsey and Craddock jump up and lunge at Nova and Cajun. Cajun knocks Craddock down, but he gets back up and punches Cajun. Nova and Dempsey fight it out, each throwing punches.

Several soldiers stand by and watch, including Sandoval.

A COLONEL comes in the bar and yells.

COLONEL

Break it up, break it up.

Bloody and disheveled, they separate and stand there sneering at each other.

RETURN TO PRESENT

SANDOVAL

I remember that guy. He was a piece of work.

He finishes his beer.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)  
I'll be back later.

He walks out the front door.

**INT. DESMANS - RESTAURANT - SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

PHOEBE, a neatly dressed women carrying a briefcase walks into the restaurant and goes up to the bar. Desmans is in Georgetown and usually frequented by political types. She places the briefcase on the floor and takes a seat. The BARTENDER sees her and approaches.

BARTENDER  
What'll have?

PHOEBE  
Martini.

The bartender, a good looking guy, goes over and makes the drink while Phoebe looks around the restaurant. It starting to fill up.

BARTENDER  
Here you go.

PHOEBE  
Worked here long?

BARTENDER  
About a year.

PHOEBE  
Just started your shift?

He looks over at the clock on the wall.

BARTENDER  
I get off in five minutes.

He attends to others at the bar.

Phoebe slowly drinks her Martini. She glances around the restaurant. She notices a female talking to the bartender.

He comes over to her.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
I'm out of here. Debbie will take care of you.

He walks away, through the restaurant and out the door.

Phoebe looks at her watch, and finishes her Martini. She departs without the briefcase.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT**

Phoebe walks briskly down the street. The explosion is horrendous and shakes the ground beneath her feet. She looks back and watches the unbelievable chaos.

**EXT. PORCH - COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Nova and Sandoval relax, sitting on rocking chairs, smoking cigars, and drinking beer.

SANDOVAL

I sent your friend's brothers' picture to a friend of mine in Denver.

NOVA

(smiles)  
Needle in a haystack.

SANDOVAL

You never know.

Nova puffs his cigar, and sips some beer.

NOVA

I think Tamica found us a new job.

SANDOVAL

In Portland?

NOVA

San Diego.

SANDOVAL

Did you hear about that restaurant bombing in the D.C. area?

NOVA

No, the last one I heard of was a bank in Tennessee.

SANDOVAL

Do you think they could be related?

NOVA

I haven't a clue.

They see a vehicle coming up the driveway. The rusty-colored Jeep stops, and a tall man, dressed in jeans and a canvass shirt, gets out and walks to the porch.

NOVA (CONT'D)

I didn't think you would show.

CAJUN

This place is out there.

NOVA

We love it.

SANDOVAL

Want a beer?

CAJUN

Yeah.

They go into the house.

**INT. WORK ROOM - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Nova goes to get beer. The others take a seat.

SANDOVAL

You came a long way. You must be interested.

CAJUN

I'll see what you got going.

Nova delivers the beer and sits.

NOVA

We could use your help.

CAJUN

You guys making any money?

NOVA

We're not going to be millionaires,  
but we're doing all right.

Tamica comes into the room. She approaches Cajun.

TAMICA

I'm Tamica. Are you joining the team?

CAJUN

(smiles)  
Not sure.

TAMICA

We got some good ones coming up.

NOVA

Take some time to think it over.

Cajun guzzles some beer.

CAJUN

I'm unemployed at the moment, so this could be a good thing.

SANDOVAL

I thought you were flying for the state police.

CAJUN

I got into a fight with my boss and he fired me.

Nova lifts his beer bottle high in the air.

NOVA

Welcome to the team.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY**

Later in the day, Nova and Tamica take a walk in the pasture area in back of their house.

TAMICA

What are you going to do about your sister?

NOVA

I have no idea where she is.

TAMICA

Didn't she used to live somewhere in Colorado?

NOVA

The last I knew.

TAMICA

Isn't Sandoval going to Colorado?

NOVA

He's looking for my friend's brother.

She puts her hand on Nova's shoulder.

TAMICA

He can look for her too. Don't give  
up hope. She's out there somewhere.

They walk back to the house.

**INT. DICKERT'S BAR - NORTH DENVER - NIGHT**

Sandoval walks into the sparsely crowded bar and goes to the  
back and sits in a corner booth. An older WAITRESS comes over  
the table.

WAITRESS

What would you like?

SANDOVAL

Two Modello's please.

She grins and walks away.

Sandoval surveys the crowd. He sees someone coming back  
toward his table. He realizes it's his old friend, DAVE  
ZIMMER.

Zimmer eases into the booth. The waitress brings over two  
beers and a cup of peanuts.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

Sandoval smiles and shakes his head no. He pushes one of the  
beers over to Zimmer.

SANDOVAL

I wasn't sure you could make it.

ZIMMER

I have been busy lately.

SANDOVAL

I'm here for a reason.

He takes the picture of Kevin's brother out and puts it on  
the table.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Does this guy look familiar?

Zimmer picks up the picture and studies it, then puts it back  
down.

ZIMMER

Not sure, but I think I've seen him somewhere.

SANDOVAL

I need to find him. He's apparently missing according to his brother.

ZIMMER

I think it was a couple weeks ago. He was with a guy who frequents another bar I go to.

SANDOVAL

Are you sure it's him?

Zimmer slowly sips his beer and looks at the photo.

ZIMMER

I think so.

SANDOVAL

Show me where this other bar is.

Zimmer takes out an advertisement card for the bar, and slides over to Sandoval. Sandoval takes out a picture of Simone.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

By the way, have you seen this woman.

Zimmer looks at the picture.

ZIMMER

No, who is it?

SANDOVAL

It's the sister of a friend of mine.

ZIMMER

Can I keep the photo?

Sandoval smiles and shakes his head yes.

ZIMMER (CONT'D)

I'll meet you there tomorrow night.

SANDOVAL

Want another beer?

Sandoval motions for the waitress.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Mid-morning, Dempsey walks into his office with Simone right behind. They sit across from one another.

DEMPSEY  
Is there a problem?

SIMONE  
I can't get rid of these headaches.

DEMPSEY  
You know you can take medicine for that.

SIMONE  
Nothing helps.

Dempsey stares at Simone with an obvious frown.

DEMPSEY  
I don't know what you want me to do.

SIMONE  
Take this thing out of my head.

DEMPSEY  
It's there for a reason.

SIMONE  
You said it would help with our thought process. I don't think so.

DEMPSEY  
Give it time.

She stands to go.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)  
Please, sit down.

She reluctantly complies.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)  
Look, this is new and innovative technology. As great as it is, there can be some issues with it. I'll talk to Dr. Patel about your headaches.

SIMONE  
Do it as soon as you can. These headaches are driving me crazy.

She walks out, leaving Dempsey a bit annoyed.

**EXT. SILHOUETTE'S - BAR - EAST DENVER - NIGHT**

Sandoval and Zimmer stand across the street from the bar.

SANDOVAL  
Maybe we should go in.

ZIMMER  
He usually shows up about this  
time.

SANDOVAL  
You know his name?

ZIMMER  
I think it's Duffy.

