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The Gunman

By Don Macpherson

The Democratic Republic of Congo is the scene of the worst humanitarian crisis in the world according to the United Nations. In what has been described as the world's deadliest conflict since World War II, millions of people have been killed. Massacres and rape, routinely used as weapons of war, have forced hundreds of thousands of people to flee their homes. For years, the United Nations and non-governmental organizations, NGOs, have been providing humanitarian relief in an increasingly unstable situation, often requiring the presence of private security contractors to ensure aid workers' safety. The conflict is fuelled by the country's vast mineral wealth, with all sides suspected of deliberately prolonging the violence to plunder natural resources such as gold, diamonds, copper, coltan, and other high-value minerals to meet the growing demand of the Western world. Despite calls for a ceasefire and the presence of UN peacekeepers, a deteriorating humanitarian situation of poverty and corruption jeopardize hopes of a lasting peace and reconstruction of the shattered nation.

Jimmy!

- Hey.

- What are you drinking?

Oh, you guys look pretty tonight, but I got my gal over here.

- I'll buy you one.

- Roger that, Jim.

- Hey, chief.

- Hey, what's happening?

- We're up to here in mud out there.
- Jesus.
- So I shut down the site for tonight.
- Will it be ready?

There are not enough of us.

We have to meet the new Minister of Health.

We need his support

to train medical staff locally.

I'll get a face-to-face meeting

and we'll go together.

Okay.

- I'll email him now.
- Thank you. Hey.
- How are you?
- Good.
- Hey. How are you?
- What's up?
- Where am I? Where do you want me?
- Here. No.

What are you having, Jim?

I'll have a pretty little thing

just like Annie's got here.

- A blue one.
- A blue one, yeah.
- Was there anything else, Annie?
- Yes, there was.

We also need to coordinate with local NGOs
to distribute condoms outside the clinics...

Oh, man. Don't talk to me
about condom distribution.

It's like rape promotion
in these villages.

You might as well
hand them out to the wild dogs.

And a great humanitarian, Mr. Terry Cox.

Wait a minute. How long
we been friends? Twenty years?

I think that's the first time
I've ever heard you call me a humanitarian.

Our main story from Africa,
where the Minister of Mining
and Natural Resources
of the Democratic Republic of Congo
has triggered a burst of reactions

from the international community
this afternoon
by announcing the decision to cancel
and renegotiate all pre-existing contracts
with foreign mining companies.

With growing evidence
of political corruption,
there are questions regarding
the motivations behind this decision,
but the minister
advocates the restricted...

Good morning, honey.

- I've gotta go to work.

- Okey-dokey.

Really. We are short on staff.

- I have to.

- Okay, sweetheart.

- You have a good day at work.

- Let me go.

- Don't you have to go to work, too?

- I think I got a couple of hours.

I gotta grab some stuff from my place,
and then get out to the site.

What are you doing over there?

Aren't you guys here to work for us?

To protect us?

I am your 24-hour personal bodyguard.

I'm putting my meanest guys
on the clinic tonight. You'll be safe.

Will you work late?

I'm hoping not.

I'll see you later.

See you later, Jim.

How we doing on
the perimeter-fence check? Over.

Perimeter checked and secured.

This security detail's getting boring.

I can't wait to see some real action.

It's crazy hot out here tonight.

I've made sure that every checkpoint
is resupplied with fresh water.

Roger that. I don't know about you,
but I find it harder and harder
to focus out here in this heat.

I've been letting the dehydration get to my memory so much, I'm having to start writing shit down just to remember to take a piss. I was video-documenting on my cell phone earlier, like a goddamn wazoo. Action at the gate. Sitrep. Roger. Two NGO vehicles on site. Seems to be Felix's escort. Felix and Cox jabbering. What do you figure that's all about at 2200 hours?

- On my mark, switch to all freq 4.

- Roger. Switching now.

- Reed, Jim. Check.

- Lima Charlie to me.

I got a feeling we're going operational.

- Hey, Annie.

- Felix.

- Hello. Is he gonna make it?

- Till the next time.

- I need a break.

- Sure.

We've had five of those machete wounds today. We lost two. Another day in paradise. Did you get us a meeting with the Minister of Health?

Yeah. 9:

- Happy?

- Did you go to the airstrip tonight?

- Just for a few minutes. Administrative.

- Did you see Jim?

I didn't speak to him.

I didn't wanna bother him.

They've got a big job out there, and I had a sense they'd go late.

He's a lucky man, Jim Terrier.

- He's a hard man.

- If only you could love a soft one.

- Can I drive you home?

- Thanks, but I'll wait for Jim.

Okay.

