

CORRUPTION:

Screenplay By

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FADE IN:

EXT. US 41 - COBB COUNTY - EVENING

Observing the ongoing traffic of the many cars flowing down one of the busiest interstates in Cob County, a **Toyota Silver Prius** emerges from the freeway.

*RALPH BLITZER (O.S.)
Good evening, Cob County. My name
is Ralph Blitzer, your host of the
Blitzer Show...*

Descending from the skyline, the Prius and its surroundings become clear. As it does, sunlight reflects on the Prius as it speeds onward.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER PRIUS - US 41 - CONTINUOUS

In the vehicle are two people - ALEX HUNTER, 30; LAURA EVERFIELD, 28 - listening to the current radio station. At first, Laura shows a lack of interest while taking note of the radio.

*RALPH BLITZER (O.S.)
As always, we always like to begin
our show with a news story. Today's
concerns the CEO of Ackerman
Industries, Jack Ackerman...*

Laura flashes a look of keen interest right before the radio turns static. Confused, Laura looks at Alex; she realizes he turned it off.

LAURA
(annoyed)
Why did you turn it off?

Alex takes one eye off the wheel and produces a sassy smile.

ALEX
Cuz I knew it would annoy you.

LAURA
Well, turn it back on; Jack's my
boss. I want to hear what Ralph has
to say.

Alex becomes cold.

ALEX
No.

LAURA
No!

CUT TO:

EXT. US 41 - COBB COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

A ravenous thunder bolt of purple lightning strikes the sky, right before a **White BMW** slowly starts to gain ground on the Prius.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER PRIUS - US 41 - CONTINUOUS

Laura looks at Alex furious.

LAURA
Alex, you're being ridiculous!
Ackerman's the reason why we live
such a nice life! If it weren't for
him, I would've never met you. You
owe him!

ALEX
I owe him? God, Laura, you can be
incredibly naive at times. He isn't
a good man!

EXT. US 41 - CHATTAHOOCHEE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sheets of rapid rain begin storming on the highway right before the White BMW drifts to be parallel alongside the Prius.

I/E. SILVER PRIUS - US 41 - CONTINUOUS

ALEX
If you knew half of what I know...

Confused to why he's stopped, Laura opens her mouth. No words form. Suddenly, the BMW rams the Prius. It jolts violently to the side.

EXT. US 41 - CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Skidding wildly, the Prius smashes through a concrete barrier of the bridge; it free falls down and plunges into the river.

I/E. SILVER PRIUS - CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Water begins to invade. Laura panics. She looks at Alex; he's unconscious.

LAURA

Alex!

Volumes of water continue to fill the inside of the Prius. The last of the air pockets rapidly fill up with its content. Being forced to hold her breath, Laura frees herself from her jammed seatbelt; she manages to kick open the passenger's door.

Refusing to leave, she tries to unbuckle Alex's seatbelt but it's stuck. Trying again and again, she begins running out of oxygen.

Letting out an underwater muffled scream, she realizes she's out of time. In grief, Laura abandons Alex and swims out the sinking car.

As the car rapidly sinks to the river's floor, Laura swims up to the surface.

EXT. CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER - US 41 - MOMENTS LATER

Once Laura reaches the surface, she gasps for air, coughing up gallons of water. Looking around, she sees that she's in the middle of the river. A couple seconds go by when terror surges inside her.

LAURA

ALEX!?

There's only silence. Panicking, Laura looks around until a sense of dread confirms her worse fear. Her boyfriend's long gone.

Tears begin to coat her cheeks while she gazes around her surroundings. Her eyes lock onto a concrete river bed under the highway's bridge. She swims towards it as sirens ring in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - COBB COUNTY - NIGHT

Looking at the holding cell's walls, Laura's lifeless eyes slightly appear alive when OFFICER MARSHALL enters her room. He holds up his hand to reveal a zip-locked-bag, containing a flash drive. He takes a step forward as she sees his name on his badge.

LAURA
(confused)
What's that?

OFFICER MARSHALL
Search and Rescue were able to
crane the car out of the river.
(Beat)
He was long gone... But we found
this in the Glove Compartment of
the car.

Marshall's hand extends. Laura looks at the bag for a couple of seconds before she takes tentative possession of the flash drive.

OFFICER MARSHALL (CONT'D)
(sighing)
Well, it's late; you should go
home... This will be here for you
tomorrow.

LAURA
(chuckling darkly)
Go home? Is that all you're going
to say?

Officer Marshal silently squirms.