They watch as a man who Zimmer thinks is Duffy gets out of a car and starts to walk toward the door.

Sandoval and Zimmer approach him.

SANDOVAL  
Are you Duffy?

DUFFY seems confused, but responds.

DUFFY  
Who are you?

SANDOVAL  
We want to talk to you.

Sandoval looks around the area.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)  
Let's go around the corner.

**EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO BAR - NIGHT**

They walk into a partially dark alley, littered with trash.

DUFFY  
What the hell do you want?

Sandoval pulls out the picture of Kevin's brother and hands it to Duffy.

SANDOVAL  
Do you know who this is?

Duffy looks at the photo, taking his time.

DUFFY  
Looks like Howie.

SANDOVAL  
Who?

DUFFY  
I don't know his last name. What do you want with him?

SANDOVAL  
He's not from Colorado. Why's he here?

DUFFY  
I have no idea.

Sandoval looks over at Zimmer.

SANDOVAL  
You may want to go.

Zimmer turns around and walks away.

DUFFY  
Look, you need to back off. I don't know what the hell you want.

Sandoval walks closer to Duffy.

SANDOVAL  
You need to come with me.

DUFFY  
Fuck you.

Sandoval reaches into his pocket, pulls out a syringe and quickly stabs Duffy with it. Duffy falls to the ground.

Sandoval goes to get the car. He parks, and puts Duffy in the passenger seat.

Sandoval walks away from the car and pulls out his cell phone. He dials a number.

NOVA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Any luck?

SANDOVAL  
 (into phone)  
 I'm bringing somebody back who  
 knows something about Kevin's  
 brother.

NOVA (V.O.)  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 Good, a couple of days I guess.

SANDOVAL  
 (into phone)  
 I think we're getting somewhere.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey waits in his office for Sasha to arrive. He drinks his coffee and stares at the wall.

Sasha walks in and sits.

SASHA  
 I got your call. Is there a  
 problem?

DEMPSEY  
 One of my members is experiencing  
 terrible headaches. Is that normal  
 with this devise?

SASHA  
 Not that I know of.

DEMPSEY  
 She's not happy.

Sasha's voice shows he's annoyed.

SASHA  
 It could be something else. She  
 should see a doctor.

DEMPSEY  
 Is that wise? She hasn't healed  
 yet. We don't want to be exposed.  
 Do we?

SASHA  
 Of course not. You're right. Where  
 is she? I'll talk to her if you  
 like.

DEMPSEY

No, I'll take care of it.

SASHA

We can't afford to have someone go rogue on us. You need to keep these people in line.

Sasha stands.

SASHA (CONT'D)

At some point, I want to address your members. And you need to get fitted with the transponder. Is that understood?

Dempsey doesn't respond. Rather, he nods his head yes.

**INT. TOOL SHED - NOVA'S PROPERTY - NIGHT**

In a dimly lit tool shed, Duffy, tied with his hands behind his back and a hood over his face, sits in the middle.

Sandoval stands to the side and Nova stands directly in front of Duffy. He pulls off his hood.

DUFFY

What the hell's wrong with you people. What the hell do you want?

NOVA

So, you're Duffy? Is that right?

DUFFY

Does it matter?

NOVA

(angry)

You're going to answer my questions or you'll pay the price.

DUFFY

Yes, that's my name.

Nova paces as he talks.

NOVA

Sandoval here tells me you know someone called Howie.

DUFFY

Not well.

NOVA  
What's his last name?

DUFFY  
I don't know.

Nova stands right over Duffy.

NOVA  
I think Howie is the brother of a  
friend of mine.

DUFFY  
What does that have to do with me?

NOVA  
What do you know about him?

DUFFY  
(indignant)  
I don't fucking know him.

NOVA  
Yes you do.

He motions for Sandoval to taze Duffy. He cries out in pain.

NOVA (CONT'D)  
Now tell me.

DUFFY  
Fuck you!

Sandoval tazes him again. His body shakes and he has a hard  
time catching his breath.

They walk out of the shed.

**EXT. NOVA'S BACK YARD - NIGHT**

In the glare of a spot light affixed to the shed, they walk  
several yards away.

SANDOVAL  
He's not going to break.

NOVA  
I guess we need to step it up.

SANDOVAL  
We can't afford for this to go bad.

NOVA

(grins)

We're not going to kill him, if that's what you mean.

SANDOVAL

We just need to be careful.

NOVA

He knows more than he's saying. All right? We need to get it out of him.

They head back to the shed.

**INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT**

They enter the shed. Duffy appears nonresponsive.

Nova goes over and shakes him.

NOVA

Wake up.

Duffy opens his eyes.

DUFFY

You need to let me go.

NOVA

What's Howie's story? Are you protecting him for some reason?

DUFFY

I told you, I know nothing about is personal life.

NOVA

I think you do, and this isn't going to get any better until you tell me.

Sandoval steps behind Duffy, puts a hood over his face, holds it back, and pours water on him. He struggles for several seconds. Sandoval rips the hood off. Duffy, red faced, coughs and tries to get catch his breath.

NOVA (CONT'D)

You need to come clean.

DUFFY

(still coughing)

Look, he told me once that he was enrolled in some kind of management group. All right? That's all I know.

NOVA

Where?

DUFFY

In Colorado. I haven't a clue where.

Nova takes out of picture of his sister. He holds it up so Duffy can see.

NOVA

Have you seen this woman?

Duffy squints while he looks at the photo.

DUFFY

She doesn't look familiar.

NOVA

You're sure?

DUFFY

Who is she?

NOVA

My sister.

DUFFY

I've never seen her. That's the truth. I mean it, I've never seen her.

Nova stares at Duffy with a frown. Sandoval takes off the handcuffs.

NOVA

You're free to go. If you tell the police or anyone else about our little encounter, you'll have a massive problem.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - SOMEWHERE IN  
UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY**

Alexander Ruffin watches as his gaggle of software hackers crunch numbers. His lead software engineer, PETER ZOLOV, approaches.

ZOLOV

We are making adequate progress.

RUFFIN

I understand you purged the power grid in a small Arizona town last night.

ZOLOV

It worked well. It was only for a few minutes.

RUFFIN

When are we going to expand our horizon?

ZOLOV

We are certainly working on it.

RUFFIN

Keep me informed.

He glances at the hackers as he goes in his office.

**INT. OFFICE OF ALEXANDER RUFFIN - DAY**

Ruffin is sitting at his desk reviewing a manual when Sasha walks in and sits. Ruffin's TV mounted on the wall is on a news channel, but the sound is low.

RUFFIN

I expected you earlier.

SASHA

A minor transport problem.

Sasha clears his throat.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I assume we are on track here.

RUFFIN

What is the progress at Revolution Corps?

SASHA  
Slower than expected.

RUFFIN  
What is the problem?

SASHA  
There appears to be some push back  
in accepting the transponders.

RUFFIN  
I expect you to change that  
behavior.

Ruffin gives Sasha a cold stare.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)  
Is Dempsey the problem?

SASHA  
Not sure.

RUFFIN  
(angry)  
Find out.

