

The Rogue  
By  
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An Original Screenplay

INT.--THE CIA LIBRARY--NIGHT

THE ROGUE enters the library, turning on a lamp while this room is shrouded in the darkness. His hand rifles through a series of files until he reaches one in particular.

THE ROGUE  
Yeah...that's the one...

Comes across one labeled THE 9/11 COMMISSION REPORT and swipes it before turning the light off.

EXT.--THE GEORGE BUSH CENTER FOR INTELLIGENCE--NIGHT

Tiptoeing out of this building one step at a time, he conceals the folder within his jacket. Yet he turns around and gazes at the sign before making a wisecrack.

THE ROGUE  
George Bush and intelligence don't even belong in the same sentence.

Shakes his head as he walk away, before he stops and takes out an old photo of a beautiful blonde, who is his own sister. A tear rolls down cheek while gazing at it.

THE ROGUE  
It's been over a decade since I lost you and it doesn't get any easier...

Wipes the tear from his eye.

INT.--BANK OF HOGAN--DAY

A few bank robbers concealed in dark clothes with ski masks over their faces have control when all of a sudden some FBI AGENTS barge in, armed with guns. Gunfire now ensues.

FBI AGENT #1  
We have female agent down...

A young female FBI agent lies on the ground with a gunshot in the middle of her stomach spurting blood.

FBI AGENT #1  
...we need assistance...

An alarm sounds.

(CONTINUED)

FBI AGENT #2  
Training session over...good job!

All of the hostages, robbers, and FBI agents start clapping and cheering. The Rogue enters with the female agent smiling as she sees him, whom he helps to her feet at this second.

THE ROGUE  
Way to go!

The smile remains on her face, yet it begins to descend into a frown.

THE ROGUE  
Something wrong?

A look of concern wipes over his face.

FEMALE AGENT  
I don't feel this exercise was a fair test of my abilities.

THE ROGUE  
Why not?

FEMALE AGENT  
You either shoot the robbers or rescue the hostages and both times you get killed! You can't win!

THE ROGUE  
It's not a question of winning...it's a test of character...

Smiles at her.

THE ROGUE  
...don't worry about it...you're doing great.

Shrugs.

FEMALE AGENT  
Thanks.

THE ROGUE  
These are designed to help prepare you for life as an FBI Agent...take things one step at a time.

EXT.--BANK OF HOGAN--DAY

The Rogue exits the bank, looking at the street surrounding him, a street that resembles any other on the surface. Yet he smiles, more than aware this is not the case at all.

THE ROGUE  
I've been looking for you.

Sees THE FBI DIRECTOR walking around.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
I'm denying your request.

THE ROGUE  
May I ask why?

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
I don't see the point...that  
investigation was closed several  
years ago...

Waves his hands at The Rogue, symbolizing he has washed his hands of the investigation.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...I've long been done with that...

Turns as if he is about to leave.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...your sister has been dead for  
well over a decade...it's time to  
to move on...

THE ROGUE  
With your permission, I am  
requesting the PENTTBOM file be  
re-opened...

Straightens his posture with no sign of emotion on his face.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Do you even realize what you're  
asking?

THE ROGUE  
Yes.

Does not even flinch in his demeanor.

(CONTINUED)

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Alright...

Shakes his head.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...I'll send the file to you as  
soon as possible...

Turns back to The Rogue, shoving his finger directly into  
his face.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...I'm going to give you sixth  
months...but if nothing turns up  
you drop this, understand?

The Rogue nods.

THE ROGUE  
Yes...I do...

EXT.--HOGAN'S ALLEY--DAY

The Rogue walks through this street, complete with a bank,  
movie theater, hotel, restaurant, and post office. Leaving  
this section, it leads to something entirely different.

EXT.--THE FBI ACADEMY--DAY

A facility in which young cadets work hard to become  
tomorrow's FBI Agents. The Rogue watches as several of them  
make their way through an obstacle course here in the woods.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
Move it! Move it! Move it!

The Rogue nods with approval as he watches these cadets run  
through a succession of tires before grabbing onto a rope  
and climbing over a wall in very quick timing to boot.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
Best time today...made it in less  
than twenty seconds!

Clicks a stop watch as the cadets rush to a halt.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
Best crop of youngsters we've seen  
in awhile, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

In a drastic shift from the shouting, hard nosed Commando guiding these students through the trenches, he turns to The Rogue and says this in a soft spoken and friendly voice.

THE ROGUE

Oh yeah.

Walks away with a smile and a nod.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The Rogue is seated at his couch looking over the files for both The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM. Eying both concurrently, it appears he is looking for some link.

THE ROGUE

Hmmm...

Walks over to the bulletin board with two sections mapped out for "The 9/11 Commission Report" and "PENTTBOM" via index cards. Underneath the former is GOVERNMENT CORRUPTION.

THE ROGUE

...what's missing here?

Underneath the latter section, is an index card labeled AL-QAEDA. Gazing at these two sections, he sees there is something missing between these files, if anything.

THE ROGUE

Nah...

Picks up a DVD of FARENHEIT 9/11, a documentary filmed by Michael Moore.

THE ROGUE

...the government never wants to hear their own discretions fed back to them in a report...

Shakes his head.

THE ROGUE

...no matter how true it is...

Puts down the DVD and looks at the bulletin board once more.

THE ROGUE

Okay, so what we need here...

Looks at files for both The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM once more.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

...is to correlate The World Trade Center attacks while also verifying the inside job theory...

Takes another look at the bulletin board.

THE ROGUE

..let's see if we can...

Goes to his laptop and begins typing a Google search, but notices an article with a link to headline reading THE J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING TO BE DEMOLISHED before clicking it.

THE ROGUE

Oh wow...

Sees photos of the building and reads the article.

THE ROGUE

...I don't believe this...

Reads further while shaking his head.

THE ROGUE

...why?

Looks at an old photo of himself and some old friends posing in front of The J. Edgar Hoover Building during their days as cadets. Over a decade has gone by since it was taken.

EXT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

Several people go into this establishment, which appears to be a distinguished hotel and restaurant. One that also must be very popular given the amount of patrons walking in.

INT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

A HOSTESS awaits them as they come in, who nods and smiles at each one. Checking her dossier, she moves her finger along to see if they have reservations at all here.

HOSTESS

May I sit you at your table?

Extending her arm, she shows each of them to rows and rows of desks in a classroom setting. Each of them now take a seat at these desks, which can be seen at the front door.

INT.--CLASSROOM--DAY

These patrons are now revealed to be cadets here at another covert setting at The FBI Academy. The Rogue walks in at this very second, as he is instructing this class.

THE ROGUE  
Alright...now let's get started...

This class of trainees looks on with their full attention.

THE ROGUE  
...yesterday we did a training  
exercise at The Bank of Hogan...

Walks from one end of the class to the next.

THE ROGUE  
...can anyone tell me what the two  
life or death options were during  
this exercise?

The very same trainee who was shot during the exercise raises her hand, The Rogue acknowledges her with a nod.

FEMALE AGENT  
Shoot the robbers or save the  
hostages.

Nods at her again.

THE ROGUE  
Right...

Stands in front a podium.

THE ROGUE  
...some of you have complained over  
getting shot and killed either  
way...

Shrugs as he now steps away from the podium.

THE ROGUE  
...I get the impression some of you  
didn't get the point of the  
exercise...

Looks at each and every one of his students.

THE ROGUE  
It's to see how well you do under  
pressure and prepare you for when  
this happens for real...

(CONTINUED)

Walks from one end of this classroom to the next.

THE ROGUE

...it's not question of win or  
lose...it's a question of  
instinct...

Returns to the podium.

