

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Denise Burgess loads GROCERIES into the back of her mini-van. She reaches for the last bag in the shopping cart, when STRONG HANDS pick it up for her instead. REVEAL --

A MAN in pressed khakis and tucked-in polo shirt. This is COLONEL RAYMOND STURRIDGE, 40s, fit, an impressive warrior.

START →
|

COL. STURRIDGE

Let me help you with that, Captain Burgess.

DENISE

(surprised)

Colonel.

COL. STURRIDGE

We need to talk.

INT. DENISE BURGESS'S MINI-VAN - LATER

COL. STURRIDGE

You're going to D.C. on Friday. Plane tickets. Hotel reservation -- it's all self explanatory. Keep that phone with you at all times. Check into the hotel and wait for me to call you with further instructions.

She looks at him gravely, nods.

COL. STURRIDGE

From this moment forward Phoenix parameters are in effect. I don't need to remind you what that entails.

(then)

Do you have a cover story prepared for your family?

CSOIN

CSOIN

APRIL WEBSTER & ASSOCIATES 7/8/09

1/5

DENISE

(a quick beat, then)

Yes, sir.

← END 1

Colonel Sturridge studies her a moment, then nods, climbs out of the car. HOLD on Denise, and now that she's alone, she lets her emotions show. FEAR sweeps across her features.

9/5

'STURRIDGE'

ACT SIX

INT. D.C. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ROTUNDA - DAY

A grand rotunda. Armed court officers work SECURITY at each entrance. Attorneys, court employees, etc. go about their day. In the middle of this crowd, FIND DENISE BURGESS standing near a bench, waiting, ANXIOUS. The red phone RINGS. She answers:

START
2



DENISE

Yes, Colonel.

COL. STURRIDGE (OVER PHONE)

Your contact will be wearing a black trenchcoat. He will have a briefcase for you. Accept the briefcase and proceed by taxi back to your hotel.

DENISE

Is that it, sir?

COL. STURRIDGE

That's it, Captain. I'll meet you there.

DENISE

Yes sir. Thank you, sir.

← END 2



3/5

INT. FBI - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

'STURRIDGE'

START 3 →

~~BROYLES~~

Colonel, your cooperation in this investigation will only help you.

A beat, then, still looking away, as if lost in thought:

COL. STURRIDGE

You can't help me. You can't protect me. I'm simply a cog in their system, just like you, Colonel Broyles... And now that I'm no longer of use to them, they'll dispense of me like yesterday's garbage.

Broyles stares at him a beat.

BROYLES

What was in the briefcase, Colonel? Why were you trying to destroy it?

A beat. Finally, Sturridge turns to Broyles. Says softly:

4/5

COL. STURRIDGE

You have no idea what's really going on
out there, do you? What we're up
against?

BROYLES

Why don't you tell me.

Sturridge holds Broyles' gaze. An edge of fear in his voice as:

COL. STURRIDGE

You'll find out. Soon enough you'll all
find out.

(beat)

But by then, I suppose it really won't
matter.

SOON
←END?

3/5