A news report comes on the TV. Ruffin turns up the sound. The REPORTER is standing on a street in Prescott Arizona.

REPORTER  
It has been reported that Prescott  
Arizona suffered a power outage  
last night. City authorities are  
not sure what happened and are  
checking it out. The entire city  
was blacked out for an hour.  
Hospitals and emergency services  
still operated due to emergency  
generators. No one was hurt, and  
the power is functioning properly  
today.

Ruffin turns the sound down.

RUFFIN  
That was the first step. More to  
come.

SASHA  
Impressive.

RUFFIN  
Tell Dempsey, we won't tolerate his  
incompetence.

Sasha shakes his head and departs without saying a word.

**EXT. PORCH - COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY**

The bounty hunter team casually sit on the porch, drinking beers, and discussing pertinent issues.

SANDOVAL

We need to go find your friend's brother.

Nova lights a cigar.

NOVA

Well, we know he's in Colorado.

SANDOVAL

Do you think your sister's still there?

NOVA

It's possible.

TAMICA

You know we have an important job coming up.

NOVA

Where's it at again?

TAMICA

San Diego.

CAJUN

What are we after?

TAMICA

Two guys jumped bail down there.

CAJUN

Are there any leads?

Sandoval goes in the house to get some more beer.

TAMICA

Supposedly, they're still in San Diego.

NOVA

We need to leave as soon as possible.

Sandoval brings out the beer and hands one to each member. He sits next to Nova.

SANDOVAL  
What about your sister?

NOVA  
What about her?

SANDOVAL  
You want to find her. Right?

Nova takes a long puff of his cigar.

NOVA  
Yeah.

He looks out over the horizon.

NOVA (CONT'D)  
But we don't have any leads, and it's going to be harder than you think.

CAJUN  
It's worth a shot. What do you have to lose?

Nova sips his beer.

NOVA  
Look, I want to find her but Colorado is a big place and there's no guarantee she's still there.

TAMICA  
Maybe I can track her down.

Nova doesn't respond, rather looks on the horizon and drinks his beer.

**INT. ENLIGHTMENT ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION CORPS  
MANAGEMENT (RCM) - DAY**

Members congregate in the enlightenment room. They wait for Dempsey to arrive. He strolls in and takes a seat. Patel follows suit and sits next to him.

DEMPSEY  
I hope all of you are feeling better as the days go by. We are making process.

AXL

Why do we have to have these  
gadgets put in our heads?

DEMPSEY

It's new technology designed to  
help you better rationalize your  
thinking process. I told you that  
before.

AXL

I guess I don't understand.

Patel looks over at Dempsey before he continues.

PATEL

What are you worried about?

AXL

I don't know.

Simone stands up.

SIMONE

What about the headaches?

PATEL

Are you taking medicine? They  
should go away.

DAISEY

(snickers)

I already have headaches. Why  
should I aggravate them?

PATEL

This procedure is not meant to make  
you sick.

DEMPSEY

This conversation is getting out of  
hand. You all agreed to come here,  
and to be fitted with these  
devices.

SIMONE

Not exactly. We were told after we  
got here.

DEMPSEY

That's beside the point.

ROBB

Okay, how do we know they work?

PATEL

Don't expect instant gratification.

DEMPSEY

You should all be rejoicing instead of complaining.

AXL

I don't know about this.

He looks around at the other members.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey storms into his office and slams his notebook down on the desk.

Simone walks in.

SIMONE

You wanted to see me?

DEMPSEY

What the hell are you doing?

SIMONE

What do you mean?

DEMPSEY

What are you telling the other members?

SIMONE

(angry)

They have every right to question this.

DEMPSEY

I don't care what you say, you're turning this into nightmare instead of the enlightenment it's meant to be.

SIMONE

Is that all?

She frowns and walks out.

**EXT. RAIL YARD - SAN YSIDRO, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT**

Nova, Sandoval and Cajun stand several hundred yards adjacent to the main building in the rail yard.

There are indications two brothers who skipped bail are somewhere in the rail yard. Just after dusk, they surveil the premises.

CAJUN

Let's not forget, they're armed and dangerous according to police reports.

SANDOVAL

We probably should split up.

NOVA

I'll go inside. You two go around the building. They could be anywhere; a lot of places to hide.

They move forward.

**EXT. STORAGE SHED BEYOND THE MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT**

Sandoval walks slowly toward one of the sheds. Cajun is close behind.

**INT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT**

The building is more like an aircraft hanger. It's used for repairing train engines. It's empty at the moment. Nova advances slowly. He stops when he hears noises, but realizes it's a bird flying from one girder to another; obviously stuck in the building.

Before he moves again, he hears a sound like something dropping on the concrete floor. It is coming from the back of the building. As he moves forward, two figures emerge and run out the back door.

**EXT. AREA OUT BACK OF MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT**

Sandoval and Cajun stop the brothers in their tracks by pointing guns at them.

Nova races out of the building and disarms the brothers.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - REVOLUTION CORPS HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

In the early morning, Dempsey, Sasha, and Ruffin sit around a table and discuss issues that's concerning to all present. They all enjoy rich coffee from a corner store.

RUFFIN

I didn't think I would have to pay you a visit, but here I am.

DEMPSEY

There's nothing here I can't take care of.

SASHA

We don't need a rebellion.

Dempsey stares at Sasha before he sips his coffee.

DEMPSEY

They're just scared of the unknown.

RUFFIN

I understand you haven't been fitted. Are you scared, Mister Dempsey?

DEMPSEY

I haven't had time.

Dempsey goes over and closes the door to the conference room, and goes back to the table.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

Look, some members are leery of these devices. It's only a natural response to something you know nothing about.

RUFFIN

So you haven't deviated from the cover story?

DEMPSEY

Of course not.

RUFFIN

We are making inroads to establishing a base of operations to affect the American psyche. There is nothing they can do about it, and over time will be ripe for a systematic takeover.

SASHA

I assume you share that goal.

Dempsey drinks some coffee and shakes his head yes.

SASHA (CONT'D)

We pay you good money and we expect to be rewarded. Is that understood?

DEMPSEY

I signed on the dotted line. What can I say?

Dempsey appears distraught by something.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

But what we're doing now isn't what you said years ago when we started.

Sasha ignores Dempsey.

RUFFIN

Once your membership is fitted, we want to address them.

Dempsey doesn't say anything. Ruffin and Sasha depart without saying another word.

Dempsey sits and stares at the wall, thinking back.

FLASHBACK:

**INT. DEMPSEY'S LIVING ROOM - COLORADO - DAY (5 YEARS EARLIER)**

Dempsey and Ruffin discuss a start-up business.

RUFFIN

Thank you for your time. I'm in the business of investing in new businesses. I understand you are looking into starting one of your own.

DEMPSEY

I'm open to suggestions.

RUFFIN

I'm thinking about wellness management. Are you familiar?

DEMPSEY

No.

RUFFIN

It's a place where people can feel good about themselves.

(MORE)

RUFFIN (CONT'D)

We even have developed transponders that can be implanted in individuals to give them a greater sense of life.

DEMPSEY

Sounds exciting.

RUFFIN

If you're interested, we can set you up in business. No problem.

