

THE INFORMATION AGENT
(ACTOR SIDES)

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First Draft
Dec 2007

Revisions
March 2008
Jul 2008
Oct 2008

Stranger Films LLC.
Atlanta, Ga.

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SIDES FOR **THE INFORMATION AGENT**

This scene takes place after we've already introduced, and established Jonas as an officer for Takada, the company that owns and runs the city he lives in.

He's closing out a 14 hour shift, it's been a rough night of chasing around to try and find *The Agent* before he leaves the city.

At the point we take up this first scene, he's feeling slightly defeated because he figures they've missed him, and he's gone. Ramsey is ready to go home and rest when he gets caught very off guard by being called into his superiors office.

It's an unusual situation for both men.

INT. COMMANDER GEARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Ramsey sits across the overly long desk of his respected Commander, doing his best to look interested instead of exhausted.

Geary sits at the desk finally, clears his throat, and addresses Ramsey in a polite, professional tone.

COMMANDER GEARY

Jonas, thanks for coming in. I was called at home and asked to report in, this is apparently a top priority for Takada. I know you want to head home, but something important needs your attention.

RAMSEY

Not a problem Commander, anything they need.

COMMANDER GEARY

I'll warn you, You're not going to like it.

Ramsey gives him a half grin, a sort of "I can take it" expression.

RAMSEY

Aye sir, I understand. What's the situation?

COMMANDER GEARY

They want you to continue pursuing the agent.

Ramsey doesn't quite understand at first, he figures they mean in the city.

RAMSEY

Of course sir, that's my duty. I do have a hunch that he's past our walls, and that . . .

COMMANDER GEARY

Yes, they know.

The matter of fact nature of his words gives Ramsey pause. He isn't sure of the meaning, as his commanding officer couldn't possibly be suggesting sending Ramsey out of the city.

RAMSEY

Sir, I . . . I mean black ops should be . . .

Geary shakes his head NO.

COMMANDER GEARY

Not this time I'm afraid. The company is looking for someone with detective skills who can track this man out there, and bring him back here. You were the obvious choice. You're our best. Black ops are killers. They want him captured.

Ramsey again doesn't immediately reply. His cheeks flush, and he doesn't do well to hide the anger welling up in his voice.

RAMSEY

With all due respect Commander, they're wrong. I've never run a mission like that. My team would get exposed in hours, and likely killed. And I'm no undercover agent or mercenary. I'm afraid I have to decline the case sir, respectfully.

COMMANDER GEARY

There's no team. Just you. They want you to do this alone.

Ramsey isn't ready for it. He can't believe it.

RAMSEY

Alone?

COMMANDER GEARY

Look, I know this is out of your
comfort zone . . .

Suddenly Ramsey feels as if he's being mistreated, the
commander's choice of words upset him. He doesn't realize that
he's raising his voice.

RAMSEY

Comfort zone? Sir I'm not trained
for this kind of operation. It's a
matter of contacts, and in roads,
and I wouldn't even know where to
begin tracking him, and alone? This
is just insane . . .

Geary can raise his voice too, and a seasoned officer knows
how to control his men.

COMMANDER GEARY

Be cautious of your tone Sergeant.
I understand you're reluctance.
This is not a matter of choice.

Close on Geary. His patience gone, his eyes piercing. He
likes the young detective, but insubordination, even
justified, is unacceptable. He cuts Ramsey off with a simple
warning.

Ramsey relents some, eases back on his tone of voice, but
still isn't accepting of the mission.

RAMSEY

Sir, I know, I'm . . .

Geary isn't interested. He cuts him off again.

COMMANDER GEARY

The company feels you are perfectly
suited to this task, or they would
not be asking you to do it. I feel
you are perfectly suited for it as
well, or I'd of given this to
someone else.

RAMSEY

I'm appreciate that confidence sir,
but . . .

Geary's had enough. He loses his temper, and shouts back at
ramsey.

COMMANDER GEARY

SERGEANT! You have a job to do. You have a family to support. You have a good life here. But these can go away if we're not careful, can't they? Your conduct is slipping. You know how these freelance agents think better than anyone. You've been investigating them for years. You will do well at this, and I won't hear any more discussion countering me. Listen, don't think a reward will not be waiting for you on the other side of this assignment. A promotion, jump in pay grade, a new home in 9th sector. A better civil classification for your daughter when she's of age. It will matter. The work will matter.

Ramsey takes a deep breath, and calms down. He didn't miss the implied threat, but Geary is right. He has to keep his family safe.

