

STEEL

That's tough. Almost unbelievable if I hadn't known you all these years. What happened afterwards?

SCHAEFER

Usual bullshit, CIA took over, suits covered it up, after a debrief they dumped me on the street. Told me to forget it all and walk away.

STEEL

And that was it?

SCHAEFER

Yeah.

STEEL

Yeah, normal for office drones.

He looks at Schaefer's face.

STEEL (CONT'D)

But not enough for you right?

SCHAEFER

No.

STEEL

So what do you have in mind?

Schaefer pulls another, much thicker, report and couple of computer discs from his holdall, dropping them on the workbench.

SCHAEFER

Ambush.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Schaefer's sipping a spirit drink from a glass as he casually gazes along the racks of exotic weaponry on the workshop's wall.

Steel is busy flicking back and forth through Schaefer's second report, a computer workstation's three screens full of sketches, blueprints, etc..

Steel leans back with a sigh.

STEEL

This is a good plan, but it's going to be expensive.

(MORE)

STEEL (CONT'D)

There is no way I'd even endorse such a project without a Pentagon-scale black budget.

He gazes at the screens thoughtfully.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Hmm, maybe a private corporation?

SCHAEFER

They're as bad the government.

STEEL

Yeah, but right now they have way deeper pockets.

SCHAEFER

The Agency did pay for the last mission, eventually.

STEEL

It's that eventually I worry about, and will they let you lead the mission?
I assume you want to lead it?

SCHAEFER

You and me, a few others, I can't run with this alone, this isn't some stupid Hollywood story with the lone hero saving the world.

STEEL

Yeah. Well the government are broke and couldn't afford all the kit we'll need.
I do know one company, big defence contractor.

He looks Schaefer in the eye.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Ever heard of Weyland Industries?

SCHAEFER

(nodding)

Satellite comms, we used to use them. Surveillance too. I guess they're booming with the Middle East?

STEEL

Yeah, Afghanistan especially, all the communications issues in those mountains and satellites tracking the Taliban.

(MORE)

STEEL (CONT'D)

They've got some really deep pockets, and I hear they've been involved in some weird work like this.

He waves at the screens.

SCHAEFER

Okay, we'll call them in the morning.

STEEL

(grinning)

No need to wait.

He reaches for his phone.

STEEL (CONT'D)

The corporation never sleeps.

He starts punching out a number.

SCHAEFER

What did you mean by weird?

STEEL

Huh?

SCHAEFER

Weyland, you said weird work?

STEEL

Oh yeah, a few years ago they called me, rush order for some exotic weaponry, rapid fire, wide spread against stealthed targets, and they wanted a mix of armour piercing and -

(into the phone)

Yeah, Special Projects Division.

(to Schaefer)

And, er, specialist armour, had to be bulletproof and acid proof, weird. I thought it was some anti-riot gear, for crowd control.

Schaefer looks at the racks on the wall.

STEEL (CONT'D)

Not there, they cancelled it a few days later, went quiet and I heard nothing from them.

(into the phone)

Hi, Special Projects?

(MORE)