There's plenty of work here

for me to pass the time.
I only stopped by to ask you that.
Hey, Jim. Document this.
Oh, Reed! Watch where
you point that weapon, man.
Have some barrel control, man.
All right, mates,
here are your target packs.
Drop that, Jimmy.
This is Operation Calvary.
We insert as a team here,
four degrees, 18 minutes south,
15 degrees, 18 minutes east.
Reed, you are Sierra 1, and you'll be
positioned here, in a third-floor apartment.
Two blocks down will be Bryson,
Sierra 2, and Jim, Sierra 3.
You're the lucky one, Jim.
Double bedroom at the Grand Hotel.
Reed, report.
Tango 1 is completing
a three-car convoy.
Fronting and backing vehicles
are low profile, soft skins.

Target vehicle:

B7 armored white, Toyota Land Cruiser.
The convoy will travel westbound
down the boulevard.
He'll hit a natural choke point, giving us
three to five-second window of opportunity.
Yeah. You guys are already zeroed
for ballistic advantage.
Your drop cards are adjusted
to Kinshasa density altitude, right?
- Roger that.
- Roger. Green light?
Felix will give the green light
when he confirms the target is inbound.
Felix will also designate
which of you shooters engages.
- Any other questions?
- Extraction plan?
Once the hit occurs, the shooter,

and the shooter only, is into the wind.

- Off continent?

- Yeah. We have a plane on standby.

That's how Felix wants it.

Don't let the target escape the X.

Sierra 3, copy.

Sierra 3, Lima Charlie.

Nice night in Kinshasa, huh?

You are the designated trigger, Jim.

I had a feeling. Roger that.

- Hey.

- I'm here.

Look out for her for me, will you?

I will take care of Annie.

You have my word, Jim.

Calvary is confirmed.

Stand by. Stand by.

Confirm Tango 1 on the move.

Vehicle speed:

Rear right passenger seat.

Calvary is a go. Repeat.

Calvary is a go.

Stand by. Stand by. I have control.

Tango 1 down. Liftoff. Liftoff.

See you later, Annie.

The latest reports

from the Democratic Republic of Congo,

where the unclaimed assassination

of the Minister of Mining

has triggered violent confrontations

in the capital city of Kinshasa.

Across the country, clashes between

government forces and rebels,

along with indiscriminate raids

on civilian populations,

have started again

with rising intensity.

A country already crippled by corruption

in a decade of civil war

descends even further into chaos.

Bonjour.

Bonjour.

Hey!

Hey!

Customs released the humanitarian aid cargo yesterday, so we've just received this new shipment of rice, canned food, and medical supplies.

We need to extend our storage space and we're running a little short on lumber, but it's not a problem.

We've also received the water pumps that Jim asked for, so he can now finish setting up the water wells.

Jim, you're up, but you know this meeting is for department heads only.

Oh. Forgive the liberty.

Eugene's my chainman.

We are loading up on the remaining pipe today, 150 feet of joint, push on, hit our mark on well bore NLT this evening.

As you were. No later than this evening.

- We have CBM information?

- Eugene.

Sitrep. Coal bed methane rating is below standard and presents no risk of contamination to the groundwater bed.

But lots of clean water for my people.

Thank you.

I got a couple of teenagers back home I'd like you to spend some time with.

Jim has many qualities, but we still have a security issue. Regarding surfing.

Jim, come on. You've been here for over a year now.

You know security protocol apply to all staff.

Is that a new shirt?

Sorry. It's very pretty.

- It's okay. It's okay.

- I'll pull it away.

Okay, just...

Jim!

Eugene, stop.

- Are there any more?

- No.

Are you okay? Eugene, are you okay?

- You sure?

- Yeah.

Okay, Eugene, listen to me,

you did the right thing.

You hear me? You did the right thing.

And now you're gonna do more, okay?

Come on. Get all of our people back
to the compound.

Tell Camille to lock down
all projects and all AOs.

I'm gonna send a cab
back to the compound.

Have security just throw my ruck
over the wall. Nobody goes outside.

Then, tomorrow, when it's safe,
have all the nationals reabsorb
into the community,

go to emergency evac plan
for the expats.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah.

- Are the keys in the Rover?

- Yeah. Sure.

Okay. Give that to security.

Now can you do that?

- I will take you to Kinshasa, Mr. Jim.

- No, no, no, Eugene.

You've gotta do what I asked you to do
because you're the one who can do it.

You understand? Okay.

I've got a lot of respect for you, young man.

You saved my life. I'll never forget that.

Sierra 3, come in. Sierra 3.

Don't let the target escape the X.

Stand by. Stand by.

Confirm Tango 1 on the move.

Calvary is a go.

...and the crew, we'd like to welcome you
aboard this flight to London.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Hey. Jim Terrier.

- Terry.

For fuck's sake. Oh, man.

I heard you were living in London all this time. You don't call, you don't write.

- Yeah.

- Please, will you sit down?

I'm surprised that they let you in, looking like that.

- Do you want a drink?

- No, thanks.

Yeah, no, I was living in London

for several years

after our escapade in Congo.

Not a proud moment,

and I guess I felt awkward reaching out.

Well, you always worried too much, Jim.

The past is the past, my friend.

I see you lost the mustache. Looks good.

I never cared for the mustache on you.

Boy, these are nice digs.