THE ROGUE

...while individual choice is a  
small factor...it's more about the  
type of person are...

Takes a deep breath.

THE ROGUE

...it all comes down to your gut  
reaction and your personality.  
Either you'll be one to shoot...

Steps one foot away from the podium while keeping the other  
behind it and raising his index finger in midair.

THE ROGUE

...or you might be the one to save  
lives...

Lowers his finger as he returns to standing fully behind the  
podium and regains his composure.

THE ROGUE

Now I want all of you think about  
that...which one of the two you're  
going to end up being...

Nods at his students.

THE ROGUE

...because we're doing that  
exercise again very soon...

Each of the students remain focused on him with their full  
attention.

THE ROGUE

...while you should work as team,  
you should think about your  
individual choices as well...

Holding out his hands, he spreads out his fingers and joins  
them together.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
...and yes...sometimes your gut  
instincts and your individual  
choices are intertwined...

Lowers his hands.

THE ROGUE  
...and now...onto something new...

INT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

The Rogue walks through this area as the class has now been dismissed and many of the trainees are heading out of here. He turns to The Hostess, who points to the window.

HOSTESS  
He wants to talk to you.

The Rogue sees The FBI Director standing outside, looking around.

THE ROGUE  
Oh, I see him.

Walks out the door.

EXT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

The Rogue exits through the door and confronts The FBI Director. They stand toe to toe looking at each other. Waiting a good second or so before saying a word.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
So, how's the investigation coming  
along?

The Rogue shrugs at him.

THE ROGUE  
Not bad...

Nods at him.

THE ROGUE  
A few missing pieces, but I can put  
'em together...

The FBI Director nods back.

(CONTINUED)

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Listen...I'm giving you the benefit  
of the doubt here because you've  
done a lot of good work for me...

Looks at some of the cadets leaving before turning back to  
the conversation.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...you've also done a lot of good  
work turning these wet behind the  
ears kids into true FBI Agents...

Moves closer, placing his hand on The Rogue's shoulder.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...but I'm going to say this, not  
just as your superior, but as your  
friend whose known you for years...

A look of concern comes over his face.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
I think you're wasting your time...

The Rogue looks a bit shaken.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...you need to ask yourself...am I  
doing this for my government...or  
am I doing this for myself?

THE ROGUE  
I'm doing this for my...

The FBI Director holds his hand up in midair, urging The  
Rogue to be quiet and allow him to finish making his point.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...I know you think you're doing  
this for her...but she's been dead  
and gone for years...

The Rogue is not phased by these words at all.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...the investigation was closed  
when the identities of those  
hijackers were confirmed...

The Rogue shakes his head out of annoyance.

THE ROGUE

Those hijackers were Saudi Arabian...they had no proven connection to either...

Flinches as a cadet walks by him.

THE ROGUE

...to either Osama Bin Laden or Saddam Hussein...it was an inside job if anything.

The FBI Director laughs.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Okay...go on this wild goose chase all you want...

Tries to hold back the laughter by covering his mouth. The Rogue is not pleased, judging by the angry look on his own face. A matter that is definitely serious in his eyes.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...go ahead...play your little cat and mouse game...

Points his index finger at The Rogue.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...you've got six months to twiddle your thumbs...then I'm determined to pull this investigation.

Throws up his hands and walks off.

THE ROGUE

Well...screw you and the horse you rode in on....sir!

Mockingly salutes The FBI Director behind his back.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

On his laptop, The Rogue types in FBI.GOV into his web browser, and goes into a section of the site that is secure and password protected. Typing it in, he gains access.

THE ROGUE

Yes!

Clicking on an ARCHIVES section, he types in 9/11, but gets redirected to the screen saying 404 ERROR NOT FOUND. He clicks RELOAD, but he gets the exact same screen.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

Damn!

Hits the BACK button, tries typing SEPTEMBER 11TH as an alternate means of searching. Again, the same error screen pops up. Widens his eyes out of frustration over this.

THE ROGUE

Let's try another way then...

Types in WORLD TRADE CENTER after hitting the back button once more, the error screen pops up again. Hits back a third time, and types in FLIGHT 93. Getting the error screen.

THE ROGUE

...what in the hell?

Throws his hands up.

THE ROGUE

Okay...

Types in another search for AL-QAEDA and the error screen returns. Hits the back button once more and types in PENTTBOM, only to receive this same error screen.

THE ROGUE

Shit!

Pounds the keyboard of his laptop with both of his fists. Taking a deep breath, he now regains his composure, as he returns his attention to the computer and looks at the page.

THE ROGUE

Are they somehow wiping their files?

Shrugs before using his arm to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

THE ROGUE

It would explain quite a bit...even my own superior laughing at me...

Shrugs his shoulders

THE ROGUE

...and why in the hell am I even talking to myself?

EXT.--BANK OF HOGAN--DAY

Watching from the outside, The Rogue observes as his cadets storm in and nail the robbers while the female cadet who consulted him before takes the route of saving hostages.

FBI AGENT #1

Freeze!

While wrapping a blanket around a hostage, the female cadet gets shot in the leg in goes down. Before one of the robbers shoots FBI Agent #1, whom also goes down at this second.

FBI AGENT #2

We have two agents down...we need  
back up!

Gets on his dispatch radio relaying this while The Rogue keeps watch through the entrance.

INT.--BANK OF HOGAN--DAY

The Rogue at last walks through the entrance as this training exercise comes to an end. Everyone stops and stands attention immediately as he surveys each of them here.

THE ROGUE

Alright...you did just as good as  
last time...

Looks around at the agents and cadets individually.

THE ROGUE

..but remember...this is about  
choice and gut instinct...

Gazes around at more of them.

THE ROGUE

...this is a life or death  
situation...it's not about win or  
lose...

Raises his index finger in midair.

THE ROGUE

...you can always be shot or killed  
in situations like this...this is  
why we implemented it here.

Looks around at each of them once more.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
Any questions?

Notices no one is raising their hand.

THE ROGUE  
Okay... so we'll talk about this  
more in class tomorrow.

EXT.--BANK OF HOGAN--DAY

The Rogue sees The FBI Director peering at him from across the street, almost spying on him. Unnerved, The Rogue cringes, taking a step back until he leaves the street.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The Rogue speaks on his cellphone, presumably with another FBI Agent about a pressing matter he has been dealing with for quite some time now. He paces around the room.

THE ROGUE  
Are you sure he's the one who took  
the files down?

Wipes the sweat breaking out on his forehead.

THE ROGUE  
It's him?

Nods his head, trying to understand this.

THE ROGUE  
How positive are you?

Starts pacing again.

THE ROGUE  
I hope you're right...

Sighs.

THE ROGUE  
...but then again...I hope it's not  
him...

Smiles a bit, in spite of the tension.

THE ROGUE  
...listen...thanks anyway...see you  
soon.

(CONTINUED)

Hangs up his cellphone before taking another look at both The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM files.

THE ROGUE

Why are they deleting evidence from their archives...

Shrugs his shoulders as he puts the files down.

THE ROGUE

...and what are they hiding?

Sits down at his laptop, looking at The FBI's official website FBI.gov once again.

THE ROGUE

There are definitely some things that asshole doesn't want me to find out...

Shakes his head while propping his fist on his chin.

THE ROGUE

...there's no denying it.

INT.--CLASSROOM--DAY

The FBI trainees gather here and are now seated at their desks, as some of them briefly congregate and speak to each other. Class has not started and The Rogue has not arrived.

MALE TRAINEE

So do you think he'll have us do another drill at the bank...we've done it twice already...

FEMALE AGENT

Who knows?

Shrugs while gazing at the blackboard.