RAMSEY

Yes sir. You're right sir. It's been a very long day, I apologize for my conduct and tone.

Geary smiles like a hunter who's killed his prey.

COMMANDER GEARY

Apology accepted. Read the briefing, and you will see why you've been chosen, but I suspect after a good night's sleep you will be more prepared and ready. The fact that you have no contacts, and have never done may well work to your benefit. Especially given your experience with tracking these people in our city. The logic follows, he will not see you coming, and for you it's not a kill mission. They want him alive, and feel if anyone can get him back here alive, it is you.

RAMSEY

I will read the briefing once I get home tonight sir, and . . .

COMMANDER GEARY

I'm sorry Jonas, you're not going home. The trail will go cold, so you have to leave tonight. Right now.

Ramsey doesn't know what to say, unsure if he should protest more. Before he has a chance to, Geary sees it, and stops him.

COMMANDER GEARY

You will listen, and only listen, for the remainder of this briefing, do you understand?

Ramsey lets it happen. He sees now his only way out of this is through it.

RAMSEY

Yes sir.

COMMANDER GEARY

GOOD. You are to change into sanctioned civilian attire immediately and make your way to the train station at the far end of Coopersville. You will board the train as a dismissed and disgraced officer, and you will LEAVE the walls of this city.

Close on Ramsey, frowning.

COMMANDER GEARY (CONT'D)

You will read the briefing on the transport to Brixton, and you will dispose of it properly once you are done and fully understand your task. You're instructions are explicit, detailed, and very important.

Commander Geary holds out a small digital device with a monitor on it.

COMMANDER GEARY

Take your report, go down to lockup and get some civies, and get down to the train station. The sooner you start, the sooner you finish. Don't go home first, don't stop and eat, don't call your wife, just GO.

Ramsey takes the digital reader, stands, and moves for the door. He stops short, his hand just inches from the knob.

RAMSEY
Sir, permission to . . .

COMMANDER GEARY
FINE. Say it.

RAMSEY
Sir, how is my family being notified of my absence?

Geary, clearly put off now, clears his throat before responding.

COMMANDER GEARY
I don't know Detective, the company handled that. Not my department son. Anything else?

Ramsey hesitates, then nods his head YES.

RAMSEY
No. Thank you.

COMMANDER GEARY
You're dismissed. Go with God.

He stands, salutes Geary, then leaves the office.

INT. LOCKUP - NIGHT

Ramsey is standing inside a small room, well lit, one door, no windows.

There is a table in the center of the room, and two chairs.

Ramsey is slowly taking off his clothing, folding it as he does, and stacking it on the table.

He neatly places his watches, badge, unloaded gun and holster, and his personal items on the table too.

Down to a simple black T, and shorts. He starts going through a box of clothing marked "unclaimed".

He takes out boots, a long coat, a few T-shirts, some sweaters, and other items, and begins putting them on.

When he's done, he puts the extra clothing into a small shoulder bag, along with his digital briefing device.

The door is opened, and a young man, officer JOHN PULLITO enters the room holding a small box.

He chuckles as he sees Ramsey.

PULLITO
Well, sarge, that's a good look for
you.

Ramsey is not in the mood for jokes.

RAMSEY
What did you get?

He takes the box from Pullito and pulls it open.

Inside there is an assortment of items, a few pocket knives, a small revolver and 3 speed loaders with ammo. There is a cell phone, and a few other cybernetics odd and ends. Plug drives, scanners, toys of the trade.

There is also different kinds of money, an ID, a watch, and some jewelry, rings, necklace and such.

PULLITO
Geary said you could take as much
of that as you wanted.

RAMSEY
I'll take it all.

He begins to stash things, put things on, etc.

He checks the gun.

A compact revolver, old, beat up, modified, but pretty deadly looking given it's age and condition.

He slides the gun into a pocket, then the speed loaders.

Then, he looks at Pullito.

RAMSEY
I need a favor.

Pullito smirks.

PULLITO
I thought you might.

***** note possible rewrite below *****

He takes a small memory disc off the table, and hands it to him.

RAMSEY

Get that to my wife please.

PULLITO

No sweat sarge. You have some good luck out there, and I'm sorry. Really sorry.

RAMSEY

For what?

Pullito seems uncomfortable now, awkward.

PULLITO

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything. I'm . . .

RAMSEY

Well, you did. Finish it.