You've done well, huh?

Me? Well, yeah. Company's expanded

since you retired, went multinational.

Provides much more extensive services

now in machinery, weaponry, expertise.

I don't know about you,

I just seem to travel all the time.

Branches worldwide.

You see, no more Kevlar vests for me.

I went from killer to cashier.

Don't tell anyone.

You look worried, Jim. What is it?

Terry, who all knew

about Project Calvary?

- Why do you wanna dig up that history?

- I was in Congo for the last year.

Yesterday, three indigs came after me,

specifically after me.

Specifically after you?

That's not good. Well, for all our sakes,

I hope you're wrong.

Who knew about Calvary? You, me, Reed,

and Bryson. But we're all brothers.

The clients knew, of course,
but who they were, I don't know.
I mean, mining corporations,
politicians...
That information was way above
my pay grade back then.
Felix Marti was the only civilian
who knew about it.
He was the only direct contact
with the clients.
I think if your gut instinct is that
this trouble is related to Calvary,
then we should both track down
Felix Marti, find out who's behind it.
The last I heard,
he was back in Barcelona.
I think I should track down
Reed and Bryson
and give them the heads up.
I think they might be operating still.
We should keep in contact about this.
How can I reach you?
I'll call you.
You keep your eyes open 'cause
they could be coming after you, too.
Terrier just walked out
of the company's building.
Heading west towards the junction.
North side.
Crossing the street now.
Sunglasses, parka, camo backpack.
Oscar 1, he's coming your way.
He's ex-Special Forces. Don't tail him
too close. He could spot you.
- He's heading for the subway.
- Stay with him?
Negative. Stand down.
We'll take it from here.
- Did you come alone?
- Well, what do you think?
- How long have you known me?
- I mean, you're sure you weren't followed?
After I received your message,
I caught two tubes,

walked twice round Victoria Park,
like a fucking lunatic.

What's going on?

Jim, they're brain dead.

They only care about the match.

Three pipe-hitters just tried
to take me down in Congo, Stan.

Fuck me.

What makes you think
they were after you?

It's the Congo, for fuck's sake.

What do you expect?

If we were to drop into Liberia tomorrow,
there'd be one or two feisty campers
who'd wanna kick the shit
out of most white blokes.

It wasn't regular army, Stanley,
it wasn't rebels, it wasn't FARDC.

- All right.

- All right?

Fucking cupcake.

- You're paranoid?

- Yeah.

Somebody wanted 50 ccs of me
for proof of kill. Is that paranoid?
Whoever it is that sent those hitters,
they've figured out by now
that I'm still alive.

I need to find out who wants me dead
before they find me again.

Well, Jim,

I'll put you up for a job, right,
keep you off the grid.

- It's black work, your type...

- No, I don't do that anymore.

You don't do that anymore?

What the fuck do you want me to do?

I just want you to keep your ear
to the ground,

find out who's using SCARs,
who's offering jobs in Congo,
who's asking questions about me.

I gotta find out

why after all this time.

I talked to Cox.
He hadn't heard anything.
I wanna go to Barcelona
and get to Felix. Maybe he knows.
Now, get me set up. I just need
24 to 48 hours, then I'll bump.
I need you to set me up with a kit.
You get compromised,
and I fucking go down with you,
and I'm just beginning to enjoy
my pathetic little life here.
Fucking...
Drop me out, will you, mate?
That's twice you've done that now.
Fucking shut up, granddad.
It's only a fucking pint.
- You want some, I'll give it you.
- Granddad.
Okay. Okay, I'm gonna get my jacket.
Call the fucking pigs!
Look at the fucking state of me.
Every fucking time,
you have to chin someone.
You'll end up doing
plenty of fucking time.
I only wanted to see the fucking game.
Jim?
Are you all right?
Jim, come here. Come here.
- Something's wrong. Oh. My head.
- Jim, you all right?
- My head.
- I've got you. I've got you.
- Oh, fuck.
- Jim? I've got you.
Mr. Terrier.
The dizziness that you described,
have you had these episodes before?
Chronic headaches, balance,
coordination issues?
Headaches only. Headaches.
I don't sleep well.
Memory? Any significant head trauma?
Significant head trauma? No.

I forget things sometimes.

I have to take notes

to remember details.

- What's the scar above your right eye?

- Shrapnel.

What was the cause

of the shrapnel injury?

- IED.

- Oh, so nothing significant, then.

Have you spent a lot of time near artillery

or loud concussive blasts?

I suppose so, yeah.

- Do you get mood swings, short temper?

- I'll attest to that.

Right. What we're looking

at here, you see this?

All this red area here,

that is amyloid plaque buildup.

It's actually toxic to your brain,

and it's quite significant.

Now, normally, this would indicate

early Alzheimer's,

but given the nature of your collapse

tonight and your history,

I'd say what this tells me is you're

suffering from post-concussion syndrome.

It's head trauma of a cumulative nature.

Now I certainly hope

you live a very long life,

but this is a serious condition.