INT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

The Rogue walks in, as The Hostess waits for him while she stands at the podium. She now smiles and nods at him. Pointing her finger to the dossier, ready to ask him this.

HOSTESS

Do you have a reservation?

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
You know damn well I do.

Gives her a big smile before walking inside.

INT.--CLASSROOM--DAY

The Rogue walks in, looking all serious, as the class finally clams up. Walking in front of the blackboard, he faces them as they all sit up with their full attention.

THE ROGUE  
Now as you all know we had another  
bank drill...and you all did a very  
good job...

Nods at his students.

THE ROGUE  
...but you all need to keep the  
crossfire in the back of your  
mind...that eternal question...

Smiles as them as they do not even say a single word.

THE ROGUE  
...and as she helped point out in  
our last class here...it comes down  
to two things...

Points to the female agent whom he asked to answer this question previously before going to the blackboard and writing "A. Shoot the Robbers B. Save The Hostages".

THE ROGUE  
...this is what it comes down to...

Pointing to the blackboard.

THE ROGUE  
...and again...some of you may make  
that choice with a clear mind...

Underlines what he wrote with his chalk.

THE ROGUE  
...others may react on gut  
instinct.

Returns to his podium, which he stands in front of.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

Now tomorrow we'll try doing  
another exercise...but this will be  
a lot more intense...

Gazes at each of his students.

THE ROGUE

...we'll be learning the fine art  
of hostage negotiation!

Picks up the chalk and goes over to the blackboard, and  
draws a large building on another portion of it. Also  
drawing a patrol car, far away from the rules he outlined.

THE ROGUE

You'll be keeping watch over this  
building while hostages are being  
held inside...

Starts drawing stick figures near the patrol car.

THE ROGUE

...our guys will be holed up in  
this building. Several will be  
hostages...one is the criminal...

Draws more stick figures in one of the windows within this  
building.

THE ROGUE

...and it will be job of one of you  
to smooth it over and convince him  
to release these hostages...

Faces his students.

THE ROGUE

Will you succeed or will you fail?

Raises his hand in midair with the chalk still in place.

THE ROGUE

Like we discussed regarding the  
bank...it comes down to choice and  
gut instinct...

Nods at his students.

THE ROGUE

...sometimes even a mixture of  
both...

Paces around the classroom.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

...while the choice may be a  
conscious one...it all depends on  
how each person reacts...

Walks over to the blackboard, puts the chalk back into  
place.

THE ROGUE

...we'll just have to wait and see  
how everything turns out tomorrow.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The Rogue hears his cellphone ring and picks it up, hearing  
a husky sort of breathing on the other end. He has no idea  
who this person is, but cringes from the sound of his voice.

DARK VOICE (O.S.)

The FBI and CIA don't approve of  
what you're doing.

THE ROGUE

Who is this?

Squints his eyes out of confusion.

DARK VOICE

If I were you...I wouldn't proceed  
any further...you are treading on  
dangerous ground.

THE ROGUE

Look...I don't know who are you are  
or what you want...

DARK VOICE

I highly suggest you turn away from  
this before it's too late.

THE ROGUE

Now you listen...I'm not going to  
back down from anything or anyone.

DARK VOICE

You might want to re-consider your  
position...

THE ROGUE

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

DARK VOICE

My identity is not important, but I hope you'll heed my words...

THE ROGUE

What do you want?

DARK VOICE

I want you to stop this investigation and see things for what they are.

THE ROGUE

Why are you being so secretive?

DARK VOICE

That's all I can be.

THE ROGUE

Cut the bullshit!

DARK VOICE

I don't have much longer...I must go...

The caller with the dark voice hangs up.

EXT.--HOGAN'S ALLEY--DAY

The Rogue hides behind a car with a number of FBI trainees as they each gaze at one of the buildings here. The very same building where the hostages allegedly are being held.

THE ROGUE

Alright...release one of the hostages and I'll give you anything you want...

Shouts this over the megaphone.

DARK VOICE (V.O.)

You might want to re-consider your position...

Shaking his head, as if he is trying to erase this haunting phone call from his memory.

FBI AGENT #1

Are you alright?

Gazes at The Rogue out of concern.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

I guess...let's just focus on this  
for right now.

DARK VOICE (V.O.)

I highly suggest you turn away from  
this before it's too late...

FBI Agent #2 receives a message through his Walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT #2

He's sending one of 'em out now...

The Rogue barely pays attention as the rest of the FBI Agents huddle together and wait for this hostage to come out of this building safely without any sort of injury or harm.

FBI AGENT #2

...come on! Get on that thing and  
carry this out!

Looking around at each of his students and FBI personnel, The Rogue notices how much they are depending on him. He quickly snaps out of his trance, getting on the megaphone.

THE ROGUE

Allow her to come out with her  
hands up...not even a scratch on  
her...do you understand?

As requested, a female emerges from the from the front door with her hands up.

THE ROGUE

Now slowly bring her to safety...

An FBI Agent assists her in walking to one of the patrol cars after wrapping a blanket around her. She is now safe and away from the danger occurring in that building.

THE ROGUE

...that's a good first step...

Resumes speaking on the megaphone.

THE ROGUE

Now what are your demands?

Remains in this same position, waiting for him.

THE ROGUE

Come on...let's hear 'em...

(CONTINUED)

All of a sudden, a hands drops a piece of paper through a slot in the door of this building. The Rogue and the others can all see this from a distance. Everyone remains quiet.

THE ROGUE  
Retrieve it!

Points FBI Agent #1 toward the building with his index finger.

THE ROGUE  
What does it say?

FBI Agent #1 holds his index finger up in midair as a signal for all of them to wait until he gets back to the area where they are hunkered down. Now handing this list to The Rogue.

FBI AGENT #1  
Here you go.

Holds the note with the demands written on it.

THE ROGUE  
So he wants fifty million dollars  
in unmarked bills...

Reads more of it.

THE ROGUE  
...a private jet with no marker or  
tag on it...

Reads the last of these demands.

THE ROGUE  
...and a private island off the  
coast of The United States with no  
extradition treaty whatsoever.

FBI AGENT #1  
There's no way in hell anyone would  
agree to that!

THE ROGUE  
Oh I know...

Nods at FBI Agent #1.

THE ROGUE  
...but I've got an idea!

Turns back to this building with the megaphone close to his lips.

THE ROGUE  
Alright you've made your  
demands...now hear this...

Speaking into it.

THE ROGUE  
...for each of these demands we  
meet you must release three of the  
hostages...is that understood?

Sees the hand of the criminal giving the thumbs up through a  
window in the building. The Rogue snaps his fingers to get  
the attention of FBI Agent #2 at this very moment.

THE ROGUE  
Get on the radio...see if we can  
get that fifty million he wants.

FBI Agent #2 shrugs his shoulders.

FBI AGENT #2  
You know they're not going to  
comply with a demand that big!

THE ROGUE  
Do you want to see those hostages  
get killed?

FBI Agent #2 shakes his head.

THE ROGUE  
Then do it!

Points to the radio, which results in FBI Agent #2 speaking  
into it.

FBI AGENT #2  
Listen...we need to fulfill the  
demands of this captor here...

The Rogue returns to the megaphone.

THE ROGUE  
Alright...we'll play it your way...

FBI AGENT #2  
...I know how it sounds...but this  
is a matter of life and death...

Receives a response on the Walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT #2  
They've agreed.

Nods at The Rogue.

THE ROGUE  
They've agreed to give you the  
fifty million in unmarked  
bills...but when they do...

Licks his lips.

THE ROGUE  
...you're going to have to release  
three of those hostages.

Steps away and waits for a response while he lowers the  
megaphone.