DEMPSEY

Let me think it over.

RUFFIN

You won't be disappointed.

RETURN TO PRESENT

**INT. OFFICE OF FBI AGENT WILLIAM WARNER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Agent WILLIAM WARNER sits at his desk reading a large file when another agent, SONNY HOOVER, comes in for a meeting.

HOOVER

What have we got?

Warner holds up the file.

WARNER

This is good stuff. We may be getting closer.

HOOVER

You mean the elusive management firms?

WARNER

There's an informant that says he thinks he found one in New York, but not sure it's the one we're looking for, nor the actual location.

HOOVER

Apparently, there are several. So we need to widen the net.

Warner pulls out a piece of paper from the file and looks it over.

WARNER

According to this report, it appears that Alexander Ruffin is behind this effort.

HOOVER

Isn't he the Russian who was accused of election fraud.

WARNER

They couldn't prove anything.

HOOVER

Where is he?

WARNER

We'll have to find out.

Warner puts down the report, and smiles. Hoover walks out.

**INT. DICKERT'S BAR - NORTH DENVER - NIGHT**

Sandoval and Zimmer sit at a table in the rear, drinking beers.

ZIMMER

I haven't seen Duffy lately.

SANDOVAL

(grins)

I wonder why?

ZIMMER

Look, I was sitting next to a gal the other night at a bar who seemed to be talking up some wellness management group.

Sandoval guzzles some beer and glances around the bar.

SANDOVAL

What do they do?

ZIMMER

It wasn't clear, but she was talking to others like she was recruiting.

SANDOVAL

Do you know her name?

ZIMMER

I think it was Carla or something like that.

SANDOVAL

Have you seen her before?

ZIMMER

A few times.

SANDOVAL

The next time you see her, chat her up and see what you can find out.

Zimmer smiles, and slams down the rest of his beer.

**EXT. CHERRY CREEK STATE PARK - DAY**

Sandoval sits on an old wooden bench, watching kids flying kites in the distance.

A man approaches along a small walkway. When he gets closer, Sandoval realizes it's Nova.

Nova sits next to his friend.

SANDOVAL

You made it.

NOVA

How'd you find this place?

SANDOVAL

Luck.

NOVA

Did Zimmer have any new information to share?

SANDOVAL

Yeah, he said some lady at a bar talked to him about a wellness management group.

Several boys pass by with kites.

They smile at them and wait until they're well past before they continue.

NOVA

Did he say anything about Kevin's brother?

SANDOVAL

No, but he thinks the lady's name is Carla.

NOVA

We need to talk to her.

SANDOVAL

Any news about your sister?

Nova looks away before he talks.

NOVA

No, not yet.

SANDOVAL

I've been thinking. What if I can find out more about this management group and infiltrate it?

NOVA

I don't know. Anything can go wrong in that type of situation.

SANDOVAL

You're kidding. Right? You know I could pull it off.

NOVA

I want to know more about this Carla.

**EXT. GARDEN AREA OUTSIDE REVOLUTION CORPS MANAGEMENT - DAY**

Simone, Axl, and Robb sit together on a small courtyard overlooking a vibrant garden.

AXL

Are you still having those headaches?

SIMONE

Yeah, why?

AXL

I go in next.

SIMONE

The procedure doesn't hurt. They put you under.

ROBB  
Are you feeling euphoria or just  
headaches?

AXL  
Yeah, aren't we suppose to feel  
better about ourselves?

Simone moves her chair closer to them.

SIMONE  
Look, I've been having thoughts to  
do things I really don't want to  
do, but I feel the urge to do them.

AXL  
What do you mean?

SIMONE  
It's hard to explain, but I think  
these transponders are being put in  
our heads for a reason, and I'm not  
sure it's for our own good.

ROBB  
You know that for a fact?

Simone glances around the area before she responds.

SIMONE  
I can't be sure, but I believe  
we're being set up for something.

ROBB  
We need to find out.

AXL  
We should just ask?

SIMONE  
Let me take care of it.

They stare at one another.

**EXT. PLANTATION WINERY - NORTH DENVER - DAY**

In the late afternoon, Nova and Sandoval sit at a table on a small berm under the shade of large oak trees, adjacent to the winery. They enjoy local white wine, garlic bread, and calamari.

NOVA  
Is your friend coming?

SANDOVAL  
He'll be here.

NOVA  
Hope he's got the skinny on Kevin's  
brother.

Before Sandoval can respond, he notices a man coming up to their position holding a glass of wine. Zimmer arrives and takes a seat.

SANDOVAL  
Nova, this is Dave Zimmer.

They shake hands.

NOVA  
As you know, I'm looking for my  
friend's brother who's missing.

ZIMMER  
It's possible he could be involved  
with a wellness management group,  
but I can't be sure.

SANDOVAL  
What about the girl? Carla I think  
her name was.

ZIMMER  
If I see her again, I'll make  
contact.

Sandoval sips his wine.

SANDOVAL  
I want to infiltrate the group.

ZIMMER  
Is that wise?

NOVA  
What do you know about it?

ZIMMER  
Nothing, only it's advertised as  
wellness management, but I don't  
know what they do.

SANDOVAL  
I want to meet with this Carla.

ZIMMER

I'll try to set it up. But what reason do I give her?

SANDOVAL

Tell her you know of somebody who's looking for a better life and is eager to join a wellness group.

ZIMMER

If you say so, but I would be careful.

Zimmer drinks some wine before he continues. He takes a picture out of his wallet.

ZIMMER (CONT'D)

By the way, someone said they think they've seen this woman.

Nova grabs the picture.

NOVA

Where?

He flips the picture down on the table.

NOVA (CONT'D)

She's my sister.

ZIMMER

He wasn't sure.

SANDOVAL

Maybe she's involved with this group.

NOVA

Maybe.

Nova's demeanor suggests he's more than determined to find out more about the wellness management group.

NOVA (CONT'D)

We have to take into account this group may not be who they say they are, so it's important we do this with caution.

They raise their glasses.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMSPEY - DAY**

Dempsey is pacing in his office when Simone walks in.

SIMONE

Axl said you wanted to see me.

Still pacing, Dempsey unleashes on Simone.

DEMPSEY

(angry)

When is this going to end? What the hell have you been saying to people?

SIMONE

(intimidated)

I don't know what you mean.

DEMPSEY

What do you really think we're doing here?

SIMONE

You brought me to this place and said everything would be all right.

DEMPSEY

There's no reason to think it's not.

SIMONE

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry.

Sasha walks in the office. He looks Simone over.

SASHA

So, this Simone.

DEMPSEY

In the flesh.

He walks over and stands in front of her.

SASHA

I am the benefactor for this endeavor. Are you having second thoughts on being here?

SIMONE

No.

SASHA

If you are part of this team, then you must play by the rules. Is that understood?

SIMONE

Of course.

SASHA

Misleading others members will not be tolerated.

Simone looks distracted, and holds her head with her eyes squinting.

SIMONE

Okay, okay.

She walks out of the room.

DEMPSEY

What was that?

SASHA

(grins)

I suggested she leave.

Sasha glares at Dempsey.