This can lead to memory loss,

chronic depression,

sometimes suicidal thoughts.

Have you ever...

No. No, I mean... No.

Just the headaches.

So, what, I take drugs for this or...

Well, I can prescribe you

a specific treatment for the headaches,

but for the condition itself,

unfortunately, no, there's no drugs.

Just take care of your mind. Certainly

avoid anything strenuous on your head,

like rough sports,

loud concerts, East End pubs...
Seriously, though, any more stresses
like this, and that is gonna get worse.
Can you hold that for a second?
That's really healthy.
I'm going to Barcelona
with or without your help, Stan.
Here.
You're going to Barcelona when you know
it's an insane thing to do.
You didn't listen
to what the doc said, did you?
And you ain't done this job
for a long old time, mate.
- Just get me a safe place in Barcelona.
- No.
- But you're my friend.
- Yeah. And as your friend,
I don't wanna see you dead in the gutter
with a bullet in the back of your head.
You can't even catch a fucking lighter.
Okay, once in Barcelona,
if I put down my credit card,
put my name on a hotel registry, they're
gonna be onto me, and that'll be on you.
What, you're gonna play
that fucking card with me now?
I gotta go, Stan.
Do you hear me? I got to go.
You know what?
- Here.
- I don't want it.
Well, fuck it, then.
You're out of your fucking mind.
If that's what you want,
I'll set it up for you.
I'll call you in the morning.
Jim, you know what?
I don't think you should go on your own.
Why should you have all the fun
while I'm stuck here?
I'll fly out after you
in case you need some backup.
I've got some contacts in Barcelona,

friends of mine, ex-Spanish Legion,
old dogs like me.
No one pays attention to them anymore.
They'll take good care of you,
get you a place, a car,
everything you need.
You'll be safe.
What I will tell you,
and what I think all of our panelists
are indicating, is that...
we must combine and target our efforts
with the goal of long-term societal...
Sierra 3, copy.
Once the hit occurs, the shooter,
and the shooter only, is into the wind.
- Off continent?
- Yeah, that's how Felix wants it.
The private sector
can no longer think only vertically,
and the aid sector can no longer exist
with solely horizontal humanitarianism.
What we need,
what we really need here...
Is money.
I was going to say...
sir,
is balance.
Balance...
When our mission...
is of greater...
service to ourselves than to
our clients or beneficiaries,
then we're destined to failure.
It's balance. It's balance.
Out. Out.
- You're in Spain.
- And you're in a swanky suit.
Jim, why are you here?
- I think you know.
- No, I don't.
Believe me, I don't.
What can I do for you?
Someone tried to kill me
three days ago in Congo.

Oh, wow. What is that, your book title?
It's pretty good, actually.
You're all writing memoirs these days.
But why were you in Congo? Why?
Didn't we do them enough harm?
I was drilling wells.
- I was working for an NGO.
- Really?
Yeah, really. Not all of us
wanna turn our sin into profit.
Really?
Well, let me tell you,
I don't believe a word you're saying.
I believe you're here because you think
Annie will leave me to be with you.
And I would be most welcoming
of the humiliation you would suffer
in attempting to take her.
Is that clear?
She is a remarkable woman, Jim.
Remarkable.
But when you told me to look after her,
you didn't actually expect her to wait
for a man who walked away?
She's my wife,
and she will remain so.
That said, we can play along
in this fairy tale, but then why would I...
Don't fuck with me, Felix.
We were all part of the operation.
I mean, you did your part, I did mine.
We all found a way to justify it.
Listen, it's been many years since I spoke
to anybody we worked with back then.
I'm running my own place here now,
as you can see.
I'm running my own enterprise.
And neither of us can afford to do
anything but forget that project.
- It never happened.
- That's the way you wanna play it, Felix?
With me?
Oh, God. Okay, okay, this is
what I'll do for you, soldier boy.

I'll go to some of my stateside sources,
and I'll find out what I can.
And whatever I find,
I will give to you, okay?
We're gonna start over again here, Jim.
Yeah, civilly.
Join Annie and I for dinner tonight.
Murgola Restaurant? 10:00 p.m.
I'm sure she'd love to see you.
I came here to talk to you.
If that were the case,
you'd have called.
Jim!
Welcome.
Sit down.
I need a chair, please.
He didn't...
You didn't tell her.
No, I didn't tell her.
It was a surprise.
As it was a surprise for me
to see you this afternoon.
What are you doing here?
Our old friend has had some, what,
trouble back in the stomping grounds.
And you know what?
I have a lot of information for you.
For both of us, actually.
But before any of that,
we have a surprise, right,
we'd like to share with him?
- We have champagne.
- Felix, stop.
Felix, what? Felix, what? Pretty soon,
we'll be saying, "Felix Junior, stop."
Stop!
What? What happened? What... Sorry.
Am I missing anything?
Why is everyone so tense? I mean...
if you think of the coincidence
of all of this, you should not be tense.
A dear and old friend arrives in town
just as we are formalizing
the adoption of our first child.