THE ROGUE  
Now let's wait and see what  
happens...

Three hours later, an armored truck drives onto this street,  
and several FBI Agents get bags of money out after opening  
the back doors. The Rogue readies the megaphone once more.

THE ROGUE  
We've got your money...now let's  
see the hostages!

Several of these FBI Agents drops the bag of money at the  
front door before backing away from the steps of this  
building. They wait for the criminal's response.

FBI AGENT #1  
Are they coming out?

Three of the hostages emerge from the building with their  
hands behind their heads.

FBI AGENT #1  
Yeah...it's them...

Once again, The Rogue raises the megaphone to his lips.

THE ROGUE  
Good work...now let's see what we  
can do about getting you that  
private jet...

Nods at FBI Agent #2 to proceed.

THE ROGUE

You might as well tell them.

FBI Agent #2 nods at The Rogue and gets on his Walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT #2

He released three of the hostages  
after you sent the money here...

Focuses his eyes on the building.

FBI AGENT #2

I suppose it's time to get the jet  
ready...

Nods as he gets instructions over the Walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT #2

They'll do it!

Says this to The Rogue.

THE ROGUE

Good going!

Once again speaks through the megaphone.

THE ROGUE

They're flying your private jet  
over here...you need to get your  
next three hostages ready...

Three hours later, The Rogue still mans the megaphone, and is ready to speak.

THE ROGUE

...alright...we've docked your jet  
at The Marine Corps Air Base here  
in Quantico...send 'em out!

Three more hostages come out with their hands behind their heads.

THE ROGUE

Nice and slow...there you go...nice  
and slow...

Each of these three hostages return to their families where they are safely wrapped in blankets.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

See if you can arrange travel to  
that private island...

Looks at FBI Agent #2.

FBI AGENT #2

No problem.

Nods at The Rogue while getting on the Walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT #2

Three more hostages have been  
released, can you secure travel to  
that island?

Gazes at The Rogue.

FBI AGENT #2

They'll do it.

THE ROGUE

Good!

Returns to speaking on the megaphone.

THE ROGUE

You'll get your own private island  
after all...but you'll have to  
release those last three hostages.

Licks his lips.

THE ROGUE

Do you understand?

Through one of the windows, the criminal gives The Rogue the  
"thumbs up" gesture. Once they see this, each of these FBI  
Agents breathes a bit easier, including The Rogue.

THE ROGUE

We just might get this problem  
solved after all...

Saying this to himself, The Rogue rubs his entire face with  
both hands.

THE ROGUE

...and it'll be a relief when it  
does!

Three hours later, The Rogue holds the megaphone steady with FBI Agent #2 also holding down the fort with his Walkie-talkie. They both to continue to gaze at the building.

THE ROGUE

An island is being secured off the coast of France...one that has no extradition treaty with The U.S...

Remains focused.

THE ROGUE

...now release three more of those hostages...you got what you wanted!

Three more hostages emerge from the building with each of them holding their hands behind their heads as they slowly make it out. FBI Agent #1 notices something peculiar.

FBI AGENT #1

There's still one inside...

THE ROGUE

You mean there's another hostage?

The Rogue runs his fingers through his hair, not believing how badly he screwed up. He now sees the remaining hostage through the window and shakes his head in total disbelief.

THE ROGUE

Let this other hostage go...we've given you everything you want! Now why aren't you cooperating?

Sees this other hostage crying.

THE ROGUE

Come on...send her out! We're giving you everything you want...why are you screwing this up?

Still holding the megaphone steady.

THE ROGUE

Just let this one last hostage go...you can leave for this island...

Not moving an inch.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
...and you've got all the money in  
the world at your disposal.

The remaining hostage appears in the window crying and  
afraid with a gun to her head.

THE ROGUE  
Go in after them...bring her out  
safely! He's armed, but I'll keep  
him occupied!

Points toward the building, in which a few FBI Agents storm  
in front of. He resumes talking on the megaphone.

THE ROGUE  
Just let her go and all will be  
fine!

A gun is fired through one of the windows from inside of the  
building.

THE ROGUE  
That's it! Get inside of there!

Within a matter of seconds, several FBI Agents barge into  
the building while The Rogue watches with his full  
attention. The sound of a gunshot now fires inside.

THE ROGUE  
What happened?

Turns his attention to FBI Agent #2.

THE ROGUE  
What happened?

Gets a bit more antsy when he asks this a second time. FBI  
Agent #2 now gets word over the radio.

FBI AGENT #2  
The suspect's been shot...

THE ROGUE  
What about the hostage?

FBI Agent #2 once again gets word over the radio.

FBI AGENT #2  
They're bringing her out.

The last remaining hostage comes out wrapped in a blanket  
being guided by a few FBI Agents. While many of the others  
rise to their feet and start clapping, including The Rogue.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
Great going!

This now retrieved hostage now smiles and takes a bow. The Rogue walks over to where she stands and holds his hands up in order to get everyone's full attention at this moment.

THE ROGUE  
Listen...I realize this  
demonstration was intense and it  
lasted for hours...

Looks around at everyone.

THE ROGUE  
...you all did such a good job in  
showing how complicated these  
hostage situations really are!

They all clap and cheer.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

Tired and listless, The Rogue wipes his entire face with his hand in an attempt to keep himself awake. All of a sudden, his eyes bolt wide open the very second his cellphone rings.

THE ROGUE  
Hello?

Picks up the cellphone and answers it.

DARK VOICE (O.S.)  
That was a very good run through  
you gave of that hostage situation  
in Hogan's Alley earlier today...

Realizes who is on the other end of the phone, as he squints his eyes.

THE ROGUE  
Why are you calling me?

DARK VOICE  
I find you fascinating.

THE ROGUE  
What do you want?

DARK VOICE  
I've warned you already...

(CONTINUED)

The Rogue wipes the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

DARK VOICE  
...no one approves of your  
investigation...

The Rogue gazes at the files for both The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM.

DARK VOICE  
...now what are we going to do  
about it?

THE ROGUE  
I'm going to press on...

DARK VOICE  
You mean as a way to avenge her  
death? Well, I've got news for  
you...that won't bring her back!

THE ROGUE  
I'm not trying to bring her back!

Takes a deep breath and tries to regain his composure after snapping during this last second or so.

THE ROGUE  
I just want to give her some  
closure.

DARK VOICE  
Oh...is that what you call it? Is  
this what you are trying to  
convince yourself?

THE ROGUE  
Why is it any of your business to  
begin with?

DARK VOICE  
I highly advise you to turn away  
and forget about this...you're  
already in deep enough as it is.

THE ROGUE  
Do you plan to stop me if I don't?

DARK VOICE  
Who knows? I might!

THE ROGUE

Knock it off! Who in the hell are you?

DARK VOICE

Who I am is not important, but I do have eyes and ears watching you everywhere you go...

The Rogue gulps, having a lump in his throat.

DARK VOICE

Do you understand?

Before he can even answer, his cellphone cuts off.

THE ROGUE

What the hell?

With a strange look on his face, The Rogue holds the phone away from his ear.

THE ROGUE

Who was that?

Shaking his head, he puts the phone down immediately.

THE ROGUE

Between these demonstrations and these phone calls I'm amazed I get anything done...

Once more, he gazes at the files pertaining to The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM.

THE ROGUE

...and I still can't find a verifiable link between these two...

Slams his fist on the table.

THE ROGUE

Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

Very tired and having stayed up all night, he wipes the area between his eyes with his thumb and index finger.

EXT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

Many of The FBI Cadets are now walking inside the restaurant, ready to now take part in the activities that go on inside. Yet not a single word is even said about them.