SASHA (CONT'D)

You need to get fitted.

DEMPSEY

I'm aware of what they do. It won't be long now.

**EXT. PLANTATION WINERY - NORTH DENVER - DAY**

Nova and Sandoval sit at a table in the corner of the outside patio area. Mid-afternoon, it's not crowded at all. They enjoy a caffre of local wine. Cajun joins them.

CAJUN

Tamica says she can't get hold of you.

NOVA

She knows we're busy.

CAJUN

There's a job right here in Denver.

SANDOVAL

Where?

CAJUN

She'll let us know. A guy never made it to his bail hearing. He's supposedly armed and dangerous.

NOVA

Aren't they all.

A waitress brings them another caffre of wine.

CAJUN

What's going on here?

NOVA

We have a line on Kevin's brother. We're checking it out.

CAJUN

What about your sister?

Nova looks away for a moment.

NOVA

She may have been spotted here, but no other leads.

CAJUN

One of my contacts in the police department was telling me about a report he saw about some cult the FBI is investigating.

NOVA

Does he know where?

CAJUN

FBI hasn't said.

Sandoval swishes his wine around in the glass before he takes a sip.

SANDOVAL

We think Kevin's brother is involved with a wellness management group. I bet it's that Revolution Corps, but we know nothing about it.

CAJUN

Does Tamica know? The best I can tell, she's an expert at research.

NOVA

I didn't ask her cause she's busier than hell.

CAJUN

I'll tell one thing, if they're not well advertised, there's something going on.

SANDOVAL

I plan on infiltrating those bastards.

Sandoval glances over at Nova.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Nothing like inserting yourself in the process.

NOVA

You need to change your identity to include your profession.

Nova sips some wine.

NOVA (CONT'D)

You still dabble in photography?

Sandoval doesn't say anything, just smiles.

**EXT. REPOSSESSED HOUSE FOR SALE - SOUTH OF DENVER - NIGHT**

In the early evening, the bounty hunters stand in a wooded area looking at the house. There is no car there and it looks like it could be uninhabited.

They figure the guy they're after is in the house.

NOVA

Let's wait to see if there's any activity before we approach.

CAJUN

He was spotted in this area, so it's possible he's hiding in there.

After a few moments, with guns drawn, they slowly walk toward the house.

NOVA

We're bounty hunters. If you're in there, you need to come out.

No response.

NOVA (CONT'D)

This is a final warning. Come out now.

The next thing they hear is a gunshot blast from inside the house.

SANDOVAL

I guess that's our answer.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DOWNTOWN DENVER - NIGHT**

Nova and Sandoval share a bottle of wine a day after they chased down the accused murderer who killed himself.

SANDOVAL

I wish all our jobs were as easy as the one yesterday.

NOVA

I guess he figured checking out was the way to go.

SANDOVAL

I talked to Zimmer the other day. He's getting hold of Carla and we're going to meet tomorrow night at the bar.

He grins, and sips some wine.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

I think we're getting somewhere.

NOVA

Are you sure you want to do this?

SANDOVAL

Why not?

NOVA

Because I'm not sure what you're getting into.

SANDOVAL

(grins)

I can take care of myself. Besides, it might be the only opportunity to get Kevin's brother back.

Nova doesn't respond. He savors some wine.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)  
He might know where your sister is.

NOVA  
I think it's a long shot, but what  
the hell, that would be awesome.

There's a knock at the door. Sandoval goes over and lets  
Cajun in, and points to the bottle of wine.

NOVA (CONT'D)  
You look thirsty.

CAJUN  
Has Tamica called? She's trying to  
get hold of you.

NOVA  
Not yet.

CAJUN  
She said it's important.

Before Nova can respond, his cell phone rings.

NOVA  
(into phone)  
I'm glad you called.

TAMICA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
I made contact with someone who  
thinks they saw your sister with a  
man in Denver several weeks ago.

NOVA  
(into phone)  
What's his name?

TAMICA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
I'll text his name and number.

NOVA  
(into phone)  
Good, I want to talk to him.

TAMICA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
I'll be in touch.

Nova hangs up, grabs a bottle of wine and pours another  
glass.

**INT. OFFICE OF FBI AGENT WILLIAM WARNER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Warner and Hoover meet in the morning to discuss latest issues relating to an international fraud case. Warner is reviewing paperwork he just received.

WARNER

Have you heard the name Sasha before?

HOOVER

If I'm not mistaken, he's associated with Alexander Ruffin.

WARNER

Within the last month he was seen in upstate New York and Denver.

HOOVER

Doing what?

WARNER

Apparently, he was visiting locations that still can't be identified.

HOOVER

We need to step up our operation. Why don't we split up.

Hoover stands to depart.

WARNER

I'll go to Denver and you can go to New York. Sasha was spotted near Albany. Doesn't your brother live there?

HOOVER

He does. Sounds good.

He quickly walks out.

**EXT. CHERRY CREEK STATE PARK - DAY**

Nova sits calmly on a bench and watches people enjoying themselves on a bright sunny day.

A man comes up to him. TOM CHRISTOPHER gets Nova's attention.

TOM

Are you Novak Bailey?

NOVA

Nova. You must be Tom Christopher.  
Have a seat.

Tom joins him.

TOM

I understand you're looking for  
Simone.

NOVA

Do you know her?

TOM

We used to work together.

NOVA

You saw her recently. Correct?

TOM

She was with a guy I don't know.  
They were walking along the street  
and then got into a car and took  
off.

NOVA

Did you get the license plate?

TOM

No, sorry. I asked around where she  
works. She told a colleague she was  
going somewhere where they  
specialize in mental fitness.

Out of anticipation, Nova's voice gets a little louder.

NOVA

Where would that be?

TOM

I have no idea.

NOVA

You have my number. If you see her  
again or find out where she is,  
give me a call.

TOM

So, Simone is your sister.

NOVA

Yeah, I need to find her.

**INT. DICKERT'S BAR - NORTH DENVER - NIGHT**

Sandoval sits with Zimmer at a table in the back of the bar, drinking beer. It's crowded and rather noisy.

SANDOVAL  
When's she coming?

ZIMMER  
Should be shortly.

SANDOVAL  
Was she curious why I wanted to join?

ZIMMER  
Not really, but I have to believe she probably gets paid for recruits.

Sandoval downs some beer.

SANDOVAL  
If so, I should fit the bill.

ZIMMER  
I wouldn't overdo it. She's probably skilled at knowing what's real and what's not.

SANDOVAL  
Are you going to hang around?

ZIMMER  
It's best you talk to her alone.

Zimmer notices Carla walk into the bar.

ZIMMER (CONT'D)  
She's here. I told her you would be in the back. Good luck.

He walks to the front and sits at the bar.

CARLA causally walks up to the table.

**Sandoval takes on the persona of ROGER FREEMAN, photographer.**

CARLA  
Roger Freeman?

FREEMAN  
You must be Carla.

She takes a seat.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)  
Can I buy you a drink.

She nods her head yes. Sandoval motions for a waitress, and she comes over.

CARLA  
A white wine, please.

FREEMAN  
Thanks for seeing me tonight.

CARLA  
So, you're interested in wellness management.