- I think it's a reason enough to...
- Stop.
- Sit down.
- You're humiliating me.

No, the way you stared at him humiliates you.

Enough. That's enough.

Proud of yourself?

Annie!

Annie! Annie, please.

- Just wait one second.

- What? What?

- What are you doing here?

- I thought you knew.

That you were here in Barcelona?

That you were coming to dinner?

I'm sorry.

It's easy to say now, isn't it, James?

Just tell Felix if he still wants to give me the information that he got, I'll be at 93 Calle Hercules, apartment 4D.

- You moved back to London?

- Yeah.

But I had been in DRC, where I spent the past year, helping out, following your lead.

Don't.

You come here and you want to talk about eight years ago.

Really, Jim, what did you think was gonna happen?

You coming here?

I came back here 'cause somebody's trying to kill me, and it's got to do with what happened that made me have to leave in the first place.

And what was that, Jim?

Of course.

You never told me about what you did then, so why would you start now?

I had to leave. I had no choice.

And I don't need an explanation.

I really don't.
We are different people now.
I'm trying to be.
What do you see in him?
If a firefighter saves you from a fire,
there is a debt.
Felix was there for me
when you disappeared.
He did everything
he could to protect me.
I've tried to pay the debt
with marriage.
I'm still paying,
and he's still collecting.
Felix asked me to come.
He is apologetic for what happened,
and he seems to think the information
he has for you is important.
This is the address
of our home in the country.
Join us for lunch tomorrow at 2:00?
Yeah.
Peek-a-boo!
Romeo. Romeo. Romeo.
Annie said you wanted to see me.
Let's go inside.
It took me a few phone calls, but I managed
to dig up some interesting stuff.
Yeah, it seems you may be right.
There is something going on in connection
with what we did back then.
What is that?
- Do you wanna get that?
- No, no, no, no.
I think it's more important
we finish our conversation.
Do you... Are you hungry?
Do you wanna eat something?
Mercedez, please bring something to eat.
- No, I'm not hungry.
- Okay.
Stop. Stop.
- Will you stop, please? Come on...
- Will Annie be joining us?

Annie... Annie is riding,
always with her horses.
What were we talking about?
Yes, for you to be a target,
you must have more information
than just your memory, right, Jim?
What do you keep? A diary?
Do you keep a diary?
A diary of the horror we created?
With the blood of all these...
women and grandpas and all
those baby ones, little ones,
floating in the river beside their toys.
And you keep a diary of that?
We have to look forward, Jim.
Looking back, all we're doing
is fucking and killing like animals.
And you know a lot about that,
especially about fucking and killing.
- I'm going to get a shower.
- Yeah, you better get a shower.
Right, Jim?
You asked me here
to give me some information,
- so give me the fucking information.
- Here's the information, right here.
It appears your old friends and me
are on a congressional subpoena list.
It shouldn't be long before we have
Interpol on our backs.
"Into events in Kinshasa,
Democratic Republic of Congo in 2006."
Well, that was only a matter of time.
I see Cox is on the list.
What about Reed and Bryson?
Well, that's an interesting part
of the story.
I found obituaries
for both Reed and Bryson.
Of the three shooters,
you're the only one left.
What are you looking at?
Oh. Do you remember Stan Edgerton?
- Who?

- My friend Stanley. You met him.
No, I don't recall.
He worked with the company
with Cox and I before Congo.
We did joint taskforce in Liberia.
He happened to be in Barcelona.
And I hope you don't mind,
I gave him your address.
He's gonna come out here
and we're gonna go hunting from here.
Hunting? For what?
Whatever's in season.
I just need to shoot something.
- They should be here any minute now.
- But when are they...
But who...
They? Who are they?
They, Stan and a couple of U.S. Marines
from the embassy who had a day off
and wanted to shoot something, too.
No. I can't believe it.
You all right?
Okay.
Fine.
Are you trying to say something?
- You're saying what?
- We have to go. It's all fucked now.
- I should use the bathroom. Do you mind?
- Why would I mind?
I'm feeling the balance might be lost.
Where is it, now? Okay.
Fuck.
What did you tell 'em? That my friends
were coming with a car full of guns?
What did you think would happen
when you asked me to get information?
You cannot take her.
She's mine. She's my wife.
Ask her, who was there for her?
Why did you come back
into our lives, Jim? Why?
Get up. Move. Come on.
- I can't let you take her away from me.
- Which way?