INT.--THE DOGWOOD INN RESTAURANT--DAY

The Hostess greets each and every one of these students, asking them the very same question she has asked them every single time they came here. This time is no different.

HOSTESS

Do you have a reservation?

Several trainees nod at her before walking inside any further.

HOSTESS

I know you have one.

Taps the pen to her dossier the very second The Rogue walks in.

THE ROGUE

Right.

Nods at her before going inside.

INT.--CLASSROOM--DAY

The Rogue walks in to see each of his trainees situated in their desks awaiting his instructions. He goes to the front of the blackboard, as he now stands behind the podium.

THE ROGUE

Yesterday was our hostage demonstration...

Several of the trainees start clapping and cheering.

THE ROGUE

...alright...settle down...settle down...

Moves his hands downward as a signal for them to be quiet.

THE ROGUE

...now as we demonstrated...you should talk it over smoothly with the captor and meet his demands...

(CONTINUED)

Walks over to the board, picks up a piece of chalk where he writes "Talk Smoothly" and "Meet Demands" on the blackboard. Going over his verbal review just now.

THE ROGUE

...you want the captor as easygoing  
and as calm as possible...he'll be  
more willing to cooperate...

Shrugs his shoulders.

THE ROGUE

...but of course...we didn't have  
that in our demonstration  
yesterday...

Chuckles a bit.

THE ROGUE

...the point I was trying to make  
was that you'll never know when a  
hostage will go back on his word...

Looks around to make sure he has their attention.

THE ROGUE

...and in that instance...you  
always need to be prepared...

Returns to the blackboard and writes down "Always Be Prepared".

THE ROGUE

...no matter what twists or turns  
may come!

Faces the class once more.

THE ROGUE

Now can anyone tell me what the  
three demands were that the hostage  
asked for...

The female agent he encountered in the bank exercises raises her hand. Points to her, allowing her to answer.

FEMALE AGENT

...he wanted fifty million dollars  
in unmarked bills...

THE ROGUE

Right.

Returns to the blackboard and writes "\$50 Million In Unmarked Bills" with the chalk.

FEMALE AGENT  
...a private jet with no tag...

THE ROGUE  
Okay.

Writes "Private Jet With No Tag" on the blackboard.

FEMALE AGENT  
...and an island that has no  
extradition treaty with The United  
States.

The Rogue nods at her before writing "Island With No Extradition Treaty" on the blackboard.

THE ROGUE  
Good!

Underlines the space underneath these three demands.

THE ROGUE  
You must meet each one of a  
captor's demands in this crisis or  
he's less likely to cooperate...

Turns to the class once more.

THE ROGUE  
Now can anyone tell me what we  
demanded in exchange for each of  
his own demands?

A male trainee raises his hand, The Rogue acknowledges him by pointing his index finger in his direction.

MALE TRAINEE  
Three hostages for each demand met.

The Rogue nods.

THE ROGUE  
Exactly!

Returns to the blackboard writing in chalk "Counter Every Single Demand With A Demand of Your Own".

THE ROGUE  
This is very important...now say it  
with me...

Points to each word on the blackboard as he says it in unison with his students.

THE  
 ROGUE STUDENTS  
 ...counter...every...single...demand...

Nods for them to continue.

THE  
 ROGUE STUDENTS  
 ...with...a...demand...of...your...own...

Underlines what he wrote on the blackboard.

THE ROGUE  
 Satisfy the captor and give him  
 anything he wants...in hopes he  
 will release the hostages...

Shrugs his shoulders.

THE ROGUE  
 ...of course it is not always that  
 simple...such as the situation we  
 encountered in the demonstration...

Raises his hand in midair still holding the chalk to further illustrate his point.

THE ROGUE  
 ...if the captor is hostile,  
 refusing to cooperate...try  
 everything you can...

Writes "CAPTOR HOSTILITY" on the blackboard in capital letters before underlining them.

THE ROGUE  
 ...continue to remain calm and try  
 to cooperate...try to talk them out  
 of making a bad decision...

Returns to the blackboard and writes "Stay Calm and Cooperative" and "Continue To Negotiate" before underlining them and facing the class once again.

THE ROGUE  
 ...keep doing those unless you get  
 hints of a true red flag...

Holds his index finger up before he continues.

THE ROGUE

...just as how the captor refused to let go of the hostage and fired a shot through the window...

Curles his lips in all seriousness.

THE ROGUE

...at that moment...go in and snatch out the hostage and open fire on the captor...

Waves his hands.

THE ROGUE

...it's completely justifiable!

On the blackboard, he writes "If Hostage Is Armed With Malicious Intent, Open Fire!" before turning back to the class. He takes a deep breath prior to saying another word.

THE ROGUE

So any questions about yesterday's demonstration?

Looks around as a few people raise their hands.

THE ROGUE

Yes.

Points to one of his students with his index finger.

STUDENT

What if there's a misfire and you kill a hostage instead when there's warranted fire with a captor?

The Rogue holds his breath, as this is not an easy question to answer.

THE ROGUE

Wow...

Paces around the room, as a bead of sweat breaks out on his face.

THE ROGUE

...you picked a damn good one...

He and the other students chuckle a bit before he turns around and faces the class.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
...and believe me...it's not an  
easy question to answer...

Return to the podium, a bit flushed in the face.

THE ROGUE  
...not an easy one at all...

Wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

On his laptop, The Rogue types CIA.GOV in his web browser.  
Once taken to the site, he clicks on the "Archives" section.  
Now quickly typing "The 9/11 Commission Report".

THE ROGUE  
What?

A blank screen now pops up saying "Error 404 File Not  
Found".

THE ROGUE  
Let me try this again...

Hits the "Back" button and the screen returns to the  
previous archives.

THE ROGUE  
...okay!

He types "9/11" and error screen returns.

THE ROGUE  
Dammit!

Hitting the "Back" button once again, and now types  
"September 11th" with the error screen still showing up.

THE ROGUE  
Shit!

Once again returning to archives, he types "World Trade  
Center", nothing but the error screen keeps popping up.

THE ROGUE  
This is just like the FBI  
website...

Shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
...what the hell is going on here?

Returning to the archives, he types in "Flight 93" and yet again the error screen resurfaces.

THE ROGUE  
What don't they want me to find out?

Takes a deep breath and goes back to the archives one last time, and types in "Al-Qaeda". Sure enough, the error screen resurfaces. Shrugging his shoulders, he gives up.

THE ROGUE  
I guess they're trying to hide everything...that's what I get for working with the government!

Paces around the room and throws his hands up.

THE ROGUE  
And I'm going to drive myself crazy doing this!

All of a sudden, the cellphone rings.

THE ROGUE  
Dammit...what now?

Pulls his cellphone out of his pocket and answers it.

THE ROGUE  
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)  
There's some trouble here at the camp.

Squinting his eyes out of confusion.

THE ROGUE  
What kind of trouble?

VOICE  
Someone who won't cooperate.

The Rogue nods.

THE ROGUE  
I see...

Nods some more.

## THE ROGUE

...I'll be there in a matter of minutes.

Hangs up the cellphone before getting his car keys and walking out of his apartment.

## INT.--INTERROGATION ROOM--NIGHT

The room is dark and only voices are heard, no one is seen at all. A shadowy figure breathes heavily while being strapped to a chair. Another shadowy figure stands over him.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

I'll never tell you anything...

Shadowy Figure #2 gives him a hard slap in the face.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2

Talk!

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

No!

Another hard slap directed at his face.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2

Open your mouth and tell us what we need to know...

Approaches the chair further.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2

...or I'll make it even worse on you...

Bends Shadowy Figure #2's fingers backwards with bones cracking and screaming.

