Filmmaker gets interview with big human trafficking zar

After intetview he is shooting broll with reveiver still on. Picks up radio conversation in indoneasian

Planning raid on US embsay homes compound (American Club)

Want to capture 12 kids to make point to the US it can’t be stopped.

Raid happens during birthday party

Tells security but no action taken

Filmmaker rents house nearby and constantly running footage for weeks.

Then it happens.

Calls embassy security

They kill guards outside, break open gate and back a large van in.

Load the children into the back of the van.

Journalist rams his van into the bad van before it goes.

They only get 5 into another vehical and take off

Construction workers take out median on expressway and they make run to business district. Long chase scene

Helicoptor waiting at business area helo pad.

Journalist jumps off of motorcycle and takes a mall shuttle. Kicks everyone off and runs up ramp of parking deck. He gets to the helo pad and rams the helo with the van as the children are loaded. Helo is damages and kids hurt. Journalist gets kids into the shuttle but only gets 4

Chief of Mission’s daughter is held at gunpoint and journalist forced to leave her to save the others. He drives away and gets children to embassy. Marines kill everyone involved.

At embassy he tells all he knows and a team of CIA and marines go after the girl.

Cant catch them immdiatlly. They stay in the city. Local govt helps but there is a mole who is on payroll and is telling where the raids are.

Girl is kept in small room with just bathroom. She is a tough survivor and follows protocol to try an escape.

Journalist learns of the mole.

Journalist is the investigator and finds clues to her location but again, she is gone before they arrive.

No one knows the journalist was the one who spoiled the raid.

He keeps working on his story and tracks the boat

Girl is put on a boat and taken to another island.

She is held there for a few days and then at night put on another boat and taken to middle east via a private plane.

Journalist tracks the plane and works with CIA to find where in the country they are. Friends in govt allow him to go on raid to document trafficking.

Find an auction where kids are being sold in Morocco. They rescue the girl other kids and journalist catches wealthy business men and a prince on camera buying kids.

He shows the film and it destroys the business of the men.

Judson Black wrote in the back of a black sudan he and his local fixer, Eddy had hired to take them the six miles from Judson’s hotel to a high-rise office office building in the center of Jakarta. The traffic was horrible, as it seemed to always be in Jakarta and it took over an hour to get there. Every few minutes as they sat still on the busy streets in the comfort of air conditioning while horns seems to be blowing constantly, Judson checked his watch. Judson was never late and though he anticipated the traffic, and left two hours before their appointment he continued to count the minutes.

Judson was an experienced international journalist. He had worked in more than 20 countries through out Europe, Asia and the Middle East over the last six years. Before moving overseas he was a video journalist and later became the Director of Video for The Washington Post. Right out of college he had the opportunity to learn storytelling from one of the best in the industry, Tom Kenned. Tom had been the directory of photography for National Geographic before moving to The Post and pioneered the concept of short documentary storytelling on the web. Over the years, Judson developed his skills received better and better assignments with many overseas in tough situations like hanging out with Talliban fighters in Bora Bora region of Afganastan or tracking down stories Pynyangue, North Korea. But today Judson was going to be interviewing a high-class international business name.

XX was the owner of the fourth largest airline in Asia and was number 19 on Forbes’ list of the World’s Wealthiest Individuals. Judson was dressed respectfully, ironed jeans, dark dress shoes, white dress shirt and a blue sports coat. Judson wanted to dress nice for the interview but always tried to dress one step down from how he thought the person he was going to interview would be dressed. This made sure the subject would not fell awkward and five them the subconscious feeling of having the upper hand. Judson also liked interviewing in his go-to jacket. For one, it hid his sweaty armpits that always occurred when he workd and second he just felt comfortable in this jacked that had traveld so far with him.

The black taxi finally pulled into the circle in front of the 46 floor tower. The driver helped Eddy unload the gear from the back while Judson counted the money for the Fare.

“It still seems like monolpy money to me no matter how long I am in country and how many times I visit,” said Judson as he tried to find the right amount to pay. “There are too many zeros.”

He paid the driver, without overpaying too much and they walked up the grannett stairs to step through the automatic glass doors. The large office building had electronic turnstiles like you would entering the Subway in D.C. though shinier. People moved through steadily, swiping their access cards on the red light while security guards in pressed black suits watched. Eddy approached the main desk and presented Judson’s business card.

*Judson Black*

*Freelance Video Journalist*

“We are here to see Mr. XX with Asia Atlantic.”

“Just a moment,” the guard answered as he looked at his computer screen.

“And your name sir,?”

“Eddy YY.”

“I need to see your ID card and Mr. Black’s passport.”

While Eddy produced the documents the man called presumably the 46th floor.

“Wait here and someone will be down shortly. I need to x-ray your bags. You can receive your documents before you leave.”

Judson never liked leaving his passport with anyone. Over the years he had made a few enemies with stories he had run and always felt the need to be able to get out of a country as fast as possible which is impossible to do without a passport. But he also knew the profile of the many they were meeting.

Eddy and Judson placed the tripod bag, audio gear and Judson’s personal camera bag on the best to be searched. They took a good look at everything, unlike most places in Jakartat where security seems to be more of a showpiece rather than a line of defense.

They stepped through the medal detectors and then a man wiped Judson with the metal detecting wand. He reached in Judson’s pocket and removed his LeatherMan Tool which included a four inch blade among other tools.

“I am sorry sir, you will need to leave that here.”

“No problem.”

Two guards in suits stepped off the elevator to meet Judson and Eddy.

The security guard at the desk gave them a nod of assurance and one of the men said, “Mr. Black, we will take you to the conference room where you will meet Mr. XX.”

“Thank you,” Judson said as he picked up the camera bag and Eddy grabbed the tripod and other bag.

“You have a lot less gear and less people than most TV people arrive with,” said the guard as he held the elevator.”

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