FREEMAN  
Very much so. I understand you can help.

CARLA  
What do you hope you gain?

FREEMAN  
I don't know, peace of mind,  
feeling better about myself.

The waitress brings over the glass of wine. Carla smiles and takes a sip.

CARLA  
Do you have a job?

FREEMAN  
I'm self-employed. I'm a still  
photographer.

CARLA  
If you join our organization, you  
will be required to stay with us  
for a while. Is that a problem?

Freeman drinks some beer.

FREEMAN  
What if there is an emergency?

CARLA  
(smiles)  
We can make provisions for that.

FREEMAN

How long is the course?

CARLA

It all depends on what you seek  
when you get there.

She stares at Freeman with a sense of reservation.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You know, we just don't accept  
anyone.

Freeman doesn't blink an eyelash.

FREEMAN

What are the requirements?

CARLA

We want people who are sincere  
enough to see it through.

FREEMAN

You don't want troublemakers.

CARLA

I guess you could say that.  
(stares at Sandoval)  
We have strict rules and they  
cannot be broken. Does that bother  
you?

FREEMAN

I'm good. I assume there's a fee.

CARLA

Ten thousand dollars, but you can  
pay incrementally.

FREEMAN

(smiles)

When can I start?

Carla looks away for a moment.

CARLA

(grins)

You're very convincing.

Carla finishes her wine. She takes out a card and a pen and  
writes down an address. She slides it over to Freeman.

CARLA (CONT'D)

If you're serious, be at this address in two days at six o'clock at night. Someone will pick you up and take you to our location.

SANDOVAL

Okay.

He looks at the card. Carla smiles and walks away and out of the bar.

Zimmer comes back to the table.

ZIMMER

Are you in?

SANDOVAL

She told me to be at this address in two days.

He hands the card to Zimmer.

ZIMMER

The address looks familiar. I think it's in north Denver.

SANDOVAL

I'm ready.

ZIMMER

Be careful. Nobody knows what the hell they're up to.

**EXT. CORNER OF W. 50TH STREET AND ELLIOT STREET - NIGHT**

At dusk, Freeman paces along a sidewalk, trying to keep his bearings. A few cars pass, but no one is out on the street.

He sees what looks like a limousine approaching. It slows down and stops. The DRIVER rolls the down the window.

DRIVER

Are you Roger Freeman?

FREEMAN

Yes.

DRIVER

Get in.

He opens the back door, slides in, shuts the door and the driver takes off.

**INT. OFFICE OF FBI AGENT WILLIAM WARNER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

On a Monday afternoon, Warner gets a visit from a recently returned Hoover.

HOOVER

I understand you never went to Colorado.

WARNER

Something came up. What did you find out?

Hoover takes a seat.

HOOVER

No one seems to know anything about a wellness group. I asked around about Ruffin and Sasha and never got anywhere.

Warner looks over a report he was given earlier.

WARNER

The FBI office in Portland is requesting help to find a kidnapped man named Howie Hager. They're swamped with other work.

Hoover smiles but doesn't respond.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Supposedly, his brother hired a bounty hunter to find him.

HOOVER

Who?

Warner references the report.

WARNER

His name is Novak Bailey. He lives south of Portland.

HOOVER

What do we know about Bailey?

WARNER

Not much. According to records, he was a helicopter pilot in the Army.

HOOVER

What's the plan?

WARNER

I'm going out to Portland to visit  
Bailey.

HOOVER

(grins)  
I guess I'll stay and man the  
store.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey patiently waits for his meeting with Freeman. Carla brings him in, smiles and walks out.

Dempsey motions for Freeman to take a seat. He stares at him for a moment or so.

DEMPSEY

Do I know you?

FREEMAN

Don't believe so.

DEMPSEY

You just look familiar, but I see a  
lot people and I'm sure it's  
nothing.

FREEMAN

Nice place you have here.

DEMPSEY

Decor is all part of our corporate  
philosophy.

Dempsey opens a folder and reviews it.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

So, you are a photographer. I think  
your work is very good.

Freeman grins, but doesn't respond.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

You must have known we would check  
you out. We are particular who we  
bring in. Not everyone has a  
fondness for wellness management.

FREEMAN

I understand.

Dempsey sits back in his chair and talks in an arrogant manner.

DEMPSEY  
So, why are you here?

FREEMAN  
To get in touch with myself.

DEMPSEY  
(grins)  
You can do that in other ways.

FREEMAN  
I chose to come here.

Dempsey reviews the file again.

DEMPSEY  
How did you hear about us?

FREEMAN  
A friend of mine met Carla and said she was recruiting, so I decided to talk to her.

DEMPSEY  
Were you in the military, Mr. Freeman?

FREEMAN  
No, why do you ask?

DEMPSEY  
I don't know, you appear to have a military demeanor.

FREEMAN  
Maybe I'm wired that way.

Carla walks in and sits next to Freeman.

CARLA  
How's it going?

DEMPSEY  
Mr. Freeman thinks he's ready to begin.

FREEMAN  
You can call me Roger.

CARLA  
I'll give you a tour, if you like.

DEMPSEY

Tomorrow morning we have an open discussion on issues of the day. I want to introduce you to the other members.

FREEMAN

I want to jump right in.

DEMPSEY

If you excuse us, I want to talk to Carla for a few moments.

Freeman smiles and walks out of the room.

Carla shuts the door.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)

I want you to watch him closely.

CARLA

Why?

DEMPSEY

There's something about him. I can't put my finger on it.

CARLA

We can dismiss him if you like, but I believe he has the money.

DEMPSEY

No, just keep an eye on him.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Tamica sits on the porch, relaxing, rocking back and forth on her rocking chair. She sees a car approach.

The car stops and FBI Agent Warner gets out and walks up to the porch.

TAMICA

Can I help you?

WARNER

I'm looking for Novak Bailey.

TAMICA

Nova? He's not here.

WARNER

Will he be back today?

TAMICA  
He's working out of state.

Warner pulls out an FBI badge and flashes it.

WARNER  
I'm Agent Warner from the FBI. I  
need to talk to him.

TAMICA  
May I ask why?

WARNER  
He might have information we need  
about a man who was allegedly  
kidnapped.

TAMICA  
I can try to get hold of him, but  
it might take a while.

WARNER  
He's a bounty hunter, Is that  
correct?

TAMICA  
Yes.

WARNER  
(abrupt)  
Where is he?

Tamica appears reluctant to answer the question.

WARNER (CONT'D)  
I need to know.

TAMICA  
He's in Denver working on a case.

WARNER  
Denver. Tell Nova I want to talk to  
him. You can set it up.

He pulls out a business card and hands it to Tamica.

WARNER (CONT'D)  
Write down your number. I'll call  
you when I get to Denver.

She complies, gives the card back.

TAMICA  
Do you have another one.

He pulls out another business card and gives it to her.

WARNER  
I'll be in touch.

He gets back in his car and takes off.

**EXT. STREET IN GEORGETOWN - D.C. - NIGHT**

On a drizzly night, several cars pass a building that explodes sending debris into the street, hitting two cars, upending them into a fireball.

Sirens can be heard in the background.