SHADOWY FIGURE #2

Now...are you going to play nice and do as we say?

Shadowy Figure #2 steps in front of a desk lamp and is revealed to be The Rogue.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

Yes.

The Rogue bends over to understand this shadowy figure more clearly.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

What was that? I didn't quite hear  
you!

Cups his hand to his ear.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

Yes!

THE ROGUE

WHAT?

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

YES!

This shadowy figure still breathes heavily, sweating and now  
ready to pass out.

THE ROGUE

So tell me...what are the Al-Qaeda  
forces up to?

The Rogue rises to his feet and stands here facing this  
shadowy figure.

THE ROGUE

I'll call the police and have you  
locked up if you don't tell me!

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

They have eyes all over this  
place...they have eyes  
everywhere...

THE ROGUE

More...

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

One of their guys is working  
security detail here at this very  
camp...

THE ROGUE

How can I be sure you're telling  
the truth?

Approaches this shadowy figure and is about to grab his  
finger.

SHADOWY FIGURE #1

NO!

The Rogue stops in his tracks.

## SHADOWY FIGURE #1

It's the truth because I'm saying  
it...you can check with security!  
He's a Muslim!

## THE ROGUE

There's only one thing I have to  
say in response to that...

Moves to the edge of the room and turns the lights on before  
he starts clapping his hands.

## THE ROGUE

...great going!

He has gone from the being the intense figure standing in  
the darkness in front of a desk lamp to being quite upbeat.

## THE ROGUE

Next time don't give in so  
quickly...the enemy will use that  
as an excuse to kill you for sure!

Several CIA officers walk into this room after observing  
this practice interrogation from behind a one way mirror.

## SHADOWY FIGURE #1

Okay...

This shadowy figure is now revealed to be a young cadet  
being trained in interrogation. Sweaty with his face beaten  
red, he rises from his chair with a pair of broken fingers.

## CIA CADET

...I won't.

The Rogue pats him on the shoulder, a cadet still nursing  
his broken fingers.

## THE ROGUE

Don't worry...you'll make it...

Nods at the cadet with a smile.

## CIA CADET

Thanks...

Unsure of whether or not The Rogue means it, and steps away  
from him just a bit, as he remains quite afraid of him.

## CIA CADET

...I think.

Walks out of this interrogation room of his own free will.

(CONTINUED)

CIA OFFICER

Always made 'em sweat, that's why  
they call you "The Cracker" here at  
Camp Peary...

The Rogue shrugs his shoulders before sharing a laugh with  
him and shaking his hand.

THE ROGUE

Oh yeah...I was the only one who  
knew how...

Nods at his fellow CIA officer as they cease shaking hands.

EXT.--CAMP PEARY--NIGHT

The Rogue and his comrade here in The CIA walk around as  
they see some of the paratroopers take off in the sky during  
their training exercises and night maneuvers at this moment.

CIA OFFICER

Did you hear someone broke into our  
library and stole the file on The  
9/11 Commission Report?

The Rogue shakes his head almost immediately.

THE ROGUE

No...I didn't know that...

Turns his full attention to his comrade and places his hands  
in his pockets to keep from looking nervous.

CIA OFFICER

There's a search going on for that  
punk right now...

Shakes his head.

CIA OFFICER

...to tell you the truth...I wish I  
could find that little asshole and  
beat the shit out of him!

Almost immediately, The Rogue starts to chuckle, but quickly  
stops the very second his comrade notices.

CIA OFFICER

What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

He's probably left the state or the country by now for all we know.

His comrade still does not look at all pleased.

CIA OFFICER

I'm fully aware of that...we've now started a search for him...

The Rogue nods, seemingly impressed by what he hears.

THE ROGUE

I hope you find him.

CIA OFFICER

Oh we better after the money we're spending on it...the search we're doing for him is nationwide...

The Rogue purses his lips together and tweaks them in one direction, trying to conceal his horror at how much money is spent aimlessly on an investigation he has somewhat caused.

THE ROGUE

Ouch!

CIA OFFICER

You bet your ass!

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The Rogue sits quietly in his couch, tired and ready to crash, he wipes his entire face with his hand. All of a sudden, his cellphone rings and he is wide awake.

THE ROGUE

Hello?

Answers with this after picking up.

DARK VOICE (O.S.)

You handled the interrogation at Camp Peary very nicely.

The Rogue widens his eyes.

THE ROGUE

You...how did you get word about that?

(CONTINUED)

DARK VOICE

I told you...I have eyes and ears everywhere...

THE ROGUE

What in the hell do you want from me?

DARK VOICE

You know exactly what I want...

The Rogue wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead.

DARK VOICE

...you think re-opening these investigations are going to help you through the grieving process?

THE ROGUE

Actually, it won't...but it'll give me some answers.

DARK VOICE

The only answer you need is that you're getting yourself in too deep...and you need to pull away...

The Rogue curls his lips out of determination.

THE ROGUE

No chance in hell of that happening.

DARK VOICE

Well, I'm sorry to hear this...

The Rogue continues to sweat.

DARK VOICE

...if you keep up this attitude...you'll be going down a very dark path...

The Rogue just listens, does not say a word.

DARK VOICE

...one that may lead to your demise.

THE ROGUE

We'll see about that!

(CONTINUED)

DARK VOICE

Oh yes we will!

The cellphone hangs up.

THE ROGUE

What...hello?

Holds the cellphone at a distance from his ear.

THE ROGUE

Shit!

Slams the cellphone down.

THE ROGUE

Who in the hell IS that son of a  
bitch?

Ruffles his fingers through his hair as he goes back to the  
files for The 9/11 Commission Report and PENTTBOM.

THE ROGUE

Would he even know the link between  
these two cases?

Shrugs his shoulders.

THE ROGUE

Hmmm...

Grabs his cellphone once more and start looking through the  
Caller ID. He notices a few listings reading UNKNOWN CALLER  
another listing a CIA contact in between the last two.

THE ROGUE

That's probably just when I was  
called for the interrogation...

Still gazing at the Caller ID.

THE ROGUE

...if only I could trace that these  
other calls...

Pushes buttons and moves Caller ID back up to the most  
recent listing of "Unknown Caller" and speed dials it.  
Placing it to his ear, he waits as this cellphone rings.

NORMAL VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

THE ROGUE

Ah-ha! I caught you...how does it feel to be on the receiving end of your own bullshit?

The cellphone hangs up.

THE ROGUE

Dammit! I almost had him!

Slams the cellphone down once more.

INT.--CLASSROOM--NIGHT

The Rogue stands in front of a class of CIA trainees here in this room. There are numbers assembled in a grid the blackboard behind him. He is ready to conduct this lesson.

THE ROGUE

Here at Camp Peary you will be learning the fine art of Cryptography...

Points to the blackboard withthis thumb.

THE ROGUE

...these are not crossword puzzles and it is not Morse code...far from these two things as possible...

Gets a huge stack of worksheets.

THE ROGUE

...cryptography involves decoding messages from the enemy...

Gives a portion of the worksheets to each person in the front row of this class. They take sheets before passing the remaining stacks behind them, a routine that repeats.

THE ROGUE

...they could be written as numbers, backwards letters, or even foreign languages...

Sees each student now has a worksheet.

THE ROGUE

...now each of you has a sample cryptograph in front of you...you also have a code key...

Points to the blackboard once more.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

...the code key underneath your  
grid will help you decipher these  
cryptographs...

Holds a stopwatch in his hand and looks at it.

THE ROGUE

...these are hard to figure out,  
but don't sweat it...you have an  
hour...

Has his thumb ready, about to click the stopwatch.

THE ROGUE

...and now...

Clicks the stopwatch.