- Annie?
- What's going on?
- Annie!
- She's my wife. She's my wife.
Get dressed. Get dressed.
You gotta get dressed, darling.
Felix? What happened to your face?
- Annie, no!
- What did you do to him?
Get your clothes on, now.
Get your clothes on.
Yes, get dressed.
For Christ's sake, get dressed.
Will someone please tell me
what the fuck is going on?
He set me up,
but he's too drunk to understand
- they're gonna try to kill all of us.
- Kill?
They were going to take him
when he left the house,
but he fucked it all up for hunting.
There's nobody coming, Felix,
no hunting party.
How many are there? How many? How many?
What difference does it make now, Jim?
What difference does it make?
Felix, what did you do? What did you do?
Annie, get down!
Listen, we are going to be attacked.
I gotta get us out of here.
- Just do what I say. Do you understand?
- Where are you? Where are you?
- Just do what I say.
- Jim. Annie.
Wasn't this what you both always wanted?
I mean, you made it.
You're finally back together.
You may well have children together.
That would be heaven.
But you were right...
- Felix, we gotta go.
- Hell. Hell don't forget us.
- It's in our hands.

- Okay, okay, we'll do all that later.
- It's on our hands, James.
- Stop, Felix! We've gotta go!
You're never gonna be happy, Jim.
- Stay down.
- And I am sorry to tell you now.
This hell we created
is gonna be with you always!
- We will never be able to leave this life.
- Get down.
- Or do you think you can escape it?
- Felix, get down! Get down!
Let the real hunt begin!
Fuck it.
To happiness.
To your goddamn fucking happiness.
Felix, don't!
Felix!
Felix. Felix.
Annie, he's gone.
There's nothing you can do for him.
They're gonna come for us.
We've gotta go.
Now.
Bravo Team to leader. We're moving in.
Stay close.
Stay calm. Calm.
Stay there. Stay there.
Annie, do you have another car? Shit.
Come on. We gotta go. Come on. Come on!
Master bedroom clear.
Main floor is clear.
Come on, shut up!
Go!
Circle them. Go to the other side.
Come on.
Jim Terrier, I heard
great things about you.
You were quite a marksman back in the day.
It seems you haven't lost your touch.
- They're trapped in the bathroom.
- Copy that. I'm heading to the roof.
I know every room in this house.
You have one skylight, this door.

You've got nowhere to go.
And I know you're not alone.
His wife is with you, Annie.
We just want you, not her.
So give yourself up,
and we will let the girl go.
You care for her, no?
Open the door
and she will walk away from this.
Who sent you? Who do you work for?
Why?
You wonder why your past
comes back to haunt you?
I guess your little bitch
must be wondering how she got
caught up in that slaughter, too.
And now you're ready
to sacrifice an innocent woman?
Okay. Okay.
We need to change cars.
They'll be all over us.
It's in here. It belongs to a farmer,
a friend of Felix.
Felix always wanted to buy this car,
but he wouldn't sell it.
Hope it runs as good as it looks.
Who are these people?
What's going on, Jim?
- What was Felix talking about?
- Felix was drunk. He was delusional.
Don't lie to me!
I'm not moving until you explain.
Tell me, Jim.
Please.
We did some bad things.
I did some bad things.
Tell me.
Cox,
me,
a couple of others from the company.
We weren't just laying an airfield
and doing protection for an NGO.
We had...
a parallel contract

with a mining interest.
Felix was the liaison.
We were supplying arms
to the rebels, training.
The company would get its piece
of the pie from the resources.
It should have been
a clean contract, but...
it didn't work out that way.
And why did you leave me?
It was me.
I'm the one that killed
the Mining Minister.
The contract with the company
dictated that the shooter leave
the continent, so I left the continent.
I thought I'd come back, I thought
things would improve, but they didn't.
I watched the event playing out on TV,
tried to reach you.
Felix told me you were safe.
And I just couldn't...
I felt so trapped. Annie...
I thought about you every second.
I know I abandoned you.
It's the biggest mistake I ever made.
I just... I couldn't face you after that.
But I loved you every second.
I can't ask you to forgive me.
I can't expect anything.
What about now?
I have to get some things
from the apartment,
and then we'll go someplace
where I can hide you.
A safe place.
Okay, slide over.
Okay, you're gonna drive in circles.
Four right turns, turn around,
four left turns. Just keep doing that.
If anyone looks at you too long,
you leave me.
Okay? If you don't hear from me
in 15 minutes, you leave me.

Go. Go. Go, go.

Jim.

Drive.

- What happened?

- Nothing to worry about.

Just drive until you can't drive anymore.

I have a friend who's gonna help us.

You must be Annie. Come here.

Meet Stanley.

What? I told you I couldn't

leave you on your own.

Right, there's mangle and vino in there.

I'll hide the car.

You're lucky I've got lots

of friends in Spain.

- Now...

- I'm gonna go.

- Night, darling.

- Good night.

You gotta go back home, Jim,

notify Interpol or the DOJ,

tell 'em exactly where you are.

Call your attorney.

Turn yourself over to him.

It's the one shot you got.

It's the one shot she's got.

I got three dead in the DRC, another five

or six at Felix's house in the country,

and then two, boom, in Barcelona,

most likely Spanish citizens,

killed by an American in Spain.

All Spanish.

All right, here's what I've found.

The company's got an LLC,

some kind of fucking import/export

cover called Aquila Corp.

It's running their black ops.