PULLITO

For the problem, your dismissal. Everyone is talking about it. We're all going to miss you down here in the gallows. You kept it so hidden, you know? I mean had a few of these guys known what you were up to, well, they'd of done some business with you.

Ramsey just looks at him for a time, taking it in, getting angry. Should he play along? Obviously this is part of his cover. A "disgraced" officer.

He figures he'll read about the cover story in the briefing.

Ramsey decides to play the role, and deny the charges.

RAMSEY

Yeah, it's too bad. Just get that note to my wife. And Pullito, don't believe it. Would you do that for me? Tell them all it's not true. Setup from word go.

Pullito shakes his head YES sincerely.

PULLITO

I guess you should look on the bright side, right? Banishment over prison. That's something right?

RAMSEY

Not by much, but at least Geary snuck me some tools. That'll help.

Pullito feels like he needs to say more.

PULLITO

Look, I'll try and get word to you from time to time.

Ramsey shakes his head NO.

RAMSEY

Don't kid. Don't risk your neck for me. I certainly wouldn't for you.

What Pullito doesn't understand is how true that statement now is. Ramsey is suddenly confronted with finding out some of the men he's worked with are "dirty". That isn't sitting well.

Pullito leaves the room, Ramsey follows.

***** different possible scene direction**

Ramsey isn't happy with what Pullito has brought him.

RAMSEY

This is it? I'll take it, but I need more than this.

PULLITO

Hey, this is more than most exiles get. Geary is doing you a personal favor, for old times sake. So am I by bringing it here.

RAMSEY

Open the evidence locker for Brixton detainees. I know you have the key.

Pullito is having none of it. He backs away.

PULLITO

WOAH, WOAH, no way sarge.

Ramsey frowns.

RAMSEY
Your choice.

Ramsey throttles the young man, one solid punch to his chest, knocking the wind out of him.

Pullito slams into the wall, gasping for air. Ramsey pins him to the wall by the throat, then presses the muzzle of the small revolver to Pullito's forehead and clicks back the hammer.

RAMSEY
They're throwing me to the wolves
boy, you think I'm going to
hesitate? You think I'm just going
to play along? They want me to be
like them, well, that means I take
what I want, not what I'm given.

Pullito doesn't say anything, he just grimaces at Ramsey from the under the front of the gun, then holds up a large key ring.

PULLITO
You better hit me again, this time
knock me out Sarge. That way the
sensors won't catch me lying when
I'm questioned about. . .

Ramsey pistol whips Pullito so hard it throws the young man across the room.

Shot of Pullito on the floor, blood dripping from his mouth and broken nose.

INT. HALLWAY - LOCKUP - NIGHT

Ramsey slings the bag over his shoulder as he leaves the room and enters the empty hallway.

He passes an empty guard station and stops at a large unmarked door.

Close on the locks as he slides in a key and turns it.

INT. LOCKUP - PROPERTY ROOM

A heavy set man, BRYANT, is reading a newspaper when Ramsey walks in, and levels his small pistol at him.

BRYANT

Jonas . . . don't do this . . .

RAMSEY

I don't want to shoot you, so stay still. I just need a few things, then I'm gone.

Ramsey makes his way to the gate, ready with the key.

BRYANT

You won't discharge that in here. You know better.

RAMSEY

Super sonic rounds in it. They won't even set off the security alarms.

Bryant is scared, he doesn't say anything else, he just puts his hands up, and watches Ramsey unlock the large metal gate.

Ramsey gets through the gate just as Bryant is reaching for a button.

RAMSEY

STOP!

Ramsey catches Bryant, and flings him backwards, into shelving units that crash and fall over as Bryant falls back on them.

Ramsey is ready with the gun as Bryant starts to fumble with his own. He doesn't even get it out of the holster before Ramsey has the small revolver trained on him.

RAMSEY

Just stop!

Bryant looks at Ramsey with betrayed eyes.

BRYANT

You'd kill me?

RAMSEY

Get up.

Cuffs click down over Bryant's wrists. Pan out to show him secured to the metal gate. He's been disarmed. Ramsey walks away from him.

He cracks open the **Brixton** lockers and takes a moment to survey what he sees.

He smiles, then works very fast and begins loading up what he can carry. Money, guns, ID's, paperwork, and maps. He starts loading up all manner of electronic goodies, including a small computer.

Then, he finds something that makes him smile.

A travel bag. A seemingly normal and innocent black leather travel bag not unlike a briefcase, only thicker and meant to carry more than paperwork.

He loads this up with a few things, and then makes haste past Bryant and out of the room.