THE ROGUE

...go...!

Starts pacing around as the students work on their  
cryptographs.

THE ROGUE

Alright...fifteen minutes have  
passed...

Looks at the clock on the wall while also checking his  
stopwatch.

THE ROGUE

...you still have a lot of  
time...so don't rush it...

Checks his wristwatch, he sees the minute hands both here and  
on the clock keep turning. While the stopwatch is digital  
and shows fifteen minutes past the hour at the moment.

THE ROGUE

...just take it easy and do each  
one as you go along...

Watches the students for a second.

THE ROGUE

...while you should be prompt and  
as quick as you can...you're in no  
hurry to finish this right away...

Shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
...one step at a time...

The clock progresses further.

THE ROGUE  
Thirty minutes...

Checks both the clock on the wall and the stopwatch.

THE ROGUE  
...you should all now be halfway  
through this...

Checks his wristwatch.

THE ROGUE  
...but still...no rush...just take  
your time.

Stands at a distance from the clock while gazing at it. Sees  
a female student raise her hand.

THE ROGUE  
Please hold your questions until  
we're finished...

Raises his hand in midair to hold her off.

THE ROGUE  
...when that time comes...I'll be  
more than happy to answer...

Still focused on the clock.

THE ROGUE  
...until then...just remain focused  
on what you're doing...

The clock progresses more.

THE ROGUE  
Forty five minutes...

Checks his wristwatch.

THE ROGUE  
...you should be almost finished  
now...

Paces around the room.

THE ROGUE  
...almost fifteen minutes left...

Stares at the clock on the wall.

THE ROGUE  
...it's all winding down...

Shakes his head.

THE ROGUE  
...you don't have much time...

Looks at the stopwatch.

THE ROGUE  
...so get everything you can...

The clock hits its mark.

THE ROGUE  
Time's up!

Checks his wristwatch.

THE ROGUE  
Now pass your cryptographs up front  
and I'll collect them!

The students do as instructed as he sees stacks of paper on each of the desks in the front row.

THE ROGUE  
Okay...

Starts picking up the cryptographs from each desk one by one.

THE ROGUE  
I'll be looking through these all  
afternoon and early evening to see  
how each of you did...

Sits on the edge of his own desk, as he straightens the stack of cryptographs on his knee.

THE ROGUE  
...a small number of you will get  
it right away...most of you  
won't...don't be discouraged...

Gets up and lays the cryptographs on his desktops.

THE ROGUE  
...most people aren't meant to have  
this job...

INT.--THE ROGUE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

Looking through the cryptograph sheets the trainees at Camp Peary worked on in class, The Rogue marks and grades them with a red pen when all of a sudden, the cellphone rings.

THE ROGUE  
Hello?

Answers with this after picking up.

DARK VOICE (O.S.)  
Great cryptograph exam you gave in  
class today...

The Rogue widens his eyes.

THE ROGUE  
What do you want?

DARK VOICE  
This is what happens when you try  
to ambush me on my phone...

THE ROGUE  
You asked for it! Where do you get  
off terrorizing me like this?

DARK VOICE  
Where do you get off sticking your  
nose in government affairs?

The Rogue leans forward, taking a more serious demeanor.

THE ROGUE  
Now I've just about had it with  
these phone calls...

DARK VOICE  
As have I...

The Rogue does not respond.

DARK VOICE  
...I should have you killed for  
that surprise phone call you  
made...

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE  
Why not kill me right now?

DARK VOICE  
I'd rather settle this like a  
man...

The Rogue chuckles a bit.

THE ROGUE  
What's manly about threatening me  
over the phone with some scary  
voice and hiding your identity?

DARK VOICE  
You and I shall meet face to face  
at The J. Edgar Hoover Building...

The Rogue gazes at the old photo of he and several other FBI  
cadets posing in front of The J. Edgar Hoover Building.

DARK VOICE  
...we can meet just before they  
blow that place to bits...

The Rogue still looks at the old picture.

THE ROGUE  
Alright then...

Nods over this comment.

THE ROGUE  
...let's do it.

DARK VOICE  
If anything...we're both going to  
to end up dead anyway...

THE ROGUE  
Well...at least I'll die  
fighting...

DARK VOICE  
For which side...you two faced  
coward...The FBI or The CIA?

THE ROGUE  
Well...which side are you on?

The cellphone hangs up.

THE ROGUE  
What the hell?

Looks at the cellphone and chuckles a bit.

THE ROGUE  
Just like a true coward...hangs up  
when the pressure gets tough...

Lays the cellphone down.

THE ROGUE  
Why should I even bother going?

Shakes his head and chuckles a bit before he sits down on the couch. He sits here and looks over at his car keys for a second. From his facial expressions, he is in doubt.

THE ROGUE  
The guy's all bark and I'm worrying  
over nothing...

Shrugs his shoulders.

THE ROGUE  
...yet here I am talking to myself  
again...

Grabs his car keys and clutches them.

THE ROGUE  
...and for all I know...he could be  
planning some sort of attack...

With his car keys in hand, he storm out of this apartment.

EXT.--APARTMENT BUILDING--NIGHT

The Rogue walks out of the apartment building and gets into his car which drives off immediately. He wastes no further time in getting out of here and heading for his destination.

EXT.--THE J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING--NIGHT

The Rogue drives up to this place, gets out of the car and stares at this structure. A building he is familiar with during his days as a cadet, and is now being torn down.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

Stands in the shadows, almost as if he is waiting for someone.

THE ROGUE

I guess to see the last of this building...I never thought I'd see the day this would ever happen...

The FBI Director shakes his head.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Neither did I...

Places his hands into his pockets as the demolition crews start chattering behind him.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Hey...you want to go in there one last time before they blow this place to bits?

The Rogue widens his eyes, as he is shocked over being asked this by his superior, which is utter defiance of procedure and protocol. Now, all of a sudden, he starts smiling.

THE ROGUE

Yeah...what the hell?

Shrugs his shoulders, he chuckles a bit before they both walk inside.

INT.--THE J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING--NIGHT

Both The FBI Director and The Rogue walks through this area, now resembling an old abandoned haunted mansion. Vastly unlike the building they worked at and trained in.

THE ROGUE

Wow...I can't believe they're tearing this place down...

THE FBI DIRECTOR

This stuff happens...

Starts moving up the staircase.

THE ROGUE

What are you doing?

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Oh come on...it's not like you haven't broken the rules before!

INT.--FLIGHT OF STAIRS--NIGHT

The two of them go up this first flight of stairs, just before this facility is to be demolished a short while now. Yet they keep going, undeterred by this impending fact.

THE ROGUE

But this is going to be torn down!

The FBI Director places his index finger on his lips, turning to The Rogue when he does this.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Shhh! We'll be out long before that...trust me!

Turns away and they go up another flight of stairs.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Hey...you remember this?

Points with his index finger as they gaze into the room that was once the basketball court.

THE ROGUE

Yeah...

They both go inside.

INT.--BASKETBALL COURT--NIGHT

They walk in here, as they see the basketball net has decayed and the backboard has almost fallen off its stand. The FBI Director picks up an old ball and dribbles it.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Damn...

A deflated ball that falls to the floor.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...no more basketball for either of us...

THE ROGUE

I guess not...

Looks around at all the old workout equipment.

THE ROGUE

...can't believe this is the last we'll ever see of this place...

(CONTINUED)

Does not hear a single word from The FBI Director as the wind blows. The Rogue turns around to discover he has left.

THE ROGUE  
Where did you go?

The Rogue leaves.

INT.--HALLWAY--NIGHT

The Rogue looks around to see where The FBI Director went, he is nowhere to be seen around here at all. After walking around some more, he spots his superior in another room.