They're using a lot of Spaniards

'cause it's operating out of Gibraltar.

Oh, I got another one for you.

It's managed by your friend, Cox.

Word is, the company's in line

for a new deal.

Pentagon-size shit, you know.

Anything resurfacing from the past,
any indictment, will fuck 'em right up.
So they're clearing house.
And you're first in line with Bryson
and Reed. Two down, one to fucking go.
With Felix dead,
guess who stays in the game?
I got you a clean car.
Catch.
Here you are.
It's parked 'round the side.
Jim, you all right?
- Yeah.
- You sure?
Yeah, I'm okay.
Get her to the police
and get yourself out of Dodge.
If the shit goes down,
you haven't heard from me.
Well, you let me hear from you.
- Come on. You call me, right?
- Yeah.
You've got a long drive ahead of you.
You're already exhausted. You're sick.
So don't do anything stupid.
Don't expect a friendly welcome anymore.
Need a light?
Mind if I sit down?
I think I might have one with you.
You ever have one of those days
when every law is Murphy's Law?
Everything's going wrong and everybody
wants to kill you for something.
You know, my wife's been on me
for weeks now
to finish this tree house
in the garden for the kids, you know.
One bloody tree and about 30 inches
where I can get the ladder in
before I run into my wife's garden.
- You a tourist?
- Something like that.
Yeah.
Got some heavy shit

going on up there today.

- Is that right?

- Oh, yeah.

One of the companies in that building
got a surprise visit from Interpol.

You know Interpol?

You know, I think

if I went home right now

and, with the little space that I've got,

but I put my mind to it,

I could finish that tree house

lickety-split, you know?

Sometimes we make

our problems bigger when we...

we put off doing it the right way

the first time round.

Then they just get harder

and harder to face.

You think?

I do.

And guess what? I think a smart bloke

like you thinks so, too.

Here's what I'm gonna do.

'Cause I'm sure you've got

your own tree house to build,

but if you ever wanna

build one together,

let me know.

And by the way, if I were you,

I wouldn't play in that tree house today.

Termites. And they wanna bite off

more than your hand.

Get my drift, cowboy?

- Aquila Corp.

- Terrance Cox's office, please.

Putting you through.

Terrance Cox's office.

How may I help you?

Give Mr. Cox the following message.

Tell him JT will meet him

at the Oceana Aquarium in one hour.

One hour.

It's good to see you, Jim.

I understand it's been

a rough couple of days.
- For me or for you?
- That's a good question.
Seems like the past has got us
by the short hairs. C'est la vie, huh?
We made some choices then.
We have to make some new ones now.
Walk with me.
Terry Cox, my goodness.
I did the same thing. Have you brought
the children back for more?
Hello, Ruth. No. No children today.
Our kids play together.
They love the sharks.
Think I'm going soft, digging wells?
You think I'm fucking stupid, Terry?
You set me up!
You forgotten we trained together?
Ruth?
I didn't wanna do this kind
of shit anymore!
For somebody who doesn't
wanna do this kind of shit anymore,
your kill ratio's pretty fucking high.
Terry, just you and me,
how do we fix this?
Fix this?
Ruth.
All right, let's move.
They can't be very far.
We'll go all the way around the aquarium.
You take the main entrance.
Let's go. Go!
I'm wondering what exactly
it is you wanna fix, Jim.
I did everything I could
to clean up after Calvary.
Personally, I don't think the pieces
can be put together,
legally, I mean, but it's not my call.
Interpol?
Congressional hearings? The subpoena?
That's a bit cumbersome, isn't it?
But with Reed and Bryson in the ground,

I can see the company's perspective.
You're the last objective.
You're the last real threat on the table.
Yeah, lucky me.
You were the team leader, Terry.
Why just Bryson, Reed, and me?
I don't know.
I think the company
values my consistency.
You do play the numbers.
Yeah. Let me ask you...
what does humanity pay
a well-intentioned well digger these days?
Or is that a penance, Saint Jim?
Do you ever think about...
Do you ever reflect on what we do?
You're still living the dream, Jim?
War and peace.
Fucking joke.
Did you think you'd find peace
being peaceful, Jim?
You crack me up.
There's war and there's purpose.
Expand territory,
access vital resources.
Don't slip, now.
You and me, we're war fighters, mate.
We've served a grander purpose, haven't we?
War fighters execute the will
of faceless power, the unknown.
You don't look well, Jim.
You don't wanna do this shit anymore?
You don't have to stay in this fight.
At a certain point,
you've gotta stop the pain,
die like a soldier,
make the ultimate sacrifice.
I can see you're there.
I see it in your eyes.
I've seen it before.
You want out.
What you got there, Jim?
Those are the tail numbers.
I have the manifest to every plane,

