

The Cobra Files  
By Collin Jose

EXT. TUNNEL - EVENING

Nash walks to the center of the tunnel.

Nash looks around.

Nash checks the time on his watch.

NASH  
Always, never on time.

He sighs.

NASH (CONT'D)  
I'll do it myself.

He speedily walks away.

A hooded woman in the background appears.

MADELYN  
Wait!

Nash stops dead in his tracks and looks over his shoulder.

NASH  
Who are you?

His fist clenches.

MADELYN  
It's me.

She takes her hood down.

His fist unclenches and turns to face her.

NASH  
Madelyn? What the... Why are you  
here?

As Nash walks towards her, two men come emerge behind him.

MADELYN  
You are.

They walk up menacingly; Guard 1 swings the rope.

Guard 1 throws a rope around his legs and ties his ankles together in an instant. He yanks, making Nash fall to the ground, and drags Nash closer. Guard 2 goes to subdue his hands.

As Nash is being dragged, he twists and throws a punch at Guard 2.

Guard 2 catches the punch, flips him over and both Guards pull him to his feet while they secure him.

Nash struggles but can't get free.

Madelyn walks closer. She nonchalantly takes out a syringe injection.

NASH  
What's going on here?

He strains some more.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Madelyn. It's me!

MADELYN  
Oh, I know. That's what this is for.

She flicks the injection then puts her lips to his ear.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
Trust the process, Nash.

NASH  
Wait! Madelyn we can talk about  
this. This isn't you.

She swiftly injects him in the neck with the syringe.

NASH (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

Nash elbows a guard and knife-hands the other one, getting himself free of their grip.

Nash stumbles towards Madelyn.

He grabs his neck and looks at his hand.

Insert POV, blurry.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Madelyn?

He falls to his knees and passes out.

MADELYN  
That went better than I thought it  
would.

Pan over to guard 1 bent over grabbing his throat, coughing.  
The other is rubbing his head.

Wide shot: they carry him out of the tunnel, Madelyn leads.  
They walk out of screen.

INT. CAR - SOON AFTER

Nash wakes up in backseat in handcuffs sitting in-between the  
bloodied guards.

DIRECTOR  
Wake him up.

Madelyn takes out a devise and slides it over Nash's neck,  
(blacklight kind of instrument)

ZAP.

Nash wakes up in a frenzy, but he is already held down.

NASH  
Director? ... What's going on?

DIRECTOR  
We were going to ask you the same  
thing.

Nash tugs at the chains.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
We haven't received any intel from  
you in over 2 months. Care to  
explain this rogue behavior?

NASH  
No.

DIRECTOR  
Well, I'm not asking.

Nash takes a moment then sighs.

NASH  
I was undercover.

MADELYN  
Undercover?

NASH  
Did I stutter.

DIRECTOR  
Undercover on who's authority?

NASH  
Assistant Director Donald.

DIRECTOR  
Care to explain?

NASH  
No.

MADELYN  
Nash this isn't a laughing matter.

NASH  
Doesn't feel like one.

He holds up his bonded hands.

Madelyn goes to unchain him.

The Director, who is sitting in the driver's seat, grabs her hand.

She puts the keys back away.

DIRECTOR  
What were his instructions to you.  
That that he so desperately didn't  
want me to be aware of.

NASH  
Well, given the circumstances, I  
might as well come clean. Assistant  
director Donald has uncovered 5  
snakes in the agency. Over the  
course of five months, 25 un-  
clearanced entries have been  
reported in different black sites  
at the Agency. So far, the only  
thing connecting these cases have  
been the Cobra Files.

MADELYN  
The Cobra Files?

DIRECTOR  
Funny. Those are the only files  
that I restricted his access to.  
Just so happens that he's been MIA  
for 7 days...and your his last  
contact.

NASH

He told me this would happen. You have to let me go.

MADELYN

What are the Cobra Files?!

NASH

Care to explain, Director?

DIRECTOR

The Cobra Files are the exact location of a grotto in Tanzania containing the last live nuclear Warhead, The Cobra, made by Einstein himself.

NASH

And if you haven't gathered. Every militant group, government, and special forces are after it. Right now.

MADELYN

We lost it?!

DIRECTOR

No, they stole it!

NASH

We were the safest option given that there were active double crosses in your organization. So, are you going to let me walk and protect this thing or hold me hostage, Sir?

DIRECTOR

You're staying strapped at my hip Ex-Agent Nashville.

NASH

I figured you say that.

Beat.

NASH (CONT'D)

Hey Madelyn. How's breakfast sound?

He holds up his bonded hands and the handcuffs fall off.

Her confused look suddenly turns into surprise.

He punches G1 then elbows G2.

G1 jabs but Nash dodges and he punches G2.

NASH (CONT'D)  
You like waffles right?

G1 throws a punch but Nash traps it and breaks his elbow.

G1 screams in agony. Nash chops him in the throat, and he passes out.

G2 punches Nash.

Nash unleashes a series on blows until G2 is out.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Your Assistant Donald is innocent  
Mr. Director. Trust me.

Nash breaks the window and runs off into the dark.

Madelyn looks at the director.

DIRECTOR (SIGHS)  
Why'd he have to break the  
window...

He looks back at the incapacitated bodyguards.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Should we trust him?

MADELYN  
I would if I were you, sir.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Nash is running, he darts in an alley way and pulled out an earpiece.

NASH  
Donald. They won't join us, but I  
put them on the right trail.

AST DIRETOR  
I had a feeling they wouldn't.  
Theres only one way this can end.  
Meet you at exvile. Well, done  
Nash.

Nash crushes the earpiece on the ground and checks his watch.

A car comes to a speedy halt to pick him up.

NASH  
Right on time.

Nash walks into camera. Fade. Credits.