INT.--CLASSROOM--NIGHT

Seeing The FBI Director look around this room, The Rogue walks in here seeing all the old desks, faded and rotted through. The blackboard is all but chalked over completely.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Remember when I taught here...

Walks over to the blackboard, positioning himself in front of it and pointing to the desks in the back.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...you sat in the back row...wore these thick glasses and was shy as hell...

Chuckles a bit.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...never pictured you ending up as one of our best agents...much less one of our top instructors...

Shakes his head in amazement.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...but here you are!

Looks at The Rogue with a big smile on his face.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Wow!

The Rogue himself also smiles.

(CONTINUED)

THE ROGUE

I would say I couldn't have done it  
without you...

Shrugs and nods.

THE ROGUE

...but I guess that line's already  
been taken.

The FBI Director also nods.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Guess so.

After taking one last look around, the two of them leave.

INT.--HALLWAY--NIGHT

The Rogue and The FBI Director both walk through here, most likely the last time they will ever do so. There are smiles on both of their faces that also have a tinge of sadness.

THE ROGUE

I was the butt of many pranks  
through these halls.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

If only they could see you now.

INT.--FLIGHT OF STAIRS--NIGHT

They resume walking up yet another flight and look around this area, as it is dark and abandoned. Presumably it is not a safe area whatsoever, but they somehow make it through.

THE ROGUE

Yeah...they'd all bend over kissing  
my ass and eat my shit if they did!

The two of them burst out laughing.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

I think they already are.

Still laughing.

THE ROGUE

Yeah...probably.

Both walk up another flight of stairs.

(CONTINUED)

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Now there's one last thing I want  
to show you...

THE ROGUE  
What's that?

Tries to turn around, but The FBI Director keeps shoving him  
ahead.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Don't worry about it...wait 'til we  
get there...

These two go up another flight of stairs.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...keep going...keep going...

Pushes The Rogue ahead further.

THE ROGUE  
We've been walking a pretty good  
while now...

The FBI Director does not say a word.

THE ROGUE  
...you're getting awfully quiet you  
know that?

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Shhh! Don't say anything yet...

Places his index finger over his lips before pushing The  
Rogue forward yet again.

THE ROGUE  
Okay...

Shakes his head in bewilderment.

THE ROGUE  
...I won't say a word...

Throws his hands up.

THE ROGUE  
...sheesh!

INT.--TOP FLOOR--NIGHT

The two of them make it up these stairs, The FBI Director pulls out a gun and stands in front of The Rogue. Caught by surprise, he does not know what to make of this at all.

THE ROGUE

What the hell is going on here?

Holds his hands in midair.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

We're all pretty pissed about your investigation...trying to see if there's some damn conspiracy...

Shrugs his shoulders.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...what are you trying to be some sort of hero by prove everyone in The FBI or CIA is corrupt?

The Rogue gulps, does not even say a word.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

Well I've got news for you...there was a cover up on 9/11...and I was one of the key people involved...

Holds the gun steady.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...I was one of the top FBI guys they came to...

Smiles and chuckles a bit.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...and you were just some rookie fresh out of the academy...

Fires a gunshot into the wall.

THE FBI DIRECTOR

...you teach cadets how to handle bank robberies, hostage situations, and cryptography...

The Rogue stands still as his superior wipes the sweat from his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...I remember when you were just  
some snot nosed geek who could  
barely keep up with any of it...

Shrugs while looking at the gun.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...except for the cryptography...I  
didn't betray The FBI as a double  
agent for The CIA like you...

Smiles and chuckles a bit while under this duress.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...you little backstabber...

Holds the gun steady.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
You know it's too bad no one will  
ever find out whether 9/11 was  
truly an inside job or not...

THE ROGUE  
Why is that? I think the public has  
a pretty good grasp on it.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
The public has nothing to do with  
it...we both know the truth...and  
we're going to die here...

Nods as he steps closer to The Rogue.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...oh yes...

THE ROGUE  
Says who?

The Rogue takes a step closer to him as he raises his gun.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Says I.

Shoots a bullet through a window as The Rogue ducks.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
You know...no one cares  
whether your sister died or  
not...they only cared about the  
headlines...

(CONTINUED)

Look down at the former cadet he mentored now subdued on the floor after ducking his gunshot.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...they got all sorts of media  
attention...that's all the  
government cared about...

Shrugs and nods.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...that and all the oil deals and  
money they made from the wars in  
Afghanistan and Iraq.

Fires another shot on the floor, prompting The Rogue to get to his feet.

THE ROGUE  
Well, I loved and cared very much  
for my sister...and I'll have no  
problem taking you down.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
Like I said...we're going to die  
here...this place is going to go  
any single minute now...

Looks outside the window at the demolition crew.

THE FBI DIRECTOR  
...oh yes...

Turns back to The Rogue with a smile.

THE ROGUE  
We'll just see about that...

Charges toward his superior and shoves him out of the window in self-defense. He sees the leader of the demolition crew addressing his workers and now starting to count down.

DEMOLITION CREW MEMBER  
Ten...nine...

The Rogue takes to stairs and leaves.

INT.--FLIGHT OF STAIRS--NIGHT

Hurrying back down this flight, The Rogue tries his best to get out of this section of The J. Edgar Hoover Building before it is blown completely to bits with him inside.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
...eight...seven...

The Rogue continues running.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER  
...six...five...

The Rogue heads down the next flight of stairs.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER  
...four...three...

And another.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER  
...two...

Still running.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER  
...FIRE IN THE HOLE!

EXT.--THE J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING--NIGHT

A member of the demolition crew shoves the lever down and the top floor of the building begins to implode right before they very eyes. An amazing sight to behold for sure.

INT.--TOP FLOOR--NIGHT

Shaking to the nines and the roof caves in, no hint that anyone was ever here. Everything comes crashing down to the floor at this second. Only sights and sounds of destruction.

EXT.--THE J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING--NIGHT

The middle floors of the building now collapse. The entire demolition crew stands here watching without a care in the world. One of the workers notices something suspicious.

WORKER  
There's a dead guy over here...

The FBI Director's body lies on the ground.

INT.--REAR EXIT--NIGHT

Making it down the last flight of stairs within only a handful of seconds, The Rogue quickly heads for the exit, rushing within the heartbeat of a second to save his life

EXT.--THE J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING--NIGHT

The Rogue heads for his car the very second he sees it. He does not even have time to look back, nor does it appear like he wants to. Opening the front door, he pauses.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER

Where did he come from?

The leader of the demolition crew and the worker who found the dead body of The FBI Director gaze at the ugly rubble that was once the first two thirds of this facility.

WORKER

If he somehow was thrown out of one of those windows it's almost too late to prove it now...

Shakes his head while gazing at the broken glass surrounding The FBI Director's body and the gun in his hand.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER

Hey!

The Rogue gets into his car and drives away from the scene.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER

Oh forget it...we've got a job to do...

WORKER

But we could be letting him get away with murder and not even know it!

The leader of the demolition crew snatches him by the arm, trying to get him to refocus on blowing up this building. The task they were sent here for in the first place.

DEMOLITION CREW LEADER

Fire in the hole!

The last three floors of The J. Edgar Hoover implode to the ground.

INT.--THE ROGUE'S CAR--NIGHT

The Rogue takes one last look at the site of the former J. Edgar Hoover Building, one of the very facilities he once studied at during his younger years as an FBI Cadet.

THE ROGUE

The public may never know the full truth...

The Rogue stops his car and takes out a photo of his deceased sister. He looks at it.

THE ROGUE

...but I do and at least you can rest now...

The Rogue drives away into the night.