every weapon we flew in,
every asset we flew out.
I also kept things on Project Calvary.
So what you gonna do with this?
Give it to a newspaper, put it online,
or some wazoo shit like that?
You could have given this
to those agents.
You could have told them everything,
but you didn't do that. Why?
Because it would destroy...
'Cause it would destroy you,
and then you wouldn't be able
to ride off into the night
with the damaged goods.
The damaged goods, no? No?
You... Oh, dear.
I'm sorry to tell you this.
You really don't know what happened
to your little lady friend
when the raids came in
after you left her in the DRC.
Wild dogs, Jim. Wild dogs.
Fuck!
You fucker!
I really struggled with this, mate.
I had no choice.
I've got a job to do.
It's just part of the job.
You kill me,
the job will still get done.
Then we've got nothing left
to talk about.
- You okay?
- Just fucking get him!
Jim Terrier. I was expecting your call.
Have a word with your friend, Stanley.
Come on, mate. Spit it out.
We've been going at him
for a while here, Jim.
Man hasn't said a word, not a thing.
That's loyalty for you.
For a fellow who gets paid
to kill people, he's a stand-up guy.

You have a go with him, Jim.
Stan.
Stanley.
Do something for me, Jim.
Kill this bastard.
Now I don't think that's a very nice
thing to say, Stanley.
By the way, that little notebook
that you left behind in Gibraltar,
don't worry about that,
I picked that up for you.
You know what?
That's how we found this place.
How nice of you to have
written down the address.
You're way more fucked up
than I thought, Jim.
I mean, there's nothing
left of you, is there?
Who do you wanna talk to next?
You wanna talk to your girlfriend?
Here she is.
Come on, Annie.
Annie, can you hear me?
Annie, it's me.
Annie...
Annie. Talk to me, Annie. Are you okay?
Annie?
You motherfucker. You motherfucker.
Here it is, Jim.
You come back here, I'll give you Annie.
You know where we are,
or did you forget that, too?
You're gonna meet me out
in a public place, right out in the open.
- Why would I do that, Jim?
- Why would you do that?
Take a look at your phone. I'm gonna
send you a little something, okay?
...advantage. Your drop cards are adjusted
to Kinshasa density altitude, right?
Felix will give the green light
when he confirms the target is inbound.
Felix will also designate

which of you shooters engages.
Don't let the target escape the X.
Okay, so here's what's gonna happen.
You want that video file,
you want my notebooks,
you're gonna meet me in a public place,
and you're gonna bring her.
If you don't,
I'm gonna throw it out in the street
where everyone in the world can see it.
Do you understand? I don't give a fuck
how wazoo that sounds.
Where at?
This is Barnes.
If you're still interested
in building a tree house,
I could use another hammer.
Where are you?
- Anything?
- Nada.
- I hope you're here.
- What did you shoot her up with?
Well, she's tired. It's a very hot day.
I have what you want.
- He can see us.
- Bring it here, the girl walks.
No, send her out now, alone,
and then I'll give you what you want.
We have a seat here for you, Jim.
We're not gonna do anything in public.
I will. Last chance. Send her out.
Jim...
I got him. Just opposite from here.
He's walking out.
Don't lose him.
Heading downstairs.
Should intercept him in the gallery.
- Can you see him?
- Affirmative.
Report. Where are you?
I'm right behind him.
Heading towards the stalls.
Copy that. I'll meet you there.
He's heading to the corral.

- Target's in the corral. Over.
- Stay with the target. Shoot him on sight.
Man down. In pursuit of target.
Reiniger, Reiniger. Where are you?
Shit!
You can't go this way.
Annie.
- Jim!
- Annie.
Come on. Grab my hand.
Don't move!
Don't move, Annie.
Jim.
Give me the documents, Jim.
The documents, or I kill her.
Jim?
- Annie.
- Jim.
Use the rope.
- Here.
- Jim.
Hurry, Annie.
Come on. Come on.
Jim.
Are you okay?
Police! Don't move! Don't move!
Let me go! No!
Okay. Could you just
pat my eyes or something?
Thank you.
Thank you. Thanks.
Where's Annie?
Do we need a lawyer,
or should I start talking?
You have to assure me
that nothing will happen to her.
She had nothing to do with any of it.
Jim, look, it's not her
you should worry about.
We know she wasn't involved.
She'll be okay.
You, that's another story.
We understand you have some information,
material that we need.

You wanna tell us what it is?
I have names, dates, video files.
I recorded virtually everything
from the beginning of the operation.
I'll cooperate.
I'll explain everything we did.
You're making the right decision, Jim.
No doubt it's gonna help you in court,
but after what you've done,
you're gonna serve time.
It's gonna be tough, Jim.
The chairman of an international
security company
and the CEO of one of the world's
largest mining corporations
have been arrested on suspicion
of involvement in the assassination
of Congo's Minister of Mining
eight years ago.
The arrests, triggered by new evidence
from a key witness to the killing,
were ordered
by the International Court of Justice
after a lengthy Interpol investigation.
No official statement
has been released yet,
but a source close
to the investigation said
the case raises new questions about
the covert methods used by multinationals
seeking to control natural resources
in the developing world
regardless of the humanitarian
consequences.