A man stands at the end of the street watching the chaos. He takes out his cell phone to make a call, and walks away with a smile on his face.

**INT. ENLIGHTMENT ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION CORPS  
MANAGEMENT (RCM) - DAY**

Dempsey and Carla walk in and take a seat. The members have been sitting patiently for the session to begin.

DEMPSEY  
Today, I want to discuss the values of wellness management and what you should be experiencing. But, first I want to introduce a new member. Roger Freeman, please stand up.

Freeman stands and smiles at the group.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)  
Roger is a still photographer who believes joining our group will help his mental wellness.

Freeman sits, and looks at Carla who grins at him.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)  
By now, most of you have been fitted with devices that will change your life. The technology is revolutionary and is designed to give you confidence to do things you never thought you could do.

SIMONE  
It gives me headaches.

AXL

Yeah, I get headaches too, and it makes me do things I don't want to do.

DEMPSEY

(abrupt)

That's nonsense. The devices have nothing to do with that.

ROBB

Are these devices permanent?

It's obvious the remark doesn't sit well with Dempsey.

DEMPSEY

I think you all are making too much of this.

SIMONE

We have every right to ask questions.

CARLA

Simone, you need to stop being an instigator and get with the program.

SIMONE

Sorry I care enough to want to know more than is being said.

Dempsey abruptly stands.

DEMPSEY

We'll take a half an hour break. Simone, I want to see you in my office.

**EXT. GARDEN AREA OUTSIDE REVOLUTION CORPS MANGEMENT - DAY**

Freeman walks in the garden area, keeping to himself. He notices Simone walk out from the building. He immediately approaches her.

FREEMAN

Simone?

She turns around.

SIMONE

So, you're a still photographer.

FREEMAN  
It pays the bills.

SIMONE  
Look, I'm sorry for my outburst in there. I've been feeling anxious lately.

FREEMAN  
Why are they putting these devices in members. It doesn't sound right to me.

SIMONE  
Someone smarter than I designed them, so I shouldn't complain.

Freeman glances around the area. Others are starting to go in.

FREEMAN  
Do you know a Howie Hager?

SIMONE  
Yeah, he's in our group.

She starts to go in.

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
Why do you want to know?

FREEMAN  
A friend of mine wants to know if he's all right.

She doesn't respond and heads toward the building.

Freeman walks away and calls Nova.

NOVA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Hello.

FREEMAN  
(into phone)  
Your sister is here. So is Howie.

NOVA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Is she all right?

FREEMAN  
(into phone)  
It appears that way.

NOVA (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Good, stay focused. We'll figure  
out what to do.

Freeman disconnects, and goes into the building.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - SOMEWHERE IN  
UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY**

Sasha meets with Peter Zolov, as they watch the hackers make  
magic on their computers.

SASHA  
What is the current status?

ZOLOV  
Within the week, we should be able  
to take down grids in six major  
cities.

SASHA  
Are there people in place to do  
what needs to be done?

ZOLOV  
It should proceed like clockwork.

Ruffin walks in and approaches Sasha.

RUFFIN  
Let's go in my office.

**INT. OFFICE OF ALEXANDER RUFFIN - DAY**

They take a seat. They stare at one another for a moment.

RUFFIN  
Are Dempsey's people ready?

SASHA  
I believe so.

RUFFIN  
You believe so or know so. We need  
to give them orders within the  
week.

Sasha stays silent.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)  
I want you to go and make sure  
there's no problems there.

SASHA  
Don't worry, they won't fail.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DOWNTOWN DENVER - DAY**

In the late morning, Nova and Cajun sit at a small table sucking down beer.

CAJUN  
I thought Zimmer was supposed to be  
here.

NOVA  
He's trying to find out where  
Revolution Corps is located.

CAJUN  
What are we going to do when we  
find out?

NOVA  
Pay them a visit.

There is a knock at the door. Nova answers it.

NOVA (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

WARNER  
Are you Novak Bailey?

NOVA  
(sarcastic grin)  
Can I help you?

Warner flashes his FBI badge.

Nova motions for him to enter.

Warner takes a seat.

WARNER  
I understand you're a bounty hunter  
looking for Howie Hager.

NOVA  
I think I know where he is.

WARNER

He's a kidnap victim. The FBI is authorized to find him. Not sure that's the job of a bounty hunter.

NOVA

He's the brother of a close friend and I need to find him.

Nova drinks a some beer.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm trying to find my sister too. Both of them are apparently hostages taken by a wellness group called Revolution Corps.

Warner appears in thought.

WARNER

Do you know who Sasha is?

NOVA

No.

WARNER

What about Alexander Ruffin?

NOVA

I don't know. Who are they?

Warner looks over at Cajun.

WARNER

Who are you?

CAJUN

I work for Nova.

Warner repositions himself in his chair and looks over at Nova.

WARNER

They're Russians who are suspected of trying to weaken the United States for a takeover. They have set up a number of management groups to do so.

NOVA

Including Revolution Corps?

WARNER

It's possible.

NOVA

We need to get them out of there.

WARNER

There's something you should know. They may be implanting devices in the members. It's a new technology the Russians have been playing around with.

NOVA

How does it work?

WARNER

Not sure.

Nova's cell phone rings.

NOVA

(into phone)

Hello.

ZIMMER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Meet me in the park this afternoon at three. I know where they are.

NOVA

(into phone)

We'll be there.

Nova disconnects and puts his phone on the table.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Zimmer knows where they are. We'll meet him in the park this afternoon.

WARNER

Just remember, the FBI has jurisdiction in these cases.

Nova looks over Cajun and smiles.

**EXT. CHERRY CREEK STATE PARK - DAY**

Zimmer is sitting on a bench when he's approached by Nova, Cajun and Warner.

NOVA

So, you know where they are?

ZIMMER  
They're in Westminster, north of  
here. I have the address.

NOVA  
Do they have security?

ZIMMER  
I believe so, but I'm not positive.

NOVA  
How did you find this out?

ZIMMER  
I tracked down someone who knows  
Carla and he filled me in.

Warner flashes his badge.

WARNER  
Do you know who's running the show.

ZIMMER  
My source said it's a guy by the  
name of Jon Dempsey.

Nova walks closer to Zimmer.

NOVA  
Who?

ZIMMER  
Jon Dempsey. I'm sure that's the  
name.

Nova looks over at Cajun.

NOVA  
We knew a government contractor  
named Jon Dempsey in Afghanistan.  
It can't be the same guy.

CAJUN  
I guess we'll find out.

NOVA  
We need to work out a plan.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

Dempsey and Sasha sit and discuss upcoming events and today's  
meeting with the members.

SASHA  
We have a massive operation coming  
up.

DEMPSEY  
Yes, I know.

SASHA  
Are your members ready?

DEMPSEY  
I believe so.

Sasha stands and paces, then gets in Dempsey's face.

SASHA  
That's not the answer I was  
expecting. Are they ready or not?

DEMPSEY  
Yes.

SASHA  
We must tell them they will be  
called on to do things they  
normally wouldn't do.

DEMPSEY  
I understand.