LAURA (CONT'D)
My boyfriend just died! Our car
just fucking sank into the fucking
Chatoochee River! And all you have
to say is go home?

OFFICER MARSHALL
Miss Everfield...

LAURA
No! Don't you fucking dare
interrupt me! You are the god damn
police! It's your fucking job to
investigate this!

Laura furiously stands up from her chair. Officer Marshall tries to remain calm. He's practically dealing with a human inferno.

OFFICER MARSHALL

Miss Everfield, please try to stay calm!

It takes a few seconds for her to regain control of her raging wrath. Her breathing suddenly becomes soft. A sob finally escapes her lips. Tears begin reforming in her eyes. She sits back down. Crossing her arms down on the table, she buries her head into a pit of darkness.

Officer Marshall watches Laura in sympathy as grief consumes her.

CUT TO:

I/E. WHITE BMW - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - MIDNIGHT

The sky scrapers of Atlanta show off their glows of colors, whilst **the White BMW** makes its way through the city street's night life. Driving forward, the BMW DRIVER's eyes lock onto **Sunbank Tower**.

CUT TO:

INT. ACKERMAN INDUSTRIES - SUNBANK TOWER - LATER

In his Office, JACK ACKERMAN; 40's, stands before his office window. He's observing the emblazons of skyscrapers and cars below.

His observatory gets interrupted when the BMW DRIVER enters his office. Refusing to turn around, Ackerman still observes the city.

JACK

Have I ever told you how Ackerman Industries absorbed and eliminated Sun Bank from this building?

The BMW DRIVER takes a step forward. His silhouette figure becomes apparent when a couple rays of moonlight shine on his face.

ANDREW

No, sir. I don't believe you have.

Jack sighs and he turns around; he sees a Jack Daniel's whiskey bottle glowing on his desk; he walks towards it.

Taking out a glass from one of his office drawers, he pours himself a drink and sits in his chair. Putting his legs up, he stares at Andrew.

JACK

It was during the 2016 Election Season. Like the many other private sectors in this nation, Ackerman Industries was barely trending over water. One misstep and this company would have sunk like the Titanic. Do you wanna know why it didn't?

Andrew blinks.

JACK (CONT'D)

We received a bail out from an overseas government. The person I assigned you to take out had stolen a drive from the company. If this leaks out, the fallout that we'd face would most certainly shut us down.

Andrew takes a step forward.

ANDREW

What do you want me to do about that?

Taking another sip, a series of moon rays illuminate Jack's face, revealing a glint of corruption in his eyes. It makes Andrew crawl.

JACK

I want you to eliminate all loose ends.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - MORNING

The alarm next to her bed goes off. Groaning and moaning, Laura rolls to the side and punches the alarm off. Just as she does, her hand comes into contact with the flash drive. Taking it into her hand, she looks at it for a long time. After a while, her hand clenches shut and she gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - LATER MORNING

Dressed and showered, Laura sits down determined at his computer desk. Her eyes become fixated on a downloading bar.
DOWNLOAD: 50%... 60%... 70%... 80%... 90%... 100%... DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.

Clicking on the downloaded file, Laura turns shocked when multiple incriminating files pop up of Jack Ackerman. One file catches her eyes: an archived video of Alex. She plays it.

ALEX (A.V.)

If anyone comes in possession of this flash drive. Then there's good chance that I'm long gone.

Watching the video, Laura sees more files concerning Jack Ackerman flowing over the monitor. Every one of them contain implications of fraud and treason. Two particular ones stand out. A classified report on the US Capitol and validation of espionage linked to the Kremlin.

ALEX (A.V.) (CONT'D)

Jack Ackerman is not who he seems to be. He's been in deep with the Russians for a while now. The only reason why he's been able to keep his firm afloat is because Putin's aiding him in exchange for secrets on the DOD, the CIA, the FBI, and our government.

A burning inferno enlightens inside Laura's soul. Her breath becomes manic while watching the archived video show an image of Ackerman.

ALEX (A.V.) (CONT'D)

If someone comes in possession of this drive and video... please let Laura Everfield know that I love her.

The video goes static. It's over. She looks at the files on the monitor's screen. She's filled with hate, pain, and rage. Laura's eyes lock focused in determination while staring at the monitor.

It seems to last forever until she hears the closing of a car door on the sidewalk below. Going to her window, she sees the WHITE BMW DRIVER exiting his car; he's carrying a Mini-Max 45 on his side as he walks to the main lobby of her building.