**INT. ENLIGHTMENT ROOM - HEADQUARTERS OF REVOLUTION CORPS  
MANAGEMENT (RCM) - DAY**

Dempsey, Sasha, and Carla, walk in and take their seats.  
Members are still filing in. Once it appears the members are  
all there, Dempsey begins his lecture.

DEMPSEY  
Today is the day we must reflect on  
what we've learned here. Today is  
the day we must understand what our  
future holds. Today is a day we  
should rejoice in the fact we feel  
better about our selves and our  
outlook on life.

The members sit in anticipation, as he glances around the  
room.

DEMPSEY (CONT'D)  
You are now ready to go back in the  
world. But there is more to do.

AXL  
What do you mean?

DEMPSEY  
You may be asked to do things you  
may not have normally thought  
about.

ROBB  
That doesn't make any sense.

DEMPSEY  
You'll understand in due time.

Freeman stands and yells out.

FREEMAN  
It's the devices.

Members start moaning and whispering among themselves.

DEMPSEY  
Sit down, your out of line.

Freeman looks around at the members who are attentively  
listening.

FREEMAN  
These people have placed devices in  
your heads that are dangerous.

Carla stands and yells at Freeman.

CARLA  
Stop it.

Freeman points his finger at the members.

FREEMAN  
You all are playing into their  
hands.

DEMPSEY  
That's enough.

SASHA  
Get him out of here.

Several members grab Freeman and take him out of the room.

DEMPSEY  
Disregard what he said. He's  
delirious.

Seconds later, Nova, Cajun, Warner and two other FBI agents storm the room with guns in hand.

Members hit the deck.

Dempsey, Sasha, and Carla run into the office and shut the door.

Nova walks around trying to find Howie and his sister.

NOVA

I'm looking for Howie Hager.

Howie slowly stands and goes over to Nova.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Are you Howie?

Howie nods yes.

NOVA (CONT'D)

(points to the side)

Stand over there.

Nova continues to look around.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Simone, where are you?

Simone stands and faces her brother.

SIMONE

You need to leave.

NOVA

You don't belong here. You need to come with us.

SIMONE

You're making a mistake.

NOVA

Is there a way out of that office?

SIMONE

No.

They all move toward the office.

NOVA

Are they armed?

SIMONE

I don't know.

Nova knocks on the door.

NOVA

There's no way out. We want to end  
this peacefully.

The door slowly opens.

**INT. OFFICE OF JON DEMPSEY - DAY**

They all go in with guns drawn.

Nova and Cajun stand and stare at Dempsey.

NOVA

Jon Dempsey. What the hell are you  
doing here?

Dempsey looks down at the floor and shakes his head.

DEMPSEY

Fuck, I never thought I would see  
you assholes again.

NOVA

Sometimes the past doesn't go away.

Sasha is staring at Simone with squinted eyes.

She casually opens a drawer and takes out a gun and points it  
at her brother.

SIMONE

I told you, you should leave.

Nova looks around at the guns pointed at Simone and the  
others are facing, and obviously not happy with his sister.

NOVA

Put it down. This won't go well.

Dempsey continues to stare at Simone.

SIMONE

We've done nothing wrong.

Warner flashes his badge.

WARNER

I'm Agent Warner. You all are under  
arrest.

Nova approaches his sister.

NOVA

Put down the weapon. It's all over.

She hesitates for a moment, struggling not to shoot her brother, but then slowly puts it on the table.

The other FBI agents cuff them.

**INT. DICKERT'S BAR - NORTH DENVER - NIGHT**

Several days later, Nova, Cajun, and Sandoval sit at a table in the uncrowded bar and wait for Howie and Kevin to arrive. They swim in beer.

SANDOVAL

I'm fucking glad that's over.

NOVA

Yeah, so is everyone else.

CAJUN

I still can't believe Demspey was running Revolution Corps.

Nova sips his beer and thinks back.

FLASHBACK:

**EXT. FLIGHTLINE - BAGRAM AIRBASE - DAY**

Nova and Cajun walk away from the helicopter after a mission, heading for the debriefing area.

They see someone approaching from the side.

DEMPSEY

You guys keeping us fucking safe?

NOVA

Yeah, what about you?

DEMPSEY

You Army pilots are all the same. You think you're better than the rest of us.

CAJUN

Yeah, maybe we are.

Dempsey moves a little closer.

DEMPSEY

Maybe I can teach you a fucking lesson.

NOVA

Not now, we're busy.

They walk into the building for the debriefing.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Kevin and Howie walk up with their beers, and sit at the table.

KEVIN

Hey, I have you guys to thank.

HOWIE

I made a terrible mistake. I'm glad it's over.

NOVA

You never suspected anything?

HOWIE

They were good at what they did. I thought I was there for legitimate reasons.

SANDOVAL

You're back and that's what counts.

Nova lifts his beer.

NOVA

To everyone who escaped those bastards.

They all lift their beers.

**INT. WORK ROOM - COUNTRY HOUSE - SOUTH OF PORTLAND OREGON - DAY**

Two weeks later, Nova and Simone sit in the work room and talk about what happened to her and what it meant. The TV is on, but the volume is low. Tamica walks in the room and hands them each a beer.

NOVA

You look like yourself now that the bandage was removed.

SIMONE

I'm glad they took that thing out.  
The headaches were driving me  
crazy.

She pauses for a moment and looks away.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know why I pointed a  
gun at you. I'm so sorry. I was out  
of my mind.

Nova takes a sip of his beer, and smiles.

NOVA

How did you get involved with  
Dempsey anyway?

SIMONE

We met at a bar.

NOVA

So, you were never kidnapped.

SIMONE

Never.

She starts to tear up.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I was just taken in.

A news report comes on the TV. Nova goes over and turns up  
the volume. The news CORRESPONDENT comes on with breaking  
news.

CORRESPONDENT

The FBI has broken up a Russian  
ring attempting to weaken American  
defense and communications in order  
to make the United States ripe for  
a systematic takeover. Their cover  
was several wellness management  
organizations where members were  
implanted with transponders  
designed to receive subliminal  
messages that could cause the  
members to act erratically against  
American interests. A number of  
arrests were made. More information  
to come.

Nova looks over at Simone and smiles.

**EXT. PORCH - COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY**

Nova and Simone sit in rocking chairs smoking.

NOVA

What are you going to do now?

SIMONE

I don't know.

NOVA

Dempsey never had your interest at heart. You must understand that.

SIMONE

He was a decent guy when we first met. Then he changed.

She takes drag of her cigarette.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

What will happen to him?

NOVA

He's going away for a long time. Why are you so interested?

SIMONE

Just curious.

She puts out her cigarette.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Listen, I've got to go.

She gives her brother a hug and kiss and walks to her car, and gets in.

Tamica comes out with a beer, sits in the rocking chair next to Nova, and caresses his hand.

TAMICA

Crisis averted?

NOVA

I guess time will tell.

TAMICA

Is your sister all right?

Nova stares straight ahead, almost mesmerized.

NOVA

(soft smile)

I don't know. I wouldn't put money  
on it.

Nova glances at her and puffs on his cigar, as he watches  
Simone's car round the corner at the end of the driveway and  
disappear from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END