Acting quickly, Laura goes back to her computer; she removes the drive.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - MINUTES LATER

The apartment's door slowly opens. Andrew gradually walks inside the suite. His eyes wander the environment until he spots the desktop computer. Walking to it, he reawakens the screen to see the screen. He has no time to click on it when he feels a muzzle of a Walter PPK being pressed hard against his temple.

LAURA

Drop the gun and take three steps back now.

He doesn't move.

ANDREW

Do you even know how to use that thing?

She cocks the hammer.

LAURA

I used to work for the CIA. So, if you do not do what I say right now, I will kill you.

Andrew remains unfazed. He begins to raise his gun up on his side.

ANDREW

No... No, you won't... But I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - MOMENTS LATER

Across the street on the same floor level, the city sees and hears gunshots go off in Laura's apartment. Everything then goes silent.

CUT TO:

INT. ACKERMAN INDUSTRIES - SUNBANK TOWER - NIGHT

Jack impatiently walks into his office as he holds his phone in hand.

ANDREW (O.C.)

I am sorry but I'm not currently available to take your call right now. Please leave your name and number when you leave your voice mail.

JACK

Andrew! What the hell is going...

Jack stops his tirade once he sees the outline of an attractive woman sitting in his chair behind his working desk. Her feet are up on the table as she holds a glass of whiskey and a handgun in both of her hands.

LAURA

Sit down.

Jack remains still.

JACK

I think I'd rather stand, Laura.

Laura cocks her gun; she aims it right at Jack's heart.

LAURA

Sit down now!

Jack does as she says. A tense silence that follows until he speaks.

JACK

Are you going to kill me?

Laura stares at him cold. She's definitely considering that option.

LAURA

I'm considering it.

Jack laughs sarcastically.

JACK

Oh, I bet you are! After all, I ordered the hit on Hunter. My only mistake was hiring someone who was incompetent to finish his god damn fucking job.

Laura breath becomes ridged while she watches Jack like he's prey.

JACK (CONT'D)

I admit, I underestimated you, Laura. I should have background checked your past while you did field work for the CIA. And if I did, I could have taken care of the problem you now pose to my company.

LAURA

Your company? Your company committed treason by selling government secrets to Putin!

Jack shows no remorse.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Do you even realize how much blood you got on your fucking hands right now, Ackerman?

Jack purses his lips.

JACK

I did what I needed to do to keep my company afloat. If I didn't do it, thousands of people working for me would have lost their jobs. I'm sorry about what happened, but you two should have been compliant. And perhaps if you'd had, Hunter would be alive.

LAURA

Compliant? You killed the only man I'd ever wanted to marry, in order to save your own ass!

Jack remains unfazed.

JACK

It needed to be done. Sometimes you've got to cross that border between honor and deceit. I've got no shame in admitting that because my actions have helped rebuild this once broken economy, right here in Atlanta.

(pausing momentarily)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's face it, Laura, as much as you want to kill me, we know you won't, since you haven't crossed that border yet.

Laura momentarily relaxes her index finger that rests on the trigger.

LAURA

You're right about that. But we both know that if I let you live that you would just get off through a corrupt judge... Even if you were convicted, the President would just pardon you... And I won't let that happen. You took something from me and you're going to pay with your life.

Jack flashes terror right before Laura fires off a single round.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNBANK TOWER - DAWN

With a perimeter set up in the building's parking lot, Officer Marshal looks at the bagged body of Jack Ackerman, right before Forensics Officers puts the CEO's deceased body in the back a funeral van.

Soon afterward, a COP walks to Officer Marshall, carrying a report.

COP

Forensic's believes it's murder, but whoever killed him was good. There's no tracks for us to work with.

Marshall nods and sighs while gazing at the file in his hands. It only has miscellaneous information on Ackerman's death.

OFFICER MARSHALL

Leak to the press that the evidence suggests that Jack Ackerman's death is suicide. If we don't, we will be humiliated.

COP

Understood, sir. I'll do that right now.

The cop then walks away to the funeral van. Officer Marshall looks onward for a couple of more seconds until he walks back inside.

CUT TO:

I/E. BLUE MINI - I95 - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - LATER MORNING

Driving on the highway, Laura listens to Ralph Blitzer's radio station as she speeds towards the sunrise, wearing sunglasses.

RALPH BLITZER (O.S.)

In a shocking turn of events, Jack Ackerman was found dead in Sunbank Tower last night. Initial reports claim that it was suicide. One can only think that this is related to a whistle blower leaking Ackerman's ties to Russia. So, please stick around, folks, we will have much more on this later!

Laura flashes a bittersweet smile as she speeds into the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSING CREDITS.